THE GREAT PICTORIAL HISTORY OF

WORLD CRIME

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AUTHOR OF BLOODLETTERS AND BADMEN

THE GREAT PICTORIAL HISTORY OF

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VOLUME I
VOLUME II

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This book is dedicated to my wife, Judy, to my son, Jay Robert Nash IV, and to the memory of dear, lifelong friends, Joan Amidei, Michaela Tuohy, Jim McCormick, Stanley Ralph Ross and George de Kay.

BOOKS BY JAY ROBERT NASH

FICTION

On All Fronts
A Crime Story
The Dark Fountain
The Mafia Diaries

NON-FICTION

Dillinger: Dead or Alive?
Citizen Hoover
Bloodletters and Badmen
Hustlers and Conmen
Darkest Hours
Among the Missing
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Almanac of World Crime
Look for the Woman
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The Innovators
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The Crime Movie Quiz Book
Murder Among the Mighty
Open Files
The Toughest Movie Quiz Book Ever
The Dillinger Dossier
Jay Robert Nash's Crime Chronology
Encyclopedia of Organized Crime
Encyclopedia of 20th Century Murder
Encyclopedia of Western Lawmen and Outlaws
Crime Dictionary
Spies
Terrorism in the 20th Century

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Lost Natives & Expatriates

THEATER

The Way Back
Outside the Gates
1947 (Last Rites for the Boys)

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Encyclopedia of World Crime (8 Volumes)

INTRODUCTION

The Great Pictorial History of World Crime was designed to offer the most comprehensive work ever assembled on the most infamous criminals throughout recorded time. The most extensively illustrated work of its kind, this work provides readers with more than 2,500 crime graphics, forty percent of which are published for the first time. Undoubtedly the largest number of graphics ever assembled and published in a single source on this engrossing subject, the illustrations have been carefully selected from the author's own repository, the largest such privately-held collection. Through these eye-catching—oft-times horrific—graphics, the sinister and startling face of crime in all of its blatant and deceptive poses is revealingly shown.

It was the ambitious aim of the author to compile and illustrate in one source the most important crimes in history. The expansive coverage offers many entries running more than 10,000 words in a two-million-word narrative depicting criminal acts, *modus operandi*, and backgrounds of the world's most notorious criminals. Within the thousands of profiles to be found in this work, the reader will learn the subtle and flagrant motives behind their criminal feats. In many instances, the author expresses a definite opinion about questionable or puzzling cases, pointing to the conspiratorial cabal behind the murder of Abraham Lincoln; the identity of John F. Kennedy's assassin; the true natures of robbers Jesse James and Bonnie and Clyde; how Scotland Yard can solve the 115-year-old Jack the Ripper case; the illustrated evidence long-researched by the author that shows how bandit John Dillinger was not killed, as claimed by the FBI, at a Chicago theater in 1934; the culpability of O. J. Simpson; the most probable killer of film director William Desmond Taylor, to name only a few of the thousands of cases receiving in-depth definition.

Every major crime category is presented as a separate, comprehensive case-by-case history. Volume I: Assassination; Bigamy; Burglary; Cannibalism; Drugs; Fraud; Gangs, Gangsters and Organized Crime; Volume II: Kidnapping; Murder (including Celebrity Slayings, Mass Murder, Serial Killers and Unsolved Homicides); Piracy; Robbery; Secret Criminal Societies and Terrorism. Many chapters are followed by extensive chronologies depicting further notable cases (there are more than 350 such entries in the chronology following the chapter on kidnapping).

All of the world's most significant and history-altering **assassinations**, as well as attempted political murders, are presented in scores of entries that extensively profile and illustrate both victims and perpetrators. (This chapter alone offers more than 150,000 words and more than 400 illustrations.) Here the reader will find substantial text and graphic profiles from the killing of Julius Caesar to the murders of American presidents Abraham Lincoln (this entry alone offers more then fifteen thousand words and forty-seven illustrations), James A. Garfield, William McKinley, and John F. Kennedy. The kings and heads of state throughout the world, who fell before the assassin's blade or bullet will be found in these pages, such as Alexander II of Russia, Austria's Francis Ferdinand, and Nicholas II of Russia, as well as Anwar Sadat and Yitzhak Rabin.

The world's most infamous **bigamists**, from England's Elizabeth Chudleigh of the 18th Century to America's outrageous Sigmund Engel of the 20th Century (who illegally married and bilked more than 200 women) will be found in the illustrated pages of this work. The most daring and often lethal **burglars**, from Scotland's William Brodie (upon whose dark exploits Robert Louis Stevenson based his novel, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*) to American millionaire burglar Bernard Charles Welch, Jr., are given in-depth treatments. So, too, are the world's bloodthirsty **cannibals**: Sawney Bean of 15th Century Scotland, the German monster Fritz Haarmann, Russia's Andrei Chikatilo and American flesh-eaters Alferd Packer, Albert Fish, Ed Gein and Jeffrey Dahmer.

From the ancient kingdoms to the present day, the shocking history of **drugs** is profiled. Here the reader will find the use of hemp, coca and other exotic drugs among the Aztecs and the American tribes, which ironically contributed to the destruction of George Armstrong Custer's 7th Cavalry at the Little Big Horn in 1876; the introduction of opium (the "Mongolian Curse") into the U.S. through widespread Chinese immigration; the famous writers who used heroin and cocaine to stimulate their creations; the celebrated drug-addicted film stars who ruined their careers and lives; and the billionaire drug czars who operated the drug cartels of Central and South America.

All manner of **fraud**—impersonations in identities and art, bank and investment swindles, and all manner of confidence games—are to be discovered in this extensive chapter—the mulcting Mary Moders of 17th Century England; Italy's 18th Century magician-charlatan Cagliostro; the American robber barons, Daniel Drew, Big Jim Fisk, Jay Gould; the bold con artists William Elmer Mead, Victor "The Count" Lustig, and Joseph "Yellow Kid" Weil, along with their female counterparts, Sophie Lyons, Cassie Chadwick and the volatile Poillon sisters; the Dutch painter Han van Meegeren of masterful fakes; the corporate swindlers Ivar Kreuger of Sweden, France's Serge Stavisky, and America's Billie Sol Estes and Robert Vesco; millionaire tax cheat Leona Helmsley; stock manipulator Michael Milken, bank swindler Charles Keating, and many more.

More than 100,000 words and 280 illustrations will be found for **gangs, gangsters and organized crime**, spanning more than a century and providing extensive profiles on early day crime bosses and their lethal minions, including Paul Kelly, Big Jim Colosimo, "Joe the Boss" Masseria, Al Capone, Dutch Schultz, Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, Lucky Luciano, Meyer Lansky, Bugsy Siegel, Vito Genovese, Albert "The Mad Hatter" Anastasia and latter-day syndicate/Mafia chiefs Anthony "Big Tuna" Accardo, Joe Colombo, the warring Gallo brothers and John Gotti, the "Teflon Don." Of equal length and with hundreds of illustrations, **kidnapping**, from ancient times to the present is captured in dozens of the world's most important cases—including the first ransom kidnapping in America, the abduction of Charley Ross in 1874; the faked kidnapping of American evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson in 1926; the sensational 1932 Lindbergh kidnapping by Bruno Richard Hauptmann (15,000 words, 32 illustrations); the abduction and murder of Bobbie Greenlease in 1953; the kidnappings of Barbara Mackle in Atlanta and Muriel McKay in England; China's most notorious kidnapper, Cheung Tze-keung, executed in 1998; the 1973 taking of Gene Paul Getty, the grandson of the world's richest man; the serial abduction-child killers Lawrence Bittaker, Arthur Bishop, Wayne Williams, Leonard Lake and Charles Ng; Belgium's Marc Dutroux, Charles Jaynes and Salvatore Sicari.

Murder of all manner and types is represented by more than 400,000 words and 800 illustrations in this all-encompassing work, including **celebrity slayings** that shocked nations—that of Sir Thomas Overbury in 1613; the mysterious 1791 death of composer Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart; France's infamous essayist-killer Pierre Francois Lacenaire; Harvard Professor John White Webster; Roland B. Molineux.; Pittsburgh millionaire Harry K. Thaw, who shot to death the celebrated architect, Stanford White in 1906; Princess Marie Fahmy, who killed her husband, Prince Ali Fahmy at London's Savoy Hotel; millionaire killers Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb of Chicago; sun worshipper Harry Grew Crosby; the notorious 1931 Massie murder case in Hawaii; heiress Candy Mossler; the murder of silent screen star Ramon Novarro in Los Angeles in 1968; playboy Claus von Bulow; Christian Brando, son of famed actor Marlon Brando; football star and film personality, O. J. Simpson, who stood trial for two slashing murders in 1994; Brynn Hartman, who murdered her comedian husband, Phil Hartman, before committing suicide in 1998, and many others.

Those who committed **mass murder**, will also be found in these pages: Romanian rulers Vlad Dracul and Vlad Tepes (Bram Stoker used both father and son as the role models for his legendary vampire, Dracula); Albert Hicks, hanged in 1860; Jean-Baptiste Troppmann; plane bombers Albert Guay and John Gilbert Graham; Howard Unruh; Richard Hicks and Perry Smith; Richard Speck; the 1969 murder clan of Charles Manson; religious fanatics who brought about the mass homicides of their naïve followers—James Warren Jones of Guyana in 1978; David Koresh in Waco, Texas, in 1993; Marshall Applegate in San Diego, in 1997.

All of the world's worst **serial killers** are included: France's Gilles des Rais; Hungary's Elizabeth Bathory; the barbarous Bender family of Kansas; Chicago's Herman Webster Mudgett (H. H. Holmes), who may have killed as many as 200 women; Belle Gunness of Indiana; France's Henri Desire Landru and Marcel Petiot; Germany's Peter Kurten; England's Burke and Hare, John George Haigh, Reginald Halliday Christie and Peter William Sutcliffe (Yorkshire Ripper); Australia's Ivan Robert Marko Milat; and American modern-era slayers Charles Starkweather, Melvin David Rees, Albert De Salvo ("The Boston Strangler"), Walter Kelbach and Myron Lance, Douglas Gretzler and William Steelman, John Wayne Gacy, Angelo Buono and Kenneth Bianchi ("The Hillside Strangler"), Theodore "Ted" Bundy, Dean Corll and Elmer Wayne Henley, Herbert Mullin, Juan Vallejo Corona, Vernon Butts and William Bonin (Freeway Strangler), Patrick Wayne Kearney and David D. Hill, Henry Lee Lucas and Ottis Elwood Toole, Coral Eugene Watts, Christopher Bernard Wilder, Dorothy Puente, Joseph Paul Franklin, Dayton Leroy Rogers, Adolfo de Jesus Constanzo, Rory Enrique Conde, Andrew Phillip Cunanan, who killed fashion tycoon Gianni Versace, and many others.

All of the great **unsolved murders** are also profiled in this gigantic work, including the horrific 1888 murders in London's Whitechapel by the fiend known to history as Jack the Ripper (the author appending a note to Scotland Yard at the end of this entry, which details his suggestion on how to solve this baffling 115-year-old case); the sensational New York killings of millionaire bridge expert Joseph Browne Elwell and showgirls Dot King and Starr Faithfull (the role model for the novel and film, *Butterfield 8*); New Jersey's mystifying Hall-Mills case; the perplexing murder of film director William Desmond Taylor and the strange death of film actress Thelma Todd; the murders of multi-millionaires Zachary Smith Reynolds (heir to the Reynolds tobacco fortune) in 1932 and Sir Harry Oakes in 1943; the baffling and savage 1947 Black Dahlia (Elizabeth Short) murder in Los Angeles; the 1996 killing of child beauty contestant JonBenet Ramsay in Boulder, Colorado, and many others.

The comprehensive chapter on **piracy** profiles the wild and savage careers of Barbarossa I and II (both known as "Redbeard"), Sir Francis Drake, Sir Henry Morgan, Thomas Tew, Jean Bart, Captain William Kidd, Edward Teach ("Blackbeard"), Howell Davis, Charles Vane, John Rackam (Calico Jack), Philip Roche, Edward England, Edward Low, the lady pirates Anne Bonny and Mary Read, and the last of the great corsairs, Jean Lafitte.

The comprehensive history of **robbery** portrays the most notorious thieves and bandits of the old and modern eras: Moll Cutpurse, London's master pickpocket; the bold Colonel Thomas Blood, who stole the British crown jewels from the Tower of London in 1671; the early-day highwaymen of England—Dick Turpin, James Maclaine, and John Rann ("Sixteen String Jack")—and their American counterparts: Michael Martin ("Captain Lightfoot") and John A. Murrel ("The Great Western Land Pirate"), the legendary black bandit Bras Coupe ("Brigand of the Swamp"); Australia's Ned Kelly; England's train robber-killers Franz Muller and Percy Lefoy and the Great Gold Robbery of 1855; the legendary American train and bank robbers, Jesse and Frank James, the Younger Brothers, and The Wild Bunch (Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid). Robbers of the 20th Century include the celebrated Sacco-Vanzetti case, France's Jules Bonnet, and American bandits Gerald Chapman, John Dillinger, the Barker-Karpis gang, Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow, Arthur "Pretty Boy" Floyd, Willie "The Actor" Sutton; the Sicilian bandit Salvatore Giuliano; England's Great Train Robbery, the bloody North Hollywood robbery of 1997 and many others.

Secret criminal societies are extensively profiled, from India's ancient killer cult, Thugee to the organization and heyday of the Sicilian-born Mafia, from the murderous Order of the Assassins in Persia led by the Old Man of the Mountain (whose mantle Osama bin Laden assumed) to the dreaded Chinese Triads, from Japan's Yakuza (stemming from the old Black Dragon Society) to Kenya's genocidal Mau Mau and America's Ku Klux Klan.

A comprehensive chapter on **terrorism** chronicles from ancient times to the present many of the most infamous individuals and groups that have practiced political, economic or financial terrorism; union terrorist Harry Orchard; the anarchists of England, who battled police and troops in London in the 1911 "Siege of Sidney Street"; New York's "Mad Bomber," George Peter Metesky; Hungary's train bomber Sylvestre Matuschka; California's Symbionese Liberation Army (and the Patty Hearst case); "Carlos the Jackal" (Ilyich Ramirez Sanchez); Japan's Aum Shinri Kyo, the sect that launched the poison gas (sarin) attacks in Tokyo's subway system in 1995; American terrorists Theodore Kaczynski ("The Unabomber") and Timothy McVeigh, who killed 168 persons in a bombing attack in Oklahoma City in 1995; the U.S. embassy bombings in Kenya and Tanzania in 1998; the devastating terrorist attacks in New York and Washington, D.C., on September 11, 2001, by members of Al Qaeda and under the direction of terrorist leader Osama bin Laden; many more.

The Great Pictorial History of World Crime captures all of these cases and more, showing how clever criminals adapted to law enforcement procedures and measures from one decade to another, from one century to the next. This work is the result of three decades of research and writing on behalf of the author, a kaleidoscopic work intended to inform and enlighten the reader about the most infamous persons in the history of the human race. None are to be admired, but all should be studied, examined and understood, for many of these memorable miscreants have altered the course of human events for their own evil ends and to the widespread detriment of mankind.

Jay Robert Nash, 2004

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CHAPTER ONE: ASSASSINATION

Throughout recorded history, the world has been plagued by assassinations, the wanton murders of prominent political or social leaders. From biblical times and through the long eras of Persia, Egypt, Greece and Rome the deadly assassin was present. In the modern era, these killers would claim the lives of countless presidents and premiers, gurus and kings. The word "assassin" derives from the Arabic word "hashshashin," or "hashish," a drug either smoked or chewed that was employed by members of an 11th Century Islamic sect that sought to murder Western leaders of the Crusades and came into prominence during the Third Crusade, led by English King Richard the Lionheart. Members of this sect believed that the murder of one's political enemy was a religious and sacred rite. (This mindset was later embraced by the followers of Islamic terrorist Osama bin Laden.)

Marco Polo related tales of the followers of this Near Eastern cult and their deadly acts after smoking hashish. The drug supposedly elevated them to a higher level of paradise, enabling them to fearlessly face "martyrdom." In the 11th Century Hasan e-Sabbah (known as the Old Man of the Mountain) commanded a vast network of professional killers who stalked their enemies throughout Persia and what is now Iraq. By the 12th Century, their influence extended into Syria. The reign of the assassins lasted until 1256, when the Mongol armies under the leadership of Hülegu seized their castles in Persia and Alamut. After this period, the sect became insignificant, but tales of its infamous acts were spread throughout Europe by the crusaders.

No culture or people has been immune to political assassination. Four U.S. presidents—Abraham Lincoln, James Garfield, William McKinley and John F. Kennedy—have been assassinated since 1865. Unsuccessful attempts were made on the lives of Andrew Jackson, Theodore Roosevelt, Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan. In 1800, James Hadfield was acquitted of trying to murder King George III on the grounds of insanity. During the sixty-four-year reign of Queen Victoria of England, at least six attempts were made on her life. Spencer Perceval, the only British prime minister to succumb to an assassin's attack, was fatally shot by John Bellingham in 1812 in the House of Commons. In 1843, in a case of mistaken identity, Daniel M'Naghten attempted to assassinate the prime minister, but killed his secretary instead.

Following the murder of President John F. Kennedy, the U.S. National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence compiled a profile on the individual most likely to become an assassin. The study concluded that this person invariably was a classic loner, alienated from family and friends, unemployed, and desperately in need of a social identity. The commission's profile accurately described John Hinckley, the disturbed young man who shot and wounded President Ronald Reagan in 1981 to demonstrate his devotion to screen actress Jodie Foster.

THE GREEKS AND THE ROMANS

Ancient Greece, the oldest Western culture, its history spanning 3,000 years that dated from the Minoans, offered to the world great gifts of commerce, law and fine art. It was a land of philosophers and playwrights and created the spectacular sports of the Olympics. It advanced fragile republics and democracies, always to be undone and destroyed by city-state warriors. It was a nation built upon conquest and through its sun-filled centuries gave rise to many despotic rulers. The risk of their tyranny was the waiting hand of the assassin. Like its political prey, Greece itself would be, in 146 B.C., conquered by another predatory nation, Rome. That empire, too, would blindly follow the fate of Greece, its foundation crumbling through a thousand years (500 B.C. to the 5th Century) from its own vile oppressions, many of its leaders tirelessly usurped and destroyed by one assassination after another.

Assassins Harmodius and Aristogiton, who murdered Hipparchus in 514 B.C.

MURDEROUS LOVERS/514 B.C.

Two wealthy homosexuals, Harmodius and Aristogiton, plotted to assassinate Hippias, the tyrannical ruler of Greece, but their scheme was exposed. In retaliation, the lovers killed Hippias' brother, Hipparchus, during a festival. Harmodius had rebuffed the amorous advances of Hipparchus and blamed him for spoiling his plans to kill Hippias. Palace guards slew Harmodius as he still held a sword stained with his victim's blood, while Aristogiton escaped into the festival crowd. He was later captured and tortured into falsely implicating many as collaborators, innocent persons who were later put to death.

Then Hippias himself killed Aristogiton. In so doing, he brought ironic fame to the assassins. Though the assassinated Hipparchus was not responsible for the harsh rule of his despotic brother, his association with Hippias was sufficient to have him branded a tyrant. Thus, Harmodius and Aristogiton were immortalized in Greek history as courageous assailants who vanquished an oppressor.

THE GREAT GREEK REGICIDE/336 B.C.

More than ten centuries would pass before Greece was visited by another significant assassination, that of Philip II (Philip of Macedonia, 382-336 B.C.). A brilliant, relentless warrior, Philip had vanquished in prolonged wars all of the Greek city states. He then amassed an army poised to enter and defeat the colossus of Persia. His personal life, however, not only upset his scheme of conquest, but ended his 46-year-old life. Philip had divorced his clever-minded wife, Olympias, to marry another woman, Cleopatra, who later bore Philip a son. Olympias' son, the grown Alexander, was in jeopardy of losing his right to the throne.

The warrior-king, Philip of Macedonia, slain in 336 B.C.

There was no love between Philip and Alexander. Philip had once tried to run his sword through his offspring during an argument, but fell drunk in a stupor, causing Alexander to sneer: "See there the man who is making great preparations to invade Asia at the head of a powerful army, and who falls to the ground like a helpless child in going from one seat to another."

Philip's son, Alexander the Great.

A short time later, at a wedding feast in 336 B.C., when Philip was again in his cups, Pausanias, a young member of the court and a friend of Alexander's, rushed up to Philip and drove a sword through the king, killing him. He ran off, but the king's guard followed and stabbed him to death. Alexander and Olympias were present, kneeling together at Philip's prone body. It was Alexander who had ordered the guards to track down and slay Pausanias, but many rumored that he was merely covering the act of his mother, that Olympias had directed the assassin's hand to assure Alexander's inheritance to the throne.

Pausanias was prompted to murder Philip, it was said by Olympias and others, because the king had recently insulted him, but this was merely a weak reason to excuse the first great assassination in Western culture. That murder gave power to the ambitious Alexander, who, before prematurely dying at the age of thirty-three, conquered most of the known world and became known as Alexander the Great. He was a wise young man who had learned early from the great Aristotle the wily ways of the human mind. It was not known if Alexander was part of a plot to kill his own father, but it is known that as a youth he loved Philip and admired his military triumphs, despite the hatred of his enemies who called him "Philip the Barbarian."

A scene from the 1956 film *Alexander the Great*; Queen Olympias (Danielle Darrieux) kneels at left and Alexander (Richard Burton) at right, holding an assassin's dagger, next to the slain Philip (Fredric March, prone).

DEATH TO ROME'S REFORMERS/133-121 B.C.

Following Rome's conquest of Greece, this new, most powerful of nations enjoyed a long-enduring republic, but one that eventually crumbled through the arrogance and corruption of its leaders. A few attempted to alter that course and paid with their lives. Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus (163-133 B.C.) and his brother Gaius Gracchus (153-121 B.C.) were wealthy, liberal-minded young statesmen from an illustrious Roman family. They tried to institute land reforms that would restrict cheap purchases of rich lands from elitist and corrupt Roman senators.

A cabal of venal Roman senators opted for murder instead of reform. In 133 B.C., Tiberius Gracchus was waylaid in a staged riot by a crowd of thugs led by Nascia and other senators (who drew up their togas about their heads to hide their identities), beating Gracchus to death with clubs. His brother, Gaius Gracchus, attempted to continue the reforms, but in 121 B.C. he was falsely branded an outlaw for inciting riots actually staged by his enemies in the Senate. He was chased through the streets of Rome and was slain just as he crossed the Tiber.

Roman leader Tiberius Gracchus, slain in 133 B.C.

Roman scribe Plutarch estimated that more than 3,000 of the Gracchus followers were murdered in ruthless blood purges. The assassinations of the Gracchus brothers were the first such political murders in the history of the young Roman Republic. More than a century later, Rome saw an assassination that would be immortalized in song and literature, the murder of its greatest leader.

THE END OF CAESAR/March 15, 44 B.C.

The most famous military leader of his day and Rome's foremost politician, Julius Caesar (100-44 B.C.) had conquered most of Europe, the Middle East and Egypt through long and brilliant campaigns. He had outwitted and outfought his enemies, even the clever Pompey. When offered as an appeasement his enemy's decapitated head in Alexandria by Queen Cleopatra (Cleopatra VII, 69-30 B.C.), Caesar mourned the death of his noble adversary. He dallied with the young Egyptian queen, later bringing her to Rome with their small son, Caesarian, which caused criticism even from his closest supporters, including Marc Antony (Marcus Antonius, 82-30 B.C.). Deeper criticism, whispered in secret, came from Decimus Brutus, Marcus Brutus and Cassius, patricians who feared that Caesar would become king.

The great Julius Caesar, murdered in the Roman senate in 44 B.C.

To prevent that occurrence, Caesar was enticed on March 15, 44 B.C. to the portico of the Senate building where the conspirators, led by hired killer Casca, stabbed the great man to death. During the vicious and bloody attack, Caesar drew his toga about his head, but not before seeing his one-time friend Marcus Brutus approach with yet another dagger thrust, uttering: "You, too, Brutus?" Caesar's ripped and torn body was found ironically sprawled at the foot of Pompey's statue by his friend Marc Antony.

Much was later said in the many plays, books and movies about this remarkable man and his unforgettable assassination, as well as the strange warnings he received of his impending death. His wife Calpurnia had dreamed of his murder the night before the killing and begged Caesar not to attend the Senate. He dismissed her apprehensions. While on the way to the Senate, as in days before, a soothsayer, Spurrina, had called out to Caesar: "Beware the Ides of March," this being March 15, the day of his murder. Caesar saw Spurrina in the crowd before the Senate that day and mocked the augur, saying: "The Ides of March have come." Replied the ancient Spurrina: "Aye, they have come, but not yet gone."

Caesar (Louis Calhern) is about to be stabbed to death by the first of the assassins, Casca (Edmond O'Brien), in MGM's 1953 film, *Julius Caesar*.

Revenge for the killing was swift. The conspirators fled Rome, their homes and estates seized, their servants and friends killed. Marc Antony, Lepidus and Octavius (63 B.C.-14 A.D.), who was Caesar's nephew and heir, formed a triumvirate that led an army to Philippi and there, in 42 B.C., defeated the forces of the conspirators. Rather than be taken prisoner and dragged through the streets of Rome in degradation, Marcus Brutus and Cassius committed suicide. Decimus Brutus fled to Gaul where he was later killed. Instead of preserving the republic, the conspirators brought about its death, for through the foul dust of their murderous wake came Octavius, who eliminated Lepidus, then Marc Antony and his lover, Queen Cleopatra, becoming Augustus, the first Roman emperor.

The body of the slain Caesar lies (left, bottom) at the foot of Pompey's statue as his assassins flee.

LITTLE BOOTS, THE "DIVINITY"/ January 24, 41 A.D.

Emperor Caligula, a human monster, killed in 41 A.D.

The history of the Roman emperors relates to a litany of inhuman oppression, cruelty and insanity. Few among the lot were wise and compassionate leaders. Most were strutting despots, some, like the notorious Caligula, certifiable lunatics. Upon the death of Emperor Tiberius, his great-nephew and military commander Gaius Caesar Germanicus (Caligula, 12-41 A.D.) was named to the Roman throne, sharing his powers with his cousin, Tiberius Gemellus. Gaius Caesar had been born and raised in a Roman army barracks on the frontier and was nicknamed "Little Boots," after the half-boots he habitually wore and were known as *caliga*. Caligula initially instituted a few reforms, but his personality radically changed for no certain reason. He tired of his cousin's authority and had him assassinated.

Then came Caligula's reign of terror. Bloodthirsty and cruel, he committed countless, senseless crimes. He ordered wholesale murders, bloodbath shows of wild beasts and mass executions of criminals and Christians. He turned against his own caste, selecting the young, handsome sons of noble households and had them branded, flogged and thrown into the Tiber to drown. Others he sent to the arena where they were devoured by wild animals, while he forced parents to witness their horrible executions. Those who particularly irked Caligula had their tongues cut out by Naevius Sertorius Macro, the brutal Prefect of his Praetorian Guards, before they were thrown to the lions.

As Caligula's lunacy deepened, his atrocities increased. The aristocracy and the senate seemed helpless before his transgressions, since "Little Boots" was firmly backed by a powerful army and his large Praetorian Guard. All this changed when Macro, his Prefect of the Guard, suggested that he was earning a bloodthirsty reputation. Caligula had Macro executed and then demanded that he be addressed as "Divinity," insisting that he was a god. He berated anyone too slow in recognizing his "Divinity," including Cassius Chaerea, the most popular tribune of the Guard. On the night of January 24, 41 A.D., Chaerea suddenly appeared behind Caligula with some of his men. "Take this!" shouted the tribune and thrust the blade of his sword deep into the emperor's neck.

Caligula fell to the floor, but screamed defiantly: "I am still alive!" Chaerea and his men hacked him to pieces as he writhed in agony, cutting away his genitals, head and limbs until the corpse was unrecognizable. The Guards then murdered Caligula's wife, Caesonia, and his small daughter, Julia Drusilla. The bloody remains of the emperor were dragged to a courtyard and burned. Chaerea then appeared before the Senate, announcing that he had struck down the tyrant and that "the return of liberty" had come to Rome, demanding that the senators embrace the concepts of the old republic. Instead, Tiberius Claudius Drusus was named emperor. Claudius would rule for thirteen years and prove in many ways to be a worse tyrant than his demented nephew, Caligula.

"AM I STILL EMPEROR?"/October 13, 54 A.D.

Initially a timid and fearful emperor, Claudius (Tiberius Claudius Drusus Nero Germanicus, 10 B.C.-54 A.D.) was brought to power through the Praetorian Guard, some of its members having assassinated Caligula. His reign (41-54 A.D.) was marked by an efficient administration, but Claudius continued the barbaric practices of his lunatic predecessor. Obsessed with gladiatorial "sports," Claudius forced citizens

Emperor Claudius, poisoned to death in 54 A.D.

and members of his court to fight to the death in the arena. His bloodlust was demonstrated each dawn when he arrived early at the arena to witness until noon all of the savage slaughter his managers could invent. He would then dismiss the audience and watch hundreds of gladiators kill each other for his private pleasure.

In constant fear that he would be dethroned or assassinated, Claudius had all visitors to his court thoroughly searched and in the early years of his reign he never moved about without a large body of spear-carrying guards surrounding him. His nagging question to court advisers was: "Am I still emperor?" He believed that assassins lurked everywhere, waiting to strike him down with swords or knives. His assassination was not to be so demonstrative, but came about slyly through the connivance of a woman.

Claudius had little luck with women, having married four times. In 39 A.D., the 60-year-old emperor married nineteen-year-old Valeria Messalina, a vicious profligate who reveled in torturing her enemies. She held orgies and Bacchanalian feasts in which she openly participated with scores of men, defying and insulting her husband with her flagrant indecencies.

The empress' debaucheries culminated with her bigamous and open marriage to Caius Silius, her favorite lover, a ceremony that shocked even Claudius. His chief adviser, Narcissus, cautioned that Messalina had plotted to have him murdered and seize the throne. Claudius sent a centurion to Messalina's quarters in 48 A.D., where, after failing to seduce her resolute assassin, she was promptly run through with a sword. The emperor married a fourth time in 49 A.D.

Claudius' fourth wife (and his niece), Agrippina, was no improvement. In marrying Agrippina, Claudius adopted her son Nero, and the scheming woman immediately plotted her husband's demise in order to install her son as emperor. She reportedly convinced the eunuch Halotus, who was Claudius' official taster, to poison the emperor. The most reliable information held that the empress paid the druggist Locusta to prepare a powerful poison, probably edible *boletus*, mixed in a sauce from the same substance, given to Claudius in a dish of mushrooms, his favorite delicacy. This food was reportedly served by Agrippina herself during a family banquet.

Within a few minutes, Claudius vomited the meal and lost his ability to speak, suffering agonizing stomach pains throughout the night. He died at dawn, October 13, 54 A.D. Another variation of this subtle assassination reported that Claudius survived the original poisoned meal, but was taken ill, and that the empress herself doctored him with a second poisoned dish, the lethal agent being colocynth, from a mild Palestinian gourd. Upon the emperor's death, Nero appeared at the palace, announcing himself as the new emperor. He instituted a barbaric reign that would equal and surpass the bloodletting of Caligula and Claudius, until he ended his own life before being torn to pieces by the Roman citizens he had so long tortured and oppressed.

BLOOD ON THE MOON/September 18, 96 A.D.

Three years before Claudius was murdered, Domitian came into the world. He would inherit the Roman throne and duplicate the atrocities of his predecessors and he would meet the same end that befell Caligula. Domitian (Titus Flavius Domitianus Augustus, 51-91 A.D.) succeeded his brother Titus to the throne in 81 A.D. He spent his early years with involved military campaigns and toward the end of his reign became drunk with power, persecuting Jews and freedmen. Like Caligula, he insisted that he was a god and those who did not so address him were summarily executed at his orders.

Domitian then began whimsically selecting noble victims to be executed. This prompted Cocceius Nerva, an esteemed jurist, to form a conspiracy that plotted Domitian's assassination, a plot enthusiastically embraced by Empress Domitia, the tyrant's long-abused wife. Domi-tian, who claimed to be clairvoyant and could see the future, had fearful visions the day before he was killed. He seemed to go into a trance, his eyes rolling in his head as he commented to nearby courtiers: "There will be blood on the moon as she enters Aquarius and a deed will be done for everyone to talk about."

Emperor Domitian, his image commemorated on a Roman coin, was slain in 96 A.D.

At dawn, September 18, 96 A.D., the emperor scratched a pimple and a trickle of blood ran down his cheek. "I hope this is all the blood required," he said cryptically. While soaking in his bath, he was told that a courtier had arrived with important news. Dripping from his bath, Domitian raced to see Stephanus, a freedman, who stood in the emperor's bedroom. He offered Domitian a list of names that represented a conspiracy to kill the emperor. Domitian eagerly read the list, mumbling that he would have every person on the list executed immediately. Stephanus stood silently, a woolen bandage on his arm, having feigned an injury some days earlier to excuse the presence of the bandage. Hidden inside the bandage was a dagger.

With his eyes ravenously scrolling the list and thus diverted, Domitian did not see Stephanus withdraw the hidden dagger from beneath the bandage. With a sudden thrust, Stephanus stabbed Domitian in the groin. He called out for help as he clawed at his assailant's eyes. Help arrived, but it was given to Stephanus, not Domitian. Clodianus, a subaltern, raced into the bedroom to stab the emperor. So, too, did Maximus, a freedman and Satur, a chamberlain. Even one of the imperial gladiators joined the assassins to thrust his sword into the dying Domitian. Stabbed seven times, Domitian collapsed, rolled over and died.

The political slayings of Caesar, Caligula, Claudius and Domitian were the dark hallmarks that heralded the long decline and fall of Rome. This most powerful of empires would see many more such killings, the lives of its emperors, sane and mad, claimed at the hands of assassins. Its doom was unfolded through these assassinations, for at the heart of the empire's corrosive core were the always lurking politics of murder.

ASSASSINATION IN THE NAME OF GOD

The murder of the innocent Christ, the messiah for millions, persecuted by his peers and crucified under a henchman of Emperor Tiberius, largely contributed to the fall of tyrannical Rome. In its place, close to the Tiber, rose the citadel of Jesus, the Vatican and its popes. As Christianity spread across Europe, its ethics and credos slowly embraced by new emperors and kings, its beliefs deeply embedded in the roots of nations, offshooting religions branched from its towering tree. The Catholic authority of the Vatican, the corporal and spiritual head of Western nations, was absolute, until a stubborn and profligate king, Henry VIII of England (1491-1547), challenged that supreme authority.

Desperately seeking a male heir to his throne, Henry alienated the Vatican by demanding that it grant a divorce from his first wife, the barren Catherine of Aragon. When the Vatican refused, Henry established a national religion, a form of Protestantism he entitled the Anglican Church, with himself as its spiritual leader. He secretly married Anne Boleyn, who produced his child, Elizabeth, later Elizabeth, Queen of England. Elizabeth would staunchly maintain this Protestant religion as strongly as her rival, Mary Queen of Scots, would impose the Catholic religion upon her Scottish subjects. These royal edicts led to assassinations by religious fanatics in Scotland, England and throughout Europe.

A POET'S DEATH IN SCOTLAND/ March 9, 1566

One of the first of these brought about the death of a gifted poet. Born in Italy, David Rizzio (or Riccio, 1533-1566) was the son of a minor musician who received a broad education, becoming a musician and writer of verse. As secretary to the Marquis of Moretto, he traveled to Edinburgh as part of a mission to the court of Mary, Queen of Scots (1542-1587). So impressed with Rizzio's musical and poetic talents was Mary that she made him her *valet de chambre* and later her secretary and chief minister. Mary came to completely depend upon the perceptive Rizzio, following his advice in almost all instances. He aggressively supported her dedication to establish Catholicism as the predominant religion in Scotland.

David Rizzio, secretary to Mary Queen of Scots, murdered in 1566.

It was Rizzio who strongly urged Mary to wed her cousin, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, a handsome but not overly bright young Scot from the House of Lennox, a match not favored by Mary's ambitious rival, Queen Elizabeth I (1533-1603) of England. Elizabeth wanted Mary to wed a British subject to discredit her with her many Catholic adherents in England. She nevertheless married Darnley on July 29, 1565. Mary soon lost interest in her dullard husband and spent most of her time with her confidante, Rizzio, which infuriated Darnley. He developed a raging jealousy against the mild-mannered secretary and was easily enlisted into a conspiracy of religious fanatics who wanted to overthrow Catholicism and to that end plotted Rizzio's assassination.

The youthful Lord Darnley, who married Queen Mary and conspired to have her secretary murdered.

On March 9, 1566, Patrick, Lord Ruthven, the leader of the plot, along with other Scottish knights, all dressed in armor and fortified with hours of heavy drinking, barged into the queen's chamber in Holyrood Palace, drawing swords. The outraged Mary ordered the interlopers to leave while the timid Rizzio cowered behind her. One of the conspirators rushed forward and stabbed Rizzio in the chest. The others then grabbed the secretary and dragged him about the chamber, stabbing and beating him until his body went limp.

Rizzio was quickly buried outside the palace chapel and Mary herself was held prisoner for two days until she agreed to ratify the actions of the assassins. Mary later had Rizzio's mutilated body exhumed and reburied in the royal sepulcher. She later bore a son—the future James I of England—on June 19, 1566. Hers was a hapless lot. The Scottish nobles who advocated the Protestant cause intrigued against her, and after several battles, she abdicated in favor of her son. She sought asylum in England where Elizabeth held her in comfortable captivity for eighteen years.

Mary, Queen of Scots, who was present when her secretary Rizzio was murdered; she would become a tragic victim of regicide.

Elizabeth grew to believe that Mary posed a threat to her own crown and might lead an uprising by her Catholic followers. She was easily convinced by her conniving advisers that documents they forged proved Mary guilty of treason, that she was planning to usurp Elizabeth in what later came to be known as the

Queen Elizabeth I of England, who sent Mary to the headsman to preserve her crown.

Babington Plot of 1586. On shabby evidence, Elizabeth condemned Mary to death, sending her to her execution at Fotheringhay, where she was beheaded on February 8, 1587.

Many came to believe that Elizabeth I, Queen of England, had herself committed regicide in accepting evidence against Mary she knew to be false and that she had wrongfully ordered an "official" assassination. Through her, England would suppress the Catholics and remain a chiefly Protestant country, but in neighboring Netherlands and in France it was the Protestants who saw widespread persecution and their leaders murdered by fanatical assassins.

25,000 DUCATS FOR THE LIFE OF A MONARCH/July 10, 1584

William I of the Netherlands (Count of Nassau, William of Orange, William the Silent, 1533-1584) was among a rare breed of public men who subordinated self-interest to the rights of his people, a humanitarian compunction that cost him his life in his fifty-first year. Born in a German-Lutheran household, William, at age eleven, was ordered to be raised a Catholic by Hapsburg Emperor Charles V. The Protestant Reformation was sweeping Europe and though the emperor did not particularly endorse the aims of that movement, he guaranteed the right of religious freedom. His son and successor, Philip II, who became king of Spain, had different convictions. Upon his succession, Philip demanded unswerving loyalty to the Catholic Church.

When Philip gave William the title of Stateholder of Holland, Utrecht and Zeeland, the new governor argued with Philip for the religious rights of the Dutch. Philip told him to discard such foolish notions, stating: "I would rather die a thousand deaths and lose every square foot of my empire than permit the least change in our religion!" Philip put his heavy foot down in 1565, ordering William to enforce to the letter all existing ordinances against heretics. William reluctantly made a half-hearted attempt to comply, but this caused hordes of Calvinists to invade Catholic churches and destroy ecumenical symbols of the Roman Church.

In retaliation, Philip appointed the Duke of Alba as captain-general in charge of the Netherlands. Alba entered Brussels in May 1567, instituting a reign of terror. With the Huguenots and Calvinists at his side, William waged a long war with Philip's forces, one that dragged on until 1576, when William was recognized as the "Chief and Supreme Authority" of Holland and Zeeland. The Pacification of Ghent and the Union of Brussels, signed in 1577, brought to a satisfactory close the first phase of this prolonged war.

Philip II was a vengeful loser. He stubbornly refused to surrender his claims to the Lowlands and, on March 15, 1580, the king of Spain officially outlawed William. He wanted his adversary dead and offered 25,000 ducats to anyone willing to assassinate the upstart. The first to come forth to claim that bloody prize was a religious fanatic named Juan Jaureguy. In 1582, Jaureguy fired a bullet at William, which passed under the king's right ear and exited near his jaw-bone. William's life hung in the balance, but he slowly recovered. Jaureguy and several accomplices who had helped him gain access to the king were executed, their bodies nailed to the gates of Antwerp as a grim warning to other would-be assassins.

William I of the Netherlands, slain in 1584, because he opposed the religious restrictions of Philip II of Spain.

This did not deter the murderous ambitions of a Frenchman named Balthasar Gérard. He was a Catholic fanatic encouraged by the Jesuits of the College of Trèves to kill the king. On July 10, 1584, Gérard gained entrance to William's residence at Delft, Netherlands. At the noon hour, he waited in the dining hall and when William entered, he fired three shots at the king. William died instantly. Gérard was seized by guards and was forced to undergo a series of horrible tortures. His right hand, the hand that fired the weapon that killed the king, was cut off. His back was slowly broken on the wheel. His head was cut off and impaled on the gate of William's residence.

William's assassination cut short his dedicated task to establish complete religious freedom for his subjects, but he had begun the slow, deliberate path toward independence and for these reasons he came to be recognized as the rightful founder of the Dutch republic. His assassination had been ordered and paid for by another king, who thought to do God a service through murder. The killing of William I was not lost on the

apprehensive monarch of France, Henry III, who had seen his country torn apart by the same murderous schisms and rightfully feared that, he, too, would meet William's bloody destiny.

"MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON OUR SOULS"/ August 1, 1589

The last half of the 16th Century in France was soaked with religious bloodbaths between the Catholics and the Huguenots (Protestants). Huguenot fanatic Jean de Poltrot assassinated Catholic leader Francois de Lorraine, the second Duc de Guise, in February 1563. The powerful de Guise family persuaded Catherine de Medici to prompt her young son, Charles IX, King of France, to assassinate Huguenot leader Admiral Gaspard de Coligny, a close adviser to Charles.

An unsuccessful attempt against Coligny resulted in a disastrous decision by Charles, who then consented to a wholesale massacre of the Huguenot population known as the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre. Hundreds of Protestant leaders and sympathizers were purged in an attempt to consolidate the regency of young Charles, but matters only got worse. Now Charles was marked for assassination by the Huguenots and he knew it.

A scene depicting the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre of Huguenots in France; thousands were put to the sword by members of the Catholic League.

Never physically strong or psychologically stable, Charles suffered nervous breakdowns, grew ill, then died at age twenty-four in 1574. Henry III (1551-1589) succeeded to the throne and sought to bring about conciliation between the two bitterly divided religious groups. The Catholic leaders suspected his motives from the beginning, knowing he was a close friend of Henry of Navarre, a staunch Protestant leader. The king's arch enemy was Henry de Guise, leader of the Catholic League and the instigator of the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre.

The king knew that he was the only person who stood in the way of the powerful Henry de Guise and that if he faltered, de Guise would bring about a national bloodletting that would exterminate every Protestant in France. To protect himself and ensure that moderation prevailed, the king, in the event of his death, named Henry of Navarre as his successor. His own murder, thought the king, would only bring a strong Protestant leader to the throne and that repugnant prospect would dissuade any notions by Henry de Guise of assassinating him.

Henry III (right), dying from an assassin's knife thrust while his slayer (left, bottom) is killed by guards.

De Guise, however, continued to pressure Henry to action against the military forces marshaled by the Protestants. Henry reluctantly led his troops into battle and was promptly defeated at the battle of Coutras. He signed an armistice, then returned to Paris to pacify de Guise. At a private meeting, the Catholic leader adamantly rejected the king's plea for peace. Henry, in frustration and anger at the futility of his negotiations, ordered his guards to attack de Guise, who was killed immediately. While standing over the fallen de Guise, Henry moaned aloud: "May God have mercy on our souls—and France."

The Catholic League mounted its own army and besieged Paris. Henry of Navarre came to the aid of the king, providing him troops and supplies. On August 1, 1589, a Franciscan monk, Friar Jacques Clement, sought an audience with Henry. The king agreed to see him. The monk begged Henry to side with the Catholics, saying: "I beseech you to renounce the heretics and swear your allegiance to the League." Henry, rejected the plea, waving Clement away.

The monk suddenly brandished a long knife from beneath his robe and stabbed the king. In an instant, Henry's guards cut down the friar, but Henry was dead on the floor next to the body of his assassin. In less than three years from the execution of Catholic Queen Mary, a death that strengthened the position of Protestantism in England, the life of the king of France had

been sacrificed to preserve the Roman Catholic Church. Henry's successor, Henry of Navarre, would meet the same fate.

TWENTY ATTEMPTS TO KILL A KING/ May 14, 1610

Henry IV of France—he was a man marked many times for death because of his tolerance for the Protestant religion.

Henry IV of France (Henry of Navarre, 1553-1610) was an outspoken leader of the Protestant cause. He had supported Henry III in his predecessor's attempt to protect the rights of the Huguenots and was present in the chamber where Henry was murdered by an assassin, witnessing his friend's painful death. He knew he was marked for murder and yet he fearlessly defended the oppressed Protestant minority. He worked for years to reconcile the vitriolic conflict between Catholic and Huguenot factions, but without success, constantly being embroiled in military campaigns. In 1594, the war of the Holy League came to an end when Henry agreed to the League's demand that he renounce Protestantism for its pledge to recognize the legitimacy of his rule.

Henry, however, made little effort to convert Prostestants to the Catholic faith and usually favored the Huguenots in all major political disputes. No king in history experienced as many attempts on his life by would-be assassins. During his twenty year reign, nineteen assassins tried to kill him, almost one for each year he remained in power. He miraculously survived until May 14, 1610, when Francois Ravaillac, a 31-year-old barrister from Angouleme, ended Henry's life.

Believing that Henry was planning a war against the pope, Ravaillac brushed through a line of guards walking alongside Henry's carriage as it slowly made its way through the Croix-du-Tiroir. He leaped forward to drive a sword into Henry, who was sitting unprotected in the open carriage. The king died instantly. Hundreds of onlookers on the crowded promenade witnessed the assassination. Ravaillac made no move to escape and was quickly seized and taken to the Hotel de Retz for questioning.

Unlike captured assassins of that era, authorities did not immediately put the killer to death, but carefully interviewed the learned lawyer, who seemed dumbfounded by his own act. He was thought to be part of a conspiracy led by the Jesuits or the warring Hapsburgs. In truth, Ravaillac had acted alone out of religious fanaticism. After two weeks of almost round-the-clock interrogation, the assassin was judged guilty of regicide and sentenced to a ghastly death. Placed on a rack, the screws were turned until his joints broke. He was then taken to a scaffold erected near the Notre Dame Cathedral, where the king's executioners tore away pieces of skin with red hot pincers. The arm used to commit the murder was plunged into a vat of burning sulfur. This torture went on for nearly an hour until a team of horses was brought forth and he was tied to them. They were driven in opposite directions until Ravaillac's body was torn apart.

The struggle between the Catholics and Protestants would continue throughout Europe, countless victims claimed on either side by assassins consumed by ideology, until these religious sects settled into pacified positions. To the East, in Russia, assassination had nothing do with religion. It was simply a matter of raw, autocratic power.

In the above 17th Century cut, assassin Francois Ravaillac (at left, climbing on the wheel of a carriage) is shown stabbing Henry IV in 1610.

MURDER AT THE THRONE OF THE CZARS

The vast, mysterious empire of Peter the Great sprawled over two thirds of Europe and stretched to the Pacific. It was a nation of tribes, city-states and provinces ruled unsteadily by Peter's tempestuous successors. One of these was the shrewd, tough-minded Elizabeth Petrovna (1709-1762), empress of Russia, daughter of Peter the Great. She had overthrown the regency of Ivan VI, abolished the cabinet council government and reinstated the senate, a titular body that allowed her to govern with an autocratic hand. To protect her power and extend her family line, Elizabeth, shortly after taking power in December 1741, declared her nephew, Peter (Karl Peter Ulrich, 1728-1762) to be her successor. In a lifetime of wise deliberations, this proved to be a disastrous decision.

THE SLAYING OF PETER THE MAD/ July 18, 1762

The indecisive, perhaps demented, Peter III of Russia, murdered in 1762 with the connivance of his wife, Catherine, an assassination of the czar's own making.

The future czar of Russia was wholly unfit for the lofty position his aunt envisioned. The short-lived Peter III was a weak, vacillating monarch who lost his kingdom and ultimately his life in defense of a foreign culture he tried to impose upon his subjects. The son of Charles Frederick, duke of Holstein-Gottorp, and Anna, the eldest of Peter the Great's daughters, Peter had been educated in Germany. He was being groomed to succeed to the throne of Denmark and Sweden when Elizabeth named him her successor. Peter was taken to St. Petersburg and was promptly baptized into the Russian Orthodox Church, but he stubbornly clung to his Prussian heritage and upbringing to the great displeasure of his aunt and tutors who attempted to prepare him for his future post as czar. Eventually frustrating Elizabeth was Peter's marriage (on August 21, 1745) to the strong-minded Sophie Frederike, a German princess of Anhalt-Zerbst, who took the Russian name of Catherine Yekaterina Alekseyevna (Catherine II, Catherine the Great, 1729-1796).

Catherine the Great of Russia, who conspired to assassinate her husband.

They were not particularly fond of each other and it was apparent from the beginning that theirs was a conveniently arranged marriage of state. Elizabeth had sought to pacify her nephew's penchant for all things German by providing him with a Prussian-born spouse, but the empress had taken on more than she bargained for in selecting Catherine, the daughter of a Prussian field marshal. Throughout their long marriage, Peter took pains to insult and degrade his wife, treating her as an unwanted partner. He flaunted his many mistresses in her presence and even compelled her to dine with these courtesans while he taunted and humiliated her. Catherine bided her time, plotting with Russian noblemen, especially the Russian general, Count Gregory Orlov (1734-1783), who, among many, was her most constant lover.

Upon Elizabeth's death, Peter became czar of the Russian people on January 5, 1762. In one of his first official acts, Peter withdrew from the Seven Years' War and forged a peace treaty with Prussia, his beloved homeland. Henceforth, the czar conducted all domestic and foreign policy on a pro-German basis, "enlightened despotism" as he called it, patterned after the reign of his hero, Frederick the Great of Prussia. He went so far as to force the Russian Orthodox Church to adopt Lutheran practices into the liturgy. He next seized government lands and forced the nobles in the provinces to accept lower salaries. Peter's desire to drag Russia into a war against Denmark in order to help Holstein regain political control of Schleswig further alienated Russian ministers—a situation Catherine was quick to exploit to her own favor.

By the summer of 1762, tensions between the czar and his resentful wife had reached a breaking point, particularly when Peter disavowed any connections to his son, Paul, through Catherine, whom he labeled a bastard. Suspecting that her husband was planning to overthrow her in order to marry his

Catherine (Elisabeth Bergner) with Peter III (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) in the 1934 United Artists film, *Catherine the Great*.

mistress, Countess Elizabeth Woronzow, Catherine conspired with Gregory Orlov and members of the Imperial Guard to stage a coup d'état on the night of June 28, 1762. Princess Catherina Dashkova aided and abetted the royal plotter by informing the soldiers that Peter, who was by then labeled a lunatic by the royal household, had died from a fit and that Empress Catherine was assuming the reins of the government. The royal regiment accepted this news and rejoiced, for to a man they shared Catherine's hatred for Peter, who had dismissed his Russian bodyguards and had replaced them with German troops.

Peter was forcibly taken to the royal residence at Oranienbaum, where he was kept in close custody, along with his mistress. Catherine, after accepting the oaths of allegiance from the Imperial Guards, moved quickly to shore up support for her new role among the nobility, the clergy and the senate. The Archbishop of Novgorod, angered at Peter for imposing Lutheran doctrine upon the Russian Orthodox Church, happily crowned Catherine as the new Russian ruler on July 9, 1762. The few ministers still loyal to Peter advised the deposed czar to take strong, decisive military action to regain the throne. But at this critical moment, Peter hesitated. He was essentially an insecure if not demented monarch who was wholly incapable of mastering the game of political brinkmanship. His indecision cost him dearly; he abdicated on July 10, 1762 and was taken prisoner by Gregory Orlov and four others a week later.

Peter's captors were the Orlov brothers—Gregory, Aleksy and Fyodor. With their heavily armed guards, the Orlovs spirited the confused Peter to a royal retreat outside the village of Ropsha, where, on July 18, 1762, he was given a dinner and a bottle of Burgundy wine, which was heavily dosed with poison. While dining with Peter, Aleksy Orlov convinced the deposed czar that Catherine was going to permit him to return unmolested to Holstein, the place of his birth. (Catherine had no such intentions, believing that if Peter went to Germany he might raise an army against her and invade Russia.)

Peter took one swallow of the befouled wine and recoiled: "I am poisoned! I am poisoned! Give me milk, give me oil!" The poison was not strong enough to finish off the powerfully built Peter. He cursed at Orlov, while several other assassins, including Gregory and Fyodor Orlov entered the chamber. Several officers struggled with Peter, who fought like a crazed animal, overturning the furniture and shattering the crystal. Aleksy Orlov then noosed a napkin around Peter's throat and strangled him to death. The other Orlov brothers and their officers stood passively by on a veranda as they witnessed this assassination. They then returned to St. Petersburg to report

Assassin Gregory Orlov (John Lodge) meeting the future empress and his lover, Catherine (Marlene Dietrich), with aide (C. Aubrey Smith) in the 1934 Paramount film, *The Scarlet Empress*.

Peter's death to Catherine, who promptly lavished rewards upon the assassins.

Catherine then released an ambiguous statement to cover up the crime, stating that her husband had suddenly died from hemorrhoidal colic, an affliction that had troubled Peter most of his adult life. The effects of this persistent ailment, Catherine said, had brought on a lethal stroke of apoplexy. Catherine's murder plot was later widely rumored throughout the country, but she proved to be a masterful ruler and most came to believe that she had rid Russia of a demented tyrant who would have made their country a vassal state to Germany. The empress, however, still did not feel secure on her throne. There was one other member of the royal family who troubled her. This was ex-emperor Ivan VI, who had been dethroned by Empress Elizabeth and imprisoned at the fortress of Schlüsselburg since he was six-years-old.

It was acknowledged by many that Ivan had lost his sanity while confined in prison, but Catherine would not rest easy until the deposed czar was eliminated. A lieutenant of the guard at Schlüsselburg was directed by Gregory Orlov to attend to the matter. His name was Basil Mirovitch and he carried out that cold-blooded directive without question, only to find that he had been betrayed by the empress, a woman he deeply loved. After he was arrested and condemned to death by Catherine for Ivan's assassination, Mirovitch was confident that the empress would come to his rescue and issue a royal pardon.

Like the Orlov brothers, and many other officers, Mirovitch had been one of Catherine's lovers and he depended upon that intimate relationship to save his life, as well as Gregory Orlov's promise that the empress would intervene on his behalf. When the expected messenger did not appear on the day of his execution, the lieutenant realized that he had been deceived. He uttered a gut-wrenching cry seconds before his head was chopped off. Catherine the Great stopped at nothing in clutching her throne and through her long reign no one dared to challenge her authority, even her son, Paul, who was not made of his mother's stern will. She inhibited and terrified him, instilling in him a lifelong fear of assassination.

"DON'T KILL ME—I WILL ABDICATE!"/ March 11, 1801

Paul I (1754-1801), was the czar of Russia for four troubled years. As a profligate prince, he wasted most of his life while living in the giant shadow of his dominating and ruthless mother, Catherine the Great. Through friends of his father, Peter the Mad, Paul learned that his mother had arranged for his father's assassination and he lived in constant fear that she would also make the same arrangements for himself if he gave the slightest indication that he thought to depose her.

Upon the death of his mother in 1796, the 42-year-old Paul became the czar of Russia. The dissolute new ruler was ill-prepared to be anything other than a despot. He tyrannized the aristocrats as well as the peasants and saw conspiracies at every turn. Four years of Paul's inconsistent, often drunken, rule, left Russia isolated from the rest of Europe. Paul often changed ministers and advisers, suspecting that all close to him were conspiring to take his throne.

Two of these advisers, Count Peter Ludwig von der Pahlen, Paul's confidante and the military governor of St. Petersburg, and Count Nikita Panin, the vice chancellor, did, indeed, plot against the czar. They persuaded Grand Duke Alexander, Paul's son and heir, that the czar was planning to arrest and imprison him and his brothers. Alexander knew his father was destroying Russia and agreed to cooperate with the conspirators, but he gave strict orders that Paul was to be forced to abdicate but kept from any harm. The ministers promised the czar's safety.

The paranoid Paul I of Russia, assassinated in 1801.

Sensing danger, Paul moved his residence to the heavily fortified St. Michael's Palace in St. Petersburg and had great numbers of guards posted in and about his chambers with orders to kill anyone who attempted to get near him. On March 11, 1801, Pahlen, however, bribed the guards to allow nine assassins to enter the czar's large bedroom chamber. Paul awoke to see these sword-wielding killers standing about him. "Don't kill me—I will abdicate!" he shouted.

"No, sire," one of the interlopers said. "You will never abdicate. If we let you free, you will have us all killed and remain in power and Russia will be destroyed."

One of the group looped a sash about Paul's throat and strangled the czar to death. A brief announcement told the Russian people that their ruler had died of apoplexy, the same malady that reportedly claimed the life of his father, Peter the Mad, but, Paul I was nevertheless the victim of an assassin, just as had been his father. When Alexander became the czar he forced those who had been part of the plot to kill Paul I out of office, praying that no more assassinations would befall the future czars of Russia. Some of his successors, however, would not be protected by such Heaven-directed pleas.

THE ASSASSINS OF FRANCE

The traumatic epoch of the French Revolution, signaled by the storming of the Bastille in Paris on July 14, 1789, brought social upheaval and near anarchy to France. With the overthrow of the monarchy and its arrogant aristocrats, the Reign of Terror ensued. The inept King Louis XVI and his beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette went to the guillotine in 1793, along with thousands of nobles. One of the chief architects of that revolution and a fanatical advocate of the Terror, Jean-Paul Marat, died violently in the same year he helped to send his monarchs to death. The instrument of his death was a pretty, young girl, full of patriotism and resolve.

"I SHALL SEND THEM ALL TO THE GUILLOTINE!"/July 13, 1793

Jean-Paul Marat (1743-1793) imagined himself to be a scientific genius, equal to Sir Isaac Newton. His peers in the academic community did not agree and his published works on scientific and philosophical matters were received with only mild acceptance. After completing his medical studies, Marat practiced as a physician in London, writing several essays, espousing liberal ideas inspired by the works of Voltaire, Rousseau and Montesquieu. In 1774, he published his pivotal work, *The Chains of Slavery*, which became the blueprint for the revolution of 1789 and indicted the French aristocracy as plotting against the French citizenry in a conspiracy to keep the masses impoverished and without rights.

Ironically, Marat, who had returned to France in 1777, took a position as the physician to the personal guards of the Comte d'Artois (later Charles X), conducting a lucrative practice on the side that mostly included patients of the Second Estate he would later denounce as enemies of the revolution, sending many of his one-time patients to gruesome executions. In 1780, Marat alienated officials by publishing his *Plan for Criminal Legislation*, thought to be subversive and thus suppressed by the government. He left his medical practice three years later to devote himself to scientific research and writing projects. His failure to be accepted into the prestigious Académie des Sciences by his peers contributed to Marat's sense of alienation and frustration.

With the coming of the revolution, Marat initially took a conservative position, advocating the preservation of the *ancien régime*, stating that the king should remain in power as long as he quickly implemented reforms. Within months, his views turned radical. In September 1789, he began his publication, *L'Ami du Peuple* (Friend of the People), calling for a social revolution in which broad-based and harsh measures be taken against the aristocracy. His beliefs alarmed the moderate Girondists, who, in the early stages of the revolution, directed the ebb and flow of events. They pressured him into exile in England in 1790. He was recalled within three months by the radical Montagnard faction to provide its editorial forum. This Marat did with relish, denouncing many French icons, including the Marquis de Lafayette, a champion of liberty, as counter-revolutionaries, calling for their imprisonment and execution.

French revolutionary leader Jean-Paul Marat, slain in 1793.

Marat saw royalist plots everywhere, especially in the provinces and warned that the aristocrats were planning to overthrow the revolution with the collusion of foreign kings. When the republic was founded in September 1792, Marat's position in the new government seemed assured. He was one of the most influential delegates to the National Convention. In April 1793, at the instigation of the Girondists, who felt that Marat and others had warped and manipulated the democratic principles of the revolution, he was charged with political crimes and brought before a revolutionary tribunal. He was acquitted

A contemporary portrait of Charlotte Corday (left), just after assassinating Jean-Paul Marat in his bath, with revolutionaries calling for her blood.

on April 24, 1793. Marat vowed revenge against the Girondists and, in turn, backed by the radical Jacobins in Paris, denounced his adversaries, sending Girondists as well as aristocrats to the guillotine by the score in what came to be known as the Reign of Terror. Though the bourgeoisie of Paris held Marat and his ilk as heroes of the revolution, he was thought to be a murderous tyrant by the nobles and middleclass Girondists in the provinces.

Prison guards are shown cropping Charlotte Corday's long hair, preparing her for execution.

One such was Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday D'Armans (1768-1793), a well-read young, noblewoman who lived in Normandy. Convent-educated and well versed in the writings of Plutarch and Voltaire, she had, as had her family, embraced the revolution. She then witnessed many of her relatives and friends being wrongly accused of betraying the revolution and sent to their executions. She became enraged at the bloody purge of the Girondists on May 31, 1793, mostly at the instigation of Jean-Paul Marat. Charlotte Corday vowed revenge.

Corday thought long in selecting the right victim, believing that her opportunity at assassination was limited to only one of the many leading revolutionaries. She thought first to kill Georges-Jacques Danton, then Robespierre, then Marat. All had come to symbolize a new kind of infamy in the provinces. Her final choice of Marat was guided by a personal hatred she had harbored for the man ever since he had ordered the 1789 death of her sweetheart, a young army major named Belzunce.

Early in the morning of July 13, 1793, Corday purchased a six-inch dagger from a cutler's shop in the Palais Egalité. She had learned that the object of her venom was confined to his bathtub in his home at 20 Cordelières Street. Marat suffered from a debilitating skin disease that could only be relieved by his bathing in soothing hot water mixed with vinegar. While lounging in his tub, Marat penned his newspaper editorials and greeted colleagues as he saw fit. At about 9 a.m., Corday appeared at his door, but was turned away by Catherine Evrard, sister of Marat's long-time mistress, Simmone Evrard. The editor was too sick to see anyone, Corday was told. Returning to her hotel room, Corday wrote a short message to Marat, telling him that she had information about counter-revolutionaries in the provinces.

When Marat received this message, he immediately sent word for Corday to visit him. She arrived at about 7 p.m., but this time Simmone Evrard turned her away. Corday did not meekly oblige; she started a commotion. Hearing the disturbance, Marat asked that Corday be admitted to his bath. Corday found her adversary busy with paper and pen as he reclined in a copper tub. She introduced herself as a "friend of the people," and recited the names of several fictitious "traitors" from Caen. Greedily, Marat began to write down the names, saying: "I shall send them all to the guillotine in a few days!"

Corday pulled the dagger she had concealed in her skirt and drove it deep into Marat's chest. His cry for help was heard downstairs, but by the time his mistress arrived, Marat was near death. Corday was subdued by one of Marat's bodyguards, Laurent Bas, and was turned over to the revolutionary guard, which arrived only minutes later. Marat was by then dead. Corday bluntly admitted the assassination to Jean-Baptiste Drouet, who was the first official to arrive on the scene.

Corday is shown bound in a cart, en route to her public execution.

Taken to the Prison de Pabbaye, Corday was held there until she was brought before a People's Tribunal. She answered her accusers in a calm voice: "It is only in Paris that the people have been hypnotized by the man [Marat]. In the provinces he has always been regarded as a monster...I knew that he was perverting France. I killed one man in order to save a hundred thousand. I was a Republican long before the Revolution, and I have never lacked energy."

Antoine-Quentin Fouquier-Tinville, head of the Tribunal, condemned Corday to death. On July 15, 1793, she was transported by cart to the Place de Révolution. As a tumultuous crowd hooted and howled for her head, she bravely mounted the scaffold and approached the executioner, Sanson, asking to inspect the instrument of her impending death, the guillotine. "I've never seen one before," she explained. "In the cir-

cumstances, I am rather curious." Sanson allowed her to look at the levers that put the blade in motion. She gazed upward to see the waiting blade, then calmly allowed herself to be placed on the plank, her head encompassed by the wooden headrest.

Charlotte Corday was thought by many to be a heroine, but she was reviled by the leaders of the Terror, who continued their attempt to shore up support for the bloodthirsty Montagnards by randomly slaughtering thousands of their imagined enemies. One of her critics was a young and ambitious French officer who had sided with the Jacobins, Napoléon Bonaparte, and who was to become emperor of France. Napoléon I, was, like Marat, the target of many assassination attempts and, as scientific evidence later indicated, may have been slyly and slowly assassinated while being kept prisoner on a barren island in the Atlantic.

"THOSE RASCALS WANTED TO BLOW ME UP"/December 24, 1800

The great conqueror Napoléon I (Napoléon Bonaparte, 1769-1821), began his military career as a lowly lieutenant of artillery. The Corsican-born Napoléon sided with the Jacobins during the revolution of 1789, and soon proved his mettle with the revolutionary forces, rising to the rank of general at an early age and, through one European conquest after another, became emperor of France and the dominating figure of his era. Admired and respected by millions, there were equal millions who hated him. Some of his enemies plotted his assassination but with little or no preparation. Several assassination attempts were made against Napoléon, from the time he became first consul throughout the period of his rule as emperor.

Napoléon I, the target of several

The first attempt was made by a political malcontent named Chevalier, who worked in a Paris arms plant. He constructed a crude bomb, which was nothing more than a cask filled with powder and missiles to which a musket barrel with a trigger was affixed. Chevalier thought to roll this barrel beneath the carriage in which Napoléon was riding. He bungled his attempt, rolling the barrel too soon and it exploded prematurely, injuring a number of persons. Chevalier fled, but was later caught and imprisoned.

The first serious assassination attempt against Napoléon took place on December 24, 1800, when a cabal of royalists tried to blow up the emperor's carriage when he attended the opera in Paris. Following Chevalier's modus operandi, the assassins constructed a similar bomb and exploded it as his carriage was approaching the opera building. The bomb went off with a thunderous roar, killing twenty persons and wounding dozens more, but Napoléon, who was sleeping in the carriage and sitting next to Josephine, was uninjured. As soon as he heard the roar, Napoléon shouted to the driver to get to the opera at all speed. The carriage in which Napoléon was riding was rocked by the explosion, which occurred behind the moving vehicle, but it was intact. Napoléon's order to his driver was unnecessary in that the man was drunk, seized by panic, and was already whipping the horses furiously forward.

The carriage of Napoléon I being bombed in Paris in 1800; the emperor remained unharmed.

The unharmed Napoléon and Josephine took their box at the opera and it was not until that moment that the cool-minded emperor commented about the assassination attempt, saying casually: "Josephine, those rascals wanted to blow me up. Send for a copy of the music [the program for that night's opera]." All of the assassins, including the ringleader, a royalist named St. Regent, who was severely wounded by his own bomb, were rounded up, tried, and then executed.

The next serious attempt against Napoléon took place in October 1809, while the emperor was reviewing troops at Schoenbrunn, in Germany. An 18-year-old youth named Friedrich Staps, the son of a Tyrolese pastor, rushed forward with a long knife and tried to stab the emperor. Marshal Louis Berthier, standing close to Napoléon, saw Staps running forward and he grabbed the youth when the knife was only inches from the emperor's chest. Later that day, Napoléon had Staps brought before him, accusing him of being mad, but the youth insisted that he was sane and that he had acted alone, as a patriot, in attempting to rid Germany of an invader.

"What injury have I done to you?" the emperor asked Staps.

"To me personally, none," he replied, "but you are the oppressor of my country, the tyrant of the world, and to have put you to death would have been the highest glory of a man of honor."

Napoléon was loath to execute this handsome youth, especially after he looked at a small picture of Staps' pretty girl-

friend the would-be assassin was carrying. "Would she approve of this attempt of yours," the emperor asked Staps.

"She will be sorry that it miscarried for she hates you as much as I do," Staps defiantly answered.

The death mask of Napoléon I from which forensic scientists later removed hairs to claim his slow murder by poison.

Napoléon had the youth examined by his doctors, who informed him that Staps was sane. Still, the emperor was reluctant to order the youth's death. He stared a long time at the girl's picture and then said to Staps: "If I pardon you, I suppose it will gladden the heart of this girl."

"Then I will be able to kill you after all!" the youth shouted.

Napoléon ordered Staps imprisoned, to be executed later. Staps consistently refused to ask for his own life. He was determined to be a martyr and the emperor finally ordered his execution three months later.

The last assassination attempt against Napoléon reportedly occurred while he was in his final exile on the barren island of St. Helena, where, surrounded by British captors and a small coterie of loyal followers, he died in 1821. Four months before his death, the emperor wrote his will. One sentence in that carefully penned document pointed an accusatory finger: "I die prematurely, murdered by the British oligarchy and its hired assassin."

Not until the 1950s, with forensic science at hand, was Napoléon's statement translated into murder. Certain scientists examining authentic hairs from Napoléon taken over the several months before his death allegedly tracked detectable administrations of poison, arsenic to be specific. It was claimed that Count Charles Montholon, who later wrote glowingly and extensively about Napoléon and who was in constant contact with the emperor during his exile and, especially, his waning days, was the emperor's wine steward and who provided Napoléon with this drink, which he slowly dosed with arsenic, eventually bringing about the emperor's death, according to one source.

It was never proven that Montholon was the "hired assassin." It was speculated that he, more than most living in exile with Napoléon, was most suspect in that he was not a loyal supporter of the emperor, mysteriously absent before and during the Waterloo campaign, which brought about the emperor's defeat and exile to St. Helena, and that he appeared only after that military disaster to offer to spend his life with the emperor at St. Helena.

It was further speculated that Montholon was in need of money. He had at one time stolen large sums of money intended as pay for the soldiers of his command, but was never imprisoned or punished for this offense. Was he in the pay of the British or even the Bourbons, who plotted to regain the throne of France? This is not known and probably never will be learned. But that Napoléon Bonaparte was murdered through systematic poisoning appears to be a scientific certainty and that the last assassination attempt against the emperor of France was successful.

NAPOLEON III AND ORSINI/ January 14, 1858

Dreams of glory and conquest danced inside the fertile brain of Napoléon III (Charles Louis Napoléon, 1808-1873) from

Napoléon III, emperor of France; like his celebrated uncle, he, too, was stalked by assassins.

the time he was seven and watched his celebrated uncle, Napoléon I, return from exile in Elba and go to defeat at Waterloo in 1815. Before Napoléon was sent into permanent exile on the desolate island of St. Helena, his little nephew saw him at Malmaison, an imposing, tragic figure strutting before him in high black boots, long coat, and a tri-corner hat perched low on his balding pate. The emperor turned to his sister-in-law, Queen Hortense, whose little son Charles stood at her side, saying to her: "Take your son, Hortense, and look well to him. Perhaps, after all, he is the hope of my race." Like his illustrious uncle, Napoléon III would be the target of many assassination attempts.

Napoléon III lived in luxurious exile in Switzerland, the U.S., and finally, England. He was educated and raised with only one thought in mind, to one day reclaim the power his uncle had abdicated in 1815. On August 6, 1840, Napoléon III crossed the English Channel and landed in Boulogne, planting his uncle's old standards and announcing himself emperor of France. The legions of the Grand Army were by then long gone and few rallied to the banners of Napoléon III. A short time later the would-be emperor was arrested, tried and sent to prison for life, confined at the fortress at Ham in northern France. He escaped on May 23, 1846, returning to England. He then began to mount a campaign to have his title recognized. He slowly won support and, in 1849, following the revolution of 1848, he was elected as president of the Republic. In 1852, he proclaimed himself Emperor Napoléon III.

A contemporary illustration caricatured Napoléon III as a preying vulture.

In his early years, Napoléon III acted as a benevolent monarch, magnanimously granting freedoms of speech and press. He worked hard to bolster the French economy and maintain the prosperity it was enjoying. By the late 1850s, however, Napoléon began to exercise the kind of supreme authority his uncle had wielded for two decades. He suppressed political opposition and the press, establishing a police state where all of his adversaries were hounded or arrested on trumped-up charges. Further, Napoléon kept tight control of Italy, which was in political turmoil with various sections of that country under direct French domination.

The emperor talked much about unifying Italy, but he vacillated and stalled this decision , which infuriated one of Italy's leading patriots and political fanatics, Felice Orsini. Born in Medola (the Papal States), Italy, in 1819, Orsini was the son of a political firebrand and his life was dedicated to the unification of Italy at all costs, including the assassination of Napoléon III. A member of Giuseppe Mazzini's Young Italy movement, Orsini believed that by beginning a revolution in France, he could spark another revolution in Italy. To that end, he was convinced, he had to murder Napoléon III, the dictator that controlled both countries.

Orsini had had a long history of organizing revolt and spreading terrorism. In 1845, he was condemned to death for trying to start a rebellion in Austria. His sentence was commuted to life imprisonment and he was held in a fortress from which he escaped. Fleeing to Rome, Orsini took part in a revolution, becoming a member of the constituent government. By 1853, Orsini was a dedicated revolutionary, attempting to dismantle any and all monarchistic governments. He traveled back to Austria where he attempted to incite Austrian troops to revolt. Again he was imprisoned for life and again he escaped from the fortress in Mantua.

At this time, Orsini eyed France and Napoléon III as his next target. The emperor had already been subjected to an assassination attempt on April 28, 1855, when an Italian terrorist, Giovanni Pianori, who had been a member of Garibaldi's Roman army in 1849, fired two pistol shots at Napoléon as the emperor rode in a carriage down the Champs-Elysées. The assassin missed his mark and was beheaded a few weeks later.

Orsini reasoned that any future attack on Napoléon III would have to be carefully planned to be successful, not merely the result of an impulse as had been the case with Pianori. To that end, Orsini recruited four aides. The first of these was leftist teacher Giuseppe-Andrea Pieri, a vain academic. Then Orsini brought Dr. Simon Bernard, a French naval surgeon, into the plot. Italians Anthony Gomez and Carlo di Rudio were also enlisted. Gomez was a hulking, mindless character, who blindly obeyed Orsini's every command. Di Rudio, who claimed to be of noble birth, was a common criminal, who told Orsini that he had been driven to steal because of poverty. Di Rudio had nevertheless been active in Italian politics and had taken part in many political uprisings and revolutions.

The five conspirators were aided by Thomas Allsop, a friend of Bernard's, who lived in England. Allsop secured weapons for the conspirators and put them in contact with John Taylor, an arms manufacturer who provided the group with fragmentation bombs. Taylor later claimed that he had been misled by the conspirators into believing that he was supplying sample bombs for the British army. He gave the conspirators five bombs, delivering these to Orsini, who traveled between France and England, using a passport belonging to Allsop, who freely allowed the terrorist to use it. The bombs were then smuggled through Belgium into France.

On December 15, 1857, Orsini took a room in Paris, and, using Allsop's name, posed as a British tourist, riding on horse-

back along the routes he thought the emperor might take. His conspirators joined him in Paris, except for Pieri, who remained briefly in Brussels where he bragged to a woman that he was about to take part in a momentous event, suggesting, if not detailing, the impending assassination of the emperor. The information was passed along to the French ambassador in Brussels, who then wired the minister of the interior in France, describing Pieri and the possible assassination against Napoléon III.

Felice Orsini, leader of the assassins.

The conspirators knew that the emperor regularly attended the opera. They attended performances there several times while Orsini organized the course of their action. Orsini decided to strike on the night of January 14, 1858, knowing that Napoléon would be attending the performance that evening. He met that night at 6 p.m. with Pieri, di Rudio and Gomez, giving them each a bomb, and keeping two for himself. Gomez was to throw his bomb first, Orsini ordered, then di Rudio, then Pieri, then himself. Between them, the leader said, they should be able to blow up the emperor's carriage into pieces and with it the despot.

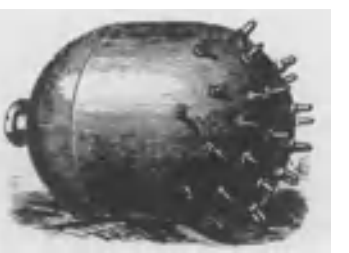
The four assassins met near the old Opera building, mixing with the gathering crowds. Police at that moment had been searching the streets of Paris for Pieri. Some officers spotted him at the gated entrance of the opera building, where he was seized. As he was being dragged away, Pieri frantically tried to signal to Orsini, but he failed to do so. When he was searched, Pieri was found to have a bomb, a revolver and a knife. Police felt that the main threat to the emperor was over with the arrest of Pieri and no search for additional assassins was made in the crowds around the opera building. The police, however, lined the street leading to the opera. Thirty mounted officers of the Garde de Paris preceded the three closed carriages carrying the royal party to the opera square. The carriages stopped at the entranceway to allow the occupants of the first carriage to alight. At this moment, Gomez, di Rudio and Orsini threw three bombs.

The fragmentary bombs did their awful work with horrifying results, mowing down 158 persons in the dense crowd, mortally wounded eight, including several of the mounted guards and their horses. As the bombs exploded, a fragment struck Orsini and he fled the scene bleeding. As he ran, he dropped his second bomb and a revolver , which police officers later picked up. The royal coach in which Napoléon and Empress Eugenie had been riding was dented with bomb fragments, more than fifty of them, but none had penetrated, thanks to the walls of the carriage , which had been lined with lead for just such an event. Fragments had, however, soared through the carriage windows, one passing through the emperor's cocked hat and a piece of glass slightly cutting his nose. The empress was grazed on the cheek by a fragment, but was otherwise unhurt.

The royal couple stepped from the carriage, but to the frustration of the police trying to protect them, refused to be escorted into the opera building until they were assured that the scores of dying and wounded persons lying about them were receiving proper medical attention. Instead of returning to the palace, as urged by his advisers, Napoléon showed great aplomb, escorting the equally brave Eugenie into the opera building where they took their places in the royal box. Their clothes were covered with the blood from the victims outside. The bombs had been heard inside the opera and when the royal couple made their appearance, the audience arose to cheer the emperor and empress.

Pierre-Marie Piétre, chief of the Paris police, hearing of the bombings, rushed to the opera and appeared in the royal box. "Well, Monsieur Piétre," the emperor said sarcastically, "of what use are the police?"

Replied Piétre with annoyance: "Sire, they serve by getting themselves killed for your majesty." There were no fatalities among the police ranks outside the opera building. Piétre went to police headquarters where Pieri was being interrogated. He then returned to the royal box at the opera to report to Napoléon that considerable progress had been made in the investigation. Pieri had informed police of his address on Rue Montmartre, telling them that he shared this lodging with a fellow conspirator. Officers found di Rudio there, in bed, fully clothed, dripping wet with sweat. He was dragged away screaming his innocence.



The type of bomb Orsini used in the attempt on Napoléon III.

The hulking idiot Gomez was found in the Broggi Restaurant, only a short distance from the opera. He had attracted attention by running into the place and squatting at a table where he nervously ordered one dish after another, ferociously gobbling down the food and creating such a disturbance that the police were called. He told officers that he was the servant of an Englishman named Allsop, who lived at 10 Rue Mothabor. At this address police found the wounded Orsini and arrested him.

Napoléon and Eugenie left the opera that night in a carriage that rolled through pools of blood. There was blood everywhere in the courtyard and street in front of the opera building. It had splattered the walls and the posters advertising the opera being performed. It was a hideous sight that would thereafter cause the emperor nightmares. When he reached the palace, he went to the bedroom of his two-year-old son, the heir to the throne, kneeling beside the sleeping boy. He wept, realizing that his reign and that of his son's was in perpetual jeopardy.

Orsini's trial and that of his conspirators was a celebrated affair. The revolutionary gained a great deal of sympathy through the eloquence and poise he exhibited. He stated that he had acted in the name of liberty and in his moving oratory

he found numerous supporters in the government who subtly pleaded for his life. All of the other conspirators claimed innocence, shifting responsibility for the bombings onto Orsini, who was so disgusted with his fellow assassins that he admitted his guilt, although he denied having thrown a bomb. He was nevertheless found guilty and condemned to death, as were Pieri and di Rudio. Gomez, judged a halfwit, was to be exiled for life.

While awaiting execution, Orsini wrote several articles, as well as his brief memoirs, which were published and widely read, earning him the empathy of many high-born persons, including the empress. She was so swayed by the "nobility of his language and the heroism of his attitude" that she informed her husband that she intended to visit the condemned Orsini in his cell at La Roquette. The emperor, however, ordered her to remain in the palace.

Empress Eugénie, who begged for the lives of the plotters and may have arranged for the escape of one of them.

Napoléon was pressured by many liberals to pardon Orsini, but the number of deaths brought about by the bomb throwers decreed that the death sentence be upheld. Di Rudio escaped this punishment, his sentence commuted to life imprisonment. (It was later speculated that he was spared the guillotine because of his unsubstantiated claims that he was of noble birth, the distant relative of a long extinct aristocratic family in Italy that traced its bloodlines to Napoléon I and that Napoléon III could not take the life of "one of his own.")

On March 13, 1858, Orsini and Pieri were sent to the guillotine. At 10 a.m. that day, both were taken from their cells and marched into the prison courtyard. Pieri was nervous, talking incessantly as he and Orsini walked toward the waiting scaffold.

"Orsini!" he cried out to the man walking beside him. "How are you getting on?"

"Be calm, my friend, be calm," Orsini replied in a low voice.

"Oh, I am not afraid, I am not afraid," Pieri blurted. "We are going to Calvary! We are going to Calvary!" He was handed some hot coffee and Pieri gulped down the scalding liquid so that steam was pouring from his mouth as the black hood was placed over his head. His shirt was cut away around the neck and he was taken up to the guillotine. In seconds the blade fell and Pieri was decapitated. Orsini, without losing his cool composure, was next. He went to his death wordlessly.

Bernard, the naval surgeon, escaped punishment, although he was later indicted and tried at the Old Bailey as an accessory to the conspiracy. He was acquitted and released. The outcome of this trial caused a great uproar in France where anti-British sentiment over the bombing reached fever pitch when it was learned that the bombs used by Orsini had been constructed in England. Thomas Allsop, the helpful British conspirator, was never tried. The surviving convicted conspirator, di Rudio, escaped prison and fled to America. He arrived in the U.S. just as the Civil War broke out. He enlisted in the Union army (altering his name to De Rudio) and fought through the entire war, being wounded many times and rising to the rank of captain. After the war, di Rudio remained in the army and was sent to the western frontier as a lieutenant, being assigned to the famous 7th Cavalry under the command of George Armstrong Custer.

Grim irony awaited for di Rudio, who had survived a half dozen revolutions, a death sentence in the Orsini plot, a shipwreck at sea while immigrating to America, and countless hazards of the Civil War. On June 25, 1876, he found himself in the valley of the Rosebud on the Little Big Horn River. He sat on horseback next to Custer when the glory-seeker gave the order to charge into Indian hordes waiting in the valley. Di Rudio was one of the first officers to lead his troopers into the howling mass of Sioux awaiting Custer. He was quickly shot off his horse, falling into some heavy brush. Custer and his 220 men rode past him pell-mell to legendary massacre.

The wounded di Rudio clambered up the slopes with Indians running after him. As he staggered upward, he turned repeatedly to fire several pistols he carried, shooting down a half dozen braves lunging at him. He finally reached a ridge where the remnants of the 7th Cavalry had taken a defensive position under the command of Major Marcus Reno. Joining the survivors of Custer's decimated command, he and the others were later rescued by arriving troops under General Terry. This last horrific experience was too much for the adventurous di Rudio. "I'm tired of looking for death," he told a fellow officer before resigning his commission. "Let it seek me out—if it can find me." He reportedly went back East and then traveled to California where he wisely imported grapes from Italy and became a prosperous vineyard owner.

ENGLAND'S TURN

Assassination in England had been a rare occurrence. That changed in 1812. While Napoléon I was preparing his massive invasion of Russia that year, John Bellingham, a British businessman, who had met with a disaster in Russia because of the English ambassador, sought vengeance in his homeland through assassination. His act was the first that led to many such abortive and successful attempts throughout the course of the 19th Century in Great Britain.

THE DEBTOR AND THE PRIME MINISTER/ May 11, 1812

Spencer Perceval, assassinated in 1812.

In the early 1800s, John Bellingham, an English businessman, traded heavily in Russia. In a conflict with another company there, he was found responsible for a large debt, which he refused to pay. In the following years, he went bankrupt twice. He accused a Russian shipowner of sinking his own vessel for insurance on goods he was transporting for Bellingham, goods for which the Englishman could not make payment. The Russian firm sued him on criminal charges of fraud and he attempted to leave the country before he came to trial.

Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, the British ambassador to Russia, refused to help Bellingham when the Russians jailed him. Finally, the Russians, hoping Bellingham might come up with the payment for the original debt, sent him back to England. After arriving in Liverpool, Bellingham, obsessed with taking revenge on Leveson-Gower, bombarded every department in the British government with correspondence in which he demanded redress for wrongs done to him in Russia.

After getting no response, Bellingham, on May 11, 1812, went to London's House of Commons, seeking Leveson-Gower, whom he believed was present. Instead of locating Leveson-Gower, he encountered Spencer Perceval, the British prime minister. Perceval had been one of the many government officials who had repeatedly denied Bellingham assistance. In the middle of a crowded lobby, Bellingham drew a pistol and shot Perceval to death.

Taken directly to Newgate Prison, Bellingham saw the whole affair as a private matter between him and Perceval. His trial began four days later in the Old Bailey. Refusing to enter a plea of insanity, Bellingham instead ran through a tedious catalog of complaints. A jury took only fourteen minutes to find him guilty. Bellingham, the only person to ever assassinate a British prime minister in England, was hanged on May 18, 1812, only a week after the murder. Bellingham's irrational act was the precursor to many attempts on the life of England's beloved Queen Victoria, all at the hands of demented attackers.

THE LUNATIC AND THE QUEEN/ June 10, 1840

The long and successful reign of Queen Victoria (Alexandrina Victoria, 1819-1901), the last of the Hanoverians, became syn-

John Bellingham (below) fatally shooting Prime Minister Perceval in the House of Commons.

onymous with an age remembered for its elegance and style. Victoria's peaceful epoch was disrupted by six failed assassination attempts. The first and most serious of these occurred on June 10, 1840, when the queen, then four months pregnant, and her husband, Albert, the prince consort, exited Buckingham Palace for their customary drive through Constitution Hill. Their phaeton had traveled only a few hundred feet when a man crept from the shadows of the Green Park fence to take aim at the monarch. He fired two shots in quick succession, neither of which struck the queen or her husband.

Victoria, who was looking in the other direction, was unaware of the first shot fired. By the time the assailant fired his second shot, the prince had pushed the queen down in the carriage and had ordered the phaeton to proceed quickly. When arriving at Hyde Park, the couple decided to take a second drive through the area to let the public know that the queen was unharmed. Crowds of spectators who had heard about the attempt on her life gathered to cheer the royal couple.

The assailant did not escape. He was seized by a crowd outside the palace and dragged away to the Gardner's Lane Police Station. There he was identified as Edward Oxford, an 18-year-old drifter who had most recently worked as a barman at the Hog in the Pond pub on Molton Street. Oxford was charged with high treason and committed to trial on July 9, 1840 at the Central Criminal Court. It was shown that Oxford had purchased two pistols on May 4, 1840, the weapons he employed in his attempt to murder the queen, and had spent much time since then in target practice.

A collection of papers and secret codes were found in Oxford's residence, suggesting that he had organized a society bent on anarchy. There was no evidence, however, to suggest that his "Young England" movement was anything more than the paranoid delusions of a lunatic. He was found not guilty on grounds of insanity, but a year later the law was amended and the verdict in his case was revised to read: guilty but insane. (This terminology, unlike the misleading and inappropriate terminology of U.S. law today in such cases, is correct in that it applies to a person who is actually guilty of committing the crime but is adjudged insane in the process of that crime.)

Oxford was confined to the Bethlehem Royal Hospital, known as Bedlam (notorious for its long history of mistreating inmates). He was released in September 1867 and allowed to immigrate from England. No doubt inspired by the demented Oxford, John Francis, another would-be assassin, positioned himself alongside the palace wall to await the arrival of the queen's carriage on May 30, 1842. As the driver guided the phaeton toward the gates of Buckingham Palace, Francis stepped into the middle of the road and fired a shot on behalf of the unemployed British masses, or so he later claimed. The bullet missed its mark and a quick-witted constable wrestled the gun away from Francis before he could fire a second shot.

England's beloved Queen Victoria (shown with her infant son, Prince Arthur).

According to custom, Francis was taken before the Privy Council, where he was examined. He was condemned to death, but the queen intervened. "The feeling that he [Francis] is to be executed is very painful to me," she wrote. Further, government officials feared that Francis might become a martyr to the impoverished underclass if he were to be executed. His sentence was therefore commuted to "transportation" for life on July 1, 1842, and he was sent into exile.

A third attempt on the queen's life was made only two days after that of Francis' abortive action. A hunchbacked boy named John William Bean pointed a pistol at the queen as she was riding to Chapel Royal in St. James. The gun exploded, but there was no bullet in its single chamber. Bean had loaded the chamber with a wad of paper and tobacco. He was arrested a few days later, after London constables rounded up all hunchbacked males in the city for questioning. Bean was imprisoned and later released.

To protect the queen, Sir Robert Peel, following the attempt against Victoria's life by John Francis, proposed to the

The deranged Edward Oxford fires at Queen Victoria, missing his mark.

home secretary that a special detective department within Scotland Yard be established with the purpose of providing security for the sovereign. On June 20, 1842, the permission to establish such an agency was granted. Peel hired two detective inspectors, paying each of them £200 a year, and eight police sergeants who worked directly under them.

William Hamilton, a muddled Irishman from Adare, thought to "scare" the queen in a protest against British oppression in Ireland. He could not afford a gun, so he attempted to whittle a wooden pistol, but when this crude item proved unconvincing, Hamilton borrowed his landlady's pistol and brandished this weapon at the queen while she was riding through Constitution Hill on May 19, 1849. He fled to his room, but was quickly apprehended and transported from England.

The fifth attempt against Victoria took place on July 27, 1850, when Robert Pate, a retired army lieutenant from the 10th Hussars, assaulted the queen in the garden of Cambridge House, advancing on her carriage as it entered the grounds of the estate. He struck the queen violently above the eye, causing her to momentarily pass out. Pate was immediately surrounded by a throng of the queen's well-wishers and beaten to a bloody pulp. Pate's motives were unclear, but his actions deliberate. He was sentenced to transportation.

By this time, Victoria had lost all her patience and sympathy for the type of men who would plot such fiendish attempts against a woman. She wrote in her journal: "Certainly it is very hard and very horrid that I, a woman—a defenseless young woman and surrounded by my children, should be exposed to insults of this kind and be unable to go out quietly for a drive."

In the fall of 1867, Scotland Yard began to track down rumors of an Irish-Fenian plot against the queen's life. Authorities took added steps to secure Victoria's security, placing more constables about her when she moved in public. Three Fenians were later convicted of plotting to attack government officials and possibly murder the queen and were hanged on November 23, 1867. The Irish, Victoria noted, "had never become reconciled to the English rule, which they hate! So different from the Scotch, who are so loyal."

The last attempt on the life of the queen occurred on March 2, 1882, when a mentally unbalanced Englishman fired at the royal carriage, this time outside Windsor station. The gunman was Roderick McLean, who was subdued by two young students from Eton, who pummeled him with their umbrellas, knocking him senseless. He was later sentenced to transportation. At the time, the queen did not fully comprehend the gravity of the situation. She did not imagine that the bullet was meant for her. In every occasion where a would-be assassin sought to take her life, Victoria showed uncommon courage. She refused to vary her daily routines because of the possibility of being struck by a madman's bullet, ruling the English empire for nearly sixty-four years as an enlightened and kind-hearted monarch, until her death on January 22, 1901.

In reviewing the many attempts against Queen Victoria, William Ewart Gladstone, the British prime minister, commented with a touch of wry wit that foreign assassins carried out their treacherous deeds in the name of politics, but in England, all such malefactors were simply imbeciles.

MURDER AND THE "M'NAGHTEN RULES"/ January 20, 1843

Daniel M'Naghten, who tried to murder Prime Minister Peel, but killed his secretary instead.

Queen Victoria would write toward the end of her reign that she distrusted the Irish of her kingdom, but emphasized that the Scots were "so loyal," and yet one of those Scots sought to kill British prime minister Robert Peel, shooting and fatally wounding his secretary instead. This attack took place in 1843, less than a year after Queen Victoria herself had been fired at by a would-be assassin.

On January 20, 1843, Peel's 50-year-old secretary, Edward Drummond, left Peel's residence in the company of the Earl of Haddington. The two men headed toward Charing Cross, separating near the Admiralty. Drummond continued to his brother's bank. After a few minutes of business, Drummond left the bank and began walking to Downing Street. He was apparently unaware of a man in a dark overcoat following him at a distance of about three yards. At one point, the man closed the distance and pulled a pistol from beneath his coat, shooting Drummond in the back. Constable James Silver, who was nearby and had witnessed the shooting, struggled with the man, who produced a second pistol from under his coat with which to shoot Drummond a second time. He was thwarted by Silver and a passerby, Benjamin Weston.

Drummond, though injured, did not appear to be critically wounded. He was taken to his home where surgeons removed the ball near his stomach. By then the attacker was taken to a police station where he identified himself as Daniel M'Naghten. Refusing to tell police anything further, M'Naghten was returned to his cell to await a hearing the following morning. In his possession was found a bank deposit slip in the amount of £750, a large enough sum to make M'Naghten appear to be a fairly affluent person. At the hearing the following day, M'Naghten remained close-lipped, providing only terse information, giving his age as twenty-seven and his occupation as a lathe operator. He said he lived in Newington and then refused to make any further statements. After being returned to his cell, M'Naghten asked to see the judge who had been presiding over his hearing.

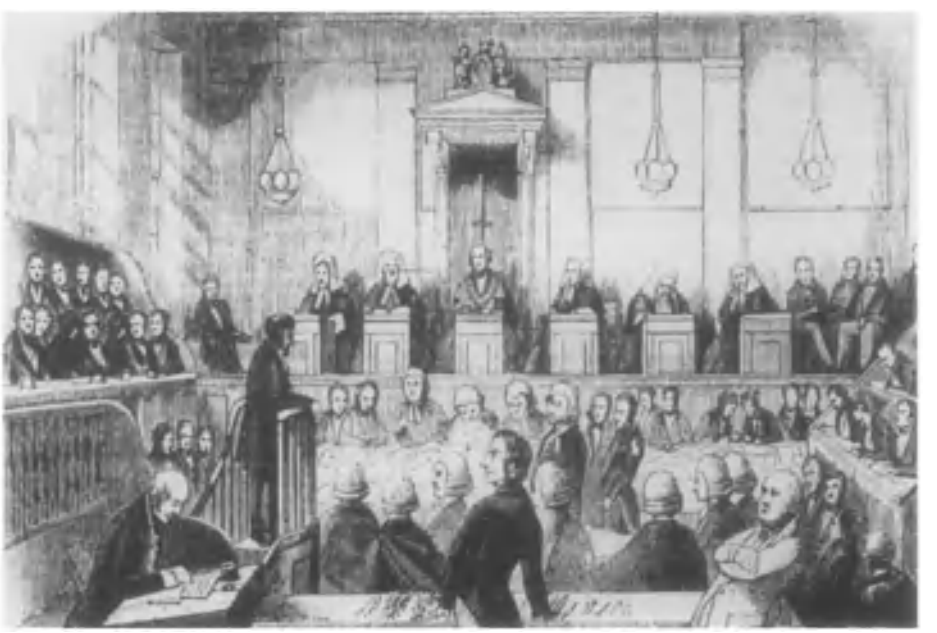
M'Naghten was returned to court and told the judge in a low, measured voice that he was compelled to attempt the murder of the Tories, who followed and persecuted him wherever he went. Officials believed the attacked to be unbalanced and began an intensive investigation into his background, learning that M'Naghten, born in Glasgow, was a skilled tradesman and a good businessman. Although his Scottish neighbors reported evidences of strange behavior in the man, they believed him to be sane. His London landlady agreed, saying that M'Naghten was quiet, meticulous and frugal to the penny.

Deeper investigation revealed that two years earlier, in 1841, M'Naghten had begun to display irrational behavior when he spoke openly of his perceived persecution by Tories, even seeking aid from Sir James Campbell, the Glasgow superintendent of police, and from Alexander Johnstone, a member of Parliament. As his paranoia worsened, M'Naghten felt it necessary to sell his business and flee to the Continent to avoid imagined Tories who were following and tormenting him. When he found no peace on the Continent, he resolved to return to England and fight his oppressors.

Apparently, his target became Sir Robert Peel, the most prominent Tory in England at that time. His assault on Drummond was clearly understood to be a case of mistaken identity. He thought Drummond, whom he followed from Peel's residence, was Peel himself.

Drummond's condition, meanwhile, worsened and he died on January 24, 1843. British newspapers, which had been campaigning against an insanity finding, now openly demanded Daniel M'Naghten's death in return for taking Drummond's life.

M'Naghten's trial, which began on March 3, 1843, was attended by a number of ranking politicians and diplomats—even Prince Albert, the royal consort, was at hand. Solicitor-General Waddington led the prosecution and Henry Thomas Cockburn, later Lord Cockburn, headed up M'Naghten's de-



M'Naghten stands in the dock during his lengthy trial, one which established the "M'Naghten [Insanity] Rules."

fense. On M'Naghten's behalf, Cockburn entered a plea of not guilty by reason of insanity.

The prosecution argued that the defendant had not displayed the signs of classical mental illness and enumerated cases tried in British courts in which defendants displaying behavior similar to M'Naghten's had been found guilty of murder. Cockburn argued that new developments in the science of defining and treating mental illness required an appropriate adjustment in the law's treatment of it. He introduced Dr. Munro, then director of Bethlehem Royal Hospital (Bedlam), and Dr. McMurdo, the surgeon of Newgate Prison, as expert witnesses. Both testified that after having examined M'Naghten they concluded that the defendant was decidedly insane at the time of the murder.

The unequivocal nature of this testimony had a profound effect on everyone in the courtroom, including the prosecutor, who, in his concluding statement to the jury, said that he could not think of asking for a verdict against the prisoner. The jury declined to have the Lord Justice sum up the evidence and reached its decision without leaving the courtroom. After conferring for two minutes without leaving their seats, the jury members found M'Naghten not guilty by reason of insanity.

This decision provoked a public outcry and resulted in the writing of the "M'Naghten Rules," judicial guidelines still used in legal cases where insanity pleas are made. The House of Lords argued the matter on March 13, 1843, and although this body announced that hanging an insane man was tantamount to murder, it disapproved of the court's verdict. On March 18, 1843, M'Naghten was removed from Newgate Prison to Bedlam, where he died in 1865. M'Naghten's mindless act stemmed from a nagging grievance over business, but in Ireland, England's most troublesome province, the concept of assassination was political and those plotting such murders were dedicated and lethal.

ASSASSINATION BY COINCIDENCE/ May 6, 1882

For decades if not centuries, Ireland had been England's chief political problem. In parliament, the Irish members were led by the formidable Charles Stewart Parnell, president of the Irish Land League, who had been jailed for agrarian sabotage in Ireland, acts over which he had no control—the burning of stored grain, the slaughter of livestock, all acts committed by Fenian extremists belonging to a militant group calling itself The Invincibles. To mollify the Irish leaders lobbying for Home Rule, Prime Minister William Ewart Gladstone appointed Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish as chief secretary of state for Ireland, replacing W. E. Forster, an extremist who had been battling Home Rule and who resigned in anger when Parnell was released from prison on May 2, 1882.

Cavendish was considered to be a moderate in Ireland and was not a subject of hatred on the part of the Irish extremists. His aide and counselor, Thomas Henry Burke, however, was another matter. Burke, under secretary of the Irish parliament, was considered a British stooge, called a "castle rat," a derisive term reserved for those Irish Catholics loyal to the British and also meaning one who operated from the seat of government , which was located in Dublin Castle.

Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary for Ireland, assassinated by mistake in Dublin in 1882.

By early 1882, leaders of The Invincibles planned on assassinating Burke. The Invincibles were led by extremist Fenians James Carey, a Dublin businessman, Daniel Curley, a carpenter who was also the chairman of The Invincibles, shopkeeper Thomas Caffrey, and merchant James Mullet. The group, aided by a dozen or more Invincibles, thought to murder Burke while he took his daily stroll in Dublin's Phoenix Park. They failed twice to get close enough to their prey, but on May 6, 1882, they put their plan into bloody action. Carey and five other Invincibles were sitting on park benches when Burke appeared, taking his daily walk at dusk, a little after 7 p.m. He was accompanied by another man the assassins could not identify.

One of the assassins, Joseph Brady, a giant 24-year-old laborer, caught Burke by the hand, swung him around, and drove a long surgical knife into his stomach. As the victim struggled with Brady, his companion sprang to Burke's defense, swinging his umbrella down hard on Brady's head. Another killer, Patrick Delaney, shouted at Burke's companion: "Ah, you villain!" He slashed at him with a knife. Brady, however, freeing himself of Burke's clasp, then drove a knife into Burke's friend. Tim Kelly, a 19-year-old laborer, then leaned down and slit the throats of the victims. Both men were left dying on the green as the assassins fled.

The following day, Ireland, as well as the assassins were shocked to learn that, in addition to Burke, Lord Cavendish

had been assassinated. He had been murdered by coincidence in that Cavendish, not identified by the killers, simply tried to interfere with the murderers and was killed for his valiant effort to rescue his friend. On that day, a Dublin newspaper received a note stating that: "The deed was done by The Invincibles." (The writing was later identified as that of Daniel Curley.)

Parnell denounced the murders as criminal acts and even offered to resign his post in parliament, but Gladstone refused the offer. Ireland's most prominent leaders also condemned the assassinations, as did the Land League. A £10,000 reward was offered for the apprehension of the assassins. That apprehension was not long in coming through the clever efforts of Dublin Police Superintendent John Mallon. Through his well-organized informant system, Mallon quickly took into custody Carey, Curley, Mullet and others. Playing one against another, Mallon pretended to have information that pinpointed the killers. Thinking their companions had informed on each other, the suspects, after many months of grilling, began to talk. Carey became the chief witness for the prosecution.

Thomas Henry Burke, murdered by intention in Dublin, 1882.

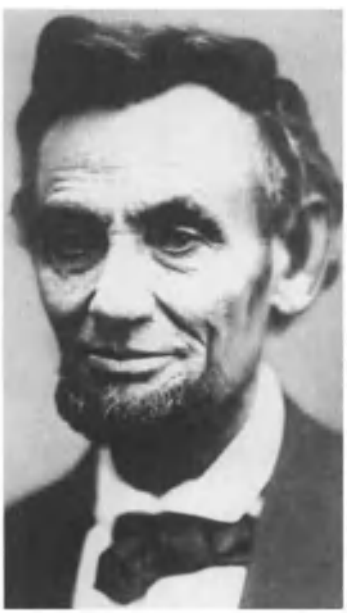
Twenty-six Invincibles were brought to court on April 9, 1883. Brady, Kelly, Caffrey, Delaney and Michael Fagan were sentenced to death. Delaney's sentence was commuted at the last minute to life imprisonment, but the other four condemned men went bravely and silently to a hangman named Marwood, executed between May 4 and June 8, 1883, at Kilmainham. Other defendants were imprisoned or shipped to penal colonies in Australia. Carey, the informant, was a hunted man. He was smuggled on board the *Melrose*, a ship sailing for Cape Town. He was shot to death by fellow passenger Patrick O'Donnell, who was claimed by The Invincibles to be one of their emissaries, assigned to wreak vengeance for Carey's betrayal. This was not the case. O'Donnell shot Carey while he was cheating at cards. The informant's killer went to prison for life.

The bodies of Lord Cavendish and Burke (bottom left) were found in Phoenix Park.

ASSASSINATION COMES TO AMERICA

Assassination was long absent from American politics. The killing of heads of state was a tradition nurtured and practiced in foreign lands and such notions were generally estranged from the American mind. Almost fifty years from the birth of the American presidency elapsed before someone thought to murder an American president. That attempt occurred on January 30, 1835, when Richard Lawrence, a lunatic house painter fired two pistols at 68-year-old President Andrew Jackson (1767-1845), while he was leaving a funeral ceremony at the Capitol rotunda. Incredibly, both pistols misfired. Lawrence, like M'Naghten in England, was sent to a lunatic asylum for life. Jackson had been fortunate. Thirty years later, President Abraham Lincoln would enjoy no such luck. He, too, would be attacked by a man possessed, but one more clever and sinister than the impulsive and inept Lawrence.

"NOW HE BELONGS TO THE AGES"/ April 14, 1865



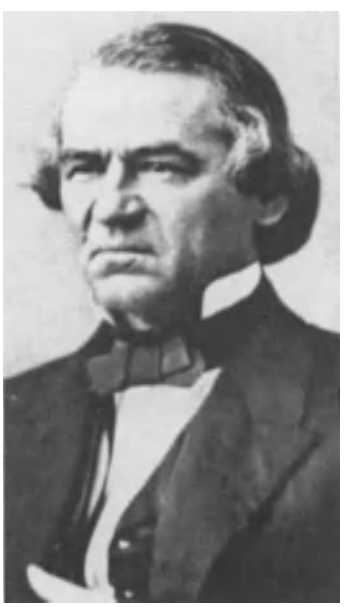
President Abraham Lincoln, a photo taken four days before his assassination.

In the decades since the death of Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865), this tall, ungainly chief executive has rightly attained the shining image of America's greatest martyr to the cause of freedom. The sixteenth president of the United States was a plain-speaking man who possessed uncommon common sense. His most intense hatred was for Slavery and to the abolishment of that evil institution, Lincoln led the North in a bloody four-year civil war, emancipating the slaves in 1863. Less than two years later, at the moment of peace, Lincoln paid the price for his dedication to freedom. He was slain by an egotistical actor, John Wilkes Booth, who operated from a small circle of conspirators, at the end of the Civil War. The extent of Booth's conspiracy and the many unknown persons who may have been party to that conspiracy is hotly debated to this day.

Born in a crude log cabin near Hodgenville, Kentucky, on February 12, 1809, Lincoln took menial jobs in early life, while studying the law. He had no ambitions for fame or wealth. He moved to New Salem, Illinois, in 1830, where he endured a hardscrabble life, reportedly marked by tragedy when sweetheart Ann Rutledge prematurely died in 1835. (Most reliable Lincoln historians insist that no such romance ever existed.) He practiced law in Springfield, Illinois, married Mary Todd in 1842, and sired four sons—Robert, Todd, Edward Baker and William Wallace—with only Robert living to maturity. On an anti-Slavery platform, Lincoln, a Republican, won the presidential election of 1860, an election bitterly opposed by the slave states of the South and one that led to the Civil War.

Assassin John Wilkes Booth, a photo taken shortly before he murdered Lincoln.

Lincoln was a marked man. Even before his 1861 inauguration, he was warned by private detective Allan Pinkerton (who was later to become Lincoln's chief of the Secret Service) that assassins were plotting to kill him in Baltimore, as he traveled to Washington to take his oath of office. At Pinkerton's advice, Lincoln secreted himself aboard an unmarked train and, in disguise, arrived safely in Washington, his would-be killers thwarted in Baltimore. He arrived in Washington, D.C., "like a thief in the night," according to one report. A lampooning press cartooned him in outlandish disguises and he was held up to ridicule. Most believed Pinkerton had inflated if not fabricated the 1861 plot against Lincoln. The president, for the most part, also dismissed the idea, taking his dramatic precautions at the insistence of aides. He did not believe that anyone would seriously plan to murder him.



Vice President Andrew Johnson was also slated for death.

That very plan, however, boiled and bubbled in the troubled mind of the Maryland-born John Wilkes Booth. He was a member of the celebrated Booth family. His father, Junius Brutus Booth, was a famed actor (if not a demented thespian), as was his brother Edwin, who would become the greatest actor of his day, despite the mad act of his sibling. John Wilkes Booth was a dedicated Confederate and ardently believed in Slavery. He had witnessed the hanging of abolitionist John Brown in 1859, and he thought Lincoln to be nothing more than another fanatical abolitionist. Consumed by

hatred for Lincoln, Booth, early on in the war, began formulating a plan to murder the chief executive.

Secretary of State William Henry Seward, attacked by assassin Lewis Paine.

As the tide of war turned drastically against the South, Booth developed another plan, one where he and some associates would kidnap the president and turn him over to Confederate authorities in Richmond. The actor thought that once Lincoln was in Southern hands, a massive exchange of prisoners could take place, which would swell the ranks of the depleted Confederate army and enhance the South's ability to negotiate an equitable peace. In September 1864, Booth traveled to Baltimore, Maryland, where he met with two friends, 28-year-old Samuel B. Arnold and 27-year-old Michael O'Laughlin, both former Confederate soldiers.

Booth had closely monitored Lincoln's movements and believed that the president could easily be abducted. He outlined his plans to Arnold and O'Laughlin, who agreed to take part in the kidnaping. At that time, Booth left open the option of murdering the president. As he widened his conspiracy, the actor began to add more conspirators, including the brilliant John H. Surratt, a 20-year-old Confederate spy whose mother, Mary Surratt, owned a large boarding house in Washington, D.C. Surratt, a born leader and one still considered to be the co-founder of the plot against Lincoln, was mysterious in his comings and goings and even Booth had no knowledge of Surratt's important contacts within the federal government.

Surratt enlisted two more men in Booth's plot, George Atzerodt, a 33-year-old coachmaker, and 23-year-old David Herold a drugstore clerk with limited mental faculties. (Following Lincoln's assassination, Herold was examined by doctors who determined that he had the intelligence of a 10-year-old.) Herold was slavishly obedient to Booth, whose fiery personality captivated him. Atzerodt was pivotal to Booth's abduction plot in that he knew well the waterways of the Potomac and planned the route by which the plotters would take with the kidnaped Lincoln. Another recruit to the plot was 20-year-old Lewis Paine (born Lewis Thornton Powell), a towering, mentally disturbed thug. He stood six feet three inches and was extremely powerful.

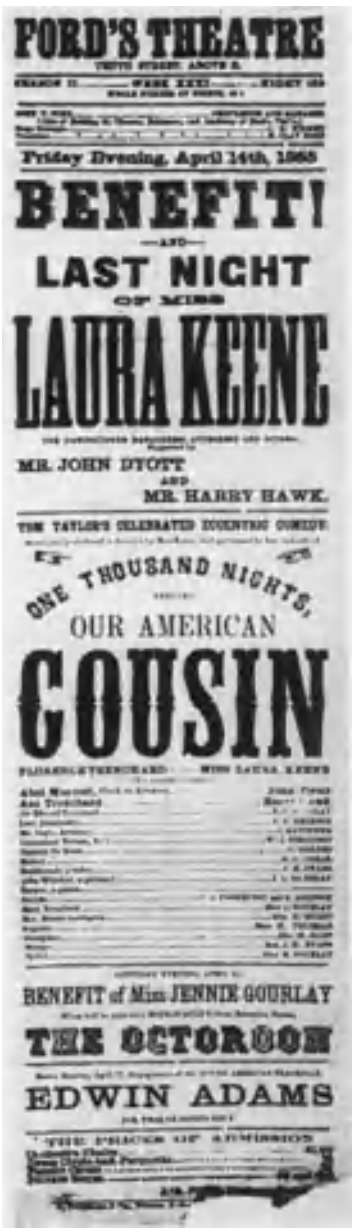
Paine was designated as the man who would wrest Lincoln from his coach and place him in a carriage, holding him as the plotters fled toward Richmond with their captive. Rebelling early against his Baptist minister father, Paine had an intense hatred for the Union and blacks. He had fought in the Confederate army, been wounded several times and captured at Gettysburg, but he made a daring escape from a Federal prison camp, fleeing to Baltimore where he held odd jobs. He became as willing a follower to Booth as was Herold and he, too, after medical examinations following Lincoln's murder, was, like Herold, termed a "halfwit."

It is uncertain when all of the conspirators first met. Some historians claim that Booth assembled the conspirators on March 1, 1865 and that many of the conspirators were present Lincoln's second inaugural ceremonies in Washington, D.C. It is certain that the group met on March 17, 1865, in a Washington saloon. Booth lavishly paid for food and drink while the conspirators enthusiastically embraced the actor's scheme

John Wilkes Booth (left) in costume, on stage in *Julius Caesar*, with his brothers Edwin (center) and Junius Booth, Jr.

Ford's Theatre (at left) in Washington, D.C., where Booth had played with success a month before the assassination.

to abduct Lincoln—all except the wily, tight-lipped Surratt. The Confederate spy told Booth that the plot was too risky, pointing out that the president was usually surrounded by military guards.



Playbill for *Our American Cousin*, performed on the night of Lincoln's murder.

Booth argued that this would not be the case when Lincoln visited the Soldier's Home three days later on March 20, 1865. He would have no military escort, the actor had learned through his Washington contacts, and that the kidnaping would be an easy matter. Surratt was convinced. Three days later the plotters positioned themselves along a lonely road leading to the Soldier's Home outside of Washington. Lincoln, however, did not appear. He or his wife Mary had had a "premonition" of some sort, and the president decided to change his schedule that day. He sent instead Salmon P. Chase, newly-appointed chief justice of the Supreme Court.

The conspirators stopped Chase's carriage, but seeing Lincoln was not present, excused themselves and rode away. Booth and his plotters bided their time, awaiting another opportunity to kidnap Lincoln. Then General Robert E. Lee surrendered his decimated army at Appomattox and the war ended. The news of Lee's surrender devastated Booth. He became incensed at the defeat of the South. The actor was convinced that Lincoln had personally brought about this ruination and vowed revenge by murdering the president. The assassination would not only avenge the South, but throw the Union into chaos. He again summoned the conspirators, stating that three Union leaders were to be killed. Atzerodt, he said, would kill Vice President Andrew Johnson, Paine would slay Secretary of State William Seward and he would shoot Lincoln to death.

Lincoln, Booth knew, would be attending Ford's Theatre on April 14, 1865, to see Our American Cousin, a light comedy. Ten days before this date, Lincoln had a nightmare in which he envisioned himself killed. The president told his wife about the dream, saying: "What does anyone want to assassinate me for? If anyone wants to do so, he can do it day or night, if he is ready to give his life for mine. It is nonsense."

Actress Laura Keene, star of *Our American Cousin*.

A few days before the assassination, Booth wrote in his diary of his intention to murder Lincoln: "Our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of His punishment." On the afternoon of the murder, Booth entered the darkened Ford's Theatre, making his way along the mezzanine to the door that led to a little hallway. He dug a small hole into the wall so that this door could be barred from the inside with a plank , which he placed behind it. He then bored a small hole in the door from the closed-off hallway that led to the presidential box. He practiced looking through the hole, angling it so that his vision came to rest on the rocking chair in which Lincoln would sit.

Next Booth went to Pumphrey's stable where he rented a fast little bay with a white star on its forehead. He said he

Mary Todd Lincoln, the president's wife, who attended Ford's Theatre that fateful night with her husband.

would call for the horse in a few hours when he intended to take a pleasure ride. He then went to the National Hotel where he lived. He wrote a letter in the hotel office and some minutes later rode along Pennsylvania Avenue. He met fellow actor John Matthews and gave him the letter, asking his friend to deliver the missive to the editor of the National Intelligencer the next day.

Major Henry Reed Rathbone, who struggled with Booth and was severely slashed.

At that moment a carriage rumbled past Booth. Inside of it were General Ulysses S. Grant, Union commander-in-chief, and his wife. They were on their way to the train station, planning to travel to New Jersey, where they intended to visit Grant's daughter. This troubled Booth, who had read that Grant would be attending the theater that night with Lincoln. He wheeled his horse about, racing after Grant's carriage. He rode alongside of it, peering into the carriage, making Grant and his wife uncomfortable.

Booth then rode on to the Kirkwood House, where he asked a clerk to place a card he had written into the mailbox of Vice President Andrew Johnson. On the card, Booth had written: "Don't wish to disturb you? Are you at home? J. Wilkes Booth." The purpose of this message remains a mystery. By 6:30 p.m., Booth was at his residence, dining alone in the National Hotel restaurant. At 8 p.m., he arrived at the Herndon House, where he met with Surratt, Paine, Herold and Atzerodt. There may have been others, but their exact identities were never confirmed.

Surratt's role was never made clear and he would later deny having met that night with the conspirators. Atzerodt drank heavily. His hands trembled and his lips quivered when he spoke. He hung his head and said in a low voice: "I cannot kill Johnson. I cannot perform such a deed. I cannot become a murderer."

"You're a fool!" Booth lashed out at Atzerodt. "You'll be hanged anyway."

Booth and Paine then left, both dedicated to their murder tasks, Paine to go to the home of Secretary of State Seward, Booth to Ford's Theatre. At 9:30 p.m., Booth rode the mare slowly up an alley, stopping behind Ford's Theatre. Here he was greeted by John "Peanuts" Burrough, a boy who did odd jobs at the theater and admired Booth. The actor gave him some coins and asked him to hold the reins of his horse. He then went through the back door of the theater and asked the stage manager if he could cross the stage. The manager told him no, that a scene was already in progress. Booth, who had acted at Ford's many times and knew its passageways, went beneath the stage through a narrow passageway and emerged at another alley that led to the front of Ford's Theatre.

When the actor appeared in the theater lobby, ticket-taker John Buckingham looked at Booth to see him ashen-faced and acting as if he were dazed. The actor went in and out of the theater five times, seeming to be looking for someone. A witness later stated that Booth saw a rider on horseback in the street and he walked to the rider and briefly exchanged words with him. The actor went back to Buckingham, asking for the time, his second request for such information. Buckingham reminded Booth that there was a large clock in the theater lobby. The actor, now visibly nervous and agitated, nodded and went once more into the theater.

Clara Harris, daughter of Senator Ira T. Harris, was sitting in the presidential box.

At 10 p.m., Buckingham went into the saloon next to the theater and saw Booth, who was drinking brandy. At 10:15 p.m., Booth reentered the theater, looking at the audience. He appeared to be looking for someone in the packed house. He was also seen to look up at the presidential box where Lin-

Booth was later depicted outside the presidential box with derringer and knife, Satan urging him to commit murder.

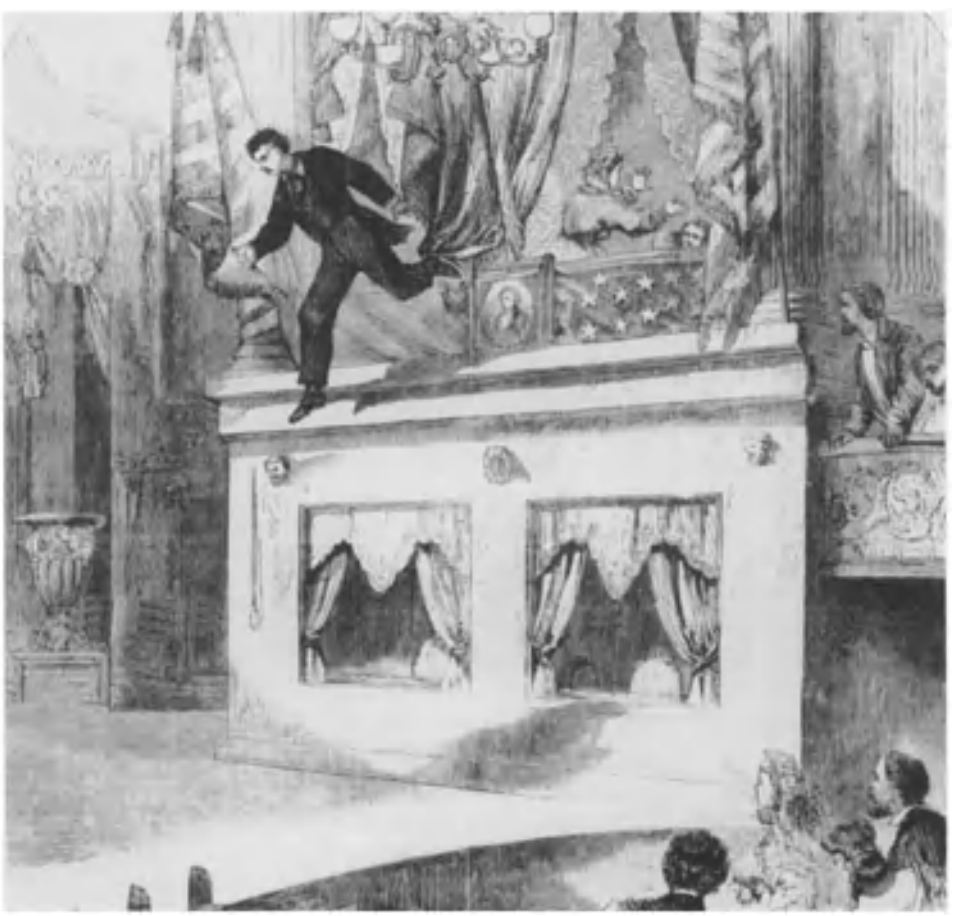
coln, his wife Mary, Clara Harris and Major Henry Rathbone sat. They could not be seen by the audience since the box obliquely faced the stage and the occupants sat in chairs deep inside the box.

Booth is shown with a derringer, about to fire into the president's head.

Booth, wearing a soft slouch hat and riding boots, slowly walked up the stairs to the dress circle (mezzanine). He was softly humming a tune. The lone guard who had been assigned to protect Lincoln, Washington policeman John F. Parker, was not present. He normally sat outside the door leading to the hall that opened on the presidential box, but now he was absent. Parker later lamely explained that the play bored him and that he went to the next-door saloon for a drink. This incredible breach of security led directly to the murder of the president. Parker was never prosecuted for this desertion, nor was he dismissed from the police force or even reprimanded. One account has it that Parker was one of the mystery men Booth had been looking for as he prowled the lobby of the theater that night and that he may have even met the guard in the saloon next door to make sure that Parker did not return to his post.

With free access to the hallway door, Booth entered the hallway and barred the door from inside, sliding the small plank into the hole in the wall he had earlier gouged. The actor then went to the door leading to the presidential box and peered through the hole he had drilled earlier that day. He could clearly see Lincoln sitting in his rocking chair. Withdrawing a one-shot derringer pistol from his coat pocket, Booth opened the door and entered the box noiselessly. He closed the door and then withdrew a large knife. Standing directly behind Lincoln, Booth held the pistol behind the president's head and fired. Lincoln was leaning forward slightly to see the action of the play below. The bullet entered the president's head behind the left ear, flattened out as it passed through the brain, and stopped behind the right eye.

A cloud of smoke from the pistol's discharge enveloped Lincoln. Mary Lincoln and Clara Harris looked at the president, baffled. Then from the smoke stepped Booth, all in black, his wide eyes like black coals, looking like some devilish apparition. Lincoln slumped forward in his chair and his wife reached out to hold him upright. Booth moved to-



Booth leaps from the presidential box, his left spur caught in the American flag, which caused him to break his ankle upon impact.

ward the rail, dropping the derringer to the floor. Realizing what had happened, Major Rathbone leaped from his seat and grabbed Booth by the arm. Booth raised the knife and tried to plunge it into Rathbone's chest. Knocking the dagger upright with his arm, Rathbone was slashed two inches above the elbow and he began to bleed profusely as he struggled with the actor.

Booth broke free and took several quick steps to the railing, placing one foot on it, but Rathbone dove after him, holding him for a few seconds, and felt part of the actor's jacket tear. Again, Booth jerked his arm free, then vaulted over the railing and dropped twelve feet to the stage. As he did so, a spur from one of his riding boots was snagged in the American flag draped over the railing. This caused Booth to pitch forward as he landed with a crash on the stage. He tried to stand, then fell and then stood again on one good leg since the small bone of his left ankle was broken. Rathbone leaned over the railing of the presidential box and shouted: "Stop that man!" Clara Harris was also at the railing screaming: "Stop that man! Won't somebody stop that man?" Then Mrs. Lincoln's shrieking voice could be heard as she joined the imploring chorus in the presidential box. She leaned over the railing of the box and screamed: "Help! Help! Help!" Her further words were indiscernible, the gibberish of a woman unhinged for the moment by the mad act of John Wilkes Booth.

The derringer that Booth used to shoot Lincoln—it was found in the presidential box only minutes after the stricken Lincoln was carried from the theater.

Instead of immediately fleeing, the actor could not resist one last melodramatic flourish to cap his awful deed. The stunned audience, not fully realizing that Lincoln had been shot, gasped as Booth held up his dagger and shouted to the spectators: "Sic Semper Tyrannis!" ("Thus shall it ever be for tyrants!") Actor Harry Hawks was on the stage at the moment Booth had fired the fatal shot into Lincoln and he stood there, petrified, as Booth, still brandishing the dagger, staggered across the stage, shouting: "The South is avenged!" He went past actress Laura Keene and William J. Ferguson, who were waiting to go on. Orchestra leader William Withers, Jr. stood directly in Booth's escape path and he made an attempt to stop the actor. Booth swiped at him with the knife, slashing Withers' coat but not cutting the flesh.

Booth escaped the theater through a back door where a boy held his horse; he is shown dashing away as one of the actors chases him; in truth, no one pursued him.

Suddenly, Booth burst through the rear door of the theater and hobbled to his horse, which "Peanuts" Burrough was faithfully holding. Burrough helped the injured actor into the saddle. He then dashed down the alley, heading for the Navy Yard Bridge and freedom. No one pursued him. From the moment Booth fired the fatal bullet into Lincoln to the time he mounted his fast horse in the alley behind the theater, no more than a few minutes had passed. He had made his escape long before the theater audience realized what he had done. Those in the audience were by then hysterical with screams and shouts of "Hang him! Hang Him!"

Several persons attempted to get into the hallway leading to the presidential box but Booth had barred the way. The wounded Rathbone staggered out of the presidential box, and, with one arm limp and gushing blood from a severed artery, managed to pull away Booth's crude barrier. One of the first

Several doctors carrying Lincoln from Ford's Theater did not know where to take the unconscious President.

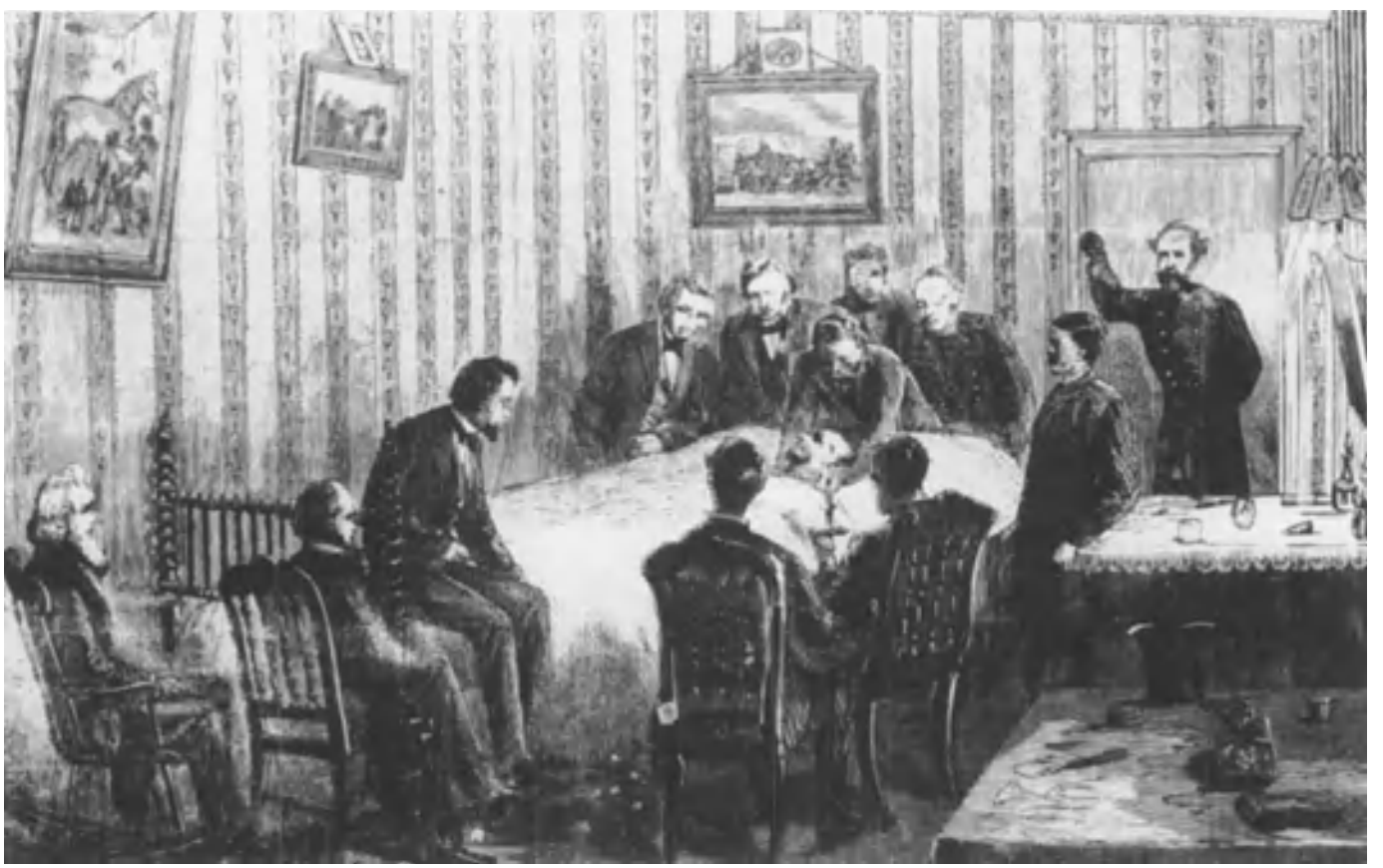
The Petersen House (center), opposite Ford's Theatre, where Lincoln was taken to the room of boarder William T. Clark.

through the door was Dr. Charles Augustus Leale, who had been sitting in the dress circle, only forty feet from the president's box. He had heard the shot and saw the athletic Booth jump to the stage, watching transfixed, as had everyone else as the actor raised his long knife, gleaming in the flickering jets of gaslight ringing the stage, to make his terrible proclamations.

Once in the hallway, Dr. Leale was stopped by Major Rathbone. He seemed to be half unconscious. Leale told Rathbone that he was a physician and the major held up his arm, saying: "Good. Can you help me? I have been wounded." (Rathbone would be wrongly profiled as unselfishly directing Leale to the presidential box to aid Lincoln first.) Leale could see through the open door to the box that it was Abraham Lincoln who needed the help. He brushed Rathbone aside and went to the president, telling Mary Lincoln that he was a doctor. She was supporting the unconscious Lincoln in the rocking chair and cried out to Leale: "Oh, doctor, do what you can for my dear husband. Is he dead? Can he recover?"

Dr. Leale, though only twenty-three, was a brilliant army surgeon, an expert at gunshot wounds. He saw that Lincoln was drawing breaths at long intervals. He had no pulse at the wrists and was paralyzed. Leale placed Lincoln on the floor and used a penknife to cut away his coat and collar. He then began searching for the wound, running his fingers through Lincoln's hair until he discovered a clot of blood behind the left ear. He removed the clot and inserted his little finger into the tunnel created by the bullet as far as it would go. He then removed his finger, allowing blood to ooze forth. Lincoln began to breathe more evenly and his pulse returned.

By now, another doctor, Charles Sabin Taft, also twenty-three, appeared in the box. He had been sitting in the orchestra and, hearing the cries from the box, leaped to the stage and was lifted upward toward the presidential box, climbing and scrambling over the railing to join Leale in a futile effort to save Lincoln's life. Leale massaged the president's chest and even breathed into his mouth and nostrils to fill the lungs,



With his cabinet chiefs surrounding him, Abraham Lincoln dies at the Petersen House at 7:22 a.m., April 15, 1865.

Co-conspirator Lewis Paine is shown knocking down family members while repeatedly attacking the ailing Secretary of State Seward in his sickbed.

ordering Dr. Taft to move Lincoln's arms up and down as he did so.

In these awful moments, the theater was consumed by pandemonium. Cries of "Kill him! Hang him! Get water! Get a doctor!" were everywhere. Dr. Leale worked frantically over Lincoln. Finally, he stood up, exhausted. "I can't save him," he half-sobbed to Dr. Taft. "His wound is mortal. It is impossible for him to recover." Some brandy was brought and a spoonful of this was passed over Lincoln's lips. He swallowed it. Twice more during the night he would be given brandy, ironic, in that Abraham Lincoln was a teetotaler. He hated liquor and had said throughout his life that it made him feel "flabby and undone." It would be the last thing he would ever taste.

Two more physicians entered the box and the four physicians carried Lincoln down the stairs through the dress circle and into the foyer where shocked crowds were held back by a line of soldiers. When reaching the street, one of the physicians said: "Where shall we take him?" A young man holding a candle stood across the street on the front porch of a three-story brick building, a boarding house owned by William Petersen, a German tailor. The young man, William Safford, who had been aroused from his sleep by the commotion in the street and had gone outside, moved the candle back and forth as a signal and shouted to the doctors: "Bring him in here!"

The wanted poster issued by Secretary of War Stanton.

Safford led the doctors and their bleeding burden to the cleanest

The hunters (left to right)—Luther B. Baker, Colonel Lafayette Baker and Colonel E. J. Conger; how they located Booth (at the Garrett farm in Virginia) remains a mystery and later raised suspicions of collusion with Booth.

room in the house, one meticulously kept by a young soldier, William T. Clark. Lincoln's six-foot-four-inch frame was placed upon a bed too short for him. Dr. Leale ordered that the end of the bed be broken off so that Lincoln could be stretched out. The president's boots were removed and a coverlet placed over him, but his feet protruded. Still too long for the bed, he was placed diagonally across it, two pillows placed under his head. For several hours, Lincoln would bleed into these two pillows.

Mary Lincoln arrived, hysterical. She was told by the doctors that they were examining the president, reluctant to tell her that there was no hope. Dr. Leale knew it. He had carried Lincoln at the head when he was moved into Petersen's boarding house. He now looked down to see his hands coated with the president's blood and brain tissue. He slowly washed his hands and told the other physicians to make Lincoln as comfortable as possible.

As Mary Lincoln was ushered down a hall to a sitting room, she had to step over Major Rathbone, who had arrived with her and collapsed from loss of blood. He was car-

Booth leans on a crutch and holds a carbine, trapped in a burning barn before being fatally shot.

The mortally wounded Booth is dragged by Union soldiers from the burning barn on the Garrett farm.

Cradling Booth's head, Colonel Conger offers the dying assassin water; he then rifled Booth's pockets, returning to Washington to deliver the assassin's diary to Lafayette Baker.

Sergeant Boston Corbett (left), who shot Booth (against orders), and Lieutenant Edward P. Doherty; both received reward money.

ried to another room where his arm was bound. Rathbone would survive, marry his stepsister, Clara Harris, and later become a foreign consul, posted to Hanover, Germany. He would live there with his wife and their three children, growing unbalanced. In 1894, jealous over the attentions his wife gave to their children, he murdered Clara and was confined in an asylum for the criminally insane, dying in 1911. One account held that on his deathbed, Rathbone called out: "The man with the knife! I can't stop him! I can't stop him!"

There were others who had tried to stop John Wilkes Booth on that terrible night in Washington. Several actors tried to run after Booth, but were themselves stopped by Edward Spangler, the theater carpenter and Booth's close friend. It was said that Spangler had hated Lincoln and that on the very afternoon of the assassination he had said to John "Peanut"

Booth's weighted body is shown being dumped at night into the Potomac, a report that turned out to be a lie spread by Secretary Stanton.

Burrough that Lincoln "ought to be shot for getting all those men killed in the war." Spangler, investigators quickly learned, had helped the Booths build Tudor Hall, the family retreat.

It was later claimed that Spangler had been part of the conspiracy, and, as carpenter, it was he, not Booth, who had made the barrier inside the hall leading to the presidential box. Further, it was said, Spangler had drilled the peephole through which Booth could see his prey. Within minutes of Booth's escape, several officers went backstage and arrested Spangler, taking him to prison. He protested, saying he had no idea that Booth had killed Lincoln, that he had merely tried to keep the actors from injuring Booth because he had interrupted the play. His story seemed implausible.

At the same time that Booth was climbing the stairs to the mezzanine of Ford's Theatre to kill Lincoln, Lewis Paine made his way to the home of Secretary of State William Henry Seward, guided to that home by David Herold, who had delivered medicine to Seward from the drugstore where he worked. Paine told Herold to hide in the bushes near the house while he went inside and murdered Seward. The giant Paine then boldly walked through the unlocked front door of the house. His prey, Seward, was upstairs recuperating from a carriage accident that had occurred only a week earlier, one causing him a broken arm and shattered jaw. He now lay with a heavy cast on his arm and one around his head, the latter cast made with metal wire, a painful contraption designed by his homeopathic doctor, Tullio Suzzaro Verdi, but one that would save his life.

As Paine entered the Seward home, he held onto a package, ponderously climbing up the staircase, his giant frame making a heavy thudding sound as he went upward. At the top of the staircase, he was greeted by Frederick Seward, the secretary's oldest son, who emerged from his father's bedroom, closing the door behind him. Paine explained that he had brought the ailing Seward medicine and that he had been instructed to personally deliver it to the secretary by Dr. Verdi. Frederick Seward told the hulking giant that his father was sleeping and he was much too sick to accept medicine at that time.

Paine insisted that he see the secretary. Frederick Seward then ordered him from the house. Paine turned to leave, then wheeled about with a pistol in his hand. He placed this next to the head of the startled Seward and pulled the trigger, but it misfired. Paine then used the butt of the gun as a hammer, bringing his huge arm down many times as he slammed the pistol butt onto Seward's head, cracking the skull and knocking Seward to the floor unconscious where he lay, blood streaming over his face.

Paine then withdrew a large knife from the package and entered the secretary's bedroom. He found it dark inside, the

Booth's remains being buried beneath paving stones in the Old Arsenal Building; the body was later released to Booth's relatives.

The conspirators (Mrs. Surratt at right), were shrouded with hoods and taken to the gunboat, *Saugus*, then moved to the Old Capitol Prison and held in solitary confinement.

The courtroom where a military tribunal denied defendant attorneys rights and procedures in an eight-week trial.

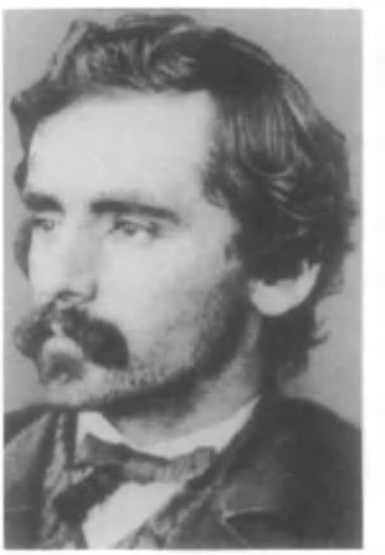
Mary Surratt, 48, sentenced to death.

Lewis Paine, 20, sentenced to death.

George Atzerodt, 33, sentenced to death.

David E. Herold, 23, sentenced to death.

Samuel B. Arnold, 28, sent to prison.



Michael O'Laughin, 27, sent to prison.

Edman Spangler, sent to prison.

Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, 31, sent to prison.

John H. Surratt, 20, escaped.

John H. Surratt as a Papal Zouave, 1866; he was later found in Egypt and returned for trial.

gas jet having been turned down. Inside the room was Seward's young daughter, Fanny, and a male military nurse, George T. Robinson. When Robinson saw Paine enter and brandishing the knife, he leaped to his feet and rushed the giant. Paine slashed him across the forehead and knocked him to the floor. Fanny Seward ran forward and Paine punched her so hard that she fell backward unconscious. Paine then threw himself on Seward's bed, bringing the knife down again and again on the injured and helpless secretary. He held his left hand on Seward's chest and slashed with the right, cutting Seward many times in the neck and head above the protective metal cast. He slashed open Seward's cheek so that a hole was made and Seward's bloody tongue could be seen.

Seward rolled off the bed, dragging the sheets with him and around him. Just then Robinson, who had regained his senses, jumped on the bed and attacked Paine, slamming his fists against the giant who laughed madly at him before driving the knife into Robinson's shoulder, striking the bone. But Robinson would not quit and he wrestled Paine to the floor. The two men fought, rolling backward and out of the door to the landing. The commotion awoke another son of the secretary, Major Augustus Seward, who ran from his bedroom to see Robinson struggling with Paine and his brother Frederick bleeding and still unconscious on the floor nearby. Augustus Seward rushed forward and tried to pull Robinson off Paine, thinking Robinson had gone mad and was attacking an innocent stranger. Robinson shouted: "For God's sake, Major! Let go of me and take the knife out of his hand and cut his throat!"

Paine stood up and glanced back into the secretary's bedroom and then gave up the idea of returning to his prey. Augustus Seward, realizing his mistake, lunged at the giant, grabbing him. Paine slashed at Augustus Seward, striking his forehead and hand and drawing blood. Paine then jumped backward and bounded down the stairs. As the assassin reached the bottom of the stairs he was met by a messenger from the State Department, who had just entered through the front door. Paine slashed at the man's face, knocked him down and shouted before fleeing: "I am mad! I am mad!"

Robinson and Augustus Seward then rushed into the secretary's bedroom and gently lifted him back onto his bed, removing his bloody clothes and bandaging his wounds. Robinson listened for a heartbeat. Suddenly, the secretary opened his eyes and said: "I am not dead. Send for a surgeon. Send for the police. Close the house." He and everyone in the Seward household would survive. What immediately vexed the Sewards was how the assassin knew that Dr. Verdi was treating the secretary and that he knew enough to use the physician's name when entering the Seward home. Verdi, who later arrived to attend Seward, could offer no explanation. It was later assumed that the conspirator, Herold, the clerk in the drugstore was familiar with Dr. Verdi because he had delivered medicine to the Seward home on previous occasions.

David Herold was the weakest link in the plot to kill Lincoln and others in his administration. Paine had often complained to Booth that the dim-witted youth could not be trusted. "He's a blab," Paine told Booth, "and he will give us away without even knowing it." When Paine rushed from the Seward home, he cursed Herold. Instead of waiting for Paine, as instructed, he bolted at the first sounds of a fight coming from the house. Herold mounted his horse and wildly rode after Booth, knowing the escape route the actor intended to take over the Navy Yard Bridge that led to Maryland.

Finding Herold gone, Paine mounted his own horse and galloped into the darkness, but he had no particular destination in mind. Only Herold knew where to meet Booth. Paine could only guess where Booth and Herold had gone. He somehow slipped past the sentries posted at the outskirts of the city, moving about aimlessly for three days. He returned to Washington, D.C., and went straight to the boarding house operated by Mrs. Mary Surratt, mother of John Surratt, co-conspirator in the plot to murder Abraham Lincoln. When Paine arrived at the Surratt house, a squad of soldiers arrested him and threw him in jail. They were tipped by Booth's friend, John Matthews. Mrs. Surratt was also arrested as a conspirator simply because Paine had come to her house.

(Left to right) Mary Surratt, Lewis Paine, David Herold and George Atzerodt are hooded and tied while on the gallows.

Booth, meanwhile, rode wildly from Washington that night. As he approached the Navy Yard Bridge, he was stopped by a lone guard, Sergeant Silas T. Cobb, who later described the actor as looking "restive and uneasy." Cobb asked his name and the actor replied: "My name is Booth." He then told Cobb that he was en route to his home in Charles County, Maryland.

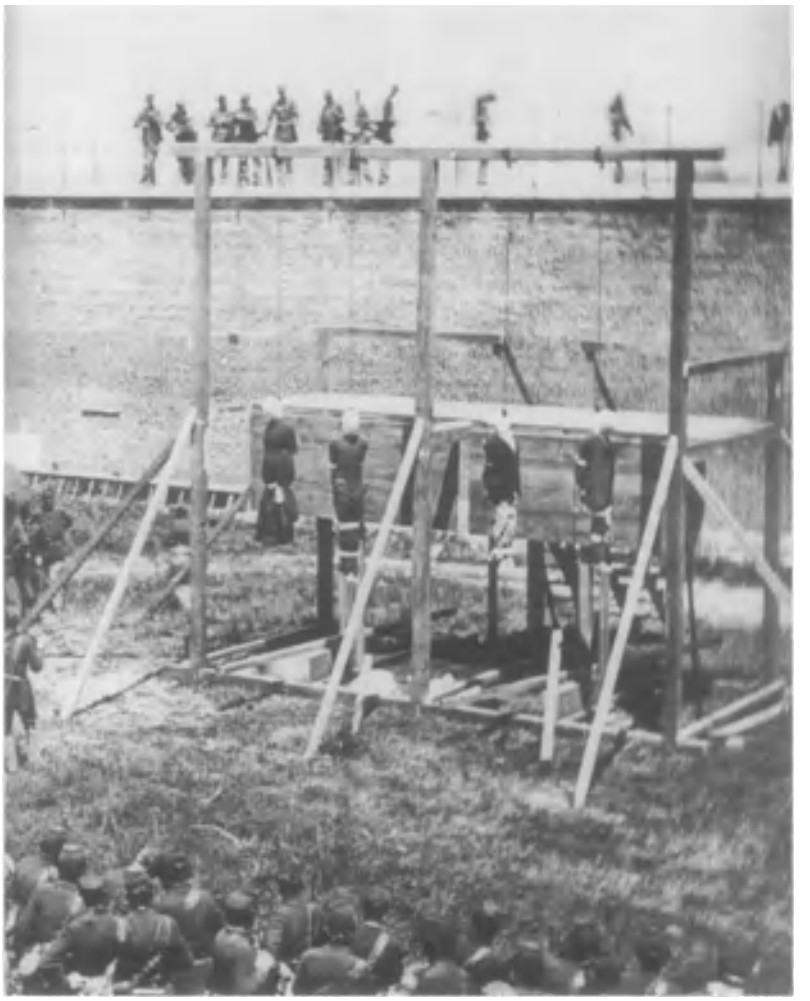
"Don't you know the rule that persons are not allowed to pass [out of the city] after nine o'clock?" said Cobb.

"That's new to me," replied Booth. "I had somewhere to go in the city and I thought that I'd have the moon to ride home by, but the night is dark."

This cryptic remark went unchallenged. Cobb then lifted the police barrier at the bridge and waved Booth through. "I thought him a proper person to pass, so I passed him," Cobb later stated.

A few minutes later another horseman galloped up to the bridge. Cobb stopped this young man who gave his name as "Smith." He told Cobb that he was going home and that he had been "in bad company," one of the great understatements in the annals of crime. He was David Herold and he had been in the company of assassins. Cobb let Herold pass, too. The youth rode over the bridge to Anacostia. Some minutes after Herold departed a third rider galloped to the bridge. He told Cobb that his name was John Fletcher and he was chasing a young man who had hired a horse from him earlier that day, promising to return it in a few hours. He had not returned the animal and when Fletcher had seen Herold wildly ride toward the bridge, he gave pursuit. He wanted his horse back, he told Sergeant Cobb.

Where Cobb quickly allowed Booth and Herold to pass, he refused to let Fletcher cross the bridge. Said Cobb later: "He did not seem to have any business on the other side of the bridge of sufficient importance to pass him, so I turned him back." All the while, Cobb was to insist that he was ignorant of the terrible events in Washington that night and that he had no idea that President Lincoln had been fatally shot and that Secretary of State Seward had been attacked.



The trap is pulled and the four condemned prisoners are hanged; their bodies were left dangling for some time; Mary Surratt (body at left) was most probably innocent.

When Booth reached Anacostia he waited at a prearranged rendezvous for Herold and Paine. In a plan made earlier, the trio would ride south through Maryland, then cross over into Virginia and take refuge in the broken Confederacy, where, Booth was confident, they would surely be hailed as heroes. Herold arrived in Anacostia, giving no explanation of Paine's fate. He admitted that he had lost his nerve and fled when hearing Seward's maid scream: "Murder! Murder!"

Booth and Herold then rode to the tiny hamlet of Surrattsville, Maryland, where Mrs. Surratt owned a small hotel. While Booth remained on his horse, complaining that his injured leg was too painful to allow him to dismount, Herold ran into the hotel, which was operated by John M. Lloyd. Herold asked Lloyd to fetch the items left for Mr. Booth. Earlier that day, according to some reports, Mrs. Surratt had driven a carriage to the hotel and had left a pair of binoculars for Booth. She had not taken a trip to Surrattsville to simply deliver the glasses. Mrs. Surratt had business at her hotel and had mentioned her intended trip to Booth, who asked her to deliver the binoculars as long as she was making the trip. More items intended for Booth had been left at the hotel, including two carbines with ammunition, a monkey wrench, a coil of rope, and a bottle of whiskey. These items had been left there two weeks earlier by John H. Surratt.

Lloyd retrieved these items, handing over only one carbine to Herold. Booth said he could not carry the other carbine on his horse because it would have too much weight and its scabbard would annoy his left ankle. He and Herold sat silently on their horses for about five minutes, drinking from the bottle of whiskey. Booth knew that Lloyd was a southern sympathizer and he could no longer contain himself. He was anxious to announce to anyone who would appreciate the news, that he had assassinated Abraham Lincoln.

"I'll tell you some news, if you want to hear it," Booth said to Lloyd. "I am pretty certain that we have *sacrificed* the presi-

dent and secretary Seward." He apparently could not bring himself to use the distasteful word "assassinated."

Lloyd later stated that he knew nothing of the plot to murder Lincoln. He merely handed over items that had been stored for Booth and he vaguely remembered the actor's boastful remarks about "sacrificing" the president and the secretary of state. He claimed that he was drunk when Booth and Herold arrived: "I was right smart in liquor that afternoon and after night I got more so."

Booth and Herold, fortified by the whiskey, then rode through the night, going south. At about 5 a.m., Booth told Herold that he was suffering great pain and intended to get medical attention for his broken ankle by visiting a physician he knew, Dr. Samuel Mudd, who lived about three miles from Beantown. A short time later, Booth and Herold awoke Dr. Mudd, who cut away Booth's left boot and set the ankle bone. He affixed small splints and bandaged the foot and leg. He then fashioned a crudely-made set of crutches for Booth. Before leaving the Mudd farm, Booth borrowed a razor from the doctor and cut off his mustache. He paid Mudd $25 and left hurriedly with Herold.

That visit would later cause Dr. Mudd to be sent to prison for life, and to this day, controversy still rages over his guilt or innocence. Mudd later claimed that he did not know Booth, who arrived wearing a red wig, and that he never did get a clear look at him, Herold having brought Booth to a bedroom where he lay with his face to a wall while Mudd set and bandaged his leg. Yet, it is certain that Mudd did meet and know Booth and, in fact, had introduced John H. Surratt, the Confederate spy, to Booth some time in late 1864.

Major Thomas T. Eckert; Stanton would not allow this strongman to accompany Lincoln to Ford's Theatre, saying Eckert was too busy that night, but Eckert was at home shaving.

About the time Booth left Mudd's farm, Abraham Lincoln, who never regained consciousness, was lying in the Petersen house in Washington. At 7:22 a.m, April 15, 1865, he died. Seated patiently about his deathbed were members of his cabinet. When a physician pronounced the Great Emancipator dead, Secretary of War Edwin McMasters Stanton reportedly intoned: "Now he belongs to the ages."

The hunt for Booth was by then intensive and widespread as the fugitives rode south to Cox's Station where Samuel Cox, a southern sympathizer, hid Booth and Herold for some time. Booth's leg worsened each day, infection setting in and causing the leg to swell. Booth drank a good deal of whiskey to subdue the pain and then continued his journey southward, Herold at his side. He finally reached Port Royal, forded the Rhappahannock River and crossed into Virginia. He was by then aided in his escape by several ex-Confederate soldiers, reaching the farm of Richard Garrett, another southern sympathizer. En route to his destination, Booth sent at least two messages by wire either to New York or Washington, ostensibly to friends in high places, letting them know his general whereabouts. What information those messages contained was never made known, but it was believed that Booth thought that he had been betrayed by certain conspirators who had helped finance the assassination, and that he threatened to reveal information unless he was guaranteed help and safe passage out of the country.

Thousands of troops and scores of detectives were hunting for Booth and as much as $100,000 had been offered for his capture, preferably dead, according to Stanton. Lincoln's volatile, unpredictable and ruthless secretary of war had taken the reins of government, establishing what amounted to martial law. His men had rounded up the conspirators quickly, all except Booth, Herold and the mysterious John H. Surratt. Leading the chase was Colonel Lafayette Baker, head of the U.S. Secret Service and Stanton's personal bloodhound. Baker pinpointed Booth's escape route by picking up those who had aided him and from information by certain witnesses, especially ex-slaves, who had seen him along the route to Port Royal, or, at least, this is the story Baker later released.

Though thousands of men were hunting for Booth, Baker selected a small contingent of twenty-five troopers and placed Lieutenant Edward P. Doherty at their head. Doherty was told by Baker that his cousin, Luther B. Baker, a detective, and Colonel Edverton J. Conger would be in actual command and that Doherty would take strict orders from them. Baker pointed Doherty and his men in the direction of Port Royal. This group took a boat down the Potomac and then rode straight for Garrett's farm, following Colonel Baker's directions. He seemed to know exactly where Booth was hiding. Doherty's contingent reached the Garrett farm on the evening of April 16, 1865. At their approach, Booth and Herold had fled to a small tobacco barn. The Union troops quickly surrounded the small building.

Luther Baker shouted to both men that if they did not immediately come out of the barn, the building would be burned to the ground.

"Let us have a little time to consider it!" shouted Booth from inside the barn.

"I'll give you five minutes," said Baker.

Booth did not wait that long before shouting: "Captain, I

know you to be a brave man, and I believe you to be honorable. I am a cripple. I have got but one leg. If you will withdraw your men in one line one hundred yards from the door [of the barn], I will come out and fight you!"

"We will do no such thing!" Baker shouted back.

"Well, my boys," replied Booth, "prepare a stretcher for me...one more stain on the old banner!"

Inside the barn, the timid Herold trembled with fear. He pleaded with Booth to surrender, telling him that he did not want to die. The soldiers outside then heard Booth shout at Herold: "You damned coward! Will you leave me now? Go, go, I would not have you stay with me!" Then Booth shouted to the troopers: "There's a man in here who wants to come out!"

The barn door opened slightly. Herold, his body trembling, slipped outside and put his hands into the air, surrendering. He was quickly dragged away. As Booth remained silent, Baker ordered the soldiers to pile dry brush around the barn and set fire to it. The brush blazed up in a few minutes and some of the contents in the barn quickly caught fire, illuminating the inside. Colonel Conger peered through a crack and saw Booth hobbling about inside the barn, resting on one crutch and holding a carbine in the other hand. He approached the barn door and appeared to use the carbine. At that moment a shot rang out and Booth fell, a bullet in his head.

Soldiers rushed into the barn and dragged the assassin outside. He was taken to the porch of the Garrett home and there he lingered for two and a half hours. Before dying, Booth stated: "Tell my mother I died for my country." Then he whispered: "I did what I thought best." Ironically, the bullet that had been sent into Booth's head followed the same path as that which had struck Lincoln. Booth asked Conger to hold up his arms so that he could look at his delicate hands. He blinked at them and then said: "Useless...useless." He then died as dawn broke over the Garrett farm.

Conger and Baker were visibly upset by Booth's death. They had been ordered by Colonel Baker to return the culprit to Washington alive, or so they later claimed. Conger then ordered the troopers to form a line, asking which one of them had shot Booth. Sergeant Boston Corbett stepped forward and said calmly: "Colonel, Providence directed me." Corbett was a religious fanatic, Conger knew, and he also knew that Corbett had been hand-picked by Lafayette Baker, who had, in turn, taken his orders from Stanton. Conger stared at Corbett for some time and finally said: "I will leave the matter in the hands of Providence—and the secretary of war."

Colonel Lafayette Baker, head of an abusive secret police, who proved to be a liar, a cheat, and an extortionist; he later tried to blackmail President Johnson on Stanton's behalf.

Conger himself had more important orders to carry out. He immediately rifled the coat and pants pockets of the dead Booth. He found a compass, a stub of a candle, several photos of actresses, and, most important, Booth's diary. It was the diary that Conger sought. As soon as he glanced through the diary, he mounted his horse and galloped to Belle Plain where he took a steamer to Washington. He locked himself in a cabin and one report had it that Colonel Conger, knowing the dangerous information contained in that diary, copied it page for page.

When arriving in Washington, Conger immediately reported to Lafayette Baker, turning over all the contents found in Booth's pockets to the Secret Service chief. Baker, in Conger's presence, carefully examined the items, paying particular attention to Booth's diary, counting the number of pages in that small book, before he took this and the other personal effects of the assassin to Edwin McMasters Stanton.

Stanton was then the busiest man in Washington. He had ordered a military trial for the conspirators—Atzerodt, Paine, Herold, Mrs. Surratt, Arnold, O'Laughlin, Spangler and Mudd. All eight suspects were held under inhuman conditions. They were forced to wear specially made head bags with only a hole for the mouth. Stanton's reason for this was to prevent them from talking with anyone before their trial, or so he said. The military tribunal quickly found all guilty. Paine, Atzerodt, Herold and Mrs. Surratt were sentenced to death. Arnold, O'Laughlin and Mudd were sentenced to life terms and Spangler received a sentence of six years. Dr. Mudd was instrumental in saving many lives during a prison epidemic and was pardoned by President Andrew Johnson in 1868. Arnold was paroled in 1869. O'Laughlin died in prison.

The military tribunal that judged the prisoners was later harshly criticized for not allowing the defense proper preparation. Moreover, the evidence against Mrs. Surratt was flimsy at best. That she had delivered a pair of binoculars to her small hotel in Surrattsville and Paine was arrested while entering her boarding house were the most significant factors in convicting her. That, and, of course, she was the mother of John H. Surratt, who had yet to be found. Paine repeatedly insisted that Mrs. Surratt was innocent (even while on the gallwos), but his word was that of a convicted assassin.

Colonel Lafayette Baker later stated that he had visited Mrs. Surratt in her prison cell and there she admitted her complicity to him. Baker's statement, however, was never supported by anyone else. Secretary Stanton had, however, de-

creed Mrs. Surratt's guilt, along with the others. On July 7, 1865, Mrs. Surratt, Atzerodt, Paine and Herold were taken to the courtyard of the Old Arsenal Building with its high brick wall. There a long, high scaffold had been built. The four were escorted up the steep stairs. While ministers gave them last counsel, Mrs. Surratt, overcome by the heat, sat beneath an umbrella. Atzerodt and Herold quaked and cried. Paine silently accepted his fate, saying in the last moment that Mrs. Surratt was innocent and did not deserve her miserable fate. The four were then hooded and bound and a long trap door was released, sending all four downward to jerking eternity. That left only one conspirator at large—John H. Surratt.

This mysterious young man had evaded detection by fleeing to Canada immediately after Lincoln's murder. He then went to England and then to Italy where he joined the Papal Zouaves, elite guards of the Pope, using the alias of John Watson at the time. A fellow guard learned of his true identity and informed U.S. authorities, who arrested him on November 8, 1866, but he managed to escape and flee to Egypt. He was located in Alexandria, Egypt, and returned to the U.S., where on June 10, 1867, he stood trial for murdering Lincoln. New evidence was revealed at the trial and more evidence was apparently suppressed. Surratt admitted that he had been part of Booth's plot to abduct Lincoln, but he had nothing to do with the murder and he produced four witnesses who swore that Surratt was in Elmira, New York., on the night of the assassination.

Secretary of War Edwin McMasters Stanton, who ran the country like a dictator following Lincoln's death; he falsified and hid evidence, later refusing to leave office when fired by President Johnson.

Surratt was surprisingly acquitted and released. Ironically, his defense attorneys were friends of Secretary Stanton. Perhaps, there was no irony in the relationship. Stanton had himself acted suspiciously from the first moment Booth had fired his fatal shot. In fact, Stanton had acted strangely before the assassination. Lincoln had asked Stanton to attend the theater with him that night, but Stanton said he would be busy. Lincoln walked to the Telegraph Office on the afternoon of his death and there asked Stanton if he would "loan" him the services of Major Thomas Eckert, a towering man who routinely broke pokers over his arm to prove his incredible strength. Stanton refused to allow Eckert to attend the theater with Lincoln, telling the president that his chief of the Telegraph Office was "too busy" to go to the theater. This proved to be an outright lie. Eckert was at home that night, shaving, when he heard Lincoln had been shot, or so he later said.

General Ulysses S. Grant had also been asked to accompany Lincoln to the theater that night, but on the advice of Stanton, had politely refused, and had gone to visit his daughter in New Jersey. Stanton later explained that he had advised Grant not to attend the theater with Lincoln since he had heard of serious assassination plots and that *he*, Stanton, did not wish to risk the loss of *both* Lincoln and Grant in the event that the rumors might be true. No one ever dared challenge Stanton's reasoning in asking why, if such rumors were taken seriously enough by Stanton to cause him to ask Grant to leave town that the secretary did not also prevent Lincoln from attending the theater, or, at least, provide sufficient protection for the president at the theater.

Stanton did take other precautions, but these were strange orders. He decreed that all the entrances and exits to and from Washington be closed on the day of the assassination, yet Booth and Herold were allowed to flee the city that night across the Navy Yard Bridge that night. Stranger still, all of the telegraph lines leading from the city were shut down for no apparent reason on the very hour of Lincoln's assassination, telegraph lines that were under the direct control of Major Eckert. Was this the reason why Booth kept going in and out of Ford's Theater that night, to meet someone who would inform him that the lines had been shut down? One report described the man on horseback who met briefly with Booth on Tenth Street only minutes before Booth shot Lincoln. This man was tall, burly and wearing civilian clothes, but from the description, he could very well have been Major Thomas Eckert, later General Eckert and assistant secretary of war. Eckert rose even higher, becoming president of Western Union.

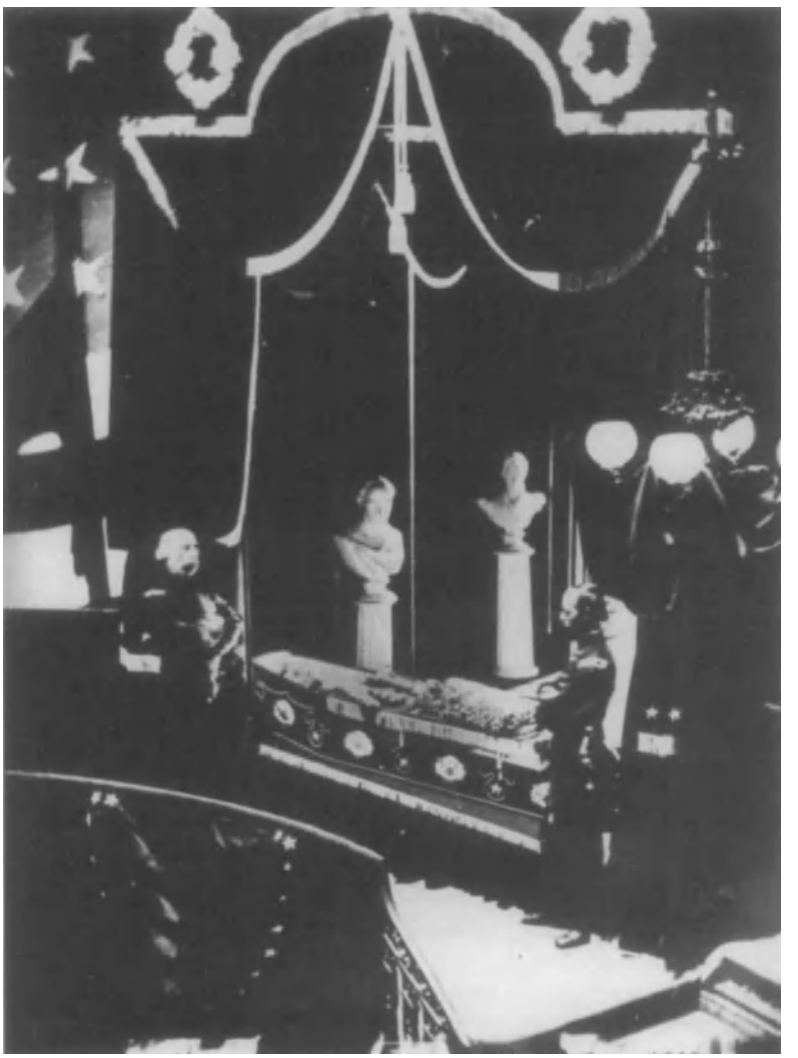
Stanton had told Lincoln that he could not attend the theater that night because he had work to do, but this was another lie. He went home early to have dinner. He then paid a visit to Secretary Seward to politely inquire as to his condition, departing only a few minutes before Paine burst through Seward's door. This was an odd visit in that Stanton had little or no regard for Seward. It was Stanton who picked Lafayette Baker to track down Booth, somehow knowing that Baker would be able to find Booth where thousands of others had failed. No one other than Booth and Herold knew the assassin's escape route, or so it was reported, but Baker was easily able to find the needle in the haystack. Booth himself, perhaps, told Baker (or Stanton) where he was located when he sent those two wires to New York and Washington, if it can be believed that Stanton was, indeed, behind the assassination, as some have claimed.

Once Baker and Colonel Conger delivered Booth's diary to Stanton, the diary remained with the secretary for almost two years, and he refused to turn it over for inspection until

ordered to do so by the U.S. attorney general on the occasion of Surratt's trial. At that time, eighteen pages were found missing from the diary. Stanton denied having removed these pages, but Lafayette Baker insisted, as did Colonel Conger, that the diary was intact when they turned it over to Stanton in 1865. This left only one conclusion in the minds of many. Stanton had removed pages that would somehow incriminate him in the plot to kill Abraham Lincoln.

It was later claimed that Stanton removed pages from Booth's diary that clearly indicated Mrs. Surratt's innocence, that she had had nothing to do with the plot, thus compromising his railroading case against Mary Surratt, who became the first woman ever officially hanged in the U.S. One report claimed that Stanton actually framed evidence against Mrs. Surratt and refused to allow her daughter Annie to petition President Andrew Johnson for clemency until it was too late to save the woman.

The removing of pages from Booth's diary was only one inexplicable action taken by the secretary of war. His conduct in almost all matters involving Lincoln's assassination was strange, if not suspicious. He ordered the rocking chair in which Lincoln had been sitting when shot brought from Ford's Theatre. He kept the chair in his office, next to his desk, for several years to come, and would stare endlessly at it. When he learned that several photos of Lincoln had been taken in his casket, Stanton ordered all these photos destroyed. One, a glass plate photo, was found in Stanton's estate long after the secretary had died.



The only known photo of Abraham Lincoln in his casket, a photo (like all such others) Stanton either confiscated or destroyed.

All of those surrounding Stanton in these affairs benefitted greatly. Colonel Baker of the Secret Service was rewarded for his efforts in tracking down Booth. He was not only given a large portion of the reward, but he was promoted to the rank of general. Conger, who delivered Booth's diary to Stanton via Baker, received the largest share of the reward ($15,000) and a promotion. He was later named a federal judge through Stanton's efforts. Colonel James O'Beirne also received a reward, $3,000, and he, too, was promoted to the rank of general. This was a strange reward and promotion, indeed, since O'Beirne was nowhere near the Garrett farm at the time of Booth's capture and death. He was at that time leading a cavalry troop in Maryland. Baker, Conger and O'Beirne were not really military men. They were all detectives working for Stanton and all of them operated under secret orders from the secretary of state and all of these men had very shady backgrounds.

Lafayette Baker later tried to blackmail President Andrew Johnson on Stanton's behalf and, though he was initially protected by Stanton, was finally forced to resign his post. He later insisted that a secret cabal was trying to kill him. He either committed suicide or was poisoned to death a few years later, but not before leaving cryptic messages that pointed to a conspiracy in Lincoln's death that went far beyond that involving Booth. Stanton, himself, for all his feigned allegiance to Lincoln, had little affection for the president. He feared that following Lee's surrender, Lincoln's reconstruction program would be too lenient toward the South.

Stanton, an avowed abolitionist, wanted revenge. He wanted the South prostrated, impoverished and kept in ruins. And in that helpless state, without economic and political strength, it would be easy pickings for Northern predatory land grabbers, many of whom were Stanton's closest friends. Many came to believe that it was Stanton to whom Robert Lincoln referred to years later when he was found burning some of his father's correspondence. A family friend tried to prevent Lincoln's only surviving son from destroying these historic documents. Robert Lincoln was quoted as saying to the friend: "I must—some of these letters prove that there was a traitor in my father's cabinet."

There was also terrible vengeance (if not self-protection) evident in Stanton's handling of Booth's body. He took meticulous pains to have the body brought from Garrett's farm and placed aboard an ironclad warship riding at anchor in

A mummified body reported to be that of John Wilkes Booth, toured in sideshows by its owner, who insisted Booth had escaped.

the Potomac. Here, the corpse was identified. It was reportedly weighted and then dumped into the river. This was an outright lie planted by Stanton, who had the body buried under huge stones in the Old Arsenal Building, the site where the four conspirators were later hanged. It was several years later when the body was finally released to Booth family members for reburial in their family plot.

In the graying decades following the assassination, spectacular claims were made about Booth. One held that he had not been killed at the Garrett farm and that someone else had been shot by the fanatical Boston Corbett. Booth had supposedly escaped, perhaps with the connivance of Stanton or others, to Europe and then to South America, before returning to the U.S., where he died peacefully in the southwest decades later. A mummified corpse was later displayed in a traveling carnival, its promotion-minded owner insisting that the grim remains were that of the notorious Booth.

The true events surrounding Lincoln's assassination may never emerge. They are hopelessly muddled now by time and the machinations of powerful persons, who apparently preferred to martyr one of America's greatest leaders rather than see him fulfill his noble goals. A century later, another American president, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, would meet an almost identical fate, a death that would also be attributed to an evil cabal and create an endless search for the identities of those shadowy creatures whose dark ambitions demanded his life.

"I AM GOING TO THE LORDY"/July 2, 1881

James Abram Garfield (1831-1881), the twentieth president of the United States, was, like Lincoln, best remembered for his service during the Civil War. Unlike Lincoln, his assassination was not brought about by an insidious conspiracy. He was the victim of a lone political crackpot, a mentally deranged malcontent whose obvious insanity did not prevent him from meeting the hangman. Born near Orange, Ohio, Garfield became a teacher and was later master of Hiram College. He left this position at the outbreak of the war, organizing a contingent of volunteers to fight for the Union cause in 1861. He became a major general in 1863, having distinguished himself in the western battles of Shiloh and Chickamauga.

President James Abram Garfield, assassinated in 1881, while he was unguarded.

During the war, Garfield ran for Congress and was elected to the House of Representatives (1863-1880). In 1876, he became Republican leader of the House and was in opposition to President Ulysses S. Grant. In 1880, Garfield was a compromise candidate for the presidency, selected by the powerful political bosses, James G. Blaine and John Sherman to replace Grant, who was then running for a third term.

Garfield took office amidst loud claims that he was nothing more than a machine politician dedicated to massive patronage systems wherein political cronies and hacks of the Republican Party were rewarded with cushy administration positions. One of those insisting on just such a job was a weird, vainglorious man named Charles Julius Guiteau. Born in Illinois in 1844, Guiteau was a self-taught lawyer who, as a young man, married a 16-year-old girl. He quickly abandoned her when she failed to provide income for the lofty lifestyle Guiteau insisted he deserved. He practiced in the small claims courts of Illinois and New York, keeping most of the settlements as fees. Degrees in law were arbitrary accouterments in Guiteau's day. Any charlatan could put up a shingle and claim to be a lawyer. Guiteau was one of these.

Charles Guiteau, who murdered Garfield when failing to receive an ambassadorship.

All who encountered this strange man realized that his mental faculties were seriously in question. He used the small claims courts to shriek out his views about American politics and life in general. Judges dreaded his appearances and his outlandish tirades routinely caused him to be held in contempt of court. On one occasion, he had to be dragged away by court officials because he refused to stop his screaming invectives. He was himself constantly being sued in small claims courts for failing to pay his rent and other bills. Further, he was constantly being

sued by creditors he claimed were persecuting him for his political views.

A man without purpose, Guiteau drifted in and out of professional pursuits. At one time he was an evangelist, joining the Oneida Community, remaining a member of the sect from 1861 through 1865, espousing a sort of religious communism. In the 1870s, Guiteau embraced Moody-Sankey revivalism and took to lecturing on the Second Coming, but, as with the Oneida movement, he soon became bored and disinterested with this religious group. He then became an insurance salesman and flopped. He tried his hand at publishing and failed at this, too. Moving to Washington, D.C., Guiteau patronized street prostitutes and contracted syphilis. This may have developed into paresis of the brain—a common side effect of the illness—and caused his already confused mind to become even more addled.

In 1880, Guiteau went to work as a political errand boy for Roscoe Conkling, who was attempting to nominate Grant once

Guiteau (left) is shown shooting President Garfield in the Washington, D.C. train station, July 2, 1881.

more for the presidency. Halfway through the campaign, Guiteau switched his allegiance to Garfield. He followed the candidate from city to city, living hand-to-mouth. He wrote an erratic, almost incomprehensible speech, titled *Garfield Against Hancock*, and personally delivered this to Garfield at a Republican gathering at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York City. Guiteau at the time insisted that Garfield employ his speech in an upcoming debate with General Winfield Scott Hancock, the Democratic candidate. Garfield never used the speech and may never have read it. To Garfield, Guiteau was just another leaflet-passer among thousands. Guiteau, however, came to believe that he alone was swaying the American public in Garfield's favor.

Guiteau made impromptu speeches on Garfield's behalf on street corners of New York and Washington. He shrieked, screamed and ranted out his political beliefs and was ignored as a raving crackpot. When Garfield was elected, Guiteau took credit for his victory, telling everyone who would listen: "The general is in the White House because of me." He boldly went to the White House, delivering a message to the president, one

The wounded Garfield is assisted by Secretary Blaine, while Guiteau is taken into custody.

which asked that he be named ambassador to Austria. He then changed his mind and demanded that he be named head of the U.S. consulate in Paris.

By this time, Guiteau was consumed by his ambition to become ambassador to France and he badgered Garfield and Blaine, insisting that he receive the appointment. He barged into the offices of both the president and Blaine, then secretary of state, making these demands, but he was politely rebuffed. Access to the president in that era was an easy thing. Even though President Lincoln had been assassinated sixteen years earlier because of lax security, there were no guards in and about the White House during Garfield's day. Security was maintained by a few unarmed clerks. Anyone wanting to harm the president could freely enter the White House and attack the chief executive.

Guiteau was not taken seriously as a real threat to the president's safety. He was thought to be just another political

Mrs. White gives comfort to Garfield as he waits for an ambulance.

hack who served as an annoyance, a pest who was finally put in his place by Secretary of State Blaine. When Guiteau confronted Blaine in his office in May 1881, again demanding the appointment to France, Blaine shoved the little, dark-bearded man away, saying: "Never speak to me about the Paris Embassy as long as you live!"

The offended Guiteau returned to his small room at the Riggs Hotel in Washington and there brooded about what he might do. He first thought to murder Garfield. "An impression came over my mind like a flash," he later recalled, "that if the president was out of the way, this whole thing would be solved and everything would go well." Then he reconsidered his impulse and, instead, on May 22, 1881, sent Garfield a letter, asking that Blaine be ousted from his post.

Guiteau under arrest and being escorted to jail, telling guards he had friends in high places.

When he received no response from Garfield, Guiteau resolved to murder the president, coming to believe that God had instructed him to kill the chief executive. He later recalled: "At the end of two weeks, my mind was thoroughly fixed as to the necessity of the president's removal and the divinity of that inspiration." Borrowing $15 from a cousin who lived in Washington, Guiteau purchased a California Bulldozer .44-caliber revolver, along with a box of cartridges. He practiced his marksmanship by shooting at trees lined along the Potomac River during the evening when no one was about.

Guiteau then began to stalk the president, who walked about Washington unescorted by guards. He was easily able to track Garfield since the local press naively printed the president's daily schedule, specifying the locations he would visit. Newspapers stated that the president would be going on an extended tour, leaving by train from the Baltimore and Potomac Depot on July 2, 1881. Early that morning, Guiteau had breakfast, dressed leisurely, and pocketed his revolver. He went to the train station by cab and told the driver to wait for him, that he would be returning shortly to go to the local jail. Guiteau thought to shoot the president, jump into the carriage to escape the vengeance of the mob, and have himself delivered in style to the jail unharmed.

Inside the depot, Guiteau went to the ladies' waiting room through which, he knew, the president would walk to enter the main station before boarding his train. The assassin watched as members of the presidential entourage entered the station and went to the train, taking their seats and waiting for Garfield to arrive. At 9:20 a.m., Garfield arrived in a carriage with Blaine. Both men strolled slowly into the station.

Two persons in the station, Policeman Patrick Kearney, and Mrs. L. White, the ladies's attendant, had been suspicious of Guiteau, watching the nervous little man with the dark pointed beard and beady little eyes as he paced the station. Their attention was diverted when Garfield appeared. The president, more than six feet tall, broad-shouldered, a silk top hat perched on his massive head, entered the station and all eyes were glued to his handsome, bearded face.

Garfield and Blaine walked past Guiteau, taking no notice of the little man. The president stopped before Policeman Kearney and asked him what time the train would be leaving. Kearney saluted and said within ten minutes. Garfield and Blaine began to walk across the ladies' waiting room,

Alexander Graham Bell (right) tries to find the bullet in Garfield with one of his newly developed gadgets.

Blaine in front. Guiteau, about ten feet away from his prey, walked after them. He withdrew his revolver, carefully aiming at the president and fired. The bullet struck Garfield in the back. The president turned to look at the diminutive assassin, a surprised look on his face. He appeared as if he had not been shot. Four seconds later, Guiteau took a few steps and fired another shot, one that went wild. Garfield,

The unbalanced Guiteau raving in the witness stand; he made a shambles out of his own trial, constantly firing and rehiring his attorneys.

then feeling the pain of the wound, threw up his hands with a cry, and fell to the floor, falling upon and crushing his silk top hat.

Secretary of State Blaine wheeled about, shouting: "My God, he's been murdered! What's the meaning of this?"

Policeman Kearney had had his back turned to Guiteau when the assassin fired the first shot. His first thought at hearing the noise was that small boys were outside the depot setting off firecrackers in honor of the president. He saw Guiteau fire his second shot. Guiteau then dashed in front of Kearney, heading for the Sixth Street exit and the waiting cab that would take him to jail. Kearney lunged at him, grabbing the squirming little man, yelling: "In God's name, what did you shoot the president for?"

Guiteau slipped through Kearney's grasp and dashed out the exit, but a station employee grabbed him and held him until Kearney caught up with the assassin and took a firm hold of his arms. Guiteau fought wildly to free himself from the burly policeman's hold, but he could not escape. He held up a letter, saying to Kearney: "Here! Take this letter to General [William T.] Sherman. It explains everything!" Two more men helped to subdue Guiteau, who suddenly became calm. "It's all right," Guiteau told them. "Keep quiet. I wish to go to jail. Arthur [Chester A. Arthur, the vice president] is now president of the United States. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts." Kearney led him away toward the jail as the little man continued to babble his imagined authority: "You stick to me, officer. Have me put in a third story front at the jail. General Sherman is coming down to take charge. Arthur and all of these men are my friends. I'll have you made chief of police!"

"What does he mean?" asked one of the men accompanying Kearney.

"The man's a lunatic," grunted Kearney as he dragged Guiteau along. "That's what he means."

Inside the train station, Garfield lay conscious but in great pain. Blaine knelt beside him, saying: "My poor president." Mrs. White, the station attendant, sat on the floor, holding Garfield's head in her lap. Dr. Smith Townsend, the district health officer, appeared on the run, dashing into the station only four minutes after hearing about the shooting. He ordered policemen to remove the crowd surrounding the fallen president. He then gave Garfield spirits of ammonia and some brandy. The president appeared to revive somewhat. There was very little blood in evidence from his wound. A mattress was brought and Garfield was placed on this.

The presidential entourage, when hearing the news, poured back into the station, making the place even more crowded. Police struggled to push away spectators, friends and cabinet members so that Garfield could breathe. Mrs. Garfield was not present. She was in New York, planning to meet her

Guiteau hid beneath his blanket from nightmares.

husband later. Garfield then complained of a "prickly feeling" in his right leg. The president's son, Harry, age sixteen, ran from the train when he heard the news, weeping as he knelt at his father's side, wringing his hands. "Did you see who shot my father?" he asked Mrs. White.

"Yes," she replied, "and he has been caught."

"Somebody will pay for this!" the boy cried out.

The president was then removed to a private office in the station where Dr. Townsend examined his wound, probing the bullet hole in the president's back with his finger, this in an age when sterilization was unknown. Noting little blood coming from the wound, Townsend concluded that the president might be hemorrhaging internally, but he said reassuringly to Garfield: "I don't believe the wound is serious."

Garfield, weak and pale, unable to lift his arms, smiled weakly and said: "Thank you, doctor, but I am a dead man."

A swarm of physicians arrived and carried Garfield to the White House where he was put to bed. He was given a shot of morphine and little else. Mrs. Garfield arrived by special train that day and remained at her husband's bedside. He seemed to rally when she appeared. Thinking that other assassins might be lurking near the White House, the place was surrounded by hundreds of troops. But there was but one attacker, Guiteau, who was by then cowering in his jail cell. Crowds assembled outside the jail, threatening to lynch the assassin. Officials, meanwhile, examined Guiteau's rambling letters and were baffled by their contents, particularly references he had made to General William T. Sherman. The general denied ever having heard of Guiteau.

Guiteau trimming his beard in his cell on the day of his execution.

It was not until July 3, 1881, a full day after the president had been shot, that physicians made a careful examination of Garfield. The bullet fired by Guiteau had entered between the tenth and eleventh ribs, passing on the right of his spinal column, puncturing the lower right lobe of the liver and lodged in the front of the abdomen where an aneurism or sac had been created. The aneurism had allowed blood to continue circulating and had prolonged Garfield's life. Any attempt to remove the bullet, physicians concluded, would prove fatal. No operation was planned.

Guiteau, meanwhile was interrogated. When asked if he had had any accomplices, he replied: "Not a living soul!" He smiled, as if proud of the fact that he had carried out his deed alone. "I have contemplated this thing for the past two weeks." His brother, John Guiteau, was located and he coldly informed authorities that Charles was insane and that he expected that his brother would wind up in an insane asylum. This was echoed by Guiteau's brother-in-law, who claimed that Guiteau had once tried to kill his own sister and that he had been examined by a number of physicians over the years and had been declared insane.

Garfield's condition worsened a little each day, but he clung to life until September 19, 1881, when, after complaining of pain in his heart, he died at 10:35 p.m. In Washington, the hatred for Guiteau had mounted as each day's newspapers reported Garfield's gradual decline. Every day abuse was heaped upon the madman in print until thousands of citizens and soldiers openly demanded that he be executed without trial. Soldiers guarding Guiteau decided to shoot him out-of-hand. They drew lots for the chore, a soldier named Mason firing a shot at Guiteau, but the bullet missed its mark when he fired at a window where the assassin was standing.

Guiteau shouted for the warders, screaming: "What do these men mean? Do they want to murder me?" He was moved into another cell where he was not exposed to outside spectators or soldiers. He was brought to trial on November 14, 1881. He pleaded not guilty on grounds of insanity that had been brought about by "divine power." Prosecutors prepared a solid case of premeditated murder. Jail warders testified that Guiteau had appeared at the jail weeks before the shooting to inspect the premises and pronounced it as "an excellent jail." Physicians for the prosecution insisted that Guiteau was sane and was feigning insanity. Guiteau himself claimed that he had been insane for a month but regained his sanity after shooting Garfield.

Guiteau made a shambles of his trial and his conduct was anything but sane. He ranted and raved about politics and life in general, suddenly erupting with invective and vituperation. He jumped from his chair repeatedly to label prosecution witnesses as "dirty liars!" Several times he ran to the front of the prosecutor's table to call him a "low-livered whelp," and an "old hog." His defense attorneys underwent constant abuse from their client, interrupting their pleadings, summarily firing them almost every day and then rehiring them minutes later. After the lengthy trial, Guiteau insisted that he deliver his own summation to the jury. He frothed at the mouth in his ranting delivery, then stated: "God told me to kill!" He then blamed the president's physicians for murdering Garfield. He then shrieked: "Let your verdict be that it was the Deity's act, not mine!"

The jury not unexpectedly returned a verdict of guilty and recommended the death penalty. Guiteau responded by jumping from his chair and shouting to the jury members: "You are all low, consummate jackasses!" He was then removed to his cell where he hid beneath his blanket for days, terrified of nightmares. He then penned his memoirs , which officials termed "gibberish." On the morning of June 30, 1882, the day he was to be hanged, Guiteau regained his composure. He relished the idea of being the center of attention on the last day of his life. He polished his shoes, trimmed his beard and ate a large meal. While forking great mouthfuls of food, Guiteau carried on a one-sided argument with God, rebuking and correcting the Deity. He was then led to the scaffold in the courtyard of Washington Prison.

On the scaffold Guiteau cried and whimpered. He then held up his hand as the hangman approached, asking for some time to read something he had written for the occasion. The indulgent officials allowed him to withdraw a large sheaf of papers from his coat. Guiteau announced that he was about to read his masterpiece, a long poem he had entitled "I am Going to the Lordy." He read the poem and the rope was placed about his neck and he was sent through the trap door to his death. Thousands had gathered outside the jail at the hour of Guiteau's execution and when these spectators heard that he was dead, a great cheer rang out.

Guiteau hanged, June 30, 1882; he shouted "Glory! Glory!" before he fell through the trapdoor.

NIHILISTS AND ANARCHISTS

Almost four months to the day before President Garfield was mortally wounded, Alexander II, czar of Russia, was struck by bomb fragments that resulted in his death. Unlike the lone, mad act of Garfield's assassin, Charles Julius Guiteau, Alexander's assassination had been carefully planned by a dedicated secret group of political fanatics belonging to the People's Will. In Russia and elsewhere they were called nihilists.

The word "nihilism" first appears in a Turgenev novel, *Fathers and Sons*, and means literally "nothing," the political aim of the nihilists being to bring down all authority and leave nothing standing in its place. To the nihilists of Russia, Czar Alexander was the symbol of total authority and, as such, he was marked for murder. The many spectacular attempts on his life signaled the certain doom awaiting the Romanov dynasty.

"CARRY ME TO THE PALACE TO DIE"/ March 13, 1881

Alexander II (Alexander Nicholas Romanov, 1818-1881), the son of Nicholas I, assumed the throne of Russia in 1855. Unlike his forebears, he was a cultured, refined ruler who had received an excellent education and shared Western views and policies, although he still insisted upon his supreme rule. Alexander would come to be known as the Great Reformer, establishing a working court system in Russia and improving its laws. In 1861, through a special edict, he freed the serfs, which won for him the name the Great Emancipator (two years before Lincoln freed the slaves in America).

Alexander founded schools and ordered the building of a comprehensive railroad system across the vast Russian landscape. He established effective governmental administrations and encouraged the expansion of the university system, which, ironically, became the hotbed of opposition to his reign. The more education and liberal policies Alexander granted to his people, the more unrest his policies sowed. It was in the university environment that the students of the radical left formed nihilist parties.

Alexander II of Russia, murdered by nihilists in 1881.

Nihilist students were behind the first of many assassination attempts made against Alexander during his 26-year reign. The first of these occurred in 1861, when an unknown assailant fired a single bullet into his passing coach, narrowly missing the czar. The next serious attempt was made by nihilist student Dimitri Karakozov, a sickly young man described as "mentally unbalanced" by

Alexander II, while riding in a carriage with Napoléon III in Paris, June 6, 1867 (shown top left) was fired upon by Polish assassin Berezovski (shown under arrest at right) and prompted Napoléon to take bows for surviving the attack.

his friends. He purchased an old pistol and began traveling between Moscow and St. Petersburg, tracking the czar's movements. Alexander, a ruler of fixed habits, was next to impossible to properly guard. During the early years of his rule, he insisted upon walking in the open streets without escort, believing that no one really wanted to kill him. He knew that the peasants, the vast majority of the Russian people, looked upon him in reverence.

Alexander often stopped on his daily walks to greet and talk to peasants he met. This Karakozov witnessed as he watched his prey take walks through the summer garden outside the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg or when the czar strolled by the Neva quays, in front of the Marble Palace and the equally imposing British Embassy. Disguised as a peasant—wearing a bright red workman's shirt—Karakozov, on April 14, 1866, saw Alexander step from the gates of the Winter Palace to begin his morning constitutional. When perhaps no more than twenty paces from the czar, Karakozov drew his ancient pistol and aimed at Alexander, who had his back to the assassin. Just at that moment, a peasant named Komisarov, a cap maker by trade, raced up to Karakozov and smashed his arm upward at the very second he fired. The bullet missed its mark. Guards rushed forward to subdue the assassin. When realizing what had been done, and typical of his behavior, Alexander walked calmly up to Karakozov and asked why he would want to kill him. The student sneered, spitting out his reply: "Because you refused to give the land to the people!"

Karakozov was condemned to death. Thirty other students who had been associated with the would-be assassin were sent to prison for life. Karakozov mounted the scaffold in September, but just as the rope was placed about his neck, a reprieve arrived from the czar. The nihilist student was sent to life at hard labor. Alexander, however, as more and more plots to kill him emerged, hardened his views, ordering repressive measures and almost canceling the many reforms he had instituted.

Count Alexander Suroroz, the even-tempered governor-general of St. Petersburg, who had been known for his kindly attitude toward dissidents, was dismissed and replaced by the severe General Dimitri Trepov (who would himself be the target of several assassins). Trepov, a martinet, immediately sent his police and Cossacks to disband all political organizations, student gatherings and intellectual meetings of any kind, arresting thousands, who were beaten and imprisoned without trial. A. V. Golovnin, the liberal minister of education, was ousted and replaced by the stern Dimitri Tolstoy, who had opposed all of Alexander's earlier reform measures, including the emancipation of the serfs.

Tolstoy proved to be an insufferable intellectual dictator. He eliminated any courses dealing with contemporary thought and problems, ordering teachers to concentrate on the classic

languages. All Russian students attending foreign universities were ordered to return immediately to their country. Tolstoy would not have Russian youth influenced by Western thought. He would not tolerate any criticism of the regime, any notion of questioning the Romanov dynasty and its "divine right" to rule.

Tolstoy's draconian edicts and actions destroyed his own agenda. The returning students brought with them the ideals of Western educators and political thinking that would eventually change the course of Russian history and eradicate the Romanovs. They formed thousands of secret political groups, establishing secret "cells" of forbidden intellectual discussion and planted the seeds of Marxism and communism. All of the attempts on the life of Alexander came from members of these groups.

Following the explosion of the first bomb, Alexander II (center) is shown leaving his carriage to inspect a wounded guard.

As threats and plots and failed assassination attempts mounted, the normally reserved Alexander, who had come to be known as the Doomed Emperor, finally blurted to a minister: "Am I a wild beast that they should hound me to death?" He believed, however, that God would somehow intervene in the event of any attempt made upon his life. This proved to be the case on June 7, 1867, when Alexander, on an official state visit to Napoléon III of France, was riding with his two young sons and the French emperor in an open coach going through the Bois de Boulogne in Paris.

Enormous crowds gathered along the route to view the two monarchs. Military escorts on horseback and on foot had difficulty holding back the lines of pressing spectators so that the road narrowed to a wavering human lane and compelled the coach to travel at walking speed. Suddenly, a Pole named Berezovski jumped into the road, holding a pistol and firing at Alexander. (The Poles, then under Russian dominance, had been much repressed by Alexander's regime.) It seemed, given the short distance between the assassin and his target, that the shot could not miss the mark, but the bullet passed through the nostrils of a horse ridden by one of the French guards and went sailing between Alexander and Napoléon, harming neither monarch.

Berezovski fired once more, but his pistol blew up and shattered his arm. The wounded horse snorted in the direction of the coach and splattered both autocrats and the czar's sons with blood. Alexander remained almost motionless, his face without expression, his gaze fixed upon the would-be assassin, who was being dragged away by guards. The demonstrative Napoléon, on the other hand, seized the moment to prove his bravery. He stood up in the coach to display his blood-coated uniform, waving to the crowds, broadly smiling, as if he had just returned from a triumphant battlefield victory. He reveled in his survival, although Berezovski had no intent of killing the French monarch. Napoléon's face flushed red, his eyes danced and adrenaline laced his words as he turned grinning to Alexander and roared: "Sire! We have been under fire together!"

Alexander left Paris in disgust, privately condemning Napoléon for his grandstanding and apparent unconcern for his, the czar's, safety. The czar reasoned that attempts on his life would increase, but it was not until the mid-1870s that student groups in Russia began to embrace assassination as a political way of thought. By then many of Alexander's governors and ministers were being attacked. Many students plotted to murder the czar, but their failure finally prompted a schoolteacher and nihilist cell leader, Alexander Solevev, to attempt the murder himself.

Seen from the opposite side of the road, Alexander II (center, arms in air) is fatally wounded by a second bomb.

On April 14, 1879, Solevev, disguised in the uniform of an army officer, approached Alexander's coach and fired four shots at the czar before he was grabbed by a peasant and then clubbed to the ground. He swallowed poison capsules, but an antidote was given so that he could stand trial. Con-

The assassinated Alexander II, lying in state at the Winter Palace; his death did not alter the oppressive policies of the czars.

victed, Solevev was taken to a public gallows on May 28, 1879, and hanged before a large, silent throng. One of Solevev's young followers, Andre Zhelyabov, then organized an effective secret party, the People's Will, dedicated to the murder of the czar. They decided to use explosives to achieve their end.

Members of the group mined the harbor at Odessa, thinking to blow up the czar's yacht when it arrived on a visit, but this failed. Learning of Alexander's visit to Moscow, they dug a 150-foot tunnel beneath some railroad tracks outside of the city and, on November 18, 1879, set off a massive charge, but it blew up the wrong train. A large cache of dynamite was then secretly smuggled in small increments into the Winter Palace by Stepan Khalturin, a palace carpenter and a member of the People's Will. On February 17, 1880, at Zhelyabov's order, a timing device set off the massive explosion at 6:32 p.m., the time the family would be assembled in the Yellow Hall to have dinner. The explosion erupted beneath the Yellow Hall, shattering the French windows, flames belching outward. The floor of the dining room collapsed and the ceiling, walls and trappings were shredded.

The nihilists angrily discovered that Alexander and his entire family had escaped the explosion. Their religiously kept schedule had been interrupted by a late-arriving guest, Prince Alexander Hesse-Darmstadt, and the dinner had been delayed. Alexander and his family members were going toward the wing housing the Yellow Room when the explosion occurred, the corridor down which they strolled soon filling with smoke and fumes. Chandeliers collapsed and walls sagged. The lights of the great Winter Palace flickered and then went out. Two servants who had been setting the dinner table were blown to pieces and nineteen Finnish guards billeted in underground corridors were killed.

The explosion sapped the czar's resolve and drained his strength. He appeared to be on the verge of a nervous collapse. Everywhere in the Winter Palace, the czar discovered death threats, small notes left in his bathroom, in his clothes, on the desk of his study. He told ministers that he was resigned to a violent fate. Alexander then decided to recall his repressive measures, appointing as a chief minister the liberal-minded Count Michael Loris-Melikov. The Armenian-born Loris-Melikov re-established a free press, opened the schools, returned independence to local government and slackened censorship. Most important, he prepared legislation for Alexander that would give Russia a constitution that included representation in a parliamentary form where all classes could have an effective political voice.

In late February 1881, the czar's secret police finally tracked down three members of the People's Will, arresting them. One of those imprisoned was Zhelyabov and when the czar learned that his nemesis was in captivity, he was greatly relieved. He nevertheless planned to sign into law Loris-Melikov's constitution. Learning of this, Sophia Perovsky, Zhelyabov's lover,

The execution of the nihilists who murdered Alexander II on April 3, 1881, a mass hanging witnessed by 200,000 people; the condemned radicals wore placards (shown hanging from their necks) that labeled them "assassins."

resolved to kill the czar with a small group of associates, believing that if the constitution was signed, all the reasons for Alexander's murder would be nullified. She and a few others would throw bombs at the czar's sleigh-borne coaches (the streets were then thick with snow) while the czar was en route to sign the constitution, on March 13, 1881.

Perovsky and others positioned themselves on the street that ran along the Catherine Canal. At 1 p.m., when Alexander's coach approached the Kojushni Bridge, one of the assassins hurled a bomb that exploded behind the czar's coach. The explosion sent two Cossacks crashing with their horses to the ground, killing one. A boy carrying a bread basket was blown into a wall, mortally wounded. The czar's coach had been damaged, but Alexander stepped forth with only a slight cut on his hand. As he walked about to inspect those injured, another assassin threw a second bomb that landed at Alexander's feet. A terrific explosion crumpled the czar to the ground, shattering his legs, one almost severed at the thigh, and caused great jets of blood to spurt onto the snow.

Grand Duke Michael, the czar's brother, rushed to the scene, holding the czar and asked: "Alexander, can you hear me?" The czar, barely alive, weakly replied: "Yes, I hear you ... to the palace ... carry me to the palace ... to die there." There was little to be done for the dying czar. His family gathered about him. The mourners included Alexander's grandson, Nicholas, who would become Nicholas II, also marked for assassination as the last reigning Romanov. The czar died that day. Alexander III, the heir to the throne, gathered a small army of Cossacks and dashed into the streets of St. Petersburg, determined to hunt down the nihilists, but the four assassins responsible for the bombing were already in custody.

Alexander Ulyanov, a nihilist hanged in 1887, whose execution was witnessed by his younger brother, a youth later known as Lenin and who vowed to take revenge on the Romanovs.

Perovsky and three others, as well as Zhelyabov, were hanged on April 3, 1881, in Semenovsky Square before an estimated 200,000 people. Their execution all but destroyed the People's Will. A small splinter group was arrested in 1887 before they could murder Alexander III. Among this group, executed by the authorities, was Alexander Ulyanov, who shouted from the scaffold: "Long live the People's Will!" Watching him die was his 17-year-old brother Vladimir, who vowed retaliation against the Romanovs: "I swear I will avenge myself on them!" This boy would later be known as Vladimir Lenin.

DEATH FROM AN ANARCHIST'S HAND/ June 23, 1894

Like Russia, France experienced a wave of nihilist violence, but the bomb-throwers and assassins were called anarchists and came to prominence in the early 1890s. Anarchy was twin to nihilism in that its political goal was to eliminate all authority. It had no real programs except the utter destruction of governments and its leaders. It was the unfortunate fate of Marie Francois Sadi Carnot (1837-1894) to have been elected the fourth president of the Third French Republic (1887-1894) at a time when anarchy was at a high tide that would engulf his life.

President Carnot of France, slain in 1894 by a left-wing zealot.

A member of a distinguished Burgundian family from Limoges, Carnot began his career as an engineer. He became a member of the National Assembly (1871-1876), and was then elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies (1876-1880). As a moderate, President Carnot successfully weathered political storms, including the 1892 Panama Canal scandal. His tenure in office, however, was plagued by incessant violence, bombings and attempted assassinations on the part of anarchists, part of a wave of socialism and anarchism that swept through France in the early 1890s, bringing with it widespread death and destruction. Joining the anarchists were thousands of workers disgruntled with meager pay. On May Day 1891, every city in France saw massive protest marches that resulted in bloody clashes between police and workers.

The homes of prosecutors and judges who had sent anarchists to prison were bombed. Government officials were then targeted. A 31-year-old vagrant named Auguste Vaillant built a homemade bomb that he carried into the Chamber of Deputies in Paris on December 9, 1893. He stood in the upper public gallery and hurled his infernal machine, but a woman's arm misdirected his aim and the bomb exploded against a pillar, injuring several persons, but killing no one. Vaillant was later sent to the guillotine. Not all anarchists were unemployed working men. Emile Henry, a 22-year-old pacifist, who was well educated and came from a good family, worked for a clockmaker and through his apprenticeship learned how to make bombs (without the aid of his unwitting employer). Embracing anarchy, he went to the sprawling Terminus Hotel, visited by scores of political and business leaders, with the intent to kill as many of these foremost citizens as possible.

On February 20, 1894, Henry walked into the hotel's cafe and hurled a bomb that exploded in the crowd, killing one

person and wounding twenty more. He then ran from the scene, pulling a revolver and firing at gendarmes pursuing him. He stumbled, fell and was caught. Henry was sent to the guillotine on May 21, 1894. Reading of the young anarchist's execution was 20-year-old Santo Geronimo Caserio, Lombardy-born and a dedicated anarchist for two years. He vowed to take revenge for Henry's death by assassinating President Carnot.

Carnot had not been a target for the anarchists until a deranged youth named Perrin shot at him as he was traveling to a festival in Versailles. Perrin was judged insane and sent to an asylum, but news of his act, coupled with Henry's execution, further inspired Caserio to murder the president. He learned through newspapers that Carnot would officially open the Colonial Exposition in Lyon on June 24, 1894, and he traveled to Lyon a day ahead of the ceremony to stalk the president, who arrived late on June 23.

Anarchist Santo Caserio, who murdered President Carnot; he is shown in custody shortly after the murder wearing a restraining neck and waist yoke.

Caserio carried with him a six-inch knife he had purchased with wages he earned as a laborer. Hearing that Carnot would be riding in an open carriage near the Rue de République near the Palais de la Bourse, Caserio patiently mixed with the crowds waiting to greet the president. He soon saw Carnot sitting in a slow-moving landau, an open carriage that also transported several other dignitaries. Mounted Cuirassiers rode alongside the carriage as guards.

As Carnot's carriage came abreast of him, Caserio brushed aside several spectators and dashed into the street, carrying his knife wrapped in a newspaper. As he reached the carriage, he unsheathed the knife and threw the newspaper and sheath away. Gripping the side of the carriage with his left hand while leaning into the carriage and lunging forward, Caserio viciously thrust the blade of the knife deep into Carnot's stomach, just under the ribs. The other passengers were not fully aware of what had happened, first believing that Caserio was someone who was simply handing Carnot a petition. Only when Carnot pulled his hand away from his stomach to display fingers coated with blood did one of his aides ask: "What is wrong, Mr. President?"

"I'm wounded," Carnot gasped. He fell backward, his head resting on a cushion, his eyes closed. He was unconscious. Spectators swarmed about the stationary carriage. Dr. Antonin Poncet, professor of clinical surgery in Lyon, who had attended a banquet for Carnot only hours earlier, raced

President Carnot (below, shown in back seat of carriage), while his killer grasps his hand, is mortally stabbed by assassin Santo Caserio, June 23, 1894, in Lyon, France.

from the crowd and leaped into the landau as its driver wheeled it about and lashed the horses to a gallop, heading toward the Prefecture. En route, Dr. Poncet grabbed Carnot's icy hand and felt no pulse. He looked down to see that the knife Caserio had plunged into Carnot with such force, was still buried to the hilt in his stomach. Few in the festive throngs realized what had happened and were still cheering Carnot as his carriage swiftly passed them. Above, in the clear June sky, fireworks lit up the night to commemorate the opening of the exposition, making the scene all the more bizarre.

Meanwhile, the assassin almost made a perfect escape. After stabbing Carnot, Caserio had leaped from the landau and raced ahead of the slowing horses. He cut in front of the carriage, running across the street diagonally. The driver of the carriage heard the murderer shout: "*Vive l'Anarchie!*" Caserio then attempted to break through the heavy crowd on the other side of the street. Only a few suspected the young man in the grey suit as having committed a crime. A young girl tried to stop him by grabbing the sleeve of his coat. Caserio smashed his fist against her head, knocking her downward.

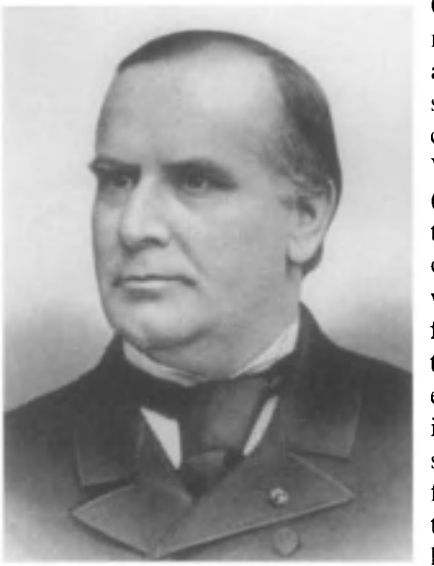
Albert Vizetelly, an English author, was shocked into action. He caught the reeling girl and in the next movement, swung his own fist on Caserio's jaw, stunning the killer. Others began to attack Caserio, thinking him to be a pickpocket, trying to escape police officers, who came running toward him. A police captain arrived and shouted to spectators: "Hold him! He's just assassinated the president!" When the crowd heard this, spectators rushed forward to avenge the popular leader, clubbing Caserio with their fists, kicking him, tearing at his clothes. He was a bloody mess when police officers finally wrested him from the throng, which now began to chant: "Death to the assassin! Death to the assassin!"

Carnot by then had been taken to the Prefecture where a half dozen physicians labored to save his life. The knife wound, however, proved to be fatal. The blade had perforated the liver and severed a main artery. The president momentarily revived to tell the doctors: "I thank you for what you have done for me." He died several hours later and the nation went into mourning. There was no thought of regret on the part of the assassin. From his prison cell, the unrepentant Caserio announced: "I am an anarchist and I have struck the head of state. I've done it as I would have killed any king or emperor, of no matter what nationality."

Caserio was tried at the Assize Court of the Rhone Department on August 2, 1894. His attorneys claimed that their client suffered from hereditary insanity and that he had been the unwitting instrument of manipulating anarchists. When hearing these pleas from his own lawyers, Caserio leaped to his feet in the courtroom and shouted: "That's not true!" In less than a half hour's deliberation, the jury returned a verdict of guilty without extenuating circumstances (insanity). Caserio was condemned to death. On August 16, 1894, the assassin, who had strutted and boasted before his prison guards, was found cowering in his cell when summoned to his execution. He trembled and quaked and went limp so that the guards had to drag him to a public square in Lyon. Thousands watched as he was placed beneath the blade of the waiting guillotine. He was then decapitated.

THE KILLING OF AN AFFABLE MAN/ September 6, 1901

The fanaticism for anarchy that gripped the mind of Santo Caserio and drove him to murder the president of France also obsessed an obscure young man in America named Leon Czolgosz (pronounced Cholgosh). He would duplicate Caserio's senseless murder and bring about the third assassination of an American president, that of William McKinley (1843-1901). The twenty-fifth president of the United States was an outgoing, affable man who loved to meet his constituents and liked nothing better than to shake hands with his followers, a friendly trait that was to invite his untimely death.



William McKinley, a personable and popular U.S. president.

Born in Niles, Ohio, on January 29, 1843, McKinley served with the Union during the Civil War. He practiced law in Canton, Ohio, from 1867 to 1877, then successfully ran for the House of Representatives (1877-1883, 1885-1891). He served as governor of Ohio (1892-1896) and was twice elected president of the U.S. (1896 and 1900). McKinley strengthened the U.S. as a world power by combating an oppressive Cuban regime in the 1898 Spanish-American War, which brought about the annexation of Hawaii, Wake Island and Samoa, as well as acquiring the territories of Cuba, Puerto Rico, Guam and the Philippines.

Leon Czolgosz, McKinley's assassin.

In early September 1901, McKinley was scheduled to appear at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York, an appearance that was widely advertised. On September 6, 1901, the president went to the exposition's Temple of Music and stood in the large auditorium, waiting to shake hands with the thousands who lined up in front of the temple that day. He was guarded by only three Secret Service agents commanded by George Foster. A squad of exposition police stood at the doorway to the Temple of Music and several Buffalo detectives mixed among the lines of spectators eager to shake the president's hand. One of these was Leon Czolgosz, a pale-faced youth who had only days before left

the Midwest, traveling to Buffalo for one purpose only—to murder McKinley.

Crowds outside the Temple of Music, waiting to see McKinley arrive at the Pan-American Exposition, September 6, 1901.

The 29-year-old Czolgosz (born in Detroit, Michigan, in 1873), was the fourth child of a laborer who moved his family through many Michigan towns in search of work. The Czolgosz family lived slightly above the poverty level. At twelve, Czolgosz's mother died while giving birth to her eighth child. He received little formal education and went to work as a teenager, laboring at a Cleveland, Ohio, wire mill. He was considered a hard-working employee, who lived quietly in a small boarding house. During his off hours, he avidly read books, magazines and newspapers having to do with anarchy. Through these vitriolic publications, Czolgosz developed an abiding hatred for the American system of government and came to believe that it was right to murder anyone branded an enemy of the people by anarchist leaders.

In 1898, Czolgosz had a nervous breakdown and had to quit his job at the mill. By that time, his father had acquired a small farm and had remarried. He went to live with his father, doing odd jobs at the farm. Much of his time was spent hunting or locking himself in his room to read anarchist publications. He became withdrawn and surly, often arguing with his stepmother. He learned that an anarchist, Gaetano Bresci, an immigrant Italian laborer working in New Jersey, had sailed to Italy and shot and killed King Humbert I on July 29, 1900. The report so excited Czolgosz that he could not sleep. When he did try to sleep, he dozed off clutching the thumb-worn stories of the Humbert assassination.

President McKinley arriving at Buffalo's Pan-American Exposition; this photo was taken an hour before his murder.

When he learned that McKinley would be attending the Buffalo exposition, Czolgosz decided that he would duplicate Bresci's violent act and kill the president. First, he traveled to Chicago, where he briefly visited with Emma Goldman, one of the leading anarchists of the day, but she found him "dim-witted" and so argumentative that she ordered him to leave her cluttered offices and never return. Czolgosz then traveled to Buffalo in July 1901, inspecting the exposition grounds. He returned to Cleveland briefly, then went back to Buffalo on August 31, 1901, where he rented a room above John Nowak's Saloon for $2 a week.

Czolgosz then bought a short-barreled .32-caliber Iver-Johnson revolver. This was a small weapon and Czolgosz could easily hide it in the palm of his large hand. He scouted the exposition and watched as McKinley arrived, hating the president's popularity with the people. The fact that McKinley was well-liked rankled the assassin. He later stated: "I didn't believe that one man should have so much service [attention] and another man should have none." Czolgosz had a plan. He would cover the hand holding the revolver with a handkerchief and fire the weapon through this, knowing that previous assassins had employed the same ruse. (The anarchist Caserio had murdered French President Carnot by hiding a knife under a newspaper.) He practiced this concealment as he sat in his room holding the weapon and covering his hand with the handkerchief, which he tied about his wrist. He knew he would have to draw the revolver and the handkerchief from his pocket

McKinley (center) is shown inside the Temple of Music, shortly before crowds were admitted.

Assassin Czolgosz, a handkerchief hiding his pistol, slaps away McKinley's right hand, firing two shots.

while he waited in a receiving line to see McKinley and he made sure that he could perform this act without the gun being seen.

On the morning of September 6, 1901, Czolgosz arrived early at the exposition so that he could be near the head of the line. He stood passively with the loaded revolver in his pocket and began to shuffle forward with the rest of the crowd. He heard a band begin to play the national anthem. Cheers suddenly erupted around the Temple of Music when McKinley entered the building. The president walked into the large auditorium to a corner where a dais stood, and, with Secret Service agent Foster standing nearby, and two aides on either side, smiled and nodded, saying: "Let them come."

The crowds filed into the temple and McKinley eagerly began shaking hands. In the line walking forward—his face expressionless, his eyes holding a dull gaze—was Czolgosz. As he neared the president, he drew the revolver and the handkerchief without exposing the weapon and raised his covered hand repeatedly to his forehead, pretending to wipe away sweat on this hot day. Foster and other guards who were scanning the crowds saw Czolgosz come forward and thought that his hand was injured, dismissing the presence of the handkerchief as nothing more than a makeshift bandage.

Czolgosz is shown behind bars an hour after he shot McKinley, his head bandaged from wounds received from irate spectators; he never expressed remorse for his crime.

Czolgosz reached the president precisely at 4:07 p.m., at which time an organ was playing a Bach sonata. McKinley, believing that the tall, dark-haired young man before him had injured his right hand, reached for Czolgosz's left hand. In a startling second, Czolgosz slapped McKinley's hand away, aimed the revolver at the president's midsection, and fired two shots only inches away from his victim. A small cloud of smoke drifted about the two men and smoke steamed from the two holes in the handkerchief made by the bullets. One of the bullets had tunneled through McKinley's abdomen, a fatal wound.

The expression on the face of the wounded president was one of astonishment. As McKinley clutched his abdomen, a half dozen police agents and Secret Service men pounced on Czolgosz and knocked him to the floor. He was dragged to the center of the auditorium, men kicking and punching him. McKinley, who was by then being helped to a nearby chair as the crowds were cleared from the auditorium, kept his eyes on the assassin and said weakly to an aide: "Don't let them hurt him. Be easy with him, boys." He looked down to see blood coating his hand. George Cortelyou, his secretary, stood over him, fanning him. The president looked up at Cortelyou and whispered: "My wife, be careful, Cortelyou, how you tell her—oh, be careful!"

A motorized ambulance arrived with clanging bells before the temple. A half dozen white-jacketed men ran inside with a litter and reappeared shortly, bearing McKinley to the ambulance. The president's face was ashen and he held his abdomen, showing little sign of life. The immense crowd groaned as one when spectators realized that McKinley had been shot. McKinley was taken to a small clinic on the exposition grounds where Dr. Matthew D. Mann, a prominent Buffalo surgeon, inspected the president. He discovered that one bullet had simply grazed McKinley's ribs, but a second bullet had ploughed through his stomach, lacerating both front and back walls.

The clinic had no electricity and when the sunlight began to fail a small light bulb was rigged and held above Dr. Mann and other physicians while they worked on the president. Dr. Mann cleaned the peritoneal cavity and sutured the holes in the stomach left by the bullet. The wound was then closed and covered with an antiseptic bandage. McKinley was then taken to the Buffalo home of John G. Milburn, a friend, to recuperate. At first, it seemed as if the president would recover, but physicians neglected the development of gangrene and were indecisive about conducting another surgery. Many argued that McKinley was too weak to undergo a second operation.

On September 13, 1901, McKinley lapsed into a coma. He revived briefly to say to his wife, aides and doctors: "It is useless, gentlemen. I think we ought to have a prayer." The Lord's Prayer was recited with McKinley moving his lips silently to the words. He then said: "Goodbye, goodbye, all. It's God's way. His will, not ours, be done." He then drew his wife close and whispered the words of his favorite hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee." He held his wife's hand for some time and when she was led away weeping, McKinley reached out for her, his eyesight now dimmed, as if he were a child groping in darkness. A physician took the president's limp hand, holding it until he died at 2:15 a.m., September 14, 1901.

Meanwhile, McKinley's killer waited in jail. He had no regrets, coldly telling reporters: "I killed President McKinley

The dying McKinley is consoled by his wife, telling her that his death was "God's will"; physicians neglected to treat gangrene in his wound, which brought about his demise.

because I believed it to be my duty." He was tried in Buffalo on September 23, 1901, before Judge Truman C. White. He appeared dazed throughout his trial, but he never failed to mention that he was an advocate of anarchy and that he followed the teachings of Emma Goldman. The anarchist leader was interviewed in Chicago. She labeled Czolgosz a fool, but in her remarks she showed no remorse for McKinley's murder, stating: "Suppose the president is dead. Thousands die daily and are unwept. Why should any fuss be made about this man?"

Goldman herself was first suspected of orchestrating the assassination. She was arrested on September 10, 1901, along with hundreds of other anarchists. From her prison cell, Goldman issued a statement that disavowed her association with the killer: "Anarchism did not teach men to do the act for which Czolgosz is under arrest. We work against the system and education is our watchword." She and others were later released, but Goldman's reputation was badly damaged by Czolgosz when she attempted to mount support for the murderer. Finding none, she left Chicago, moving to New York, where she later worked as a nurse in tenement hospitals under the alias of Miss E. G. Smith.

October 29, 1901: Czolgosz's execution by electric chair two months after he killed McKinley; the first U.S. electrocution occurred in 1890 at the same prison.

During his trial, Czolgosz took the witness stand to say that he was a follower of Emma Goldman, but that she had nothing to do with his act. "There was no one else but me," he emphasized. "No one told me to do it." Found guilty and sentenced to death, Czolgosz was taken to Auburn Prison in New York. He sat down in the electric chair at 7 a.m., on October 29, 1901. He wore a neatly pressed suit, soft collar and black tie. He had spent some time polishing his shoes to a high gloss (as had been the case with Charles Guiteau before his execution for murdering President Garfield). As the straps to his forehead, arms and legs were applied, Czolgosz was asked in front of many witnesses if he had anything to say. "I am not sorry for my crime." He then added, speaking with difficulty under the chin strap: "I am awfully sorry that I could not see my father." The current was thrown and the assassin was pronounced dead at 7:17 a.m.

THE NATIONALIST ASSASSINS

Czolgosz's irrational murder of the beloved McKinley not only embarrassed anarchist leader Emma Goldman and her ardent followers, but anarchism itself, because of this senseless crime, fell from favor among the most left-leaning political dissidents. By the turn of the 20th century, anarchy gave way to fierce nationalism, particularly in Europe and specifically in the Balkans, where, in Serbia, a group of right-wing militarists (known as the Black Hand Society—no relationship to the Italian extortionist groups) would sow the seeds of war.

A BALKAN INTRIGUE/June 10-11, 1903

The murder of the last Obrenovic ruler of Serbia by officers of his own army was marked by merciless barbarity and heralded a series of European regicides that ultimately led to World War I. When Alexander I (1876-1903) and his morganatic wife, Queen Draga, were hunted down and slaughtered like wild animals in their own Belgrade palace, the assassinations sent shock waves through every throne room on the continent. The killings were fat with Balkan intrigue, bizarre characters and the kind of swashbuckling adventures usually found in the novels of Anthony Hope and P. C. Wren. Hot political passion mixed with no little alcohol flowed in the veins of the assassins on the night of June 10-11, 1903. Even though their bloody act appeared to be wildly impetuous, these murders had been planned years earlier.

Alexander I, the last Obrenovic king of Serbia, shown shortly after assuming the throne; his obsession with all things Russian caused his murder.

The Obrenovic dynasty was a fragile one from the beginning when founded in 1815 by Prince Milos and pronounced by a succession of dissolute rulers whose reigns were interrupted by usurping kings from the rival Karageorgevic dynasty. The Obrenovic monarchs were typified by King Milan, who cared little about Serbia or his people and lived only for pleasure. He married a ravishing, odalisque Russian woman, Nathalie Keshko, who hated him and went to the altar in marriage with King Milan only because her father had ordered her to do so. They had a son, Alexander, who, like his father, was raised in foreign capitals. His mother used any excuse to distance herself from her husband, a monarch who kept many mistresses.

Milan slowly bankrupted Serbia through his own costly pleasures and in military misadventures. He led an army into Bulgaria and was soundly thrashed, returning in disgrace in 1886. He was forced to abdicate in favor of his small son, Alexander, who ruled through three regents, while his mother lived in luxurious exile in Biarritz. Milan also lived in exile and the two ousted monarchs drained the Serbian treasury with their extravagant lifestyles.

Alexander was greatly influenced by his military bodyguards and spouted their nationalist credos as he came to maturity. He derided the liberal government his father had installed before leaving the country and, on his seventeenth birthday, he assembled all of his ministers and regents and promptly fired them, telling them that they were his prisoners in the palace and would be released only if they agreed to recognize his total authority. When they protested, the palace hall was suddenly filled with soldiers leveling bayonets at them. Alexander departed, riding on horseback to one army regiment after another around Belgrade, getting his troops to swear loyalty only to him as the new king.

The next day, Alexander replaced all members of the parliament with radical nationalists. He stated that Serbia would reestablish itself as a strong and independent nation. No such thing occurred. Alexander, like his forebears, soon ignored his country's welfare, spent lavishly, and imposed a dictatorial regime upon his nation. He angered his own military supporters by emulating everything Russian, influenced greatly by his Russian mother. To the rage of the Serbian officer class, he married a Russian, Draga Mashin, one of his mother's ladies-in-waiting. "I am king and I can marry anyone I please," Alexander announced to his critics.

The Serbian people came to dislike their monarch and hate Queen Draga, who represented all that was Russian. She was a morganatic monarch in that she was queen in name only and had no blood ties to the Obrenovic dynasty. Many came to believe the Obrenovics were finished in that Alexander was rumored to be impotent and Draga barren. There would be no heirs, the scandal mongers insisted. Through Alexander's spendthrift ways the economy of Serbia was soon on the brink of collapse. Alexander then told his ministers that he would be naming his wife's brother Nikodiye heir to his throne. When they protested, the king exploded, shouting: "I am king and I can do as I please!" Queen Draga added: "The king's will is supreme."

At this news, riots broke out and the government almost came to a standstill. It was widely believed by a cadre of young Serbian army officers that Alexander intended to place his country under the authority of Nicholas II, czar of Russia. Many of these officers had come to hate the man they had put on the throne. Alexander had neglected the army financially and politically since marrying Draga. In response to Alexander's growing indifference to his only base of support, a group of officers, headed by Captain Dragutin Dimitrijevic, formed a secret nationalistic organization called *Ukendinjenje ili Smrt* (later to be known as *Narodna Odbrana* and the Black Hand Society). They planned to rid Serbia of the wastrel Obrenovics and reinstate the Karageorgevic monarchy. To this end, several members of the society contacted Peter Karageorgevic in Switzerland, where he was living in exile, and asked him if he would accept the

throne "should events occur" to make such a succession possible. Peter agreed, but he had no idea—at least he and others later claimed—what the Serbian officers meant by "should events occur."

Alexander I and his newly married consort, the Russian-born Queen Draga, a union violently opposed by the Serbian military.

The military clique numbered about 150 young officers led by Dimitrijevic, a giant of a man with grotesque, dark features. Their opportunity came when Alexander rigged the general elections in May 1903. On the balmy, Wednesday evening of June 10, 1903, Alexander and Draga sat on the royal balcony in their Belgrade palace, listening to a band serenade them from the gardens below. At that same time, Dimitrijevic gathered the officers of his secret society, getting these men fairly drunk in pubs located near the palace. Within a few hours, the half-drunken officers resolved to invade the palace and execute the Obrenovics.

An officer of the king's guard turned over the keys to the palace gates to Captain Dimitrijevic. The group of usurping officers rushed inside the Konac Palace, pistols drawn. Captain Panayotovic, in charge of the king's personal guard, was sprawled unconscious on a sofa, his wine having been drugged. He regained consciousness just as the intruders barged into the main hall. He drew his pistol and charged at the insurgents, firing. He was shot down, along with several soldiers still loyal to Alexander. The iron doors leading to the inner palace were, however, bolted from within. Dimitrijevic had anticipated this barrier and had brought along a large amount of dynamite. The doors were blown down, the explosion knocking out the electricity in the palace.

Alexander and Draga by then realized that a coup was in process. They frantically called for their servants and guards, but got no response. Terrified, they secreted themselves in a hidden dressing room leading from the queen's bedroom suite. Meanwhile, Dimitrijevic and forty other officers rushed into the inner palace, groping in the dark, unsure of their footing. They encountered Captain Milkovic, who drew his pistol and fired at him. He was shot down. Finding the grand staircase to the monarchs' suites, the interlopers began to run up the large marble stairs. At the head of the stairs stood a lone guardsman, Lieutenant Lavar Petrovic, one of the king's most loyal aides.

Petrovic held a pistol in one hand and a saber in another. Dimitrijevic and his men came to a halt, staring upward at the man, who, when ordered to step aside, refused. The usurpers hesitated to kill Petrovic, knowing him to be brave and honorable. "Step aside, lieutenant," Dimitrijevic called out to him, "so that justice can be done and Serbia saved!" Petrovic shouted: "You're all traitors! Get back! Back!" He then valiantly advanced alone down the stairs toward them, firing his pistol and lashing out with his sword. A dozen pistols barked in the hands of the conspirators and Petrovic collapsed dead, rolling down the stairs.

Outside the palace all was pandemonium. Police arrived to disperse the mobs of frenzied people who, when hearing the explosion that blew down the inner doors of the palace, believed that anarchists had blown up the royal residence. Policemen fired into the dense crowds. Members in the crowds fired back and several policemen were shot down. Chaos was quelled with the arrival of the Seventh Regiment. Its commander ordered his troops to keep the peace and told police authorities that he and his men had arrived to put down a coup and that they would secure the palace and save the monarchs. This was a lie. The troops were loyal to the conspirators and they quickly surrounded the palace in order to allow the insurgents to perform their bloody work.

Queen Draga of Serbia, shown in her royal regalia (patterned after the empress of Russia), who persuaded Alexander I to embrace Russian policies, causing Serbian officers to plan their murders.

Inside the palace, Dimitrijevic and his men were beginning to panic. Without light, it seemed im-

Queen Draga's suite in the Belgrade Palace, where enraged Black Hand Society officers wrecked the furniture in their desperate search for the royal couple.

possible to locate their victims. They ran throughout the palace in their desperate search for Alexander and Draga, combing the cavernous cellars, racing through the ornate halls and crashing through locked doors of bedrooms they found empty. Someone went to look for candles as the exhausted officers sat down in the throne room, waiting for light. The entire plot had turned into a lurid melodrama, a bizarre Balkan opera. At last, candles were located and the officers, flickering tapers held high, went slowly through the labyrinthine chambers of the upper floor, seeking the queen's suite.

When the officers did discover Draga's chamber, they found nothing. For ninety minutes they tapped on walls and stomped on floors, looking for secret panels or trapdoors. An elderly servant was brought into the suite and told that if he did not reveal the place where Alexander and Draga were hiding he would be killed. He pointed a quaking finger to the wall where the queen's secret dressing closet was located. The closet had no handle and could only be opened from behind a seam of wallpaper to slip the latch. Several officers with axes began to chop at the wall. Trapped inside the closet and now frightened at being discovered, Alexander and Draga, who up till then had remained silent, opened a small window of the closet that faced Milan Street and began to shout for help. Captain Kostic, an officer in the street heard them, but he was one of the conspirators. He drew a pistol and fired at them, his bullet almost striking the king.

Having failed to find the secret chamber, the officers waited. Dimitrijevic slumped to the floor of the queen's suite, mumbling "utter failure." He placed the muzzle of his pistol in his mouth. The coup was about to collapse, or so Dimitrijevic suspected and he did not intend to face a firing squad. Just before he pulled the trigger, Dimitrijevic saw Captain Kostic arrive. He pointed out the area where the closet was located. Before the closet door was split wide by the ax-wielding officers, it slowly opened and Alexander and Draga appeared. The officers, holding their candles high, lowered their pistols and shrank back into the darkness.

Alexander stood before them in plain trousers and a red silk shirt. Draga, who had been naked when the couple took flight, wore only a petticoat, white silk stays and one yellow stocking. What happened next was much debated later. An officer reportedly stepped forth and told Alexander to abdicate immediately because he had "dishonored the throne by wedding a public prostitute [Draga]." Alexander then produced a pistol and shot the officer dead. Another story held that Alexander and Draga simply pleaded for their lives, promising to leave the country if spared.

Dimitrijevic did not negotiate. He stepped forward and fired point blank at the two monarchs. His men then hacked the bodies to pieces with their swords. The bodies were then thrown from the main balcony to the gardens below while Dimitrijevic and his men shouted: "Long live Peter Karageorgevic, king of Serbia!" Before leaving the palace, the usurpers wrecked the queen's chamber, slashing the imported Arabian carpet, smashing the ornate bookcases and tables and chairs, then looting Draga's jewelry before stumbling back to the pubs to celebrate their "victory." More than fifty persons, mostly palace guards, had been murdered during the assassinations, including two of Draga's brothers.

At dawn, with a light rain falling, passersby on King Milan Street viewed the gruesome remains of the monarchs, whose bodies had been purposely left in the open as a symbol of the successful coup. The Russian ambassador, who had spotted the bodies (which had been stripped naked) from his nearby residence, convinced guards to remove the corpses. They were hosed down, wrapped in sheets and then carried into the palace. A physician conducting a post mortem on the corpses, noted that Alexander had received more than thirty wounds and Draga twice that number. Currying favor with the new regime, the doctor removed and examined Alexander's brain. Without any real evidence from his gruesome findings, he reported that the monarch had been "completely mad." The bodies were then placed in plain boxes reserved for murderers, suicides and smallpox victims and taken to St. Mark's Cemetery for burial in common graves.

Queen Draga's secret dressing room, where Alexander I and Queen Draga hid from their assassins; their naked bodies were thrown from a window in this room.

The officers involved in the assassinations awarded them-

selves handsome payments for having killed their sovereigns, and most were elevated to higher rank when Peter Karageorgevic returned from exile in Geneva to be sworn in as Peter I. Dragutin Dimitrijevic, who had planned the regicides, was named chief of intelligence of the Serbian general staff and would later rise to the rank of general. He would go on to become known in the inner circles of the nationalist movements as Europe's master assassin (using the code name "Colonel Apis"). He was responsible for dozens of assassination attempts, including the killing of Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo at the hands of a Serbian zealot into whose hands Dimitrijevic had placed a pistol and a bomb.

FLOWERS AND BLOOD/February 1, 1908

King Carlos I, the profligate monarch of Portugal, murdered in 1908.

Like Serbia, Portugal had long endured a profligate king, Carlos I (1863-1908), an expansive fun-loving monarch who indulged himself in almost every extravagance and in the process ignored the real needs of his country. He allowed a venal, utterly corrupt government to flagrantly loot the national treasury, increase impossible taxes and mock the very laws it was supposed to enforce. Financial speculation, bribery and outright theft marked Carlos' administration. Carlos was oblivious to such corruption, spending millions on his palaces, expensive global tours and lavish fetes. By 1907, open revolution was in the offing and the king momentarily came to his senses, realizing that the Cortes (parliament) was out of control.

To appease the great unrest and to pacify the veiled threats of those in the military, especially retired soldiers, Carlos appointed 52-year-old Joao Franco as prime minister. He was to root out corruption and set the government in order. He did just the opposite. As leader of the Regenerator Party, Franco became (like his namesake in Spain thirty years later) a virtual dictator. He gave himself an astronomical salary while canceling an enormous debt owed by the king to his own country.

Franco incensed nationalists by suppressing all political groups, arresting so many dissidents that the state prisons and the Caxias Fortress were bursting with prisoners. A popular Republican uprising was mercilessly crushed by Franco's troops in Oporto, but this only increased opposition to Carlos' reign. There was talk of revolution and assassination everywhere. Carlos nevertheless signed into law all of Franco's repressive measures and continued to ride about Lisbon in his open carriage, where he was met by stony silence from angry inhabitants.

Crown Prince Luis, who was also killed in the 1908 attack in Lisbon.

Indifferent to the massive hostility his policies had created, Franco heard often that he himself was marked for assassination. "Attempts at murder prove nothing," he snorted. "Suppose I am assassinated. What does that prove against my ideas?" To a group of Republican extremists, who were members of the Carbonari (a secret nationalist society not unlike the Black Hand Society of Serbia) assassination would release Portugal from the grip of a tyrannical prime minister and an unwanted king.

This group was led by 30-year-old Manuel Buica, a schoolteacher and an ex-sergeant of the 7th Cavalry. Buica, a widower with a seven-year-old daughter, was an expert rifleman who had won prizes for his marksmanship from the hands of the king. His motives for forming the assassination plot were never made clear, except that he was a dedicated nationalist wanting Portugal to regain its power and prestige of old. He was joined in his plot by several craftsmen, the most notable being Alfredo Costa, an ironmonger and editor of a small nationalist newspaper.

The assassins made plans to shoot King Carlos on February 1, 1908, when his cortege returned from a country estate and his carriage entered the largest square in Lisbon, the Praca.

Crowds mill about in Lisbon's Praca do Commercio, where King Carlos and his son, Prince Luis, were shot to death.

Assassins kill King Carlos I and Prince Luis while Queen Marie Amélie pummels an attacker with a bouquet of flowers.

King Carlos and Queen Marie Amélie were riding that day in a large open carriage drawn by four horses. Accompanying them were their two grown sons, Prince Luis and Prince Manoel. The carriage moved slowly along a two-mile trip to the Necessidades Palace. Thousands of citizens lined the route, standing in strange silence. Only a few spectators waved or cheered.

The assassins, perhaps as many as ten (the number was never determined), waited beneath the huge arches at the Rue do Arsenal, which faced the Praca. When the king's carriage rolled into the square, Costa raced from beneath an arch, a revolver in his hand, slamming through the crowds and jumping onto the footrest of the carriage. As he did so, Carlos began to stand up inside the carriage. Costa shot him point blank in the neck.

The queen's shrieks of horror could be heard throughout the square. As Carlos collapsed onto the floor of the carriage, the queen began to beat the assassin with a large bouquet of camelias and violets she had been given upon her return to the city. The carriage began to race forward, Costa clinging to it, managing to fire a second shot that struck the king in the back. Police by then had grabbed the killer, who was thrown to the ground. Costa fired a third shot that went wild and the police shot him to death.

Inside the racing carriage, the hysterical queen screamed as she reached for Carlos, now slumped on the floor, blood gushing from his wounds, dying. His two sons had drawn their revolvers just as Buica then leaped forward, firing a rifle twice, the two bullets striking Crown Prince Luis in the head and chest, instantly killing him. Prince Manoel fired his revolver four times at Buica at almost the same moment, striking the assassin in the arm. Buica still managed to fire another shot from his rifle, wounding Prince Manoel. All of the males of the royal family were either dead or wounded, lying inside the fast-moving carriage, its frightened horses stampeding. The queen bravely stood in the carriage, shielding the bodies of her husband and sons.

Carriages behind the royal coach rushed forward and guard officers jumped from these, attempting to protect the monarchs by running alongside the royal carriage with drawn revolvers and sabers. A lady-in-waiting raced from one of the following carriages and jumped into the royal coach to help the queen. The queen shouted to the young woman: "Go away! Go away! I don't want you to be killed, too!" Other assassins had also fired at the fleeing carriage. It was struck by twelve more bullets as it left the Praca, racing down the Rue do Arsenal, its bloody passengers—the royal house of Braganza—covered with the petals of the flowers the queen had broken over Costa's head.

Buica, the mastermind of the assassination, attempted to flee through the crowd at the Praca, but he was grabbed by a soldier, Alvaro Siloa Valente, who held the assassin by the throat while one of the king's aides, Captain Carlos Figueiro, raced forward, drawing his sword and striking Buica with it. As he fell under these blows, Buica squeezed off two more shots from his rifle, wounding Figueiro in the leg and Valente in the thigh. A policeman ran forward and shot Buica twice, but the die-hard assassin struggled with the officer for his revolver, biting the policeman on the hand so hard that he drew blood. Figueiro then began hacking away at Buica with his sword until the assassin fell mortally wounded to the ground. He died a few hours later.

The driver of the royal coach had been wounded by one of the shots fired by the assassins in the crowd, but he managed to bring the carriage to the Medical Hall, where King Carlos and Prince Luis were taken inside. Both were placed on mattresses and within minutes were pronounced dead. The queen and her surviving son, Prince Manoel, were taken to the nearby Weighing House where they were heavily guarded. Queen Mother Maria Pia appeared to mourn the loss of her son and grandson, later lashing out at Franco for having created conditions that brought about the assassinations. Franco himself had escaped death by declining to accompany the royal family that day.

In returning to the palace along the very route where the assassinations earlier occurred that day, the dead king Carlos and his son, Prince Luis, presented a macabre picture. The bodies had been propped up in the open carriage, held in position by guards, as if to declare that the dead King Carlos was still in authority. The royal carriage and its morbid contents and several coaches following it traveled back through the Praca, a gruesome parade that was witnessed by thousands of startled citizens. Prince Manoel was named king, but his power and position would soon wane when nationalism swept a strong Republic into existence. The once powerful dictator Franco resigned his position four days after the assassinations and left Portugal in exile, living out his life in Italy.

DEATH OF AN ARCHDUKE/June 28, 1914

Fierce nationalism in Europe was unintentionally nurtured by the doddering Austro-Hungarian empire, which had for centuries been ruled by the Hapsburgs. At the turn of the 20th Century, Emperor Francis Joseph was still in power, his autocratic fist controlling a vast domain of many nations and peoples, of many tongues and cultures. In addition to Austria, the empire spread through Hungary and included all the southern Slavs. Among these mixed and contentious nationalities were the Serbs and Croats in Bosnia and Herzegovina, southern Slavic provinces under the domination of Austria.

By 1914, Bosnia was a hotbed of radicals and would-be assassins led mostly by a Serbian secret organization known as the Black Hand Society. This shadowy organization was headed by the dedicated Serbian nationalist, Dragutin Dimitrijevic, chief of intelligence of the Serbian general staff, who used the code name "Colonel Apis." He was behind the assassinations of many European monarchs and was personally responsible for leading the slaughterhouse assassination of King Alexander I (Obrenovic) and Queen Draga in 1903. He and his conspirators had long been planning to rid Serbia of Austrian control through the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand.

The autocratic Archduke Francis Ferdinand, whose assassination in 1914 prompted World War I.

Son of Archduke Charles Louis and nephew of the mighty

Emperor Francis Joseph, Francis Ferdinand (Francis Ferdinand von Osterreich-Este, 1863-1914) was the heir apparent to the Austro-Hungarian empire. He typified the unyielding autocrats of his era. This elegant, imperial Hapsburg prince came in line for the succession to the throne in 1896. His uncle, Francis Joseph, had ruled the empire since 1848. He had no son and his brother, Maximilian von Hapsburg, had attempted to rule Mexico and was executed by revolutionaries under Benito Juarez at Querétaro in 1867. Next in line for Francis Joseph's throne was Archduke Charles Louis, a Jesuit-trained religious zealot who traveled to Jerusalem and there, against the advice of aides, insisted upon drinking tainted water from the Jordan River. He promptly died of typhoid, and his son, Francis Ferdinand, became the heir apparent.

As a child, the archduke was trained by tutors in the concepts of ruling by divine right and he was highly influenced at an early age by military instructors. At the age of fourteen he was commissioned a lieutenant in the Austrian army. At the age of twenty-eight, Francis Ferdinand was a major-general. He toured the world and wrote a book about his travels. An avid hunter, he prided himself on shooting a thousand stags by the age of thirty-three, five thousand by the age of forty-six.

Archduke Francis Ferdinand (top right, in plumed hat) and his morganatic wife, Sophie, are shown arriving in Sarajevo, only a few hours before their assassinations while driving in the open touring car they are about to enter.

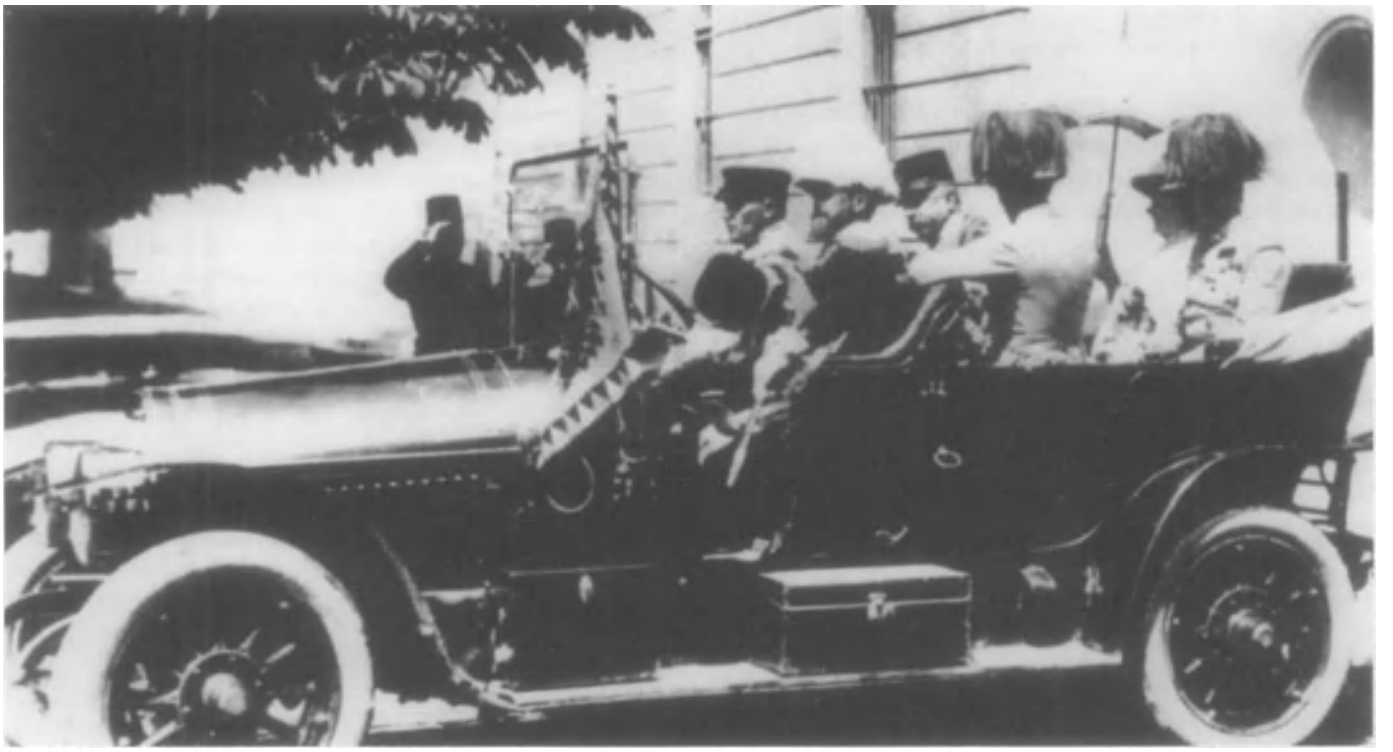
In 1900, the archduke fell in love with Countess Sophie Chotek von Chotkova, the daughter of an obscure Czech noble. She was a lady-in-waiting to Princess Isabella, cousin of Francis Ferdinand. She was not a suitable wife for the archduke, the emperor told his nephew, and he forbade the marriage. The headstrong Francis Ferdinand defied the emperor, insisting that he be allowed to marry the woman he loved. Francis Joseph finally relented, but only on the condition that the archduke would be the last of his line to inherit the Austrian monarchy. Francis Ferdinand agreed, renouncing the right of his children to inherit the throne. Three children produced by the marriage had no rank in the monarchy, nor did his wife. Sophie would be without status, a morganatic spouse.

As such, the noble house of Hapsburg shunned and mistreated this poor woman. She was snubbed and humiliated through royal court procedures. She could not sit in any royal carriage with her husband, nor could she sit in any royal theater box occupied by the archduke. At royal balls and other official court events, she could not accompany her husband in any procession, but was compelled to walk discreetly behind the lowest-ranked Hapsburg princess. This treatment of his wife embittered Francis Ferdinand. His disposition had already turned sour after he contracted pulmonary tuberculosis while in his twenties. At that time, his death was predicted. He nevertheless survived, but was thereafter subject to violent fits of temper. Some court officials whispered that the archduke had gone insane because of this crippling disease, but no such condition really existed.

In addition to being a pronounced religious bigot and a virulent anti-Semite, Francis Ferdinand disliked and denounced the Serbians, considering them to be part of a hostile Magyar race bent on the destruction of the Hapsburgs. Where the Serbian nationalists sought to unify all of the southern Slavic provinces in a large national Slavic state, Francis Ferdinand, as well as his iron-willed uncle, Emperor Francis Joseph, were determined to subdue these unruly provinces. Opposition to the empire chiefly stemmed from the defiant country of Serbia, the Hapsburgs knew, and they seriously considered invading this small nation to bring it into the obedient fold of their empire.

At first, Francis Ferdinand displayed an appeasing posture toward the Serbo-Croatian movement for Slavic unification. He spoke about these countries and the southern Slavic provinces having the kind of autonomous governments as did Hungary, separate from direct Austrian control, but nevertheless under Austria's domination. The Serbs defiantly rejected such ideas and spread their nationalistic views to Austrian Slavic states. In response, Francis Ferdinand grew more and more reactionary.

The Serbs grew in power in 1912-1913, when, after two bloody but brief Balkan wars, the Turks were driven from the area. Bosnia became the center of anti-Austrian movements. The chief revolutionary leader at that time was Luka Jucic. One of his proteges was Gavrilo Princip, a youth with ardent beliefs in Slavic nationalism. It was this idealistic youth, who,



Francis Ferdinand and wife Sophie sitting in the back seat of the touring car that would take them through Sarajevo, where they survived the first attack, a bombing.

with three bullets, would bring an end to the Hapsburg dynasty and hurl Europe into a cataclysmic war.

In 1913, nationalists increased their demonstrations, published anti-Austrian newspapers and sabotaged Austrian military operations. Retaliation was swift. Austrian officials, police and military units suppressed all political gatherings in Croatia and Herzegovina. In Bosnia, nationalists were tracked down in the streets and thrown into cells without official charges. This incensed the most zealous in their ranks, who then began to plan the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand when he arrived in Sarajevo, Bosnia, on June 28, 1914, after overseeing maneuvers of the Austrian army.

Francis Ferdinand looked forward to appearing in Sarajevo, because it would give him the chance to have his wife appear as his equal, riding with him in an open car at his side. The imperial court restrictions against her did not hold in Bosnia. Once she appeared in Bosnia with the archduke, she would be recognized as a member of the royal household, at least on this visit. There were dangers in Sarajevo and Francis Ferdinand knew it. On June 3, 1911, when the ancient Emperor Francis Joseph arrived in Sarajevo on a state visit, Bogdan Zeradjic, the 23-year-old son of a Serbian peasant, was waiting to kill him.

Zeradjic had obtained a revolver provided by the insidious Colonel Apis (Dragutin Dimitrijevic), chief of the Black Hand Society. He was hiding behind a pillar when the emperor's car passed and aimed the revolver at Francis Joseph, but he could not bring himself to fire. Cursing himself for failing to murder the monarch, Zeradjic thought to redeem himself by barging into the offices of General Marijan Varesanin, the oppressive Hapsburg governor. He shot the general five times before shouting: "I leave my revenge to Serbdom!" He then sent the sixth bullet into his own head, killing himself. General Varesanin survived his wounds and his would-be assassin was dumped into an unmarked grave.

Gavrilo Princip vowed to take that revenge himself. The son of a peasant, he grew up as a shepherd, but his strong-willed mother insisted that he receive a proper education and he was sent to school at Grahovo. He later attended a merchant school to become a businessman and trader. He attempted to enlist in the Serbian army to fight the Turks, but was rejected as being too small and weak. He moved to Belgrade and lived hand-to-mouth, along with a number of other youthful nationalists, including the son of a cafe owner, who provided him with board. The son, 19-year-old Nedeliko Cabrinovic, along with Trifko Grabez, united with Princip in his ambition to kill Francis Ferdinand when he arrived in Sarajevo.

Gavrilo Princip, who killed Francis Ferdinand and his wife, Sophie.

The three youths then began to search for weapons. A friend introduced them to Colonel Dragutin Dimitrijevic, the notorious Colonel Apis, who headed the Black Hand Society. Dimitrijevic listened to the youths as they outlined their rash murder plan. At first, he dis-

missed the idea of using these young men as his implement of assassination, but Dimitrijevic was a realist. He had tried many times to arrange assassinations of the archduke and the Austrian emperor, but such plans had always met with failure.

Dimitrijevic provided the youths with Browning revolvers and ammunition. He also gave them six bombs and some cyanide capsules that they were to swallow after killing the archduke, in the event they faced capture. Dimitrijevic confided to a friend that he had no expectations that the youths would be successful. "Why then are you entrusting such an important mission to a group of untrained boys?" Replied Dimitrijevic: "They are novices, certainly, but there is an outright chance that they just might blunder into a success. We might as well give them a try at it as any other." No one was more surprised than Dimitrijevic to learn a short time later that Princip, a nonentity, had achieved what every assassin in Bosnia had waited a lifetime to do, murder the heir to the Hapsburg throne.

Three conspirators who plotted the murder of Francis Ferdinand: Nedeliko Cabrinovic, who threw the bomb at Sarajevo, Black Hand Society member Milan Ciganovic and Gavrilo Princip, who shot the royal couple.

Princip, Cabrinovic and Grabez spent the next week practicing with the Browning revolvers, target shooting at dusk in the Kosutujak Park in Belgrade when no one was about. They practiced shooting while standing still and then fired at their targets as they ran past them. Within days, they felt that they were reasonably good marksmen. They then received funds from Dimitrijevic and were escorted to Sarajevo by an agent of the Black Hand Society, Milan Ciganovic, who had fought in the Serbo-Turkish war.

Once in Sarajevo, the boys were given lodgings by friends and they busied themselves with marking the route along which the archduke and his entourage would travel when arriving in the city. Princip, joined by three more youths, posted his five friends along the route, assigning each a job. They were to throw bombs and grenades, then fire at the archduke from their positions. If each or all failed to kill the heir apparent, Princip, who would be waiting at the end of the route, would have the ultimate responsibility of murdering Francis Ferdinand.

Aiding the assassins was a decision made by the archduke himself. He had ordered his crack army divisions to stay out of Sarajevo that day to avoid intimidating the population. He was to be escorted only by a small elite guard. Francis Ferdinand's private train arrived in Sarajevo to the blare of a welcoming band. Six long touring cars awaited the archduke and his entourage. The Hapsburgs looked plump and elegant in their fine attire, the archduke wearing his general's uniform and a hat with green plumes. Sophie wore a white silk dress with a red sash, a huge picture hat and a cape with ermine tails. She carried a parasol to fend off the hot June sun.

The Hapsburgs sat in the rear of the second touring car as the caravan moved along the Appel Quay. The streets were festively decorated with the Austrian flag and the Bosnian colors of red and yellow. Small portraits of the archduke adorned lampposts, and the crowd seemed receptive to the royal guests, many waving, some cheering as the archduke passed them. Three of Princip's friends who were waiting with bombs and revolvers along the route, lost their nerve and took no action. Cabrinovic, however, threw a grenade as the entourage moved past the Cumuria Bridge. It bounced off the archduke's car and exploded in front of the third car, damaging it and sending splinters into the crowd. Several of those riding in the third car and several spectators were injured.

The car carrying the royal couple sped up, its driver seeking safety, while security police chased Cabrinovic to the River Miljacka. He dove in, but was quickly caught in shallow water. He tried to swallow the cyanide pill Dimitrijevic had given him, but it burned his mouth and he vomited. A security man holding onto him, asked: "Who are you?" Cabrinovic replied: "A Serbian hero!" He was hustled off to jail. Meanwhile, the archduke's caravan arrived at the town hall where a quick conference was held on what the royal couple should do next. Princip, the leader of the assassins, learned of Cabrinovic's failure and, disgusted, went to a small cafe and sat at an outside table, sipping coffee. Inside his pocket rested a Browning revolver. He pondered his next move.

At the town hall, Mayor Fehim Effendi Curcic began to make a welcoming speech. He was unaware of the bomb explosion; it had been muffled by the roars and cheers greeting the speeding caravan when it arrived at the town hall. The angry archduke grabbed him by the arm and said: "Mr. Mayor, what is the good of your speeches? One comes here for a visit and is received by bombs! Mr. Mayor, what do you say? It is outrageous! All right, now you may speak." Curcic was per-

Opposite page: Assassin Princip races to the car carrying Archduke Francis Ferdinand, fatally shooting the Hapsburg heir and his wife, Sophie.

plexed, thinking the archduke was joking. After making his speech brief, Curcic then learned to his horror of the assassination attempt. Francis Ferdinand then sent a wire to the emperor, informing him of the bombing and telling him that he and his wife were unharmed.

The archduke debated whether or not to continue his visit. He took General Potiorek aside, grimly joking about expecting "more bullets later" that day. Potiorek told him that a second attempt on his life was unlikely in that the bomb-thrower had been captured and there was no evidence that he had had any confederates. To that, Francis Ferdinand replied: "Hang him as quickly as possible or Vienna will give him a decoration," meaning that his political opponents in Vienna would applaud the attack.

Francis Ferdinand next told his wife that he was going to the military hospital to visit those who had been wounded in the bombing, but that she was not to accompany him. She adamantly refused to stay behind, saying: "No, I must go with you." The archduke reluctantly agreed. The route taken to the military hospital, according to the archduke's own instructions, was to follow the Appel Quay, which had now been cleared of spectators so that the royal car could move rapidly to its destination.

The couple returned to their car, sitting in the back seat. Next to the driver was the archduke's top aide, Count Ferdinand Harrach. He turned in his seat and said to General Potiorek, who sat in the back facing the royal couple: "Has not your excellency arranged for a military guard to protect his imperial highness?" Indignant at this question, General Potiorek swivelled about and snapped: "Do you think Sarajevo is full of assassins, Count Harrach?"

Count Harrach was not to be put off. He expressed genuine fears for the safety of the archduke and his wife. He said he would stand on the left running board of the car, which most exposed the couple to pedestrians, to shield them from any further attacks. He began to swing open the car door and take that position when the archduke motioned him back into his seat, saying: "Don't make a fool of yourself."

The motorcade drove off and just beyond the town hall, at the Imperial Bridge, it passed Grabez, who spotted the archduke's car. He thought of throwing his bomb, but he was afraid that he would injure innocent spectators, who were running after the entourage. Grabez raced home to his room to hide. At the corner of the Appel Quay and Francis Joseph Street, the chauffeur of the couple's car suddenly turned onto Francis Joseph Street, a route that had already been canceled. General Potiorek shouted: "What's this? We've taken the wrong way!" The driver hit the brakes, trying to turn around, but the swelling crowds behind the car prevented this. The car was idling for some moments directly in front of Moritz Schiller's cafe and delicatessen, where Gavrilo Princip sat sipping coffee. At that moment, Princip was only a few feet from his target.

"I recognized the heir apparent," Princip would say only an hour later to interrogators. "But as I saw that a lady [Sophie] was sitting next to him, I reflected for a moment whether I should shoot or not. At the same moment, I was filled with a peculiar feeling and I aimed at the heir apparent from the pavement—which was made easier because the car was proceeding slower at the moment. Where I aimed I do not know. But I know that I aimed at the heir apparent. I believe I fired twice, perhaps more, because I was so excited. [He fired three

Another version that shows Princip (center, on foot near car) shooting Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife, Sophie.

times.] Whether I hit the victims or not, I cannot tell, because instantly people started to hit me."

At the moment the car came to a stop in front of the cafe, Princip stood up like an automaton and advanced on the unprotected couple, drawing the Browning revolver from his pocket. He aimed without obstruction at the archduke. Just as he was about to fire, a policeman saw Princip raise the weapon and rushed forward, but the officer was knocked down by an unemployed actor named Pusara, allowing Princip to fire his shots at close range. The policeman regained his feet and dove for Princip, who was turning to flee. At that moment, another man, Ferdinand Behr, stepped forward and punched the officer in the stomach, allowing Princip to escape momentarily. He did not run, however, but stood close to the car, seeming to be in a stupor. Princip raised the revolver again, perhaps to shoot himself—his motive and action was unclear. A man named Velic then knocked the weapon from Princip's hand and the assassin was pummeled and kicked by spectators swarming over him. Policemen and military officers wedged through the milling, scuffling crowd and, grabbing Princip, hustled him away to safety.

Under arrest, the assassin, Princip (right, held by two guards), is hustled into a police station, where he admitted killing Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife, Sophie.

Inside the royal car, General Potiorek was puzzled as he looked at the royal couple, who stared straight ahead. Both had been shot and were apparently trying to hide their wounds from each other. They said nothing for some moments as the car picked up speed. Princip's first shot had smashed through the car door and entered Sophie's abdomen. The second shot, fired at a higher level, ploughed through the high military collar worn by the archduke, cutting the jugular vein and lodging behind his spine. Suddenly, jets of blood shot from the archduke's mouth, splattering the uniform of General Potiorek, who sat thunderstruck by the gory scene.

"For God's sake," Sophie cried to her husband. "What has happened to you?" She then lost consciousness and slipped to her knees in the car, her head sliding along the archduke's chest and onto his lap. Francis Ferdinand cradled her head and cried out: "Sophie, dear, Sophie, dear, don't die! Stay alive for our children!" But by then she was dead in his arms. The archduke then began to sag forward, blood now pulsing from his neck wound. General Potiorek and Count Harrach, who had climbed into the back seat of the now speeding car, held on to him.

"Are you suffering?" asked Count Harrach.

"It is nothing, it is nothing," Francis Ferdinand replied. Then he died.

The royal couple arrived dead at the military hospital at 11 a.m. An hour later, Princip was taken before an examining magistrate, Dr. Leo Pfeffer. Wrote Pfeffer later: "It was difficult to imagine that so frail-looking an individual should have committed so serious a deed. Even his clear, blue eyes, burning and piercing but serene, had nothing cruel or criminal in their expression. They spoke of innate intelligence, of steady and harmonious energy."

Pfeffer informed Princip that he had killed Francis Ferdinand and Duchess Sophie and that he was officially charged with their murders. "I acknowledge it and do not complain," Princip replied in a steady voice, "but I am sorry that I have killed the Duchess of Hohenberg, for I had no intention of killing her." He then began to openly talk of the assassination, something Colonel Dimitrijevic had feared (he had given the cyanide capsules to the youthful assassins so that none involved would live to reveal who had been behind the murders). "I aimed specifically at the archduke," Princip went on, "because he is an enemy of the Slavs in general, but especially of the Serbs."

In that moment, Princip identified his loyalties and had given cause to open war between Austria and Serbia. At his trial a short time later, Princip became even more specific in detailing his motives, expressing a philosophy that could have been written in the Belgrade offices of Colonel Dimitrijevic. Said Princip: "I do not feel like a criminal, because I put away the one who was doing evil. Austria as it is represents evil for our people and therefore should not exist ... The political union of the Yugoslavs was always before my eyes, and that was my basic idea. Therefore it was necessary in the first place to free the Yugoslavs from Austria. This moved me to carry out the assassination of the heir apparent as I considered him very dangerous for Yugoslavia."

From October 12 to October 27, 1914, twenty-five Serbians were brought to trial. Some confessed everything, including their ties to Colonel Dimitrijevic and Serbia's government-backed Black Hand Society. The link between the assassination and Serbia was firmly established and the Austrian government soon moved to declare war on Serbia. Three of the conspirators were executed, but Princip, thought to be under the legal age for execution, was imprisoned, along with Cabrinovic, Grabez and others. Cabrinovic and Grabez died in prison in 1916 of malnutrition and tuberculosis. The latter also afflicted Princip and the disease, through purposeful medical negligence, rotted one of his arms so badly that it had to be amputated. He lingered, half-starved, in a windowless cell, until he died on April 28, 1918. Authorities entered his cell to find him curled into a tight ball on his hard bunk. On the wall, the assassin had scrawled: "Our ghosts will walk through Vienna/And roam through the palace/Frightening the lords."

The bloody tunic of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, put on display by irate Hapsburg officials to herald Austria's declaration of war on Serbia, a world war that spread across Europe and the Middle East.

Decades earlier, the German leader, Otto von Bismarck, had stated that a world war would erupt some day because of "some damn foolish thing in the Balkans." That "foolish thing" was the killing of Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo. One month to the day after the assassination, Austria declared war on Serbia and Austrian planes bombed Belgrade the following day. Russia then declared war on Austria and Germany sided with Austria against Russia. England, France and other countries formed ranks, mobilized their armies and pitched headlong into the bloodiest conflict of the 20th century to that date. It would end in 1918, only months after the death of Gavrilo Princip. By then the Austro-Hungarian empire had ceased to exist. Princip's dream, that of a united Slavic state, came into existence with the formation of Yugoslavia. The assassin is considered a national hero of that country and a major boulevard in Belgrade is named after him.

Following the assassination, Archduke Francis Ferdinand was buried with full military honors in Vienna with his crest and military insignias, all the regalia and rank of royalty surrounding his ornate coffin. His wife, Sophie, remained a social pariah. Her coffin, plainer than her husband's, was placed at a lower level on the funeral bier to signify that she had no station of importance, even in death. On her coffin was placed a pair of white gloves and a black fan, symbols of a lady-in-waiting. The architect of these deaths, the ubiquitous Colonel Dimitrijevic (Colonel Apis), would meet the same kind of fate, executed by his own Serbian masters in 1917, after Serbia's fortune had soured and he was blamed for bringing ruination upon his country by arming a group of schoolboys to kill an archduke.

The slain Archduke Francis Ferdinand (right) and his wife, Sophie, lying in state in Vienna, only days after their lethal visit to Sarajevo—two deaths that would cause millions more to die.

THE END OF THE CZARS

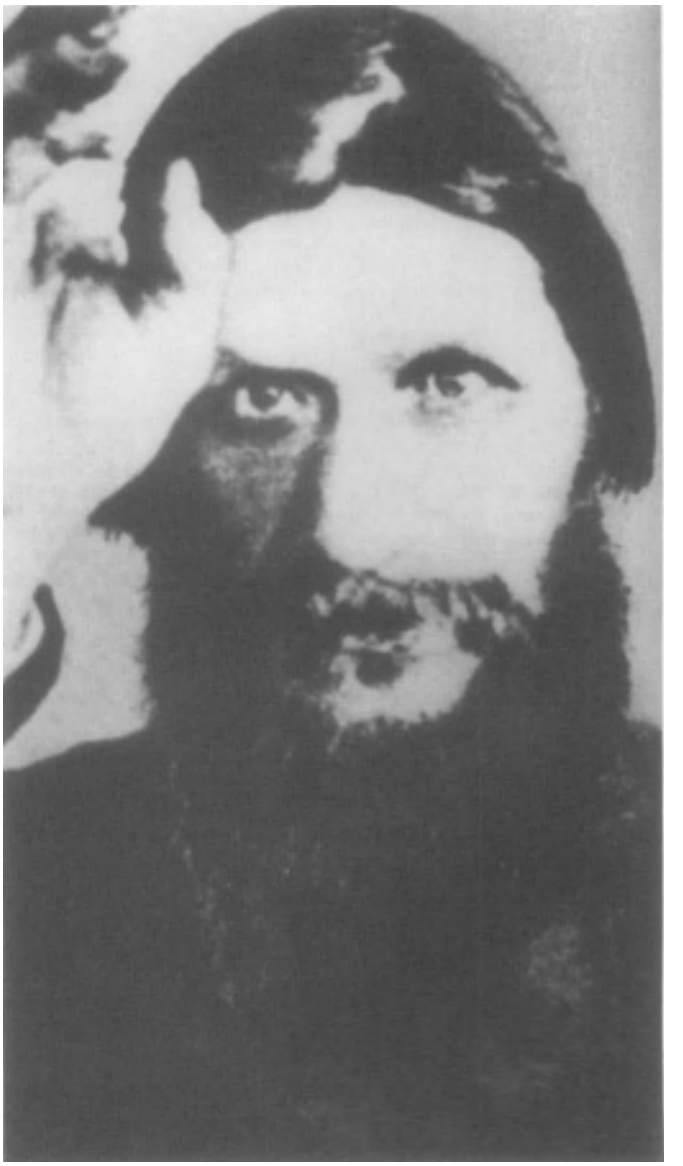
The shooting in Sarajevo was not only the catalyst for World War I, but in its wake came the destruction of European dynasties that had controlled for centuries the lives of millions. Gone were the Hapsburgs of Austria and the Hohenzollerns of Germany (with the abdication of Kaiser Wilhelm at the end of the war, November 28, 1918). Also swept into history's dustbin were the Romanovs of Russia, the greatest of eastern European monarchies. For decades, this creaking dynasty held autocratic control over enormous ill-fed and poorly treated populations. These impoverished, uneducated millions nevertheless, through authoritative fear and mystic religious beliefs, loyally clung to an abusive czar, Nicholas II, until that autocrat made it impossible for his own reign to continue.

Mysticism was at the root of the czar's deepest problems, embodied in a strange character known as Gregory Rasputin. The czar, through his son, Alexis, the last heir to the Romanov throne, came under control of this nomadic religious guru. The degenerate Rasputin dangerously meddled in all governmental matters, undermining and eventually destroying the czar's authority and image. Coupled with the endless scandals and political meddling of Rasputin was an attritional war that drained Russia of men, money and materials. The result was widespread unrest, leading to Rasputin's bizarre assassination and, subsequently, a chaotic revolution that destroyed the Romanov dynasty. It all began with thin blood coursing through the veins of a small boy.

MURDER OF A MAD MONK/ December 29, 1916

Gregory Rasputin (Gregori Efimovich Novyky, 1872-1916) was born a peasant in a small Siberian town. He grew to be a tall, powerful man, reportedly possessed of strange, hypnotic powers, which he had exercised since childhood. At an early age, he joined a heretical sect called the *Khlysty*, whose members were flagellants. Each night these cultists would whip themselves and each other bloody, then engage in sexual orgies that allowed them to punish themselves the next day—an endless circle of scheduled sin and repentance. Rasputin led the beatings and took more beatings than any other member. He also proved himself to have extraordinary sexual stamina, taking many partners each night.

The wild rites of the *Khlysty* came to the attention of local officials and soon the police began to investigate the leaders of the sect, focusing upon the towering Rasputin. Hearing this, he fled his home, deserting his wife and children. He later claimed that while plowing a field one day, he had a blinding vision of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who instructed him to go throughout Russia and preach the earthy religion of the *Khlysty*. He nomadically wandered through the vast stretches of Russia as a *starets* (holy man), claiming that he could heal the sick and cure the crippled. Arriving at a small village and, after determining that the local priests and officials were absent, Rasputin would announce to the naive, illiterate peasants that he had come to save souls by baptizing the entire community.



Gregory Rasputin, the hypnotic, lascivious Mad Monk, murdered in 1916.

Leading the inhabitants to a lake, Rasputin would baptize all the males and older women. The younger women, he announced, had to be baptized "by acts of the flesh." He would then commandeer a hut and have the young women brought to him one by one, sometimes in groups, while he ravished them throughout the night. He would be gone by morning, taking with him the coins and foodstuffs given to him by the gullible citizens for what they thought to be a religious kindness. This profitable swindle became Rasputin's lifestyle.

In 1903, officials, urged by leaders of the Russian Orthodox Church, conducted a widespread investigation of the *Khlysty*. From their findings, they decided to conduct an intensive country-wide purge of the sect. Its members were either arrested and put into prison or sent to Siberian wastelands to freeze to death. Sought most by police was the elusive Rasputin, but by then he had reached St. Petersburg, where high society matrons succumbed to his trances and manipula-

Empress Alexandra and her hemophiliac son, Alexis, whose life was repeatedly saved by Rasputin through hypnotism.

tions and these wealthy women shielded the Mad Monk, as he came to be known, from prying officials. The sinister-looking Rasputin became the social rage of the city, receiving considerable funds from aristocratic females, who found him fascinating. They were attracted by his mesmeric personality, his piercing dark eyes, and his exotic and eccentric mannerisms.

In truth, there was absolutely nothing attractive about Rasputin. A contemporary profile described him as "ungainly ... coarse ... and ugly ... His big head was covered with unkempt brown hair, carelessly parted in the middle and flowing in long strands over his neck. On his high forehead a dark patch was visible, the scar of a wound. His broad, pock-marked nose stood out from his face, and his thin, pale lips were hidden by a limp, untidy mustache. His weather-beaten, sunburned skin was wrinkled and seamed in deep folds, his eyes were hidden under his projecting eyebrows, the right eye disfigured by a yellow blotch. The whole face was overgrown in a disheveled light brown beard."

Alexis, heir to the Russian throne.

Everything about Rasputin was crude. He displayed disgusting habits, eating with his hands, wiping his greasy fingers on his clothes or anything handy—drapes, tablecloths, carpets. Food clotted his beard and he seldom bathed, exuding an almost overwhelming stench. He defended his offensive body odor by stating that bathing was a ritual of the devil and that the truly religious person abstained from this habit so that the human body smelled like the free animals of the woodlands. "This is the natural odor of the flesh," he often intoned.

Oddly, Rasputin was invited to the best homes of St. Petersburg, the leisure class, the nobles of the city embracing this guru, for he had become the rage, the fashion. He preferred to attend social functions in these luxurious manor houses by taking all the females into a small room. There he would perform a wild dance. He would then gaze into the eyes of those females he thought most responsive to him and, apparently hypnotized (or pretending to be under his sway), these women would allow the *starets* to fondle them. As Rasputin's fame spread, his name was finally mentioned to the Empress Alexandra, who was told that his extraordinary hypnotic powers could bring about any cure.

Rasputin (seated) with czarist officers seeking political appointments, 1909; the manipulating monk used his influence with the czar to replace officials with his stooges.

The empress immediately seized upon the opportunity to employ those reported powers. Her son, Alexis, the heir to the Romanov throne, was afflicted with hemophilia and no doctors in the land were able to prevent the boy from hemorrhaging after only slightly bruising himself while playing. Desperately, Alexandra sought anyone who might help her son. She had consulted countless mystics and seers, but all had failed to aid her child. One mystic, Father Feofan, admitted his helplessness in aiding Alexis, but he told the empress that a man named Rasputin might be able to stop the boy's

A cartoon widely distributed by underground revolutionaries in Russia showing Rasputin bouncing Nicholas II and the empress on his knees as if they were children.

Prince Felix Yusupov, dressed in Cossack uniform, who plotted the assassination of the Mad Monk to rid Russia of the monk's control of the czar and the empress.

incessant bleeding. Rasputin was known to Countess Ignatiev, Father Feofan said. The countess, one of the empress' intimates, was summoned to the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. There the countess told Alexandra that she herself had witnessed many of Rasputin's miraculous cures, but she failed to describe the sex orgies that had taken place in her palace and how she and her sister had participated in them with Rasputin.

Rasputin was summoned to the Winter Palace in November 1905. He arrived wearing a clean, pressed black robe and a caftan. He had bathed, trimmed his beard and combed his long hair. Without observing decorum, the monk strode into the czar's study. Instead of kneeling and kissing the hands of the monarchs, as was the custom, Rasputin startled the royal couple by kissing them on their foreheads, as if they were children. His patronizing, patriarchal manner completely disarmed the czar and czarina. Only moments later, servants informed the royal couple that their small son, Alexis, had had another accident and was bleeding. The frantic czarina immediately asked Rasputin if he could do anything for her son. "Certainly, certainly," he said and was taken to the nursery.

The beautiful Princess Irene Yusupov, who was used by her husband to lure the lust-loving Rasputin to his death.

Once inside Alexis' room, Rasputin went to a dark corner and fell to his knees, praying loudly, but incoherently. Then he stood up and blew out all the candles of the room except one. Holding the flickering candle in his hand, Rasputin went to the foot of the boy's bed. Alexis stared at this dark-bearded giant, who held the candle close to his eyes as he stared back at the boy. Slowly the monk made the sign of the cross and moved the candle back and forth slightly while gently talking to the boy, hypnotizing him. He then sat down on

the bed and said softly: "I am your friend, the best friend you have in the world." He gently caressed the arms and legs of the boy, including the area that was bleeding. "Now, don't be afraid, Alesha," he soothed, "everything is all right again. Look, I have driven all your horrid pains away."

Continuing to massage the boy from head to foot, Rasputin kept talking in the same low voice. "Nothing will hurt you anymore and tomorrow you will be well again. Then you will see what jolly games we will have together." Alexis fell asleep. He was no longer in pain. When the czar and czarina looked closer, they were amazed to see that the bleeding had stopped. Rasputin, the monk, the mystic, had indeed done what no doctor or anyone else in Russia could do. He had performed a miracle in the eyes of the royal couple. In the following months, the family and the heir to the throne became utterly dependent upon Rasputin. He was called whenever the boy injured himself and began to bleed and on every occasion Rasputin talked to Alexis soothingly, stroking his body and mesmerizing him, while telling him wild tales of Siberia. The bleeding invariably stopped.

Because of the seeming power of life and death that Rasputin held over the heir to the Romanov throne, his influence upon Nicholas II was deep if not overwhelming. The monk had wholly captivated the empress, who was utterly convinced that her son's life depended wholly on Rasputin. Nicholas, a weak czar, always yielded to his wife's domination. When the czarina pronounced Rasputin as the family's savior, the czar nodded. Both grateful parents came to treat the monk as a father figure, kissing *his* hand whenever he came to save their son's life, which was often. He was given any amount of money he desired, a lavish apartment and his own royal carriages in which to travel. The royal couple made it known that Rasputin was the closest adviser and favorite to the throne.

The last photo taken of Rasputin at the time of his murder in 1916; he was drunk while making this sinister pose for the camera, pulling dried food from his clotted beard.

In shrewdly manipulating the czar and czarina through his control of their son, the monk proved to be brilliant and clever. Though he had no education, he was keenly aware of his position, and he was a consummate actor whose dramatic performances awed the monarchs. Rasputin had little regard for money or a sumptuous lifestyle. He lusted for power and he subtly began to make suggestions to the czarina that this person or that should be removed from high office and others substituted. In his apartment, scores of politicians, military men and nobles arrived with their wives and daughters. They offered their women and money to Rasputin, promising to act the stooge if he would secure important posts for them. He did, but on the written provisos that they would do his bidding once they were installed in office. As the years passed, the monk's influence became enormous and he practiced his sly blackmail on the royal couple whenever they dared to criticize his excesses. He once arrogantly and laughingly described one of these scenes in the Winter Palace to a bevy of women gathered in his apartment: "Well, I went straight in. I saw at once that Mama [the empress] was angry and defiant, while Papa [the emperor] was striding up and down the room whistling. But after I had bullied them both a little, they soon saw reason! I had only to threaten that I would go back to Siberia and abandon them and their child to disaster and they immediately gave into me in everything." Rasputin then leaped to his feet, holding up his hand, shouting: "Between these fingers I hold the Russian empire!"

Prince Yusupov and his wife, Irene; the princess was coveted by Rasputin, who expected to seduce her at a party, where Yusupov gathered accomplices to murder the monk.

As World War I raged and Russia endured one military failure after another, insurrection and revolution became a stark reality. Rasputin's excessive and scandalous lifestyle inflamed the revolutionaries, who drew cartoons of him making love to the empress or holding rag dolls of the royal couple in his hands. These illustrations were printed and widely distributed throughout all the major cities of Russia. Many Romanov family members and loyal monarchists, seeing these scandalous publications, came to loathe the monk, believing that Rasputin had become "the czar above the czar."

Some of them thought him so dangerous that they began to plot his assassination. When the czarina learned of these plots, the czar ordered squads of the Okhrana, the czar's secret police, to guard the monk night and day.

This did not deter one of those who hated Rasputin most—Prince Felix Yusupov, who formed one of the many conspiracies to murder the monk. The prince, close to the royal family in blood, visited Rasputin, feigning friendship to earn the monk's confidence. He found his first trip to the Rasputin's apartment disgusting. "His office smelled like that of a French whorehouse," Yusupov later wrote, "so thick it was with the scent of perfume. No wonder! He had made of our [aristocratic] women whores, low and disgusting creatures, tainted with his awful disease."

Yusupov referred to gonorrhea which the monk was known to have contracted through his many sexual relationships. Rasputin was also reportedly afflicted with a deadly form of syphilis, which had caused paresis that ate away at his brain and had caused him to become insane. Of course, the reason the monk's apartment smelled so thickly of perfume was that women could not bear his awful stench, and, before visiting him, took baths in strong perfume to overcome the monk's offensive body odor.

Rasputin's body (he had been poisoned, stabbed and shot), recovered from the frozen Neva River, two days after his assassination on December 29, 1916.

Princess Irene and Prince Yusupov, sailing into comfortable American exile on the *Berengaria* after Yusupov murdered Rasputin.

Long before Yusupov envisioned the murder of Rasputin, others had planned the monk's death. Iliodor, another religious leader who envied Rasputin's power and position, convinced a deranged prostitute, Kionia Guseva, who was dying of syphilis, to murder the mad monk. Iliodor told Guseva that her disease had originated with Rasputin, who was the reincarnation of the devil. On June 28, 1914, Guseva sent a messenger to Rasputin's apartment, asking that he step to the street to receive an important message from the empress. When Rasputin appeared in the street, Guseva rushed forward to plunge a long knife into the monk's abdomen, screaming: "I have killed the anti-Christ!" (She was detained in an asylum, where she soon succumbed to her terrible disease.)

Rasputin staggered back to his apartment, holding his hand firmly over the wound until a doctor arrived and, without an anesthetic, sewed up the wound. The monk survived and came to believe himself immortal. Yusupov, however, believed him to be human and vulnerable, but he would not attempt to kill Rasputin on his own grounds. He would take care to lure the Mad Monk to his own palace, where he could control events and murder Rasputin at ease. To that end, he invited Rasputin to his palace on the night of December 29, 1916, promising the monk that he would meet with Yusupov's beautiful young wife, Princess Irene, a woman the monk had long sought to seduce.

When Rasputin arrived, he was ushered into an empty banquet room, told that he had arrived too late and that the guests had already departed. Yusupov nevertheless offered the monk some cakes and his favorite wine, both laced with enough poison to kill a dozen normal persons. Rasputin, however, was not normal and never had been. He gobbled down the poisoned cakes and swilled several goblets of poisoned wine, growing impatient when Princess Irene did not appear. "Where is your wife?" he demanded of Yusupov. The prince replied that his lovely wife would join them in a short while. He offered the monk more wine and cakes which Rasputin drank and ate.

During this time, Yusupov kept moving from the banquet room to a small adjoining room where he periodically met with other conspirators. "I can't understand it," one of the

conspirators told the prince. "That creature has swallowed enough cyanide to kill a regiment." Yusupov and his associates finally tired of waiting for Ras-putin to collapse. The prince returned to the banquet room and attacked the monk with a long knife, stabbing Rasputin a dozen times until he fell to the floor, apparently dead. Yusu-pov rushed to the back room to retrieve ropes and chains with which to tie up his victim. He returned with his friends and tightly bound the monk, but to the amazement of the conspirators, Rasputin abruptly revived, breaking his bonds, standing up and lurching toward Yusupov. His eyes blazed and his outstretched arms reached for the prince's throat.

The three great acting Barrymores, who appeared in only one film together, MGM's 1932 *Rasputin and the Empress*: (left to right) Lionel (as Rasputin), Ethel (as Empress Alexandra) and John (as the prince who murders the mad monk).

Horrified, Yusupov drew a pistol, and, as he stepped back from the lunging Rasputin, emptied his revolver into the giant. Rasputin fell to the floor, again apparently dead. He was tied up again and his body dragged outside to a sledge, which was driven to the River Neva. A small hole was chopped in the thick ice covering the frozen river and the body was dumped through this into the water. Two days later and several miles downstream, the mad monk's body was found on a riverbank. He had amazingly survived the poison, the knife attack and the six bullets fired into his hulking body. Once beneath the ice of the river, Rasputin had apparently revived and had drifted with the underwater current until he broke his bonds and swam to the surface, smashing his way through the thick ice, but his impossible effort still resulted in death. Doctors examining his corpse found his lungs full of water and his death was attributed to drowning.

Upon hearing of Rasputin's death, the royal couple went into shock, fearing that their son would again be left to the mercy of inept doctors. They then ordered their agents to identify the monk's killer, and when learning that it was Yusupov, exiled the prince for life. Yusupov and his wife, Princess Irene, sailed for America almost immediately, taking their great family fortune with them. Yusupov lived comfortably in New York City, until dying in 1967.

The empress mourned Rasputin's death for months. She ordered a large chapel built on the grounds of the Winter Palace where Rasputin's remains were put to rest. Two years later, the Romanovs were overthrown in the great and terrible Russian revolution of 1918. Revolutionaries destroyed Rasputin's

Lionel Barrymore as Rasputin and John Barrymore as the prince who plots his assassination in *Rasputin and the Empress*; the film told the true facts of the mad monk's murder.

Janet Suzman portrays Alexandra and Tom Baker plays the mesmeric Rasputin in Columbia's 1972 *Nicholas and Alexandra*.

chapel and the body was dragged from its casket. It was then hauled by ropes through the streets so that thousands of revolutionaries could march over the badly decomposed body before it was soaked with kerosene and burned to ashes.

"WE MUST NOW SHOOT YOU"/ July 16-17, 1918

Czar Nicholas II of Russia, last of the Romanovs, murdered in 1918.

Empress Alexandra of Russia, killed with her entire family in 1918.

Nicholas II (Nicolai Aleksandrovich Romanov, 1868-1918), the last of the Russian czars, was a man who refused to see that his dynasty had no future. Like almost all the autocrats of Europe, his intractable policies and rigid mindset gave birth to an age of revolution that was certain to destroy the old monarchies. Born on May 18, 1868, Nicholas grew to be a shy and morbid child. As a teenager, he witnessed the bloody death of his grandfather, Alexander II, assassinated in 1881, and he was haunted throughout his life by the memory of that horrible event.

In his youth, Nicholas became proficient in French, German and English, but his tutors ignored the classics and the boy had little education in history and the humanities. Throughout his educational years he learned little or nothing of diplomacy and statesmanship and had no concept of a world that existed beyond his own palaces and kingdoms. He grew to be the epitome of the 19th Century monarch, aloof and ignorant of his own country and people. Unlike his father, Alexander III, a rugged giant with abrupt manners and decisive opinions, Nicholas was courteous and gentle, lacking the ability to act with prompt decision. He was hesitant and indecisive, a trait that would eventually cost him his life and the lives of his family and the last members of the Romanov dynasty.

In the spring of 1894, Nicholas met and fell in love with Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt, a stunning but haughty aristocrat. He proposed marriage, but there were problems from the start. Alix balked at joining the Russian Orthodox Church and she was not well liked by Czar Alexander and his empress, Marie, who thought the princess too forward—she expressed her opinions too freely. She obviously dominated Nicholas from the beginning. Before the couple wed in November 1894, Czar Alexander III died and a wholly unprepared Nicholas II assumed the throne of Russia. Nicholas wed Alix, thereafter known as Alexandra, and the marriage produced five children, four girls—Marie, Olga, Tatiana and Anastasia—and one son, Alexis, heir to the throne.

It was learned early on that Alexis was afflicted with severe hemophilia, inherited from excessive intermarriage among members of the European royalty, particularly the branch that stemmed from Queen Victoria and affected various members of the royal houses of England, Germany and Russia. Alexis' blood did not coagulate and the slightest bruise might cause excessive internal or external bleeding, a constant problem that went largely unaddressed by inexperienced royal physicians and one that caused the royal couple endless anxiety and worry. Nevertheless, the royal couple exuded outward confidence and Nicholas II surprisingly displayed an assertive and authoritative image and appeared to be an effective head of state. This was the doing of Empress Alexandra, from whom he took his strength and many ideas.

Nicholas initiated the 1899 Hague Conference, a meeting attended by the world's leaders and one designed to preserve global peace. He addressed the members of the conference with clear and persuasive views that impressed the crown heads of Europe. Kaiser Wilhelm, who was Nicholas' cousin,

was staggered at the czar's sudden assumption of leadership. Declared the Kaiser: "Who would have thought that of Nicky? I quite imagined that he would be just a figurehead." On the home front, following his father's policies, the czar instituted many reforms. He established the Employer's Liability Act, which made employers responsible for accidents occurring on their premises. He abolished the mutual tax responsibility, which made whole villages liable for the taxes of any resident who defaulted. He labored long in helping to design and construct the vast Trans-Siberian railroad.

On the other hand, Nicholas was a typical expansionist czar, one who refused to mediate problems with other countries. When the Boxer Rebellion in China extended into Manchuria, the czar sent his armies to occupy that country, incurring protests from the Japanese, who had long held interests there. He ignored these official warnings, listening instead to the persuasive arguments of his militant ministers Vyacheslav Plehve and General Bezobrazov. He took immediate action, aggressively driving the Boxers from Manchuria, his troops remaining there long after having a reason to continue their occupation.

The doomed Romanov family: (left to right) Olga, Marie, Czar Nicholas II, Empress Alexandra, Anastasia, Alexis, Tatiana.

Father George Gapon, pacifist priest turned radical.

Crowds assembling before the Czar's Winter Palace, site of "Bloody Sunday" in 1905, where hundreds were hacked to death by Cossacks.

Japan felt this was an overt threat and, in January 1904, attacked Russian-held Port Arthur, which set off the disastrous Russo-Japanese War. The war ended when the ancient, badly managed Russian fleet was destroyed by Japanese Admiral Heichachiro Togo at Tsushima Straits on May 27, 1905. The embarrassed czar sued for peace, one mediated by Theodore Roosevelt in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Humiliated, Russia resisted the peace terms in that it had to recognize Japanese interests in Korea and southern Manchuria, but its representative, Count Sergius Witte, nevertheless signed the Treaty of Portsmouth on September 5, 1905.

During this period, great turmoil took place in Russia. There was widespread unrest among the working class and peasants, who were urged to revolution by agitating Bolsheviks and other revolutionary groups. Then, on January 22, 1905, Father George Gapon, an avowed socialist, led thousands of peaceful demonstrators to the gates of the Imperial Palace in St. Petersburg. They carried petitions to solve minor grievances and sang "God Save the Czar," the national anthem. Instead of being greeted by Nicholas II, they were met by dense lines of infantry and mounted Cossacks and Hussars. The czar's troops occupied all of the important bridges and streets in the city and when more than 100,000 demonstrators neared the Winter Palace waving icons and banners, the troops opened fire. Bullets slammed into scores of men, women and children as the crowds panicked and ran wildly through the streets, Cossacks on their heels, hacking them to death with sabers from galloping horses.

The slaughter was awesome and shocking. The vast courtyard before the Winter Palace was littered with bodies and blood flowed everywhere. The senseless massacre would be thereafter known as "Bloody Sunday," an event that forever stained the czar's image with his people. The ancient Russian belief that the czar and his people were one was shattered. Nicholas, from that point on, was considered a bloody despot, a tyrant who answered peaceful petitions with the sword.

Abroad, the image of Nicholas II was irreparably damaged. British labor leader Ramsey MacDonald denounced him, calling the czar a "common murderer." Nicholas grieved over such remarks as England was the czar's favorite foreign country in that he was very close to his cousins, the Duke of York and the Prince of Wales, later King George V. The official body count resulting from "Bloody Sunday" was ninety-two dead, with hundreds injured, but the real fatalities were most likely three or four times that number. Father Gapon, who survived the massacre, had formerly supported the czar, but now he and thousands like him turned against Nicholas, becoming ardent revolutionaries and calling for Nicholas' downfall. (Gapon was taken to Finland and hanged in a woodchopper's hut in April 1906, his executioners being revolutionaries who thought he was trying to infiltrate their ranks and was secretly working with the Okhrana, the czar's secret police.)

For his part, the czar stated that he had no idea the marches had even occurred and he expressed shock and anger at the wanton slaughter of his people. Adding to the czar's woes was the mesmeric monk Rasputin, who appeared to be the only salvation for Alexis, hypnotizing the boy often in order to stem his bleeding attacks. Rasputin, however, abused his station with the royal couple and seriously meddled in internal and foreign affairs. His personal life was a scandal that tainted the throne. He was finally assassinated in 1916 by one of the czar's own relatives, but his damage had already been done to the monarchs. At the onset of World War I, Russia floundered in one military disaster after another, losing millions of the czar's most loyal troops.

Nicholas desperately took command of his frontline troops, but they were by then eating one scanty meal a day and had little or no ammunition for their ancient rifles. His armies were beaten back on every front by the powerful German forces. Wholesale desertions began, hundreds of thousands of disillusioned Russian troops streaming back to the cities to join the revolutionaries, all calling for the abdication of Nicholas

Russian troops deserting by the thousands from the front lines in 1917, joining the revolutionaries to overthrow the czar.

II. Under pressure from the Russian Duma (parliament), the czar, in 1917, abdicated in favor of his son, Alexis. He and his family were held prisoner by the newly elected Democratic government under Alexander Kerensky.

Kerensky decided to continue the war against Germany, an unpopular move and the Bolsheviks under Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin seized upon the discontent of the people with the stagnant Kerensky government. Lenin, arriving in a sealed train the Germans allowed to cross into Russia, led the Bolsheviks in a bloody new revolution that toppled Kerensky, who fled the county dressed as a woman. Lenin quickly repaid the Germans by making peace with the Kaiser and releasing more than a million German prisoners, who were then thrown against the Allies on the Western Front. The Bolsheviks then turned their attentions to the royal family. Lenin had no intention of allowing any of the Romanovs to flee Russia and later revive the monarchy. The Romanovs and some of their servants were sent by guarded train to Ekaterinburg in the eastern Urals and held captive in a private house owned by a prosperous merchant, N. N. Ipatiev.

The czar was led to believe that he and his relatives would be brought to a public trial, then banished from Russia, perhaps living in England, France or Belgium, where many of their relatives were then residing, those fortunate enough to escape the Bolshevik death squads. No trial was ever held. Lenin had planned all along to eradicate the Romanovs. To that end, Lettish guards replaced Russian wardens guarding the Romanovs at the Ipatiev House on July 4, 1918. As three White Russian armies loyal to the czar approached Bolshevik-controlled Ekaterinburg, Lenin, far off in Moscow, decided to have the entire royal family massacred. Jacob Yurovsky, who was in charge of the guards at the Ipatiev House (which the guards called "the house of special purpose"), awakened the Romanov family on the night of July 16-17, 1918, telling the czar and czarina that the family was being moved that

Czar Nicholas II (left) as an exiled prisoner at Ekaterinburg (he holds a shovel, having been compelled to work), with Alexis, Tatiana and a sailor who served as Alexis' bodyguard.

night to keep them from the reach of the White armies.

The family members quickly got dressed and were taken to a basement room, where they were told to wait for transportation. Yurovsky then appeared in this room with ten Letts, all armed with revolvers. All of them were professional assassins and members of the Soviet Secret Police. Yurovsky blurted to the czar without any trace of emotion: "Your relations have tried to save you. They have failed. We must now shoot you."

The czar, incredulous, began to stand up, still holding his son, one word escaping his mouth: "What?"

The murder squad then opened a deafening, withering fire, shooting down all the members of the family and three servants. Demidova, a maid who had been holding a pillow in front of her, survived the initial barrage and ran screaming about the room. More guards holding rifles with bayonets rushed into the room and stabbed and clubbed her to death. The czar had been killed immediately, shot in the head. Alexis, shielded by his father's body, was only wounded. Yurovsky placed his revolver against the boy's head and fired two bullets, killing him. Anastasia, the czar's youngest daughter, had fainted when the firing began and was alive and unharmed. Out of bullets, the death squad beat her to death with their gun butts. Only the cocker spaniel, the family pet, was left alive. The bestial Yurovsky ordered his men to crush the dog's head with their heavy boots.

The basement room in the Ipatiev house where the Romanovs were massacred by Bolshevik assassins; the killers tore away the wall to hide the bloodstains.

The bodies were then dragged by ropes from the basement and thrown on to the back of a truck, then driven to an earlier selected secret site, a mine shaft, where the remains would be hidden. Outside the shaft, the bodies were placed in a pile and more than 150 gallons of gas dumped on them and then set afire. The bodies burned for several hours before the savage guards, using axes, hatchets and saws, chopped and dismembered the remains, throwing these down the mine shaft. Then 40 pounds of sulfuric acid was dumped onto the remains to obliterate the identities of the victims and hide the horrid assassinations. A guard, Voikov, a member of the Ural Soviet, later commented: "The world will never know what we did with them."

The White Russian army under Admiral Kolchak recaptured Ekaterinburg in 1919. The royalists conducted a tedious investigation into the whereabouts of the royal family. Several of the Letts had been captured and gave details of the mass murder. White Russian officers were taken to the mine shaft and showed the grim remains of the Romanovs. The body of the pet spaniel was the only one to remain intact. Investigators found a long, slender finger and identified this as belonging to the empress. In the years that followed, many fantastic claims were made that some or even all of the Romanovs had survived and had escaped Russia to live out their lives in obscurity. The most persistent myth was that Anastasia, the youngest of the czar's daughters, had been rescued by some of the guards and later made her way to Germany, where she made claims of being the royal duchess, as did many other claimants. None proved to be a survivor of the 1918 assassinations.

The mass murder of the Romanovs horrified the world and stamped the Bolsehvik revolution as a ruthless and murderous movement. Lenin attempted to distance his dictatorial party from the assassinations by disavowing responsibility for the murders. He brought to trial twenty-eight persons, labeling them "social revolutionaries," who had killed the Romanovs to discredit the Bolsheviks. Five of these sacrificial persons were executed. Yurovsky was not in their number. Jacob Sverdlov, a Lenin lieutenant and the man who gave Yurovsky the direct order to murder the Romanovs was himself killed six months after the assassinations. He was reportedly murdered on orders from Lenin and Stalin—they believed him to be untrustworthy and suspected that he might reveal the fact that it was Lenin who had given *him* the order to kill the royal family.

ASSASSINATION IN MEXICO

Just as Russia underwent the traumatic upheaval of revolution, Mexico, which for years had suffered under the despotic President Porfirio Diaz, shuddered and quaked through one of the most violent and prolonged revolutions in the Western Hemisphere. This began in 1910, when a large landowner, Francisco Madero, challenged the tyrannical rule of Diaz. He was joined by a few landowners and a motley group of middleclass reformers and social outcasts, but he, like Juarez before him, had the support of millions of oppressed peons. Madero's struggle to free his people of impossible burdens and assure their rights as citizens brought about his own murder. Almost every revolutionary leader who sided with him met the same awful fate.

"ADIOS, MY GENERAL"/February 22, 1913

Francisco I. Madero (1873-1913) was born to great wealth. He inherited a vast empire of farms, ranches, mines and factories. His family owned much of the country's wine crops. When patriarch Evarista Madero died, he left more than two million acres to relatives, mostly to his grandson Francisco, who by then already owned twice that amount of land. His vast wealth held little interest for Madero. He and his younger brother, Gustavo, had received excellent educations in Europe. They studied American agricultural techniques in the United States and returned to Mexico to improve their own estates as well as the miserable lives of the peons who worked for them.

Mexico's long-time dictator Porfirio Diaz.

The liberal-minded Madero, unlike most others of his *hacendado* class, was a man of nervous energy who raised the pay of his workers, and established new housing, clinics, and most important in his mind, schools. Any child on his estates who showed intellectual promise or a desire to receive an education was enrolled in one of Madero's many modern schools, where Madero installed teachers imported from other lands. He spent millions to make these improvements and then, in 1904, attempted to enlist his fellow landowners in making the same reforms on their estates through his Club Democratico Benito Juarez.

Only a few landowners joined. To most, Madero, a man who stood only five feet two inches and whom they called "the dwarf," was a dangerous person. His reforms threatened to destroy the leisure lifestyle and class of the few hundred families that owned most of Mexico's real estate. Further, his radical policies undermined the thirty-year dictatorship of President Porfirio Diaz, the strongman who, with an iron fist, protected the landed gentry and in return received their wealthy support. Diaz, who had fought with Juarez in his revolution against Maximilian of Austria, was a permanent president. He was repeatedly elected to office as the only candidate for the post.

Francisco I. Madero, who led the revolution of 1910 that overthrew the despotic Diaz, an idealist who was killed when attempting to institute reforms.

In a remarkable interview appearing in the February 1908 issue of *Pearson's Magazine*, the arrogant Diaz told U.S. journalist James Creelman that his people needed a strong man to slowly develop democracy and protect them from foreign influence and control. The despot claimed that he was preserving the *theory* of democracy if not democracy itself. His people, Diaz pointed out, were too unsophisticated, too uneducated to manage a true democracy. Of course, Diaz and the landed class supporting him kept the uneducated masses illiterate and uninformed and autocratically controlled them through a powerful army and secret police. In the same year Diaz consented to the Creelman interview, Madero responded by publishing a book entitled *The Presidential Succession of 1910*, one that did not directly attack the dictator but did cite the oppressions and wrongs of his regime.

Madero called for honest elections and went to Mexico City to organize a national convention for that purpose. He was warmly welcomed by many enlightened and educated middleclass citizens, who had read his bombshell book and who looked upon him as the savior of Mexico. Diaz, too, read the book, but his reaction was not recorded. In his campaign, chiefly in northern Mexico, Madero's speeches were

met with great support. Peons carried him about on their shoulders, cheering him. These demonstrations alarmed the utterly corrupt Ramon Corral, Diaz's vice president and chief enforcer, who feared that Madero might actually topple through a free election the 80-year-old dictator. He ordered his arrest, but shrewd, old Diaz, realizing that Madero had gained great support from the middleclass and respectful attention from the foreign press, countermanded that order and then made a great show of announcing a fair and free election.

Diaz called Madero to the presidential palace and there a brief, tense conference took place. Madero came to the point immediately. "The country is ready for democracy," he told Diaz, "and we must have unbiased elections. It is time for you to relinquish the power."

"Into whose hands do you counsel me to give it?" asked Diaz.

"Into the hands of an honest man," Madero boldly replied.

Diaz bristled at the suggestion that he, the father of Mexico, was *not* an honest man. "Senor," the dictator intoned, "a man must be more than honest to govern Mexico." The meeting abruptly ended and a short time later Diaz made sure that Madero and his candidates were prevented from making public speeches. Madero was arrested on a trumped-up charge and held prisoner in the remote town of San Luis Potosi, confined there until the elections were held on June 26, 1910, an election blatantly rigged by Diaz, who then declared himself the winner. His officials announced that the upstart Madero had received only 196 votes in the entire country.

Madero realized that peaceful means could not unseat the tyrant. He escaped his captors on October 6, 1910, and, disguised as a railway worker, fled to San Antonio, Texas. From there he published a widely distributed manifesto, *The Plan of San Luis Potosi*, a work in which he urged the Mexican people to rise against Diaz and overthrow his oppressive regime through revolution.

In response, outbreaks against the regime took place in small towns of northern Mexico, but the insurgents were quickly suppressed. Some leaders in Mexico who read Madero's manifesto began to organize and equip small armies to fight Diaz. The most colorful and daring of these was Doroteo Arango, a bandit known as Pancho Villa. Another was a determined mountain fighter, Pascual Orozco. Villa started with fifteen men and soon raised 500 out of the desert communities of the impoverished Chihuahua State. He attacked and took the town of San Andreas. With twice Villa's strength, Orozco overran the city of Guerrero. Other revolutionaries captured the town of Parral in northern Mexico. In the south, in the state of Morelos, the charismatic Emiliano Zapata, who was to become one of Mexico's greatest heroes, led thousands of peons in defeating Diaz's troops with a cry of "Land and Liberty!"

Zapata, a self-taught leader, was undoubtedly the most self-sacrificing of Madero's followers. He fought unflinchingly for nine years to have the land of the rich estate holders returned to the peons and he stirred the hearts of his followers when he called out to them with such phrases as: "It is better to die on your feet than live on your knees." (This motto lived long in the hearts of revolutionaries; La Passionaria [Dolores Ibarra], a communist leader in Spain's Civil War, would repeat the same words twenty-six years later when exhorting troops to march into battle against the mostly foreign legions of Francisco Franco.)

Pancho Villa (center, on horseback), bandit turned patriot; he is shown leading his "Division of the North" against Diaz's forces during Madero's revolution of 1910-1911.

Madero himself led several attacks against Diaz strongholds and was wounded at the battle of Casas Grandes in northern Chihuahua. More victories followed. Diaz desperately sent untrained recruits to the many fronts, his officers herding these unwilling troops onto trains where the officers stood on running boards with pistols drawn, shooting those who attempted to desert. The recruits, tearing off their hated uniforms, nevertheless deserted by the thousands. Major cities such as Ciudad Juarez in the north and Cuautla in the south, fell to the rebels.

In Mexico City, 75,000 demonstrators assembled before the National Palace on May 24, 1911, and shouted for Diaz's resignation. He answered by having his troops, positioned on the rooftop, machine gun hundreds to death. Pressured by advisers, the old dictator officially resigned the next day, then packed up his family and belongings. Guarded by General Victoriano Huerta and 300 crack police guards, Diaz fled to the port city of Vera Cruz, en route to a palace in Spain, where he would retire in lavish comfort. He took with him three trainloads of loot from the national treasury.

Madero entered the Mexican capital on June 7, 1911, escorted to the National Palace by Zapata and his mounted troops. The city's quarter of a million inhabitants were overjoyed at Madero's arrival. John Reed, the American journal-

The peon legions of Emiliano Zapata, who supported Madero, are shown marching against Diaz's troops in the South in 1911; these ill-equipped fighters repeatedly defeated heavily armed federal forces, driving them from the state of Morelos.

ist who would later become famous for chronicling the Russian Revolution in his *Ten Days That Shook the World*, was also on hand to see Madero triumphantly ride through the streets of Mexico City. Reed stopped a Mexican soldier wearing a Madero button and asked him why he wore it. The young soldier shrugged and said: "I don't know, senor. My captain told me he was a great saint."

Francisco Madero was no saint, but he was an honest man who tried to institute a strong reform policy in Mexico from the moment he became president of the republic. He was hamstrung and compromised all along the way by venal politicians and scheming generals left over from the Diaz regime. With his military leaders Villa, Orozco and Zapata returning to their provinces, Madero was left in the clutches of men like General Victoriano Huerta, a power-lusting militarist. Huerta quickly went to work undermining Madero's operations and image. He spread the ridiculous rumor that the president's brother, Gustavo Madero, had absconded with government funds, even though most knew that the Madero family was one of the wealthiest in Mexico. Henry Lane Wilson, U.S. ambassador to Mexico, blindly accepted this falsehood as truth and he began to criticize the little president at every opportunity (the right-wing Wilson had long been an admirer of Diaz).

U.S. Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson, who hated Madero's independence and gave Huerta nodding approval for his assassination.

Madero's shaky republic began to crumble. Orozco, embittered at not being named a cabinet member in Madero's administration, and at the meager spoils he gained in the revolution, rebelled with 6,000 troops known as Colorados, fierce cavalrymen who looted and raped at will when taking any town. In the south, Zapata, too, rebelled, fighting the forces of landowners who refused to institute Madero's reforms in returning land to the peons. Only Villa remained loyal to Madero, but his small forces pitted against Orozco were repeatedly defeated and the old bandit was chased into the hills. When Orozco's troops won several battles, Madero, against his better judgment, placed Huerta at the head of an army that eventually crushed Orozco and drove him into exile in the U.S.

Huerta was now in control of all government troops and he conspired with Felix Diaz, nephew of the deposed dictator, to eliminate Madero and seize the government. Huerta then ordered his troops to surround the National Palace, ostensibly to protect Madero against assassins sent by Felix Diaz. General Aureliano Blanquet, a Huerta henchman (who had also been a member of the firing squad that executed Emperor Maximilian in 1867) took Madero and his aides into "protected custody" on the night of February 18, 1913, keeping the president a prisoner in a small room of the National Palace. Huerta than proclaimed himself head of state, claiming that the Senate had appointed him, a lie.

He immediately received the public support of U.S. Ambassador Wilson.

Gustavo Madero, the president's brother, had also been taken prisoner and on the night of February 19, 1913, he was taken from a cell and driven to an open field. He was then told to run for his life and as he ran a dozen of Huerta's officers shot him to death. Francisco Madero was another matter. Huerta worried that killing the president would bring a torrent of foreign criticism, especially from the U.S. When Huerta obliquely proposed the murder of Madero to Ambassador Wilson, the American diplomat shrugged and told the despot to do "what is best for the peace of the country."

Wilson, in this statement, had told Huerta that whatever he did with Madero was fully acceptable to him. When Sara Madero went to Wilson to plead with him to intercede on her husband's behalf in saving his life, Wilson brutally rebuffed her. Said the arrogant Wilson: "I will be frank with you, madam. Your husband's downfall is due to the fact that he never wanted to consult with me."

Gustavo Madero; the president's brother was also murdered in 1913.

On the night of February 22, 1913 (three days after his brother had been executed without his knowledge), Madero and a trusted aide, Pino Suarez, were removed from their quarters. Madero knew what was coming. He passed General Felipe Angeles, who was his most loyal military supporter and was also being held prisoner (later executed by Huerta). Madero shook Angeles' hand and said: "Adios, my general, I shall never see you again." He and Suarez were then taken to separate cars, each man sitting in the back seat, surrounded by heavily armed guards commanded by Captain Francisco Cardenas.

Some American journalists waiting outside ran after the cars as they drove away. One of them caught up with the autos outside the walls of the city penitentiary, where he heard several shots fired. He found the bodies of Madero and Suarez against the wall. Captain Cardenas explained that the president and his aide had been killed by Madero's own supporters who had fired on the cars, while trying to free the prisoners. The story, of course, was a fabrication. No attempt had been made to free Madero. Huerta's assassins had simply shot him and Suarez and dumped the bodies from the cars.

Huerta promoted this absurd story in announcing Madero's death, calling the murdered president "an honest man, but a fool who could not run a government." He then promoted Cardenas to the rank of major. Cardenas, disguised as a mule driver, fled to Guatemala when the Huerta regime later collapsed. He lived there for six years, but, in 1920, when he was about to be extradited back to Mexico to face charges of murdering Madero, Cardenas put a revolver to his head and blew out his brains.

General Victoriano Huerta, who ordered Madero's death and seized power in Mexico in 1913.

After fifteen months of power, Madero was dead at the age of thirty-nine, a tragic figure whose compassion, love of the law, and human generosity helped to bring about the downfall of one tyrant, and his very assassination at the hands of another despot. There were two men, however, who would seek a terrible retribution for this assassination—Pancho Villa and Emiliano Zapata. The names of these two men were written in fire on the fortress walls manned by the troops of Victoriano Huerta, a vicious dictator who reaped two whirlwinds howling through the mountains and across the plains of Mexico.

DEATH OF A HERO/April 10, 1919

No Mexican revolutionary leader of the 20th century approached the status and legend of Emiliano Zapata (1879-1919). Poorly educated—he did not learn how to read until reaching his adult years—Zapata was born dirt poor in the village of Anenecuilco in the southern state of Morelos. Through his teens, Zapata worked in the fields of a great estate. Its owner, Ignacio de la Torre y Mier, impressed by the boy's industrious ways and expert horsemanship, made him a *mediero*. As such, he became a tenant farmer of sorts, who cultivated a section of land and shared in the profits from its crops. The estate owner was married to Amada Diaz, daughter of President Porfirio Diaz.

Emiliano Zapata, Mexico's greatest hero, shown in 1912.

Torre y Mier invited Zapata to inspect his vast stables in Mexico City. Zapata, who had never been outside the state of Morelos until that time,

Emiliano Zapata (right center) sits next to ally Pancho Villa (left center in Diaz's old throne chair) in Mexico City's National Palace, December 6, 1914, where they shared power and attempted to make Madero's land reforms come true, until abandoning the capital and power six months later.

Alvaro Obregon, Zapata's foe, who arranged to have the great revolutionary hero killed in 1919.

Zapata (sitting at right) accepts $150,000 to evacuate his troops from Mexico City in July 1915; this decision put his enemies into power and brought about his death four years later.

was shocked to see that the landowner's horses lived in stalls that were more spacious and accommodating than the miserable huts in which his fellow peons dwelled. He became critical of the estate system and openly defied the authorities. A local politician, after a confrontation with Zapata, branded him a troublemaker and arranged to have Zapata conscripted into the army.

Zapata proved to be an excellent soldier, rising to the rank of sergeant. Fascinated by military tactics and strategy, Zapata had become an expert on how to organize and deploy troops by the time he was released from the service in 1910. The Diaz regime had inadvertently created a brilliant militarist, who would, in years to come, out-general and out-maneuver its armies with a ragged band of dedicated peons called "Zapatistas."

In 1910, when Madero openly defied the Diaz regime, Zapata was one of the first to embrace Madero's cause, leading his peons against Diaz's federal troops in Morelos. With the defeat of Diaz, Zapata himself escorted Madero to the National Palace in Mexico City, where the new president took office. When the Madero administration, much hampered by former Diaz politicians and militarists, was slow to bring about agrarian reform, particularly in Morelos, Zapata rebelled. He withdrew his support from Madero, battling Madero's forces.

When Madero was murdered on the orders of General Victoriano Huerta, Zapata joined a new revolution with Pancho Villa, Alvaro Obregon and Venustiano Carranza. After many battles, Huerta was finally overthrown and, like his master, Diaz, fled into exile. In an historic meeting, Zapata and Villa met in Mexico City to establish a new government on December 6, 1914. Zapata attempted to put his agrarian reforms into effect through his Plan of Ayala, but was undone when Carranza, backed by Obregon, seized power. Zapata and Villa continued the revolution on behalf of the peons. From 1914 to 1919, Zapata fought a losing war against overwhelming forces.

In early April 1919, a colonel in the army of Pablo Gonzalez, a Yaqui Indian named Jesus Guajardo, sent word to Zapata that he planned to defect from the Carranza forces, taking with him more than 600 battle-trained troops and a huge store of ammunition and guns, all to be placed under Zapata's command. On April 10, 1919, Zapata and ten men rode to the hacienda near Chinameca to meet with Guajardo. Zapata alone got off his horse and while his men waited outside the walls of the hacienda, he walked into the hacienda's large walled square where Guajardo waited for him. Colonel Guajardo welcomed Zapata with open arms, kissing him on the cheek in an extravagant display of affection which was really a signal to hundreds of his troops who lay in hiding on the walls of the hacienda.

A line of troops stood at attention in the square for review by Zapata, who walked past them as a bugler blew three long notes. Zapata had reached the main house and had one foot on the first step of the porch, when the troops he had reviewed held their rifles at present-arms. They suddenly shifted their weapons, aiming them at Zapata and fired a volley that ripped into the revolutionary leader, toppling him dead on the steps. Terrorized by Zapata's fierce reputation, the soldiers continued to pump volley after volley into the quivering corpse until it was rented like a sieve.

Zapata on film: In Elia Kazan's great 1952 biopic, *Viva Zapata!* (original screenplay by John Steinbeck), Marlon Brando (center, sitting) plays the great Mexican hero, conferring with Madero (Harold Gordon), while Anthony Quinn and Lou Gilbert suspiciously eye the weak-willed president.

Seven of Zapata's men waiting outside the hacienda were shot. Three escaped to spread the word that their great hero had been assassinated. For his insidious betrayal of Zapata, Guajardo, who had acted on orders from Carranza and Obregon, was promoted to the rank of brigadier general and given a $50,000 reward. Zapata's shredded body was dumped in the town square of Cuautla, his one-time headquarters. The body was taken to the local police station where it was identified, marked with a tag reading: "Emiliano Zapata, dead." To the poor peons he championed, however, Zapata's legend never died. He remains to this day the most charismatic hero of Mexico. His prophetic words, written long before his assassination, came to reality years later: "Though society defames us, history will justify our actions, when the new generations come to enjoy the fruits of our battles, fought with our bodies and the tears of our women. And this same society which attacks us today for our crimes will cover us with blessings."

THE MURDER OF A GREEDY MAN/ May 20, 1920

Venustiano Carranza (1859-1920) was born in Cuatro Cienegas, Coahuila, the son of a rich landowner. Educated in liberal views, he came into conflict with Mexico's dictator, Porfirio Diaz. In 1893, he took part in a brief revolt in Coahuila, winning a few reforms. He then became a liberal senator in the Diaz government, a post he held for twelve years, often protesting against Diaz's oppressive measures, but Diaz took no action against him, considering Carranza an insignificant po-

litical annoyance. This changed when Francisco Madero called for revolution against Diaz in 1910. At the time, Carranza was governor of Coahuila, one of Mexico's most influential northern states.

Believing in Madero's democratic principles, Carranza joined with Madero, becoming one of his most outspoken supporters. Carranza looked like anything but a revolutionary. He was every inch a patrician, tall with white hair, a white beard and a long mustache that extended outward, twisted and waxed like the whiskers of a cat. He wore blue-tinted spectacles behind which blinked weak eyes. He pontificated and fulminated, abhorring violence and preferring to back strong military men like Alvaro Obregon and Pancho Villa. He was no military leader, but he had the reputation of being an honest politician.

Carranza was also arrogant, egotistical and ignorant of his own country's history and social needs. Though he used to his own ends the considerable forces of the great peasant leader from Morelos, Emiliano Zapata, Carranza had little regard for Zapata as a politician and considered him beneath his own privileged class. Zapata, in turn, thought Carranza to be an aloof aristocrat, who did more posing as the champion of the peons than effecting any real reforms on their behalf.

Venustiano Carranza, the "Old Badger" of the Mexican Revolution, who made war on Diaz and Huerta and plotted against his allies.

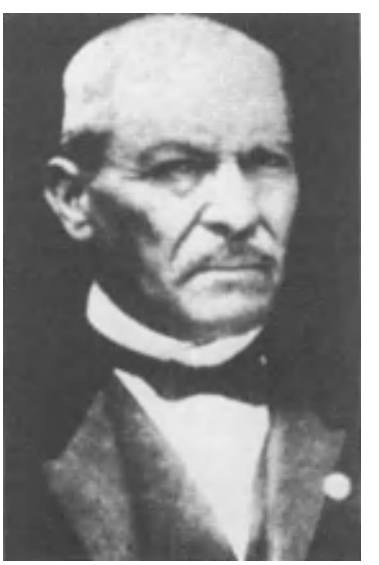
Following Madero's assassination in 1913, Carranza became the chief opposition to the new dictatorship of General Victoriano Huerta. On March 26, 1913, Carranza published a vague document of reform entitled the *Plan of Guadalupe*, one which outlined a loosely organized revolution against Huerta. The author, Carranza, named himself the "First Chief" of the constitutionalists. The constitutionalists, with Carranza at their head, sought to establish the constitution as originally drafted by Madero and abandoned by the usurping Huerta. President Woodrow Wilson came to believe that Carranza and other Mexican revolutionaries meant to reestablish a democracy in Mexico, but the haughty Carranza proved to be unfriendly to the U.S.

Following Huerta's defeat and the dissolution of the revolutionary council that briefly ruled Mexico, Carranza became the provisional president of the country (October 1915-March 1917). Because he seemingly stalled land reforms, Pancho Villa and Emiliano Zapata, formerly his strong supporters, turned on him, sending their forces against him. General Alvaro Obregon, who commanded the regular Mexican army at that time, became Carranza's protector and backed him as president in the 1917 election. He served as president of Mexico (1917-1920), until Obregon, who had retired, left his pea-farming estates and announced that he was a candidate in the 1920 election. Obregon denounced the Carranza regime as corrupt. Carranza, in turn, put up a stooge candidate, Ignacio Bonillas, who had been Carran-za's ambassador to the U.S. "The Old Badger of the Revolution," as Carranza was then called, expected Bonillas to win the election and then take orders from him.

Venustiano Carranza, president of Mexico (1915-1917), assassinated in 1920.

When it appeared that Carranza was rigging the 1920 election, Obregon announced that he would oppose Carranza with force. He mobilized his considerable troops and several states rebelled against the Carranza regime. When General Pablo Gonzalez, who had also announced his candidacy for the presidency, quit the race and retired to the country, Carranza was left without any real support. Gonzalez, who had fought long under Carranza's banner, removed his troops from Carranza's control, undoubtedly under the threat of Obregon, who had become Mexico's new strong man. By then, all of Carranza's military supporters of old were gone. Pancho Villa had retired to his ranch near Parral. Emiliano Zapata was dead, assassinated in 1919 with the collusion of Carranza and Obregon.

Carranza, knowing that he was in peril if he stayed in Mexico City, decided to move his headquarters to the coastal city of Vera Cruz, where, if events turned against him, he could quickly sail into safe exile. For several days, Carranza's men looted the palace and all government buildings in Mexico City, loading three long trains with gold, tapestries, paintings and silverware. "Carranza might have escaped with his life," wrote one historian, "if he hadn't been so greedy. His last train stood waiting for two or three



Victoriano Huerta; Carranza joined Zapata and Villa to overthrow him in 1913.

Pancho Villa (center), who hated Carranza and branded him a traitor to the revolution, is shown with two bodyguards in 1920, the year in which Carranza was assassinated.

days, but there were always a few more things to be taken away. He even took the cardboard currency. He took the funds from the treasury and the light fixtures from the palace."

Carranza stole more than sixty million pesos in gold and silver, packing this on his private train, which included a harem of forty women. As the train finally pulled out of Mexico City on May 7, 1920, these women slipped into revealing chemises, popped the corks from champagne bottles and began an orgy in Carranza's private cars, throwing gold and silver coins every which way as they spilled champagne down the throats of the fleeing president and his earthy followers. There was no organization to the evacuation. No medical supplies and little water was brought along for the trip. Upon Carranza's leisurely departure, General Gonzalez arrived in Mexico City at the head of his troops, announcing his support for Obregon, who arrived a few days later.

Alvaro Obregon, once an close ally, denounced Carranza and ordered him killed in 1920.

Meanwhile, two of Carranza's booty-packed trains were stopped, but the deposed president's train managed to get to Aljibes in Puebla. There Carranza found the tracks destroyed and his small military escort was attacked. Carranza and about seventy of his followers mounted horses and rode off toward the headquarters of General Francisco P. Mariel, who was thought to be still loyal to Carranza. He reached one of Mariel's outposts in northern Puebla, where he was met by Rudolfo Herrero, a bandit-turned-general. Herrero offered Carranza safe passage out of the country, quartering him in a small hut in the little village of San Antonio Tlaxcalantongo.

On the night of May 20, 1920, Herrero told Carranza: "This is my country. No one shall harm you. I myself will guide you through to the coast." Carranza, separated from his heavily armed entourage, went to sleep alone in the hut, bedding down with a saddle for a pillow and a horse blanket thrown over his body. About 10 p.m., Herrero entered Carranza's hut and lit a match which caused Carranza to sit up.

"What is wanted?" Carranza asked.

"I only wished to see that you have everything you ought to have," replied Herrero. Within seconds, Herrero was joined by a dozen men with guns drawn. They opened fire and a dozen bullets struck Carranza as he attempted to stand up. He died instantly. His body was stripped of his glasses, watch and his magnificent uniform, which Herrero later wore. Even the typewriter on which Carranza had written countless manifestos was stolen. A few of Carranza's aides escaped, but more than thirty of his followers were rounded up and ordered at gunpoint to sign a statement that Carranza had committed suicide. His body was later shipped back to Mexico City, where it was interred, according to his wishes, "in a third class grave where the poor people are buried." The assassin Herrero was promoted by Obregon. Carranza's fabulous gold shipments, reportedly hidden throughout Puebla by the fleeing ex-president, are sought by treasure hunters to this day.

"VIVA VILLA!"/July 20, 1923

The chaotic, bloody events that consumed Mexico during its long revolutionary period were best personified by an uneducated, brutal bandit called Francisco "Pancho" Villa (Doroteo Arango, 1878-1923). Colorful, canny and with an inborn brilliance for military tactics, Villa—who was known as "The Centaur" to his followers—came to be the most loved and hated man of his country. Born in a squalid hut in Durango's Rio Grande, Villa was a *mestizo* with some Negro blood. Like his counterpart in southern Mexico, Emiliano Zapata, he was raised without any education and sent to work at an early age in the fields of a large landowner, a *hacendado*. Villa had little hope for any other kind of life in an era when dictator Porfirio Diaz ruled Mexico. At the age of sixteen, he killed the

hacendado's son, raped his daughter, and fled to the hills to join a bandit gang, later becoming its leader. He was savage, uncouth and unremorseful for any of his many crimes. He took the name of Francisco Villa, then demanded that one and all call him "Pancho," which he thought to be a manly name.

Heavyset, bowlegged and pigeon-toed, Villa was a master horseman and a crack shot. His mercurial temper was legendary. He had a killer's instinct and a butcher's habit of shooting his prisoners. Mercy was unknown to him, yet he was capable of maudlin displays of tenderness with the poor peons he championed. Long before his open defiance of Diaz, Villa was known as a sort of Mexican Robin Hood, raiding the estates of the rich landowners and sharing his booty and food with starving peons. Americans, as well as Mexicans, learned of Villa's exploits through dime novels written by those who had little or no idea of what Pancho Villa was really like.

Pancho Villa, hero and bandit of Mexico, who led many revolutions, shown in 1911, when supporting Francisco Madero against dictator Diaz; he seldom took prisoners, hanging captives by the scores.

In 1910, when Francisco Madero was denied a free election by the Diaz regime and proclaimed open revolution against the dictator, Villa was one of the first to join the insurgent leader. He gathered a force of 500 men in northern Mexico and began to take small towns from the control of Diaz commanders. In the south, Emiliano Zapata, his revolutionary counterpart, also scored victories. Diaz's regime was crushed by the revolutionaries and the dictator fled the country. Madero became president, but his most devoted follower, Villa, proved to be a serious problem. In fact, he was almost executed for disobeying orders. Victoriano Huerta, a former Diaz general who had gone over to Madero, gave orders to have the insubordinate Villa shot by a firing squad on June 4, 1912.

Villa, knowing Madero would never issue such orders, stalled for time while his representatives raced to Madero to obtain a reprieve. The bandit was literally placed before a firing squad where he cajoled, begged and pleaded for his life. Villa offered the money in his pockets, his watch and his horse to a Captain Hernandez, head of the firing squad, if he would postpone the execution. At the last minute, Villa was saved when a reprieve arrived from Madero. He was jailed pending an investigation, then released and sent back to his northern retreat.

Madero, always Villa's hero, proved to be an ineffective president. His every move was blocked by Huerta and others from the old Diaz regime. He insisted that his plan to return the land to the peons and dismantle the great estates be put into effect, but Madero's land reforms were never instituted. Instead, with the collusion of the landowners, who truly represented the great wealth and power of Mexico (and still do), Huerta ordered Madero's assassination in 1913 and then seized power.

Once again, Villa, Zapata and others gathered their ragged forces and confronted Huerta, soundly defeating his armies in a prolonged civil war that saw endless atrocities and slaughter on both sides. Both Villa and Zapata hanged all prisoners believing that "they are not worth bullets." After Huerta's regime collapsed and he fled the country, Villa met with Zapata in Mexico City to establish a new government. They drank cognac together to celebrate their great victory. Villa admitted to Zapata: "I accept this drink solely for the pleasure of joining you, for the truth is that I never drink liquor." Together, on December 6, 1914, Villa and Zapata assumed joint leadership of the country. Villa was briefly the nominal president of the new republic, a position he quickly abdicated, as did Zapata.

At the time, Mexico was split into many factions, with Villa and Zapata representing the Conventionists, those advocating the reforms of Madero. Venustiano Carranza and Alvaro Obregon headed the constitutionalists, who loosely followed Madero's reforms, but were more sympathetic to the landown-

ers, a class to which they both belonged. Carranza became the president of Mexico, but he proved to be just another dictator representing the landed gentry. Villa and Zapata waged revolutionary war with him, until Zapata, after a decade of incessant fighting, was assassinated in 1919. After Carranza was assassinated on orders of Obregon, Villa saw further struggle useless and the old warrior retired to his ranch in Canutillo in 1920.

him large portraits of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. He ordered that these portraits be placed on the walls of his new school.

The once-feared leader of the Division of the North (the title of Villa's revolutionary army), grew fat, indulging himself with rich food, stuffing himself with imported sardines and peanut brittle. He bought several American cars and had many mistresses, although he remained married to the only

Pancho Villa, when he led his troops into Mexico City to herald Madero's triumph over Diaz in 1911.

In an amazing photo, Villa is shown standing in front of a firing squad in 1912, stalling long enough to be reprieved by President Madero; in his outstretched hand, he offers his treasured watch to the officer commanding the execution squad.

Villa was provided with considerable funds by the federal government, then in control of Obregon, on the proviso that he remain on his large estate (he had become a *hacendado*, joining the very class against which he had long waged war). Villa was content to work his estate, improving the land and making a model ranch out of what was once a broken-down farm. He bought American machinery and began to till his estate, producing abundant and lucrative crops. He used peon labor to construct a road from his ranch to the town of Parral. Yet, consistent with his contradictory nature, he paid to have a modern school constructed for the use of the peons and his bodyguards. He specified that the windows in the school be positioned high above the students to provide proper ventilation and to prevent them from being distracted in their studies by staring out of the windows.

Francisco Madero, Villa's idol, murdered in 1913, a killing the Centaur vowed to avenge.

By then a millionaire, Villa sent the sons of many peons across the border to business schools in El Paso, Texas, paying for their educations. He gave interviews to the American press, but grew short-tempered with abusive questions from reporters. Once, when a reporter dared to ask Villa to perform some cowboy tricks with his lasso, the Centaur drew his guns and almost shot the man. He later requested that an American salesman from whom Villa had purchased farm equipment send

woman he ever wed. Though he had become careless, Villa knew that he still had many enemies, particularly in the town of Parral, where he owned a hotel. Whenever he visited the town, he was accompanied by two dozen heavily armed bodyguards. Machine guns were mounted on the cars that preceded and followed Villa's own long touring car.

One of Villa's most dedicated enemies was Jesus Salas Barraza, who organized a group of middleclass merchants and businessmen in a plot to murder the Centaur. Barraza, a member of the Durango state legislature, raised $50,000 from those who had suffered at Villa's hands during the revolutionary years. He bought guns and ammunition and hired eight professional killers to murder Villa.

Barraza positioned the killers in a large house that he rented in Parral, one that jutted into the street at a corner Villa routinely passed in his car. The assassins spent days timing the comings and goings of Villa. At 8 a.m., on July 20, 1923, a pumpkin seed vendor, hired by Barraza for the occasion, stood near a corner in Parral where Villa was expected. He was to remove his sombrero when Villa's car neared, shouting: "Viva Villa!" This would be the signal for the killers to open fire.

Villa punctually arrived that morning. He was at the wheel of his large 1919 Dodge, driving at high speed. Colonel Miguel Trillo, in charge of Villa's bodyguards, sat next to him and in

the back seat were two bodyguards. The cars in front and in back of Villa's Dodge also contained bodyguards, all heavily armed with pistols and rifles. As Villa's car approached the rented house, the vendor removed his sombrero, waving it and shouting: "Viva Villa!"

Villa was flamboyantly portrayed by Wallace Beery (sitting left) in MGM's 1934 *Villa Villa!*; Henry B. Walthall (center) portrays Madero and Joseph Schildkraut, standing, essays a role modeled after Victoriano Huerta.

The leader of the assassins, Meliton Losoya, positioned at a window in the house, aimed his rifle and fired, sending a bullet through the windshield of Villa's car and into the broad chest of Pancho Villa. The Centaur slumped at the wheel as the Dodge crashed into a pole. Losoya's men let loose a tremendous fusillade that tore through Villa's car. Trillo stood up in the car, drawing his pistol, but a half dozen bullets ripped into him, killing him, sending his body backward over the door of the open car, his corpse grotesquely dangling. The rest of the bodyguards were cut down. Only Ramon Contreras, a huge man, managed to leap from one of the cars, firing his rifle at the assailants as he retreated down the street, wounded in the arm before escaping the bloodbath. He was the only survivor in Villa's party.

Parral, Mexico, July 20, 1923: Villa's car--his dead associate, Trillo, draped over a door, Villa dead next to him, after withering gunfire raked the auto.

Villa was slumped against Trillo's body, seven bullets in him. Trillo had been hit nine times. The big Dodge had been riddled with more than 100 bullets. The eight assassins slowly advanced on the car, cautious and apprehensive, ever mindful of Villa's fierce reputation. Ramon Guerra was the first assassin to reach the car. He looked down at Villa's bullet-torn body, then turned to Losoya and shouted: "The dirty pig! We taught him!" As he glanced back to the car, Guerra's face went white with fear. Though shot to pieces, the Centaur was still alive. His hand, clutching a big revolver, instinctively moved upward. He fired one shot that tore into Guerra's face and killed him on the spot.

The assassins began firing again, pumping bullets into Villa until they were sure that the dreaded Centaur was dead. His bleeding corpse was then dragged, along with the others, to Villa's hotel, where it was repeatedly photographed at Losoya's orders. Commented the assassin: "There will be no legends about him, as there are about Zapata, no tales that he is hiding in the mountains like Zapata, waiting to come back. The photographs prove that Pancho Villa is dead. This is important."

Pancho Villa (foreground), dead in a room of a hotel he owned in Parral; his corpse was photographed by his assassins to prove that the legendary "Centaur" was, indeed, deceased.

The body of the legendary bandit and revolutionary leader was not taken to the expensive, elegant mausoleum he had earlier purchased in Chihuahua City for his last resting place. His corpse was buried instead in a common grave at Parral. Ghouls dug up Villa's body in 1926 and severed his head, stealing this grisly trophy, which was never recovered. Barraza later admitted organizing the assassins and he was placed on trial. Found guilty, he was sentenced to twenty years in prison, but Obregon, Villa's old foe and then president of Mexico, reduced Barraza's sentence to six months, a brazen act that all but served as an admission that Obregon was behind the assassination of Pancho Villa. Moreover, Obregon made Barraza a colonel in his army. In 1951, on his deathbed, Barraza shouted to a priest: "I am not a murderer! I rid humanity of a monster!"

"MAKE ME LOOK GOOD, KID"/ July 17, 1928

Of all the Mexican leaders to emerge from that country's long revolutionary and civil wars, Alvaro Obregon (1880-1928) proved to be the most long-lasting. Like his mentor, Francisco Madero, Obregon was a product of the landed gentry, a *hacendado*. As one of the richest planters in Sonora, Obregon sided with Madero in his revolution (1910-1912) against dictator Porfirio Diaz and helped defeat revolutionary turncoat Pascual Orozco in 1912, driving him from the country. When Victoriano Huerta ordered Madero assassinated. Obregon joined with Venustiano Carranza, with the considerable help of Pancho Villa and Emiliano Zapata, to defeat Huerta and drive him from Mexico. He later brought about the assassinations of Zapata and Villa.

(left to right) General Alvaro Obregon, Pancho Villa and U.S. General John J. Pershing in 1914; Villa would raid Columbus, Texas, two years later and Pershing would pursue him in a futile expedition, while Obregon bided his time, gaining power in Mexico.

Obregon was instrumental in installing the vacillating Carranza as president of Mexico. He then retired to his pea-farming. However, in 1920, he denounced Carranza and his regime as wholly corrupt and claimed that Carranza had "sold out" the revolution. Obregon ran for the presidency and succeeded in ousting Carranza, after which he ordered Carranza's assassination.

While in his first term as president of Mexico (1920-1924), Obregon did not completely institute Madero's original land reform measures. He remained loyal to his own class of landowners, but nevertheless distributed about three million acres of land from vast estates to 624 villages. In late 1923, Obregon's hand-picked successor to the presidency, Plutarco Calles, was challenged by Adolfo de la Huerta, who, on December 4, 1923, led a revolt in Vera Cruz, denouncing Obregon as a tyrant and Calles as nothing more than Obregon's puppet. The revolution raged for a year, ending in the summer of 1924, when Obregon's forces scored stunning victories over de la Huerta's ragged and demoralized troops. De la Huerta fled to California where he became a music teacher. Calles was elected to the presidency.

In 1927, again hungry for power, Obregon announced his candidacy for the presidency in the elections of 1928. This move broke a canon rule of the revolution, that no man could serve as president twice, but Obregon's many supporters in the Mexican Congress passed a constitutional amendment that allowed for "non-consecutive re-election." Generals Arnulfo R. Gomez and Francisco R. Serrano denounced Obregon as a traitor to the revolution and led a violent but brief uprising, which Obregon ruthlessly crushed, capturing and shooting both Gomez and Serrano. Obregon handily won the election on July 1, 1928.

During his first administration as president, Obregon had suppressed the powerful Catholic Church in Mexico, its prelates widely denouncing his previous murderous methods during the long revolutionary years that had consumed Mexico. Obregon had outlawed priests and even jailed and executed clergymen who talked against his regime. (John Ford's 1947 film, *The Fugitive*, effectively profiles this devastating period in which Catholic priests were hunted down and shot in Mexico.) Believing that Obregon would again institute his harsh treatment of religious organizations, chiefly the Catholic Church, many religious fanatics resolved to assassinate him.

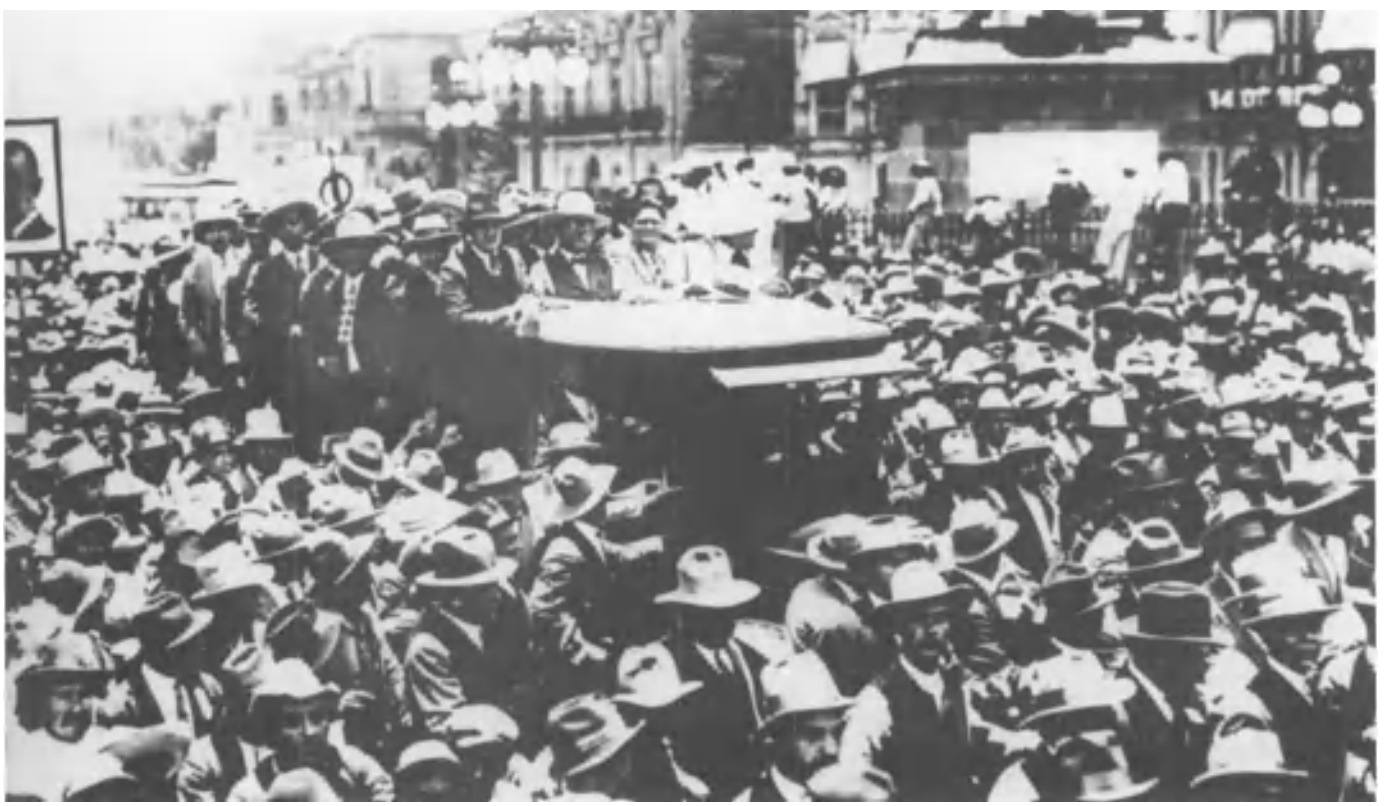
Obregon in 1920, when he became president of Mexico, having arranged for the assassinations of Zapata and Carranza.

One of the most flamboyant conspirators was an underground leader called Madre Conchita, who devised a macabre end for the new president. He would be invited to waltz with a woman sent by Madre Conchita and the woman, while being held close by Obregon, would withdraw a hypodermic needle from beneath her shawl and quickly inject a lethal dose of strychnine into the president's arm. This plot failed to materialize. Madre Conchita then met and recruited a religious zealot, Jose de Leon Toral, who told her that he would readily give his life in order to kill Obregon, whom he considered to be the anti-Christ.

Obregon's brutal suppression of the Catholic church in Mexico during his first term in office (1920-1924) was depicted in John Ford's 1947 film *The Fugitive*, in which Henry Fonda (shown behind bars) is a priest about to be shot.

With a borrowed pistol, Toral went to Obregon's residence in Mexico City, but the place was too heavily guarded for him to enter the grounds. He then learned from newspapers that the president would appear as a guest of honor at a political banquet in a small cafe in San Angel, just outside of Mexico City. Toral went to the cafe on July 17, 1928, posing as an artist and moving among the tables, pretending to sketch the customers. Obregon was expected momentarily to appear, even though his aides had advised him against attending the banquet, telling him that several plots against his life had been uncovered. Replied Obregon: "These plots come and go each day. I remain." He and his aides then laughed about the name of the cafe he was about to visit, *La Bombita* (the Little Bomb).

A short time after Obregon took his seat in the *La Bombita*, Toral approached his table. He was stopped by guards, but loudly explained that he was an artist and wanted to sketch the president-elect. The vain Obregon, always eager for flattery, waved Toral over to him, sending away his guards. Toral stood over Obregon and began to sketch him on a pad. The president-elect continued to chat with friends, then turned to Toral, abruptly saying: "I hope you make me look good, kid." Obregon was suddenly staring into the muzzle of a pistol. Without a word, Toral fired five shots at point blank range, obliterating Obregon's face and instantly killing the president-elect. Toral was thrown to the ground by guards, quickly tried and then executed. Alvaro Obregon, last of the most tempestuous leaders of the long Mexican revolution, was no more, his name added to the terrible list of those he had ordered assassinated—Zapata, Carranza and Villa.



President-elect Obregon (shown in white hat, vest and bow tie, riding in truck) after winning the rigged 1928 presidential election; a short time later he was assassinated while having his picture drawn in a cafe.

DEATH OF A STRANGE EXILE/ August 20, 1940

Just as the amateur artist Toral brought about the death of Alvaro Obregon in 1928, Mexico's greatest artist, Diego Rivera, unwittingly made it possible for the assassination of communist leader Leon Trotsky twelve years later. Had Trotsky (Lev Davidovich Bronstein, 1879-1940) won his power struggle with Joseph Stalin following the death of Vladimir Lenin in 1924, the history of the Soviet Union would most probably been quite different. Trotsky, the intellectual light of the Bolshevik (communist) Revolution of 1917, often disagreed with Lenin. He was an early advocate of the Menshevik position, the liberal democratic alternative to Bolshevism. His theory of a "permanent revolution" dependent upon the class revolt that would inevitably occur in all capitalist democracies, contradicted the views of Stalin (who simply employed communism as a front for his own dictatorship).

Leon Trotsky in 1920 at the zenith of his career in Soviet Russia.

Trotsky's bloodstained office in his villa outside Mexico City, where he was fatally attacked on August 20, 1940, by Jaime Mercader, on orders from Joseph Stalin.

Trotsky compromised the liberal idea in 1917, when he joined the Bolshevik faction, subordinating himself to Lenin. During the Civil War (1918-1920), Trotsky, as commander of the Soviet troops, effectively crushed the White (royalist) armies. In 1918, he finalized the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, which gave Germany considerable lands in exchange for Soviet withdrawal from World War I. Trotsky then resigned his post as foreign commissar in order to assume the task of building the Red Army from what remained of the czarist forces. By 1920, he was clearly established as the number two man in the Soviet hierarchy behind Lenin. Trotsky, one of the five members of the Politburo from its birth in 1919, antagonized many of his peers in the communist government with his intellectual arrogance and the preferred status he enjoyed in Lenin's inner circle.

All this changed in 1924 with Lenin's death. Stalin made a concerted effort to eliminate Trotsky and all others who stood in his way to power. Within a few years, Stalin, with considerable support from other communist leaders (whom he would later purge) succeeded in ousting Trotsky from the Politburo, then his position in the Central Committee. Trotsky was then driven into exile in January 1928, residing in Alma Ata in remote Central Asia. He then settled in Turkey, then France, then Norway, a nomadic fugitive from Stalin's increasing wrath, particularly after Trotsky published a noteworthy attack on Stalin in his 1935 book, *The Revolution Betrayed*.

In 1936, the Norwegian government yielded to Stalin's pressure and expelled Trotsky. He appealed to Mexican President Lazaro Cardenas for political asylum. Many communist leaders in Mexico welcomed Trotsky as a true hero of the revolution, including the famous painter, Diego

David Alfaro Siqueiros, who attacked Trotsky's compound outside of Mexico City in May 1940; machine gun fire failed to find the mark.

Leon Trotsky, dead, August 21, 1940; he had been marked for murder by Stalin ten years earlier, but had evaded assassination until befriending his own killer.

Rivera, who had championed the peasant class struggles through his own artwork. He personally invited Trotsky to live with him in Mexico, a request endorsed by the Mexican government.

Trotsky, by that time, was a much-wanted man. Stalin was in the process of purging all of his old political cronies in a series of notorious kangaroo treason trials and Trotsky was convicted in *absentia* as a Red "heretic." Stalin put a price on his head and sent agents from his dreaded secret police, the GPU, to track down and assassinate him and all exiled Russian political opponents and various Trotskyite leaders. This was the case of Rudolf Klement, murdered by GPU agents in Paris. Trotsky, by that time, had immigrated to Mexico and was living with Rivera and his family, but he was not safe from the agents who sought to kill him.

In 1939, a rift attributed to Trotsky and Rivera's wife, the artist, Frida Kahlo, developed. Trotsky and his wife, Natalya, moved out of Rivera's house and took up residence in Coyoacan, a suburb of Mexico City. Fearing for his safety, Trotsky moved into a heavily fortified compound with a watchtower and a barricaded gate. The estate was patrolled around the clock by ten Mexican policemen and several American Trotskyites. Trotsky took these precautions after hearing that Mexican Stalinists had condemned him to death as a "Judas."

On May 24, 1940, the painter, David Alfaro Siqueiros and a gang of Stalinist artists and soldiers, along with a group of mine workers, descended on Trotsky's compound. The Mexican policemen were lured from their posts by two women posing as prostitutes, leaving only a few guards. Siqueiros and twenty armed men gained entry to the courtyard of the compound, locking up the few guards. They positioned a machine gun outside of Trotsky's bedroom and opened fire. Trotsky and his wife hurled themselves to the floor and hid beneath a bed. Two incendiary bombs were thrown by the invaders, but little damage was done. Thinking the police were about to arrive, the attackers then fled. The house was left a shambles.

One fatality resulted. An American Trotskyite, Robert Sheldon Harte, who had been on guard that night, was abducted and murdered by the assassins, his body later found in a pit filled with quicklime near a deserted farmhouse. The police conducted a widespread manhunt for the killers and the assassins went into hiding. Siqueiros was permitted to leave Mexico in 1942. He eventually migrated to Chile, having suffered no

Assassin Jaime Mercader, seriously wounded by Trotsky's bodyguards; he would go to prison for life.

General Jose Manuel Nunez, chief of police of Mexico City, holds the pickax Mercader used to kill Trotsky.

Trotsky's large funeral procession in Mexico City on August 24, 1940.

reprisals for his botched attempt on Trotsky's life. He was described by Mexican officials as "an uncontrolled element considered half mad."

Following the abortive Siqueiros attack, Trotsky had a new watchtower constructed at his compound and installed an elaborate alarm system throughout his house. In the summer of 1940, a Trotsky sympathizer who went by the name of Frank Jacson began cultivating Trotsky's friendship, visiting him regularly and expressing his admiration for Trotsky's work. Jacson had many aliases, including the name of Jacques Mornard (an alias he used when posing as a French journalist). His real name was Jaime Ramon Mercader del Rio Hernandez, the son of a Spanish businessman and a Cuban mother with communist sympathies. Mercader, an avowed Stalinist, had fought in the Republican army during the Spanish Civil War and was later recruited by Stalin's secret police, the GPU, and given the assignment of murdering Trotsky.

In August 1940, Mercader asked Trotsky if he would review a political paper he had written. His host agreed and invited Mercader to visit him on August 20, 1940. Mercader was not closely examined by guards when he arrived as he had gained Trotsky's confidence. He carried with him a thirteen-inch dagger, a pistol, and an Alpine ice ax, all concealed under a heavy topcoat which he draped over his arm. Trotsky took Mercader to his study and sat down to examine the paper. As he was looking over the document, Mercader walked behind him and plunged the ax into his mentor's skull. The blow was not strong enough to render Trotsky unconscious. He cried out in pain which brought American guards on the run. Joseph Hansen and Jake Cooper burst into the room, wrestling Mercader to the ground and beating him senseless. Trotsky prevented them from killing him, saying that: "He has a story to tell."

The blow to Trotsky's head proved fatal. He lapsed into a coma and died twenty-five hours later. Once in custody,

Assassin Jaime Mercader shown in prison, 1954; a model prisoner, he was released six years later and went to Russia, where he was hailed as a hero for murdering Trotsky.

Mercader stated that he had killed Trotsky to redeem the honor of one of Trotsky's secretaries, whom Trotsky had violated. The woman was contacted and denied that any such sexual attack by Trotsky had ever occurred. Mercader, tried on April 17, 1943, under his alias of Jacques Mornard, was convicted of murder and sent to prison for life. He was a model prisoner at Juarez Penitentiary in Mexico City for seventeen years. Released on May 6, 1960, Mercader moved to Prague, Czechoslovakia, where he worked as a journalist for communist publications. He later moved to Moscow, where he received the "Order of the Soviet Union." Mercader then moved again, this time to Cuba, his mother's homeland, where he died in 1978, never admitting that he had been a hired killer for Joseph Stalin.

ASSASSINS OF THE RISING SUN

In the secretive, isolated Japan of the 1920s and 1930s, many murder cabals were organized to eliminate all those who opposed the concepts of conquest advanced by the royal princes and militarists who controlled the country. Since defeating the Russian fleet in 1905 and winning the Russo-Japanese War, Japan's militarists, with the tacit approval of the emperor, began to plan the conquest of Manchuria, China and most of the Pacific. This small but overpopulated nation was without real war material. It needed iron, steel, rubber and oil with which to build its military machine. It looked covetously to its neighbors for these assets, believing that its empire could only survive through ruthless aggression. There were in this land of *bushido* a few enlightened leaders who attempted to stall if not halt Japan's path toward war. Almost all of them lost their lives to government-sponsored assassins, including the liberal-minded Tsuyoshi Inukai, prime minister of the country.

DEATH OF A PACIFIST/May 15, 1932

Two men dramatically opposite in nature and attitude were born in Japan in 1855. One of them, Mitsuru Toyama (1855-1944), was vicious and brutal, cunning and crafty. He would become chief of all criminal activities in Japan and become almost as powerful as the emperor, orchestrating if not dictating the nation's military future. The other, Tsuyoshi Inukai (1855-1932), was gentle and caring. He possessed a brilliant mind and labored throughout his life to preserve peace. He rose to become Japan's prime minister in 1931, instituting reforms and measures that would prevent his country from rushing headlong into open war.

Japan's Emperor Hirohito, in military attire, shown in the late 1920s before reviewing troops; he secretly orchestrated staged military uprisings that ostensibly wrested control from him, but he nevertheless directed Japan's war of aggression.

Emperor Hirohito (below, center) is shown supervising Japanese army maneuvers in 1929, exercising the supreme military authority his worshipping minions later claimed he did not really possess.

Mitsuru Toyama, head of the dreaded Black Dragon Society, which specialized in assassination in advancing the goals of military conquest; next to the emperor, Toyama was the most powerful man in Japan.

Toyama, born to a family of obscure samurai rank, grew up as a street-brawling thug. He idolized the samurai tradition and joined, while in his twenties, several samurai uprisings for which he was sentenced to three years in jail. When released, he joined an ultra-nationalist group, *Kyoshisha,* and soon thereafter began to attract his own following. He organized a large disciplined army of strike breakers, who were financed by coal mine owners. In 1881, Toyama founded *Genyosha*, which came to be known as the Black Dragon Society, a federation of previously existing nationalist societies, one that came to dominate all underworld activities and control all government and military leaders, who became members in order to advance their careers.

In supporting expansionism and authoritarian rule at home—always with complete obedience to the emperor—Toyama's Black Dragon Society supported extreme right-wing causes and by the 1890s its assassins routinely murdered moderate or liberal political figures who thought to alter Japan's military aims. In the 1892 election, the bloodiest in Japan's history, the society mobilized tens of thousands of rightists and criminals to assure the elections of its candidates. Toyama, whose expansionist aims extended to Korea and China, was responsible for sending his agents to murder the queen of Korea in 1895, an event that marked the beginning of Japan's occupation of that country for a half century.

Japan's criminal class and the rightists endorsed the same policies and it became difficult to distinguish between the two elements. In 1919, Toyama organized Japan's first national federation of gangsters, *Dai Nippon Kokusui-kai*, or the Great National Essence Society, a force of more than 60,000 gangsters, laborers and ultra-nationalists. Eventually, this organization evolved into a paramilitary arm of the *Seiyukai*, one of Japan's two major political parties. Throughout the 1920s, Toyama's political power continued to grow, despite a

trend in Japanese politics toward the left. He was indirectly supported by Emperor Hirohito (1901-1989), who had long earlier decided on a course of war. Upon his father's long illness, beginning in 1923, Hirohito was named regent of the country and as such, the 22-year-old emperor was in total control of Japan (he became emperor in 1926). Influenced by his war-seeking uncles, all princes holding high-ranking military positions, Hirohito sought a path to world conquest.

That path was mapped in detail for the emperor by the pleasure-seeking Baron Giichi Tanaka (1863-1929), a high-ranking member of Toyama's Black Dragon Society. His career had long been promoted by Toyama, after Tanaka distinguished himself in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905. With Toyama's support, Tanaka became minister of war in 1918, a baron in 1920, a general in 1921, president of *Seiyukai* in 1925, and prime minister of Japan and chief of foreign affairs (1927-1929). His first act as prime minister was to prepare a top secret report for Emperor Hirohito, one that detailed Japan's plan for world conquest.

Below: Baron Giichi Tanaka, pleasure-seeking prime minister of Japan (pulling on his boots before a conference with Hirohito); he and the emperor developed the secret "Tanaka Plan," an insidious scheme for world conquest.

In the 1945 film *Blood on the Sun*, actor James Cagney (center) plays an American newsman searching for the secret "Tanaka Plan" in prewar Tokyo; he is shown with Sylvia Sidney (left) receiving the clandestine document from a pacifist Japanese official, Frank Puglia (in the role model of the assassinated Premier Inukai).

This became the notorious Tanaka Plan. Its discovery and exposure in 1927 was fraught with melodrama. One report had it that the ex-bandit chief of Manchuria, Chang Tso-lin, bought a rough translation of the secret report from a Japanese businessman. Another had it that an American journalist working in Tokyo obtained the report from a beautiful Eurasian woman who was Tanaka's favorite geisha. Tanaka was not present to deny the report, having committed suicide in the geisha's lavish Tokyo apartment, which he had maintained for her. (This tale was incisively profiled in all its sinister aspects in the 1945 film, *Blood on the Sun*, starring James Cagney.)

The Tanaka Plan was specific. Tanaka reportedly told the emperor that "Japan cannot remove the difficulties in Eastern Asia unless she adopts a policy of 'blood and iron'... In the future, if we want to control China, we must first crush the United States." He went on to detail the conquest of Manchuria, China, the Philippines, the whole of the Pacific, even Russia. When the report was publicized in the West, Japan emphatically denounced it as a fraud. Within a few years, a new political leader emerged who seemed to contradict the no-

Opposite page: Japanese troops are shown invading Manchuria in July 1931, following the first steps of the "Tanaka Plan."

tions of Japan's secret plan of conquest. He was Tsuyoshi Inukai, a liberal-minded pacifist openly opposed to any expansionism by his country.

Inukai had begun his career as a journalist in the late 1870s, becoming the editor of the liberal newspaper, *Hochi Shimbun*. He gained many political supporters through his editorials, which condemned Japanese aggression. In 1890, he ran for election, becoming a member of the first House of Representatives of the Imperial Diet, Japan's parliamentary government (secretly deferring all major political decisions to the emperor). He became minister of education in 1898,

Japan's new pacifist prime minister, Tsuyoshi Inukai (extreme left), celebrates the organization of his cabinet in 1931, the very year Inukai attempted to stall Japanese aggression in Manchuria.

continuing to be an ardent foe of military expansionism. By 1922, Inukai formed a reform political party, *Kakushin Karabu*, which advocated non-intervention and peace.

The clever Toyama watched Inukai's rise with interest and although the little politician proved to be annoying in his outspoken attacks against Japan's fulminating militarists, the Black Dragon chief thought to make him a useful tool. When the Tanaka Plan was exposed, Toyama and the Black Dragons, including Emperor Hirohito, thought to profile Japan to the world as a peace-loving nation. To that end, Inukai's party was absorbed into the *Seiyukai* party, which was controlled by the Black Dragons. Inukai was then promoted by his very opponents to the political forefront and, in 1931, was made prime minister.

Toyama quickly learned that Inukai would be no stooge for the Black Dragons. The diminutive, feisty Inukai opposed Japan's militarists at every turn, subverting their goals of conquest in Manchuria by drastically cutting budgets for the army, disapproving contracts for the manufacturing of tanks, planes and warships and attempting to advance into higher positions the few Japanese admirals and generals who were opposed to military aggression. Toyama could do nothing with Inukai. He and the militarists marked him for assassination.

That Hirohito knew of this intended murder there can be no doubt. No authority in Japan superceded the emperor, who, under the predominately Shinto religion at that time, was the undisputed spiritual and corporal leader of Japan. In fact, he was considered a deity, a living god, whose will could not be challenged, even by the likes of Mitsuru Toyama. No important military moves or the assassinations of any significant Japanese figures could be entertained, let alone enacted, without the permission of Hirohito. The world, however, was never to know that the emperor endorsed or directed such actions.

Hirohito was a cautious and calculating person, one who devised, with the aid of Toyama and others, his own plan to secure his image of innocence in the many crimes performed on his behalf, as well as an undetected method by which he

could secretly conduct his country's naked aggression. He put in motion an insidious scheme wherein young and irresponsible militarists would assassinate the likes of Inukai and ostensibly stage a military coup that wrested control of the government from Hirohito. He would then appear to be no more than a helpless, titular monarch at the mercy of a ruthless military cabal.

Through slavish militarists willing to sacrifice their lives to their living god, the emperor successfully convinced the West that this myth was a reality, a "planted" concept embraced by Western experts on the Far East almost throughout World War II. Following the defeat of Japan in 1945, Hirohito's sinister machinations were unraveled, but not publicized widely in that the emperor was retained without power (instead of being executed as a war criminal as many proposed) to preserve the peace of the country he had brought to ruination.

The liberal-minded, peace-loving Inukai stood firmly in the way of Hirohito's ambitions. The prime minister had to be removed. To that end, nine air force and navy cadets who had been indoctrinated for months on the evil ways of Inukai's administration, were told a lie by Black Dragon leaders, that the prime minister had been secretly negotiating with Chang Kai-Shek of China, and was planning to return to China the territories gained through the blood of Japanese troops. Convinced that Inukai was a traitor, the cadets agreed to murder the prime minister. They called their cabal the Blood Brotherhood.

As a back-up to the Blood Brotherhood, another cabal of eleven military officers was formed by the Black Dragons. This group was led by Toyama's chief henchman and killer, Nisho Inoue, a burly, strapping friar who could have passed for a sumo wrestler. The purpose of this second group was to kill all of those who supported the prime minister before Inukai was himself murdered. Inoue's first move was to recruit a naive, 22-year-old carpenter's apprentice, Tadashi Konuma, giving him a Browning automatic pistol and a handful of bullets and telling Tadashi to kill former finance minister Junnosuke Inoue (no relation to the friar). The finance minister had been reluctant to fund the militarists when in office and he was still in support of Prime Minister Inukai. At Inoue's instructions, Konuma waited outside a Tokyo meeting place on February 9,

Black Dragon assassin Nisho Inoue, organizer of the young cadets who committed the murder of Prime Minister Inukai.

American actor Charlie Chaplin, who was arriving in Tokyo to promote his film, *City Lights*, was slated for murder.

Below: Prime Minister Inukai is shown in his study at his Tokyo residence in almost the same spot where invading assassins fatally shot him in May 1932.

1932. When former finance minister Inoue stepped from a car to address a sidewalk crowd, Konuma shot him three times in the back, killing him. Konuma allowed himself to be arrested by friendly police (he later served a brief prison sentence).

Black Dragon assassin Inoue then planned his next murder, that of Baron Takuma Dan, a long-time supporter of the U.S. Again, Inoue provided another assassin, Goro Hisanuma, with a Browning automatic pistol and a handful of bullets, sending him to murder Baron Dan. On March 5, 1932, the killer stationed himself outside the Mitsui Bank Building. When the baron's car arrived, the assassin tried to open the door, but found it locked. Before the baron's chauffeur could drive to safety, Hisanuma fired several shots through the window, one bullet killing Baron Dan immediately. The killer, like Konuma, received a light prison sentence.

Several young Japanese army officers are shown in the staged military uprising of 1936 in Tokyo, one which cleverly convinced the West that Emperor Hirohito had been stripped of his power.

The emperor had a more direct hand in the next assassination, that of Inukai. He sent his representative, Lieutenant General Akitomo Segawa, a Black Dragon member, to meet with cadets at an inn outside of Tokyo to brief them on their task. He gave them directions to the prime minister's residence and told them how they must enter the building and where to locate Inukai. He then got them drunk while lecturing them on their patriotic duty. The cadets then held a murder council, electing the leaders of the assignment. One of them noted that Hollywood movie actor Charlie Chaplin was arriving in Tokyo on May 14, 1932, the day before the planned assassination. The cadet proposed that Chaplin be killed along with Inukai when the prime minister entertained the actor on the night of his arrival to increase international attention to their cause.

This plan was seriously considered until another cadet pointed out that police had already been alerted to a death threat to Chaplin, a fake threat the Blood Brotherhood had spread to slacken security for Inukai. The police, the cadet emphasized, would go all out to protect the comedian on Saturday night, at the time he was attending the reception hosted by Inukai. Therefore, most of the police force would be resting and off guard the following day, which had been set aside for the prime minister's murder. The plan to murder Charlie Chaplin was abandoned.

Before going to Inukai's residence on May 15, 1932, the cadets visited the Yasukuni Shrine, a Shinto temple in Tokyo, where they reaffirmed their loyalty to the emperor. They got into two cabs and drove to the prime minister's house, which was near the emperor's palace. Inukai's residence was a sprawling building of many rooms. Its foyer was almost as large as a hotel lobby and there the cadets encountered a uniformed policeman and a plainclothes detective. When the cadets demanded to know the whereabouts of Inukai, the detective ran forward, drawing his gun. He was shot down. The uniformed officer refused to disclose the whereabouts of the prime minister and the cadets then ran pell-mell through the many rooms of the residence, looking for their prey. They held household workers at gunpoint, grilling them as to Inukai's whereabouts, but the servants refused to speak to them.

The cadets then heard a noise behind a second-floor door, which they easily broke down, shooting to death a bodyguard, who was protecting Inukai's private quarters. The cadets found the little prime minister (he was only five feet tall) calmly sitting behind a table, smoking a cigarette and wearing a thin kimono. A navy cadet walked silently to Inukai and placed a revolver to his head, pulling the trigger several times. Nothing happened. The cadet had forgotten to load the weapon. The prime minister shook his head and stroked his white goateed chin. He then attempted to reason with the cadets, saying that he would explain his actions so that they could realize he was working on behalf of Japan's best interests.

Astonishingly, the cadets agreed, following the prime minister into his office, leaving behind Inukai's terrified daughter-in-law, who held an infant in her arms. Though the young officers politely listened for some minutes as the 76-year-old Inukai detailed his foreign strategy for peace, their leader, a cadet named Mikami, resolved to assassinate the old man. He would later state in court: "I didn't have any personal grudge against him, but I had a tragic feeling. I tried to convince myself that we were straws in the wind of revolution. And so nothing changed my will to kill."

Suddenly, Inukai stopped talking. He looked down at the boots the cadets were wearing and realized that they had

violated a centuries-old custom by not removing them when they entered his home. "What about your shoes?" he inquired. "Why don't you take them off?" His demand that his would-be assassins strictly observe Japanese etiquette broke the spell of his oratory, prompting the cadets to once more focus upon their grim mission.

"Worry about that later!" shouted one of the cadets. "You know why we are here! Do you have anything to say before you die?"

Lieutenant Masayoshi Yamagishi then shouted: "No use talking! Fire!" The cadets began shooting. A cadet named Mikami fired almost point black at the prime minister's head, sending a bullet into Inukai's right temple. He collapsed onto a table and the cadets fled. Family members found the old prime minister still alive. Mikami's bullet had slashed his forehead and become embedded in his nose. Another bullet had pierced his left nostril, entering his mouth and exiting through his right cheek. Inukai was nevertheless lucid, saying to his doctor, who had been on the premises: "Call them back [the assassins]. I want to talk to them."

In spite of the brutal attack upon him, the peacemaking prime minister still thought to reason with his assassins. More doctors arrived and bandaged his wounds, which they believed were not critical. Meanwhile, the cadets and other military cabals in league with them made demonstrations all over Tokyo, firing weapons into the air in front of banks and police stations and throwing bombs that exploded in empty buildings, making it appear that there was a widespread uprising in process by rash, young officers. The assassins then turned themselves into the Japanese secret police and were housed in "detaining quarters" that offered as many comforts as their own barracks. (Fifty-four young Japanese officers involved in the 1932 and the subsequent 1936 staged insurrections were later charged with conspiracy. All were released except six of those involved in Inukai's assassination, who were sent to prison. These officers were released in 1939 and 1940 on secret orders from Hirohito, in time to resume their military careers and help invade the Philippines and the islands of the South Pacific.)

Meanwhile, prime minister Inukai held a cabinet meeting, which he dismissed when he began to bleed heavily from his wounds. More doctors arrived to give him a transfusion, mixing the blood of Inukai's son with a "solution." In a few minutes, he collapsed into a coma. When Emperor Hirohito was told that the prime minister was not yet dead, he sent his own physician to "attend" to the stricken Inukai. At 9:30 p.m., Inukai revived, saying: "I feel much better now." The Imperial physician gave him a pill and only minutes after swallowing it, the prime minister fell back into a coma. The emperor was told that Inukai was dead, but this proved untrue. More doctors were sent to examine the prime minister, and finally, after being injected with what was most probably a lethal substance, he died at 2:36 a.m., May 16, 1932. Not until he was convinced that his most stubborn political foe was dead did Emperor Hirohito go to sleep.

The real architect of war and the ruination of his country, Emperor Hirohito, shown in the post-WW II era; he abdicated his god-like power after the U.S. dropped two atomic bombs on Japanese cities in August 1945, but nevertheless continued to live in luxury on his palatial grounds in Tokyo until his death in 1989.

A few days later, the elderly Admiral Makoto Saito was appointed interim prime minister, chosen because he would do as he was told by the militarists acting on Hirohito's behalf. When Saito proved truculent, he was assassinated in the so-called military uprising of 1936, one that Hirohito himself orchestrated, to make it appear that the Japanese government was now in the total control of the militarists. This second military rebellion ostensibly ushered into power the warmongering likes of General Hideki Tojo and Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto. These men, under Hirohito's secret direction, diligently began to map out their attacks on China, Malaya, the Philippines and the U.S. naval base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

AMERICAN MALCONTENTS

While Japanese militarists busied themselves with political murders in preparation for world conquest during the 1930s, this era endured two assassinations in America that personified the disillusionment and hopelessness that gripped the nation in its darkest economic Depression. The 1930s saw massive unemployment, stagnant business, lame industry and a deepening disbelief in the country's aloof leaders, who had, for the most part, led their constituents into poverty and despair. Following the disastrous do-nothing administration of President Herbert Hoover, the 1932 election of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt offered a dim light in a long, dark tunnel. Most Americans, however, were pessimistic and had little confidence in a federal government that had allowed the country to flounder. State governments were even less helpful, many of its governors indifferent to the plight of their citizens.

As banks and businesses failed, hundreds of thousands of hard-working citizens were evicted from their homes and farms, thrown into the road, becoming a generation of dispossessed nomads and wanderers. Among these displaced legions was an illiterate, unemployed immigrant, who, in 1933, thought to kill President Roosevelt simply because he occupied a position of authority, an authority that represented to this assassin all that was oppressive. Among the middle-class that had seen its savings and future obliterated through the malfeasance and mismanagement of business bosses and grafting politicians was a conscientious physician turned assassin who thought to rid the world of a dangerous demagogue. His target was Huey Long of Louisiana, who had blustered and bullied his way to power, abusing his office and the rights of those he pretended to represent.

A MURDER IN MIAMI/February 15, 1933

The attempt to assassinate president-elect Franklin Delano Roosevelt (1882-1945) by Joseph Zangara in 1933 in Miami, Florida, has often been misdirected or confused by crime journalists. It is their incorrect assumption that Zangara was really intent on murdering Chicago Mayor Anton Cermak. The mayor's death was accidental. The true and only target of the assassin was FDR. The liberal Democrat and father figure of a generation of Depression-era voters, who was to become the thirty-second president of the United States, held no specific image for his would-be killer. Joseph Zangara simply hated authority, a passion that raged throughout a brief life that was unspectacular, until he fired his fatal bullets.

Zangara was illiterate, an unemployed New Jersey mill hand, who had traveled to Florida seeking warmth and work. He found no employment and grew even more embittered at his dire financial state. He grubbed for food and lived in hobo hovels and in his miserable travels he was consumed by only one thought—to strike out at the most visible symbol of power. That symbol presented itself to him in Miami, on February 15, 1933. The dwarf-like Zangara (he stood barely five feet tall) was ill that day, his defense attorney later describing "stomach cramps" as a malady that drove him to his senseless act.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who was the target of an assassin in 1933.

He took some medicine he had purchased at a drug store and then loaded a revolver he had carried with him from New Jersey as he bummed his way south to Miami.

Zangara heard from Miami residents that FDR would be in Miami to attend a Democratic political rally. This word-of-mouth news was his only source of information. The little man could not read newspapers, let alone afford the purchase of such inexpensive publications. On the day of Roosevelt's arrival, Zangara joined the immense crowds jamming the streets along FDR's motorcade route. When the president-elect's car appeared, its speed was suddenly reduced to a crawl as dense crowds broke through police lines to cheer and salute him. Zangara was swept along toward FDR's open auto. He began knocking people down and shoving them aside in a frantic effort to get close to the car in which Roosevelt was riding.

The assassin at this moment had the appearance of a mad dog with rabies. His mouth drooped, spittle drooling from it. One man, who had been pushed aside by Zangara, later stated: "It was like he was going to explode. I was going to hit him, but something made me stop. He was like a nut." Zangara's coal black eyes blazed and from his throat rose a high-pitched scream: "There are too many people starving to death!"

Eight feet from Roosevelt's car, Zangara raised his revolver and aimed it at the president-elect. He fired wildly, rapidly squeezing off all his rounds and, at the same time, a woman swung her handbag at him, knocking the weapon upward. Bullets hit pedestrians Margaret Kruis, twenty-three, and

Russell Caldwell, twenty-two, striking both in the head. Two more bullets slammed into Chicago Mayor Anton Joseph Cermak (1873-1933), who had been riding in the back seat of the car next to Roosevelt, but had gotten out of the car and was standing next to it as it came to a stop while FDR greeted supporters. The president-elect was unharmed. Roosevelt glanced only once at Zangara and then he turned back to aid the mortally wounded Cermak, who had fallen to his knees and was holding onto the car. Raymond Moley, an FDR aide, later described Roosevelt's physical reaction: "There was not so much of the twitching of a muscle, the mopping of a brow, or even the hint of false gaiety."

Only moments after Zangara fired his last shot, spectators surrounding the assassin, instead of parting through fear to let him pass, as he expected, suddenly closed in on him like a giant wave, knocking the little man down, kicking and beating him. Police officers battled their way through the angry crowd to rescue the bleeding assassin and drag him to a police car, throwing him into the back seat, two tall officers leaping upon him before the car sped off to a police station. FDR's car also raced off while Cermak, who insisted he could walk, stumbled toward a waiting ambulance with aides holding onto him. The mayor of Chicago was taken to Jackson Memorial Hospital, where his wounds were thought to be serious but not fatal. He nevertheless died three weeks later. Zangara was then charged with murder and an attempted presidential assassination.

Defense attorneys for the assassin found little grounds to

President-elect Roosevelt is shown in the back seat of an open car, while he greets spectators in Miami, Florida, on February 15, 1933.

Chicago Mayor Anton Cermak (center, coat slipping from right shoulder) is assisted by aides to a nearby ambulance after having been shot by Joseph Zangara.

Joseph Zangara (center), under heavy guard only hours after he shot Mayor Cermak in his attempt to assassinate FDR. He expressed no regrets for his actions before he was executed.

save Zangara's life. He offered none himself at his brief trial. Convicted and sentenced to death, Zangara seemed indifferent to his fate. While awaiting execution, a newsman sat outside his cell, grilling him. "Was anyone in on this with you?" Zangara was asked.

"No," replied the assassin. "I have no friends. It was my own idea."

"You killed Mayor Cermak. How do you feel about that?"

"I feel nothing about that. Nothing."

"One of your bullets hit a woman, you know."

"She should not have gotten in the way of the bullet."

"What made you do this? Why do you hate Mr. Roosevelt?"

For some time, Joseph Zangara said nothing. Then, still glaring at the reporter, replied in a monotone: "If I got out, I would kill him at once."

Decades later, a popular rumor held that Zangara had actually meant to kill Cermak, not FDR. This canard claimed that the assassin had been the tool of crime syndicate bosses in Miami, working in collusion with the Capone mob of Chicago, who wanted Cermak killed because he was bent on de-

stroying the Chicago crime cartel. Another wild tale claimed that Cermak was utterly corrupt and that he had forced crime syndicate operations in Chicago to close down because he and his political cronies had not received portions of the spoils from such rackets. Neither of these theories (traditionally lavished by the American press upon a conspiracy-obsessed public) are supported by any evidence.

Zangara himself hardly knew who Anton Cermak was and from his own admissions Cermak was not the man he intended to kill. The assassin had never been in Chicago and had no ties whatsoever to the American criminal underworld. On March 21, 1933, Joseph Zangara sat down in Florida's electric chair at Raiford Prison. He was, as usual, noncommittal about his gruesome fate. When asked if he had any last words, he thought for a minute, then said: "Goodbye. Adios to the world." A few minutes later the electric current coursed through his small, quivering body, killing him.

THE "KINGFISH" GOES DOWN/ September 8, 1935

During the chaotic, economically depressed 1930s, America saw a bevy of bombastic demagogues emerge. All insisted they had the answer to the country's many financial and social woes and all claimed special wisdom that would lead the U.S. back to recovery and a secure way of life. None were more animated, more brazen, or more tyrannical than Huey Pierce Long (1893-1935), the celebrated "Kingfish" of Louisiana. For two decades he dominated the politics of his state and the lives of its citizens.

A hell-raising orator, Long came to be the most outspoken and outrageous politician in America, the raucous, ranting voice of the new South that preached national socialism. The power-craving Long had his eyes on the White House and, had he lived, this despotic, enormously popular politician might have changed America from a liberal democracy to the kind of fascist regime then found in Nazi Germany. The Germans had desperately supported Adolf Hitler to lead them to economic survival by any means. Many Americans looked to Huey Long for the same dark salvation.

Huey Pierce Long of Louisiana, a bombastic demagogue, who was assassinated in 1935.

Born in rural Louisiana, on August 30, 1893, Long was one of nine children, growing up on a farm in Winn Parish. He failed to graduate from Shreveport High School after he was involved in a 1912 shooting, accused of firing at another youth over the affections of a girl, Rose McConnell. She provided an alibi for Long, saying that both were at a movie when the shooting occurred. Long was released from jail and he married McConnell, their union producing two sons and a daughter.

Long first worked as a traveling salesman, peddling hardware in small hamlets, but his heart was always centered in the political arena, where he was to excel as a spellbinding orator, a style he learned as a child from black Baptist ministers, who exhorted thunderous salvation and threatened eternal damnation to their wayward parishioners. He decided that the only

Huey Long (center, sitting) campaigning in Louisiana, wearing worn overalls and backed by country singers to impress his backward supporters that he was one "of the little people." (The 2000 film *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* wildly spoofs Long's use of such hillbilly singers to promote his common man image.)

The nightclubbing Long is shown leaning over a bar to mix his own drink to prevent anyone from poisoning him.

way he could achieve his political ends was to acquire a law degree. He studied for three months in the law department at the University of Oklahoma and then took a crash course at the law school of Tulane University. He passed a special examination for admission to the Louisiana bar and was admitted to practice in May 1915. He was only twenty-two.

During the early 1920s, Long stumped the back roads of Louisiana, haranguing his fellow farmers with "coon-shouting" lectures in which he indicted the idle rich, the powerful business and industrial tycoons and the politicians in the state capital and in Washington, D.C. He launched an attack on Standard Oil, a battle waged over lost revenues from his own stock holdings. Standard Oil and other large oil firms refused to allow independent oil companies in which Long had invested to use its pipelines in sending crude oil to refineries. Long, through the Louisiana government, supported by the Public Service Commission, later passed legislation that made the pipelines common carriers. Long's stock soared.

Senator Long, in a staged stunt, breaks a violin over the head of a bandleader, who neglected to play his song, "Every Man a King."

Long ran for the governorship of Louisiana in 1924, representing himself as "the one friend the poor has." He claimed that only he stood up for "the little people." He lost his bid and tried again in 1928. This time, he was successful. From that moment on, Long acted as if he had been given dictatorial powers, calling himself "The Kingfish" (the boss) and encouraging others to refer to him that way. The red-headed, puffy-faced tyrant grabbed graft with both hands. He overwhelmed his political opponents through smear campaigns, which he personally directed, until they were removed from office and replaced by his own stooges.

In 1929, Long's foes in the state legislature put together nineteen articles of impeachment against him, including charges that he tried to bribe legislators for their votes, that he attempted to persuade the state Supreme Court to make decisions favorable to his legislation, that he was often drunk when on the job, that he had participated in sex orgies and even ordered one of his many bodyguards to murder a political oppo-

Huey Long announces his run for the presidency, telling newsmen that his opponents, Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt, are "bed mates of disaster," and that only he could save the country from economic ruination.

nent. Long successfully bribed fifteen state senators to vote against the impeachment.

By 1930, Long was the virtual dictator of the state, bossing the legislature and the judiciary. He had a small army of bodyguards—he received dozens of death threats regularly—and a private police force. He ignored his family and had many mistresses. He took bribes, but only those involving astronomical sums and routinely took part in all-night gambling parties with his cronies. A heavy drinker, the Kingfish strutted from one nightclub to another, insisting on mixing his own drinks, taking no chances that a revenge-seeking bartender might poison his cocktails.

So powerful had Long become that he ran for the U.S. senate and won and then he ignored the law demanding that he vacate the post of governor, refusing to resign. He went to court and won an astounding victory in that the state judiciary announced that he was to occupy the posts of governor *and* senator until he decided at his leisure which post to resign. In 1932, he ran his own stooge candidate for the governorship, O. K. Allen, resigning in Allen's favor. Allen thereafter was Long's puppet.

Long's presence in the U.S. Senate was continuously disruptive. He ignored protocol and conducted long-winded tirades in which he advanced his "Share the Wealth" program, a sort of national socialism whereby all great fortunes (beginning with the Rockefellers of Standard Oil) would be redistributed equally to everyone in the U.S., each man, woman and child receiving $5,000 to start all over again. He did not specify how such appropriations could be properly achieved, knowing that under the U.S. Constitution, such measures were illegal. His homespun remedies and rhetoric, however, widely appealed to the unsophisticated constituents who blindly supported him in the then backward state of Louisiana.

When President Roosevelt turned a cold shoulder to Long, the Kingfish retaliated by turning on his fellow Democrat, denouncing him in the Senate as a "Scab" who followed the path of big business, a subject filling much of Long's agenda. He proposed that almost all large businesses and indus-

Judge Benjamin Pavy, Long's dedicated political opponent in Louisiana, who organized a widespread movement to oust the dictatorial Kingfish.

Dr. Carl Austin Weiss, who reportedly shot Huey Long in 1935.

tries in America be nationalized, following the actions of Sweden and other small countries. Such actions were promptly blocked by Long's peers in the Senate.

Meanwhile, the Kingfish spent lavishly in Louisiana, floating bonds to provide $68 million for the construction of super highways in his state, contracts for which went to his cronies. He did the same in providing $5 million to erect a 33-story Capitol Building, which came to resemble the Empire State Building in New York, Long's favorite structure. Millions more were spent on impressive steel bridges, expansive construction at the Louisiana State University and a new governor's mansion in Greek revival style.

The Kingfish appointed Dr. James Monroe Smith, one of his poker pals, as head of the state university. Smith, a one-time traveling salesman like Long, promptly bilked the university of hundreds of thousands of dollars, which he used in plunging stock investments. (Smith went to prison in 1939 to serve twenty-four years for embezzling $500,000 in state funds.) In meeting the state treasury crisis in this and other financial scandals committed by Long associates, the Kingfish resorted to his typical remedy. He raised taxes. The already heavily taxed citizens of Louisiana created an uproar.

Long's old enemies then banded together to form the Square Deal Association, which pressured the state legislature to convene a session designed to repudiate Long and call for his ouster. A now alarmed Long quickly returned to his state from Washington to find the capital city of Baton Rouge turned into an armed camp. The Square Dealers had armed themselves and fierce fighting had broken out between this faction and Long's private police force and supporters. The Kingfish resolved to settle matters by force, marching into the state legislature, accompanied by dozens of bodyguards carrying shotguns and submachine guns. While ringed by these gun-toting thugs, Long sat down in the speaker's chair, ranting that his enemies were out to kill him. He managed to avoid a recall, but he knew he was thereafter on shaky grounds.

Despite the crisis in his state, Long took time out to secretly meet with crime syndicate gangsters Frank Costello and Philip "Dandy Phil" Kastel, who had, at Long's connivance, imported more than 80,000 slot machines into the state. Long had legalized their use by establishing a charter wherein proceeds from the machines went to charity. After a year's operations, only $600 from the slot machines had been received by charities, while hundreds of thousands of dollars went into the pockets of Costello, Kastel and Long. Kastel,

An artist's rendering shows how Dr. Weiss approached Long, before shooting him in a hallway of Louisiana's State Capitol Building.

who resided in one of the posh hotels in New Orleans, oversaw all Louisiana gambling interests of the newly established national crime cartel. He, with Long's approval, instituted wide open casino gambling in New Orleans and in other parts of the state.

Ignoring the widespread publicity that exposed Long's shady operations, the Kingfish continued to blindly believe that he was still a powerful national figure that commanded enough countrywide support to land him in the White House. He boldly announced his candidacy for the presidency. He would turn Roosevelt out of office, he promised, so that the "little people" could "share the wealth" of the nation. He even wrote a mawkish campaign song entitled "Every Man A King," and had this played by bands whenever he entered a nightclub or restaurant. In one nightclub, the orchestra leader played the wrong song and Long broke a violin over the man's head, but this was just another one of the Kingfish's publicity stunts, the kind of crude behavior he had effectively employed to impress his backwater constituents for so many years.

In putting down one political revolt after another, Long viciously turned on his enemies, particularly those he suspected of undoing him through the Square Deal Association. One who had long been a thorn in the Kingfish's side was Judge Benjamin Pavy. The judge had openly criticized Long over the years and was the head of a small, but determined political group intent on removing the Kingfish from office.

Another artist's drawing depicts the Kingfish clutching his side and fleeing down the hallway as his assassin, Dr. Weiss, is shot to pieces by Long's bodyguards.

Long struck back, attempting to have Pavy removed from the bench. It was later claimed that Long intended to spread the rumor that Pavy and his family members were "tainted by Negro blood," then an anathema in the South.

When hearing of this, Dr. Carl Austin Weiss, a brilliant, 29-year-old physician, who had married the judge's daughter, Yvonne Pavy, grew incensed. On the night of September 8, 1935, Weiss drove to the capitol and waited for the Kingfish in a long corridor that led from the legislature chamber to the governor's office. This corridor had many marble pillars lining its walls and a person could easily stand next to one of these pillars and remain unnoticed. This is where Weiss positioned himself.

There was considerable activity in the capitol building that night as the legislature was in session. When it recessed, Long stepped into the corridor, walking briskly ahead of his platoon of bodyguards. As usual, he was at his sartorial best, wearing an expensive cream-colored double-breasted suit and black-and white spectator shoes. He went into the governor's office, briefly chatting with O. K. Allen, then stepped back into the corridor, again walking far ahead of his bodyguards. This was unusual since two of the Kingfish's guards always preceded Long wherever he went, others taking up the rear, so that Long's front and back were protected.

At 9:21 p.m. Long reached the elevators. Weiss stepped from behind a pillar, slapping Long hard in the face, cutting a cheek with his wedding ring. He then produced, according to the official report, a .32-caliber automatic and fired one or two shots. A bullet struck Long in the abdomen. While groaning and clutching his side, Long ran down the corridor. At the moment Weiss reportedly opened fire, Long's bodyguards unleashed a wild barrage of bullets from automatics and submachine guns that ripped Weiss apart. He crumpled dead to the floor with sixty-one bullets in his riddled body and many more passing through it.

The Kingfish, still clutching his abdomen, staggered through the doors of the capitol and down the stairs, sagging against a railing. Blood jetted between his fingers. His bodyguards found him there and rushed him to a hospital, where he lingered for thirty-one hours before dying on September 9, 1935. While he lived out those last hours, a perplexed Long could give no reason for Weiss' attack. He pointed to his scratched face and said: "That's where he hit me." Then the Kingfish, who had long claimed that his enemies were dedicated to his murder (and had even linked President Roosevelt to such lethal schemes), expressed his shock at being shot. "Why did he do it?" he asked some aides. "Why would anyone want to shoot me?"

That question nagged everyone, especially the press. Reporters and later political writers and historians put forth many theories. One claimed that Weiss had assassinated Long to prevent the Kingfish from ruining his father-in-law or from preventing Long from spreading the rumor that his wife's family had black ancestors. However, Weiss' actions on that last day of his life do not suggest that he planned to assassinate Huey Long. He conducted normal business in his office and scheduled surgery for the next day. He had recently purchased new furniture for his home and had ordered a new heating unit for his house. Weiss told his mother on the last day of his life that he intended to live in his present home for the next ten years with his wife and young son.

Murphy Roden, one of Long's bodyguards, who may have shot the Kingfish by accident.

Other versions of Long's assassination surfaced and raised disturbing questions. One held that Weiss never pulled a gun from the pocket of his trousers, that he had no gun at all. He had simply slapped Long's face and for that insult was shot to death by berserk

Long's "little people" pass by his open casket to say a final farewell to the Kingfish at Memorial Hall of the State Capitol Building in Baton Rouge on September 12, 1935.

An aerial photo depicts Long's massive funeral service at Louisiana's State Capitol Building in Baton Rouge.

bodyguards, who sent their wild firing haphazardly up and down the corridor. It was a bullet from one of these bodyguards, the theory claimed, that had fatally struck the Kingfish. Yet another theory insisted that Weiss did, indeed, have a gun. He had been carrying an automatic in his instrument case in the event he was attacked, as many doctors had recently been, by those trying to steal drugs. In this version, Weiss pointed the gun at Long, but one of the bodyguards, Murphy Roden, grabbed the gun and caused it to go off, sending the fatal bullet into Long. Another theory held that a bodyguard who had been secretly paid to murder his boss, took the gun away from the young doctor and used it to shoot Long. None of these theories have any basis in known fact.

Several distinguished American novels nevertheless advance these theories. Robert Penn Warren, a latter-day teacher at Louisiana State University (the very institute from which Long's crony, Dr. James Monroe Smith, had bilked funds), would later write an incisive Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, *All the King's Men, which* thinly profiled (in the crude character of Willie Stark) the dictatorial Long and which was made into a telling film in 1949. Novelist Sinclair Lewis, a celebrated mimic known for his sardonic impersonations of Long, wrote a book entitled *It Can't Happen Here*, a novel clearly based on Long and one that was, ironically, published only a month after the Kingfish's assassination, an event that spurred sales of the Lewis book to more than 300,000 copies. Lewis insisted at that time—without too much conviction—that Long was not the role model for the savage character he had portrayed, a grotesque dwarf named

Broderick Crawford (shown at bottom, dying from an assassin's bullet), plays political tyrant Willie Stark in Robert Rossen's classic 1949 film, *All The King's Men*, based on the Robert Penn Warren novel, which incisively profiled the career of the ruthless Huey Long. Crawford won an Academy Award for his riveting role; Mercedes McCambridge (shown above with John Ireland next to her), in her first film role, won an Oscar for supporting actress.

The inimitable James Cagney plays the role of a rabble-rousing Southern politician Hank Martin in Raoul Walsh's 1953 film *A Lion is in the Streets*, a role based upon Long's early political career.

Buzz Windrip, who becomes dictator of America. Adria Locke Langley concentrated on Long's early years, producing *A Lion is in the Streets*, a novel portraying an itinerant salesman in the Deep South named Hank Martin, who becomes a political demagogue clawing his way to power with the support of his swamp water constituents. This book, too, was made into a fascinating film in 1953.

The death of Huey Long was a momentous event in Louisiana. A huge funeral service was held in Baton Rouge, with more than 150,000 of Long's rural followers flocking to the capitol to pay their respects to the dynamic populist. For two days, the Kingfish lay in state in the main hallway of the capitol building, upon which he had lavished so much public money. He was visible in an open casket, his corpse dressed in a tuxedo, this formal attire alien to the oafish hillbilly image he had so long impersonated.

This was not the Huey Long his unsophisticated followers had routinely seen when he had stumped through their rural communities in campaigns of old. At such times, he was beheld in faded blue bib overalls, a frayed-collar shirt and worn-out boots. The corpse these weary and impoverished folks now looked upon as they shuffled past the bier was that of a dandy, a dude, a person of wealth and power, the kind of person that Huey himself had labeled an enemy of the "little people."

Long was laid to rest in a huge marble tomb on the resplendent grounds that Long himself had helped to design. In the decades to come, the Kingfish would be honored as one of Louisiana's famous sons. His legacy was a political dynasty that flourished in his controversial wake, with Long's relatives, notably his brother, Earl Long, and his son, Russell B. Long, remaining in state politics for decades.

Long's killer, Dr. Carl Austin Weiss, was buried in an unmarked grave and forgotten. He had rid the state and the country of a tyrant and a fascist, many said in whispers then. They said it out loud decades later. There is no doubt that Huey Pierce Long was one of the most dangerous politicians in the U.S. in the early 1930s, one who posed a great threat to the very constitutional government he had so artfully manipulated in his rapid climb to power.

FASCISTS AND NAZIS

The death of Huey Long ended a career that could have begun and blossomed in fascist Italy or Nazi Germany. The political tools employed by this American demagogue—intimidation and brute force—had been wielded for more than a decade with horrible effect by many factions of right-wing fanatics that eventually gathered beneath the black banners of Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler. Italy, the weakest of the major Allied nations, had borne the brunt of the war against Austria. At war's end, its portion of victory was economic ruin and widespread disillusionment with all things democratic. It looked hopefully to the right and found a strutting, bombastic fascist leader in Benito Mussolini, who seized power in the early 1920s. His armed Black Shirts beat opponents into submission and many who later resisted were abducted and murdered.

It was the same in Germany. The 1918 surrender of that country's military forces ended World War I and led to the collapse of the Hohenzollern dynasty in 1918, when Kaiser Wilhelm II abdicated his iron-gripped throne. A fragile democracy, the Weimar Republic, came into shaky existence through a contentious coalition of middle-ground Democrats and left-wing Bolsheviks. For the first time in their warring history, Germans were shocked with the sudden gift of freedom. They went on a political spree, like drunks staggering to open festivals, where no one charged for the liquor. The Weimar Republic poorly managed its new opportunities. Germany's industry and business, its finance and products, had come to a standstill. Inflation spiraled dizzily upward. Its currency soon had little value as the government printed more and more money that represented nothing but empty coffers. (So fast did the government issue new currency that, at one point, it ran out of watermarked paper, and, in desperation, resorted to printing currency on newspaper stock.)

Germany's inflation was met with a deepening depression that saw millions go jobless and within the rancorous ranks of the unemployed came right-wing leaders calling for the return of Teutonic order. These were mostly embittered veterans, who quickly spread the false claim that their politicians had sold out the country by signing with the Allies an inequitable treaty at Versailles, a "stab-in-the-back" betrayal. The only path to recovery, they said, was to eliminate the left-leaning liberals who were destroying the Fatherland. One by one, these leaders were assassinated as Germany moved to the right, welcoming into its national heart the evil dictatorship of Adolf Hitler.

KARL AND "RED ROSA"/January 15, 1919

Karl Liebknecht (1871-1919) and his close associate, Rosa Luxemburg (1870-1919)—called "Red Rosa" for her Communist activities—were thought so dangerous by their right-wing enemies that they were early on marked for murder. Liebknecht was the son of Wilhelm Liebknecht, close friend of Karl Marx and one of the founders of the Social Democratic Party. With financial assistance from the party, his son, Karl, studied political economy, devoting his career to the defense of Marxism. During World War I, Karl Liebknecht assumed the dominant role in developing political factions opposed to Germany's wartime government. So radical were his views that he was expelled from the Social Democratic Party in 1916 for opposing its leadership.

Liebknecht then came into contact with another outspoken revolutionary, Rosa Luxemburg. Polish-born, she was, like Liebknecht, a student of political economy, becoming involved in the international Socialist movement while in Zurich. She and some of her colleagues founded the Polish Social Democratic Party, which later became the core of the Polish Communist Party. She and Liebknecht shared the same

German soldiers, sailors and civilians in open revolt in Berlin, following the collapse of the Kaiser's war machine in 1918.

Freikorps troops arriving in Berlin to suppress the Communist uprising led by Liebknecht and Luxemburg in 1919.

German left-wing radicals Karl Liebknecht (center) and Rosa Luxemburg (right), both assassinated in 1919.

philosophy in that they were violently opposed to nationalism and national independence and, in unison, denounced the Social Democratic Party in 1916 for its continued support of the government and the war. Together Liebknecht and Luxemburg formed the *Spartakusbund* (Spartacus League) named after Spartacus, the gladiator who led a slave army that repeatedly defeated Roman forces, until the rebellion was crushed by Crassus and Spartacus was killed in 71 B.C.

As Liebknecht and Luxemburg urged that the war be ended through revolution and a proletarian government established, the Spartacus League swelled to thousands. By 1918, when German military forces were on the verge of collapse, Liebknecht and Luxemburg agitated for a new order to the left. They exercised great influence with the suffering masses and were responsible for several armed and violent clashes in Berlin. As their political authority and the violence in their movement increased, pro-nationalist forces regarded them with greater concern. Yet the authorities believed that Germans would never completely reject the old regime. (In Moscow, Lenin predicted that no revolution could ever occur in Germany because Germans would storm a railroad station only after they had purchased the tickets.)

In late 1918, however, German sailors mutinied at Kiel, after learning that the High Command had decided to end the war in Wagnerian slaughter by sending out the Imperial fleet to fight to the death in one last naval battle. "Don't worry," wrote one young rebelling sailor to his father. "We are not going to let them kill us on the last day." The revolution spread, toppling authority everywhere and compelling the Kaiser to abdicate. Friedrich Ebert, leader of the Social Democratic Party, a well-intentioned but ineffective functionary, became chancellor.

In Berlin, the starving citizens found horses dead from earlier street fighting and carved the cadavers to obtain food. The Spartacus League showed itself in force and many of its members, under Liebknecht's leadership, were quickly elected representatives in the Reichstag and tried to bring Germany into the Communist fold, but those of the center and, especially, of the right, held on to the majority control of the government.

Through early January 1919, the Spartacus League became even more powerful. Their armed bands roved the streets of Berlin, attacking anyone who opposed them. Then the Spartacists openly attacked the police and the few army contingents in the city. Open warfare ensued. Chancellor Ebert called 3,000 Freikorps volunteers to the city to quell the uprising, these men being seasoned troops from the Western Front, all representing right-wing elements. They employed heavy and light machine guns to mow down the Spartacists, who then conducted guerrilla warfare, while Liebknecht and Luxemburg went into hiding.

Freikorps elitists, officers of the Volunteer Division of Horse Guards, searched for the Spartacist leaders and found them on the night of January 15, 1919. Both Liebknecht and Luxemburg were hustled to the officers' headquarters at the Eden Hotel. They were tried and condemned by a kangaroo court and a few hours later, Liebknecht was escorted through a rear door of the hotel to an alley, where two cars waited.

As Liebknecht walked through the door, a soldier named Runge smashed him in the head with the butt of his rifle. The dazed man was pushed into the back seat of a car and whisked away. Next Rosa Luxemburg was led through the door. The same sentry smashed the prisoner's head with the butt of his rifle. Luxemburg was shoved half conscious into the back

Spartacist demonstrators display images of Liebknecht and Luxemburg only days following their assassinations by right-wing Freikorps troops in Berlin.

seat of the second car. A Lieutenant Vogel then emptied his gun into her head and her body was dumped into the Landwehr Canal, where it was found several days later. Liebknecht had been taken to a deserted stretch of road, where he was pushed from the car. As he stumbled away, several soldiers shot him. His assassins later claimed that their prisoner was shot while attempting to escape.

The assassinations of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg marked the establishment of the *Vehme*—a pro-nationalist, pro-militarist organization (the precursor of Hitler's Brown Shirts) whose self-appointed judges and executioners targeted "traitors" to the German cause as they conceived such manufactured treason. After the murders of Liebknecht and Luxemburg, the *Vehme* continued to assassinate prominent political figures for several years. Few were ever punished. Runge, the soldier who had assaulted both Liebknecht and Luxemburg, was dismissed for "leaving his post," and for "improper use of weapons." He was sentenced to two years in prison, but served only a few weeks behind bars. Vogel, the only person identified as having a direct hand in the assassinations, was brought to trial and sentenced to two years in prison. He, like Runge, also served a cynically short sentence.

ERZBERGER AND RATHENAU/ August 29, 1921; June 24, 1922

The deaths of Liebknecht and Luxemburg were the forerunner assassinations of political murders that spread like a devouring cancer across the fierce political landscape of Germany. Financially backed by the diminished but still-intact German army and the industrialists, who had supplied Germany with its tools of war, right-wing extremist groups routinely slayed leftist leaders. One of these was Matthias Erzberger (1875-1921), a leader of the left-leaning Center Party. He had openly opposed Germany's entry into World War I and had helped to further peace proposals in the Reichstag in 1917.

Following World War I, Erzberger assumed many governmental posts in the Weimar Republic and was intensely hated by right-wing and reactionary groups for accepting the Versailles Treaty. He headed the Wurtemberg Center Party in the Reichstag in 1920 and, at one time, was the country's minister of finance. In that capacity, Erzberger had refused to secretly channel funds to refinance the impoverished German army whose size and weapons had been restricted by the Versailles Treaty. German militarists and business leaders placed his name at the top of their "elimination" list.

When it was learned that Erzberger would be vacationing at a remote resort in the Black Forest, several assassins from the fanatical right-wing National Organization Council were sent to kill him. These heavily armed killers were made up of several ex-officers of the German army. They had served on the Western Front in World War I and believed that Erzberger was one of the chief political architects who had "sold out" Germany to the Allies.

On August 29, 1921, Erzberger left his room at the resort and was strolling about the grounds with another member of the Reichstag. He was suddenly confronted by a group of men stepping from behind some bushes. Two of them rushed forward with guns aimed, emptying their pistols into Erzberger and killing him on the spot. As had been the case with the murderers of Liebknecht and Luxemburg, Erzberger's slayers got off with light punishments.

With Erzberger out of the way, the right-wing plotters went after bigger game, planning the assassination of Germany's most prominent and respected leader of liberal causes, Walther Rathenau (1867-1922). To his enemies, he symbolized the post-war sell-out of the Weimar Republic to the Western Powers who had imposed a harsh and unfair peace upon Germany. His insistence that his countrymen pay war reparations on a timely basis struck many embittered German nationals as unpatriotic.

The fact that Rathenau had negotiated an unpopular treaty with the U.S.S.R. was held up as another example of the sinister conspiracy that existed between the Communist regime and the German left-wing in the chaotic days following World War I. As foreign minister, Rathenau had negotiated with the Soviet Union the Treaty of Rapallo on April 16, 1922, one that established friendly diplomatic and trade relations between the two countries and did much to make the Western Allies reconsider their harsh treatment of Germany.

Rathenau was also Jewish. To the rabid anti-Semites, and there were millions of these in Germany who were convinced that the Jews had been behind the financial collapse of Germany (a lie that Adolf Hitler would brutally and effectively employ in his climb to power), Rathenau was the glaring

object of their racial hatred. As a Jew, Rathenau was vilified by the opposition press, extremists on the right linking him to a farfetched Jewish-Masonic conspiracy first outlined in the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, a spurious document composed by the czar's secret police (Okhrana) in 1903.

Rathenau's father, Emil Rathenau, was head of the enormous Allegmeine-Elektrizitats-Gesellschaft (AEG), and, as head of this giant utility, he stood accused of being one of the diabolical Elders who plotted the demise of Christian civilization. Theodor Fritsch, publisher of the right-wing *Hammer*, called Walther Rathenau the secret "power behind Bolshevism," alleging that his appointment to serve as foreign minister came about as a result of political threats and financial coercion. A nationalist call echoed throughout Germany for Rathenau's assassination. Speaking for the fledgling Nazi Party, Alfred Rosenberg (who was to become infamous in a few years as Adolf Hitler's "expert" on Semitic affairs) said Rathenau was "ripe for the gallows."

The Freikorps and the National Organization Council lobbied for Rathenau's death. As the killers of Liebknecht, Luxemburg and Erzberger, members of these right-wing groups marched through the streets of Berlin and sang loudly their anti-Semitic chant:

Shoot down the goddamn
Jewish sow,
Murder Walther Rathenau!

Rathenau himself often heard this ranting demand for his own death, but he ignored it. New York theater critic Alfred Kerr, heard the same street chant while visiting Rathenau in Berlin; he urged him to seek protection. The liberal politician shrugged and told Kerr that it was all a matter of fate and indicated his resignation to that fate by telling Kerr that he had recently dismissed his three bodyguards.

Liberal German politician Matthias Erzberger, assassinated in 1921 by officers of the right-wing Freikorps.

One of Germany's most enlightened leaders, Walther Rathenau, assassinated in 1922, knew he was marked for death.

The first to answer the cry of the German reactionaries was a young monarchist, Hans Stubenrauch, the son of a German general. The 17-year-old Stubenrauch believed that Rathenau ought to be put to death simply because he was a Jew and that all Jews had prayed for the defeat of the German army during the war. Through Freikorps member Willi Guenther, Stubenrauch was put in touch with Erwin Kern, member of the National Organization Council, this right-wing terrorist group having supported the abortive 1920 putsch led by Prussian aristocrat Wolfgang Kapp. Stubenrauch, Kern and others gathered in Berlin to plot Rathenau's murder.

Kern, eight years older than the impetuous Stubenrauch, decided that he was too young to be entrusted with the assignment of assassinating Rathenau. The task was given to Ernst Werner Techow, the son of a German magistrate. Techow, in turn, recruited his brother, Hans Gerd, and a naval officer named Karl Tillesen, into the conspiracy, which was carefully rehearsed and put into motion on June 24, 1922.

Rathenau left his home that morning shortly after 11 a.m. He climbed into an open car and his driver proceeded toward the ministry. Time and again his friends and advisers had warned him about riding about Berlin in an open car, but he ignored these cautions, appearing to flaunt death in the face. As his car proceeded down the Konigsallee, a second vehicle driven by two men in long leather coats pulled alongside. The driver of the second car, Kern, took careful aim with an automatic pistol and fired at Rathenau.

The foreign minister's chauffeur suddenly stopped the car on the Erdenerstrasse and called for assistance, just as a second assassin, a man named Fischer, hurled a hand grenade into the open car. The bullets fired by Kern and Fischer's grenade failed to kill the foreign minister, although he was fatally wounded. Returned to his residence, Rathenau died a short time later. Doctors examining his body dis-

covered five gunshot wounds. Fragments from the grenade had fractured his spine and shattered his jaw.

The assassination of Walther Rathenau temporarily strengthened the shaky Weimar Republic. His cold-blooded murder galvanized opinions among the liberals and moderates, forcing many of the nationalists to temper their remarks in the Reichstag. The two assassins, Kern and Fischer were located and surrounded by police in a tower of the Saaleck Castle in Thuringia, where they were hiding out. Rather than surrender to the police and stand trial, Kern shot Fischer to death and then turned the gun on himself. Ernst Techow sought refuge at his uncle's home in Berlin. The uncle wanted no part of his nephew and turned him over to the police.

Freikorps troops marching in Berlin; members of this right-wing paramilitary organization fatally shot Rathenau while he was riding in his open car on June 24, 1922.

The Rathenau trial began in Leipzig on October 3, 1922. Techow and twelve co-conspirators accused of complicity in the murder appeared before four judges at the Kaiser Hall of Germany's Political Supreme Court. Under the recently enacted laws for "safeguarding the republic," Techow, his brother Hans, William Guenther, Gustav Goethe, a merchant from Halle, Rudolf Ziepke, a 24-year-old agricultural student who tore down a wanted poster following the murder, Wolfang Dietrich, Schuett Diestel, who hid the murder car, Otto von Salomen and Karl Tillesen were all sentenced to prison, given terms of from two months to fifteen years. The longest sentence was reserved for Ernst Techow who received fifteen years for driving the car from which Kern fired his fatal shots. None of these killers served out their full terms and were released within a short time. They were held up as heroes by the right-wing forces that were slowly taking over a nation of thirty-three million people.

In this rare photo, Walther Rathenau is shown in the back seat of an open car only minutes before he was shot.

"PREPARE ORATIONS FOR MY FUNERAL"/ June 10, 1924

While murders by right-wing fanatics in Germany became commonplace, Mussolini's fascists, having come to power in Italy in 1922, terrorized Il Duce's political opponents through beatings, kidnapings and assassinations. Their public posture and methods were no less flagrant than their German counterparts. Few Italian liberals thought to work openly against the fascists, let alone denounce Mussolini's oppressive regime. One person, Giacomo Matteotti (1885-1924) did challenge the strutting dictator. His was the voice of reason in fascist Italy, until it was permanently silenced by one of Il Duce's goon squads.

A socialist, Matteotti came to prominence in 1919 when he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies. By 1924, as the secretary of his party, he had emerged as one of the few outspoken critics of Mussolini's dictatorial administration, which had seized power from the weak and ineffectual government headed by King Victor Emmanuel III in 1922. Matteotti arose in the Chamber of Deputies on May 30, 1924, accusing Mussolini and the fascist majority of rigging the recent elections. His two-hour indictment was frequently interrupted by angry taunts and threats from most of the 357 fascist deputies in attendance. Matteotti captioned his fiery denouncement of Mussolini with a prophetic statement: "Now you can prepare orations for my funeral."

Fascist dictator Benito Mussolini, shortly after he became Italy's head of state in 1922.

Mussolini's party newspaper, *Popolo d'Italia*, had earlier (on May 4, 1924) announced in blatant terms the assassination awaiting the defiant socialist: "Matteotti, that infamous swindler, that well-known coward and most despicable liar, would do well to be careful if, one day, his brains should happen to be beaten out, he would have no right to complain in view of the things he has said and written." *La Grande Italia*, another Mussolini organ, added: "The group to which Matteotti belongs is made up of brigands; the final return of common sense and an energetic move on the part of Il Duce will lead to their elimination."

That "elimination" occurred on June 10, 1924, when Matteotti was reported missing. He left his home at 4:30 p.m. that day to attend a meeting at the parliament building in Rome. That afternoon a janitor who worked in a house on the Lungo Trevere Arnoldo Brescia observed a suspicious-looking car containing six men, which was parked on the street adjacent to the Tiber River. Thinking that these men might be planning a burglary, the janitor jotted down the number of the license plate on the car (55.1216). A few minutes later, the janitor watched these same men seize a pedestrian and drag him into their car, not an uncommon sight in Rome during those troubled times.

Since October 30, 1922, the day Benito Mussolini came to power as Italy's prime minister, there had been more than 2,000 abductions committed, most of them carried out by members of Il Duce's fascists. The janitor thought nothing more of the matter, until Matteotti's disappearance was reported. He then went to authorities. There was an immediate outcry from the few liberal members of the Chamber of Deputies. Mussolini suddenly found himself in a difficult position. He assured the parliament that every effort was being made by the state police to locate the missing Matteotti: "As soon as the police were advised of Matteotti's absence, I myself gave strict orders that investigations be made diligently in Rome and at the border stations. The police are already on the track of suspects and everything will be done to clear up this affair, to arrest the guilty and bring them to justice."

Mussolini turned purple with anger when he learned that the police had traced the license plate of the abduction car to one of Il Duce's most ardent supporters, Filippo Filippelli, editor of the *Corriere Italiano*, another fascist newspaper. Il Duce had not expected the police to be so energetic and when Filippelli's identity was revealed, the dictator's problems increased. The Matteotti abduction had become a major scandal that obsessed the nation. Meanwhile, Filippelli's newspaper lamely suggested that Matteotti might have gone abroad for a while, for it was like him to travel unannounced on long vacations. Two months later, on August 16, 1924, the remains of Giacomo Matteotti were unearthed in the woods of Quartarella, outside of Rome.

By this time, there was little doubt in the public mind that

Giacomo Matteotti (center, wearing bow tie), Mussolini's most outspoken political opponent, who was assassinated by Il Duce's fascists in 1924.

the fascists were responsible for Matteotti's abduction and murder. The socialists had already withdrawn from their posts in parliament, an act of solidarity known as the Aventino Secession. The police announced the arrest of Filippelli and his gangster accomplice, an Italian-American from St. Louis named Amerigo Dumini. Il Duce's opponents announced that the abduction and murder of Matteotti had been an elaborate, well-planned conspiracy hatched by members of Mussolini's inner circle, including assistant secretaries of state in the interior ministry, Francesco Guinta and Aldo Finzi, as well as fascist party treasurer Giovanni Marinelli and press department chief Cesare Rossi.

Amerigo Dumini was picked up at a railway station in Rome and was personally questioned by Police Chief Giardio De Bono, himself an ardent fascist. The chief advised the suspect to deny everything and remain quiet, which he did. However, a detailed memorandum prepared by Felippelli, in an effort to clear his own name, implicated Mussolini and other ranking party members in the murder and subsequent cover-up. When Il Duce was informed by De Bono that the conspirators intended to save themselves at the expense of the government, Mussolini ordered them brought to him. "Those rascals!" Mussolini ranted. "They want to blackmail me!" When the conspirators arrived, Mussolini took a soft approach, attempting to convince them to place the interests of the state ahead of their own, but Finzi and Rossi balked at the suggestion. Rossi then vanished, leaving behind a document accusing Mussolini himself of planning the Matteotti assassination and many other heinous political crimes.

This rare photo showing Matteotti's secret burial in 1924 was found in Mussolini's files; Il Duce did not want the remains of his assassinated political foe discovered.

Members of the Aventino coalition appealed to King Victor Emmanuel III in their fight to topple Mussolini and bring Matteotti's assassins to justice. The king was, as usual, evasive and noncommital. Presented with documents clearly indicating a larger conspiracy, the king shrugged and said: "I am not a judge. These things ought not to be told to me." He then launched into an unrelated anecdote about his daughter's recent adventures on a hunting expedition. Victor Emmanuel, however, was deeply concerned and quickly conferred with Mussolini, asking that a better face be put on Il Duce's fascist regime and asked that Mussolini appoint a new minister of the interior, one who was not a fascist. This move was made, but it little changed the widespread conviction that the fascists had murdered Matteotti.

The scandal would not go away. One by one, the conspirators were arrested. Filippelli, whose car was used to abduct Matteotti, was captured while attempting to flee the country. Albino Volpi, a fascist leader from Milan, who had supervised the abduction was seized near the Swiss border. Then Cesare Rossi surrendered to police and Giovanni Marinelli was jailed a week later. The publication by socialists of Rossi's damning memorandum clearly implicated Mussolini, but the king still refused to oust, let alone censure his prime minister. Victor Emmanuel III knew full well that if he antagonized Mussolini's Black Shirts, who were in total power, his fragile monarchy might be toppled.

Knowing this, Mussolini boldly went before the Chamber of Deputies on January 3, 1925, claiming full responsibility for the actions of his associates. He challenged the opposition to take action against him. He knew his adversaries were impotent before the fascist might that controlled Italy. No steps were taken to punish the six suspects. On December 1, 1925, a court in Rome voted to drop the case against Filippelli, Rossi and Marinelli. In 1926, five other conspirators were placed on trial in Chieti, a tiny village in rural Italy, far from Rome. Amerigo Dumini was absolved of guilt by the court on the grounds that he had sat in the front seat of the abduction car, so that he could not have participated in the actual killing, which took place in the back seat, where Matteotti was stabbed to death. Four others were convicted on charges of manslaughter. They served less than two months in prison.

Once the scandal subsided, Mussolini rewarded the men who had respected the code of silence in his state-ordered assassination. De Bono was named commanding general of all Italian forces in Africa. Giovanni Marinelli became the inspector general of the fascist party. Others less cooperative with Il Duce faded into oblivion or were driven into exile. Retribution was at hand following the assassination of Mussolini in 1945 and the end of World War II. In reopening the Matteotti case, the Italian courts tried Francesco Guinta and Cesare Rossi in absentia (as they were nowhere to be found). Amerigo Dumini, however, was brought to trial. Paralytic and near death, he was sentenced to prison for thirty

A contemporary drawing shows Mussolini sitting on Matteotti's casket, clearly implicating Il Duce in his opponent's assassination. This caricature appeared in the 1924 underground newspaper *Becco Giallo*, one of the few anti-fascist publications still operating in Italy after Mussolini took power.

years on April 4, 1947, the only killer to be punished for the slaying of Giacomo Matteotti.

A DEATH IN VIENNA/July 25, 1934

As fascism spread throughout Europe, Austria, too, came under domination from the right in the form of a strutting little dictator named Engelbert Dollfuss (1892-1934). He would embrace fascism, which would not return his affection, but, would, instead, bring about his murder. The illegitimate son of a laborer and a farmer's daughter, the future chancellor of Austria never grew beyond four feet, eleven inches, and many incorrectly considered him a dwarf. (The image of this diminutive dictator inspired Sinclair Lewis to create a dwarf dictator of America in his novel, *It Can't Happen Here*, although that character's nature and methods were culled from the likes of Louisiana demagogue, Huey Long.)

Graduating from an Episcopal seminary in 1913, Dollfuss enrolled at the University of Vienna, planning to study law. He abandoned this ambition by enlisting in the Imperial Austrian army in 1914 at the outbreak of World War I. After graduating from the officer candidate school, Dollfuss served along the Alpine front, facing the Italians, from 1915 to 1918. By the time he was mustered out as a first lieutenant, the old Austro-Hungarian empire had ceased to exist. Dollfuss' uniform, medals and rank served for nothing following the war. A defeated Austria, in economic ruin, wanted nothing more to do with militarists. Dollfuss worked his way through law school as a farm laborer, earning a degree in 1922. Always pro-German, he joined the ultra-conservative Christian Socialist Party (which later became the Austrian People's Party), and rose through the ranks.

In 1930, Dollfuss was appointed president of the powerful Federal Railway Board and the following year he was appointed minister of agriculture. Austria was undergoing a terrible depression in 1932, as were most of its neighbors, and its government, torn between reactionary rightists and revolutionary leftists, was in a state of chaos. During a stormy parliamentary crisis in May 1932, Dollfuss was named federal chancellor (or prime minister). His support came from the Peasant Party and the Heimwehr (*Heimatschutz*), meaning Home Guard. The Heimwehr was a paramilitary organization led by reactionary officers who had sought to reestablish the supremacy of the military in Austria, operating much like Hitler's Brown Shirts (SA) in Germany.

The Heimwehr was headed by Major Emil Fey in Vienna and in the provinces by Prince Ernst Ruediger von Starhemberg, a descendant of an old Austrian line of nobles. Starhemberg was a pleasure-seeking playboy who acted more like a boy scout leader than a military chief. The prince considered his organization as a weak military force that, in his own words, acted out the part of "a kind of Praetorian Guard." Major Fey, who proved to be the pivotal person in the plot to assassinate Dollfuss in 1934, was one of the most decorated officers in Austria, a hero of World War I, who wore the coveted Cross of Maria Theresa.

As commander of the Vienna Heimwehr, Fey had an intense hatred for Marxists and all political leftists, but he always expressed his political views in vague terms, stating that he was first and foremost a soldier, a military man sworn to uphold the government. As was the case with all Heimwehr members, Fey was anti-Semitic, hating all Jews, and fiercely adhering to the twisted ideologies of Adolf Hitler, with one exception. Fey and his Heimwehr followers were careful not to offend the Catholic Church. Austria was and had been for centuries a predominately Catholic country.

Austrian Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss, assassinated by Nazi thugs in 1934.

Dollfuss himself, a clever power-hungry martinet, held the same beliefs as the Heimwehr. His goal was the utter destruction of all political opposition, chiefly the socialists, and assumption of dictatorial powers. He fearfully looked upon two threats to his ambition, the first being Hitler and his expansionist plans for Austria. The second threat, he believed, came from the powerful Republican Defense Corps, or *schutzbund*, headed by elderly leftist General Theodor von Koerner Sigmarigen, who was backed by the millions of socialists who had gained 44 percent of the Austrian vote in 1930.

In seeking protection against Hitler and the Austrian socialists, Dollfuss formed an alliance with Italy's Benito Mussolini, going to Rome in 1933 to sign an arms pact. Il Duce promised the little dictator that he would blunt any moves

Italy's Mussolini (left) is shown signing a pact with Austria to support Dollfuss (second from right) and his right-wing administration at Riccione on March 28, 1934.

by Germany to annex Austria, but on the condition that Dollfuss move against the Republican Defense Corps. Dollfuss agreed and Mussolini, as a warning to Hitler, quickly moved his best Alpine troops to the Brenner Pass. Hitler, newly in power in Germany, was not prepared to face Mussolini's well-trained mountain fighters or any other nation in a military confrontation with his own weak forces. Instead, he encouraged thousands of Austrian Nazis supporting his cause to violently undermine Dollfuss' government.

Dollfuss, meanwhile, was given dictatorship through the fumbling of the Austrian parliament, which, on March 4, 1933, destroyed itself in a bizarre session. On that day a representative left the floor to go to the washroom, asking a colleague to vote for him, but the colleague marked the ballot incorrectly.

Chancellor Dollfuss (center, wearing cape) is showing reviewing troops in Vienna, April 1934.

The speaker of the house, Dr. Karl Renner, noting the irregularity, declared the balloting invalid and this led to a fiery debate in which Renner abruptly resigned as president of the assembly. His deputy resigned and so did the next deputy. In the explosive debate that followed, no one officially closed the session. Under Austrian law, only the president of the assembly or one of his deputies could convoke a new assembly. Because none existed, Dollfuss seized the opportunity to abolish parliament, stating that it could not function under the law.

In a March 7, 1933 declaration, the dictator announced that the Austrian parliament had eliminated itself and through this technicality, Engelbert Dollfuss assumed complete government powers. He immediately banned all public meetings and gatherings and imposed a strict censorship of the press. The little dictator believed that he had successfully choked off opposition to his regime inside Austria, but he now began to feel the weight of Nazi influence and subversion. Austrian Nazis suddenly began to demonstrate for a fusion of Germany and Austria, an *Anschluss*. The Nazis insisted that Austria be annexed to Germany since both were German-speaking nations that shared the same customs and traditions.

The defacement of this huge 1934 Dollfuss street poster (a swastika having been pasted over the chancellor's mouth) in Vienna was typical of the crude campaign conducted by Nazis in their attempt to wrest control of Austria.

This was not a new concept. For decades there had been strong movements to join the two countries and now, with the Hohenzollern and Hapsburg dynasties gone following World War I, the prospects of an *Anschluss* seemed inevitable. To support this movement, Hitler amassed a force of well-equipped troops along the German-Austrian border. In Munich, Theo Habicht, one of Hitler's leading Brown Shirt chiefs, was named "Inspector General for Austria," a pompous and illegal title conferred by Hitler upon a German with no credentials or legitimate office in Austria.

Habicht, a propaganda expert, began a smear campaign in which Dollfuss was portrayed as a pawn of the Jews, the Catholic Church and foreign powers. Radio stations along the German border beamed this propaganda into Austria around the clock. Austrian Nazis suddenly appeared in all major cities in Austria, painting the swastika everywhere. In June 1933, Nazis set off bombs throughout Austria in churches, synagogues and in the offices of liberal newspapers, killing and injuring many persons. Then the Nazis attacked Dollfuss' military police.

A group of Nazis hurled hand grenades into a group of officers in Vienna, killing several of them. Seeing that the Nazis were attacking his own fascist forces, Dollfoss banned the Nazi Party in Austria, arresting and imprisoning more than 1,500 of these men. Leaders such as Alfred Edward Frauenfeld, *gauleiter* of Vienna, fled to Germany and the protection of Habicht's organization. In response, Habicht boldly created the Austrian Legion, 15,000 strong and made up of Nazi expatriates from Austria. He armed these troops, parading them menacingly up and down the German border, threatening invasion at any moment.

Dollfuss, unnerved, tried to contact Hitler to negotiate some sort of truce, but the newly elected German chancellor made himself unavailable. Dollfuss' representatives were shunted off to see Habicht in Munich or the German ambassador in Vienna, Dr. Kurt Reith, and there the answer was always the same: *Anschluss*. Habicht, after some negotiations, brazenly demanded that before further truces could be considered, all charges pending against Nazis in Austria be dropped and that *he* be made vice chancellor, even though he was not an Austrian citizen. Dollfuss toyed with this idea, but made Major Fey vice chancellor instead.

A sudden move from the left changed everything in Austria. On the night of February 11, 1934, socialist leaders of the *Schutzbund* began shipping arms to workers in Vienna, Linz and other Austrian cities, calling them to arms against Dollfuss' totalitarian state. Widespread fighting broke out the next day. Leftist radicals called a general strike in Vienna and socialists took over many government buildings. Government troops, aided by Fey's Heimwehr, attacked, putting the leftists on the defense.

Dollfuss ordered his troops to assault and capture the huge housing areas, chiefly the Karl Marx House in Vienna, where several arsenals were stored. The complex was shelled. After four days, the brief civil war was over, the government troops and the Heimwehr having crushed all resistance. Many socialist leaders were rounded up and summarily hanged, hundreds more imprisoned. The 128 government and Heimwehr dead were buried with full military honors. The 193 socialists killed in the fighting were buried in a mass grave without ceremonies.

Heimwehr leader Emil Fey, whose fence-sitting during the Nazi coup and assassination of Dollfuss ended his political and military career.

Though world opinion turned against "that charming little chancellor from Austria," for his shelling of Austrian citizens, he gained newfound respect from his fellow fascist leaders. Hitler was startled by the direct action taken by Dollfuss; he had underestimated the little dictator's will to act. Mussolini sent Dollfuss letters of admiration for crushing the socialists. Still, the Nazis persisted in their fanatical cause to annex Austria to Germany. Joining the German Nazis were many right-wing Austrian politicians, the most important being Dr. Anton Rintelen, Austria's ambassador to Rome, who had held several important positions in the Austrian government since 1922. He and others plotted with Habicht, and guided them through a terrorist campaign in early 1934, planting bombs in electrical plants and water works, train stations and telephone exchanges. Soon the communication and transportation operations in and about Vienna were stalled or stopped entirely. This did nothing but incur the enmity of the Austrian people against their native Nazis. Dr. Gustav Otto Waechter, a Nazi leader in Austria, went to Germany and conferred with Nazi leaders, telling them that the terrorist campaign was proving ineffective and that there were not enough Austrian Nazis to take over the government. He proposed that Dollfuss be assassinated.

Hitler agreed. He ordered that the small but fanatical SS (*Schutzstaffel*) group, SS Standarte 89, led by Fridolin Glass, be the striking arm. This Austrian group of Nazis had several seasoned terrorists within its ranks, such as Paul Hurdl and Otto Planetta, who were chosen to carry out the murder of the Austrian chancellor. Their plan called for one Nazi group to seize the chancellery building, kill Dollfuss and hold his cabinet hostage, while a second group took over the main radio station to announce the lie that the government had resigned and that Dr. Anton Rintelen had become chancellor.

In order to have this plan succeed, Nazis throughout Austria would seize all government buildings and those Nazis in the Austrian army and in the police forces would take over command of all troops and police agencies. The success of this plan depended upon the cooperation of Major Emil Fey and his Heimwehr. Whether or not Fey was contacted by the Nazis or was in collusion with them in the plot to overthrow Dollfuss is not known to this day, but Fey's indecision during the time of that crisis sent Austria into a state of chaos. Hitler cautioned the assassins that they could expect no help from Germany or its troops or Nazi Brown Shirts as this would make the takeover appear to be a naked act of aggression by Hitler.

Dollfuss was wary of just such an attack, especially after Hitler, on June 30, 1934, purged the leaders of his own Brown Shirts, ordering the executions of scores of SA chiefs, including his once-trusted aide, Ernst Roehm. By late July 1934, the Austrian Nazis worked out their plan to take over the government. A defecting Austrian Nazi told police of the plan, but gave the date of attack as July 23, 1934, and when nothing happened on that day, police relaxed their guard. Emil Fey then received a report on the morning of July 25, 1934, that the chancellery would be seized, but receiving no more reports, did nothing, waiting to see events unfold.

Members of the SS Standarte 89 assembled in a gym that morning, dozens of these Nazis arriving either in the uniform of the Austrian army or as civilians carrying bundles and weapons. Those in civilian clothes then changed into Austrian uniforms and boarded trucks that drove toward the chancellery. Major Fey then received notice that these heavily armed men were moving on the chancellery. He decided to act. He called Dollfuss from a cabinet meeting he was then conducting in the chancellery, telling him of the impending attack. Dollfuss then addressed his cabinet members, stating: "Fey just told me something. I don't know if there is anything behind it, but perhaps it's better to interrupt our session now. Every minister should return to his own department. I shall let you gentlemen know when we can continue."

Austrian troops, under Dollfuss' orders, are shown attacking Vienna's Karl Marx House; socialist forces were crushed.

Austrian traitor, Dr. Anton Rintelen, who was selected by the Nazis to be Austria's new chancellor after they killed Dollfuss and seized the government.

Major Fey had ordered his Heimwehr troops to march to chancellery to protect the government, but this force failed to arrive. Police concentrated forces elsewhere in the city, these forces purposely misdirected by Nazi police officials. When an urgent call was made for police forces to be sent to the chancellery, only a single motorcycle officer arrived to "observe events."

There were a few guards at the chancellery, but their rifles held no bullets. More than 150 well-armed Austrian Nazis then arrived in trucks and raced into the chancellery building. Their leaders, Franz Holzweber and Otto Planetta, were both dressed as Austrian army captains. The invaders rounded up all the chancellery employees and locked them in basement rooms. In an upper floor, Dollfuss, Fey and Baron Erwin Karwinsky were startled to see Major Karl Wrabel burst through the door of Dollfuss' office. He shouted: "The Nazis are in the building!" Karwinsky grabbed Dollfuss by the arm and tried to lead him to a secret closet on the third floor where he could hide. Instead, Dollfuss headed for a corner room from which a backstairs led to the street. Before he reached the stairs, Otto Planetta burst into the corner room, pointing his pistol at Dollfuss.

Dollfuss held his hands before his face. Planetta fired twice and the chancellor fell to the floor. He cried out for help, but Planetta only sneered and snapped: "Get up!" Planetta later claimed at his trial that he had rushed into a darkened room and saw three shadowy figures. One of them raised an arm, he said, and he thought he was about to be fired upon and so he fired his pistol, unintentionally shooting Dollfuss. The chancellor had been struck by two bullets, one creating a superficial wound in the neck. The other was fatal, entering his throat and spinal column and exiting beneath the right armpit.

Dollfuss was left to bleed to death on the floor. The Nazis arrested Fey, Karwinsky and Wrabel, holding them prisoner. Viktor Stiastny, an SS man, then returned to kneel next to the fallen Dollfuss, unbuttoning the chancellor's jacket, not to give him relief, but to see if reports that Dollfuss wore a bullet-proof vest were true. They were not. Stiastny then took the chancellor's wallet and handed this to Holzweber, who was then marching into the room to inspect the premises. (The wallet was later found stripped of its cash.) Forty minutes passed before some of the SS men asked if any of the imprisoned chancellery employees knew how to administer first aid. Rudolph Messinger and Johann Greifeneder, two policemen loyal to the government, volunteered. They were taken upstairs, where they found the mortally wounded Dollfuss. It was 1:45 p.m.

The policemen were allowed to pick up Dollfuss and place him on a couch. Given bandages by the assassins, the policemen could do little for the stricken chancellor except to stop the bleeding. Meanwhile, the conspirators seemed to be in a daze. They were awaiting word that their fellow Nazis had seized the radio station, but no word came over the radio. The killers stood in silence about the chancellor's room. Planetta said nothing. He sat at the chancellor's desk, smoking a cigarette. Dollfuss was conscious, but confused. An SS man nervously told him that he would not have been shot if he had not resisted.

"How are my ministers?" Dollfuss asked.

"Alive and well," an SS man replied.

Then, perhaps thinking he was talking to one of his own Austrian army officers, Dollfuss said: "A major, a captain and several soldiers came in and shot me."

This angered one of the assassins, who shouted at the chancellor: "You are to blame for all this, bringing misery on the National Socialists of Austria!"

"I have always tried to do the best I could," moaned Dollfuss. "I always wanted peace."

The office of the Austrian Chancellery in Vienna, where Dollfuss was fatally shot by invading Nazis.

The body of Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss, who was left by his Nazi killers to bleed to death on a couch on July 25, 1934, while they negotiated their freedom.

"If that was the case," yelled another Nazi, "then why didn't you make peace with Germany?"

Dollfuss' reply was by then a weak murmur: "Children, you simply don't understand." He then asked to see Kurt von Schuschnigg, his minister of education, but he was told that Schuschnigg was not in the chancellery. Paul Hudl, a former member of the Austrian Imperial Guard, who had joined the Nazis, then pressured the dying Dollfuss to call Dr. Rintelen and have him form a new government. Dollfuss did not respond to this urgent request. He asked one of the policemen trying to help him to move his arms and legs, saying: "I feel nothing. I think I am paralyzed." He asked for a doctor and Hudl refused this request. He asked for a priest. Hudl and Planetta refused.

Outside the chancellery, loyal Austrian forces were now closing in on the Nazis. Only fifteen minutes after the SS Standarte 89 occupied the chancellery, Fey's Heimwehr troops arrived, along with government troops and squads of police. They surrounded the building and began arresting any suspicious person near the chancellery. About a block away they arrested Nazi leader Fridolin Glass, who was disguised as an old peddler. Another leading conspirator, Dr. Waechter, sat in a nearby restaurant nervously eyeing the troops now surrounding his fellow Nazis. It had been his job to enter the chancellery and negotiate the surrender of the cabinet, but eight of the eleven ministers had fled the building before the invading Nazis arrived. Now there was nothing to negotiate. Dr. Rintelen and other Austrian Nazi leaders sat in the Hotel Imperial waiting for good news that never came.

Inside the chancellery, Holzweber and Planetta were gripped by inertia, realizing that no Nazi uprising was in the offing and that their colleagues had failed to take over the radio station and other important government buildings. Further, they now realized that the thousands of secret Nazis in the police force and army would not reveal their true political sympathies. Holzweber later stated at his trial: "I had been told that there would be no bloodshed, that a new government had been formed..."

Meanwhile, Kurt von Schuschnigg was made provisional chancellor and he ordered more troops to the scene of the uprising. Inside the chancellery, Planetta exploded, brandishing his pistol at the dying Dollfuss, shouting for him to order Major Fey to call off the troops surrounding the chancellery and to appoint Dr. Rintelen chancellor. Dollfuss, a ribbon of blood on his mouth, uttered some vague remarks and sank into unconsciousness. His killers sat in chairs about him, staring at him with helpless hatred. They simply sat there and waited for him to die. At about 4 p.m., Dollfuss uttered his last: "Give my regards to my wife and my children."

Upon realizing Dollfuss was dead, Planetta went to the imprisoned Major Fey, who apparently made a deal with the Nazis. Planetta wrote in pencil on a scrap of paper: "Dr. Dollfuss has been injured and has resigned from the government. He has appointed Dr. Rintelen as his successor. All armed forces are now under Fey's command." This note was delivered through the police lines outside the chancellery to Police Chief Eugen Seydel, who ignored it, and then had Rintelen arrested.

Fey continued to negotiate on behalf of the Nazis, first addressing his Heimwehr troops from a high balcony where Holzweber held a pistol to his head, then later on the phone, asking officials that Dr. Rintelen be appointed chancellor. He was told that Schuschnigg was now chancellor and that Rintelen was in custody. He was told to inform the Nazis to surrender or that they would be "wiped out to the last man." When asked about Dollfuss' condition, Fey lied, saying that "his injuries are rather serious." Fey knew by then that Dollfuss was dead. Fey's preposterous behavior signaled an end to his career, but he was never prosecuted in the assassination in order to keep his Heimwehr forces loyal to the government.

Of the fifteen Nazis who had shot their way into the radio building, killing several guards and briefly forcing an announcer to broadcast the downfall of Dollfuss and the appointment of Rintelen, thirteen had been driven to the top floor of the Ravag Building and were captured after a gun battle. One SS man had been killed and another escaped. When two officers went to Rintelen's suite at the Hotel Imperial, Rintelen shot himself, but he bungled the suicide, only wounding himself in the side. He was taken to a hospital where he recovered. He would later be imprisoned, then released shortly before the German *Anschluss* and become a Nazi functionary, dying almost unknown and unlamented in 1946.

Nazis in the provinces rose briefly, but all too late, and were crushed by the Austrian army and the Heimwehr. The fate

of the SS men in the chancellery was negotiated with Schuschnigg, who agreed to allow the Nazis safe conduct to the German border, if they surrendered their arms. This the Nazis did, but, as they were climbing into trucks to be transported out of the country, Dollfuss' half-naked body was discovered and Schuschnigg announced that the Nazis had violated the agreement, which was based on no loss of life. Now it was revealed that they had assassinated the chancellor and that they would stand trial for the crime. All were arrested and imprisoned.

SS leader Franz Holzweber, who directed the seizure of the chancellery.

Adolf Hitler, who first believed that the Nazi coup had been successful, now learned that the SS men had failed. He publicly denounced the assassination of Dollfuss as "a cruel murder," and backed away from Habicht and his scheming associates. The SS men turned on each other. Holzweber was named by his fellow Nazis as the leader of the coup and Planetta was named as Dollfuss' assassin. Holzweber and Planetta were convicted of armed sedition and murder. Both were condemned to death on July 31, 1934. Three hours later both were escorted to a gallows erected in a prison courtyard. Holzweber was the first to hang. As the rope was placed about his neck, the Nazi fanatic screamed: "I die for Germany! Heil Hitler!" Holzweber was then hanged manually, three men yanking him slowly upward until, after twelve agonizing minutes, he strangled to death. Planetta followed, he, too, shouting: "Heil Hitler!" He was then yanked upward and died of slow strangulation.

Nazi Otto Planetta, who shot Dollfuss. He and Holzweber shouted "Heil Hitler!" before they were hanged.

Hans Domes, who had led the small Nazi contingent in an attempt to take over the radio station in the Ravag Building, and who had killed a number of persons in that abortive attempt, was condemned and executed. Four policemen and one soldier who had sided with the Nazis, were also put to death. All other surviving Nazis received long prison terms, but all were released four years later when Hitler took over Austria in 1938. Though he publicly denounced the assassins at the time of their capture, Hitler, four years later, when the *Anschluss* occurred, lionized Holzweber and Planetta as heroes of national socialism.

TWO MURDERS IN MARSEILLES/ October 9, 1934

The blatant killing of Dollfuss in Austria by the Nazis was followed by a double assassination in Marseilles less than three months later. These murders, which claimed the lives of King Alexander I (Karageorgevic, 1888-1934) of Yugoslavia and French foreign minister Jean-Louis Barthou (1862-1934), were initially thought to have been engineered by fanatical Croatians seeking to advance their separatist cause. The real financiers and strategists for this double assassination, however, were fascists and Nazis to be found in Rome and Berlin.

King Alexander I (Karageorgevic) of Yugoslavia, killed in Marseilles in 1934.

In 1921, Alexander became king of a polyglot nation after the death of his father, Peter Karageorgevic. His father had assumed the throne of Serbia following the assassination of King Alexander Obrenovic and Queen Draga in 1903. Their killers, led by Dragutin Dimitrijevic, head of Serbia's secret Black Hand Society, intended to place upon their country's throne a strong pro-Serbian monarch, which had been found in Peter Karageorgevic. His son, Alexander I, was equally pro-Serbian. It was that staunch national position that caused him to be marked for murder by Croatian zealots.

When Alexander inherited the Karageorgevic throne, he was no longer merely the king of the Serbs; Serbia had gone out of existence in 1918 following World War I, having been absorbed into the sprawling new country called Yugoslavia, which included the old kingdoms of Serbia, Croatia-Slovenia, Montenegro, Bosnia and Herzegovina. Welded into one nation, these old countries were still made up of many nationalities having separate cultures and religions. Serbia, still the dominant segment of Yugoslavia, had been an independent nation for more than a century and had for decades re-

Croatian leader Ante Pavelic, who planned the murder of King Alexander.

sisted annexation by the lethargic Austro-Hungarian empire, its ancient monarchy dissolved at the end of World War I. Serbia fiercely protected its nationalism, as it would throughout the century, leading to Serbia's disastrous invasions of its neighbors and genocidal massacres that would, in the 1990s, label its leaders war criminals.

Serbia remained within the Yugoslavian nation only because King Alexander remained staunchly Serbian in outlook and policy. The Croats, however, having lived long under the umbrella of Austria, had enjoyed, unlike its Slavic neighbors, economic prosperity. Customs and traditions differed sharply between the Serbs and Croats. Serbia largely followed the Greek Orthodox religion, while Croatia followed the Roman Catholic Church. There was even a sharp contrast in the alphabets of their languages. Serbia employed the Cyrillic alphabet and Croatia that of the Latin. At all levels of leadership—political, educational, business—the Serbs and Croats were dedicated to each other's subjugation. Alexander consistently sided with Serbian aims and was despised by many right-wing Croatians, who formed a secret terrorist society of a paramilitary nature, called Ustacha, a counterpart organization to Serbia's dreaded Black Hand Society.

Ustacha's leader was a squinty-eyed nationalist fanatic, Dr. Ante Pavelic, called "Poglavnik" (a synonym for leader). Pavelic had for decades worked to undermine and destroy the Karageorgevic dynasty. In the 1920s, Serbs and Croats clashed violently, even in the Yugoslavian parliament. In 1928, several Croat leaders were shot to death by invading Serbian terrorists as they sat in their seats in parliament. This bloody outburst caused Alexander to dissolve that political body and assume dictatorial powers in Yugoslavia. From that moment, Dr. Ante Pavelic and his Ustacha followers began making plans to murder the king.

King Alexander I of Yugoslavia and French Foreign Minister Jean Louis Barthou, shown moments before both were assassinated.

When an upcoming meeting between Alexander and French foreign minister Barthou was announced in 1934, several factions began to plan the assassinations of both. The Nazi hierarchy in Berlin and Mussolini in Rome had no love for the Yugoslavian ruler, and particularly hated the 72-year-old Barthou, who was part of France's old guard, a close associate of Clemenceau and Poincaré, dedicated foes of fascism. For a decade, Barthou had sought to strengthen France's position against the fascist nations of Germany, Italy and Hungary, establishing pacts and agreements with Yugoslavia, Rumania and Czechoslovakia, all of these eastern European countries forming a sort of geographical buffer against the expansionist aims of Hitler and Mussolini. Although he paid lip service to Hitler, Alexander I of Yugoslavia was, like Barthou, an avowed foe of Nazi Germany.

As soon as he learned of the impending meeting between Alexander I and Barthou that would further cement Yugoslavian-French relations, Ante Pavelic called several top assassins to his Ustacha headquarters at Yanka Puszta, a small Hungarian village on the Yugoslavian border. Hungary and Italy, supporting the pro-fascist Ustacha movement, allowed this terrorist group to establish several paramilitary sites in their border territories and even funded their operations. In Berlin, Ustacha agents were welcomed and received the specific financial support of Heinrich Himmler, head of Hitler's dreaded secret police, the SS. The Berlin-based Croatian newspaper, *Independent Croatian State*, regularly published its fascist propaganda, and, on August 16, 1934, boldly called for the assassination of Alexander I.

Some time in September 1934, Ante Pavelic organized a team of assassins, sending three of them to Marseilles. Here they were to position themselves along the motorcade route taken by Alexander and Barthou, after the Yugoslavian monarch arrived in that port city on October 9, 1934, on the Yugoslavian cruiser, *Dubrovnik*. The three assassins—Mio Krajl, Eugen Kvaternik (alias Eugen Kramer) and a man named Velitchko, a Bulgarian known to be an intimate of Ante Pavelic and who used the alias of Vlada Chernozamsky—were armed with explosives and pistols.

When the Yugoslavian cruiser anchored at Marseilles, a vedette boat took King Alexander to the Quai des Belges, where Barthou warmly greeted the monarch, escorting him to a waiting open-air touring car. The car proceeded toward the prefecture where an official city welcome would be extended to the Yugoslavian sovereign. Accompanying the touring car was a troop of French cavalrymen. An officer on horseback with saber drawn rode on either side of the touring car, with more mounted officers riding before and behind the car. The crowds along the parade route were thick and a police line held spectators back as they enthusiastically greeted Alexander and Barthou.

As the car turned onto La Cannebiere, which was the city's equivalent of New York's Fifth Avenue, with its posh shops, the city's most affluent citizens lining its way, the ovation for the cortege increased in tempo, friendly cheers that caused Alexander to smile at the warm welcome. He waved at the thousands pressing against the sagging police cordon, then turned to Barthou and French General Alfonse Georges, who

Colonel Poillet (shown on horseback at left) slashes his sword downward on the assassin (arm raised above head), who has just fired fatal shots into Alexander I and Jean Louis Barthou.

was also riding in the car, and said: "It is a great pleasure to be once more in France." These were the last words he would ever utter. At that moment, Colonel Poillet, who was riding on horseback alongside the car, saw a man break through the police line, holding something in his hand. Poillet mistook the object held by the man for a camera and shook his head, saying almost offhandedly to the driver of the touring car: "Another of those damned photographers!"

But Poillet was tragically mistaken. The running man was Velitchko and he was holding a gun. In a matter of seconds, he leaped upon the running board of the slow-moving touring car, aimed the weapon at Alexander, and began firing. Two bullets entered the king's chest and he slid downward in the car seat, dying. Velitchko fired once more, his bullet striking Barthou, severing an artery. Barthou would bleed to death before proper medical attention was given to him. General Georges, who had been looking the other way when the assassin leaped upon the running board, turned and tried to grapple with the gunman, who was leaning into the car and shouting incoherently as he wildly fired his gun. In the struggle, Georges was hit by no less than four bullets. He would take six months to recover from his wounds.

The killer seemed to be intent on slaying everyone in the car and took no pains to flee the scene, hanging on to the moving auto and systematically firing every round in his eight-shot weapon. He was struggling to free another gun inside his coat pocket, when Colonel Poillet wheeled his horse about and began hacking away at the assassin with his saber. Poillet struck Velitchko several times on the back and head, finally driving him off the running board of the car, which had come to a halt. Members of the crowd broke through the police lines to attack the killer as well as others whom police later believed to be part of the plot, their intent to silence the assassin before he could be captured alive and thus prevent him from revealing their identities.

King Alexander I, shown dead in the back seat of the car, where he had been fatally shot by a Croatian terrorist.

Velitchko finally fell unconscious to the pavement, bleeding from several deep saber cuts received at the hand of Colonel Poillet. Police officers picked him up and hurried him to a hospital where he remained in a coma for several hours. There Velitchko died without ever regaining consciousness. Alexander I was already dead; he had died within minutes after being mortally wounded in the car. Barthou died an hour later. The assassins had accomplished their task with amazing ease, eliminating two of fascism's most ardent foes in a matter of minutes.

The killer of Alexander I and Jean Louis Barthou, known as Velitchko and who used the alias Vlada Chernozamsky.

Inside the coat pockets of the dead killer, police found a second unused gun and two bombs, along with a fake Czech passport that identified him as Peter Kaleman (another alias), a businessman from Agram. The body was carefully inspected and on the dead man's arm was found a fearsome tattoo showing a skull and crossbones and Bulgarian words that meant "Liberty or Death." Beneath this were the initials BMPO, which stood for the Bulgarian terrorist group to which the dead man belonged. According to police, Velitchko was also using at the time of the killings, the alias of Vlada Chernozamsky. It was clear to the authorities that Velitchko knew that he stood no chance of surviving his attempt on the lives of his victims and was willing to lay down his own life to achieve the murderous goals of the Ustacha, which is exactly what he did. His identity was never fully learned.

Krajl, who had been identified in the crowd when Velitchko attacked Alexander and Barthou, fled the country, but he, and two of his accomplices were later tracked down and returned to France, where he and the others received life sentences. Mastermind Ante Pavelic was tried in absentia and condemned to death. When the Germans overran Yugoslavia in 1941, Pavelic was made dictator of Croatia, committing countless genocidal massacres. Mussolini and Hitler reveled at the deaths of their former political foes. Heinrich Himmler then took great pains to secure newsreel footage taken on the spot by an alert cameraman that showed the assassinations in Marseilles. Himmler studied this footage hours on end, so that he could best learn how to provide complete protection for Adolf Hitler at his public appearances.

THE FALLING FASCISTS

The countless murders and genocidal slaughter enacted by the fascists of Italy, Germany and Japan as those countries plunged the world into war went on for more than a decade. Assassination became routine for the Nazis and its chief practitioners, Heinrich Himmler and his henchman, Reinhard Heydrich, better known as "Hitler's Hangman." During the darkest days of the war, the Allies, unable to immediately mount an invasion of Europe, bombed the fascist cities by air and conducted raids along the French coast. Many believed that large segments of populations in the European nations conquered by the Nazis were in secret collaboration with Hitler's legions.

The free Czech government in exile in London, headed by President Eduard Benes, realized that many collaborators made it appear that the Czechs as a nation had willingly joined the Nazi camp. It was necessary to change this image, as well as rid Czechoslovakia and Europe for that matter of Reinhard Heydrich, who had become Acting Protector of Bohemia and Moravia, which also included most of what was left of Czechoslovakia. To that end, a small group of Czech parachutists were dropped into the country in early 1942. Their dedicated goal was to assassinate Heydrich.

"THE HOG HAS GONE TO THE BUTCHER"/ May 27, 1942

Reinhard Heydrich (Reinhard Tristan Eugen Heydrich, 1904-42) was Adolf Hitler's epitome of the Aryan superman in the Nazi Third Reich. He was tall, lanky, blue-eyed and blonde-haired. His nose was long, thin and pointed, as was his chin. Everything about the man seemed pointed, like the tip of a spear. He had joined the German navy, but he was subsequently cashiered by Admiral Erich Raeder for jilting the daughter of a shipbuilder he had seduced. He then went to Heinrich Himmler, ingratiating himself with the future chief of the SS and Gestapo. Heydrich longed to be reinstated to the rank of an officer and Himmler was his passport to this post, as well as to awesome power.

Born March 7, 1904, in Halle on the Saale, Heydrich was the son of an opera singer and an actress. Upon graduating from high school, he joined the Freikorps, the right-wing organization that routinely assassinated liberal German politicians such as Matthias Erzberger and Walther Rathenau. He became a naval cadet in 1922, training at Kiel, then served on the cruiser *Berlin* the following year. He befriended the skipper of the vessel, Captain Wilhelm Canaris, who later became head of navy intelligence and the most accomplished German spymaster of WW II.

In 1926, Heydrich was promoted to sub-lieutenant, attending the Naval Signal School, where he excelled as a navigator and mathematician. Heydrich played the violin with expertise and would openly weep while playing long compositions, typical of a man whose nature was severely split between the sentimental and the cruel. His off-hours were spent cultivating contacts with right-wing politicians and militarists, who helped to advance his career, including his promotion to lieutenant in 1928, while he was serving on the flagship, *Schleswig-Holstein*. By then his brutal personality had been exposed to the rank and file about him. He was feared and disliked for his harsh mannerisms and his habit of blurting commands.

Heydrich's style was typical of the Prussian officer of the day. Even though he had no such background, he emulated the conduct of these arrogant, strutting martinets, eschewing cordialities and courtesies. He always gave orders with a guttural bark, expecting total obedience from underlings. His treatment of women was equally abrasive. In 1930, he dallied with the daughter of a director of I. G. Farben, the industrial conglomerate that had backed the Kaiser's war machine in World War I, and would, like Krupp, produce war materials for Hitler's armies. When the girl asked Heydrich to marry her after he made her pregnant, he told her that he could never wed a loose woman who had given herself to him before the proper nuptials. Her enraged father went to Admiral Raeder, who then ordered Heydrich court-martialed. At this hearing, Heydrich incensed his superiors by his haughty manner and defiant outbursts. He was cashiered in April, 1931.

Early in his career, Reinhard Heydrich, right, is shown with German Abwehr chief Admiral Wilhelm Canaris.

A short time later, Heydrich married Lina Mathilde von Osten, a tall, blonde woman who idolized Heinrich Himmler. It was Heydrich's Prussian-born wife who convinced the apolitical ex-navy officer to attach his future to the Nazi Party. Through her contacts in the S.A. (Hitler's Brown Shirts), Lina arranged for Heydrich to meet Himmler on June 14, 1931. At that time, Himmler was seeking a competent, counter-espionage officer to head his Security Service. After a twenty-minute

Reinhard Heydrich (second from right) is shown with SS chief Heinrich Himmler (second from left) as they enter Nazi headquarters at Hradcany Castle in Prague, October 1941.

interview with Heydrich, the diminutive Himmler approved him for the post. A short time before this event, Heydrich had joined the Nazi Party. He was later named as head of the SD (*Sicherheitsdienst*), a secret police inside the secret police. Heydrich and his men spied on Nazi Party members, constantly checking their loyalty to the party and, especially, to Adolf Hitler. As such, Heydrich became one of the most dreaded men in Germany.

Heydrich loved his ferreting job. A fellow SD agent later stated that he was "a born intelligence officer ... a living card index, a brain that held all the threads that wove them all together." He devoted himself wholly to his chores. His only hobby was fencing, at which he became a master and competed so expertly that he found few who would accept a challenge from him. It was the bureaucratic Heydrich who organized the SD, then the SS and its Gestapo into an effective internal secret state police force, answerable to no one except Himmler. To his face, Heydrich was servile to Himmler, who was Hitler's favorite henchman, but behind Himmler's back, Heydrich showed nothing but contempt for his superior, calling him "weak and without courage." It was the authority and power of the SS that intrigued and captivated Heydrich. He loved power above all.

During the 1930s, as the Nazis took over Germany and then looked covetously to its neighbors for conquest, Heydrich's star rose with that of his boss, Himmler. He became the second-most powerful man in the sinister SS and Gestapo. It was the cold-blooded Heydrich who developed and organized the concentration camp extermination systems to implement Hitler's plan of ridding the Reich of Jews and political opponents, as well as millions of others the Nazis found "undesirable." This was the "final solution," systematic genocide, mass murder that began in the late 1930s. Others, such as Adolf Eichmann, worked out the logistics, transportation and methods of murder, but it was Heydrich who outlined the general procedures and set in motion the awful slaughter. As the creator of such, Heydrich was rightly dubbed "Hitler's Hangman," or "The Blonde Beast."

In September 1941, Heydrich, while secretly planning to oust Himmler and take his place, was appointed Acting Protector of Bohemia and Moravia. He moved into Hradcany Castle in Prague, the ancient seat of Bohemian kings, where he ruled Czechoslovakia with an iron hand. Within a few weeks of his arrival, Heydrich ordered hundreds of suspected political opponents executed without trial. Thousands more were sent to concentration camps. The walls of Prague buildings were plastered and replastered with lists of those who had been arrested and shipped off to concentration camps and to their deaths, lists Heydrich personally organized.

Reinhard Heydrich, who had taken command in Prague, Czechoslovakia, on September 28, 1941, is shown (right foreground) in the courtyard of his Nazi headquarters at Hradcany Castle.

Heydrich is shown with his pregnant wife, Lina Mathilde von Osten Heydrich, a devout Nazi, who had advanced her husband's career by introducing him to Heinrich Himmler. This was the last photograph taken of Heydrich, shown attending a concert at Wallenstein Palace.

In response, the Free Czech Government in exile in London organized a dedicated group of Czech freedom guerrillas—Jan Kubis, Joseph Gabcik, Adolf Opalka, Jan Hruby, Joseph Bublik, Joseph Valcik, Joroslav Svarc and Karel Curda—to kill Heydrich. Once inside Czechoslovakia in early 1942, the guerrillas donned civilian clothes and began to trace Heydrich's movements. This proved to be more difficult than expected. The clever Heydrich knew he was marked for murder and carefully avoided predictable routines and purposely took different routes each day from his villa outside of Prague to his offices in Hradcany Castle.

The Czech guerrillas made several plans to kill Heydrich, but all of these schemes failed. On May 23, 1942, Joseph Novotny, a watchmaker, was called to Heydrich's office to repair an antique clock. He was a member of the underground and while he was repairing the clock, he quickly looked over documents on Heydrich's desk. He found the Reichprotector's complete schedule for May 27, 1942, the day Heydrich was to leave Prague for Germany. Novotny crumpled the piece of paper and threw it into a wastecan, which was later emptied by a Czech housekeeper. The schedule was retrieved and turned over to the guerrillas, who then made plans to assassinate Heydrich on that day.

Jan Kubis, who fatally wounded Heydrich on a Prague street.

Joseph Gabcik; he tried to shoot Heydrich, but his gun jammed.

Gabcik, Kubis and Valcik were to position themselves along the route Heydrich's limousine would take from his villa to Hradcany Castle. At a bend in the road where the car would be forced to slow down, Gabcik would step from the curb and empty his sten gun into Heydrich and his driver, Lieutenant Klein. Backing up Gabcik was Kubis, who carried a bomb. If Gabcik failed to kill Heydrich, Kubis would demolish the car with his bomb.

Heydrich left his villa at 10 a.m., on the sunny, mild morning of May 27, 1942. He had spent time that morning playing with his three children, then said goodbye to his wife, who was expecting another child. Heydrich's car proceeded along an open road for some distance. Another car preceded it, keep-

The rear end of Heydrich's car shows a hole where the blast of Kubis' bomb sent a metal spring from the back seat into Heydrich's lower back, a fatal wound.

ing a short distance in front of Heydrich's car. This car was driven by another underground worker, Rela Fefek. When both cars approached the bend in the road, Valcik, who was positioned at this point, produced a mirror he used to signal Gabcik and Kubis, letting them know that Heydrich's car was approaching. At the bend, Fefek brought his car to a halt, stopping Heydrich's following car.

Gabcik stepped from the curb, his sten gun hidden beneath a raincoat. He threw the coat away and aimed the gun at Heydrich. He squeezed the trigger, but nothing happened. The gun had jammed. Heydrich and his driver were at first shocked into frozen silence at the sight of the would-be assassin. They regained their composure and both drew pistols. Heydrich stood up in the back seat of the open car and aimed his pistol at the helpless Gabcik, who frantically worked the sten gun without success. At that moment, Kubis ran forward and took a bomb from his briefcase, hurling the bomb, which landed at the rear of the car, exploding. Gabcik and Kubis were showered with shrapnel as they ran across the street to escape.

The explosion tore apart the right side of the back end of the Mercedes in which Heydrich was riding, sending a piece of shrapnel into his back (this was actually a piece of metal spring from the back seat of the car, which had blown upward and into Heydrich). He stood for a moment and then collapsed onto the rear seat of the car. Klein was also seriously wounded. Pedestrians ran past the car and the two stricken Nazis as if they did not exist. Heydrich called out for help, but no one came to his assistance. A trolley car packed with people went around the car, its passengers looking down approvingly at the bloody scene. Finally, a female collaborator commandeered a van into which the wounded Heydrich was placed. He was driven to Bulkova Hospital. Doctors first thought that Heydrich would survive his wound. The shrapnel entering his body narrowly missed the spine, kidneys and major arteries. However, infection set in and Heydrich died of septicemia on June 4, 1942.

Before that time, SS and Gestapo agents, as well as hundreds of German troops, were swarming through Prague and neighboring villages in search of the assassins. One of their number, Karel Curda, had deserted these patriots. A few days after the bombing, Curda appeared in the SS offices in Prague to claim a large reward for identifying the killers. He told the Nazis that his seven fellow parachutists were hiding in a basement crypt of the Church of St. Cyril and St. Methodius. Hundreds of troops surrounded the church, where a battle broke out. After a prolonged gunfight in which the Germans used automatic fire, bombs, gas and water (to flood the underground crypt) in an effort to force the parachutists to surrender, the freedom fighters either died at their posts or committed suicide. The fate of these heroes was repeated in ghastly numbers over the next few weeks.

Hitler and Himmler sought vengeance for the assassination of their arch executioner, ordering wholesale reprisals. On the day of Heydrich's death, 152 Jews were summarily executed in Berlin. Himmler announced these deaths as being connected to a Jewish plot and continued to use this false claim to order the deaths of thousands of Jews in the months thereafter.

The St. Cyril and St. Methodius Church, where the parachutists took refuge, all killed here in a prolonged battle with German troops.

On June 9, 1942, Captain Max Rostock led ten truckloads of German Security Police into the small town of Lidice, which was near Prague. All males above the age of sixteen were rounded up and imprisoned in barns and other buildings owned by Mayor Horak. All 172 males were taken from the buildings the next day and shot in open fields. All women in the village, 195 females, were shipped to concentration camps and more than half of these would be executed. The orphaned children of these victims were sent to German homes to be raised by

John Carradine, right, plays Heydrich, threatening a priest in Douglas Sirk's 1943 film, *Hitler's Madman*.

"good Germans." No trace of these tragic children was ever found.

After its inhabitants were removed, every building in Lidice was dynamited and leveled by bulldozers to the ground, so that no trace of the village remained. Though many paid for Heydrich's assassination, few mourned the passing of this ardent Nazi and mass murderer. Hitler and Himmler attended a pomp-filled funeral ceremony for Heydrich in Berlin, but many fellow Nazis felt relief at the passing of this cold-blooded killer. Sepp Dietrich, a German panzer general, spoke for his peers when he said, after hearing of Heydrich's assassination: "The hog has finally gone to the butcher!"

THE ATTEMPT ON HITLER/July 20, 1944

Germany's war-mongering dictator, Adolf Hitler, haranguing a crowd in Berlin in 1933; his lunatic beliefs would bring death to more than twelve million people.

A little more than two years after Heydrich was assassinated in Prague, with the Third Reich collapsing on all fronts, high-ranking officers of the German army made an attempt to end the war by killing the madman who had led them to military disaster, Adolf Hitler (1889-1945). The German army, along with the country's industrialists, had initially backed and financed Hitler in his political climb to power. This Prussian cabal mistakenly thought Hitler to be the only politician who could defeat the forces of Bolshevism that threatened to take over Germany immediately after World War I. In supporting Hitler, these power brokers believed that they could control Hitler, but they simply replaced one tyranny for another.

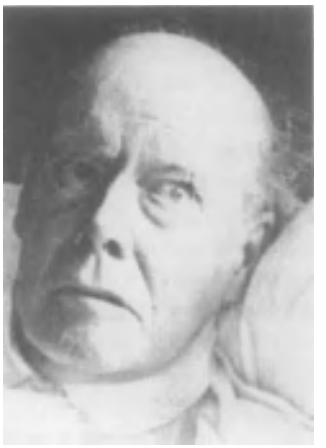
A shrewd and cunning politician, Hitler was born on April 20, 1889, in an inn at a small Austrian town near the German border (a claim made in late 2002 insisted that he was born in a small village in Germany). His father, Alois Hitler, was a minor Austrian customs official, a stern parent, unlike his kind-hearted wife, Klara Poelzl, Hitler's mother. Five children were born to this marriage, three dying in infancy. Adolf Hitler was the third surviving child. His sister Paula, born in 1894, lived to see her brother rule Europe and die in shame.

Hitler attended five different grade schools, his family often moving as his father changed jobs. He was a listless student, at one time attending a school operated by Benedictine friars at Lambach, where he sang in the choir. Raised a Catholic, Hitler thought to become a priest, but abandoned that vague ambition, believing that he had enough talent to become a successful artist. He rebelled at his father's insistence that he become a civil servant, hating the idea of being chained to a desk, sorting and filing papers for the rest of his life.

Adolf Hitler as a youth when living a hobo's life in Vienna.

In constant rebellion with his father and his teachers, Hitler's grades were so poor that he was compelled to transfer from a private institution to a state school at Steyr. He did no better there and left without graduating. One of his teachers, Professor Eduard Huemer, later stated that Hitler "lacked self-control, and, to say the least, he was considered argumentative, autocratic, opinionated, bad-tempered and unable to submit to school discipline." Hitler blamed his teachers for his own failure, saying later that they had suppressed his natural talents and intellectual gifts, that these academics were "congenital idiots," and "tyrants."

Upon the death of his father in 1903, Hitler, at sixteen, was left to drift about on his own. He got drunk one night in Steyr, becoming so ill that a milkmaid had to help him walk home. He vowed never to drink liquor again. As his widowed mother struggled to support her two children, Hitler refused to work, loafing for almost three years, reading romance novels and attending operas where he listened with obsession to the brooding, bombastic music of Richard Wagner, his idol. (He befriended the Wagner family after he came to power, its members embracing his Nazi philosophy.) As a teenager moving from one small Austrian town to another and sometimes visiting Bavaria (he held great admiration for Germany and its iron-willed Kaiser Wilhelm II), Hitler harangued total strangers, spewing forth amateur philosophies, but mostly shouting out his racial hatreds and his support for a strong military presence to "keep law and order."



Crackpot British philosopher Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who became a mentor to Hitler, advancing the madman's genocidal theories.

In Linz, Hitler lived like a hobo, sponging off the few young persons who befriended him. One friend, August Kubizik, later described the teenage Hitler as having an uncontrollable temper. When anyone disagreed with him, said Kubizik, Hitler flew into hysterical tantrums, screaming until he almost collapsed. Moving to Vienna, Hitler, convinced that he was a great artist, attempted to enroll in the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts in October 1907. After completing an examination, he was rejected, told that he had no aptitude for art. So enraged at this rebuff was Hitler that he nurtured a deep-seated hatred for Austria, his native country. He vowed that he would make Vienna and Austria pay for the rejection. Three decades later he humiliated the Austrian Government by sending his storm-trooping forces through Vienna's streets after a trumped-up *Anschluss*, which annexed this country to Germany.

In 1908, Hitler's mother died, an emotional blow from which he never fully recovered. Without her meager support, he drifted into the backwaters of Vienna, living hand-to-mouth from 1909 to 1913. While his clothes went to rags, Hitler wandered about cafes and tried to sell sketches to sidewalk patrons, but few were interested in his sterile, unimaginative drawings. He found himself standing in long queues each day, waiting to be fed by charity kitchens. Hitler survived in these days by moving from one hovel to another, dwelling in Vienna's Jewish ghetto. Vienna at that time was home to more than two million people, 200,000 of them Jews. Hitler hated them, relegating them to the status of foreigners, even though most were native-born Austrians.

"I began to see Jews and the more I saw," he later wrote, "the more sharply they became distinguished in my eyes from the rest of humanity ... Later I often grew sick to the stomach from the smell of these caftan-wearers." His pathological hatred for Jews went to the marrow of his warped thinking: "Was there any form of filth or profligacy, particularly in cultural life, without at least one Jew involved in it? If you can cut even cautiously into such an abscess, you found, like a maggot in a rotting body, often dazzled by the sudden light—a kike!" He blamed everything sinister and evil on the Jews. White slavers operated widely in Vienna and prostitution was rampant. This, in his twisted views, Hitler blamed on the Jews: "I recognized the Jew as the cold-hearted, shameless and calculating director of this revolting vice traffic in the scum of the big city."

To feed his ravenous bigotry, Hitler avidly read the works of minor writers who shared his racist hatreds, the most influential being an obscure crackpot, Count Joseph Arthur de Gobineau, a French philosopher and author of a four-volume work, *Essai sur l'Inegalite des Races Humaines*, in which he contended that "the racial question dominates all the other problems of history." A French diplomat living in Germany, Gobineau drew up a chart of sorts in which he listed the nationalities and races in the order of their declining importance. Those at the bottom of his list, the Jews, were decidedly "inferior." This became the hub of Hitler's racial theories, along with those stemming from English philosopher, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, later a mentor of Hitler, who advocated the bigoted ideas of Gobineau.

To these racist philosophers Hitler coupled the writings of Georg Ritter von Schoenerer, who advocated unification of Austria and Germany to form a super power that would dominate Europe. All of these illogical theories were incorporated later by Hitler into his Nazi manifesto, *Mein Kampf* (My Struggle), and later into horrible practice by Heinrich Himmler's dreaded SS and Gestapo. By May 1913, when Hitler was defining his dark hatreds, he received a notice that he was about to be drafted into the Austrian army. He fled to Bavaria, settling in Munich. On August 2, 1914, Hitler joined a huge and enthusiastic crowd assembled in front of

This amazing 1914 photo shows a crowd assembled at Munich's Odeonsplatz in front of Feldherrnhalle to hear Germany's proclamation of war. Hitler can be seen (circled, inset above) in the crowd cheering the news.

Munich's Feldherrnhalle that wildly cheered the announcement that Germany and Austro-Hungary had declared war on the Allies. An amazing photo, found years later by one of Hitler's official biographers, shows Hitler standing in the crowd.

Where Hitler refused to serve in the Austrian army, he was eager and excited at serving Germany, enlisting in the 16th Bavarian Reserve Infantry regiment and was one of the first to see action in October 1914 in the first battle of Ypres. It was here that Hitler's regiment was all but wiped out, only 600 out of 3,500 surviving as the British turned back the German drive toward the English Channel. Hitler, who rose to the rank of corporal, thrived on the war, preaching to his fellow soldiers that the war was the fulfillment of Germany's destiny, one which decreed the conquest of Europe. He fought in several battles and was wounded twice, shot in the leg and later gassed. He was cited for bravery, twice given the Iron Cross, first and second-class.

Hitler as a corporal in the 16th Bavarian Infantry Regiment; he was twice wounded.

Hitler was not well-liked by his fellow soldiers, who thought him to be a raving monarchist and warmonger. When the German war machine ground to a halt and the Allies won victory after victory, Hitler denounced secret cabals of Marxists and Jews as being behind the German defeats. When the war ended in November 1918, Hitler returned to Munich to find the city in chaos and in the hands of a Marxist regime led by Jewish writer Kurt Eisner. He was edified to see the newly established Weimar Republic suppress this uprising by sending thousands of Freikorps troops (right-wing German veterans of the war) to Munich, where Eisner was assassinated by Anton Arco-Valley, a Freikorps leader.

Hitler moved about Munich, looking for political affiliations and found it with a small group called the German Workers Party, headed by Anton Dexler, a locksmith. The party was dedicated to the eradication of all Marxists and Communist trade unions. Hitler became Dexler's slavish minion, running errands for the party leader. At one party meeting in 1919, Hitler befriended Ernst Roehm, a former army captain with small, piggish eyes and a porcine face scarred by the ravages of war. He was an avowed homosexual as was the case with most of the early-day storm-troopers Roehm recruited and who would later form the hundreds of thousands of thugs organized as the brown-shirted SA.

Hitler recognized Roehm's organizing abilities and used him to wrest control of the German Workers Party from Dexler. Another member of this small party, Dietrich Eckert, an alcoholic playwright and morphine addict, became Hitler's mentor and helped to shape him into a political entity, training him in the techniques of oratory and drama. Eckert had not served in the army during the war, but had been confined in a lunatic asylum in Vienna, where he occupied his days by writing racist plays, using the mentally disturbed inmates to enact these weird dramas.

When Eckert first heard Hitler address a small group, he realized that the young man had a hoarse, but commanding voice and a forceful, even intimidating personality that, with cultivation and refinement of dramatic pauses and delivery, could captivate audiences. The 58-year-old Eckert took Hitler under his wing, tutoring him in effective use of the German language, writing his speeches and introducing him to others who shared their common hatred for Jews, foreigners and Communists. It was through Eckert that Hitler met many of those who later became his slavish lieutenants, including Rudolf Hess and Alfred Rosenberg, who was to become the so-called "philosopher" of the Nazi Party.

In 1920, Hitler was named propaganda chief of the German Workers Party and quickly organized mass meetings. At one of these, held at the massive beer hall, Munich's Hofbrauhaus on February 24, 1920, Hitler stood before thousands of right-wing citizens. He ranted his rather senseless philosophies for five hours, a bizarre, physically exhausting tirade that nevertheless riveted the audience with his mesmeric and hortatory delivery. He was immediately named head of the party, the title of which he changed to the National Socialist German Workers Party or the Nazi Party for short.

Hitler in 1921, when he was a member of the German Workers Party in Munich.

Hitler preached his race hatred and nationalist theories at dozens of meetings throughout Munich and Bavaria. Thousands of discontented war veterans flocked to his black banner, by then adorned with an enigmatic swastika. This symbol, a hooked cross known as the hakenkreuz, had been seen by Hitler on the helmets of the Freikorps troops that had entered Munich to quickly crush the Eisner uprising. This symbol, which came to be known for everything evil, dated back to the time of Troy and could also be found in ancient China, its original meaning unknown.

A born propagandist, Hitler ordered this symbol to be placed on flags, armbands, stationary, posters, circulars, flyers and medals, all of these items widely distributed to recruited members. Hitler designed the Nazi flag himself, creating a flag of red, white and black, the colors of the old monarchist banner, with the swastika in the middle of a white circle. These were seen by discerning observers as the trappings of a political humbug, but within a decade they were transformed into the symbols of national authority.

With donations from middle-class citizens, shopkeepers and businessmen who believed Hitler's lie that Germany had been betrayed by German Jews and liberals negotiating the end of World War I at Versailles, the Nazi Party grew in great numbers, expanding its chapters throughout Germany. In Bavaria, where his strength was substantial, Hitler enlisted the aid of retired General Erich von Ludendorff, a Prussian army commander who had directed many of the German armies during World War I. Thinking he could easily topple the local government headed by Gustav von Kahr, Hitler, on November 8, 1923, attempted a *putsch* that would put the Nazis in power in Munich. The elderly Ludendorff supported that march on the government offices, but Hitler's rowdy storm troopers were shot down in the abortive uprising by government police and troops. Hitler survived the shootings and was arrested, tried for treason on February 26, 1924 and was given a five-year prison sentence.

While serving his sentence in comfortable quarters at Landsberg Prison, Hitler busied himself with writing *Mein Kampf*. He served less than a year and when he was released, he had gained more supporters than ever before. Tens of thousands joined the SA, these storm troopers contributing large amounts of their meager salaries to support and expand the Nazi Party. They marched through the streets of every German city day and night, armed with clubs, shouting their racist epithets. By the late 1920s, hundreds of thousands had flocked to the brown-shirted SA, which now posed a real threat to the authority of the government and outnumbered the country's armed forces, a fact that alarmed the German High Command.

Hitler's stormtroopers (SA) are shown marching into Munich in 1923 in an attempt to take over the Bavarian government in an ill-conceived *putsch*.

High Command generals, however, saw Hitler as an opportunity to expand their forces, which had been restricted in size by the Versailles Treaty. They secretly aligned themselves with Hitler, as did German industrialists, believing that the extremely right-winged Nazi Party was the answer to Germany's political, economic and military woes. By 1932, Hitler and his Nazi Party was the dominating political force in Germany. Hitler's star rose higher in 1933 when his party scored stunning victories at the polls. The aging General Paul von Hindenburg, Germany's top military leader during World War I, headed a badly managed government that tottered on the brink of disaster. Hitler, backed by the army and industrialists now had huge funds at his disposal.

Hitler then successfully bribed his way to power, giving a large amount of money to Oskar von Hindenburg, the German president's son, to convince his father to name Hitler as the country's new chancellor. After his appointment, Hitler formed his cabinet on January 30, 1933. Tens of thousands of Nazi storm troopers jubilantly marched by torchlight through the streets of every city and town in the country in celebration. A dark age then descended upon Germany. In consolidating his power, Hitler, through his second-in-command, Hermann Goering, had the Reichstag (the German parliament building in Berlin) burned down on February 27, 1933, to deprive opposition delegates of an assembly area. The arson was blamed on a Dutch halfwit, Mariunus van der Lubbe, who was railroaded to execution.

Hitler then won forty-four percent of the electoral vote in Germany in nationwide elections on March 5, 1933. He eliminated all political opposition by decreeing that no party other than the Nazi Party was legal in Germany. Under a bogus threat of a Communist takeover, he next ordered the Reichstag to turn over all constitutional powers to him to save Germany from destruction. He thus became dictator over thirty-three million people. The only force standing in Hitler's way was the army's High Command. German militarists, however, were alarmed at the power and forces of the Brown Shirts under the command of Ernst Roehm. They told Hitler that he would have their full cooperation if he eliminated the SA paramilitary forces. This meant the execution of Roehm and his top lieutenants, the very men who had for a decade enforced Hitler's edicts, who had year-by-year bullied Hitler into power.

Hitler did not hesitate. In an all-night session, Hitler,

Hitler (fourth from right) stands next to General Erich von Ludendorff (fifth from right) of WW I fame, who was embarrassed by his involvement in Hitler's abortive Beer Hall *Putsch* in 1923, one that sent Hitler to prison.

Himmler, Goering and Paul Joseph Goebbels, Hitler's propaganda minister, prepared SA death lists, in preparation for what later became known as the Night of the Long Knives, June 30, 1934. On that day Hitler flew to Wiessee, a lakeside resort outside of Munich, where Roehm and many of his top associates were vacationing. Accompanied by a heavily armed escort of Himmler's SS, Hitler stormed into the inn where Roehm and others were sleeping. Hitler, though he knew Roehm was homosexual, feigned shock at discovering the SA leader and other men sleeping together. With a pistol in hand, he stood at Roehm's open door, calling these loyal Nazis "repugnant beasts" and ordered them shot without trial.

Roehm was taken to a nearby prison and placed in a cell. He was given a loaded gun to use on himself. When the puzzled SA leader refused to commit suicide and insisted on seeing Hitler, two SS men entered the cell and shot him to death. Hundreds of SA leaders were rounded up throughout the country and met the same fate. Roehm's top deputy in Berlin, Karl Ernst, was about to go on his honeymoon and, when arrested and condemned, could not believe that he was about to be executed, right up to the time he was placed in front of a firing squad. He died giving the Nazi salute and shouting "Heil Hitler!"

Hitler and his close associates used this night of mass murder to also eliminate all of his old enemies. General Kurt von Schleicher, who had been Germany's last chancellor before Hitler took power and had strenuously opposed Hitler's new cabinet, was shot to death by SS men when he opened the door of his villa, outside of Berlin. His wife of only eighteen months ran forward and she, too, was shot and killed. Gregor Strasser, one of the leading members of the early Nazi Party, who had fallen out with Hitler, was also shot to death that night. Catholic Action leader Erich Klausener was killed in his office and his entire staff sent to a concentration camp. Gustav von Kahr, who had opposed Hitler in the abortive Munich Beer Hall Putsch of 1923, was taken to a forest near Dachau by Nazi thugs and hacked to death with pickaxes.

Hitler announced a few days later that seventy-seven "enemies of the state," who had been planning to overthrow his government, had been executed. The executions, in truth, exceeded 1,000, almost all of the victims being Hitler's old enemies. The SA was disbanded, many of its members absorbed into the army. Hitler now received the wholehearted endorsement of the army's High Command. Hitler, however, did not stop with the army. He knew that General Werner von Blomberg, head of the Wehrmacht, gave him only lip service and he replaced him with more slavish generals, ardent Nazis such as Wilhelm Keitel and Alfred Jodl.

When President Hindenburg died on August 4, 1934, all hope for a free Germany disappeared. In total control, Hitler, through Himmler and other minions, ordered the imprisonment of tens of thousands of intellectuals, church leaders, Jews and others thought to be enemies of the Nazi state. These hapless victims were thrown into newly created concentration camps where, years later, they were systematically murdered, their numbers mounting to a staggering twelve million (an estimated six million being Jewish) before World War II ended.

Conquest and German domination was foremost in Hitler's mind, and as the 1930s waned, his legions annexed neighbor-

ing provinces, then whole countries such as Austria and Czechoslovakia. On September 1, 1939, at the peak of his military and political power, Hitler launched open warfare by invading Poland. This compelled Polish allies England and France to declare war on Germany. France, along with Norway, Denmark, Belgium, the Netherlands collapsed under the German blitzkrieg within a year. The war would rage on for six more terrible years, the Allies finally invading Europe at Normandy on June 6, 1944.

This had a momentous and decisive effect upon the German army. It was steadily driven out of France and the Lowlands, retreating to the borders of the Fatherland. Many of Germany's top generals had known years earlier that Germany could not win its war of total conquest. Field marshals Heinz Guderian and Erwin Rommel had warned Hitler that he had extended his forces to the breaking point and that war materials and supplies could not support the German war effort. The dictator ignored these warnings and labeled these top military leaders "defeatists." He squandered hundreds of thousands of troops in vain battles in Russia, always giving the ridiculous order of "Victory or Death."

Hitler was on a path of national self-destruction, which caused small groups of anti-Nazis to plan his assassination, even before Hitler launched World War II. The dictator was well aware of such secret ambitions. On August 22, 1939, on the eve of his invasion of Poland, he announced to several of his generals that he could easily be assassinated "by a criminal or an idiot." On May 2, 1942, at Germany's high military tide, he stated that "there can never be absolute security against fanatics and idealists ... If some fanatic wishes to shoot me or kill me with a bomb, I am no safer sitting down than standing up." As a fanatic himself, who had ordered many another assassination (such as that of Austrian leader Engelbert Dollfuss in 1934), Hitler knew well what a dedicated assassin could achieve.

Certain German civilians had been plotting to get rid of Hitler before the outbreak of World War II. The most important group of these underground activists was led by Dr. Carl Goerdeler, the former mayor of Leipzig, and one-time minister in Hitler's 1937 cabinet. He enlisted the aid of many liberal-thinking Germans, including religious leader Dietrich Bonhoeffer and Ulrich von Hassell, but Goerdeler knew that to overthrow Hitler, the military must take an active part. For this purpose, he recruited many top ranking generals, including Ludwig Beck, Henning von Tresckow, Erich Hoepner, Eduard Wagner, Friedrich Olbricht and Heinrich von Stuelpnagel.

Field marshals who commanded armies were also enlisted, including Guenther von Kluge, Erwin von Witzleben and Germany's greatest hero, Erwin Eugen Rommel, the celebrated "Desert Fox," who had electrified the world with his brilliant victories in North Africa during the early years of the war. The plotters made many plans to kill the dictator, but seemed to get nowhere until Rommel set things in motion. He finally agreed to join the plotters and rid Germany of Hitler, saying to Goerdeler: "The people in Berlin can count on me." An effec-

Hitler is shown in his cell in Landsberg Prison in 1924, where he spent his time writing *Mein Kampf*.

A contemporary cartoon shows Hitler trying to sell copies of *Mein Kampf* to disinterested beer hall patrons.

Adolf Hitler addressing followers at a Nazi meeting in 1932. Shown with him (left to right): Hermann Goering, Wilhelm Frick, Hitler, Gregor Strasser and Paul Joseph Goebbels, all meeting death through suicide, execution or murder.

tive plan to assassinate Hitler was then detailed by a group of dedicated junior officers that included Major Fabian von Schlabrendorff, Colonel Casar von Hofacker and Count Claus Schenk von Stauffenberg, who was the most ardent of the group and the most daring.

It was agreed that the best place to assassinate the elusive Hitler—he changed his daily schedule without notice, so his whereabouts were always uncertain—would be at the heavily fortified Wolf's Lair, Hitler's military retreat near Rastenburg, in East Prussia, a site Hitler regularly visited to direct his ongoing war against the Soviet Union. Stauffenberg was selected as the man to do the job. He was to plant a bomb in Hitler's conference building and blow the dictator and his closest aides to pieces. As chief of staff of the Home Army, Colonel Stauffenberg had access to Hitler and made frequent reports to him on the status of the civilian soldiers, who had been called into army reserves.

Ernst Roehm (second from left), Hitler's close associate and leader of the powerful Stormtroopers (SA). Roehm is shown with SS chief Heinrich Himmler (at left), the very man who supervised Roehm's 1934 assassination at Hitler's orders.

On July 20, 1944, Stauffenberg arrived in Rastenburg from Berlin to attend a staff conference, where Hitler would be present. Stauffenberg, who had lost an arm and the sight in one eye during the war, carried a briefcase in which a timebomb was concealed. Since it was a hot day, the conference was held above ground and not in the underground bunker, where Hitler usually met with his staff. The building in which the conference was held was a squat, one-story structure. The windows had been opened to let in fresh air. Hitler and his officers gathered about a large table supported by solid wooden blocks. Stauffenberg made his brief report to Hitler, placing his briefcase at Hitler's feet, next to one of the large wooden blocks. Stauffenberg then excused himself and left the building, moving some distance away to await the explosion. In those seconds, the always animated Hitler, moved from his position at the table to inspect maps of the Eastern front. As he did so, the bomb went off. It was 2:42 p.m.

A terrific explosion tore through the one-room building, flames belching and smoke gushing through the open windows. Most of the roof was blown skyward. Bodies were hurled like rag dolls through the windows and doors. Stauffenberg stood about 200 yards away from the building with General Erich Fellgeibel, one of those involved in the plot and head of communications for the Rastenburg retreat. Stauffenberg, seeing the tremendous explosion, believed that no one could have survived the blast and told Fellgeibel to wire other conspirators in Berlin that Hitler was dead.

This was the signal that caused General Beck and others to seize key government buildings in Berlin, including the national radio station. Meanwhile, Stauffenberg went to the airport and flew back to Berlin. While he was in flight, Nazi officers at Rastenburg carefully entered the scorched conference building to find bodies strewn everywhere. A stenographer named Berger had been blown through a window. General Rudolf Schmundt, Hitler's adjutant, was dying of wounds, as was General F. Kortner. Generals Alfred Jodl, Karl Bodenschatz and Adolf Heusinger received severe wounds. Miraculously, Hitler had survived. Only minutes after Stauffenberg left to report him dead, the Fuhrer emerged from the building, staggering over debris and bodies.

Hitler's trousers were torn and his legs had been burned. He clutched his right arm, which had been bruised and momentarily paralyzed; he would let this arm hang slack for the rest of his days. A falling beam had struck Hitler's back, cutting him, but breaking no bones. Both of Hitler's eardrums had been punctured. He was a grim figure as he stepped from the smoldering ruins. His hair had been singed and smoke curled up from his hair and clothes. His face was blackened and his eyes rolled uncontrollably in his head. General Wilhelm Keitel,

Fascist dictators Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler inspect the ruins of the conference room at the Wolf's Lair, where Stauffenberg planted the bomb on July 20, 1944.

who had also amazingly escaped injury, caught up with Hitler and supported him to a rest area.

Himmler, who was in another building at the time of the explosion, rushed to inspect the demolished building, then ordered bomb specialists to fly from Berlin to determine how the explosion had been set off. He initially believed that a bomb had been buried beneath the building and no one at this time suspected anyone who had been present at the meeting as being part of the attempted assassination.

Stauffenberg, still in flight, believed Hitler dead and that the generals in Berlin, who were part of the conspiracy had by then arrested Goering, Goebbels and all other fanatic Nazi leaders. He also believed that all important government buildings in Berlin had been seized and all military units taken over by officers loyal to the conspiracy. Nothing of the kind had occurred. General Olbricht had taken over the War Ministry building, but Berlin's radio station was still in the hands of Nazi propaganda minister Goebbels, who was then desperately trying to contact Rastenburg. Communications between the Wolf's Lair and Berlin had been shut down by Fellgeibel.

Most of the vacillating generals involved in the plot were so ineffective that they failed to seize their opportunity. Field Marshal Witzleben arrived at the military headquarters in Berlin to learn in shock that troops loyal to the conspiracy had not been activated and that most of the key buildings and posts in Berlin were still controlled by fanatical Nazis devoted to Hitler. Disgusted at events, he stormed out of the War Ministry and returned to his country estate, where he would be arrested the following day.

About two hours after the explosion, the shaken Nazis at Rastenburg began to suspect Stauffenberg. A sergeant reported to Himmler that Stauffenberg had hastily left the Wolf's Lair and flown to Berlin. Someone recalled seeing Stauffenberg place his briefcase next to Hitler before he excused himself from the meeting. Himmler then ordered Stauffenberg arrested when his plane landed at Berlin, but this message was delayed because Fellgeibel had shut down the communications center on the excuse that he did not want the world to know that an attempt on Hitler's life had been made. Fellgeibel stalled as long as possible before opening the line to Berlin.

Meanwhile, Hitler was preoccupied with having to greet his fellow dictator, Benito Mussolini, who was scheduled to arrive at Rastenburg at 4 p.m. by train on a state visit. The Italian dictator had little support left in his own country. When

Nazi fanatic Roland Freisler, president of the People's Court, who prosecuted suspects in the July 20 bomb plot, railroading most of them to speedy executions (they were hanged by wires on meathooks). Freisler was later killed when a bomb dropped by an Allied plane blew up his courtroom.

Carl Goerdeler, one of the chief architects in the many plots to kill Hitler, who is shown on trial in Freisler's kangaroo court. Goerdeler was instrumental in persuading Field Marshal Erwin Rommel to join the conspirators in their 1944 bombing plot to assassinate the madman.

the war turned against Italy, Mussolini had been imprisoned by his own black-shirted fascists and had only recently been rescued by crack German commandoes led by Colonel Otto Skorzeny. Hitler managed to regain his composure and greet Mussolini at Rastenburg's train station. He then escorted the shocked Italian dictator to the still smoking ruins of the conference building, showing him with almost maniacal pride how he had managed to escape death only hours earlier.

The two dictators, who had been responsible for the deaths of untold millions, stood in the smoldering ruins and vowed eternal support for each other. Hitler, bordering on the hysterical, launched into one of his self-aggrandizing tirades as Mussolini stared in silence. Said Hitler: "I was standing here by this table. The bomb went off just in front of my feet ... It is obvious that nothing is going to happen to me. Undoubtedly, it is my fate to continue on my way and bring my task to completion ... What happened here today is the climax! Having now escaped death ... I am now more than ever convinced that the great cause which I serve will be brought through its present perils and that everything can be brought to a good end."

Mussolini solemnly nodded. (He later told an aide that Hitler at that moment seemed out of control and spouted mostly gibberish.) The Italian dictator replied: "Our position is bad, one might almost say desperate, but what has happened here today gives me new courage. After this miracle, it is inconceivable that our cause should meet with misfortune." The two dictators stood together in the smoking ruins, congratulating each other on being alive and able to pursue their plans of world domination, world destruction, if need be. The two dictators then retired to a rest area where they sat down with other Nazi officers to have tea, chatting at a tea party as mad as any occurring in Alice's strange wonderland.

Communications with Berlin had by then been reestablished and it was quickly learned that Stauffenberg had not acted alone and that a widespread coup attempt by High Command officers in Berlin was in progress. The traumatic reaction to the bombing and the ongoing uprising by high ranking military officers caused Nazi officers and officials surrounding Hitler to panic. They began accusing each other of negligence in warding off the assassination attempt, their screams and shouts causing the embarrassed Mussolini to turn

Colonel Claus Schenk von Stauffenberg, who planted the bomb at the Wolf's Lair. He was executed.

General Freidrich Olbricht, who failed to activate his troops in the uprising. He was executed.

General Ludwig Beck, whose "suicide" was arranged by Nazi soldiers, when the 1944 coup failed.

red-faced. Hitler, however, was oblivious to this uproar. He sat in stony silence. Admiral Karl Doenitz, who had just arrived from Berlin, accused Goering of not rooting out the traitors of the High Command. Goering put the blame on the Foreign Office, shouting at Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop.

Hitler, who had been sucking on pills fed to him by his toady physician, Dr. Theodor Morell, suddenly jumped to his feet, causing the startled Mussolini to spill the contents of his tea cup. Froth foamed on Hitler's quivering lips. His eyes darted and rolled. He began screaming revenge for all those involved in the plot against his life, adding: "I'll put their wives and children into concentration camps and show them no mercy!" As Hitler stormed about the room raving, white-coated servants methodically went about pouring more tea into cups, ignoring the tirade of their master. Benito Mussolini sat stunned by the scene, saying nothing. He later stated to an aide just before his own assassination that the scene at Rastenburg was terrifying: "The place was like an asylum and the lunatics were everywhere. They were in charge."

Meanwhile, the plot to kill Hitler and wrest control of the government from the Nazis, Operation Valkyrie, as the conspirators had labeled it, had utterly collapsed. General Olbricht had not, as promised, ordered his troops out of their barracks to take over key Berlin installations. He was waiting for confirmation of Hitler's death. General Freidrich Fromm, head of the Home Guard, managed to get a phone call through to the Wolf's Lair from Berlin. General Keitel told Fromm that Hitler was alive and that all was well. Keitel then wanted to know the whereabouts of Fromm's chief of staff, Colonel Stauffenberg. He told Keitel he did not know. When he hung up, Fromm knew the coup had failed.

When Stauffenberg arrived at the Ministry, he was told that Hitler was alive. That mattered not, said the conspirator. The coup must be completed, he insisted. General Beck agreed, but little was done. In occupied Paris, General Stuelpnagel had made more headway. His troops had locked up more than 1,200 SS and Gestapo members and the coup in France was well in progress. Attempting to activate the conspirators, Stauffenberg barged into General Fromm's office, urging him to support the coup. Fromm, an expert fence-sitter who had half-heartedly agreed to support the conspiracy at the start, now changed his mind. Knowing that Hitler was still alive and that the Nazis still controlled all key government buildings and troops, he curtly told Stauffenberg to surrender, saying: "Count Stauffenberg, the attempt has failed. You must shoot yourself at once!"

Fromm and others loyal to Hitler were locked in their offices, while a cordon of troops loyal to the conspirators surrounded the War Ministry, but this was the only building in Berlin that the rebels controlled. Meanwhile, Paul Joseph Goebbels had been busy. He had surrounded the national broadcasting building with loyal Nazi troops and he constantly aired the news that though there had been an attempt on Hitler's life, the Fuhrer was very much alive. Coming to his support was SS Colonel Otto Skorzeny, the tough commando officer who had recently rescued Mussolini. Skorzeny persuaded tank commanders in Berlin to surround the War Ministry and, with SS units loyal to Hitler, he stormed into the building at 9 p.m. He freed Fromm and others, then arrested Beck, Olbricht, Stauffenberg and other conspirators.

Fromm ordered Beck to commit suicide, but the elderly general botched the job, only wounding himself. An SS sergeant then dragged Beck to a small room and shot him in the back of the neck, killing him. Stauffenberg, Olbricht and others were lined up against a wall that night and summarily shot to death. Later that night, a national broadcast aired a ranting Hitler who informed his battered nation that he was still alive to continue his self-destructive war. He minimized the extent of the conspiracy against him, placing all the responsibility on junior officers, careful not to implicate the large number of high-ranking generals involved. These generals and field marshals, however, along with thousands of others, were quickly tried in kangaroo courts and sentenced to death. Many did not wait to be arrested, but simply committed suicide.

Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, Hitler's greatest military commander (shown with his son Manfred and wife), who joined the conspirators in the July 20 plot.

Hitler is shown with his long-time mistress Eva Braun, whom he married on the last day of his life before the couple committed suicide in an underground Berlin bunker to avoid capture.

When Hitler learned that his greatest military leader, Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, had been part of the plot, he sent two staff officers to Rommel's residence where the Desert Fox was recuperating from war wounds. They offered Rommel two choices: He could have a public trial in which his certain conviction would bring about the ruination of his family or he could commit suicide (they provided poison pills) and his death would be attributed to his war wounds. In the latter instance, Rommel would be buried with military honors and his family's security would be assured. Rommel, to protect his loved ones, chose suicide, driving off with the two officers and swallowing the poisoned pills a few minutes later.

More than 7,000 persons paid with their lives for the assassination attempt made against Adolf Hitler. It was a great toll and a useless one in that Hitler himself would do what the conspirators had failed to achieve. He committed suicide with his long-time and newly married mistress, Eva Braun, as they sat in a small room in the Fuhrer's underground Berlin bunker on April 30, 1945. As Russian troops advanced everywhere in the city, loyal SS guards removed the bodies of Hitler and Braun and placed them in a shallow grave outside the Reich Chancellory, where they were drenched with kerosene and burned to obliterate identification. The bodies were later discovered by Russian troops and Hitler's remains were positively identified through a comparison of the remains and dental records. The world's worst mass murderer had finally come to the end desired by millions living and dead.

END OF IL DUCE/April 28, 1945

Two days before Hitler shot himself to death in Berlin, his fellow dictator, Italy's Benito Mussolini (Benito Amilcare Andrea Mussolini, 1883-1945), was assassinated, along with his mistress, Claretta Petacci, by Italian partisans. It was a fate Mussolini had avoided for more than two decades as he held Italy in his iron grip, but one he believed he would survive as miraculously as had Adolf Hitler in the July 1944 assassination attempt on the German dictator.

Benito Mussolini, Italy's fascist dictator, who joined Hitler in starting WW II and brought his country to ruin before he was assassinated in 1945.

Born on July 29, 1883 at Varano di Costa, a tiny farming community near the village of Dovia in Romagna, Mussolini was the son of a blacksmith, Alessandro Mussolini, who was an ardent socialist. He named his son after three distinguished revolutionary figures, Benito Juarez of Mexico, Amilcare Cipriani and Andrea Costa. The family was dirt poor and its heritage vague. In keeping with his self-aggrandizing traits, Mussolini, in 1928, had genealogists trace all the Mussolini families in Italy, then falsely announced that his lineage dated back to the Mussolini princes of Bologna in the 13th Century.

Mussolini's parents overindulged their listless son, sending him to private schools where he was taught by Catholic priests. (His educational background was amazingly similar to that of Adolf Hitler). He was a poor student, resisting all discipline and having no respect for his teachers. He had only one abiding interest and that was politics, becoming an activist at the age of sixteen. At that time he became obsessed with black apparel, wearing black shirts, pants, ties, thinking this attire gave him an image of individuality. The color black would remain his obsession and he later insisted that his fascist followers don black attire as a symbol of their loyalty to his political cause.

Mussolini, as a militant socialist, is shown under arrest at Rome's Piazza Barberini in 1915 for agitating against the war.

The Blackshirts of Italy would come to symbolize repression of freedoms, racial bigotries, military aggression and wholesale murder. Following his graduation from the Royal Normal School at Forlimpopolo, Mussolini became a teacher in rural schools, but his heart was not in this work. He quit this profession in 1902, going to Switzerland, where he believed he could learn more about politics and have his sharp opinions more easily printed in socialist newspapers.

Those opinions gradually changed from left to right, Mussolini abandoning the socialist beliefs of his father and embracing nationalist thought and politics. However, like his father, Mussolini maintained a deep hatred for the Catholic Church, maligning its prelates and popes in slanderous lectures. For such public tirades, Mussolini was often arrested, eleven times in 1912 alone. At one such arrest, Mussolini was thrown into a cramped, dungeon-like cell in Rome where he developed acute claustrophobia, a condition that would compel him in the future to occupy enormous offices.

Mussolini's office in Rome, which he established after he became Italy's dictator, was inside the grand Palazzo Venezia, and it was gigantic, so huge that it reminded visitors of a

Mussolini's office for his newspaper, *Il Popolo d'Italia*, a fascist publication designed to advance his fearsome image. The flag showing a skull and crossbones was of Mussolini's own design and later adorned the flags under which his Black Shirts marched.

A barricade manned by Mussolini's followers was constructed to prevent Socialists in Milan from destroying Il Duce's office in 1922.

Mussolini (center, wearing a white ribbon across his chest) leads his fascist Black Shirts on the celebrated march on Rome in 1922.

grand hall. This enormous space undoubtedly compensated for Mussolini's ancient fears of confinement and restriction. American journalists William Bolitho and Ernest Hemingway, who interviewed the despot in the 1920s, were awed by Mussolini's office. The dictator sat at one end of the hall behind a large desk and it took visitors a great deal of time to walk across the hall. Mussolini would sit behind his desk and study these approaching visitors with piercing black eyes, his massive bald head bent downward, a scowl on his lips, causing the visitor, whether journalist or politician, to become uneasy and ready prey to Il Duce's verbal manipulations.

By 1914, Mussolini had discarded all socialist credos. He enthusiastically supported Italy's entry into World War I on the side of the Allies. This caused him to be expelled from the Socialist Party. He established his own newspaper, *Il Popolo d'Italia*, a right-wing publication that advocated the concepts of fascism. On his office wall was a flag of his own design, a black flag with a white skull and crossbones on it, signifying death rather than defeat. In 1915, pressured by opponents to live up to his beliefs in the war effort, Mussolini enlisted in the Italian army. He served for two years on the northern Alpine front, until he was wounded and mustered out in 1917.

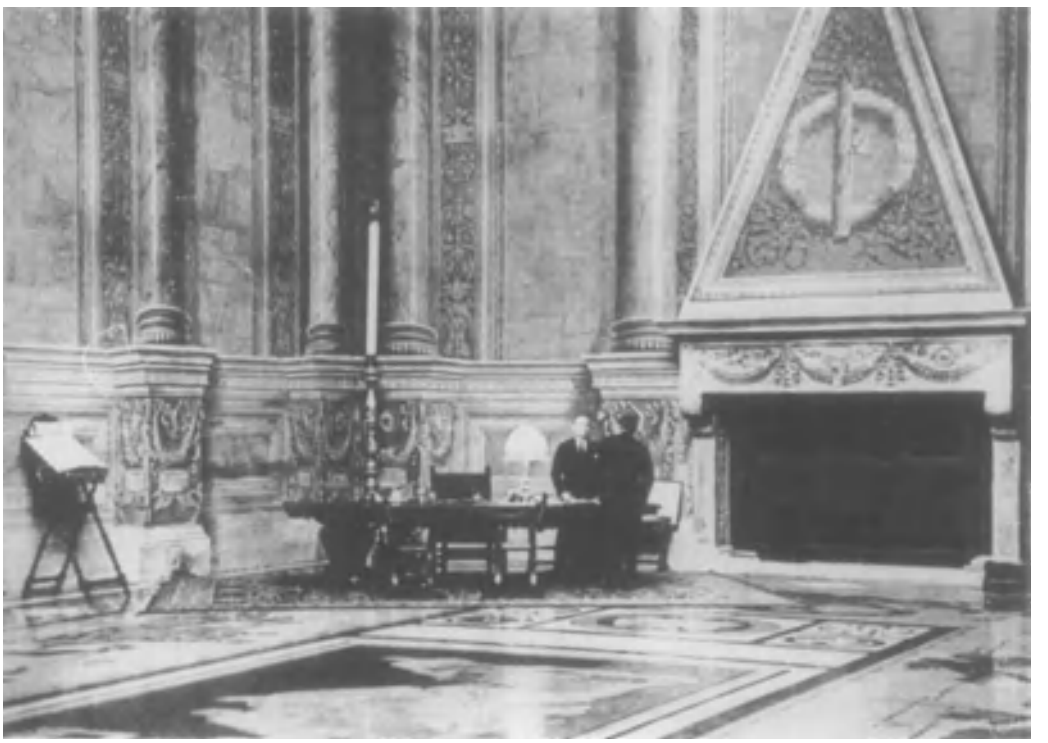
Following the war, Mussolini stepped up his nationalist campaign, recruiting to his political ranks thousands of unemployed war veterans in northern Italy. In 1919, he went to Milan, industrial center of the country, and seized upon that city's depressed economy by organizing thousands of disgruntled ex-soldiers into his new fascist organization, Fasci di Combattimento. This was the beginning of the fascist state in Italy. For two years, Mussolini dedicated himself to this organization, made up mostly of ex-soldiers who had been denied their prewar jobs and had been ignored following the war they had helped to win. Many of Mussolini's new political recruits were thieves and cutthroats. He designed a simple uniform for this motley army of the unemployed, black shirts and ties, riding pants, black boots and a small fez-like cap with a jaunty tassel. The early fascist flag under which these men marched was black and bore a skull and crossbones, which now symbolized Mussolini's official motto: "Victory or Death!" Germany's dictator Adolf Hitler, who viewed Mussolini as a great idol in his climb to power, would repeatedly use this motto when sending orders to his field commanders during World War II.

As was the case with Hitler in Germany, Mussolini's rise to power was financed by right-wing industrialists, politicians and army officers, with the sole purpose of smashing the then powerful Socialists and Communists. To that end, Mussolini unleashed his army of Blackshirt thugs in savage street wars, where party offices of Socialists, Communists and Republicans were destroyed and opposition leaders were beaten. His goons even wrecked the offices of *Avanti*, the Socialist newspaper Mussolini had edited years earlier and had now come to epitomize all that he hated. His power spreading throughout Italy, Mussolini organized in November 1921 the Partito Nazionale Fascista, the official Fascist Party in Italy. He intensified his attacks on organized labor, branding the movement

a Communist front and a threat to the government and to the country's well-being.

Fat with funds from industrialists, Mussolini gave himself a new name, "Il Duce" ("The Leader"). He gained the full support of the Italian army and the rich southern landowners poured more money into his swelling coffers. At this time, Mussolini vowed eternal support to his high-born financiers, but, like his former allegiance to the Socialist cause, he would renege on these pledges. His only real goal was the concentration of all national power in the hands of Benito Mussolini. He pledged his allegiance to the army, the monarchy, even to the Vatican, a church he had virulently attacked a decade earlier.

With the collusion of King Victor Emmanuel III, the army and the police, Mussolini, in 1922, led his Blackshirt legions in the celebrated March on Rome to ostensibly demand the resignation of government leaders who were mostly moderates and had no backing from the industrialists and owners of great estates. Mussolini, cautious and cowardly, refused to take one step in this "historic" march until he received written assurances from the king and the chiefs of the army that his Blackshirts would receive no forceful opposition in their trek to Rome. Receiving this written approval from the king, Mussolini then led thousands of Blackshirts in snaking columns into the city of Rome, his Blackshirts having been drilled long in advance on how to approach the city from towns surrounding Rome so that they would uniformly converge at the government offices with Benito Mussolini at the head.



Mussolini is shown facing a visitor to his enormous "office," the famous "Long Room" in the Palazzo Venezia. Il Duce would study guests as they approached from the far entrance to his desk, causing them to feel ill-at-ease and awed by the enormous space he occupied, an image suggesting his supreme authority.

Accompanying Mussolini were ardent fascist leaders that included General Emilio De Bono, Cesare Maria De Vecchi, Italo Balbo, M. Terruzi and Francesco Guinta. As an estimated 100,000 Blackshirts marched, legions of Blackshirts throughout Italy seized prefectures, police offices, radio stations, and all anti-fascist newspapers, trade unions and associations. By the time Mussolini reached Rome in his short march, he and his fascists had virtually eliminated all freedom of speech and press and crushed all political opposition. He controlled all communications and from that day forth Italy would hear only one voice, one thought, that of fascism.

This lightning seizure of power would be studied well and emulated with almost identical measures by Adolf Hitler. Hitler's Brown Shirts were patterned after Mussolini's Blackshirts. Hitler adopted a swastika instead of a skull and crossbones. He modeled his bombastic, hortatory speeches after those of Mussolini. The only difference between these two dictators was that Hitler's regime was even more repressive, tyrannical and murderous than that of Benito Mussolini. They were born allies, inhuman and unconscionable, willing to destroy their own people and nations to achieve their dark dreams of conquest.

King Victor Emmanuel III was present to warmly greet Italy's "new savior," who was appointed the new head of state and was authorized to appoint his own ministers to all important government posts. By then the cabinet of Luigi Facta had resigned and Mussolini suddenly held total power in Italy. He began by appointing fascist members to his cabinet and gradually wresting complete control of the government, illegally supported by one rigged election after another. He ordered all opposition smashed. His most important opponent, Giacomo Matteotti was abducted by fascist killers in June 1924 and brutally murdered on Il Duce's direct orders. To make sure that Matteotti was not used as a martyr by his opponents, Mussolini ordered the body secretly buried.

Mussolini dramatically solved Italy's enormous unemployment by draining the sprawling Pontine marshes and converting the Po Valley and other districts into highly productive agricultural centers. He streamlined Italy's railroads so that, within a few years, Italy became known, with

One of Mussolini's "baby factories," children scheduled to fill the ranks of his future armies.

Mussolini's well-oiled propaganda machine, as a country where "the trains *always* ran on time." Using a massive work force, Mussolini leveled whole towns and rebuilt them. The roads were paved and industry boomed, but always on a war footing. Factories turned out tanks, not cars, rifles and machine guns, not washing machines.

To the women of Italy, Mussolini had only one message: Bear children and more children and more children. He wanted these children for his armies in the next decade and boldly said so, encouraging women to have as many children as possible. Women who produced record numbers of male children, future soldiers, were rewarded with money and handsome jobs.

Mussolini reveled in his power and image as boss of Italy, thinking himself to be a new Caesar. From the high balcony of the Palazzo Venezia in Rome, he overlooked a huge square to which tens of thousands of fascists flocked every time he made a speech. He jutted his prominent jaw and smirked and scowled for the always-grinding cameras. Then, crossing his arms, hammering his fists on the balcony railing, the Italian flag fluttering next to him, he roared out his plans for "Italy's new age of glory," threatening to crush any country that dared to interfere with Il Duce's plans for conquest. To that end, he looked for years with covetous eyes to Albania and Ethiopia as he built up his war machine.

While making these plans, Mussolini took pains to rid himself of his most unruly followers, sending these Blackshirt legions to Spain to aid Francisco Franco, another fascist dictator, in defeating that country's Republican forces. Mussolini knew that he would lose most of these brutal thugs in Franco's life-wasting battles. Franco adopted this tactic when his World War II partners, Hitler and Mussolini, demanded that he return the aid they provided him in the late 1930s. Franco gave Hitler thirty thousand men—the Blue and Arrow Divisions—made up of his most fanatical fascists. These troops, as Franco expected, were decimated on the Russian front. Franco, like Mussolini before him, had conveniently squandered the lives of his most uncontrollable followers in a foreign war and thus prevented these maniacal minions from threatening his own regime in the future.

Before dumping his flotsam into Spain, Mussolini launched his first aggressive act abroad by invading the primitive and virtually helpless country of Ethiopia in 1935. A year earlier, Il Duce made elaborate plans to quickly conquer this impoverished African nation, building up war materials and troops along Italy's Mediterranean ports. Then, on December 5, 1934, Mussolini's agents staged a fake attack on Italian troops at Wal Wal, giving Il Duce the excuse to declare war on Ethiopia. (Hitler, always emulating his idol Mussolini, would use the same ploy in staging a fake attack on a German radio station on the Polish-German border to attack Poland and start World War II in 1939.)

Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie made a moving appeal to the League of Nations for intervention and aid, but this ineffective international community did neither. Marshal Emilio De Bono led tens of thousands of Italian soldiers to Ethiopia, transporting these troops through the Suez Canal. The British controlled the Canal at that time, but since Italy was paying $2.50 for each of its soldiers to pass through the Suez, the British allowed the invasion ships through the locks, thus encouraging Mussolini's plans of conquest in Africa.

Italy's King Victor Emmanuel III, who welcomed Mussolini's dictatorship in 1922.

After conquering Ethiopia (Abyssinia) in

1936, Mussolini's forces invaded Albania. As a leader of a maverick nation, Mussolini withdrew from the League of Nations in 1937 and drew even closer to his alter ego, Adolf Hitler. He toyed with Hitler for some time, playing the part of Austria's protector when Hitler, as early as 1934, attempted to seize the Austrian government through the assassination of its own fascist leader, Engelbert Dollfuss. Mussolini rushed his best Alpine troops to the Austrian border, which suddenly caused Hitler to denounce the Nazi executioners of Dollfuss, postponing his plans to take over Austria, an event that would not take place until 1938, when Mussolini then nodded his approval of the *Anschluss*.

In his personal life, Mussolini was a man of two faces. Posing as a loving father and husband, he kept dozens of mistresses, spending most of his nights with film actresses or nightclub entertainers. In 1932, he met 20-year-old, blue-eyed, husky-voiced Claretta Petacci, the daughter of a physician. She became his mistress and would stay with him long after he fell from power. Her torrid affair with Il Duce would not end until they died violently together, their bodies mocked and mutilated in a Milan gas station in 1945.

Italy itself was mutilated by that time. Mussolini not only robbed his country of its male youth to feed his endless invasions of small countries, but he persecuted liberals, Socialists and Jews through his secret police, an agency not unlike that of Hitler's Gestapo and SS in its practices of barbaric torture and murder. Mussolini's secret police mercilessly hunted down innocent persons who were anonymously named as "enemies of the state." Those who failed to identify those critical of Il Duce were themselves arrested and imprisoned. Mussolini turned his country into a nation of quaking informers. Like Hitler, he established many concentration camps, albeit he had no plan of mass extermination, as did the Nazi executioners Heinrich Himmler and Reinhard Heydrich. In war, however, Il Duce ordered his generals to show no mercy. Mass executions of captured prisoners became commonplace. Early in World War II, Mussolini was branded a war criminal and was scheduled to stand trial once hostilities had ended. Il Duce laughed at such condemnations. *He* would try his enemies, he said, but no one would ever haul *him* into court.

By 1939, despite internal unrest, riots and mass protests, Mussolini embarked on world conquest, signing a military alliance with Hitler's Third Reich. Japan also added its signature to this joint pact, and these three aggressor nations would form the unholy Axis alliance, bent on the destruction of world democracy. When World War II began, Italy's African legions took the full brunt of battle in North Africa, and, after two years, collapsed under Allied attacks. The invasions of Sicily and southern Italy followed. Mussolini's once unchallenged leadership was then scorned and ridiculed by his own people. By late 1944, Mussolini was completely out of favor with his countrymen. Allied troops overran southern Italy and surrounded Rome. In desperation, the Fascist Council deposed its founder and leader and King Victor Emmanuel III ordered Mussolini's arrest in an effort to appease the victorious Allies. Il Duce was placed in custody as Marshal Pietro Badoglio headed a new Italian government that immediately sued for peace.

Mussolini, a leather-lunged orator, addressing thousands of fascists gathered beneath a high balcony at the Palazzo Venezia.

Two dictators who thought to conquer the world—Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler, 1937.

Mussolini's long-suffering wife, Rachele, who knew of his endless affairs, but said nothing.

Claretta (Clara) Petacci, Mussolini's permanent mistress after 1932, loyal unto death.

Claretta Petacci, vacationing with Mussolini at Rimini, a snapshot taken by Il Duce.

The Nazi armies in Italy, however, seized Rome and Hitler personally directed his top commando leader, Colonel Otto Skorzeny, to free his ally, Benito Mussolini. Skorzeny located Il Duce, who was then imprisoned in a mountaintop retreat at the Gran Sasso. In a spectacular and hazardous mission, Skorzeny led his parachutists to the mountaintop retreat and freed the Italian dictator, taking him to a single-engine plane that took off from a perilously small plateau. Mussolini was taken to Rastenburg, arriving just in time to witness the wreckage of a conference building at Hitler's Wolf Lair, where the German dictator narrowly missed assassination.

Mussolini (right) is shown with SS Colonel Otto Skorzeny, who rescued him from the mountainous Gran Sasso prison in 1944.

Promising his rescuer Hitler that he would return to Italy and reestablish a strong fascist government, Mussolini did return to his native country. He set up headquarters in northern Italy, but he found few supporters. He was now an unwanted tyrant. The always faithful Claretta Petacci accompanied her longtime lover, remaining with him as he moved from one hideout after another. After Milan fell to the Allies on April 25, 1945, Mussolini was taken northward by a heavily armed German force, but this convoy was stopped and captured by an even larger force of Italian partisans. Almost all of these partisans were Communists, who hated Il Duce. The Germans had attempted to hide Mussolini and his mistress in one of their trucks, disguising the Italian dictator in the uniform of a German private. He was, however, identified, and he and his aides, along with Petacci, were taken by the partisans to the town of

Walter Audisio, the Italian partisan who assassinated Mussolini and Claretta Petacci.

Dongo, on Lake Como, placed under guard in a small farmhouse.

On the morning of April 28, 1945, Walter Audisio, using the alias of Colonel Valerio, rushed into Mussolini's room, saying: "I have come to free you!" He escorted Mussolini and Petacci outside to a waiting car, but the dictator grew wary at the sight of the Communist guards pointing their weapons in his direction. "I'll give you an empire," Il Duce whispered in Audisio's ear. Audisio did not reply, but only ushered him into the back seat of the car. After the car had gone about 500 yards, Audisio ordered the driver to stop. He pointed a revolver at Il Duce and his mistress. He ordered them out of the car and then told them to stand next to a stone wall. Audisio then said rapidly: "By order of the High Command of the Volunteer Freedom Corps, I have been charged to render justice to the Italian people."

Claretta Petacci began to scream: "You can't kill us like that! You can't do that!"

Audisio shouted to her: "Move aside, or we'll kill you first!" He pulled the trigger of his revolver, but nothing happened. Audisio threw it to the ground and grabbed a French-made machine pistol from his driver, Michele Moretti. Audisio pointed the weapon at Il Duce. The jut-jawed, bald-headed dictator unbuttoned his gray-green jacket and defiantly shouted: "Shoot me in the chest!" Before Audisio could fire, Petacci, in her final act of loyalty to Mussolini, ran forward and grabbed the barrel of the gun held by Audisio, who fired a burst that tore through her heart and instantly killed her. He then fired two more bursts, nine shots in all, which ripped into Mussolini. The tyrant fell dead.

The partisans threw the bodies into the car and the next day the corpses of Mussolini, Petacci and other fascist aides were driven to a bombed-out gas station in Milan, where a host of Communist partisans had gathered. The bodies were dumped onto the sidewalk and hundreds kicked and mutilated them. Women came forward and urinated on Mussolini's upturned face, many screaming vengeance for their sons who had been killed in Il Duce's wars. The mob stomped over the bodies, performing a bizarre vengeance dance upon the corpses.

The badly abused bodies were then hoisted upward by the heels and tied upside down to the girders of the gas station. The mob cheered and pelted the bodies with rotten fruit and stones. Claretta Petacci's skirt hung about her face, exposing her private parts, which caused several of the female partisans to insist upon propriety. Petacci's skirt was tied tightly to her legs to preserve some modicum of decency. A silence then consumed the crowd, which had exhausted its hatred on the tattered remains. No one spoke for some time. Then a woman who was standing beneath the body of Claretta Petacci said to a friend: "Imagine. All that and not even a run in her stockings."

The mutilated bodies (left to right) of Achille Starace (a Mussolini supporter), Benito Mussolini and Claretta Petacci, hanging from the girders of a gas station in Milan's Piazalle Loreto, on April 29, 1945, one day after the dictator and his mistress had been shot to death by Audisio.

The horrible assassination and mutilation of Mussolini preceded the death of Adolf Hitler by only a few days. The German dictator would shortly send a bullet into his mouth and end his life as Russian troops closed in on his underground bunker in besieged Berlin. Upon hearing of Mussolini's finish, British leader Winston Churchill rushed to a house full of guests and elatedly announced: "The bloody beast is dead!" But when he heard of the details and the execution of Claretta Petacci, Churchill labeled Audisio's actions as "treacherous and cowardly."

General Dwight David Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, also received the gruesome details of Mussolini's assassination and final public humiliation. Days later he was shown a picture of the bodies hanging before the crowds at the Milan gas station. Eisenhower winced and said: "God, what an ignoble end! You give people a little power and it seems like they can never be decent human beings again."

THE RETURN OF THE NATIONALISTS

Following the two world wars of the 20th Century, many subject nations sought to establish their independence, employing diplomacy, strikes and even open rebellion to gain sovereignty. Some independent factions—ardent nationalists—resorted to state murders. The largest of these long-suppressed countries was India, which had known its share of such bloodshed. India's most notorious assassins were best remembered through the countless murders committed over the centuries by the followers of Kali (Thugee or Thugs, see Secret Criminal Societies). These murders were cult killings, however, that were not motivated by political ambitions, albeit scores of Indian leaders had been murdered by political rivals throughout the country's recorded history. In the modern era, the most significant assassination in India involved a dedicated pacifist who doggedly led his country to independence by advocating passive rebellion and was himself overwhelmed by the violence he hated at the hands of fanatical Hindu nationalists.

"HAI, RAMA!"/January 30, 1948

More than any other Indian leader, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi (1869-1948), called "Mahatma" by his devoted friends and followers, was responsible for ridding India of British rule through his doctrine of nonviolent protest. Gandhi came to be known as India's greatest political, social and religious leader, a man of simple tastes and burning idealism, one who led by heroic example. His political achievements were enormous, his teachings inspired. Born on October 12, 1869, in Porbandar, India, Gandhi came from a family of well-to-do merchants, members of the Banya, a trading class. His parents practiced Hindu and were members of the Vaishnava sect, advocates of Jainism. They hated the taking of human life and refrained from eating meat, fowl and fish.

Mohandas "Mahatma" Gandhi, India's great pacifist leader, assassinated in 1948.

Gandhi was born into an era in which the British ruled supreme. It controlled all of India's high-level government positions, its courts and military organizations. India's commerce was dominated by British businessmen who controlled the country's largest trading firms. But under the British, Gandhi's caste nevertheless flourished, controlling commerce at large. Possessing an agile mind and an excellent memory, Gandhi learned English and spoke it fluently, graduating at the top of his class in India before being sent to London in 1888, at age nineteen, to study law. (One might wonder what Gandhi, who despised violence, must have thought that year in which London was plagued by the slaughterhouse murders of Jack the Ripper, a grim symbol of violence that permeated Western culture.)

In England, Gandhi wore Bond Street tailored clothes and tried to adapt to British society. He entered a dancing school, but gave this up as he could not follow rhythm. He studied the violin, but abandoned these studies, quickly realizing he had no musical aptitude. His social life was lonely. He avoided law school dinners and fetes since he would be offered roast beef and be expected to drink wine, forbidden by his religion. Ignored by his fellow students, Gandhi spent much time in prayer and reflection. His lifelong habit of prolonged meditation was honed in England as an emotional and intellectual refuge.

Receiving his law degree in 1891, Gandhi returned to India, establishing his law practice in Bombay. He soon realized that he knew little of Hindu or Muslim law and proved to be inept as a trial lawyer in the lower courts, where such laws prevailed. His first case, defending a client's property rights, was a shambles. The introverted Gandhi could not bring himself to cross-examine witnesses. He later remembered: "I stood up, but my heart sank into my boots. My head was reeling and I felt that the whole court was doing likewise. I could think of no questions to ask!" He lost the case and returned the client's fee. He refused further trial work, confining himself to the drafting of contracts and wills. Failing to earn a living as a lawyer in Bombay, he practiced in Rajkot, where his family had resettled, but he failed again.

Looking about for new opportunities, Gandhi saw one in South Africa, where thousands of Indians had migrated in search of work. He relocated to South Africa to represent Indian clients in a dispute about trading rights. Though he was facing racial laws, he managed to win the suit. During the Boer War, in which Indian citizens were compelled to serve, Gandhi demonstrated his early nonviolent bent by organizing an Indian stretcher-bearer service. Gandhi had at an early age wholly embraced the credo of *Satyagraha*, the lifestyle of nonviolence and never swayed from this philosophical posture. He spent twenty years in South Africa battling for the rights of Indians.

Gandhi as a successful attorney in South Africa in the late 1890s. Through his non-violent protests and demonstrations, he gained rights for Indians in South Africa.

Gandhi boarding a train, en route back to India from London in 1931, after having failed to win a promise of independence for his country from the British government.

On several occasions, Gandhi was jailed, but he amazed his warders by his bland acceptance of incarceration. He passively resisted all compromise though he was a model prisoner. In the end, Gandhi achieved the near-impossible in South Africa. Through his legal efforts and social leadership, he managed to have the unjust taxes against coolies and Indians repealed. Thanks to his indefatigable efforts, Indian marriages in South Africa were made legal and recognized under the law. By the time he left South Africa in 1914, Gandhi had brought about government recognition of Indians and Indian status was raised to a legal peer level in that country.

These achievements had brought personal privation to Gandhi, suffering shared by his wife, Kasturbai, who joined him in South Africa in 1896 and to whom he been betrothed at the age of thirteen as was then the Indian custom. Illiterate, Gandhi taught her how to read and schooled her in many intellectual pursuits then denied most Indian women. She bore him four children. Kasturbai would remain loyal to Gandhi throughout his life. The couple briefly moved to London, where, during World War I, Gandhi again organized an Indian stretcher corps to serve British troops at the front, before illness caused him to return to India.

Gandhi and his wife established a crude commune called an ashram at Ahmadabad in Gujarat. They lived in a simple hut roofed by dried ferns taken from the surrounding jungle. Abstinence became their lifestyle, with Gandhi and his growing followers eating only vegetables and upholding a strict diet. Walking was a daily exercise practiced as religiously as meditation. Modern machinery was shunned. Homespun dhoti served as the family's only apparel.

To oust the British from India, Gandhi had earlier established his popular pacifist movement. Many of his followers were among the masses assembled at the large square, Jalianwalla Bagh, in Amritsar, on April 13, 1919. On that day, British General Reginald Dyer led his troops to the square and ordered the Indians to disperse, charging them with illegal assembly. When the crowds did not break up, Dyer ruthlessly ordered his men to open fire. More than 400 Indians were slain and hundreds more wounded.

This genocidal massacre moved Gandhi to conduct a countrywide tour of India, urging all Indians to boycott the British. He persuaded hundreds of Indian government officials to give up positions and titles bestowed upon them by the British. He urged Indian parents to keep their children out of British-sponsored schools and, most effective of all in his arsenal of nonviolent weapons, he aggressively campaigned against any Indian paying any kind of tax to the British government in India.

Followers of Gandhi were easily identified—they wore the famous "Gandhi cap," or *khaddar*, and were noted for their nonviolent, passive resistance to the British. Through his policies, Gandhi believed he would be able to force the British to quit India and allow the country its long-sought home rule. The result, however, was a stiffening of British resolve to hold on to India. When British rule tightened, Indians by the tens of thousands, abandoned Gandhi's policies and resorted to violence. In 1921, when the Prince of Wales visited Bombay, riots ensued in which fifty persons were killed. The next year saw widespread bloodshed, with rioters attacking police stations and burning government buildings.

Shown traveling on foot in Bengal in 1946, Gandhi attempted to quell bloody Hindu-Muslim confrontations.

In 1924, the British decided to rid themselves of the pesky Gandhi. He was arrested with many of his followers, including Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. While in confinement, Gandhi began one of his historic fasts, threatening to starve himself to death until the British relented and granted home rule. This situation was to be repeated many times, with the British arresting and then releasing Gandhi before he brought about his own death through starvation. At the beginning of World War II, Gandhi gave limited support to the British, condemning the fascist nations waging war, but some time later he urged anti-British demonstrations that were interpreted as obstructions to the British war effort. He was once again jailed and once again undertook his fasting campaign, which resulted in his release in 1944.

At that time, Gandhi ostensibly retired from political life, being replaced by his hand-picked protege, Nehru. Yet, in the following year, India was plunged into a nationwide bloodbath when Lord Louis Mountbatten, the last British viceroy of India, thought to settle the age-old conflict between the Hindu and Muslim factions by partitioning these two opposing religious sects in 1947, sending all Muslims to Pakistan and keeping all followers of Hindu (the predominate religion in the country) within India. This decision caused a great upheaval, compelling more than four million migrating refugees to clog the roads of the country for more than a year. Widespread riots, arson and murders ensued.

Though independence came to India in 1946, the conflict between Hindus and Muslims continued to rage. Gandhi came out of retirement to quell the nationwide strife. He toured the vast stretches of Bengal on foot, preaching every step of the

Gandhi conferring with his protege and successor Nehru after gaining independence for India from Great Britain in 1946.

Only hours after he was assassinated on January 30, 1948, Gandhi's body lies in state at the Birla House in Delhi; his granddaughters sit on either side of his corpse.

way his nonviolent philosophy and attempting to bring peace between Hindu and Muslim leaders. Chronicling Gandhi's movements was a 37-year-old Hindu fanatic, Nathuram Godse, the editor of a right-wing newspaper and a member of Mahasabha, a violent Hindu organization that opposed everything Muslim.

Godse blamed Gandhi more than anyone else for the religious partitioning of India and felt that this act had injured Hindus more than Muslims. He resolved to murder Gandhi, a Hindu, whom he believed had betrayed his own religion. Godse put together a group of conspirators in plotting the assassination, including his younger brother Gopal, Narayan Apte, Mandanlal Pahwa, Vishnu Karkare, Pahwa Shankar Kistayya and Digambar Badge. The group busied itself by collecting weapons and bombs while tracking Gandhi's movements.

On January 20, 1948, the group made its first attempt on Gandhi's life. Pahwa Shankar Kistayya set off a guncotton explosive that erupted in the middle of an open-air meeting Gandhi was conducting in the gardens of the Birla House in Delhi. No one was killed and only a few persons were slightly injured. The would-be assassin was seized by police while fleeing and the meeting went on. It was later claimed that Pahwa gave the names of all those involved in the conspiracy to kill Gandhi, but police officers sympathetic to Godse's plans, did nothing to prevent further attempts on Gandhi. Ten days later, on January 30, 1948, Gandhi, despite warnings that there would be a second attempt on his life that day, resolutely called for another meeting in the gardens of the Birla House.

Gandhi's assassins, Nathuram Vinayak Godse (left) and Narayan Apte, both executed.

Weak from recent fasting, Gandhi walked shakily into the gardens, supported on either side by two grandnieces. He chatted freely with those around him, smiling and seemingly at peace. Hundreds of followers gathered about him, parting to make a path for him as he walked slowly through their ranks. At that moment, Nathuram Godse strode up to him wearing a Gandhi cap, supposedly indicating that he was a supporter of Gandhi. He bowed respectfully before Gandhi, then quickly produced a gun and fired three shots, firing almost point blank, felling the great Indian leader.

Gandhi cried out: "Hai, Rama! Hai, Rama!" ("Oh, God! Oh, God!") The 78-year-old leader died a short time later.

The massive funeral for Gandhi that followed in Delhi was one of the most spectacular to ever occur in India. Hundreds of thousands attended the services as Gandhi's bier was pulled through flower-strewn streets. The corpse was then burned on a huge funeral pyre. By that time, Godse and his fellow conspirators were in prison, awaiting trial. The assassin freely admitted killing Gandhi, proclaiming to the world that he considered his actions to be that of a patriot, that he had rid India of a religious betrayer, who had brought misery and death to the Hindus. Godse submitted a 92-page statement to the court in which he assumed full responsibility for the assassination, stating that he alone bore the burden of guilt. The court decided otherwise, convicting all seven of the conspirators. Godse and Apte were sentenced to death, the rest to life imprisonment.

On November 15, 1949, after all appeals had been denied, Godse and Apte were escorted to the gallows. Both men stood on the scaffold and chanted "India United!" They were then hanged. Apte died instantly, his neck broken. Godse strangled to death, struggling for almost fifteen minutes before he succumbed. It was reported that the executioner had purposely prepared the rope incorrectly so that Godse would suffer an agonizingly slow death. Nathuram Godse believed to the last moment of his life that he would be remembered as an Indian hero and that his memory would live forever in the history of his troubled country. Just the opposite occurred. His name is never mentioned in India. The saint-like Gandhi, of course, remains as one of India's immortals.

THE ATTEMPT AT BLAIR HOUSE/ November 1, 1950

For decades, restless political groups in Puerto Rico, a U.S. territory, had striven to gain independence, but to no avail. Frustration and impatience with the U.S. government, reticent in granting independence, led many militant Puerto Ricans, members of the most radical elements in the Puerto Rican Nationalist Movement, to decide on direct action. A few believed that the assassination of President Harry Truman would dramatically demonstrate their cause. Like the Hindu nationalists who had murdered India's great leader, Mahatma Gandhi, two years earlier, some Puerto Rican nationals were convinced that Truman was the symbol, if not the cause, of their country's inability to become independent.

Oscar Collazo and Griselio Torresola made plans to kill Harry Truman (1884-1972), the thirty-third president of the U.S. on November 1, 1950. They believed they would have easier access to Truman since the always heavily guarded White House in Washington, D.C., was then undergoing redecorating and Truman was residing across the street at the Blair House, where only a few guards were posted. Blair House, separated from Pennsylvania Avenue by only a strip of grass, was a Secret Service man's nightmare. Had the would-be assassins been better prepared, and had known the positions of the few guards posted about Blair House, the outcome of their abortive attack might have been altogether different.

Oscar Collazo was born in Puerto Rico in 1914 and automatically became a U.S. citizen at age three under the Jones Act. He migrated to New York city at the age of seventeen, where he worked at a number of unskilled jobs. There he experienced first-hand the then widespread prejudices against Puerto Ricans and gradually became active in the Puerto Rican independence movement. He married Rosa Mercado and lived with her in the Bronx, along with two of her daughters from a previous marriage. Collazo became a leader of the Puerto Rican nationalists as well as a union leader in the factory where he worked as a metal polisher. He was thought to be a quiet, reasonable man, who was well-liked by his employers and fellow workers.

Less is known about Griselio Torresola, who also lived in the Bronx. One story held that Torrsola and Collazo were friends and had spent months planning to murder President Truman. Other reports insisted that the two men did not know or meet each other until a few weeks before they made the attempt on Truman's life and had simply connected through the underground network of their faction, the *Independistas*. They were certainly drawn together by a mutual desire for Puerto Rican independence. Both were fierce and fanatical in their beliefs and both had resolved to spend their lives, if need be, in killing Truman.

President Harry Truman playing the piano at the National Press Club in Washington, D.C., while actress Lauren Bacall listens to his rendition of "The Missouri Waltz," a photo that caused critics of the feisty Truman to say he lacked dignity.

Bess Truman, Harry Truman and actress Tallulah Bankhead (kissing the president's hand) attend a rally in New York City; Mrs. Truman was with her husband in an upstairs bedroom, dressing for a ceremony, when two assassins tried to shoot their way into Blair House on November 1, 1950.

On the morning of November 1, 1950, Collazo and Torresola made their way toward the Blair House armed with guns Torresola had obtained. The assassins apparently arrived in Washington that morning or a day or so earlier, but they had sketchy information as to Truman's whereabouts. As they neared the Blair House, they separated, each approaching the front entrance from opposite directions. White House policeman Donald Birdzell was guarding the entrance to Blair House, standing at the bottom of the stairs leading to the front door. When he heard a faint click, he turned to see a man—Collazo—aiming a Walther P-38 automatic pistol at him. The gun misfired, and when Collazo fired again, a misdirected shot, a bullet hit Birdzell in the leg as he made a grab for his own pistol.

Birdzell ran out into Pennsylvania Avenue. As Collazo dashed up the stairs, two other guards, Joe Davidson and Floyd Boring, began shooting at him from the street, as did Birdzell. Collazo ducked on the staircase and was wounded slightly. He tried to get into Blair House, his only barrier being a screen door with a small latch on it. At this moment, Torresola approached from the other direction. Hiding behind a hedge, he shot Leslie Coffelt, a guard stationed in a sentry booth just outside Blair House. Although fatally injured, Coffelt fired back, hitting Torresola in the head, killing him instantly. Coffelt, who had been shot in the chest, died in a hospital less than four hours later.

Collazo, meanwhile traded shots with Birdzell, Davidson and Boring. He was hit several times, one bullet striking his chest and sending him toppling to the stairs where he lay bleeding and unconscious. Twenty-seven shots had been fired by all parties in the three-minute gun battle. At the time of the shooting, Truman and his wife Bess were dressing to attend a ceremony that would honor British Field Marshal Sir John Dill. Hearing the shots, Bess Truman went to a window overlooking Pennsylvania Avenue and saw Birdzell lying in the street, blood streaming from his leg wound. She gasped and then said to her husband: "Harry, someone is shooting our policemen!"

Truman ran to the window, pushing his wife away. He stuck his head out the window. At that moment, he saw several Secret Service agents rushing from Blair House into the street, guns drawn. Then he saw Torresola falling dead onto the hedge. One of the Secret Service agents looked up to see Truman and shouted: "Get back! Get back!" Truman obeyed. He quickly dressed, then hurried downstairs to confer with aides. He was told that only two assassins had attempted to enter Blair House, that one was dead and the other was wounded and en route to a hospital. The president decided to attend the military ceremony at Arlington Cemetery. When an official suggested

Oscar Collazo, one of two Puerto Rican nationalists who tried to assassinate President Truman, is shown wounded in the head and unconscious at the foot of the stairs leading to the Blair House.

that he cancel his appointment, Truman brushed off the notion, saying: "A president has to expect these things."

Investigators found in Torresola's clothing a letter written to him by Pedro Albizu Campos, leader of the Puerto Rican Independista Party. The missive stated that Torresola would assume the leadership of the party in the U.S., indicating that this would occur once he had accomplished his mission. The wounded Collazo talked freely to U.S. officials, admitting that he and Torresola had poorly planned their attack and were not even sure that Truman was inside Blair House when they rushed the building.

Collazo was arrested, charged with the murder of Coffelt, assault with intent to kill two guards, and the attempted assassination of President Harry Truman. Rosa Collazo was also arrested and charged with complicity, but was later released. Collazo was found guilty of Coffelt's murder in March 1951, and was sentenced to die in the electric chair on August 1, 1952. Though he declined his right to plead for clemency on July 24, 1952, Collazo's life was spared, when Truman commuted his sentence to life imprisonment.

The U.S. State Department had advised Truman that allowing Collazo's execution would seriously jeopardize U.S. relations with Latin America. Truman's announcement came just one day before Puerto Rico became a "free commonwealth." Ironically, Truman, the target of the nationalists, had for years argued in the U.S. Senate on behalf of that very legislation. In September 1979, President Jimmy Carter, for "humanitarian" reasons, granted a presidential pardon to Collazo and three other Puerto Rican nationalists, who had been convicted of an armed attack on the U.S. House of Representatives in 1954.

MURDER OF A BLACK NATIONALIST/ January 18, 1961

For six decades Belgium had controlled the ore-rich Congo, claiming the territory in 1908, exporting its vast amounts of copper, gold and ivory, while showing little concern for the region's native population. In 1960, Belgium finally agreed to grant its colony independence. The Belgium government announced its decision to begin the process of independence for the Congo early in 1959. Their five-year plan was to begin with local elections that December.

The nationalists, headed by Patrice Lumumba (1925-1961), objected to the Belgium plan, claiming that the candidates in the elections would be nothing more than puppets of the Belgium government. A boycott of the elections was called, which the Belgians answered with repression. On October 30, 1959, an outbreak in Stanleyville resulted in thirty deaths, and the following day, Belgium authorities arrested Lumumba, charging him with inciting to riot.

Congo's Patrice Lumumba, killed in 1961.

Lumumba is shown being released from prison in January 1960 in order to participate in the Belgian-Congolese conference that would establish the independence of the Congo.

A member of the Batetela tribe, Lumumba was born in the village of Onalua in the Kasai Province of Belgium Congo. His membership in the Batetela tribe assumed significance in his later political career. His two foremost rivals, Moise Tshombe and Joseph Kasavubu, both belonged to larger tribes, which provided the majority of their support, giving their movements a regional quality. Lumumba called attention to the contrasting all-Congolese nature of his own movement, while efficiently organizing his own forces.

Educated at a Protestant mission school, Lumumba took a job in Kindu-Port-Empain. He joined a small coterie of educated Africans known as *évolués*, developing literary ambitions. He wrote poems and essays for Congolese journals. After applying for and receiving full Belgium citizenship, Lumumba moved to Leopoldville, where he worked as a postal clerk. He then moved to Stanleyville, working as an accountant in the post office, joining the *Cercle Libéral* in 1955. He also launched his political career in that year, becoming the president of a Congolese trade union for government employees serving in the Orientale Province. This trade union had no affiliations with other established trade union federations in the Congo. He joined the conservative Belgium Liberal Party, an independent group that also had no affiliation with the strong union trade federations.

Lumumba's career was derailed when he was arrested for embezzlement from the post office in 1956. He was fined and sentenced to a year in prison, a charge many later claimed was false and one devised by government officials to eliminate a potential political adversary. Following his release from prison, Lumumba became a militant politician. In October 1958, he founded the Mouvement National Congolais (MNC), whose aims included total independence for the Congo.

That same year, Lumumba attended the Pan-African conference in Accra, Ghana, where he met nationalists from all over Africa and became a member of a permanent group set up by the conference. From this point onward, Lumumba's political views turned radical as he embraced militant nationalism. Although he declared himself neutral in the Cold War, the U.S. and its allies came to perceive Lumumba as little more than an agent of Soviet interests. The riots he was charged with inciting on October 30, 1959 in Stanleyville were inspired, Belgium officials also believed, by the Soviets.

Lumumba's MNC organization then decided to reverse its position and enter the elections. They won an impressive victory in Stanleyville, receiving more than ninety percent of the vote. Sensing the inevitable course of events in the Congo, the Belgium government held a Round Table Conference in Brussels in January 1960, inviting the various Congolese parties for the purpose of discussing political change. When the MNC refused to participate without Lumumba, he was released from prison and brought to Brussels. The summit resulted in national elections being scheduled for May 1960 and independence to take place on June 30.

Despite the plurality of parties entering candidates in the election, the MNC had by far the best results and Lumumba emerged as the leading nationalist politician. When attempts to block him from assuming authority failed, he was asked to form the first government. He did so on June 23, 1960. One week later the last vestiges of Belgium's old colonial rule were swept aside. The West believed that it had scored a victory with the election of Joseph Kasavubu as the nation's first president. Kasavubu, in turn, appointed Lumumba his prime minister.

Only a few days after independence was formally declared, units of the army, or *Force Publique*, revolted, in part, because troops objected to their Belgium commander. In the midst of this chaos, the mineral-rich province of Katanga, led by Premier Moise Tshombe, declared its independence from the Congo. Tshombe partitioned his district and determined to hold it with military force. Belgium then sent troops to Katanga on July 9, 1960, on the claim of protecting Belgian nationals. However, most of the Belgium troops arriving in Katanga were present to support Tshombe's bid for secession.

The Congo was now the world's trouble spot, and the latest theater of East-West tension. The new government appealed to the United Nations to help force the Belgium troops out of the Congo and restore order. The United Nations complied, but the UN forces arriving in the Congo on July 14, 1960, were disinclined to follow the orders of Lumumba, Kasavubu and others. Lumumba had put his own army into the field and these troops were unreliable and difficult to control, even by Lumumba, who lacked organizational experience. His aides

Congo's strongman, Colonel Joseph Mobutu, shown in September 1960, announcing that the army would take control of the Congo, while he ordered all Soviet "aides" to leave his country. He holds a Russian pamphlet with a photo of Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev.

Joseph Okito (left, sitting), president of the Congolese senate, and Lumumba, shown under arrest, killed hours later.

Six months after the assassination of Patrice Lumumba, Joseph Kasavubu, president of the Congo (left), and Colonel Mobutu, ride in a parade commemorating the Congo's independence.

had had little time to solidify political affiliations. Despite Lumumba's efforts, the Belgium troops remained in Katanga and Tshombe moved the province closer to independence.

When failing to get cooperation from UN forces, Lumumba asked the Soviet Union for assistance in moving his troops to Katanga. He also requested that representatives of all of the independent African states meet in Leopoldville in August 1960, where they were expected to support his move to suppress Katangan independence. His actions were quickly interpreted to be threatening to Western interests. In an effort to pacify the alarmists in the West, Kasavubu dismissed Lumumba on September 5, installing in his place Joseph Ileo.

Lumumba refused to accept the legality of Kasavubu's dismissal and continued to insist that he was the legitimate head of the legal government of the Congo. Although Lumumba won the support of the newly elected parliament and was granted full military powers, Congolese army leader, Colonel Joseph Mobutu, staged a coup and seized power on September 14, 1960. Mobutu then worked out an agreement with President Kasavubu. When, in October, the UN General Assembly recognized Kasavubu's government, the independent African nations split sharply over its decision.

Lumumba, meanwhile, campaigned to have his own authority recognized and Kasavubu overthrown. Belgium insisted that Lumumba be silenced after all attempts at reconciliation between Kasavubu and Lumumba failed. The Armee Nationale Congolese, which had remained loyal to Lumumba, cordoned off his house and demanded that UN peacekeeping troops leave the country. The UN Security Council then believed that the Soviets were attempting to drive a military wedge into the Congo, a conviction shared by U.S. authorities. On August 18, 1960, U.S. President Dwight David Eisenhower indicated that something should be done about Lumumba. Allen Dulles, director of the CIA (U.S. Central Intelligence Agency), interpreted Eisenhower's remarks as an order to assassinate Lumumba, even though the prime minister had recently visited the U.S., where he had been promised economic aid by the U.S. State Department.

CIA operatives in Africa allegedly began planning the murder of Patrice Lumumba. At first they thought to kill him with a lethal injection of a deadly virus common to the Congo, but Lumumba evaded CIA assassins by slipping out of his home in Leopoldville and going to Stanleyville. He was arrested by troops under the command of Colonel Mobutu and returned under arrest to Leopoldville. Other CIA assassins arrived in Leopoldville with an elaborate plan to murder Lumumba, who was then under house arrest, but their wild-eyed schemes came to a costly nothing.

On December 2, 1960, Lumumba once again escaped from confinement, heading for Stanleyville, where his supporters

still held control. On January 17, 1961, Kasavubu's forces, who had earlier captured the fleeing Lumumba, turned him over to the regime in Katanga. As assassination squad organized by the Katanga minister of the interior, Godefroit Munongo, shot and killed Lumumba the next day. News of the assassination pleased the Belgians.

The Katangan government then spread the word that Lumumba had been taken prisoner by unruly tribesmen who butchered him without authority in order to claim "some reward money." This tale was told to appease the Soviets, who nonetheless held the U.S., Belgium and President Kasavubu accountable for the assassination. Lumumba's death caused a worldwide scandal and even his enemies later came to proclaim him a national hero. Patrice Lumumba nevertheless died at the hands of those who were consumed by the very fierce nationalism that also burned within the heart of their victim.

DEATH OF A DICTATOR/May 30, 1961

There was nothing decent or honorable in the crude and ruthless character of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina (1891-1961). He was a conniving, murderous thug who ruled the Dominican Republic (which occupied the eastern half of Hispaniola, an island in the West Indies) for thirty years and whose oppressive conduct finally compelled his own followers to embrace nationalism and end Trujillo's corrupt life. One of eleven children sired by a postal clerk, Trujillo rose to power through the military, one of the few opportunities available to him. He enlisted in the country's ragtag army in 1918 and survived in part by serving as a "gofer" for American troops during the U.S. occupation of the Dominican Republic of 1916-1924.

Like Fulgencio Batista in Cuba, Trujillo rose through the ranks to become head of the army and through military support seized power. In 1930, Trujillo ousted President Horacio Vasquez and declared himself president. He served officially in that capacity from 1930 to 1938, and again from 1942 to 1952, remaining the power behind the presidency when he was out of office.

Trujillo shored up his shaky dictatorship with nepotism and political murder, often employing torture and mass detention to strengthen his rule over the island nation. He achieved peace for his people, but deprived them of their civil liberties. After a hurricane destroyed seventy percent of Santo Domingo, the capital city of more than 800,000 people, Trujillo rebuilt the town by imposing rigid economic measures. Business prospered under his guidance and the Dominican Republic achieved as high a standard of living as the rest of Latin America, with, however, a disproportionate amount of the wealth going to Trujillo and his family.

The dictator levied crushing taxes on his people to pay off enormous foreign debts. He bragged about the fine roads he had ordered paved throughout the country, but said nothing of the many military checkpoints that dotted the roadways, posts established to stop any suspicious dissidents. In 1937, to demonstrate his power, Trujillo ordered more than 15,000

Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, dictator of the Dominican Republic. His repressive measures, kidnapings and wholesale murders marked him for assassination in 1961.

Rafael Trujillo, Jr., the playboy son of the dictator, shown with film actress Kim Novak. He gave Novak a new Mercedes-Benz as a gift, as well as one to actress Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Haitian men, women and children, who had taken up residence along the border, killed in a thirty-six-hour period. This genocidal slaughter was committed to preserve the sanctity of the Dominican Republic, said Trujillo, which, he claimed, was threatened by impoverished Haiti. Haiti occupied the Western half of the island and later had its own ruthless dictator, Francois "Papa Doc" Duvalier, a voodoo witch doctor, who took power in 1957 and enforced his mad edicts through his secret police, the Ton Ton Macoutes (See Secret Criminal Societies).

Dr. Jesus Galindez, a Trujillo opponent, who was abducted from New York and murdered on Trujillo's orders.

As was the case with many dictators, Trujillo's downfall was rooted in his own efforts to suppress dissent. On February 27, 1956 (Dominican Independence Day), a Spanish scholar, Jesus Galindez, presented his doctoral dissertation on "The Trujillo Era" at the Columbia University in New York City. Galindez had lived in the Dominican Republic and was passionately opposed to the dictator's rule. His study was surprisingly balanced, giving Trujillo credit for his accomplishments as well as criticizing his widespread abuse of civil rights. Trujillo's highly efficient secret service, which had carried out kidnapings in New York and Havana in his name, informed Trujillo of Galindez's presentation. Two weeks later, on March 12, 1956, Galindez was kidnaped and flown to the Dominican Republic, where he was murdered on Trujillo's direct orders. Gerald Murphy, the American pilot of the plane that had taken Galindez to Santo Domingo, bragged about the kidnaping to other Americans in Miami. Murphy was killed on December 3, 1956, and his Dominican co-pilot, Octavio de la Maza, was arrested for his murder.

General Juan Tomas Diaz, a long-time Trujillo supporter, joined the conspiracy to assassinate the dictator.

The car in which Trujillo was riding was sprayed with machine gun fire by his assassins on May 30, 1961; more than fifty bullet holes were counted.

It was then common practice for Trujillistas to confess to crimes they had not committed, if the government requested that they do so. Those who cooperated and confessed were rewarded for their loyalty. De la Maza, however, did not comply. He refused to confess to Murphy's murder and offered evidence of his innocence. Kept in a Dominican prison, De la Maza hanged himself in his cell on January 7, 1957, his death ruled a suicide. Many in Trujillo's administration believed that the uncooperative pilot had been murdered on orders of the dictator, who had become savage in dealing with his real and imagined enemies.

By December 1958, Trujillo's excesses became such an embarrassment to his supporters in the U.S. government that the CIA began offering foreign aid to dissident Dominicans, who wanted to assassinate the dictator. Six months after the communist takeover of Cuba, an invasion of Dominican emigres left Havana for Ciudad Trujillo, but the coup attempt failed. Trujillo was swift in meting out retribution. Hundreds of suspected dissidents were arrested and tortured by the dictator's secret police. General Juan Tomas Diaz, a lifelong supporter of Trujillo, was appalled by the way the dictator and his playboy son, Rafael Leonidas "Ramfis" Trujillo, ordered him to ruthlessly treat the emigre prisoners of war. Diaz secretly became a dedicated opponent of the Trujillo regime.

In June 1959, only weeks after the failed invasion from Cuba, Trujillo was publicly ostracized by other Latin American leaders for attempting to have his agents assassinate Venezuelan president Romulo Betancourt. It was one of many foolish actions taken by the dictator in his declining years. He wasted millions of dollars on useless projects and lavished $50 million to secure arms for his beefed-up military forces. He even attacked the Catholic Church—its prelates had become increasingly critical of his bloody regime—which caused widespread unrest in this predominately Catholic country.

Trujillo's conduct had become vicious. He gained a bad reputation for cuffing puppet president Joachim Balaguer when enraged by events and spitting on subordinates and kicking palace aides in the groin. In the aftermath of the attempt on Betancourt's life, the Organization of American States voted to sever ties with the Dominican Republic and to impose economic sanctions. Trujillo then turned on his most devoted followers, his secret police implicating the relatives of General Diaz in a plot to oust him. Diaz, in turn, joined with Antonio de la Maza, the brother of the co-pilot murdered in the Murphy case, to develop a plot to kill the dictator.

On May 30, 1961, Trujillo was traveling by car along a country road to meet with one of his many mistresses when another car with at least ten men in it pulled alongside. The occupants in the other car opened fire and wounded Trujillo. The dictator's chauffeur wanted to drive off, but the enraged Trujillo ordered him to stop so that they could fight it out with the attackers. Though wounded, the 69-year-old Trujillo leaped from the car with his pistol in hand. He fired rapidly at the assassins and was wounded again. He continued to fire

Retribution: The bodies of General Diaz (foreground) and Antonio de la Maza, who had led the conspirators in Trujillo's assassination, are shown in the morgue. These deaths were ordered by Trujillo's son, who seized power and was later deposed.

back, although he was bleeding severely from his wounds. The chauffeur later stated: "I heard machine gun fire behind us. I swerved our car to get away. The generalissimo jumped out, firing his revolver. Blood spurted from his back..."

Trujillo died as his chauffeur fired a machine gun at the other car, then retreated into a woods, leaving the fallen dictator behind. Trujillo's body was thrown into the trunk of a car that was later found abandoned along a deserted road. Those plotting the dictator's death had not planned to assassinate him on this day. They simply took the opportunity to murder Trujillo when it presented itself.

Diaz took temporary control of the country, but he was replaced by the dictator's son, Rafael, who arrested Diaz and his family members, charging them with his father's assassination. Diaz's wife was tortured and then Diaz and his son were executed. Pedro Cedeno and Amado Garcia were also arrested and executed. Within months, however, the young Trujillo, who had spent his father's millions in pursuing Hollywood starlets, was himself deposed by Balaguer and a coalition government. Elections were held in 1962, but a military coup led to civil war. In 1965, the U.S. intervened to help establish an elected government in the country.

THE RACIST ASSASSINS

Throughout American history, racist killers randomly selected thousands of victims, murdering them at will. In the last half of the 20th Century, three assassinations and one attempt struck down four very different leaders in the United States. These four crimes, committed in a ten-year period (1963-1972), were nevertheless tied to race hatred. The 1963 assassination of Mississippi civil rights leader Medgar Evers resulted in three trials that extended over thirty-one years before a mixed jury finally brought racist murderer Byron de la Beckwith to justice. In 1965, a black nationalist leader, Malcolm Little (Malcolm X), was killed by members of his own race. Three years later, in 1968, Martin Luther King, the great civil rights leader, was slain by James Earl Ray for reasons that remain enigmatic to this day. In 1972, white racist and Alabama governor George Wallace was shot and crippled for life by a would-be assassin who championed nothing more than his own limelight, an attack unwittingly invited by the victim himself when he ran as a racist candidate for the American presidency.

A MURDER IN MISSISSIPPI/ June 12-13, 1963

Medgar Evers (1926-1963), from the beginning of his civil rights crusade in Mississippi, anticipated his own assassination, viewing such a premature death as worthwhile. He had once said that he was not afraid to die to advance the cause of civil rights in the South. "It might do some good," he said. "If I die, it will be in a good cause. I've been fighting for America just as much as the soldiers in Vietnam."

Evers was born and raised in rural poverty to become the only full-time NAACP field representative in Mississippi. Educated at Acorn A&M, Evers saw action in World War II, then returned to his home state to take part in the fledgling civil rights movement. Shortly before his death, Evers coordinated a massive civil rights rally in Jackson, Mississippi, one that drew some of the biggest names in black show business. A few weeks later someone threw a molotov cocktail that exploded in the driveway of his home in Jackson.

Around midnight on June 12-13, 1963, Evers pulled his car into the driveway of his home with a load of T-shirts stamped "Jim Crow Must Go." The shirts were to be handed out the next day to a group of civil rights workers. Lurking nearby in some bushes was an assassin holding a Springfield rifle with a telescopic sight attached. As Evers got out of his car, the killer, at a distance of about 100 yards, fired a shot that struck Evers in the back, toppling him to the driveway. He was found dying in a pool of blood by his wife. Investigators found the Springfield rifle in a honeysuckle patch nearby, apparently discarded in haste by the murderer.

The shooting galvanized public opinion against segregationists. Even Governor Ross Barnett, a long-time opponent of integration, conceded that the killing was "a dastardly act." A $21,000 reward was offered for the apprehension of the killer. The FBI investigated the slaying and it was soon provided with evidence that identified the murderer. A latent fingerprint was found on the sight of the .30-caliber rifle by Captain Ralph Hargrove of the Identification Bureau of the Jackson Police Department. The fingerprint was matched to a 42-year-old member of the Ku Klux Klan (KKK), an ex-Marine and a white supremacist, who had been distributing anti-segregation pamphlets in Jackson at the time of the Evers murder. He was Byron de la Beckwith, known to his friends in the Klan as "DE-lay" Beckwith.

A trail of blood left by fatally-shot Medgar Evers as he attempted to crawl toward his home in Jackson, Mississippi, on the night of June 12-13, 1963.

Beckwith was arrested on June 22, 1963 and charged with the murder of Evers. He went on trial for the first time on July 8, 1963. Members of the White Citizen's Legal Fund offered to pay Beckwith's expenses, stating that his legal fight presented the "awesome spectacle of one man standing alone against the preponderant power, authority, wealth and ingenuity of the federal government." Beckwith, however, felt confident that he would be successful at his trial by an all-white male jury in Jackson.

On February 7, 1964, Judge Leon Hendrick declared a mistrial after the jury reported that it was unable to return a ver-

Myrtle Evers, wife of the slain civil rights leader, gives her husband a farewell kiss as he lies in his casket.

Racist killer Byron de la Beckwith (at left in handcuffs) is shown at the time of his June 22, 1963 arrest for the murder of Medgar Evers. He would evade justice for three decades before going to prison for life.

dict. After eleven hours of deliberation and twenty ballots, the vote stood seven to five in favor of acquittal. The five votes for conviction came as a surprise to many court observers. Apparently, these jurors were not swayed by the testimony of two police officers, who claimed to have seen Beckwith at his home in Greenwood, ninety-five miles from Jackson, at the time of the murder.

Beckwith went on trial again, but another mistrial was declared by Judge Hendrick on April 17, 1964. Governor Barnett and leaders of the white supremacist movement (KKK) appeared in court to shake Beckwith's hand and wish him good luck. "Such actions were sufficient to warrant a mistrial," added Judge Hendrick. Under Mississippi law, however, a defendant could be tried again for the same crime. In this case, Beckwith was released under a $10,000 bail. He returned to his old job of selling fertilizer to the Delta farmers, and continued his efforts on behalf of segregation, confident that he would never be convicted in the Evers case.

In 1973, Beckwith was again arrested after he was caught planting a bomb near the home of Adolph Botnick, regional director of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith in New Orleans. On January 19, 1973, the smiling Klansman was unanimously acquitted by a racially mixed jury. The Evers killing, however, continued to haunt Beckwith. Through the persistent efforts of the Evers family, NAACP and other organizations, Beckwith was again brought to trial in 1994 and this time a jury of eight blacks and four whites convicted him and sent him to prison.

Beckwith's attorneys appealed to the Mississippi Supreme Court, but, on December 22, 1997, the high court upheld the 1994 conviction. Beckwith was sent to prison for life. Myrtle Evers-Williams, the widow of the slain civil rights leader, stated that the court's decision had made her "deliriously relieved. It's like taking a deep breath and letting the air out of your lungs very slowly and saying: 'it's over' and really meaning it." Extended over thirty-one years, the Evers case drew enormous publicity and formed the basis for the memorable 1996 film, *Ghosts of Mississippi*.

THE KILLING OF MALCOLM X/ February 21, 1965

Malcolm Little (1925-1965), known as Malcolm X in the Black Muslim movement in the U.S., held just the opposite views of the heroic Medgar Evers. Little advocated racial intolerance and crusaded for black segregation, urging a mass migration from America by all members of the Negro race. He was staunchly supported by a militant coterie, until he altered his outlook and began to adopt a course of moderation, a path that led to his murder.

Born to a West Indian woman and a Jamaican-born Baptist preacher in Omaha, Nebraska, Little, following his father's death, was sent to a private school in Mason, Michigan, where he proved to be an above-average student. When leaving this school, Little went to Boston, where he lived by his wits, running numbers for gamblers, street hustling and pimping. During this time, he developed a serious cocaine habit, which he supported through armed robbery. He was arrested for just such an offense and was sent to the state prison at Charleston, Massachusetts. While in prison, Little met some Black Muslim advocates and began his transformation under their tutorship.

Little embraced the Black Muslim movement, which promoted the idea of black isolationism and the creation of a separate Negro state. He communicated with the leader of the movement, Elijah Muhammad and, following his release from prison in 1952, Little visited with Muhammad in the Chicago head-

Black segregationist Malcolm Little, who called himself Malcolm X, assassinated in 1965.

Spiritual leader of the Black Muslims, Elijah Muhammad, who selected Malcolm Little to head his operations in New York City.

quarters of the Black Muslims. He impressed the Islamic leader as an effective public speaker and propagandist. Muhammad appointed him to head up Mosque Number 7 in New York City. Little changed his name to Malcolm X, and began to preach black ethnic pride, separatism and segregation of the races—views consistent with Black Muslim teachings. Within a few years, Little was the leading national minister of the movement.

Internal conflicts within the Muslims resulted in Little's suspension on November 23, 1963, the day after President John F. Kennedy was assassinated. Elijah Muhammad was not pleased with an offhanded remark that Little made, to the effect that Kennedy's assassination was a case of "chickens coming home to roost." Little quit the Muslims on March 8, 1964, to form a separate congregation as Muslim Mosque, Inc. His views became more moderate and he began to preach racial tolerance and peaceful coexistence between the races. In this year, he founded the Organization of Afro-American Unity, which adopted the liberal views of the Organization of African Unity, a Pan-African movement that supported various African independent political movements.

Little's moderate views antagonized many hard-liners within the Black Muslim movement and he was frequently the victim of harassment from these dissident followers. On February 14, 1965, his home in Queens, New York, was firebombed. A week later, Little was to speak at the Audubon Ballroom in New York to give his views about a new racial order—one based on peace and healing. The night before his fateful appearance, Little confided to a friend that he believed the bombing of his house was not the work of Muslim fanatics, but a force much more sinister, a group he did not identify.

The next day, February 21, 1965, Little entered the packed auditorium and delivered a customary greeting to his followers: "As-salaam alaikum," meaning "peace be unto you." A few seconds later, a unidentified person in the crowd hurled a smoke bomb onto the stage. There was shuffling and confusion among spectators, who rose from their chairs. Fighting among spectators ensued, but Little's bodyguards seemed unable or unwilling to suppress the outbursts. Then a young black man approached the stage with a sawed-off shotgun. He fired a round of buckshot through the podium, striking Little in the chest. Two other gunmen emerged from the shouting throng and fired at the wounded leader as he lay on the stage floor, bleeding from mortal wounds.

The assassins fled from the building, but they were not energetically pursued by the bodyguards, prompting later speculation that Little was a victim of a larger conspiracy. Only one bodyguard took action, shooting at the fleeing gunmen and wounding one of them, Talmadge Hayer. Malcolm Little (Malcolm X) was pronounced dead a short time later. Three men were eventually arrested and charged with his assassination, the 22-year-old Hayer, 27-year-old Norman "3X" Butler and 30-year-old Thomas "15X" Johnson.

Although Butler and Johnson were admittedly members of the Black Muslims, there was some doubt expressed about their being present at the rally. The prosecution nevertheless identified Johnson as the person who fired the first shots. In

Malcolm Little/Malcolm X, shown leaving his home in Queens, New York, after it had been firebombed on February 14, 1965.

The wounded Talmadge Hayer, one of the assassins, is shown being taken to an ambulance only minutes after the killing of Malcolm X on February 21, 1965.

February 1966, Hayer admitted on the witness stand that he had participated in the killing, but insisted that his co-defendants were innocent. Prosecutors contended that Little's murder was to serve as an "object lesson" to other Muslims who betrayed the faith. Hayer, Butler and Johnson were all convicted of first-degree murder and sentenced to life imprisonment on April 14, 1966, by New York Supreme Court Justice Charles Marks.

THE MURDER OF MARTIN LUTHER KING/ April 4, 1968

Where Malcolm Little/Malcolm X spent most of his public life preaching race hatred, Martin Luther King, Jr. (1929-1968), preached unity, love and peace. King's powerful doctrines were eventually embraced by Little, who looked upon King, as did many millions of hopeful blacks, as his mentor. He was recognized as the most influential civil rights leader in America, an eloquent and forceful speaker, whose dynamic and charismatic character drew many millions of blacks and whites to his cause. King, however, like Medgar Evers and Malcolm Little before him, met with assassination at the hands of an enigmatic racist.

King was the son of a respected Georgia Baptist minister. Steeped in the religious teachings of his father and maternal grandfather, who also preached the Baptist gospel, King went on to become the leader of the American civil rights movement. On December 1, 1955, while King was completing his doctoral dissertation at Boston University, a woman named Rosa Parks in Montgomery, Alabama, courageously defied the segregation laws of the city by refusing to surrender her seat on a crowded bus to a white passenger.

Parks' actions prompted King to spearhead a boycott of the Montgomery transit system, resulting in the desegregation of the city buses. King's methods then and thereafter followed the passive, nonviolent resistance practiced by his role model, Mohandas Gandhi, whose philosophy and lifestyle influenced King at an early age. King's triumph in Montgomery was a pivotal event in U.S. race relations, one that set the tone for all that was to follow. Encouraged by his success in Montgomery, King organized the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), a national platform from which he was able to focus attention on the plight of blacks in all sectors of American society.

By 1958, King had emerged as a national figure and the prime mover of social change in America. The volatile issue of black civil rights earned King a host of enemies, both north and south of the Mason-Dixon line. Experience had taught him not to fear death. Months before he was assassinated at the Lorraine Motel in Memphis, Tennessee in April 1968, King was quoted as saying: "Maybe I've got the advantage over most people. I have conquered the fear of death." There had been dozens of threats made against him over the years. In September 1958, while autographing copies of his recently published book, *The Stride Toward Freedom*, Izola Ware, a 42-year-old deranged black woman, pulled out a razor-sharp letter opener and

America's greatest civil rights leader, Martin Luther King, assassinated in 1968.

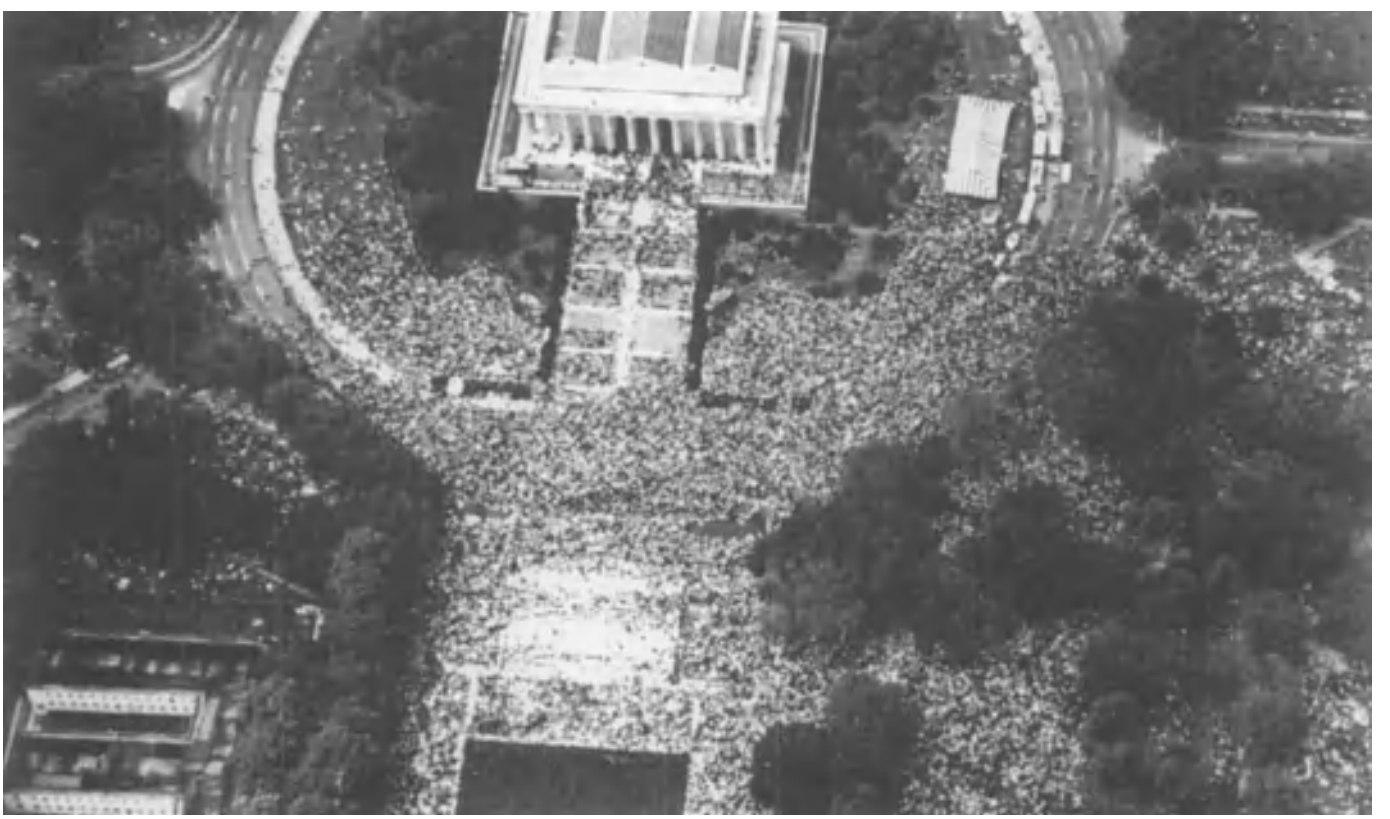
Early warning: King removes a four-foot wooden cross (the calling card of the racist Ku Klux Klan) that had been burned on the front lawn of his Atlanta, Georgia, home. His youngest son Dexter stands next to his father.

plunged it through the left side of his chest. Fortunately, the blade narrowly missed King's heart. The 29-year-old King survived the attack and resumed his life's work.

In 1960, King moved back to Atlanta, where he participated in a protest against a local department store that prohibited blacks from eating at a lunch counter. King was arrested and sent to the Reidsville State Prison Farm for violating probation of a minor traffic conviction of several months earlier. The trumped-up charge was clearly an attempt by local officials to discredit and embarrass him. Through the intercession of Democratic presidential candidate John F. Kennedy, King was released from the prison camp.

Following the passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, a landmark piece of legislation that outlawed discrimination in employment practices of publicly owned facilities, King was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. In Washington, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, a strident foe of King, bitterly denounced the decision of the Nobel Prize committee. Hoover, who had often criticized King as "the most notorious liar in the country," had authorized illegal wiretap surveillance on his home. One report held that at Hoover's specific orders, FBI agents sent a series of anonymous letters to Coretta Scott King, advising her of her husband's alleged marital indiscretions.

Shortly before the awarding of the prestigious Nobel Peace Prize, Hoover reportedly had one of his agents send a more ominous-sounding letter: "King—there is only one thing left to do. You know what it is. You have just thirty-four days in which to do it. It has definitive practical significance. You are done. This is but one way out..." Hoover's obsessive hatred for King intensified as the 1960s wore on. The FBI chief's contin-



An aerial view shows the March on Washington organized by King in 1963, with tens of thousands of demonstrators gathered about the Lincoln Memorial monument.

King is shown with U.S. Attorney General Robert Kennedy at the White House on June 22, 1963. Five months later, President John F. Kennedy, who had gotten King released from prison in 1960, would be assassinated in Dallas, Texas.

King embraces his wife, Coretta Scott King, after hearing that he had been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1964. This recognition elevated King's status to rank him as the world's most celebrated civil rights leader in the world.

ued criticisms of King caused his critics to focus upon the Bureau's own racial policies. To stem the rising tide of indignation against his federal agency for its deliberate exclusion of blacks, Hoover appointed his private chauffeur to serve as a "field agent." Although the chauffeur's duties remained the same, he was held up as a shining example of the bureau's outstanding commitment to "affirmative action."

In the early months of 1968, amidst the profound upheaval brought on in the U.S. by the unpopular Vietnam War, King formulated plans for a massive Poor People's March on Washington, a march that was to be made by people from all strata of American society. Plans for the March were interrupted by another significant news event taking place in Memphis, Tennessee. In February 1968, 1,300 employees of that city's sanitation department walked off the job to protest working conditions. The strike was marked by several bloody clashes between employees and undercover law enforcement personnel that left one person dead and 238 others injured. King and his entourage arrived in Memphis in early April to help restore order to the stricken city and perhaps effect a compromise between the warring factions.

J. Edgar Hoover hampered King's efforts from the beginning. He planted a news story in a local paper castigating the black leader for registering in a white-owned hotel. As a result, King decided to shift his base of operations to rooms 306 and 307 of the Lorraine Motel on Mulberry Street. His every movement was assiduously recorded by a team of FBI men sent to Memphis on the specific orders of Hoover, according to the reports submitted by the Black Caucus to the U.S. House Select Committee on Assassination in 1977, clearly implying that such round-the-clock surveillance of King's movements would have certainly recorded the actual assassination at the moment its perpetrator fired the fatal shot into King and that the perpetrator could have been easily and instantly identified.

On April 3, King delivered a speech before 2,000 enthusiastic supporters at the Mason Street Temple. "We've got some difficult days ahead, but it really doesn't matter with me now," he said. He then obliquely prophesied his own assassination: "Because I have been to the mountaintop. I won't mind. Like anybody, I would like to live a long life ... But I'm not concerned about that now." What prompted these remarks is not known, but it was later claimed that King had received recent death threats which he came to accept as real. King returned to his motel room where he spent the next twenty-four hours closeted with his advisers.

At about 6 p.m., April 4, 1968, King stepped out onto a balcony overlooking a parking lot. He conversed briefly with his chauffeur, before preparing to go to a dinner engagement with a local preacher. At that moment a shot rang out from across the courtyard. The bullet, fired from a 30.06 rifle, struck King in the right side of his jaw. He lurched backwards and

collapsed. Stunned associates attempted to administer first aid, but the bullet had severed his spinal cord. Martin Luther King died at St. Joseph's Hospital at 7:05 p.m. Five days later, tens of thousands of enraged blacks rioted in many major cities, particularly devastating huge areas in Chicago, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Washington, D.C., where scores were killed and hundreds injured, until National Guard troops quelled the rioters and looters. Dozens of these rioters later served long prison terms.

By then, the Memphis police had stumbled across the first tangible clue in the King assassination. A zippered satchel, a bedspread and a cardboard sleeve containing a 30.06-caliber Remington rifle equipped with a telescopic sight was found in front of Guy Canipe's Amusement Company. Canipe and two of his customers, Bernell Finley and Julius Graham reported seeing a neatly dressed white man deposit these items before driving away in a white Mustang. In a cheap rooming house adjacent to the amusement company and one that shared a parking area of the Lorraine Motel, residents gave police descriptions of the individual who had registered in Room 5B earlier that morning. The man renting the room had called himself "John Willard" and had locked himself in the bathroom of his room much of the afternoon.

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover (in a dramatic photo showing his reflection to suggest two separate personalities), who denounced King as "a liar" and undeserving of the Nobel Peace Prize. The Bureau chief went further, illegally wiretapping King's phones, having him trailed by FBI agents and reportedly sending his wife messages that alleged King's affairs with other women and sending King a note urging the civil rights leader to commit suicide.

Willie Anschutz and Charles Stephens told police that Willard had raced down the stairs of the boarding house seconds after the fatal shot had been fired. The assassin, police concluded, had apparently taken aim at King while crouching in the bathtub and firing from the bathroom window of his room, which allowed a clear view of the balcony on which King had been standing. How he knew which room King occupied in the Lorraine Motel and when he would emerge onto the balcony remained a mystery.

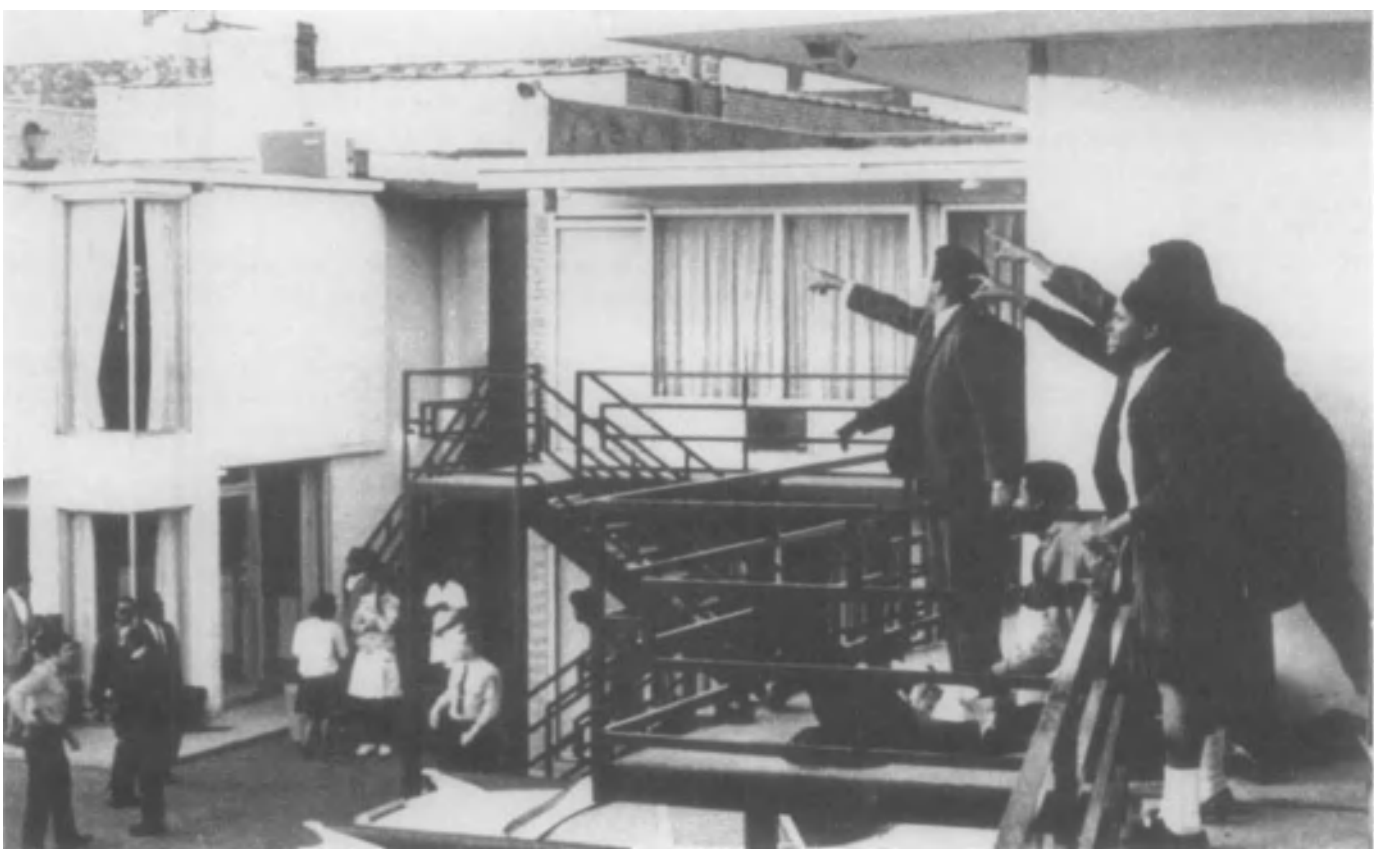
Lieutenant Rufus Bradshaw of the Memphis Police Department was assigned to investigate the assassination. While he and his men searched for the white Mustang, other detectives began examining the belongings hurriedly left by the killer. Found were a pair of pliers sold by the Romage Hardware store of Los Angeles. Laundry marks from a nearby cleaner enabled the police to identify the suspect as Eric Starvo Galt, whose residence was listed as the St. Francis Hotel in Los Angeles. Police learned that Galt had been attending a bartender's school and was taking dancing lessons. A photograph provided by the bartending school established that Galt was really James Earl Ray, a 40-year-old convict who had escaped from the Missouri State Penitentiary on April 23, 1967.

Ray was a three-time loser whose profile did not fit the mold of a politically inspired urban assassin. He was one of eight children born to James Gerald Ray and Lucille Maher. He was a troubled loner, who had dropped out of high school while in the tenth grade. In 1946, Ray joined the U.S. Army, serving most of his time in Germany as an infantryman and military policeman, but he proved to be a poor soldier. At one point, he was court-martialed for drunkenness and resisting arrest, serving three months at hard labor. He was discharged in 1948 for "ineptness and lack of adaptability to military service."

Following his release from the army, Ray began holding up gas stations and small stores. He was equally inept at crime. During a 1952 holdup, he dropped his wallet containing all of his identification papers. Police found the wallet and quickly

King and his wife (center) are shown with other civil rights leaders in a celebrated march from Selma to Montgomery, Alabama in March 1965, a protest against state's segregation policies.

The last family photograph taken of the King family, a year before King was assassinated, shows (left to right) Dexter, Yolanda, King, Bernice, Coretta Scott King and Martin Luther King III.



Memphis, Tennessee, April 4, 1968: Martin Luther King lies dying (center, bottom at the railing) from a fatal gunshot, while his followers scream for help and point to the area where they thought the sniper was perched.

A simulated telescopic gunsight shows the assassin's view of the back of the Lorraine Motel in Memphis, Tennessee, and the balcony on which Martin Luther King stood when he was shot. A wreath is shown on the door of Room 306, which had been occupied by King.

tracked Ray down and arrested him. In 1959, Ray fell out of his stolen getaway car following another bungled robbery. Again, police picked him up and he was subsequently sent to the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City to serve a 20-year sentence for car theft and armed robbery. His escape warranted only a $50 reward for his capture.

After Ray's identification as King's killer, interviewers met with his father, James Gerald Ray, who insisted that his son lacked the capacity to execute a coldly calculated assassination. "He couldn't have planned it alone," said Ray's father. "He wasn't smart enough for that." Yet some of Ray's cell mates at the Missouri State Penitentiary told authorities that Ray had often stated he would kill King "if the price was right."

Police learned that three days after King was shot, Ray crossed the Canadian border and drove straight to Toronto, where he remained in hiding for a month, using several aliases. On May 6, 1968, he flew to London, England. While staying there, Ray reportedly had the notion of going to Rhodesia, after learning that that country had no extradition treaty with the U.S. Six days later he flew to Lisbon, where he was to reportedly contact co-conspirators or receive a final payment for killing King. He spent five days in the opulent Hotel Portugal, then returned to London, where he moved frequently from hotel to hotel, allegedly attempting to stay ahead of Interpol investigators. By then, Ray was sought internationally, Hoover posting his name to the FBI's Most Wanted list on April 20.

In June 1968, Ray made several calls to London newspapers, attempting to find information about joining mercenary forces in Africa. Then, on June 8, as he was about to fly to Brussels under the alias of "George Raymond Sneyd," he was arrested by British police at London's Heathrow Airport. While in the custody of Chief Inspector Alexander Eist of Scotland Yard, Ray allegedly confessed to killing Martin Luther King, a confession he would later deny. Ray reportedly stated to Eist: "I panicked [after seeing a police car near the rooming house in Memphis after King's shooting] and I threw the gun away. It was the only mistake I made." According to Eist, Ray claimed to have received a half million dollars for assassinating King.

Returned to the U.S., Ray, on March 10, 1969, pleaded guilty at his trial, following the advice of his attorney, Percy Foreman, who told him that if he were convicted by trial, he would most likely face the death penalty. In 1978, Ray told the Select Committee that he had agreed to plead guilty, because Foreman warned him that his innocent brother Jerry might be indicted as a co-conspirator and that his elderly father might be returned to prison for a crime he had committed in the 1920s. On March 11, 1969, James Earl Ray was sentenced to ninety-nine years at Brushy Mountain State Prison in Tennessee. Months later, the convicted assassin withdrew his confession in the hope of winning a new trial. (For years, he continued to ask for that trial, but state and federal courts denied his requests and officially rejected his appeals seven times.) In his attempt to be granted a new trial, Ray introduced new "evidence," to explain his presence and his strange movements in Memphis at the time of King's murder, "evidence" that shifted the blame onto a mysterious Latino known only as "Raul."

Ray stated that after he broke out of the Missouri State Penitentiary, he headed north to Montreal, Canada, where he met with Raul in a bar. Ray said Raul was involved in a gun-

King's funeral procession in Atlanta, Georgia, his casket carried on a farm wagon and drawn by mules to symbolize his slave ancestry. Tens of thousands—blacks and whites—marched in this huge assembly to honor the slain King.

Smoke billows from burning buildings in the black ghetto of Washington, D.C. (the Washington Monument is visible at top) as a result of widespread rioting and arson by blacks in violent response to King's assassination.

running operation and had supplied him with the weapon he used in making his escape from prison. Raul promised Ray considerable money if he would go to Birmingham, Alabama, to purchase a high-powered rifle with a telescopic sight. He said he acquired the rifle, but left it with Raul and his associates in Memphis. At the moment King was killed, Ray said, he was driving around Memphis in his new car. Seeing unusual police activity around the Lorraine Motel, he decided to flee the city. "As a fugitive [from prison], I tried to stay away from police," Ray told the House Assassination Committee. Richard A. Sprague, chief counsel for the Committee, dismissed all of these statements by Ray as mere fabrication.

Jesse Jackson, a black leader from Chicago, launched an attack on the FBI in relation to the King assassination. In March 1974, he demanded an immediate congressional investigation of the FBI, citing the Bureau's internal memorandums in 1967 and 1968, which had recently been released and revealed the existence of an FBI intelligence operation known as Cointelpro. The agency maintained secret dossiers, the memorandums cited, on various black militants, left-wing student groups and those individuals it deemed subversive. The purpose of Cointelpro was to "disrupt, misdirect, discredit, or otherwise neutralize the activities of black nationalists, hate-type organizations and groupings, their leadership, spokesmen and supporters."

The gutted, smoldering remains of a black neighborhood in Chicago destroyed by rioting blacks incensed at King's murder.

Jackson pointed out that agents were called upon to "prevent the rise of a messiah" who might galvanize the black movement. Jackson's implied allegations of FBI involvement with the King assassination were dismissed by the Justice Department following a four-month study concluded on February 2, 1977. Further, the final report, submitted by Michael Shaheen, director of the Office of Professional Responsibility,

concluded that Ray had acted alone. But in the ensuing months and years, new facts and conjectures suggested a larger, more broadly based conspiracy in the King murder.

Journalist William Sartor put forth a theory in which certain Mafia figures accepted $300,000 from a white supremacist group to carry out the "hit" on King. Sartor claimed that Ray made his initial contact with the supremacist group in New Orleans. Hours before King was fatally shot outside his motel room, an eyewitness reported hearing a conversation between reputed Mafia kingpin Frank Liberto and another party in which Liberto said: "Shoot the bastard! Do it this afternoon. Shoot him, even if you have to do it on the balcony, just do it!" It was implied that the "other party" was James Earl Ray.

Another theory held that there was a conspiracy within the Memphis Police Department to support the Mafia-ordered murder of King. According to this theory, Memphis Police detective Edward Redditt was removed from a surveillance team guarding King only hours before the shooting after

avoid extradition—this from a man who could not, it turned out, correctly spell "Rhodesia," much less explain its extradition laws. Regarding Ray's alibi, the mysterious "Raul," he could not provide a last name or a location where this person could be found. The House Committee hearings ended with no new ground being broken. Officially, the FBI, the Memphis Police Department and the Mafia were inconclusively linked to the tragic assassination of King, despite the compelling circumstantial evidence offered during the hearings.

For years afterward, myriad theories surfaced and persisted. One held that President Lyndon B. Johnson was behind the King murder. Another theory insisted that J. Edgar Hoover personally planned the killing. Another theory claimed that King was killed on orders of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and that he had been murdered with the precision of a military execution by specially trained army snipers. These wild notions aside, the FBI investigation into the shooting was accomplished on the side of expediency. Its files on the case are still, for the

FBI photos of James Earl Ray, escaped felon, who was posted on the Bureau's "Most Wanted" list as the chief suspect in the King slaying. He is shown in 1952, following a botched robbery, in 1959, when he was arrested for armed robbery and auto theft, in 1960, after being sentenced to prison, and in 1966, following his prison escape.

Redditt suggested that a four-block area surrounding the motel be cordoned off for security purposes after hearing from informants that King was to be assassinated. This theory also insisted that during the police investigation of the murder Detective Redditt was held virtually incommunicado.

In August 1978, Ray appeared before the House Select Committee to relate his version of the events leading up to the King assassination. He proved to be an unconvincing witness, ill at ease before the cameras and a large crowd of spectators. Committee members refuted Ray's sworn testimony that he was not trailing King in Atlanta nearly a month before the assassination. They produced a laundry slip from that city showing the name of the alias Ray most frequently employed.

Yet, somehow, Ray, a petty thief, had gained access to resources that allowed him to travel extensively, buy a new car, take international flights, stay in opulent hotels and even have plastic surgery. He spoke of going to Rhodesia in order to

most part, sealed. A congressional subcommittee headed by Louis Stokes, a black Democrat from Ohio, did examine in detail all of the FBI evidence made available to him and he concluded that Ray was the actual killer of King, and if he had been aided in his gruesome chore, that help stemmed from violent white supremacists, not from anyone in the U.S. government.

King's murder nevertheless continued to nag many figures to continue probes into the killing, obsessive crusades paralleled by investigators still pursuing inconclusive clues, theories and assumptions in the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. As late as March 1998, former FBI agent Donald G. Wilson came forward to state that he had found some papers in Ray's abandoned car in Atlanta, Georgia, on April 11, 1968, which he kept to himself out of fear that he would then be accused of disturbing a crime scene. The papers Wilson claimed to have found showed the name "Raul," written in

James Earl Ray (right), in custody and being led to jail; he wears a bulletproof vest to protect him against a possible attack (like the one successfully made against Lee Harvey Oswald in 1963 by Jack Ruby).

Ray's handwriting, and a phone number that, at one time, rang up the Vegas Club, a Dallas nightclub owned by none other than Jack Ruby, the man who killed Lee Harvey Oswald, the identified assassin of President John F. Kennedy.

Wilson's "evidence" was labeled "a total fabrication" by the FBI. Yet, Wilson's motive in coming forward, he said, was solely motivated by a sincere wish to shed more light on the case. "The King family wants to know the truth," Wilson said. "I thought I might be able to help." At the time of his discovery, Wilson was a 25-year-old FBI agent stationed in Atlanta, Georgia. He accompanied another, older agent to Atlanta's Capital Homes housing project on April 11, 1968, after local police informed the Atlanta field office of the Bureau that Ray's abandoned Mustang car had been found. When arriving at the scene, the other agent began talking with police officers. Wilson stated that he noticed the door to the passenger side of the Mustang was ajar and, using a handkerchief so as not to disturb any fingerprints, he opened it and out fell a small white envelope.

Wilson panicked, he said, and picked up the envelope and placed it in his pocket. He felt that he had made a misstep in a major crime case that might have brought down the considerable wrath of J. Edgar Hoover on his own head. Said Wilson in 1998: "Taking that split-second action had nothing to do with grand or noble reasons. This gets to the basic philosophy of the FBI. Everything was predicated on fear. Fear of Mr. Hoover."

The envelope retrieved by Wilson bore Ray's handwritten notes, including the name "Raul," which was written twice, the second time with the annotation "Canada," and notes on a torn-out page from a 1963 Dallas, Texas, phone book, one that bears the name of many persons named "Hunt," including the Hunt Oil Corp., which was headed by right-wing billionaire, H. L. Hunt, an avowed enemy of President Kennedy. Hunt's son, Nelson Bunker Hunt, paid for an anti-Kennedy newspaper ad that ran on the day President Kennedy was shot and killed in Dallas, Texas.

The destinies, including their separate assassinations (both considered unsolved by many), of John Fitzgerald Kennedy and Martin Luther King were umbilical in many respects. Kennedy was the first important white politician to come to King's support and was instrumental in having King released from a prison farm in 1960, where King had been imprisoned on trumped-up charges. Kennedy, once he took power in the Oval Office, continued to support and encourage King in his civil rights crusade, and none of this was lost on Kennedy's adversaries, who thought King to be a powerful (and dangerous) social arm of Kennedy's basic political philosophy. If, indeed, a vast conspiracy existed to murder President Kennedy, in lethal response to Kennedy's idealistic social and political programs, it is logical to conclude that that same conspiracy encompassed the eventual assassination of Martin Luther King, who shared and advocated the same goals.

The envelope discovered by Wilson in 1968 also contained cards from a Louisiana towing company and a Texas gun shop (where the murder weapon was ostensibly purchased). All of this explained little, other than to support Ray's claim that a person named "Raul" existed, or, perhaps, existed as an intentional fabrication, a mythical person to whom Ray, if he were caught, could later point an accusatory finger as the actual mastermind in the King assassination, an alibi created by Ray in advance of his crime to ameliorate his own guilt. Was this uneducated and unsophisticated petty thief capable of such calculating and Machiavellian precautions? Yes, said many, who insisted that he was intuitively clever and cunning enough to premeditate just such an alibi in advance of the murder.

Mrs. Coretta Scott King, who still believes that her husband's death resulted from a widespread conspiracy.

Fueling the conspiracy theories in the King case was a Memphis resident named Lloyd Jowers, who owned and operated Jim's Grill, located on the ground level of the boarding house in Memphis, where Ray roomed at the time of the King assassination. Jowers stated in 1993 that he had overheard customers in his bar plotting to kill King, and he insisted that Ray had nothing to do with the crime. He said that someone ordered him to go to the rear entrance of his grill on the evening of April 4,

A workman is shown finishing the lettering on the crypt that holds the remains of Dr. Martin Luther King, the great martyr in the cause of America's civil rights.

1968, the day of the shooting. He did so, he said, and, after the killing, was given a smoking rifle by a local police officer.

Jowers went on national TV to state that he had actually hired the gunman who had killed King and that it was not James Earl Ray. He said that he hired the professional killer as a favor to a then deceased produce dealer, who was reportedly linked to members of organized crime, but that he had no idea as to the identification of the intended victim (King). In response to these shocking statements, and updated comments made by Jowers, the King family filed a suit on October 2, 1998, against Jowers, accusing him and "unknown co-conspirators" of being involved in the murder of Martin Luther King. By that time, at the urging of President William Clinton and the King family, U.S. Attorney General Janet Reno ordered a limited inquiry into the 1968 assassination, an inquiry that merely rehashed and sifted previous evidence and claims, but came to no new conclusions. Jowers' remarks were dismissed as nothing more than extravagant claims made by an obscure publicity-seeker.

The King family, however, persisted in believing that a conspiracy existed in the slaying of Martin Luther King. Dexter King, the son of the slain civil rights leader, met with James Earl Ray in March 1997. Their emotional conversation was recorded on film. During that meeting, King asked Ray if he had killed his father. Ray stuttered the reply: "No, no, no. I didn't."

"I want you to know that I believe you," replied Dexter King, "and my family believes you."

King's widow, Coretta Scott King, joined with her son and other family members in requesting that a new trial be given to James Earl Ray. It was too late. Ray died in prison at age sixty-nine, of liver disease, on April 23, 1998. Later investigation disclosed that Tennessee officials had refused to allow Ray to leave the state for a liver transplant, throwing suspicion upon these officials, particularly after Ray's attorneys argued that without the operation Ray would be dead within a few months.

Hospitals in Tennessee had already refused to conduct such a transplant, medical officials stating that such an operation was not feasible because of Ray's advanced age and Tennessee prison officials then refused to allow Ray to travel beyond their state for just such an operation. Moreover, Judge Cheryl Blackburn decreed in September 1997 that Ray's attorneys had failed to produce any convincing evidence that would cause Ray's plea to be set aside so that he could be granted a new trial.

Investigators, researchers and writers continue to debate the conspiracy theories in the King assassination. Years after the murder, Jim Bishop, author of *The Day Kennedy Was Shot*, stated "that a consortium of racists paid Ray to fire the shot. At this point, I have no facts. My tracking shows that Ray lived high for the first time in his life six months before the shooting." David Garrow, author of *The FBI and Martin Luther King, Jr.*, took an opposite view: "People are unwilling to accept that something as historically huge as the death of Martin Luther King could have been brought about singlehandedly by someone as humanly insignificant as James Earl Ray. People would rather believe that huge forces bring about huge events. But that's just not the way the world works."

"SOMEBODY'S GOING TO GET KILLED"/ May 15, 1972

George Corly Wallace (1919-), was sworn in as the forty-seventh governor of the state of Alabama on January 14, 1963, at a time when Dr. Martin Luther King was energetically crusading for black civil rights in the South. The election of Wallace, a farmer's son, to Alabama's highest office was viewed as a clearcut victory for segregationists and state's rights advocates, who violently sought to preserve the status quo still

prevalent in the South. In his first year of office, Wallace justified the confidence of his constituency by strenuously attempting to prevent the desegregation of public schools in Alabama. In a celebrated incident emblematic of the civil rights struggle in the South, Wallace physically barred the path of James A. Hood and Vivian J. Malone, two black students attempting to enroll at the University of Alabama on June 11, 1963.

George Corley Wallace, the governor of Alabama, a dedicated segregationist, who ran for the presidency in 1972 and was almost assassinated.

In so doing, Wallace openly defied the directive of Deputy U.S. Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, who demanded that Wallace comply with federally mandated orders that called for the peaceful desegregation of public schools in Alabama. At the time, Wallace argued: "My action is a call for strict adherence to the Constitution of the United States as it was written." The governor was forced to back down only after President John F. Kennedy issued an order federalizing the Alabama National Guard. Wallace stood aside as the black students registered for classes without further incident.

The school integration crisis soon spread to other Alabama municipalities. Before the year was out, Kennedy was forced to mobilize the National Guard to uphold the federal directives. Wallace, as a loser in his fight against the federal administration, nevertheless emerged as a national figure and champion of the far right-wing. "Segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever!" became the familiar battle cry from this churlish ex-prizefighter from Barbour County, Alabama. His folksy, down-home campaigning style appealed to white voters angered at what Wallace labeled "welfare loafers, lenient judges, pseudo-intellectuals, and pointy-headed liberals."

So popular was Wallace with the far right-wing that he believed his presidential chances were strong and that a white backlash would landslide him into the White House. In 1968, cheered on by a broad spectrum of people representing the extremes of the political right, Wallace entered the presidential race. His words were particularly encouraging to Southern Klansmen (members of the Ku Klux Klan) and white Northerners troubled by the issues of forced busing and the presence of youthful agitators on the nation's college campuses. Wallace promised to deal directly with such agitators, saying that any sitdown demonstrators who dared to block the path of his car would be run over. "It'll be the last car he'll ever lie down in front of," the governor vowed.

Wallace won five Southern Democratic primaries in 1968, but his presidential bid fizzled. He was encouraged to run again in 1972, when he believed his opportunity was strengthened by a generally weak field of presidential contenders. His slogan: "Send them a message," was clear enough to voters in Florida, who carried him to victory in the state primary over front runners Edmund Muskie, Hubert Humphrey and George McGovern. Wallace rolled on to victory in five more primaries and finished second in six others before taking his campaign to Maryland in May 1972.

It was a foray into unfamiliar territory. Not everyone in the "border" state of Maryland shared Wallace's extreme views toward race, the Vietnam War, or federally funded welfare programs. That much was evident at a rally in Frederick, Maryland, where someone hurled a brick at him. At Hagerstown, a group of students jeered him relentlessly, until the police were summoned. The incident unnerved Wallace, undoubtedly prompting him to state to an aide: "Somebody's going to get killed before this primary's over. And I hope it's not me."

The governor wrapped up his Maryland campaign on May 15, 1972, at an appearance at the Laurel (Maryland) Shopping Center, where he was greeted by 2,000 residents, who gathered about a podium in the parking lot. As usual, the specially constructed 600-pound podium was in place. Western singer Billy Grammar warmed up the crowd with renditions of "Detroit City," and "Gotta Travel On," while Wallace made his way to the platform. His speech was met with derision, especially by several collegians standing in the rear. "Go back to Alabama!" shouted one. "You don't even know where you are!" cried another, this being a reference to Wallace's own remark wherein he called Prince George County "Princess George County."

After nearly an hour of the candidate's hot rhetoric, aimed at "social schemers" and "ultra-false liberals," Wallace stepped down from behind his barricaded podium. A woman outfitted in Wallace regalia called to him: "Over here, George! Over here!" The candidate unbuttoned his jacket and moved toward the woman. At that moment a squat, blond-haired man wearing sunglasses pushed his way through the throng to

In this rare action photo, taken on May 15, 1972, would-be assassin Arthur Herman Bremer (wearing sun glasses) fires four bullets into candidate Wallace, his arm grabbed by a Wallace supporter.

Wallace and fired five shots from a snub-nosed revolver in quick succession.

Secret Service agents pounced on the would-be assassin even as he continued to fire. Four bullets struck the governor, who collapsed to the asphalt. Three other persons were injured, including Captain E. C. Dothard of the Alabama Highway Patrol, Secret Service Agent Nicholas Zarvos and a volunteer Wallace campaign worker, Dora Thompson, who was shot in the knee. Wallace was taken to Holy Cross Hospital in Silver Spring, where he underwent emergency surgery. Two bullets were removed during the operation and hemorrhaging was quickly brought under control. A third bullet, lodged near the spinal column, caused far more serious damage. George Wallace would never walk again.

The gunman, identified by the Secret Service as 21-year-old Arthur Herman Bremer, was taken into custody. Born and raised on the South Side of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Bremer fit the mold of the urban political assassin, who typified the chaotic 1960s. Described as a "withdrawn," "incredibly defensive" individual, Bremer left home in 1971 to study photography at the Milwaukee Area Technical College, supporting himself by working half days as a busboy at the Milwaukee Athletic Club and was a janitor at the Story Elementary School. On November 18, 1971, he was arrested for carrying a concealed weapon in his parked car. A court-appointed psychiatrist described him as "dull," but sane. He was released after paying a fine of $38.50.

On the same day that George Wallace declared his intentions to run for the 1972 presidential election, Bremer purchased a five-shot, snub-nosed revolver from a Milwaukee gun shop. A month later, on February 16, he quit his job to embark upon an odyssey that led to the shopping center in Laurel, Maryland. Bremer's initial target was ambiguous. He began following several candidates on April 7, 1972, when he was seen at a dinner given for Hubert Humphrey at New York's Waldorf Hotel. He turned up at the Sheraton Motor Inn in New Carrollton, Maryland, on April 15-18, 1972, then at a Wallace rally in Cadillac, Michigan, on May 10, and at another Wallace rally in Kalamazoo, Michigan, on May 12-13.

How it was possible for this unemployed busboy to finance such an expensive cross-country, eighteen-week trip was never explained. Certainly, his parents, who barely lived above the poverty line, could not have funded his bizarre expedition. Conservative estimates of his travel expenses were placed at $5,000. Yet, Bremer would later claim that his net worth was only $300. It was reported by *Life* magazine that Bremer had "companions" with whom he kept company shortly before his assassination attempt on Wallace. One of these mysterious friends was later identified as Dennis Cassini, who was found dead in the trunk of his car in Milwaukee, the victim of an apparent heroin overdose.

While stalking President Richard Nixon and George Wallace, Bremer kept a diary that indicated that he operated alone and that no conspiracy attended his plans for assassination. One excerpt read:

> "I've decided that Wallace will have the honor of—what would you call it? Like a novelist who knows not how his book will end—I have written this journal ... You know, my biggest failure may well be when I kill Wallace. I hope everyone screams and hollers and everything!! I hope the rally goes mad!! One thing for sure my diet is too soft. Weakens my posture, maybe effects my insides too. I am one sick assassin. Pun! Pun! Is there anything else to say? My cry upon firing will be, a penny for your thoughts.

Wallace (shown in wheelchair), paralyzed from the waist down from Bremer's wounds, abandoned his run for the presidency as well as his views on segregation, publicly stating his apologies to many black church parishioners.

The theory that Bremer was hired by powerful interests who wanted Wallace out of the way has no support in fact. It was rumored at various times that Charles Colson of the White House staff ordered E. Howard Hunt, infamous for his involvement in the Watergate scandal, to enter Bremer's apartment immediately after the shooting to "plant" several left-wing journals for the police to find.

At the time, Wallace posed the most serious threat to Richard Nixon's bid for a second presidential term of office. Interviewed by Barbara Walters on the Today Show, a crippled but recovered George Wallace stated: "So I just wondered if that were the case. How did anyone know where he lived within an hour after I was shot? I myself didn't know who shot me until several days later, but, of course, I wouldn't know because I was in a condition not to know."

Arthur Bremer, judged sane, was convicted of attempted assassination and sent to prison for a term of sixty-three years. His attempt on the life of George Wallace little changed his inexplicable perspective—his motives were never made clear—but his attack did alter the life of his victim. Paralyzed and confined in a wheelchair, Wallace eventually abandoned his racist views and several times publicly apologized to blacks at various church meetings for his former crusade to dismantle their civil rights.

KILLING THE KENNEDYS

John and Robert Kennedy, scions of a powerful family having great wealth and high-placed connections, were political idealists who sought to bring about radical social changes in America and did, but at the expense of their own lives. Both prematurely died at the hands of assassins, their mercurial careers nurtured and financially advanced by a ruthlessly ambitious father, Joseph P. Kennedy, who painfully lived to see his sons slain by obscure killers. The assassinations of John Fitzgerald Kennedy in 1963 and Robert Kennedy in 1968 were symptomatic of their times, an era of political and social upheaval they helped to create, where violent factions rampaged through the streets of almost all American cities and across college campuses, wreaking havoc in the name of protest against ancient evils.

Protest meetings, rallies and marches crusaded against America's attritional war in Vietnam, against civil rights violations in the South, against environmental offenses by insensitive American corporations, against any issues real and imagined. In this era of near anarchy, law enforcement, military and intelligence agencies reacted with what was often excessive force, compounding and accelerating the countless confrontations. Medieval fears again surfaced, consuming millions with suspicions of vast conspiracies that orchestrated and executed through ignorant henchmen the assassinations of Martin Luther King and, especially, the Kennedy brothers. The grim specter of such malevolent conspiracies exists to this day, looming ghost-like over the graves of these political and social martyrs.

President John Fitzgerald Kennedy, reportedly assassinated on November 22, 1963 by Lee Harvey Oswald.

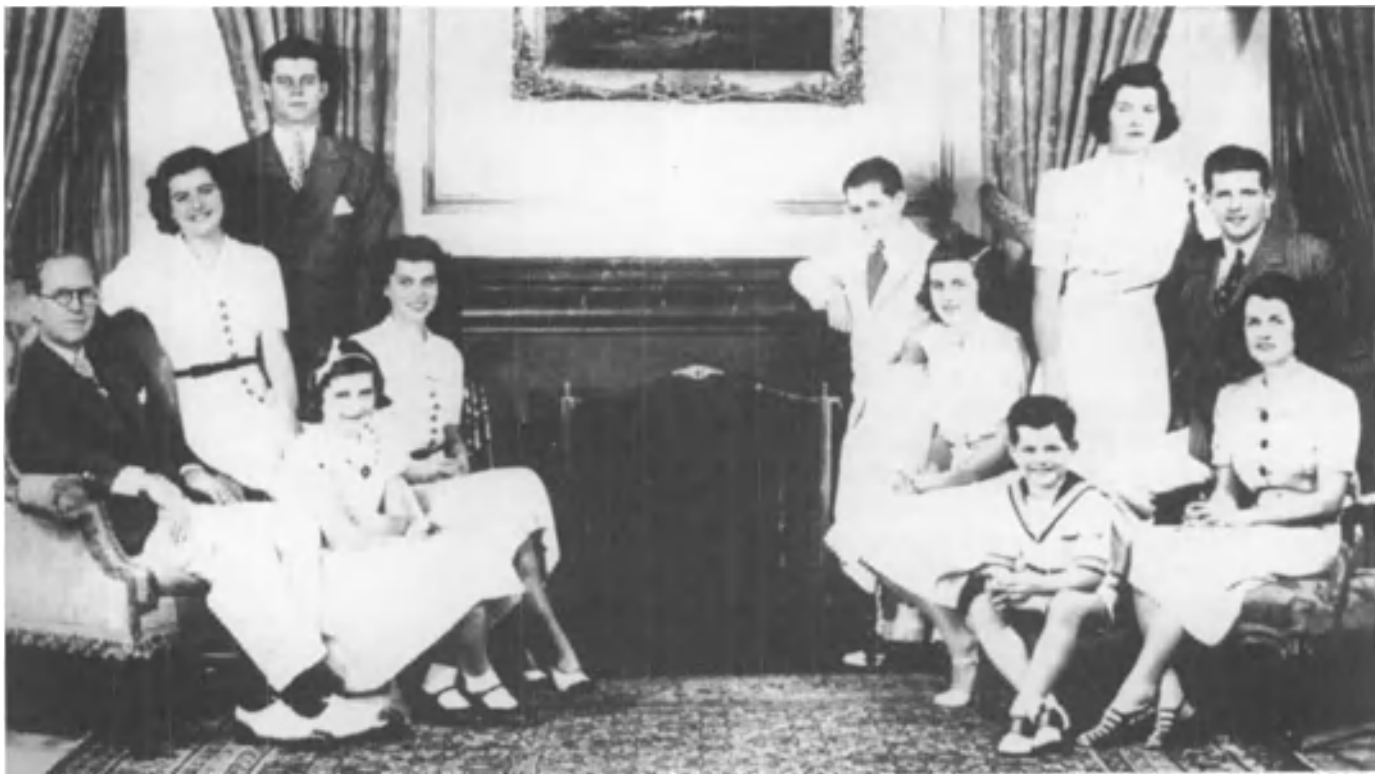
"THEY ARE GOING TO KILL US ALL!"/ November 22, 1963

One of the darkest days in 20th Century America occurred on November 22, 1963, when President John Fitzgerald Kennedy (1917-1963) was shot and killed from ambush in Dallas, Texas. This murder had repercussions around the world and devastated a whole generation of idealistic Americans, who believed that Kennedy represented a bright and shining future for the U.S. His administration had been compared with the mythical Camelot of King Arthur, where noble goals were achieved and, in the instance of the Kennedys, the great American promise of the Constitution was upheld and advanced for all. Under the Kennedy administration, minorities would share the fruits of their labor, education would soar to new intellectual heights, unemployment would be eliminated and the future of every citizen would be secured through enlightened welfare and retirement programs. No longer would America be owned by the robber barons, but would truly be the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Kennedy was born into great wealth on May 29, 1917, in Brookline, Massachusetts. His father, Joseph P. Kennedy, was a banker and stock investor who made millions in banking, stock investments, shipbuilding and real estate, as well as his investments in motion pictures, a hobby linked to his various Hollywood romances, chiefly with silent screen star Gloria Swanson. Joseph Kennedy maintained his large family in luxury. His docile wife Rose bore him nine children, five daughters and four sons. When Joseph, Jr., a pilot during World War II, was killed in action, John Kennedy became the political hope of the elder Kennedy, who had been ambassador to England (1937-1940) and had urged appeasement with Hitler, a disastrous decision that eliminated his own political ambitions.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy never lacked for anything and was not required to work. Through his father's dynamic personality and aggressiveness, however, Kennedy developed an early sense of responsibility. A gifted writer, he originally considered a literary career, later publishing *Why England Slept* (1940) and *Profiles in Courage* (1956), which was awarded a Pulitzer Prize. During World War II, Kennedy, like his older brother Joe, served with distinction. He had been a Navy officer commanding a PT boat in the Pacific and received decorations for heroism in saving the lives of his crew, upon which the stirring film, *PT 109*, was based.

Following the war, at his father's urging and with the Kennedy fortune to back him, Kennedy entered politics, becoming a U.S. congressman from Massachusetts (1947-1953) and a U.S. senator (1953-1960). In the close presidential election of 1960, when running against Richard Nixon, Kennedy became the first Irish-American Catholic to be elected to the highest office in the U.S. From the beginning of the short-lived Kennedy administration, there were many rumors that the president would be assassinated.



The Kennedy family in 1937 (left to right): Joseph, Sr., Patricia, John, Jean, Eunice, Robert, Kathleen, Edward, Rosemary, Joseph, Jr., and Rose Kennedy.

The Kennedy family in 1960 (left to right, seated): Eunice Shriver, Rose and Joseph Kennedy, Jacqueline and Edward Kennedy; (left to right, standing): Ethel Kennedy, Stephen and Jean Smith, John F. Kennedy, Robert, Patricia Lawford, Sargent Shriver, Joan Kennedy, Peter Lawford.

The first of these plots was hatched by a man who personally hated Kennedy. Unlike U.S. presidential assassinations in the past, this attempt was to be made by a man, who believed that Kennedy himself was undeserving of his office, because his family had "bought" the presidency with its incredible wealth. The killers of Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield and William McKinley had acted out of political motives, as had those who attempted to murder Andrew Jackson, Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry Truman, Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan.

A month before Kennedy was to take office, 73-year-old Richard P. Pavlick, a former mental patient from Belmont, New Hampshire, decided to kill the president-elect, because he believed that Kennedy money had simply purchased Kennedy's election through massive TV advertising and political payoffs. Following the election, Kennedy rested at one of the family's vacation homes in Palm Beach, Florida. Pavlick followed him there and took up residence. He tracked Kennedy, photographing his home and the church he attended. He next purchased dynamite and rigged this to his car, planning to make a "human bomb" of himself. When Kennedy got into his car to attend church on Sunday, Pavlick would crash his own auto into Kennedy's, killing himself, Kennedy and anyone in and surrounding the victim's car.

On December 11, 1960, Pavlick drove up to the Kennedy home in Palm Beach, parking across the street. He had seven sticks of dynamite in his car, which he could set off with a switch. He watched as Kennedy, his wife Jacqueline and their daughter Caroline emerged and went to their car. There were a number of other children present. Pavlick changed his mind, when he saw Mrs. Kennedy and the children. "I did not wish to harm her or the children," he said. "I decided to get him in the church or someplace later." He drove off and waited for another opportunity. He visited the church Kennedy attended and even stood a few rows behind Kennedy, while the president-elect attended Mass. Again, he did not act. This was the last opportunity he would have, for Secret Service agents were fast closing in on the would-be assassin.

The Secret Service had learned from a postal inspector in Pavlick's home town that the old man had openly stated that he intended to kill Kennedy. Agents then learned that he was then in Palm Beach. On December 15, 1960, Pavlick was tracked down and arrested. A letter was found in Pavlick's possession, one which he intended to have read and published *after* he had assassinated Kennedy. It read in part:

> I believe that the Kennedys bought the presidency and the White House and until he really became president it was my intention to remove him in the only way it was available to me; the Supreme Court wouldn't enter any motion of mine, if asked, to stop the oath of office.
>
> If death and destruction and injury to persons has resulted from my vicious action then I am truly sorry, but it won't help any. It is hoped that by my actions that a better country and a more attentive citizenry has resulted and corrected any abuses of ambitious money-eyed persons or groups, then it will not have been in vain ... It was unfortunate for the Kennedys that John was elected President because it was Jimmy Hoffa who was to have been my target of destruction because of his "Go to hell the United States" attitude and because of the gutless cowards called the Congress of the United States who are afraid to clip his wings.

John F. Kennedy with his wife Jacqueline and children John and Caroline, about to attend church in Florida. A would-be assassin sat a few pews behind the family, waiting to kill the president.

Pavlick was not held for trial. He was judged insane and placed in a mental institution. This first attempt on Kennedy's life was followed by a second three years later, one tragically successful and committed by another nonentity, embittered and resentful of his own obscurity and futility. This was Lee Harvey Oswald, born in New Orleans on October 18, 1939, two months after the death of his father.

At age nine, Oswald lost his stepfather when his mother divorced. He grew up with little parental supervision and was habitually truant. By the age of sixteen, Oswald had dropped out of school and joined the Marine Corps. In 1959, he requested a discharge on compassionate grounds, pointing out that his mother was destitute and ailing. He was released from the Marines, but went home for only a brief visit, providing no support for his "destitute" mother.

Using his service pay, Oswald traveled to the Soviet Union, where he met and married 19-year-old Marina Nikolalaevna Prusakova. Oswald was given a residence visa, but was later

Lee Harvey Oswald, who dropped out of school and the U.S. Marines, shown in 1959, after he defected to the Soviet Union.

informed that he could not obtain permanent residence in Russia. After a reported suicide attempt, he was given an exit visa and allowed to take his wife and small child back to the U.S. They arrived on June 14, 1962. What prompted Oswald to travel to the Soviet Union remains conjecture to this day, although it was later learned that he had, while serving in the Marines, obtained Communist materials, which he avidly read and had become an avowed Marxist. How the poorly educated Oswald supported himself and small family in Russia also remains a mystery. Again, conjecture has it that he was employed by and became the willing pawn of the KGB. Further, he was methodically trained as a professional assassin, before being sent back to the U.S. with the specific assignment of assassinating President Kennedy (an allegation Russian officials to this day emphatically deny).

Oswald is shown with his Russian wife Marina in 1961, when the couple lived in a small apartment in Minsk, U.S.S.R. Oswald told Marina in 1959: "I want to give the people of the United States something to think about."

In March 1963, using the alias of A. Hiddell, Oswald purchased from a Chicago mail order firm a 6.5-mm Mannlicher-Carcano rifle with a telescopic sight. He then bought a .38 Smith and Wesson revolver from a Los Angeles company. According to later information, Oswald, in April 1963, plotted to assassinate Erwin A. Walker, a right-wing retired army general, but abandoned his plan at the last minute. Some months later, Oswald attempted to return to Russia by going to Mexico City, where he visited the Soviet embassy, requesting a visa. (The Soviet Embassy in Mexico City was to be a consistent rendezvous for treasonable Americans working with KGB agents. In 1975, this embassy was used as a contact location by American traitors Christopher John Boyce and Andrew Daulton, who sold U.S. high-tech spy-in-the-sky secrets to Soviet spymasters.) When Soviet officials turned down Oswald's request for a visa, he then went to the Cuban embassy, but he was denied a visa to that country also.

This controversial photo was reportedly taken of Oswald by his wife Marina in the backyard of their Dallas home on March 31, 1963. Oswald holds the mail-order rifle he purchased and wears a pistol on his right hip. Some claimed that this photo was doctored, that Oswald's head had been imposed upon the body of another person to further incriminate him.

Oswald returned to the U.S., settling in Dallas, Texas. He obtained a job working at the Texas School Book Depository, moving inventory. A short time later, his second child was born. He then sent his wife and two children to live with friends at Irving, Texas. By early November 1963, Oswald was living on Beckley Avenue in Dallas under the alias of O. H. Lee. A short time later, he learned that President Kennedy would be making his first official visit to Texas, arriving in Dallas on November 22, 1963. The Dallas *Morning News* specifically outlined Kennedy's visit, providing in its pages the exact details of the route the president's motorcade would take through Dallas. At one point, the motorcade would move

President Kennedy with Governor Connally and wife Jacqueline when arriving at the Dallas Airport, November 22, 1963.

directly beneath the overlooking windows of the Texas School Book Depository building.

On the day before Kennedy's arrival in Dallas, Oswald visited his wife and children in Irving, Texas. The next morning, he went to the sixth floor of the Depository building, carrying his rifle in a paper bag. He moved some boxes in front of a window that overlooked the roadway Kennedy's motorcade would follow. These boxes blocked any view of his presence at the window. He loaded his rifle, crouched next to the window and waited.

President Kennedy had been planning his trip to Texas since 1960. He had made a few brief trips to the state, but never an official presidential visit. By November 1963, this trip had become a political necessity. Trouble had been disrupting the Democratic Party in Texas for some time. Senator Ralph Yarborough, a liberal, was openly feuding with Governor John Connally, a conservative. Kennedy desperately needed Texas in his camp for the presidential election in 1964. He had barely taken the state in 1960, even with Lyndon B. Johnson, a Texan, as his vice presidential running mate. He hoped to patch up Democratic problems in the state, as well as drum up support for his candidacy throughout Texas. Originally, Kennedy expected to spend only one day in Texas, but his trip was extended so that he could be seen by more voters.

Roy H. Kellerman was the top Secret Service agent in charge of Kennedy's safety during the Texas trip. Other officials planned Kennedy's motorcades in many of the state's cities. The motorcade in Dallas would cover ten miles, passing through a section of suburban Dallas, the downtown area, then on to the Trade Mart via the Stemmons Freeway. To get to the Stemmons Freeway, Kennedy's motorcade would have to pass Houston and Elm streets, where the Texas School Book Depository building was located. On November 21, Kennedy, his wife, Johnson and Connally were in San Antonio. They then flew to Houston and then to Fort Worth. The next day, November 22, 1963, Kennedy landed at Dallas in Air Force One at 11:47 a.m. He was greeted by Vice President Johnson, who had flown ahead of him, landing in Air Force Two, following long-standing security measures. (The vice president never travels with the president in the same plane so that in the event of an air crash he can take over the leadership of the government if the president is killed or injured.)

President Kennedy, with his wife Jacqueline at his side, got into an open limousine, which was positioned as the third car in the motorcade. He sat on the right side of the rear seat of the limousine. In front of them, on jump seats, sat Governor Connally and his wife. Two Secret Service agents occupied the front seat, one driving, the other serving as a guard. President Kennedy was not an easy man to protect. He insisted that no Secret Service men ride in the back of the car or on the small running boards provided on presidential limousines. Also, he rejected the use of motorcycle police flanking his car. These accompanying policemen had to drive their cycles in

Jacqueline and John Kennedy in the presidential limousine taking them through Dallas.

front or in back of the car as Kennedy did not want any view of him to be obstructed. Since the day was sunny and bright, Kennedy ordered the bubbletop of the limousine removed.

The first car of the motorcade contained Dallas Police Chief Jesse E. Curry and Dallas County Sheriff J. E. "Bill" Decker, along with Secret Service agents Winston Lawson and Forrest Sorrels, who had planned the route of the motorcade. Four policemen on motorcycles, two abreast, followed the limousine. The crowds along the route through downtown Dallas were cordial and dense. As Kennedy's car neared Dealy Plaza, Mrs. Connally leaned toward Kennedy and said: "You can't say that Dallas doesn't love you, Mr. President."

"That's obvious," Kennedy replied through a wide smile. He and Jackie Kennedy waved back at the crowds cheering and applauding them. It was a few seconds before 12:30 p.m. Suddenly, there was a loud sound, like a pop or crack, then another. Kennedy clutched at his throat with his left hand as his wife looked at him quizzically. The first shot fired by Oswald (if Oswald alone fired all the shots) was heard by Mrs. Kennedy, who first thought the sound was that of a backfire from one of the police motorcycles. When she heard the second shot, she saw the back of Kennedy's head torn wide open. She screamed: "Oh, my God! They have shot my husband! I love you, Jack!"

As he turned about to see where the shots were coming from, Governor Connally was shot in the back. He slumped into his wife's arms and moaned: "Oh, no, no, no. My God, they are going to kill us all."

"It's all right," Mrs. Connally told him. "Be still."

Secret Service agent Roy Kellerman turned in the right front seat when he heard the rifle fire, pulling his gun. He saw the president grab at his throat and then shouted to the driver, William Greer: "Let's get out of here! We are hit!" He grabbed a microphone over which he could talk to the lead car and said: "We are hit. Get us to the hospital immediately." At that moment, the president's limousine leaped forward. Clinton J. Hill, a Secret Service agent riding on the running board of the car behind the president's limousine, saw Kennedy clutch his throat.

Hill jumped from the follow-up car and ran to the president's limousine, jumping onto the left-rear running board and grabbing the small handrail. He fell backward when the limousine increased speed, but he managed to climb back onto the car. At that moment, Mrs. Kennedy appeared to be crawling over the back of the limousine, reaching for something. She was trying to retrieve a chunk of brain tissue that had been blown out of her husband's head. Hill pushed her back into the back seat with her dying husband, then lay atop the seat to shield the couple with his own body. Rufus Youngblood, the agent guarding the vice president, pushed Johnson down in the back seat of his own car, shouting: "Get down." He sat atop Johnson, gun drawn, as the motorcade roared away toward Parkland Memorial Hospital.

Spectators lined before a grassy knoll, the spot where Kennedy had been hit, were stunned by the shooting. Some screamed, others fell silent. A few alert citizens, along with police, began scanning the windows of the nearby buildings and some glanced back to the fence atop the grassy knoll behind which figures seem to be running. Meanwhile, Oswald calmly hid his rifle, but he left three empty cartridges on the floor next to the open window where he had fired his shots. He walked to the building elevator and rode it down to the second floor. By then policemen were swarming throughout the Texas School Book Depository building, having pinpointed the place where the killer had perched. Marion L. Baker, a motorcycle policeman, was on the second floor, talking to Roy Truly, a superintendent. He saw Oswald and called to him. Oswald calmly walked to him and Truly. "Do you know this man?" Baker asked Truly.

"Yes," Truly answered. "He works in the building."

Baker nodded and he and other policemen then ran up the stairs. Oswald then went to the company lunch room. Here he bought a soft drink and sipped it for some minutes. He then walked from the building without being stopped, going to his room on Beckley Avenue, where he changed his jacket and put his revolver in his pocket. He then went outside and began slowly walking down the street. Officer J. D. Tippit, patrolling the area in a squad car, called Oswald over to the car. Oswald dutifully stepped to the curb. He leaned into the open window of the car and quietly talked with Tippit, according to witnesses. Then, he abruptly straightened up and began walking away. Tippit jumped from the patrol car, shouting something after Oswald. The assassin turned and with a blank expression on his face pulled his revolver and fired four shots into Tippit, who fell dead. "Poor, dumb cop," Oswald was heard by a witness to say as he continued walking down the street.

An hour later, the ticket seller at the Texas Theater watched Oswald enter the theater without paying for a ticket. He called police. Officers soon arrived, racing into the lobby, where Oswald saw them approaching him. "Well, I guess it's over," he said in a monotone. He pulled out his revolver and aimed it at the officers, squeezing the trigger. The gun misfired. The officers rushed him, knocked him down and placed him under arrest. A short time later, he was charged with assassinating President John F. Kennedy and slaying Officer Tippit. By that time, President Kennedy, despite the desperate efforts of doctors at Parkland Hospital, had been pronounced dead.

Oswald emphatically denied having killed Kennedy and Tippit, although his palm prints clearly matched those found on the rifle ostensibly used to murder the president and the bullets that struck Kennedy and Connally were matched to Oswald's rifle. Further, bullets from Oswald's revolver matched those found in the body of Officer Tippit. While Oswald was being interrogated by Dallas police, President Kennedy's body was removed from Parkland Hospital and placed on Air Force One, then flown back to Washington, D.C. On board, sitting next to the dead president, was his widow.

Lyndon Johnson was also on board and he took the oath of office of president while the plane was in flight. He happened to have his father's small Bible in his pocket for this occasion. (This seemed odd to many, who later wondered why Johnson was carrying this symbolic book on this propi-

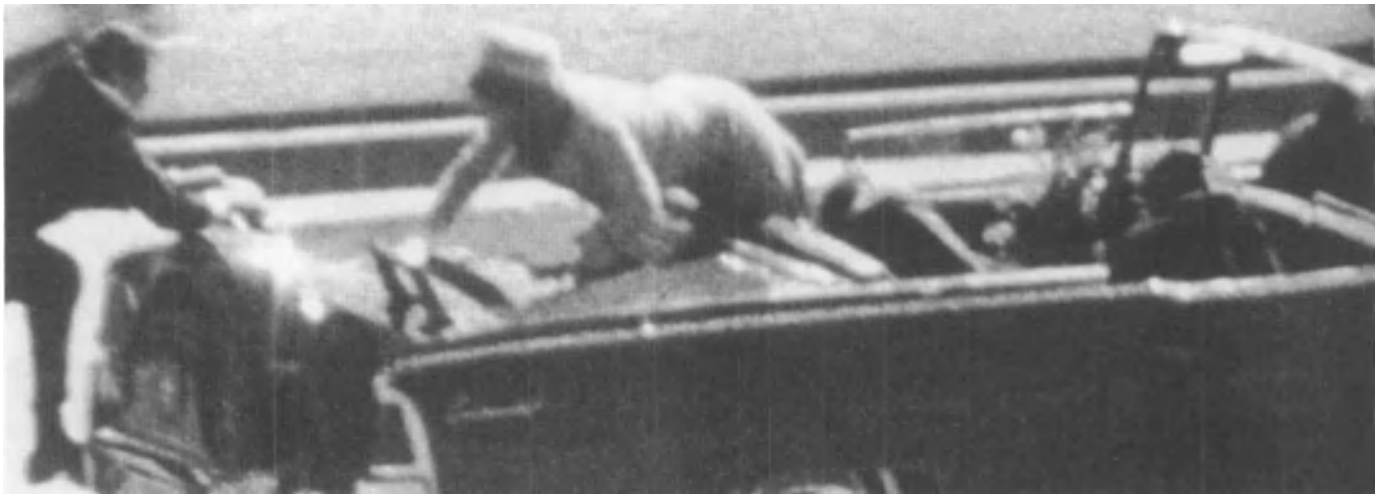
President Kennedy and his wife are shown sitting in the back seat of the limousine that took them past cheering crowds in downtown Dallas.

President John F. Kennedy, shown only moments before he was fatally shot in Dallas, Texas.

This FBI photo reproduces Oswald's perspective of Elm Street through the telescopic sight of his rifle, indicating that the assassin had a clear view when shooting the President.

The above photo shows President Kennedy at the moment he received the fatal shot to his head; at that moment, his head impacted backward, suggesting that this fatal bullet came from a direction other than the position occupied by Lee Harvey Oswald.

A few seconds after Kennedy was fatally shot, Secret Service Agent Clinton J. Hill (the moving figure between the two cars) is shown racing toward the back of the presidential limousine.



As President Kennedy slumps onto the back seat of the limousine, Jacqueline Kennedy is seen crawling over the back of the car to retrieve a piece of her husband's brain, blown onto the top of the car's trunk. Secret Service Agent Hill (left, on rear bumper), pushed Mrs. Kennedy back onto the seat next to her dying husband as the car raced toward Parkland Memorial Hospital.

Lyndon B. Johnson, with his wife and Mrs. Kennedy, takes the presidential oath, while on board on Air Force One.

Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, her clothes stained by her husband's blood, is shown watching Kennedy's body being taken away in an ambulance from the Washington, D.C. airport after arriving from Dallas.

tious occasion and some later claimed that this signaled his prior knowledge of the assassination.) Mrs. Kennedy was bluntly asked to witness the swearing in of Johnson as the new president. She agreed, mutely standing by as the ceremony was performed. Upon landing, Kennedy's body underwent further examination, x-rays being taken and a detailed autopsy performed. None of this information was later released in order "to protect the feelings of the family."

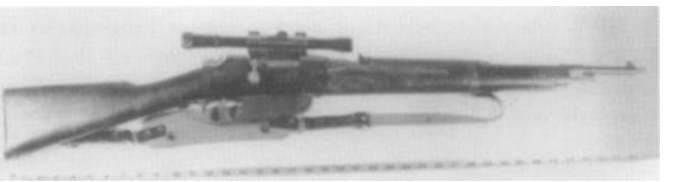
Although the president's immediate protection was the responsibility of the Secret Service, the FBI and, especially, Director J. Edgar Hoover, later came under severe criticism for not informing the Secret Service that Oswald had once been under suspicion as a security risk by the Bureau. He had been seen by FBI agents when handing out pro-Castro leaflets in Dallas a short time before the assassination. FBI agents John W. Fain and B. Tom Carter had interviewed Oswald on June 26, 1962, determining that, although they found him evasive and arrogant, he was not a security risk. A short time later, Oswald became a member of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, a Communist organization, according to the FBI.

Oswald, while under arrest, continued to deny his guilt in the assassination, insisting that he had not been on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository building when the fatal shots had been fired and that he was having lunch on the second floor with another employee he called "junior." The only employee in the building with that nickname was James Jarman, Jr., who denied having lunch with Oswald. Shown the murder weapon, Oswald denied it was his. Asked about the revolver he had brandished when arrested in the theater, Oswald merely shrugged, then said that he had been carrying the weapon because "you know how boys do when they have a gun; they just carry it."

Asked about his political beliefs, Oswald stated: "I am a Marxist, but not a Leninist Marxist." He was then asked what he thought of President Kennedy. "I have no views on the president," he replied. "My wife and I like the president's family. They are interesting people. I have my own views on the president's national policy. I have a right to express my views ... I am not a malcontent. Nothing irritated me about the president."

On the night of the murder, Dallas police headquarters was swarming with newsmen attempting to get more information about Oswald. At 11:30 p.m. that night, Jack Ruby, owner of several sleazy Dallas nightclubs that featured strippers and B-girls, was on the third floor of the police station. He was moving about freely with the reporters and chatting with policemen he knew. Ruby was a glad-handing gadfly, who thought himself to be an important person in Dallas. He catered to policemen who frequented his bistros and intimated connections with the Mafia and the crime syndicate. He bought free drinks for detectives, particularly vice officers, who came to his nightclubs and looked the other way from Ruby's B-Girl operations.

A newsman challenged Ruby's right to be at police headquarters on such an important event. The beefy nightclub owner grew defensive, then stated he was an "official interpreter" for the Israeli press, a lie. Ruby then turned to a detective he knew and snapped: "It's hard to realize that a complete nothing, a zero like that [Oswald] could kill a man like President Kennedy." Ruby's conduct had been erratic ever since the president had been killed. He had called many people long-distance to tell them that he would have to leave Dallas after the city had been shamed by the assassination. He wept with strangers over the subject. He visited the offices of newspapers and radio stations to bemoan Kennedy's loss and condemn his killer. He was on these occasions tolerated as a harmless character, even though he was willing to share his many opinions about the assassination. At one point, Ruby said that the killing was "the work of the John Birch Society or the Communist Party or maybe a combination of both." His dislike for Oswald quickly intensified to seething hatred.



Oswald's rifle (if this was the actual murder weapon), which was found on the sixth floor of the Texas Schoolbook Depository Building.

A shield of cartons had been placed around a sniper's nest reportedly by Oswald to conceal his presence at the window, where he fired four shots.

A situation photo showing assassination landmarks in Dealy Plaza in downtown Dallas at the time of the 1963 shooting; the Maltese cross indicates the location where Kennedy was hit.

The patrol car in which Officer Tippit was shot to death by Oswald, when he reportedly called out to the assassin.

Police are shown subduing Oswald in the lobby of the Texas Theater, where he had been hiding. He reportedly drew a pistol when the officers leaped toward him.

Dallas Police Officer J. D. Tippit, who was shot and killed by Oswald a short time after Kennedy was killed. This murder was debated, some claiming others murdered Tippit to further implicate Oswald.

Arriving at the Dallas Police Department headquarters to be booked for murdering President Kennedy and Officer Tippit, Oswald was defiant, arrogant and smug.

Jack Ruby (center profile) is shown on a police videotape as he mingles with reporters at Dallas Police headquarters a few hours after the Kennedy shooting.

Choked with emotion for two days and running about and pretending to be a newspaper reporter so that he could learn the whereabouts of Oswald, Ruby exhausted himself and did not go to sleep until 1:30 p.m., on Saturday, November 23, 1963. An hour and a half later the FBI office in Dallas received a phone call from an anonymous caller, who said that a committee had been established and "would kill the man who killed the president." At 10 a.m., Sunday morning, Dallas police began to move Oswald to the county jail for better protection. Secret Service agents and local officials argued with Chief Curry, who wanted to take Oswald through a basement exit for the transfer so that reporters could record the move. Curry had his way.

Shortly before 11 a.m. that Sunday, Ruby got into his car, putting a revolver into his pocket, one that he had invariably carried in his car inside a money pouch used to transfer receipts from his nightclubs to his bank. He had been acting strangely all morning. He mumbled incoherently, according to a cleaning lady and a striptease employee who borrowed money from him earlier that day. A short time later, Ruby walked into the basement of the Dallas Police Department and went unchallenged as he freely moved about with reporters. Guards later claimed that they had no idea how Ruby had gained entrance to the building, but he was nevertheless standing in the front rank of policemen and newsmen waiting for Oswald. At 11:20 a.m., Oswald was taken out of an elevator and was being escorted to an unmarked car parked in the underground police garage. The place was suddenly a madhouse, with TV cameras running, flashbulbs in hand-held cameras exploding and dozens of questions being shouted by a bevy of reporters.

Oswald had walked about ten feet from the downstairs garage office and into the crowd, when Ruby jumped forward, his right arm extended and a revolver clutched in his hand. He aimed directly at Oswald. Ruby, at the left of Oswald, jammed the gun into Oswald's chest and pulled the trigger once. Oswald let out a high-pitched scream and fell backward, pulling down with him the detective to whom he was handcuffed. Ruby stood over him, trying to squeeze the trigger of his revolver once more, but Detective L. C. Graves grabbed the cylinder of the gun and held it so that it would not turn. He then yanked the revolver from Ruby's grasp while several policemen lunged at Ruby, bringing him to the floor of the garage. "I hope I killed him!" Ruby yelled.

"Who is he? Who is that guy?" cried several newsmen.

Ever the limelighter, Ruby shouted: "I'm Jack Ruby! I'm Jack Ruby! All you guys know me!"

Ruby was brought to his feet and hustled into an elevator. As Ruby rode upward in the elevator, Detective D. R. Archer, who knew the club owner, said: "Jack, I think you killed him."

"I intended to shoot him three times," Ruby replied without emotion.

While Ruby underwent intensive interrogation, Oswald was rushed to Parkland Hospital, where the president had been taken and treated. Dr. Malcolm Perry, who had unsuccessfully tried to save President Kennedy's life, now worked to save Oswald. He was again unsuccessful. Oswald was pronounced dead at 1:07 p.m.

November 24, 1963: Jack Ruby (right foreground) steps from a crowd of newsmen in the garage of Dallas Police headquarters, gun in hand, aiming at Oswald.

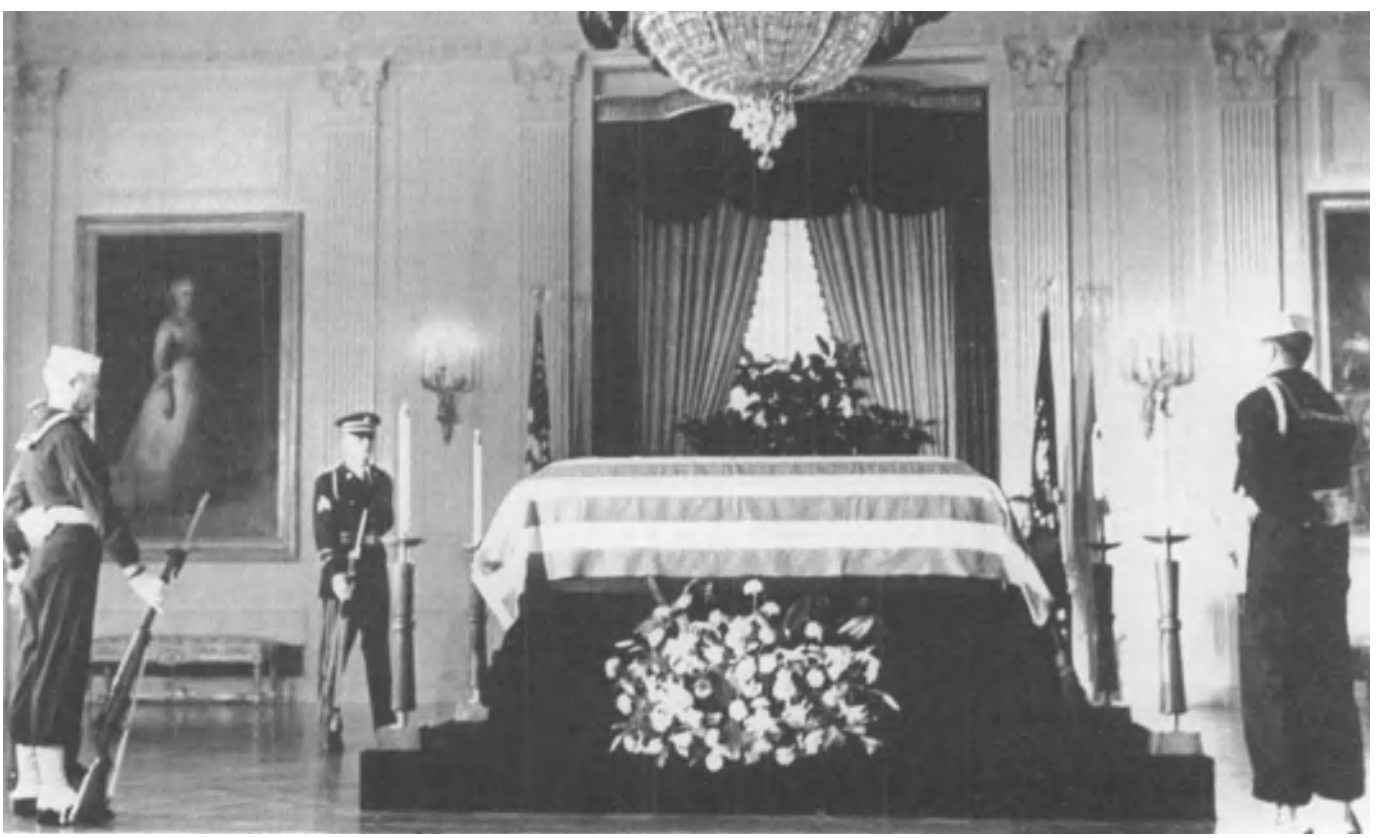
Ruby is shown firing a single shot into Oswald's abdomen, a lethal wound, before he was grabbed by officers.

Jack Ruby (center) is shown with interviewing newsmen, grandstanding for his cold-blooded murder of Oswald, a killing many later claimed was committed to prevent Oswald from revealing the identities of others involved in a conspiracy to kill President Kennedy.

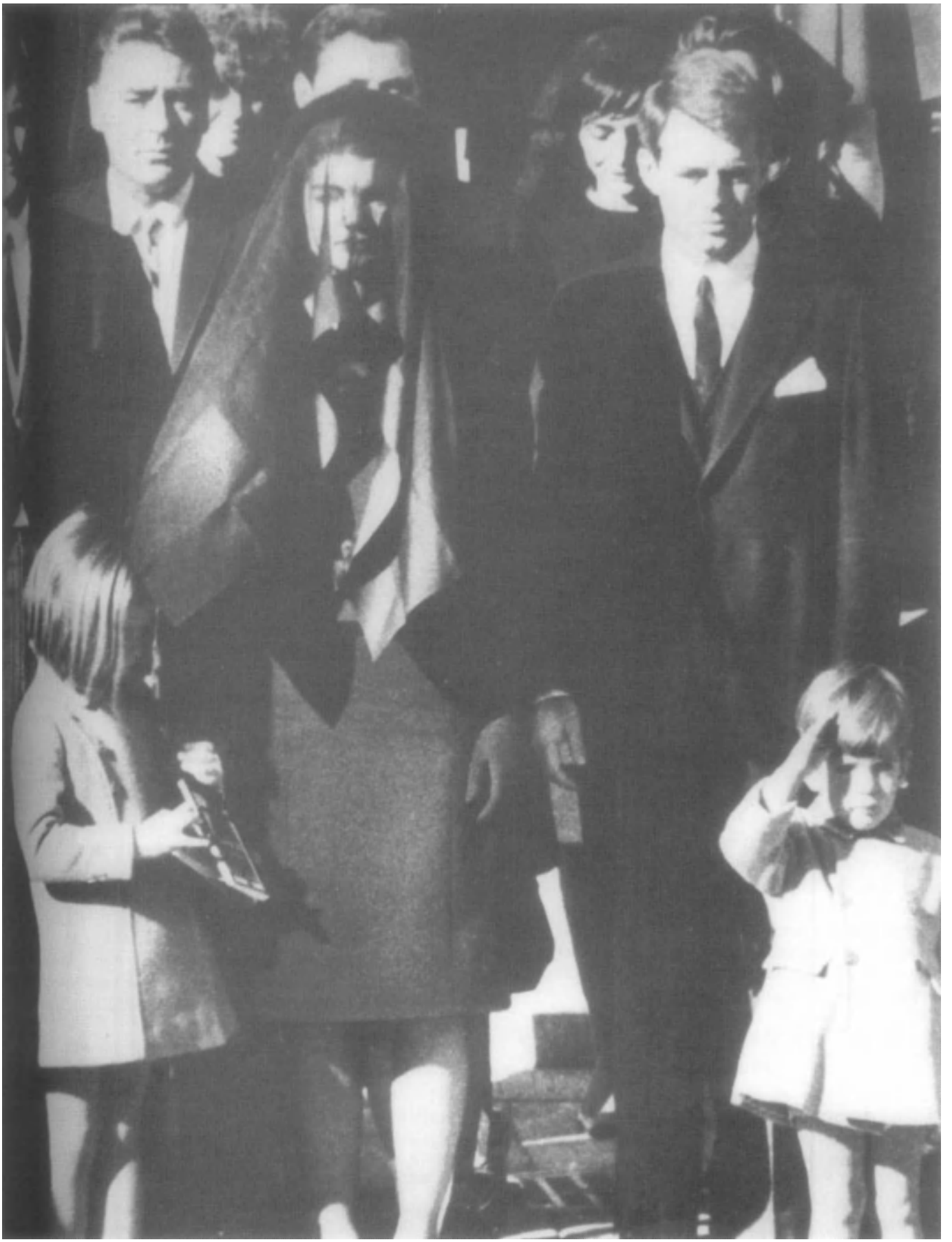
A short time later, the world watched funeral ceremonies in Washington, D.C., for the dead president as his cortege made its grim way to Arlington Cemetery. The Kennedy family stood solemnly reviewing the procession. Jacqueline Kennedy stood dressed in black, heavily veiled, and at her side was Robert Kennedy, the slain president's brother and heir apparent to the political dynasty of the Kennedy family. (He himself would the victim of an assassin's bullets five years later.) In front of them stood the president's children, daughter Caroline Kennedy, and his little son, John-John, his arm bent in a final salute to his martyred father. The procession was thronged with kings, queens, prime ministers, presidents, the dignitaries of ninety-two nations. It was a sorrowful and solemn procession, the image of which would linger long in the minds of those viewing it.

Oswald was buried in an obscure plot, while his killer, Ruby, was charged with murder. He was defended at his trial by celebrated defense attorney Melvin Belli, and prosecuted by Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade. Ruby was found guilty and sentenced to die in the electric chair, but he died of cancer in 1967, before his sentence could be carried out. His death was another nagging mystery in the myriad mysteries that surrounded the death of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. To this day, Ruby is considered by some to have been part of a plot to silence Oswald, who might have revealed the identities behind that so-called conspiracy to murder Kennedy.

For many years, exhaustive investigations were conducted under the supervision of the Select Committee of the House of Representatives, commonly called the Warren Commission, but its lengthy conclusions, released in 1979, offer only Oswald



November 23, 1963: President Kennedy's catafalque is guarded by U.S. servicemen in the East Room of the White House.



Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, actor Peter Lawford behind her and Robert Kennedy at her side, watches the final funeral procession toward Arlington Cemetery. Caroline Kennedy stands at left; to the right is John-John, raising a final farewell salute to his slain father.

as the assassin. At the same time, the Commission was vague in answering the question of whether Oswald acted alone or was a member of an organized conspiracy. The Warren Commission even allowed for the possibility of other gunmen, at least a second gunman, who may or may not have fired at Kennedy at the same time Oswald fired his three rounds.

Dozens of theories still abound, stemming from many private investigations into the assassination. One was conducted by Jim Garrison, District Attorney of New Orleans, who was convinced that a local businessman headed a conspiracy tied to organized crime that brought about Kennedy's death. (Oliver Stone's 1991 film, *JFK*, an utterly muddled and disorganized production, was based upon this inconclusive investigation and offered such fragmented and ambiguous theories that the issue became even more confused.) Another persistent theory was that members of organized crime were behind the killing and had used their "gopher" Ruby to eliminate Oswald, who was profiled as nothing more than a "patsy" (set-up). The Soviet Union's KGB was labeled as another architect of the assassination, one that trained the naive Oswald as a killer robot, sending him to murder Kennedy, who had humiliated Soviet leaders in the Cuban Missile Crisis.

Another theory, which embraced part of Garrison's notions, was that Texas politician Lyndon Baines Johnson, was behind the murder. A power-lusting Johnson arranged the assassination, according to swindler Billie Sol Estes, a fellow Texan, who claimed that Johnson was a secret partner to his bilking schemes that reaped millions before he was sent to prison. Estes claimed that a henchman of Johnson's, a man named Wallace, who served as Johnson's "hitman" and had disposed of many of Johnson's political and business enemies, was the actual shootist, a marksman who fired the lethal bullet into Kennedy's brain from ambush behind the fence atop the grassy knoll.

Estes did not stop there, but went on to insist that this same killer murdered Mary Pichot Meyers, a Washington socialite, in 1964, a one-time Kennedy mistress, who kept a diary that contained incriminating evidence on Johnson and who was slain in order to silence her and obtain her explosive diary. The conspiracies involved in the assassination of John F. Kennedy seem endless and even the most fantastic theories are wholeheartedly embraced by those who insist that one mere malcontent could not have murdered the most powerful man in the world.

"WHAT THEY MAY DO TO ME, TOO"/ June 5, 1968

Robert Francis Kennedy (1925-1968), born in Brookline, Massachusetts, on November 20, 1925, was the seventh child of Joseph and Rose Kennedy. He grew up in the shadows of his older brothers Joseph, Jr., and John Fitzgerald Kennedy, both claimed by premature deaths, Joe in combat during World War II, John at the hands of a presidential assassin. Robert Kennedy would be at John's side as U.S. Attorney General, proving to be a relentless foe of organized crime, as well as a nemesis to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover. The chief of the Bureau staunchly maintained throughout his long career that no such thing as organized crime or a national crime syndicate existed, despite all the facts Robert Kennedy put before him.

Presidential candidate Robert Kennedy campaigning in California, where he won the Democratic primary in a landslide. His open support for Israel prompted an Islamic fundamentalist to plan his assassination in 1968.

Kennedy was a controversial figure in American politics, uncompromising when it came to organized crime and championing all the liberal causes advanced by his more famous brother, President John F. Kennedy. Following his brother's 1963 assassination, Robert Kennedy took up residence in New York, where he was elected a U.S. senator (1964-1968). In 1968, Senator Robert Kennedy ran for the Democratic presidential candidacy, openly siding with Israel in its ongoing confrontations with the Arab world, a position that marked him for assassination.

The 1968 presidential campaign was conducted vigorously by Kennedy. He stumped the nation to glean votes, appearing in rolled-up shirtsleeves, indicating that he was ready to work for his programs and political promises. He was seen as a champion of civil rights and the fearless foe of trusts and racketeers. From early indications it appeared that he would sweep the country and be elected by a landslide. He won the all-important California primary on June 5, 1968, and, with his wife Ethel, stood victorious before the podium in the grand ballroom of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. Before him were cheering supporters, mostly young political workers.

Senator Kennedy and his wife Ethel stand at the podium in the Ambassador Hotel ballroom to thank supporters for the primary win in California on June 5, 1968. A few minutes later, Kennedy was fatally shot by an assassin.

"What I think is quite clear," the tired but jubilant Kennedy told his supporters, "is that we can work together. We are a great country, a selfless and compassionate country ... so my thanks to all of you and on to Chicago and let's win there." He would not go to Chicago. A few minutes later, like his older brother, President John F. Kennedy four years earlier and Martin Luther King two months earlier, he would be shot down by an assassin. When King was killed in April 1968, Robert Kennedy was told by a friend: "This must bring back terrible moments for you."

Kennedy thought for a moment and then replied: "Well, yes it does, and it makes me think of what they may do to me, too."

After his brief speech to his supporters, Kennedy left the stage at the Ambassador Hotel's ballroom. He made his way behind the stage, surrounded by bodyguards, going through a pantry area of the hotel's kitchen. He stopped for a moment to shake the hand of a kitchen worker, Jesus Perez, who had just washed his hands and was drying them. As Kennedy clasped Perez's hand, a small, dark-skinned youth holding a rolled-up Kennedy campaign poster approached the candidate. The poster concealed a .22-caliber revolver. (This was the same method used by Leon Czolgosz when he killed President William McKinley in 1901, Czolgosz using a handkerchief to conceal his murder weapon.)

The small man approached Kennedy with a blank, unsmiling face. He was 24-year-old Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, a Jordanian immigrant, who had lived in Palestine and hated the Israelis and all who supported them, especially Senator Robert Francis Kennedy. When only ten inches from the candidate, Sirhan threw away the poster and aimed the revolver at Kennedy, rapidly firing eight shots at almost point blank range. One of the bullets struck Kennedy in the head and he fell to the floor. Immediately, Kennedy's two black bodyguards, Roosevelt Grier, a one-time professional football player, and Rafer Johnson, an Olympic champion, along with other guards, leaped upon the assassin.

Sirhan was not easily subdued. He fought wildly, flailing his arms at his attackers and breaking a finger and spraining his ankle in the process. He was finally hustled out a back door and into police custody. The speedy method by which Sirhan was placed under arrest undoubtedly saved his life. There was such intense hatred for him that he was on the verge of being lynched by Kennedy's supporters.

Ethel Kennedy wedged her way through a crowd surrounding her fallen husband. His shirt had been torn open so that he could better breathe. His eyes were open, but he seemed not to recognize anyone and did not respond to questions. Someone placed a rosary in his hand as his wife shouted for the thick crowd to move back. An ambulance was called, but observers realized that Kennedy's wound was most likely fatal.

Next to the fallen Kennedy stood Andrew West, a reporter for the Mutual Radio network. He nervously reported the event: "Senator Kennedy has been shot! Is that possible, ladies and gentlemen? It *is* possible! I am right here. Oh, my God ... The Senator is on the ground! ... He is bleeding profusely ... The ambulance has been called for and this is a terrible thing! The shock is so great that my mouth is dry ... I do not know if the senator is dead or alive."

Arriving ambulance attendants placed Kennedy on a stretcher, taking him to a waiting ambulance that roared away to the Central Receiving Hospital. Here a team of surgeons fought to save Kennedy's life. It was first reported that Kennedy might recover, but it was speculated that he might be paralyzed or be reduced to a mindless hulk. Then a report stated that his head wound was critical. The next day, Robert Kennedy's death was announced.

His assassin, Sirhan, was indifferent to the murder he had committed, joking with guards at LAPD headquarters. He poked fun at John Howard, deputy district attorney, telling him that he was lazy and that he should exercise. W. C. Johnson, a police sergeant, handed Sirhan a cup of coffee, but he refused to take it, looking at the cup suspiciously. Then he asked Johnson to sample it. Johnson drank from the cup, then said: "If anything happens, we'll both go together."

Sirhan took the cup of coffee and grinned, saying: "I'll hold you to that." While talking with Johnson, Sirhan became fascinated with a current serial killer, the Boston Strangler, discussing the case with Johnson. The officer told Sirhan how the serial killer had choked to death one woman with

Only moments after having been fatally shot, Robert Kennedy lies dying. A rosary had been placed in his limp hand. Like his brother, President John F. Kennedy, he moved about openly and was an easy target.

Assassin Sirhan Bishara Sirhan is held by Kennedy supporters only moments following his assassination of Robert Kennedy. He had planned to kill Kennedy a month before tracking him down in Los Angeles.

her own pantyhose and had then mocked her corpse by tying the pantyhose in a bow around her neck. "That's really cruel," Sirhan said. "I wonder often what would cause a man to do such a thing." The same question was being asked about Sirhan Bishara Sirhan. (In his rigid perspective, Sirhan undoubtedly divorced the assassination from that of a criminal act. He saw himself as an heroic man to be respected for killing Kennedy, having rendered Islam a great service.)

In a search of Sirhan's Pasadena home, investigators found a notebook in which the assassin had written: "Kennedy must be assassinated before June 5th." The killer was asked why he had written these words, but he refused to respond. Officials concluded that Sirhan intended to kill Kennedy before he won the California primary. The note was apparently written in May 1968, after Kennedy had made a strong speech in support of Israel and his intent to supply that country with arms with which to defend itself from the Arab nations that sought its destruction. Sirhan undoubtedly concluded at that time that Kennedy was an avowed enemy of his own people and resolved to take revenge upon the senator for the loyalty he had shown to his mortal enemies, the Israelis.

While Sirhan remained in custody, there was deep concern for a number of other people he had wounded in his wild assault on Kennedy. Paul Shrade, a director of the United Auto Workers union, had been hit in the head. William Weisel, an executive for the ABC network, had been struck in the stomach. Ira Goldstein of the Continental News Service, had been shot in the hip, and campaign worker Elizabeth Evans received a head wound. These persons survived, but their injuries were testament to the fury and reckless abandon of the assassin in killing his victim. Moreover, the bullets Sirhan had fired had reportedly been treated as dum-dum cartridges to make sure that they would cause the greatest damage.

Sirhan was tried in 1969 in a fifteen-week trial. He was defended by Grant Burr Cooper, one of the country's most prominent criminal defense attorneys, who recognized the assassin's guilt, but passionately pleaded for his life. Sirhan did not help his case by showing contempt for the court and the jury, blatantly confessing his guilt and acting as if he were a martyr to the Arab cause. He was convicted and, on April 24, 1969, he was sentenced to death. The assassin, however, cheated the executioner when the U.S. Supreme Court abolished capital punishment (later reinstated at the discretion of individual states.) From that time, Sirhan residing at San Quentin, doggedly applied for parole. Because Sirhan's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, he became, under California law, eligible for parole after thirteen years. Sirhan was nevertheless routinely denied any parole.

ECCENTRIC AMERICAN ASSASSINS

The assassination attempts against two American presidents, Gerald R. Ford and Ronald Reagan, were committed by deluded if not demented would-be killers, two young women and a disturbed young man obsessed with a fledgling movie actress. Their motives in blindly attempting to kill these presidents remain inexplicable and enigmatic to this day. They were all, however, the products of overindulgence in an era that encouraged the most outlandish behavior and, in their warped perceptions, mindlessly interpreted individual expression as an acceptable right to commit political murder.

TWO WOMEN OF THE WEST/September 5, 1975; September 22, 1975

Gerald Rudolph Ford, Jr. (Leslie Lynch King, Jr., 1913-) was born in Omaha, Nebraska on July 14, 1913. His divorced mother moved with him to Grand Rapids, Michigan, and there remarried Gerald Ford, Sr., who adopted the child and gave him his name. Educated at the University of Michigan, Ford became a football star. Following service in World War II, Ford ran as a Republican for the U.S. House of Representatives and, in 1948, was elected a congressman from Michigan. Characterized as a conservative, he was an energetic supporter of Richard M. Nixon.

Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme, a follower of mass murderer Charles Manson, is shown under arrest in Sacramento, California after she attempted to kill President Gerald Ford on September 5, 1975.

Upon the resignation of Vice President Spiro T. Agnew, Ford was named the fortieth U.S. vice president by President Nixon to fill Agnew's vacated position on October 12, 1973. Ford became the first vice president to take office in the middle of an administration. Upon Richard Nixon's resignation from the presidency over the Watergate scandal, Ford became the thirty-eighth U.S. president. His rather lackluster administration was marked by two assassination attempts on his life.

The first of these attempts occurred on September 5, 1975, when Lynette Alice "Squeaky" Fromme, a follower of mass-killer Charles Manson, tried to shoot Ford at a political rally in Sacramento, California. Standing close to Ford, she aimed her .45-caliber automatic at the president, but it misfired. Secret Service agents and others pounced upon the diminutive woman, wrestling her quickly to the ground and then hustling her away. The president was stunned by the attempt on his life, never learning (nor did anyone else) why Fromme sought to kill him. She was later convicted and sent to prison for life.

A second attempt on Ford's life was equally puzzling. On September 22, 1975, Sara Jane Moore, a political malcontent and a woman with a history of mental problems, fired several aimless shots at Ford while he was outside a San Francisco hotel. Fast-acting Secret Service agents shoved Ford out of the line of fire, while quickly subduing the would-be assassin. She, like Fromme, gave incoherent reasons for the attempt on Ford's life. And, like Fromme, she was convicted and sent to prison for life.

Gerald Ford, it was believed, was the symbolic target of these two women, who vaguely believed he represented the policies and political behavior of the disgraced Nixon. By attempting to kill Ford, it was surmised, these women mistakenly thought to strike a blow at Nixon's corrupt administration. In their muddled thinking, they wrongly applied a "guilt by association" label to an otherwise innocuous, interim president, whose actions were, perhaps, the least controversial in recent American political history.

Gerald Ford is welcomed by his family on his return to the White House on the night after Fromm's attempt on his life in Sacramento. Shown (left to right) Jack, Betty, President Ford and Steve Ford.

"I AM DOING ALL OF THIS FOR YOUR SAKE"/March 30, 1981

The attempt on President Reagan's life on March 30, 1981, was the eighth such attack made against an incumbent president in U.S. history. In many ways, it was the most bizarre. Ronald Wilson Reagan (1911-), had only been in the presidential office for two months when the drama unfolded. He had just ended a speech before an assembly of building trade unionists at the Washington Hilton Hotel and was preparing to enter his limousine, when six shots sent his entourage and nearby onlookers scurrying for cover. The errant shots were fired from a .22-caliber revolver loaded with a deadly type of explosive bullet known as the Devastator. They struck President Reagan, Secret Service agent Timothy J. McCarthy, White House press secretary James S. Brady and Washington policeman James Delahanty.

Reagan, not immediately aware that a bullet had pierced his left side and entered his lung, was thrown to the ground and then into his limousine by bodyguards, then rushed to the George Washington University Hospital. Reagan was taken to surgery, where the unexploded bullet was removed. The bullet had bounced off a rib and caused the president's left lung to collapse. Nearly a gallon of blood was removed from his chest cavity during surgery. He nevertheless fully recovered from the wound. James Brady, who had been hit in the head, underwent more than six hours of surgery. He survived the ordeal, but remained partly paralyzed. The injuries to Delahanty and McCarthy were less serious.

President Ronald Reagan is shown on board a plane en route to Washington, D.C., accompanied by his wife Nancy. Reagan was selected for assassination by a mentally disturbed young man, who thought that by killing the president he would win the love of actress Jodie Foster.

A suspect was arrested on the scene and taken into custody. He was 25-year-old John Warnock Hinckley, Jr., a drifter who had recently criss-crossed the U.S. He was immediately identified at the shooting and wrestled to the ground by the president's guards. An official interrogating Hinckley told the press: "Initially, we thought he was another [Arthur] Bremer [who shot and wounded Alabama Governor George C. Wallace in 1972], but it didn't work out that way. There doesn't seem to be any information that he was stalking anybody." The gunman was the son of John Hinckley, Sr., a wealthy Denver oil engineer, who headed the Vanderbilt Energy Corporation.

The youngest of three children born to Joanne and John Hinckley, Sr., Hinckley was raised in Dallas, Texas. He completed his high school and enrolled in Texas Tech University in Lubbock, but business matters compelled his father to move the family to Denver, Colorado. In the decade leading up to the attempt on President Reagan's life, the younger Hinckley seemed to undergo a personality transformation. Some later claimed that he was tortured by an intense fear of failure and was envious of his older brother and sister, who had developed successful careers.

Hinckley's father was a staunch Republican and regular churchgoer, who quoted scripture in his company's annual report. "Something happened to that boy in the last six to eight year's time to break him from the family tradition and the family lifestyle," commented Clarence Netherland, a business associate of the elder Hinckley. "Out of the idealized, classic mid-American, all-American family, John apparently was the different one."

Hinckley retreated into a world of fantasy and self-delusion, fueled by one gnawing obsession: his insatiable desire to romance fledgling screen actress Jodie Foster, who had portrayed an underaged prostitute in Martin Scorsese's ultra-violent and excessively profane movie, *Taxi Driver*. This film depicts a drifter living out the miserably lonely lifestyle Hinckley himself had embraced and one that profoundly affected Hinckley's jaded outlook.

Psychiatrists studying Hinckley suggested that the would-be assassin sought to emulate the role of the urban vigilante, Travis Bickle, played with chilling aloofness by Robert DeNiro. A mailman from Lubbock, Texas, recalled a conversation he had had with Hinckley in early 1980, one in which Hinckley said: "If there was more people like the character Robert DeNiro played in the movie, there wouldn't be any problem controlling crime."

It was about this time that Hinckley began sending cards and letters to 18-year-old Jodie Foster, describing in graphic detail his growing affection for her. The actress, who was then reportedly receiving thousands of fan letters each month, disregarded Hinckley's gushing missives until Hinckley moved into an apartment near the Yale University campus, where Foster was attending classes.

Letters from Hinckley were sent to Foster's residence in New Haven, Connecticut. Alarmed at the contents of the letters, Foster turned the letters over to university officials, who kept them on file, revealing these letters after hearing of Hinckley's attack on President Reagan. The letters were then turned over to the FBI by campus police. One letter—written but never mailed to Foster only a few days before his attack on Reagan—stated:

> Jody [sic]
> I would abandon this idea of getting Reagan in a second if I could only win your heart and live out the rest of my life with you, whether it be in total obscurity or whatever. I will admit to you that the reason I am going ahead with this attempt now is because I cannot wait any longer to impress you. I've got to do something now to make you know in no uncertain terms that I am doing all of this for your sake. By sacrificing my freedom and possibly my life, I hope to change your mind about me.
>
> This letter is being written an hour before I leave for the Hilton Hotel. Jody, I'm asking you to please look into your heart and at least give me the chance with this historical deed to gain your respect and love.
>
> I love you forever.
>
> John Hinckley

When Hinckley's background was checked, it was learned that he had been arrested in Nashville, Tennessee, in October 1980, on a weapons possession charge at the same time that President Jimmy Carter visited the city, but authorities believed that Hinckley was not stalking Carter at that time. In January 1981, Hinckley purchased a .38-caliber handgun in Dallas, Texas, and was observed practicing with this weapon at a local rifle range. In February of that year, Hinckley returned to Denver to look for work, but was unable to obtain a job. He spent most of his time hanging around taverns and pool halls.

On March 23, 1981, Hinckley checked out of his $74-a-week hotel room in Denver and began a meandering trek across the U.S., ending in Washington, D.C. Officials pondered why he inexplicably flew to Los Angeles on March 25, 1981, only to board a bus bound for the East Coast the next day. He arrived in Washington on March 28, spending his final hours in the city writing his last letter to Jodie Foster in Room 312 of the Park Central Hotel, which was located just two blocks from the White House.

On August 10, 1981, Hinckley was formally indicted for his attempted assassination of President Reagan, and the wounding of Secretary Brady and two law enforcement officials. Government prosecutors had earlier rejected a plea-bargain whereby Hinckley would plead guilty to a lesser charge in return for a recommendation that he be sentenced under the special provisions of the federal juvenile law that protected offenders up to the age of twenty-six. The eight-week trial began in the courtroom of Federal District Judge Barrington D. Parker in April 1982. The degree to which a mentally deficient person was responsible for his or her own actions loomed large over the proceedings, an issue that had consumed the prolonged M'Naghten trial in England more than a century earlier.

Attorneys on both sides produced expert witnesses to support their contentions. The prosecution argued that Hinckley was perfectly sane at the time of his attack. According to prison psychiatrist Dr. Sally Johnson, the defendant "functioned too well" to be a certifiable schizophrenic. He merely wanted "to make his mark on the world," and that a presidential assassination was the perfect vehicle for the limelight-seeking Hinckley. The defense countered with Dr. William Carpenter, Jr., director of research at the Maryland Psychiatric Research Institute, who argued that Hinckley's mental illness made him virtually incapable of understanding that his attempt to kill the president was morally reprehensible.

On June 21, 1982, a jury of five men and seven women returned a verdict of not guilty by reason of insanity, a decision universally assailed by almost all members of Congress, the media and the majority of the American public as a travesty of justice. Ranking members on Capitol Hill called for major revisions to the insanity laws. Called before a Senate subcommittee, the jurors explained that they had strictly been following Judge Parker's instructions to the letter, when he said that if Hinckley "either lacked substantial capacity to conform his conduct to the requirements of the law, or lacked substantial capacity to appreciate the wrongfulness of his conduct," he should be found not guilty. Consequently, Judge Parker ordered that Hinckley be confined to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in the District of Columbia. Hinckley on several occasions reportedly attempted to kill himself, but was successfully thwarted on every occasion. He was allowed visits with his parents outside the walls, but his privileges were curtailed when he resumed writing letters to actress Jodie Foster.

Secret Service agents and police officers pin would-be assassin John Warnock Hinckley, Jr. to the pavement, after his attempted assassination of President Reagan on March 30, 1981.

MURDERS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

The turbulent Middle East was (and is to the time of this writing) the most dangerous and politically disturbed area of the world in the second half of the 20th Century. This area had centered its most violent confrontations on Israel since that country's struggling birth in 1948. In that year, the U.S. was the first country to recognize Israel as a sovereign state and that recognition brought about the wrath of almost all Islamic countries that quickly aligned against the fledgling nation. To these Arab nations, Israel, carved from Palestine, was a interloping entity created by Western powers as a home (and safe haven) for millions of Jews displaced by Hitler's holocaust.

The new nation, in turn, displaced millions of Palestinians, acquiring and maintaining lands believed by Islamic leaders to be inherently Arab. Right-wing dictators, religious gurus and royal-born Arab leaders worked in military concert to destroy Israel. As a result, Israel was involved in constant confrontations with many of its neighboring Arab states, terrorism attacks, assassinations and open warfare becoming a grim routine over many decades.

Though the U.S. energetically attempted to defuse this political time bomb, it made little or no headway, until a visionary Arab leader decided that his country, Egypt, had waged too many futile wars and lost too many lives in its attempt to destroy the nation of Israel. He decided to make a lasting peace that would cement friendly relationships with his former foes and thus bring economic and social order to his country. In clasping the hand of Israel in friendship, however, Anwar Sadat, president of Egypt, like Robert Kennedy and many others before him, knowingly marked himself for assassination.

Sadat's assassins, as was expected, were Islamic fanatics, no less dedicated to their bloody cause as would be Osama bin Laden and his followers, who engineered the U.S. terrorist attacks in New York and Washington, D.C. twenty years later. (See Terrorism.) Fourteen years after Sadat was killed, Yitzhak Rabin, who sought to maintain peace with Islamic foes with the same dedication embodied by Sadat, was killed by right-wing fanatics of his own country, fanatics desperate to deny Palestinians the same independence that Israel had so long fought to preserve for itself.

"KILL THE TRAITOR!"/October 6, 1981

The murder of Egypt's president, Anwar Sadat (Anwar as-Sadat, 1918-1981) on October 6, 1981, was almost as spectacular as the massive military parade Sadat was reviewing at that moment. In fact, many of those in the reviewing stand, Sadat included, thought that the soldiers rushing toward them with automatic weapons raised in their direction were actually part of the ceremonies. Only a few moments before he was fatally shot, Sadat raised his arm and snapped a salute at the man about to kill him by firing four bullets into his body.

The assassination of Sadat was not an impulsive act, but one that had been in the making for some time. Many plots involved in killing Sadat had been fermenting for years, with some nearing completion two years before the actual assassination. Sadat well knew that he had been marked for death by Islamic extremists, but this was an accepted threat for any Arab leader who courted friendship with Israel and, to a lesser degree, the West. While resolving to bring Egypt into the 20th Century, Sadat was also determined to break with the archaic system by which his impoverished country replaced its leaders in one coup after another, replacing one tyrant after another.

Sadat came from a middleclass background and early on entered the military, becoming a cadet in the Egyptian army in 1937. He befriended Gamal Abdel Nasser, another cadet. Both believed that Egypt suffered from two corruptive forces, their own venal leaders and the oppressive rule of the British, which occupied the country in 1881 and made it a British protectorate in 1914 in order to control the Suez Canal. When entering the Egyptian officer corps, Sadat created an organization bent on establishing an Egypt free of foreign colonization. In 1942, while Egypt was ruled by a titular monarchy, Sadat was arrested and imprisoned for seditious activities, although he had never planned the violent overthrow of the government.

Released in 1948, Sadat was reinstated in the Egyptian army and became the right hand aide of his old friend Nasser. Both planned a bloodless coup to overthrow the corrupt government of King Farouk, who had looted the country to support his lavish lifestyle. On July 23, 1952, Nasser sent Sadat to Alexandria, where Sadat compelled Farouk to abdicate and leave the country. With the army under Nasser's control, Farouk complied and went into luxurious exile on the French Riviera. Nasser established a republic in 1953 and nationalized the Suez Canal in 1956. Despite all of his boyhood promises, Nasser remained the dictator of Egypt for eighteen years, elected repeatedly to the post of president through a one-party system. His regime was as harsh and totalitarian as Farouk's. Sadat silently served him as his chief aide.

When Nasser died of a heart attack in 1970, Sadat became president of Egypt. Thanks to Nasser's half-baked socialist regime, Egypt was a country teetering on financial ruin by the time Sadat took power. The country was then barely retaining diplomatic relations with the West and, also thanks to Nasser's scheming, had deeply involved itself with the Soviet Union, which hoped to gain a foothold in North Africa. By 1972, however, Sadat broke with the Soviets, expelling more than 15,000 Russian engineers and workers. He then cemented diplomatic relations with the U.S. Egypt's prestige, however, was still held in low esteem, especially after Israeli forces humiliated the Egyptian army in the 1967 war, where it gained control of most of the Sinai peninsula.

In October 1973, Sadat sent Egyptian forces in a swift tank attack which captured the Suez Canal and tore through the Israeli-occupied Sinai. This later became known as the Yom Kippur War, one ending with Egypt at a slight military disadvantage, but one that boosted its image and that of Sadat. At home, Sadat instituted many reforms, closing detention centers and prohibiting arbitrary arrests. He was re-elected to a six-year term as president by the Egyptian parliament in 1976.

Egyptian President Anwar Sadat (right, in suit and dark glasses) attends the 1975 funeral services for Saudi Arabia's King Faisal, who had been killed by a family member. Sadat's own assassination would come six years later.

Though Sadat had for years paid lip service to Arab nationalists and Islamic radicals, he aggressively sought the friendship of Western countries, particularly the U.S. and, in November 1977, took the surprising step of approaching Israel with the offer of a long-lasting peace between the two countries. This move shocked and angered the radical Arab leaders and Islamic fundamentalists, but Sadat nevertheless proceeded to cement relations with Israel, signing a peace treaty with Israel in 1979, a farsighted act that won for Sadat and his Israeli counterpart, Prime Minister Menachem Begin, the Nobel Peace Prize.

Though Sadat appeared to many Arab leaders as a compromiser, the Egyptian president worked hard to advance the Palestinian cause, meeting with President Ronald Reagan in August 1981 and urging the U.S. to enter negotiations with the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO). When returning from this trip, Sadat was met with rising opposition, so violent that he ordered the arrest and imprisonment of more than 1,500 political dissidents. Among those imprisoned was the brother of an Islamic fanatic, Khaled Ahmed Shawki el Islambouli, a lieutenant in the Egyptian army and leader of an extremist sect called Takfir Wal-Hajira ("Repentance of the Holy Flight"). The founder of this sect, Sayyed Kotob, had been hanged for plotting the assassination of Nasser in 1966.

The sect was an offshoot of the ancient Muslim Brotherhood, which was dedicated to the killing of any Muslim leader branded as a heretic and traitor to Islamic fundamentalism. The Brotherhood traced its origins back to the 11th Century, claiming to have historic links to the dreaded Order of the Assassins. Islambouli believed himself, like Osama bin Laden, to be a religious descendant from that ancient organization. He diligently began to plan Sadat's assassination, selecting as his target date October 6, 1981, the day when Sadat would be reviewing troops in Cairo in celebration of the anniversary of the Yom Kippur War.

On that day, Islambouli loaded himself and several other heavily armed men into a truck that would accompany the troops on review. Sadat, wearing his full bemedaled uniform, sat in the first row of the reviewing stand, accompanied by his 52-year-old vice president, Hosni Mubarak. At a little after 1 p.m., a flight of Egyptian war planes flew over the reviewing stand. Sadat and his retinue stood up, looking skyward. With their attention averted, Islambouli ordered his men out of the truck and they raced across the reviewing field, firing from automatic weapons into the reviewing stand. As Islambouli ran forward, he shouted to his men: "Kill the traitor! Kill the traitor! Attack!" He threw a grenade that landed far short of the reviewing stand and exploded without causing any injuries. Another assassin tossed a second grenade, but this failed to explode.

Islambouli and the others then charged the reviewing stand, firing their weapons into the startled crowd. In a split second, Sadat took his eyes off the overflying planes, glancing at his

Right-wing Muslims are shown attacking the reviewing stand on which President Sadat was mortally shot on October 6, 1981. He was assassinated by Islamic fundamentalists for making peace with Israel.

Among the dead and wounded at the reviewing stand in Cairo, President Sadat lies on a stretcher (above right), waiting to be air-lifted by helicopter to a hospital. He would die two hours later.

attackers. He was obviously confused by their actions. Sadat, in a final military gesture, inexplicably brought his hand to the bill of his cap and saluted Islambouli and his men. Perhaps he thought this might cause the attackers to pause and instinctively revert to military discipline and cease the attack.

His killers, however, were dedicated assassins, not devoted soldiers. They riddled the crowd with their gunfire. Sadat was struck by four bullets, two entering the left side of his chest, one striking near the collarbone that lodged in his neck. He swayed for some seconds before collapsing into his chair. Troops of the palace guard had attempted to stop the killers, but they had been shot down before the reviewing stand.

Minutes later, waves of loyal troops swarmed over the assassins, beating them to the ground. Eleven persons in the reviewing stand were dead and four palace soldiers were also killed. Thirty others were injured. Sadat, however, was still alive. A helicopter landed on the crowded reviewing grounds and removed him to a hospital, where surgeons worked for two hours to save his life. His wounds were fatal, however. Egypt had lost a great leader. Mubarak, a competent and loyal Sadat stalwart, immediately took over the reins of the government.

More than 800 dissidents were arrested as having been part of Islambouli's assassination plot. This number quickly dwindled to twenty-four, who were officially indicted for premeditated murder and conspiracy. All of the defendants, held in a large courtroom cage, were tried en masse in Cairo on November 21, 1981. They clung to the bars and shouted Islamic slogans, obscenities and threats at their accusers and prosecutors. Five of the accused openly admitted that they had killed Sadat to end "permissive Western influence" in Egypt. The arrogant Islambouli freely admitted to masterminding the assassination.

Five of the defendants, including Islambouli, were condemned to death, while seventeen others were given sentences ranging from life at hard labor to lesser prison terms. Of the five condemned killers, Islambouli and his right-hand henchman, Hussein Abbas Muhammad, since both had been members of the Egyptian army, were afforded military executions. They were shot to death by firing squad on April 15, 1982. Three others were hanged.

Leader of Sadat's assassins, Khaled Islambouli, who is shown shouting obscenities at court officials in a cage, where he and other defendants were held during their trial. Islambouli was executed by firing squad on April 15, 1982.

In the heart of Islam, for days following Sadat's murder, there was jubilation. In Beirut, Teheran, Bagdad and other Middle Eastern cities, Islamic fanatics fired automatic weapons in the air, performed bizarre death dances and gave fetes to honor the murderers. Sadat was considered by these violent terrorists to be an arch foe of Islamic fundamentalism, the very reason why Sadat had been hailed in the West as one of the most enlightened leaders of the Arab world. In the world view, Sadat was a paradoxical and unpredictable man, who not only led his own people with resolution and firmness, but one who put aside his own vanity and national pride for a greater good. Sadat had made the first positive move toward peace in a region of the earth where peace had not been known in decades. It had cost him his life.

A SLAYING IN ISRAEL/November 4, 1995

A soldier-politician and one of the youthful founders of Israel, Yitzhak Rabin (1922-1995) proved to be a masterful battlefield commander in the 1948 war for Israel's independence. He rose to the position of chief of staff by the time of the Six Day War in 1967, a lightning conflict that saw East Jerusalem, Gaza, the Golan Heights and the West Bank come under Israeli control. Rabin replaced Golda Meir in 1974 as Israel's prime minister, the first native-born Israeli to hold that office. In that capacity, Rabin gave his approval for the daring raid on Entebbe, Uganda, in 1976, to free Jewish hostages taken in a terrorist airplane hijacking.

Resigning in 1977 over a scandal involving finances, Rabin then served as ambassador to the U.S., further cementing U.S.-Israeli ties. He was again elected to the post of prime minister following a campaign that did not suggest the prolonged and eventual peace negotiations with Palestinian

leader Yasir Arafat. Because of his role in the 1993 peace accords between Israel and Palestine in Oslo, Norway, Rabin, along with his political rival Shimon Peres and PLO chairman Arafat, received the Nobel Peace Prize.

Before that time, Rabin was slow to move in the direction of peace. When Palestine declared its dedicated uprising, the Intifada, in 1987, Rabin initially cracked down on the protesters, but he came to realize that the persistent and bloody demonstrations on the part of the Palestinians constituted "a full-blown popular uprising that ... could not be quelled by force," according to one of his biographers. The sustained month-after-month violence convinced Rabin that the Palestinian entity had to be recognized as an independent state and toward that end he resolved to establish peace between Israel and the Palestinians.

Rabin recognized that the Palestinians were operating in the same pattern as had his own people in the Zionist movement that led to the establishment of Israel. Right-wing Zionists, however, resisted any peace settlement with the Palestinians. Among those considerable ranks was a young ultranationalist, Yigal Amir, who, with his brother Hagai Amir and a friend, Dror Adani, conspired to assassinate the popular prime minister. The conspirators considered several ways by which to kill Rabin. They thought they might rig the prime minister's car with explosives and blow him up. They considered poisoning him in a restaurant or even in his home. The conspirators finally opted for the most direct method: Someone would simply shoot down Rabin when he appeared at a public function.

Prime minister of Israel, Yitzhak Rabin, who sought peace with the Palestinians and was assassinated on November 4, 1995, at a peace rally in Tel Aviv, by a right-wing Israeli nationalist.

This murder plan was accomplished with more ease than expected, particularly since Rabin was a friendly, outgoing person who readily greeted his fellow Israelis wherever he went. Knowing this, Yigal Amir waited in the crowds of a peace rally in Tel Aviv on November 4, 1995. He worked his way slowly through the throng and when he got close enough to the prime minister, he shot and killed Rabin. The young, gum-chewing assassin, a wide and disarming smile affixed to his face, was taken into custody. He was quickly tried and convicted, then sentenced to life in prison. Hagai Amir received a twelve-year prison sentence and Adani was given a two-year sentence.

One of Yigal Amir's friends, Margalit Har-Shefi, was later indicted for failing to inform authorities of the plot. She admitted that Amir had boasted to her of his plans to kill Rabin, saying that by murdering the prime minister he would be able to stop the peace process and prevent handing over any Israeli territory to the Palestinians. Convicted, Har-Shefi was sent to prison for two years. Avishai Raviv was arrested in November 1998. He was an informer (using the code name "Champagne") for the Shin Bet intelligence service and founder of the radical right-wing group Eyal. He was later imprisoned for concealing evidence in the Rabin assassination. Eyal had conducted some of the most virulent demonstrations against Rabin during his dedicated move toward peace.

Smiling conspirators: Yigal Amir (bottom), who shot and killed Prime Minister Rabin and went to prison for life. His friend, Dror Adani, right, and brother Hagai Amir, top left, received lesser sentences for their roles in Rabin's assassination.

The West considered Yitzhak Rabin, like Anwar Sadat before him, a heroic martyr to the cause of peace in the Middle East. The sacrificial deaths of these two enlightened leaders, however, did not produce any lasting peace. Arafat, who shared the Nobel Peace Prize with Rabin, was later branded by President George Bush as a traitor to the peace Rabin gave his life to preserve. It was then believed that Arafat and the PLO had worked in secret concert with Osama bin Laden in the terrorist attacks against the U.S. in 2001.

OTHER ASSASSINATIONS AND ATTEMPTS, 1900-2002

July 29, 1900: Humbert I (Umberto I, 1878-1900), king of Italy, was fatally shot at Monza during a celebration by Gaetano Bresci, an anarchist who had traveled from Paterson, New Jersey, to carry out the murder. Bresci was later executed. Humbert was succeeded by his son, Victor Emmanuel III, who, in 1922, welcomed and supported the fascist dictatorship of Benito Mussolini.

April 15, 1902: Dimitri S. Sipiagin, Russian minister of the interior, was murdered at St. Petersburg, by student S. V. Balmashov.

New York Mayor William J. Gaynor, center, is shown bleeding from an assassin's bullet on August 6, 1910 on board a ship destined for Europe. Gaynor survived and his would-be killer, a disgruntled city employee, was sent to an institution.

July 28, 1904: Vyacheslav K. Plehve (Wenzel von Plehwe, 1846-1904), Russian minister of the interior, whose administration was marked by repressive measures, was killed at St. Petersburg, by a bomb.

December 30, 1905: Frank Steuenberg, former governor of Idaho, was killed in a dynamite blast of his Caldwell, Idaho, home, set off by IWW terrorist Harry Orchard (Albert E. Horsley). Orchard, sent to prison for life, was trapped into confessing dozens of such murders on behalf of William "Big Bill" Hayward, union boss of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), by undercover Pinkerton agent James McParland. Hayward was later tried for murder, but was acquitted on July 29, 1907, through the brilliant efforts of defense attorney Clarence Darrow.

July 1, 1909: Sir William Hutt Curzon Wylie, former British administrator in India, was shot dead by Madar Lai Dhingra because he opposed British rule in India. Dhingra was hanged.

October 24, 1909: Hirobumi Ito (1841-1909), prince and prime minister of Japan, was killed in Harbin, China, by a Korean nationalist.

August 6, 1910: William J. Gaynor, mayor of New York City, was wounded, when shot in the face by John J. Gallagher, a city employee angered at being fired from his job.

September 1, 1911: Peter A. Stolypin (1862-1911), prime minister of Russia, was fatally shot at the Kiev Opera House, in full view of Czar Nicholas II and his two daughters, by Mordka Bogrov, a spy for the Okhrana (the czar's secret police), who was also a Bolshevik assassin. Stolypin died five days later. Bogrov was later hanged. Stolypin's assassination was depicted in the 1971 film, *Nicholas and Alexandra*.

January 26, 1912: Liang-pi, leader of the Manchu court, disagreed with other Chinese leaders who wanted to depose China's last emperor, Henry P'u-Yi, and was slain at Tientsin by P'eng Chia-chen.

October 14, 1912: Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919), president of the U.S., while campaigning for his third term with his Bull Moose Party, was shot and wounded at the auditorium in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, by 36-year-old bartender John P. Schrank. Tough Teddy, though shot in the chest (he would fully recover), remained standing and told a shocked audience: "It takes more than that to kill a Bull Moose!" Schrank, who claimed the ghost of President William McKinley (assassinated in 1901, see entry, pages 55-59) urged him to murder Roosevelt to prevent him from having a third term as president, was judged insane and institutionalized, dying in 1943.

Theodore Roosevelt, who survived an assassination attempt on October 14, 1912; the bullet was slowed when hitting TR's eyeglasses case.

March 18, 1913: George I (1845-1913), king of Greece, was murdered at Salonika.

July 31, 1914: Jean-Joseph-Marie-August Jaures (1859-1914), French socialist leader and pacifist, was slain in a Paris cafe by nationalist Raoul Villain, who was incredibly acquitted by an elderly jury (the youngest member being fifty-three) on grounds that he had acted as a patriot to rid France of an appeaser to Germany. Villain (who had first thought to assassinate Kaiser Wilhelm II) later moved to Majorca, Spain, where he ardently supported Francisco Franco's Falange (fascist) Party, and, in 1936, was himself assassinated by Republican gunmen invading his residence.

October 21, 1916: Count Karl von Sturgkh (1859-1916), right-wing prime minister of Austria-Hungary, was fatally shot three times in the back of the head while eating dinner in the restaurant of Vienna's Hotel Meissl & Schadin by Dr. Friedrich Adler, secretary of the Austrian Social Democratic Party, who had opposed Austria's role in World War I, that conflict energetically advanced by Sturgkh. Adler, a scholarly physicist, was sentenced to death, but released on October 31, 1918, when he was included in a general amnesty for all Austrian political prisoners.

August 31, 1918: Nikolai Lenin (Vladimir Ilich Ulyanov, 1870-1924), Russian Communist dictator, after delivering a speech to workers at a Moscow factory, was shot twice (in the left shoulder and in the neck and left lung) by Fannie Dora Kaplan (Fanya Kaplan-Roid), a mentally disturbed woman. Lenin survived, but the bullets were never removed, remaining with him until his death six years later. Kaplan, held incommunicado in the basement of Lubianka Prison, was strangled to death on September 3, 1918, by Cheka (Communist Secret Police) assassin Pavel Malkov, who later bragged that "the sentence [decreed by Cheka chief Felix Dzerzhinsky] was carried out ... with my own hands!" It was later speculated that Kaplan had acted on behalf of England's superspy Sidney George Reilly (Sigmund Georgievich Rosenblum, 1874-1925?). Reilly, a master of disguises, may have been on the scene, identified in the uniform of a Russian sailor and who may have stood momentarily over the wounded Lenin with gun in pocket to finish Kaplan's botched job, but fled upon the arrival of Red guards.

Communist dictator Lenin, who was almost killed outside a Moscow factory on August 31, 1918, by a mentally disturbed woman.

December 14, 1918: Sidonio Bernardino Cardosa da Silva Paes (1872-1918), president of Portugal, who had established a military dictatorship in 1917, was assassinated by rebels.

June 2, 1919: An attempt on the life of A. [Alexander] Mitchell Palmer (1872-1936), U.S. Attorney General, was made at Palmer's residence in Washington, D.C., by an anarchist who prematurely set off a bomb at Palmer's front door and blew himself to pieces. This and similar bomb attacks by anarchists caused Palmer to launch nationwide arrests and imprisonments of thousands of suspected left-wing radicals—socialists, Communists, anarchists, Bolsheviks—a ruthless campaign known as the "Red Scare," mostly illegal detainments and deportations organized by youthful Department of Justice attorney J. Edgar Hoover (1895-1972), who became chief of the FBI five years later.

U.S. Attorney General A. Palmer Mitchell, target of an anarchist bomber. Mitchell launched the massive Red Raids in retaliation.

March 8, 1921: Eduardo Dato Iradier (1856-1921), premier of Spain, was assassinated by an anarchist.

March 15, 1921: Mehmed Talat Pasa (1872-1921), grand vizier of Turkey, was shot to death by an Armenian assassin in Germany. Turkey, under Talat Pasa's leadership, had conducted a genocidal purge of Armenians.

November 4, 1921: Kei Hara (Hara Takashi, 1856-1921), prime minister of Japan, was at the Tokyo railroad station and was about to board a train, when he was stabbed to death by right-wing fanatic, Konichi Nakoaka, who was sent to prison.

February 15, 1922: Heikki Ritavouri, Finland's minister of the interior, was slain by a rightist extremist, who disapproved of Ritavouri's lenient treatment of Red Army prisoners in the 1918 war.

June 22, 1922: Sir Henry Hughes Wilson (1864-1922), who had served as military adviser to Protestant troops in Belfast, Ireland, during the Irish Civil War, urging ruthless persecution of the Sinn Fein, was shot to death by two Sinn Feiners, Reginald Dunne and Joseph O'Sullivan, who were executed on August 10, 1922.

August 22, 1922: Michael Collins, Irish Republican Army (IRA) leader and thereafter prime minister of the Free State of Ireland, was shot to death by IRA members, reportedly under orders from IRA leader, Eamon De Valera, at Beal-n-Blath, Cork, Ireland. The ambush attack that took the life of the fiery Collins was depicted in the 1996 film, *Michael Collins.*

Irish leader Michael Collins, shot dead in an ambush in County Cork, on August 22, 1922, killed by IRA assassins.

December 16, 1922: Gabjel Narutowicz (1865-1922), president of Poland, was assassinated in Warsaw, by anarchist Eligius Niewiadomski, only several days after Narutowicz took office. The killer was judged insane and institutionalized.

December 27, 1923: Crown prince Hirohito (later emperor of Japan) was unsuccessfully attacked in Tokyo by Namba Daisaku, who was executed a short time later.

November 19, 1924: Sir Lee Oliver Fitzmaurice Stack (1868-1924), British major-general and governor-general of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, was shot and killed while riding in his car in Cairo by eight Egyptian students, members of the "Society of Vengeance," a group dedicated to ridding Egypt of British rule. Seven of the killers were tracked down, identified by one of their number, and executed in 1925. The informer was sent to prison.

April 16, 1925: A massive bombing attempt was made upon the life of Boris III (1894-1943), czar of Bulgaria, when he attended the funeral of General Kosta Georgiev, who was Boris' staunch supporter and had been slain by Communists the previous day. Boris was almost killed in the bomb explosion, which demolished Saint Nedelja Cathedral in Sofia, Bulgaria, leaving 125 dead. Boris III survived a half dozen other attempts on his life and went on to cement strong relationships with Mussolini and Hitler, establishing his own military dictatorship in 1938, and ruthlessly ruling until his death in 1943.

April 25, 1925: William H. McSwiggin, a state's attorney in Chicago, Illinois, was shot to death, along with two others, in a machine gun attack reportedly led by South Side mob boss, Al Capone, during an election in which McSwiggin refused to rig votes for the Capone mob. Capone was never tried for the slaying, although a dozen witnesses initially stated that they saw him fire the submachine gun from a moving car that took McSwiggin's life.

July 10, 1927: Kevin Christopher O'Higgins (1892-1927), vice president of Ireland, was slain by IRA gunmen in Dublin, who sent six bullets into him from a moving car (they were never apprehended). O'Higgins, called "Ireland's Strongest Man," had ordered the executions of seventy-seven IRA guerrillas in 1922-1923, and was often the target of Irish revolutionaries opposed to the Free State government. O'Higgins' father, Dr. Thomas O'Higgins, had been assassinated in 1923.

November 14, 1930: Japan's prime minister, Osachi (Yuki) Hamaguchi (1870-1931), who opposed his country's militarists, was fatally shot by Black Dragon Society assassin Tomeo Sagoya. Hamaguchi would die from his wounds on August 26, 1931. His killer was found guilty of the assassination and sentenced to death on November 6, 1933, but he was released three months later on orders from Emperor Hirohito, who was reportedly behind the murder. Hamaguchi had learned that his killer was stalking him for more than a month before he was shot, notifying Interior Minister Kenzo Adachi, another member of the Black Dragon Society. Adachi, chief of Tokyo police, assigned detectives to trail the assassin, only to assure his ability to kill the prime minister. At the time Hamaguchi was shot in the Tokyo train station, Adachi's detectives and troops stood by without interfering with the assassin, having orders to protect the killer and not his victim. His successor, Tsuyoshi Inukai, also a pacifist and opposed to Japan's military expansionism, would be assassinated two years later (see entry, pages 100-107).

January 8, 1931: Emperor Hirohito of Japan was reportedly targeted for assassination by I Pong-chang, a Chinese dissident, who was later executed, but this was a staged attempt on Hirohito in an effort to make the Chinese appear as aggressors and to vindicate Japan's military incursion into Manchuria.

May 7, 1932: Paul Doumer (1857-1932), president of France, was shot to death while autographing books in Paris during a book fair sponsored by the Rothschild Foundation to honor French veterans of World War I (Doumer had lost four of five sons in that war). His killer, Dr. Paul Gorgulov (or Gorgoulov), a Russian immigrant, was thought to be a Soviet assassin. He was executed by the guillotine some months later.

Chicago mob boss Al Capone, who was seen by witnesses to kill state's attorney McSwiggin in 1925; the witnesses recanted.

December 30, 1933: Romanian Prime Minister Jon Duca, who had outlawed the Iron Guards, a fascist

paramilitary organization, was shot to death by five Iron Guardists while alighting from a train in a small Carpathian town, his assassination ordered by Iron Guard leader Cornelius Zelea Codreanu. The assassins escaped.

December 1, 1934: Soviet revolutionary leader Sergei Mironovich Kirov (1888-1934), was slain in Leningrad, Russia, shot to death by government employee Leonid V. Nikolayev, who, along with twelve others were shortly tried and executed. Kirov's murder, according to best reports, was secretly engineered by Soviet dictator Joseph Stalin, who used Nikolayev as a pawn to launch a massive purge of all old Red Guard revolutionaries (seen by the paranoid Stalin as political rivals plotting his own assassination). The Stalin purge saw hundreds quickly tried in kangaroo courts as traitors, their imprisonments and executions shortly following. The 1991 film, *The Inner Circle* (AKA: Blizhnij Krug), profiled the Kirov killing, as well as a devastating portrait of Stalin.

February 4, 1936: Nazi leader Wilhelm Gustloff, was shot and killed at his residence in Davo, Switzerland by 27-year-old David Frankfurter, a Jewish medical student. Frankfurter stated that he murdered Gustloff, who had boasted he would turn Switzerland into a vassal state of Hitler's Third Reich, to rid the country of "a virulent pestilence." The assassin was sent to prison for eighteen years, the maximum sentence under Swiss law. Hitler used this assassination to launch widespread arrests and executions of Jews in Germany.

Nazi leader Wilhelm Gustloff, killed in 1936, after stating that he would convert Switzerland into a Nazi province.

Gustloff's killer, Jewish medical student David Frankfurter, shown at left in a Swiss court, before being sent to prison. His sentence enraged Hitler, who thought it lenient and caused him to step up his genocidal campaign against Jews.

February 26, 1936: Black Dragon assassins, operating under secret orders from militarists and Emperor Hirohito, killed Keisuke Okada (1868-1936), prime minister of Japan, and former prime ministers Makoto Saito (1858-1936), Korekiyo Takahashi (1854-1936), along with high-ranking army officers, all liberals who opposed Japan's military expansionism. These murders were part of a staged military uprising to make it appear to the West that the emperor was not in control of the country and that he was helpless to prevent military leaders from launching war in China and throughout the Pacific, a course of conquest Hirohito secretly planned with Baron Giichi Tanaka and others (see Inukai entry, pages 100-107).

July 16, 1936: Edward VIII (1894-1972, Duke of Windsor), king of England, was at London's Constitution Hill, when Jerome Pannigan hurled a loaded gun at him, causing no harm. Pannigan was sent to prison. Edward abdicated in December 1936, in favor of his brother and successor, George VI, in order to marry an American, Wallis Simpson (nee Warfield), who had two previous divorces. The controversial marriage was then unacceptable to the British government, which gave Edward an ultimatum—retain the throne or, if wedding Simpson, abdicate. He chose the latter. Some later claimed that Pannigan's futile attempt on his life influenced Edward's decision, but a British official more aptly depicted that decision: "In this rare instance, love triumphed, not fear of death."

July 16, 1936: Michael Stelescu, leader of the Brothers of the Cross, a Romanian fascist paramilitary organization in league with Codreanu's Iron Guardists, was shot to death by Codreanu's assassins in his bed, while he was recuperating in a Bucharest hospital from an operation. His killers admired Howard Hawks' 1932 crime film, *Scarface*, in which a rival is murdered while recuperating in a hospital, assassins carrying flowers into his room before shooting him to death. In this instance, the assassins fired thirty-eight bullets into their victim before leisurely leaving the hospital. Stelescu, ardently anti-German, had broken with Codreanu by refusing to work with Third Reich Nazis to take over the Romanian government.

August 18-19, 1936: Federico Garcia Lorca (1898-1936), great Spanish poet, dramatist and supporter of the Republican government, was arrested in Granada by Franco's Falangists (fascists). He was briefly imprisoned and then executed on orders of Falangist Governor Valdes Guzman. Fascist General Queipo de Llano personally supervised the firing squad that marched Lorca to a lonely countryside spot and shot him to death. This assassination was chillingly depicted in the 1997 film, *The Disappearance of Garcia Lorca*.

November 7, 1938: Ernst von Rath, a Nazi official, was fatally shot by Herschel Grynszpan, a Jewish student. Hitler, as he had done in the 1936 slaying of Nazi leader Wilhelm Gustloff, used this assassination to expand his genocidal persecution of the Jews, ordering widespread killings, unlawful arrests and imprisonments throughout Germany, creating savage nationwide mayhem against all Jews, which was later known as "Crystal Night."

Herschel Grynszpan, who assassinated Nazi official Ernst von Rath in 1938. The killing was used by Hitler to unleash a savage blood purge against Jews.

November 29-30, 1938: In an effort to rid itself of fascist leaders, the Romanian government imprisoned scores of Iron Guardists, sending their leader, Cornelius Zelea Codreanu (1899-1938) and seventeen of his top henchmen to prison. En route to Jilava Prison, the convicted Iron Guardists were removed from a truck along a lonely roadway where government assassins killed them all, including Codreanu, with machine gun fire. Codreanu had founded the Iron Guard in 1927, an anti-Semitic, anti-Communist organization that swelled to thousands of followers, who, for a decade, and almost at will destroyed Jewish-owned shops and beat and killed Jews, as well as left-wing opponents. It was Codreanu who had ordered the assassination of Romania's Prime Minister Jon Duca in 1933.

September 21, 1939: Romanian Premier Armand Calinescu (1893-1939), who had ruthlessly suppressed fascist Iron Guardists for two years on orders of King Carol II, was shot and killed in Bucharest by Iron Guard assassins, chiefly in retaliation for the 1938 assassination of Iron Guard leader Cornelius Zelea Codreanu.

March 13, 1940: Sir Michael Francis O'Dwyer, former governor of Punjab, was shot to death in London by extremist Udham Singh, a Sikh, who was hanged on June 25, 1940.

November 17, 1941: Ernst Udet (1896-1941), aviation pioneer, World War I German ace and a German Luftwaffe general under Hermann Goering, died under mysterious circumstances. He reportedly offended Adolf Hitler while intoxicated and was ordered to commit suicide or be assassinated.

December 24, 1942: Jean-Louis-Xavier-Francois Darlan (1881-1942), a French admiral and high commissioner for the Vichy Administration in North and West Africa, was murdered in Algiers by monarchist Fernand Bonnier de la Chapelle, who shot and killed Darlan in his offices. The assassin was later executed.

November 6, 1944: Walter Edward Guinness (Lord Moyne, 1880-1944), former chief of the Irish House of Lords and British minister of state for the Middle East, was killed in Cairo, Egypt.

February 24, 1945: Egyptian premier Ahmed Maher Pasha was murdered in Cairo by a nationalist.

June 9, 1946: Rama VIII (Ananda Mahidol, 1925-1946), the 20-year-old king of Siam (Thailand), who intended to turn his country into a republic, was shot to death in his bed chamber at his palace in Bangkok, while recuperating from an illness (some later claimed he had been poisoned). The assassination was reportedly committed by killers working for Nai Pridi, a secret Communist, who had installed Rama VIII on the throne to subsequently dispose of him and more easily take over the country. This claim was made by Marshal Phibul Songgram. who had been a Japanese puppet during World War II and was later tried as a war criminal. Songgram seized power in Siam in a bloodless coup on November 8, 1947, vowing to hunt down the king's assassins. In 1955, two royal pages who had been stationed outside of the king's chamber on the morning of his murder, were charged with the killing. They were tied to crosses and shot to death. Rama VIII had been raised in Switzerland, crowned in 1938 at age twelve. At the time, when interviewed by newsmen in Lausanne, he stated: "I don't think it's much fun to be king. I would rather stay here and play with my electric trains."

King Rama VIII of Siam (Thailand), an unwilling monarch who was assassinated in 1946. The king was murdered in his bedroom by two royal pages.

September 17, 1948: Count Folke Bernadotte of Wisborg (1895-1948), a descendant of French aristocracy and president of Sweden (1946-1948), was shot and killed in Jerusalem by radical Zionists of the LEHI faction. As mediator for the United Nations, Bernadotte negotiated the Israeli-Arab cease fire in 1948, but was thought by right-wing Zionists to be the unwitting tool of Israel's enemies. The newly formed Israeli government under David Ben-Gurion arrested several LEHI suspects, but none were convicted in the assassination.

December 28, 1948: Mahmoud Nukrashy Pasha, premier of Egypt, was killed in Egypt by members of the Muslim Brotherhood. Hasan al-Banna, an Egyptian politician, who had founded the Muslim Brotherhood, was himself assassinated in February 1949, by agents of the Egyptian government in revenge for Nukrashy's slaying. This organization, however, went underground and members of this same Islamic sect would assassinate Egyptian premier Anwar Sadat in 1981.

July 20, 1951: Jordan's King Abdullah ibn Hussein was assassinated.

October 16, 1951: Liaquat Ali Khan, prime minister of Pakistan, was shot to death in Rawalpindi.

December 23, 1953: Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria (1899-1953), deputy prime minister of the U.S.S.R., and dreaded chief of the NKVD/KGB (secret Soviet intelligence and police), was shot and killed by Politburo agents, along with several of Beria's henchmen, when they resisted arrest in their offices in Moscow, Russia. Following the death of Communist dictator Joseph Stalin, in March 1953, Beria thought to take over the Soviet government, instituting a widespread blood purge, but his enemies preempted Beria's murderous plans by killing him first.

Soviet leader Lavrenti Beria, head of the dreaded NKVD, was assassinated in Moscow on December 23, 1953.

January 2, 1955: Jose Antonio Remon (1909-1955), president of Panama, was sitting in his presidential box at the Juan Franco racetrack when machine gun fire left him dead and four other wounded by two gun men, who escaped. Vice President Jose Ramon Guizado, was charged with masterminding the assassination and was imprisoned, but later released and proclaimed innocent. Two years later, Adolfo Hans, reportedly a U.S. citizen, confessed to the murder, stating that his accomplice was William Campbell.

September 21, 1956: Anastasio Somoza Garcia (1896-1956), dictator of Nicaragua since 1933, was shot by assassins in Leon, dying from his wounds on September 29, 1956. His two sons succeeded him, the youngest, Anastasio Somoza Debayle (1925-1980) being overthrown by Sandinista rebels in 1979. He fled to Paraguay, where he was assassinated in 1980.

July 26, 1957: Carlos Castillo Armas (1914-1957), the dictatorial president of Guatemala, was shot to death by one of his own guards in Guatemala City. Castillo Armas had seized power in 1954, after his military forces overthrew president Jacobo Arbenz Guzman (1913-1971). Supported by the U.S. (CIA), Castillo Armas had suppressed unions, liberal dissent and left-wing parties.

July 14, 1958: King Faisal II (1935-1958), king of Iraq since 1939, along with his uncle, Crown Prince Abdullah and (the following day) Prime Minister Nuri as-Said, were assassinated at the royal Baghdad palace during a military coup led by General Kassem (Qassim), who was later ousted and executed on February 9, 1963.

September 25, 1959: Solomon Bandaranaike, prime minister of Ceylon, was killed in Colombo by a Buddhist monk.

September 9, 1961: Charles de Gaulle (1890-1970), president of France, was the target of an unsuccessful assassination in Paris by a killer (or killers) reportedly sent to murder the great French hero of World War II by a cabal of militarists. Several more attempts were made throughout the next two years. One of these attempts was profiled in the novel, *The Day of the Jackal* and 1973 Fred Zinnemann film of the same title.

April 1, 1963: Quinim Pholsena, foreign minister of Laos, was murdered in Vientiane by Chy Kong, the victim's bodyguard, who confessed to the assassination.

November 2, 1963: Ngo Dinh Diem, dictator of Vietnam, was shot to death by an assassin while being held prisoner in the back seat of an armored car. His brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu, was also killed, stabbed to death. Ngo Dinh Diem had been elected president of Vietnam in 1955, but was overthrown a short time before his murder by a U.S.-backed coup led by General Duong Van Minh. His assassins were never apprehended.

Deposed Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem, assassinated in 1963, along with his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu in a U.S.-supported coup.

September 27, 1964: General Adib Al-Shishakli, deposed Syrian leader, was killed in exile in Brazil by a fanatical Druse leader who believed his people had been persecuted by the victim.

January 21, 1965: Hassan Ali Mansur (Mansour), premier of Iran, was murdered in Teheran. Four assassins were later executed.

September 6, 1966: Hendrik Frensch Verwoerd (1901-1966), prime minister of South Africa, who had strictly upheld the country's racial segregation (apartheid) and had forcibly resettled large colonies of blacks, was stabbed to death in parliament at Cape Town by Dimitri Stifanos. The assassin was later judged insane.

April 5, 1967: U.S. Vice President Hubert Humphrey, was the target of an apparent murder plot during his visit to West Berlin by eleven conspirators, who were arrested and imprisoned.

August 26, 1967: George Lincoln Rockwell, head of the American Nazi Party, was slain in Virginia.

October 8, 1967: Ernesto "Che" Guevara (1928-1967), Cuban Communist and revolutionary, was captured by government forces in Bolivia, where he had attempted to import a Communist revolution and was killed, along with some of his followers. Argentine-born Guevara had been Fidel Castro's military commander in the overthrow of Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista y Zaldivar in 1959. His life and assassination was profiled in the 1969 film *Che!*

February 3, 1969: Dr. Eduardo Mondlane, president of Mozambique Liberation Front, was killed when he received a bomb by mail at Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, sent by unknown assassins.

July 5, 1969: Thomas (Tom) Joseph Mboya (1930-1969), minister of economic planning for Kenya, was murdered at Nairobi by members of the Kikuyu tribe. Mboya was an ardent nationalist and member of the Luo tribe.

May 29, 1970: Pedro Eugenio Arambaru, former president of Argentina, was abducted and assassinated by terrorists whose demands for freeing political prisoners were denied.

November 27, 1970: Pope Paul VI was attacked by a knife-wielding assailant when he arrived at Manila's International Airport on a state visit to the Philippines. The Pope was unharmed.

November 28, 1971: Wasfi-at-Tall, prime minister of Jordan, was killed in Cairo by Palestinian assassins belonging to the Black September group.

September 9, 1972: Dr. Ami Shachori, agricultural adviser at the Israeli Embassy in London was killed by a mail bomb reportedly sent by Black September terrorists.

March 2, 1973: U.S. Ambassador Cleo A. Noel, Jr., U.S. Charge d'Affaires George C. Moore, and Belgium Charge d'Affaires Guy Eid were killed in Khartoum, Sudan, by Palestinian terrorists.

September 11-12, 1973: Dr. Salvador Allende Gossens (1908-1973), the Marxist president (from 1970) of Chile, was ousted in a military coup led by General Augusto Ugarte Pinochet, and was assassinated at the Le Moneda Palace in Santiago, by invading Pinochet troops. The military coup was backed by the American CIA, which was later cited as the architect of Allende's murder. U.S. officials denied any such collusion, stating that Allende "blew his brains out" with an automatic handgun just as usurping troops stormed into the palace. Dictator Pinochet was later indicted on charges of crimes against humanity. The Allende slaying was profiled in the incisive 1992 documentary film, *Salvador Allende*.

August 19, 1974: Rodger P. Davies, U.S. ambassador to Cyprus, was shot to death in Nicosia by a sniper.

November 11, 1974: Gunter von Drenkmann, president of the German Supreme Court, was slain by members of the Second of June Movement.

February 11, 1975: Richard Ratsimandrava, president of Madagascar, was shot to death in Tananarive.

March 25, 1975: King Faisal (1905-1975) of Saudi Arabia, was fatally shot at his Ri'Assa Palace by his 27-year-old playboy nephew, Prince Faisal bin Musaed bin Abdulaziz, reportedly to avenge the death of his brother Khalid, who had been killed in an earlier demonstration. When the prince could not convince his uncle to execute the policeman who had shot his brother, he resolved to murder Faisal. The playboy prince had attended San Francisco State College and had been repeatedly arrested in America for peddling hashish and LSD in 1969. He was thought unstable but sane and was tried and convicted of his uncle's assassination, then beheaded with a gold-hilted sword, his head placed upon a pike and put on public display.

King Faisal of Saudi Arabia, shot and killed by a playboy nephew on March 25, 1975.

August 15, 1975: Sheik Mujibur Rahman, president of Bangladesh, was assassinated in a military coup.

December 23, 1975: Richard S. Welsh, CIA chief in Athens, Greece, was fatally shot as he arrived home by unknown assassins.

February 13, 1976: General Murtala Ramat Mohammed, dictator of Nigeria, was shot to death by revolutionaries.

July 31, 1976: Christopher Ewart-Biggs, British ambassador to Ireland, was slain by a bomb in Dublin, reportedly planted by IRA terrorists.

September 21, 1976: Orlando Letelier (c.1931-1976), former foreign minister of Chile, was killed when his car blew up in Washington, D.C. He had been a staunch supporter of Dr. Salvador Allende Gossens, the Marxist president of Chile, assassinated in 1973, and had insisted that Allende's murder had been orchestrated by the American CIA. Several persons were tried and imprisoned for Letelier's assassination, but were later released.

February 3, 1977: Brigadier General Teferi Bente, Ethiopian head of state and six others on the military council of power were murdered during a coup led by Lieutenant Colonel Haile-Mariam Mengistu.

March 16, 1977: Kamal Jumblat, chief of the Druse terrorist organization in Lebanon was shot to death outside of Beirut.

March 18, 1977: Marien Ngouabi, president of the Congo, was shot to death at Brazzaville.

April 10, 1977: Abdullah al-Henjiri, former prime minister of Yemen and others were fatally shot in London by Zohair Akache, a Palestinian terrorist.

July 9, 1978: Abdul Razak Al-Naif, former premier of Iraq, was shot dead in London by members of the Iraqi secret service.

November 27, 1978: George Moscone, mayor of San Francisco and supervisor Harvey Milk, a professed homosexual, were both shot and killed by former supervisor Daniel James White, after White resigned and then attempted to reinstate himself. He was defended by attorneys who claimed that White was suffering from "a sugar high" when committing the fatal shootings after having consumed several Twinkies (the controversial "Twinkie Defense"). White was sent to prison, his sentence thought lenient by the large homosexual community in San Francisco, which caused widespread riots, following the sentence, on July 15, 1979.

San Francisco supervisor Harvey Milk and Mayor George Moscone, both assassinated in 1978 by Dan White.

February 14, 1979: Adolph Dubs, U.S. ambassador, was shot dead in Kabul, Afghanistan by Afghan Muslim fanatics.

March 22, 1979: Sir Richard Sykes, British ambassador to the Netherlands, was fatally shot at his home in the Hague by terrorists.

March 30, 1979: Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, former president and prime minister of Pakistan, who was overthrown in 1977, was assassinated in Rawalpindi, Pakistan.

August 27, 1979: Louis Montbatten (1900-1979), first earl of Mountbatten of Burma, a World War II hero, was killed along with two others on his yacht off the coast of County Sligo, Ireland in a bomb explosion. The IRA claimed responsibility.

October 26, 1979: Park Chung-Hee (1917-1979), president of South Korea (whose wife had been killed in an earlier assassination attempt), along with several aides and bodyguards, was shot to death in Seoul by forces led by South Korean intelligence chief Kim Jae Kyu during a military coup. Kyu and others was later sentenced to death.

March 24, 1980: Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero, who had publicly denounced the oppressive military regime in his country, was assassinated in San Salvador, El Salvador.

April 12, 1980: William Richard Tolbert, Jr., president of the Republic of Liberia, was killed after being overthrown in a military coup led by Sergeant Samuel Doe.

September 17, 1980: Anastasio Somoza Debayle (1925-1980), deposed Nicaraguan president, was shot and killed in Paraguay

December 31, 1980: General Enrico Galvaligi, chief of security for prisons confining terrorists in Italy, was shot and killed.

January 21, 1981: Sir Norman Stronge, Protestant speaker of the Northern Ireland Parliament, and his son, James, former member of the Stormont Parliament, were shot to death in their home in Armagh, Ireland.

Pope John Paul II is shown wounded in Vatican Square, Rome, on May 31, 1981.

May 13, 1981: Pope John Paul II, and two others were shot and wounded in St. Peter's Square, Rome, while the Pope was traveling in his Popemobile through a dense crowd. The attacker was Mehmet Ali Agca, a Turkish terrorist in the pay of Bulgarian Communists. The Pope recovered and Agca was sent to prison.

August 18, 1981: Rosa Judith Cisneros, civil rights leader and legal adviser to the Salvadoran Communal Union, was assassinated in San Salvador, El Salvador, as she left her home. Her killers were not found.

August 30, 1981: Mohammed Ali Rajai, president of Iran, and others were killed in a bomb blast in Teheran.

September 14, 1982: Bashir (Bishin) Gemayel, president-elect of Lebanon, was murdered in east Beirut by a bomb reportedly planted on the orders of the Syrian secret service.

November 4, 1982: General Victor Lago Roman, commander of the Brunete First Armored Division, was assassinated in Madrid, Spain, by terrorists.

March 9, 1983: Galip Balkar, Turkish ambassador to Yugoslavia, was fatally shot and his driver critically wounded in Belgrade, Yugoslavia. Balkar died on March 11, 1983. Two separate terrorist organizations took credit for the killing.

August 21, 1983: Benigno S. Aquino, Jr. (c.1932-1983), a liberal Filipino politician who had long opposed dictator Ferdinand Marcos, was murdered when he alighted from an airplane landing at the International Airport in Manila, shot several times by assassin Rolando Galman, who was also shot to death by Aquino's guards. Corazon Aquino, the victim's wife, became president of the Philippines.

October 12, 1984: British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and members of her cabinet were targets of assassins at a conference in Brighton, England, where a bomb killed five persons and injured several more people.

October 31, 1984: Indira Priyadarshini Nehru Gandhi (1917-1984), who had ruled India for seventeen years (prime minister 1966-1977; 1980-1984) with the same neutral policies established by Mohandas Gandhi (to whom she was not related) and her father, Jawaharlal Nehru, was shot to death by two of her Sikh guards. She was at the time leaving her residence outside New Delhi to meet British actor Peter Ustinov to film a television documentary. Two of her many guards lining the path along which she walked, Beant Singh and Satwant Singh, stepped from their positions and fired several shots at her, killing her on the spot. They turned themselves into police officials. Both Sikh guards had taken vengeance for the military actions of the Indian army, which had earlier suppressed a Sikh uprising in Punjab and had attacked (on June 6, 1984) the Golden Temple at Amritsar, a Sikh bastion and holy place. Beant Singh, while in custody, attempted to seize a gun from a police guard and was shot to death. Satwant Singh produced a knife from his turban and was also shot, but he lived to stand trial. He, along with Kehar Singh, a government worker who had plotted Gandhi's assassination, were convicted and hanged on January 5, 1989.

February 1, 1985: Ernst Zimmermann, president of the West German Aerospace and Armaments Association, was fatally shot in Munich, Germany, by members of the Red Army Faction.

February 28, 1986: Sven Olof Joachim Palme (1927-1986), Sweden's prime minister, was shot and killed by a lone gunman as he was leaving the Grand Cinema in Stockholm with his wife. (Palme was not escorted by bodyguards.) His widow, Lisabeth Palme, later identified the killer as Carl Gustav Christer Petersson, a 41-year-old former mental patient with a history of alcoholism, who had been convicted of manslaughter in 1980 for the bayonet stabbing of a drug addict. Petersson denied killing Palme, but was found guilty in July 1989 and sent to prison for life. The Royal Court overturned the conviction on appeal, ordering the state to pay Petersson $50,000 compensation. In 1997, prosecutors attempted to retry Petersson, but Sweden's Supreme Court dismissed the case as having insufficient evidence on May 28, 1998. The Palme assassination remains unsolved.

Mental patient Carl Petersson, who was imprisoned for the 1986 murder of Sweden's prime minister, Sven Olof Joachim Palme; he was later released, having been wrongly convicted.

June 1, 1987: Rashid Karami, premier of Lebanon, was traveling in a helicopter when a bomb detonated, killing him.

October 15, 1987: President Thomas Sankara of Burkina Faso was overthrown and slain by his deputy, Captain Blaise Compaore, who seized power.

January 25, 1988: Carlos Hoyos, attorney general of Columbia, was abducted and murdered near Medellin, Columbia, by drug traffickers. Two of Hoyos' bodyguards were also killed.

April 16, 1988: Khalil al-Wazir (Abu Jihad), PLO leader, and three others were shot to death at his home in Tunis, Tunisia. His killers were identified as Israeli commandos.

January 25, 1989: Gustavo Alvarez Martinez (1933-1989), one-time chief of Honduran military forces, was shot and killed by machine gun fire, along with his driver, while riding in a car near his home in Tegucigalpa by six assassins dressed in the uniforms of the Honduran telephone company.

August 18, 1989: Luis Carlos Galan, a candidate for the presidency of Colombia, was killed in Bogota by Medillin drug traffickers. Galan had promised to wipe out the drug-terrorist organizations in Medillin after taking office.

November 22, 1989: Rene Muawad, president of Lebanon, was killed by a bomb exploding next to his motorcade.

November 27, 1989: Ahmed Abdallah Abderemane (1929-1989), president (since 1972) of the Comoro Islands, was shot and killed during an armed attack on his palace in Moroni, led by dismissed army officer Ahmed Mohammad.

March 22, 1990: Bernardo Jamamillo Ossa, who was running for the Columbian presidency, was shot to death by a gunman at the Bogota airport.

May 21, 1991: Rajiv Ratna Gandhi (1944-1991), former prime minister of India, was killed by a bomb during an election rally at Madras. He was the son of Indira Gandhi, who was assassinated in 1984.

June 29, 1992: Muhammed Boudiaf, president of Algeria, was shot to death by a gunman in Annaba.

May 1, 1993: Ranasinghe Premadasa, president of Sri Lanka, was murdered when a bomb exploded in Colombo.

March 23, 1994: Luis Donaldo Colosio Murrieta (1950-1994), the leading candidate for Mexico's presidency, was killed at a Tijuana rally when a lone gunman, Mario Aburto Martinez, fired two shots into Colosio. Ernesto Zedillo Ponce de Leon, Colosio's campaign manager, replaced the candidate and was swept into the presidency six months later. Martinez, the assassin, a despondent factory worker, was sent to prison for forty-five years. Continued investigations ordered by President Zedillo implicated Carlos Salinas de Gortari, former president and whose corrupt administration had sent him into self-imposed exile. He was interviewed by Mexican prosecutors in Dublin, Ireland, on November 27, 1996, stating that allegations that he had been involved in the Colosio assassination were "absolutely false and irresponsible."

April 6, 1994: Cyprien Ntaryamira, Burundian president, and Juvenal Habyarimana, president of Rwanda, were killed, along with eight others, when their plane was shot down by a ground-to-air rocket.

September 28, 1994: Francisco Ruiz Massieu, a presidential hopeful in the 1994 general election in Mexico, was shot and killed by Daniel Aguilar while Ruiz Massieu was addressing a large crowd in Mexico City. Like the Colosio assassination six months earlier, Ruiz Massieu's killing was placed at the door of former president Carlos Salinas de Gortari. Enough evidence was later unearthed to convict on January 21, 1999, the president's brother, Raul Salinas de Gortari, as the mastermind behind the Ruiz Massieu killing. He joined Aguilar in prison to serve out a fifty-year term.

Raul Salinas received a 50-year prison term for his complicity in the 1994 murder of Francisco Ruiz Massieu.

September 9, 1996: Joachim Ruhuna (1934-1996), the archbishop of Gitega, Burundi, was found dead in his car, which was blown up, along with his driver, two nuns and two children, reportedly by Hutu rebels.

October 2, 1996: Former Bulgarian prime minister Andrei Lukanov was shot to death outside his Sofia home by an unidentified assassin.

July 7, 1997: Councilman Miguel Angel Blanco (1968-1997), was kidnaped and killed near Ermua, Spain, by an ETA terrorist.

November 6, 1997: Alfredo Enrique Vargas, Venezuelan ambassador to Jamaica, was found shot to death in his Kingston apartment. His assassin was never apprehended.

February 6, 1998: Claude Erigmac, prefect of Corsica, while walking to a concert, was shot in the back and killed by an unknown assassin.

April 26, 1998: Guatemalan Bishop Juan Jose Gerardi Conedera, a civil rights champion who had reviewed a confidential report that detailed abuses committed by the military

and rebels during Guatemala's 36-year civil war, was bludgeoned to death outside his residence in Guatemala City. Four persons were convicted as Gerardi's assassins on June 8, 2001.

May 4, 1998: Alois Estermann, commander of the Swiss Guards that protected the Vatican and the Pope, was shot and killed, along with his wife, by 23-year-old Swiss Guard Cedric Tornay, who then killed himself. It was speculated that Tornay acted out of vengeance for not receiving recognition for his services.

Basque town councilor Manuel Zamarreno, killed by ETA terrorists in 1998, when a motorcycle carrying a bomb struck his car.

June 25, 1998: Manuel Zamarreno (1956-1998), town councilor in Renteria, Spain, was killed by a bomb planted by ETA terrorists.

October 2, 1998: Sanjaasuregiin Zorig, a minister in the Democratic Coalition of Mongolia and a candidate for the post of prime minister, was stabbed and axed to death in his Ulan Bator home. His killers were never apprehended.

November 20, 1998: Galina Starovoitova (1946-1998), a member of the Russian Duma (parliament), was shot dead while entering her apartment in St. Petersburg, Russia. Her aide, Ruslan Linkov, was wounded by the assassins, thought to be "a team of contract killers." Starovoitova had crusaded against members of the old Communist regime and worked for social and political reform. Igor Artemyev, the city's vice governor, stated that the killers were undoubtedly part of the so-called Russian Mafia: "Bandits who want to get ... property and power and kill everybody who stands in their way—not only businessmen, as before, but also politicians who interfere with them."

March 23, 1999: Luis Maria Agana, vice president of Paraguay, was ambushed and shot to death, along with his driver, by four or more unidentified assassins.

April 9, 1999: Ibrahim Bare Mainassara, president of Niger, was ambushed and shot to death by rebelling troops.

October 27, 1999: Vazgen Sarkissian, prime minister of Armenia, and seven others were shot to death, when terrorists invaded a session of parliament.

January 15, 2000: Zeliko Raznjatovic (AKA: Arkan), Serbian paramilitary chief, was shot and killed, along with two aides, in the lobby of a Belgrade hotel. Four persons were later charged with the assassination.

June 8, 2000: Brigadier General Stephen Saunders, British senior military commander in Greece, was shot and killed while driving his car through a suburb of Athens by two heavily armed assassins on motorcycles.

January 6, 2001: Laurent Kabila, president of the Democratic Republic of Congo, was shot and killed at his palace in Kinshasa by a bodyguard.

June 1, 2001: King Birendra of Nepal, along with Queen Aiswarya and seven other members of the royal family, were shot to death by Crown Prince Dipendra, who then killed himself.

September 9, 2001: Ahmed Shah Massoud, a leader of the Afghan Northern Alliance fighting the Taliban forces, was fatally wounded (dying on September 15, 2001) in a bombing attack in Northern Afghanistan by two Taliban terrorists, who gained access to their victim by posing as journalists and who were killed in their suicidal assault.

September 24, 2001: Consuelo Araujo, cultural minister for Colombia, was kidnaped and later killed by revolutionaries.

October 14, 2001: Abdel Rahman Hamad, leader of the Palestinian terrorist group Hamas and who had ordered countless terrorist acts on Israel, was reportedly shot dead by Israeli snipers.

October 17, 2001: In retaliation for the killing of Abdel Rahman Hamad four days earlier, assassins of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP), shot and killed Rehavam Zeevi, minister of tourism for Israel.

December 23, 2001: Bola Ige, minister of justice in Nigeria, was shot dead at his home in Ibadan.

February 14, 2002: Abdul Rahman, minister of aviation and tourism for Afghanistan, was beaten and stabbed to death at the airport in Kabul.

May 6, 2002: Pim Fortuyn, a right-wing, openly gay politician in the Netherlands, who opposed all immigration, was shot dead outside a radio station in Hilversum. Animal rights activist Volkert van der Graaf was charged with the assassination.

July 6, 2002: Haji Abdul Qadir, vice president of Afghanistan, was shot to death near his offices in Kabul.

July 23, 2002: Salah Sherhada, who established the miliary arm of the terrorist group Hamas, was killed with fourteen others, in an air strike on Gaza City by an Israeli fighter jet, reportedly on a specific mission to assassinate the terrorist leader.

CHAPTER TWO:

BIGAMY

Bigamists for centuries have vexed law enforcement officials, enraged former spouses and left in their wayward wakes countless deserted children. The conduct of such much marrying miscreants ranges from the prosaic to the bizarre. Many illegally wedded many times in the name of passion, but most often they were inspired to their myriad marriages by the attraction of social position, money or even power.

The bigamist has proven to be a clever creature, one hard to identify and locate by hunting police. Natural and convincing actors, they are adept at eliminating backgrounds and creating new identities, destroying old documents and forging new ones in obliterating any paper trail that might disclose an illegally discarded marriage. The bigamist is a consummate con artist and, too often, a murderer, enticing and capturing his (or her) victims with the most attractive lure known to mankind—love.

THE DECEPTIVE DUCHESS/1776

One of the most sensational early cases of bigamy involved a pretty young English girl, Elizabeth Chudleigh (d. 1796), who tearfully claimed that she had been *forced* to become a bigamist. What brought her to international notoriety was the fact that this fetching lass illegally married into the British aristocracy and became one of London's elite through her bigamous deceptions. At her trial, Chudleigh pointed between sobs to a scheming aunt as the cruel catalyst responsible for her illicit marriage to the Duke of Hamilton.

Born in Devon to well-to-do parents, Chudleigh grew to be an attractive young woman. At the age of eighteen, she became maid of honor to the Princess of Wales and, in the social whirl of English aristocrats, was soon courted by a bevy of titled young men. Among these hopeful swains was the Duke of Hamilton. She accepted his proposal of marriage, knowing, however, that the nuptials could not take place until he had completed certain duties in Europe.

Chudleigh's manipulative aunt, a Mrs. Hammer, had other plans. According to Chudleigh's courtroom tale, Mrs. Hammer disliked the Duke of Hamilton and preferred that her niece marry Captain Hervey, the son of the Duke of Bristol. To bring about that union, Mrs. Hammer proceeded to sabotage the long-distance relationship between Chudleigh and the Duke of Hamilton by intercepting and keeping letters from the Duke and spreading lies to her niece about the many infidelities committed by her intended.

From these dark communications, Chudleigh concluded that the Duke of Hamilton no longer loved her. She reluctantly agreed to marry Captain Hervey, the ceremony being conducted in a private chapel near Winchester in Hampshire. She realized her mistake when the Duke arrived from abroad, pleading to marry her. She turned him away, but did not mention her recent union to Hervey, going to Germany with her new husband on an extended honeymoon.

Chudleigh's marriage to Hervey proved to be a disaster. When the couple returned to England, Hervey, learning of his wife's affection for the Duke, grew bitter and abusive. He took to drink and began to use up his small funds. Then Hervey vanished. Before she was engulfed by poverty, Chudleigh resolved to set things right by simply destroying any record of her marriage to Hervey by tearing the official record of their wedding out of the register book.

Further, Chudleigh flattered and bribed a Mrs. Merrill, at whose mansion her marriage had been held, to destroy the household records that documented the Hervey union. Other than these documents, Chudleigh believed that there was no other written evidence to prove that she had ever been wed to Hervey. The clergyman who had conducted her wedding ceremony had since died.

England's infamous 18th Century bigamist, Elizabeth Chudleigh, shown when she was in her late teens.

Immersing herself in London society, Chudleigh soon won back the attentions of the Duke of Hamilton, whom she married in March 1769. Traveling with her husband some years later in Europe, Chudleigh had an argument with her husband's nephew. The nephew, who had never liked his aunt, began to investigate her background and, some weeks later, confronted Chudleigh with the accusation that she had illegally married

his trusting uncle. He vowed that he would file a criminal suit against her on a charge of bigamy.

Chudleigh's trial for bigamy began on April 15, 1776, in London's Westminster Hall. The prosecutors, to avoid further scandal among the aristocracy, offered to settle out of court for a fine of £10,000. Although her generous and understanding husband, who did not for a minute believe his wife guilty, offered to pay the fine, the duchess would have none of it. Chudleigh, believing all records of her bigamous marriage to Hervey had been long since destroyed, insisted upon her innocence and thought that "vicious gossip" coming from her accusers would be quickly discarded by the court and that she would be vindicated.

The prosecution, however, had a star witness, Ann Cradock, a servant in the Merrill home, who swore on the witness stand that Chudleigh had married the missing Captain Hervey. (His disappearance was the cause of speculation that more than suggested he had been murdered by the cuckolding Chudleigh.) Further, Cradock testified that Chudleigh had given birth to Hervey's child while he was on duty at sea. Defense attorneys quickly accused Cradock of taking a bribe from the vindictive nephew who had brought about the suit.

Captain John Hervey, Chudleigh's first husband; records of this marriage were destroyed so that Chudleigh could wed a British lord.

Chudleigh at the time she was tried for bigamy as the Duchess of Hamilton in 1776; her refusal to settle brought about her disaster.

What sealed the fate of the duchess was the ledger she had tampered with years earlier and the statements of a clergyman's widow. The mutilated book surfaced at the trial and prosecutors took great pains to point out where the telltale page recording Chudleigh's marriage had been torn out. Moreover, the wife of the deceased clergyman testified that, although she had not been present at the ceremony, she recalled her husband mentioning the Hervey-Chudleigh wedding many times.

The court ruled against Chudleigh on April 22, 1776, but it took no action to imprison her for what was then a criminal offense demanding severe punishment. Her embarrassed husband paid her fine and then disowned his marriage. Chudleigh was stripped of her title. Disgraced, she left for France, living on a small pension provided by the kindly Duke of Hamilton and dying in Calais on August 26, 1796. She was remembered by her French neighbors as a quiet old woman, who tended to her flowers and knitting and often strolled along the waterways, peering for hours at the English Channel separating her from England, where she once dallied and danced with the peers of its aristocracy.

TWO BIGAMOUS RAKES/1803/1813

Two men, one in England, the other in Ireland, shocked their nations through their bigamous marriages in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. The first of these was a dedicated confidence man, the wholly unscrupulous John Hatfield (1769-1803). Born of poor parents in Cheshire, England, Hatfield was gifted with a smooth manner of speech, which he employed well in his years as a master swindler. His career began as a nomadic linen-draper, and, in his travels, encountered a young woman distantly related to the ducal house of Rutland.

Learning that she had a small dowry, Hatfield married the young woman and the couple moved to London. The Hatfields produced several children, but when the dowry ran out, Hatfield, assuming a false name, borrowed money and then deserted his family. He was exposed and sent to debtor's prison. When his wife died in poverty, Hatfield appealed to the Duke of Rutland, asking in the name of his dead wife that the duke aid him, saying that he was penniless and was the only parent of starving children.

The duke secured Hatfield's release and when Rutland became the Viceroy of Ireland, Hatfield followed him to Dublin, where he stayed in the best hotels and ran up enormous bills, falsely claiming to be in the duke's service. Thrown into

Dublin's Marshalsea Prison for bad debts, Hatfield again wrote to the duke, begging for help. The kindhearted Rutland again paid his bills and had Hatfield released, but only on the condition that he leave Ireland.

Hatfield departed for Scarborough, England, but he did not reform. He posed as a wealthy gentleman, accruing large debts, until he was sent to prison for nine years. During that time, he was visited by a woman named Nation, a social reformer who came under the spell of the oily-tongued Hatfield. Upon his release, Hatfield married this gullible woman, spending all her money and then deserting her. He surfaced in Keswick, staying at the Queen's Hotel, where he posed as a wealthy retired officer, using the alias of Colonel Alexander Augustus Hope and claiming to be the brother of Lord Hopetoun. He seduced Mary Robinson, the attractive daughter of a rich innkeeper.

After cashing several forged checks, Hatfield ran off with Robinson, bigamously marrying her in Scotland. After a short time, as was his custom, Hatfield deserted the woman and illegally married at least two more women, supporting his lavish lifestyle through forged checks. He was by then identified as a notorious swindler, turned in to authorities by the very women he illegally married and deserted. Hatfield was arrested while wooing another gullible female in Carlisle and was quickly convicted of forgery and on several counts of bigamy, the latter offense serious enough to assure his death as an habitual criminal. He was hanged on September 3, 1803.

Henry Morris never harbored the grand illusions of John Hatfield. His bigamous ambitions had little or nothing to do with wealth and position. His appetite for women was simply insatiable, some later insisting that Morris was afflicted with a strange mental malady to marry any woman that caught his much-roving eye. In 1810, Morris worked in Dublin, Ireland, as a teacher, but this position was achieved, it was later learned, through fraud. He had presented forged credentials to qualify him for the job.

British bigamist John Hatfield, who was hanged in 1803, following his conviction.

Some time in 1812, while playing billiards with the father of one of his students, Dennis Murphy, Morris stated that he loved the 15-year-old Murphy girl. Because of his daughter's age, Murphy told Morris that he could visit the girl at his home, but that he would have to wait until she reached the age of sixteen to marry her. Morris then observed a prolonged courtship that went on for five months. While supervised by her father, the enraptured Murphy girl strolled through Dublin streets with Morris and sat at his side in her home while he read love sonnets to her.

The long courtship, however, worked a strain on Morris' patience. He began to drink and lose interest in his teaching chores. He then began to disappear from classes he was obligated to teach at the same time the Murphy girl was also listed as absent from those classes. Five months later, Morris abandoned all marital protocol and eloped with the underaged Murphy, going to Scotland, where the couple married.

Returning to Dublin, Morris attempted to make amends to Dennis Murphy, but the irate father grew suspicious and began to look into his new son-in-law's background. He discovered that Morris was self-taught and had no qualifications as a teacher. Worse, Murphy learned that the young man had wooed and abandoned four different young girls and that he was still married to a woman named Maria Fontaine. Murphy and some of his relatives obtained evidence proving that Morris had married Fontaine on May 15, 1811, abandoning her as he had with three other young females.

Murphy brought a criminal charge of bigamy against Morris, who was indicted in Dublin, in 1813. Three weeks before his trial, the prosecution's star witness, Maria Fontaine, collapsed and died of illness. Morris was nevertheless imprisoned and brought to trial. Throughout this period, the Murphy girl never ceased to stand by him, bringing home-cooked meals to his cell and holding his hand in court, weeping and vainly imploring her father to drop the charges against her husband.

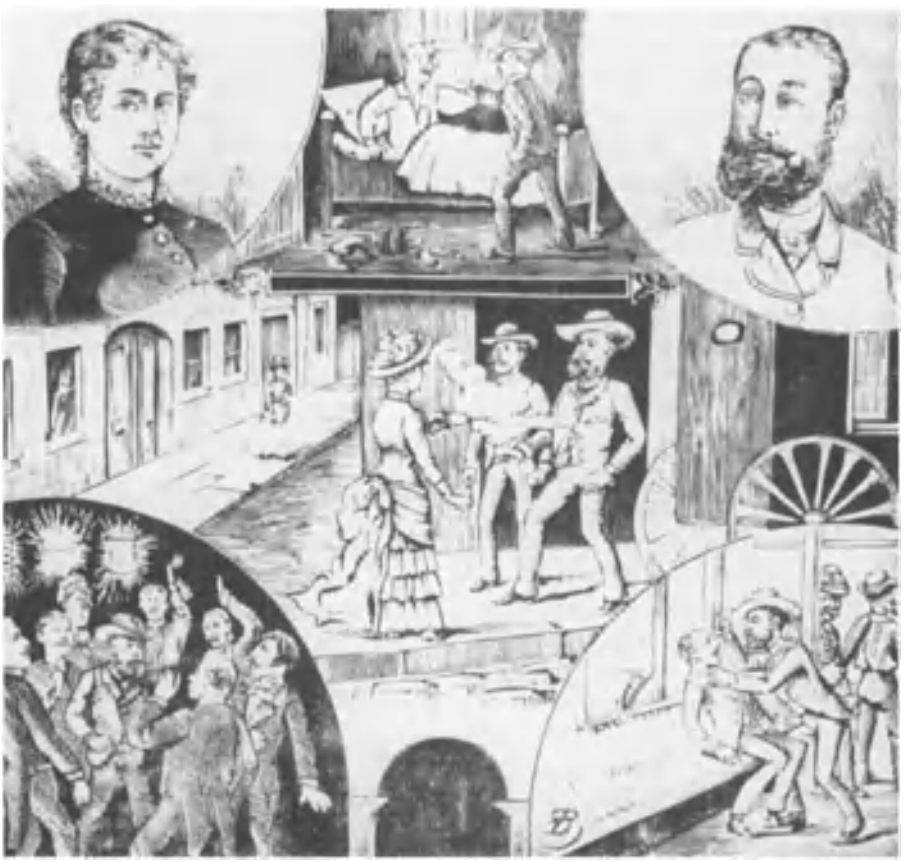
Henry Morris (second from left, with his bigamous wife clinging to him), in a Dublin court in 1813, following his seven-year sentence to a penal colony.

Morris was convicted through the written statements of the dead Maria Fontaine. When the guilty verdict was announced, the defendant's teenage wife cried out to the court that it had committed a terrible injustice. The presiding judge sentenced Morris to seven years of hard labor at a penal colony in Australia, reminding him that the sentence was lenient in that other men had been hanged for less serious crimes. As Morris was being taken away by a court guard, the faithful Murphy girl ran to him, frantically holding on to him, as if she could withstand the verdict of the court. She was restrained, while her

bigamous husband was sent to a ship sailing for Australia. She reportedly followed him there, waiting patiently until he was released and they were reunited.

ONE WOMAN'S REVENGE/1885

Political ambition drove Theodore J. Boasso to lift himself from immigrant poverty to riches and power, gaining a lofty position that convinced him that he was above the law and beyond the reaching retribution of the woman he bigamously married. Boasso was the son of an immigrant printer who settled in New Orleans. With very little schooling, Boasso, at an early age, went to work as a ward heeler for the political machines of Mayor J. Vallsin Guillotte and Samuel D. McEnery, governor of Louisiana.



A contemporary montage records the misdeeds of Theodore J. Boasso, showing (clockwise) Mary Katherine Kuhn; Boasso arrested at gunpoint; Boasso; Boasso intimidating a witness; Boasso with underworld friends and (center) Mary Kuhn shooting Boasso in 1885.

Boasso, through cajolery and strong-arming, delivered the votes for his bosses and was so successful that he was rewarded with a cushy job, receiving an appointment as the director of the state insane asylum. He was, of course, wholly unsuited for this post, having no medical credentials or expertise in supervising the treatment of the mentally ill. Boasso rose higher. In April 1884, he was then named to the New Orleans Police Department as chief of detectives, a position then called chief of aids. Again, he had no experience or knowledge to qualify him for this position, one which he quickly proceeded to abuse.

Already having strong and long-lasting contacts with the New Orleans underworld, including the Mafia, which had infested the city's waterfront in large numbers, Boasso worked in collusion with burglars, confidence men and armed robbers. Whenever anyone identified one of these miscreants as having committed a crime, Boasso mollified or threatened the witnesses into having them drop their complaints. Stubborn citizens were swayed to keep silent when Boasso paid them off with heavy bribes. In one instance, a man from Colorado was swindled out of $40. Boasso gave him $150 not to prosecute.

Mayor Guillotte ignored the many complaints mounting against his chief of detectives. In fact, he went out of his way to publicly support his crooked henchman, attending public fetes and affairs with Boasso. In June 1885, the mayor accompanied Boasso to a private dinner held by Ambrose Kuhn, a wealthy grocer. At this time, the chief of detectives met Kuhn's beautiful twin daughters, becoming enamored of Mary Katherine Kuhn. He began courting the young lady, telling her that he was unmarried.

On June 20, 1885, Boasso eloped with the 18-year-old girl. The wedding was conducted by one of Boasso's cronies, a man who reportedly had no authority to marry anyone. Before consummating the marriage, however, Boasso assured his suspicious bride that their union was legal by showing her an official marriage certificate, one later proved to be bogus. Her father, however, became enraged when he learned that Boasso had fraudulently wedded his daughter. He barged into their love nest, knocked down Boasso and hustled his daughter back to his home.

Mary Katherine Kuhn not only learned how Boasso had mocked their union with a phony wedding, but learned that he was already married. Investigators working on behalf of her father then learned that the chief of detectives had bigamously married several women throughout Louisiana. The deceived young woman decided on revenge, seeking out Boasso and finding him as he emerged from a saloon with a friend on Anthony Street.

Boasso was joking with his friend about his fake wedding to the Kuhn girl, but his laughter choked to silent fear when he turned to see Mary Kuhn standing before him, holding a revolver in her hand. Without a word, she fired several shots, bullets entering his liver and back. As the chief of detectives fell to the street, Mary Kuhn was taken into custody by a policeman. After it was learned that she had been duped into marriage by a bigamous rake, Mary Kuhn was released without being charged.

The local papers published the tawdry details of the Boasso scandal, one which Mayor Guillotte could not cover up. He

distanced himself from his chief of detectives and then publicly denounced his former protege as a "detestable cad and bigamist." He fired Boasso, who was still recuperating from his wounds in a hospital.

When he recovered, Boasso was tried for bigamy and forging a false marriage certificate. He was convicted and sent to prison, given a fourteen-year sentence. The strutting bigamist served only eight years of his sentence before Governor Murphy J. Foster pardoned him in 1894. Upon his release, Boasso was given a menial political job and soon faded from the public eye.

THE MARRYING "MAD FRED"/1892

Frederick Bayley Deeming (1854-1892), was not only one of the worst bigamists on record in England and Australia, but proved to be a mass murderer, who, without conscience or reservation, brutally slaughtered his wives and children. Deeming was a man of enormous ego. He considered himself an accomplished confidence man, but his unimaginative schemes produced, for the most part, little money over the many years he preyed upon trusting, naive women.

Deeming's early background is sketchy, but it is known, through his own admissions, that his mother and father had been confined in a mental institution and that he himself had been subject to mental disturbances as a child, his strange conduct and emotional outbursts earning him the sobriquet of "Mad Fred." After marrying in his late twenties, Deeming left his wife, Maria, and four children, in Birkenhead, England, sailing to Australia in search of work. He found a job as a gas fitter in Sydney, but was soon arrested for stealing company property and given a short prison term.

After his wife and children joined him in Sydney, Deeming spent a short time at honest labor. He was then arrested for filing a fraudulent bankruptcy. He posted bail and then fled with his wife and children, going to Port Adelaide, where he was living in 1888. At that time, Deeming resolved to live by his wits, which were limited, believing that he could earn vast sums through confidence games. During this time, he began moving throughout South Africa and Australia. He took passage on a steamer going to St. Helena and en route bilked two gullible brothers named Howe of a small sum.

For the next few years, Deeming moved nomadically about with his family, living briefly in Cape Town, Durban, Johannesburg, Port Elizabeth and Kimberley. During this period, he posed as a diamond mine operator in South Africa, selling bogus shares in his nonexistent mines. He was a flamboyant, fluent talker, who easily convinced the more rural and gullible victims to invest small sums in his mythical mine operations. He even managed to defraud a considerable sum from the National Bank of Johannesburg through a loan on his so-called diamond mines. Next he mulcted a man named Grice of £2,800, with the promise of selling him a large part of a gold mine he claimed to have in Klerksdorp. When Grice was about to meet Deeming to claim his shares, he was told by a confederate that Deeming was dead, having succumbed to a sudden illness.

Detectives were by then on Deeming's trail and he knew it. He sent his wife and children back to England and then, through a circuitous route, joined them there. Detectives pursued him to England and Deeming fled back to Australia, then once more returned to England, with law enforcement officials still pursuing. While in England, Deeming posed as a member of the aristocracy, forging and passing bad checks.

Deeming bigamously married several women at this time, bilking them of their savings and property before abandoning them. When some of these illegally married spouses reported him, Deeming fled to Antwerp. Here he posed as Lord Dun, marrying and fleecing another woman, then deserting her, as he had with others by suddenly leaving his hotel and paying his bill with a bad check.

Returning to England, Deeming gave a bogus check for £258 to a jeweler in Hull for several gems. He immediately embarked for South America, posing as a millionaire and entertaining his fellow passengers with wild tales of his experiences in Africa, stories Deeming had culled from penny-dreadful publications. When he arrived in Montevideo, however, Deeming was shocked to see detectives waiting for him. They had tracked him half way around the world. Placing him under arrest, British detectives returned him to England, where he was imprisoned to await trial on charges of bigamy and many financial swindles. During this time, Deeming unsuccessfully attempted to escape.

Frederick Deeming, bigamist and mass murderer, who was executed in 1892.

On October 6, 1890, Deeming was sentenced to nine months in prison for swindling the Hull dealer. Evidence in other cases was not strong enough to warrant additional convictions. Deeming served every day of his sentence, being released on July 16, 1891. He immediately went to the Commercial House

in Liverpool and registered under the alias of Albert O. Williams. He claimed that he was a British officer serving in an Indian regiment and that he was looking for a suitable home, where his colonel could live in retirement. He specified that the house to be rented for the colonel have a concrete floor—this proved later to be part of his plan to murder his now unwanted family.

Deeming's wife, Maria, visited him regularly at the Commercial House, but he spent most of his time with Emily Mather, with whom Deeming was having an affair. At his wife's insistence, Deeming rented a cottage, Dinham Villa, at Rainhill, moving his wife and four children into it. A few nights later, while his wife and children slept, Deeming crept into the cottage and killed all five persons, crushing their heads with a heavy instrument. He then dug up the concrete floor in the kitchen and buried the bodies beneath, cementing the floor over them and even hiring a few unwitting workers to complete the job.

Some weeks later, Deeming brought Emily Mather to the cottage and, according to his own bizarre statements later, danced a jig for her on the concrete floor above the bodies of the family he had ruthlessly slaughtered. He married Mather, then set in motion another confidence scheme. He attempted to claim damages for an expensive picture he had sent by rail to another town. When this claim was refused and agents grew suspicious, Deeming sailed for Australia, departing with his new wife in October 1891. He was by then using the alias of Droven and later Drewen, settling with his wife in Melbourne, where he rented a house on Andrew Street in Windsor. A short time later, tiring of his wife, Emily, Deeming killed her and buried her body beneath a cement floor of his own creation.

Deeming then filed an application at the marriage bureau in Melbourne, but he suddenly left the city on January 5, 1892, thinking that detectives were again on his trail. On a boat sailing for Sydney, Deeming introduced himself to other passengers as Baron Swanston, meeting an attractive, young woman named Katie Rounsfell (or Rounsville) and promptly proposed marriage. She accepted and they made plans to wed in a short time.

Once in Sydney, Deeming obtained a job at a gold mine in Southern Cross, then sent for Rounsfell. Just as she was preparing to join him, Rounsfell received a visit from detectives, who informed her that her fiancé was a bigamist and a murderer. By that time, Deeming was already under arrest, charged with killing Emily Mather. Her body had been discovered by a rental agent named Connor. He had inspected Deeming's vacated house on Andrew Street in Melbourne, and, while walking into the bedroom, noticed the freshly cemented floor, which had been hurriedly prepared and had not properly dried. Connor kicked the lumpy cement that had cracked and a slab flipped over to reveal the face of a dead woman buried beneath, her eyes open and staring up at him.

The bigamist-killer had been careless, leaving documents that bore his aliases and his previous address in Rainhill, England. Australian detectives contacted police in Liverpool. The Dinham Villa was closely inspected and the five slain bodies of Deeming's first family were found. Deeming had been identified through his many identities and had been arrested for murder at Southern Cross on March 11, 1892. He was taken to Melbourne, where thousands of curious spectators turned out to see "the monster." As he was being escorted to prison, a group of vengeance-seeking residents tried to grab Deeming in order to lynch him, but he was saved by police officers and jailed pending trial.

Katie Rounsfell, Deeming's next intended wife and murder victim, is shown testifying at his trial in Melbourne.

While behind bars, Deeming wrote syrupy letters to Rounsfell, telling her that he was innocent and asking that she send him money. Katie Rounsfell was an heiress with considerable funds and notations found in Deeming's effects showed that he planned to transfer her assets to his own accounts and then kill her, as he had with others. Ms. Rounsfell, informed of these intentions, did not send Deeming any money.

As he awaited trial, Deeming seemed to be undergoing a number of epileptic seizures. His guards and prison doctors, however, insisted that these fits were faked by Deeming, considered by some to be a superb actor and capable of staging such fake attacks. Such fits may have been real, however, since Deeming was then suffering from the advanced stages of syphilis. At his trial, Deeming insisted that he was insane and had been for most of his life. He told a tale of seeing his dead

mother almost every day and that this hideous apparition urged him to marry and murder all women he met.

Standing in the dock, he addressed the court, reading from a long speech he had laboriously written and one in which he insisted he was being prosecuted for a murder he had never committed. He also claimed that Emily Mather was still alive, although her corpse had long been identified before it had been given a decent burial. At the end of the speech, Deeming realized his address had made no impact on the court. He turned to the gallery of witnesses who had testified against him and said: "You people are the ugliest human beings I have ever seen!"

This and other pretended mad acts gained Frederick Deeming nothing. He was judged sane, convicted and sentenced to death. While awaiting execution, he attempted to gain as much notoriety as possible, announcing that *he* was Jack the Ripper. This claim, like most of those he had made in life, was false, contradicted by the events of his own life. Deeming was in Australia at the time of the Ripper murders in London's East End in 1888. On May 23, 1892, Deeming was taken before a crowd of more than 10,000 cheering spectators and was publicly hanged.

A LETHAL LADY BIGAMIST/1906

A tall, beautiful brunette, Emma LeDoux (1871-1941) was intelligent and creative, who spent a great deal of time on her hobby, photography. She also proved to be creative in exercising more sinister talents, bigamously marrying several men and murdering them. Little is known about LeDoux's early life, except that she was born Emma Head in Amador County, California in 1871 and that her first marriage was to a man named Charlie Barrett, who died in Mexico a short time after the couple moved there.

Emma LeDoux, bigamist and murderer; she died in prison in 1941.

LeDoux then married a man named Williams, who died under mysterious circumstances, leaving the widow a large sum of money from an insurance policy that LeDoux had arranged. In September 1902, LeDoux arrived in Jamestown, California, where she met and married Albert N. McVicar, but they separated when McVicar discovered his wife with another man. He drove her from her house, compelling LeDoux to support herself through prostitution.

While still married to McVicar, LeDoux moved to Stockton, California, staying with her mother, who owned a small farm outside of town. There, at a church social, she enamored Eugene LeDoux, marrying him on August 12, 1905. (She was best known later under the name of LeDoux.) While strolling along a Stockton street on March 11, 1906, LeDoux was startled when encountering her husband McVicar on a chance meeting. She said nothing of her marriage to LeDoux.

McVicar by then had deep regrets about having turned Emma out of his house, coming to believe that he had been the reason for her infidelities, that he had not given her the attention she deserved. The couple reunited that day, LeDoux forgiving McVicar for driving her to prostitution, or so she later said. Taking a room with McVicar only a few blocks from where her other husband, LeDoux, resided, Emma convinced McVicar to order new furniture for his house in Jamestown. If she was to move back with him to that city and resume their marriage, she said, she wanted the comfort of good furniture. McVicar happily agreed, paying for expensive furniture, which LeDoux carefully selected.

A few days after this purchase, LeDoux went to the store and tried to stop the shipment of the furniture, saying that she had changed her mind and wanted a refund. The store manager apologized, telling her that the furniture had already been shipped to Jamestown. "What good is that to me!" she said angrily before departing. One day later, LeDoux visited a doctor in San Francisco, who had been treating her for a venereal disease, asking him to provide her with drugs to ease her pain. The physician sold her some morphine.

On March 14, 1906, Emma LeDoux appeared in a San Francisco pharmacy, where she purchased some cyanide, telling the owner that she needed this in developing her photographs. (Small doses of this deadly poison was then used in the crude process of developing positive photographs from old-fashioned negatives.) To convince the pharmacist that she avidly worked at her hobby, she showed the druggist several photos of herself with different middleaged men. The pharmacist had her sign for the cyanide before she left his store.

McVicar and LeDoux arrived in Jamestown on March 15. McVicar, who worked as a lumberman, then abruptly quit his long-standing job on March 21, 1906, telling his employer that he was going to work on a farm owned by his wife's mother, which was located outside of Stockton. Meanwhile, LeDoux inspected the furniture that had been shipped to McVicar's home and told her husband that it was nothing but "cheap goods." She insisted that the furniture be returned and then persuaded her husband to return to Stockton with her and buy more expensive furniture from another store, which he did.

After the couple left this store on March 23, 1906, LeDoux returned to have the furniture shipped to an address in Stockton , which was the home of her other husband, Eugene LeDoux. (Emma explained her long absence to husband LeDoux by saying that she had been staying with her mother at her farm outside of town.) That night, according to law enforcement records, Emma LeDoux doctored her husband's coffee with knockout drops, morphine and cyanide, killing him. The next day she visited a leather goods store and purchased a large trunk, having this immediately sent to her room at a Stockton hotel, where she had been staying with McVicar. In another store she purchased some rope.

At 2 p.m. on March 24, 1906, Emma LeDoux arrived at the Stockton train station, where she ordered the trunk to be shipped to an address in San Francisco. The trunk was almost placed on the train, but since its contents bore no identification, it was shipped back to the baggage room at the Stockton

train station. The baggage manager smelled a peculiar odor coming from the trunk and called police. Officers opening the rope-bound trunk found the crumpled body of Albert McVicar inside.

Police then conducted a widespread search for Emma LeDoux, but she was nowhere to be found. Her mother could not provide officials with any information as to her whereabouts and neither could Eugene LeDoux. She was finally tracked down to a small rooming house in Antioch, California, and arrested in early April 1906, her trial beginning one day before the devastating San Francisco earthquake ensued, a calamity that disrupted almost all civic functions in the Bay area and delayed LeDoux's trial. She was nevertheless convicted and received a prison sentence for bigamy and, in murdering McVicar, was sentenced to death.

LeDoux's execution by hanging was delayed when the Supreme Court of California ordered a new trial in May 1909. LeDoux, who had claimed innocence in her first trial, arranged a plea-bargain with prosecutors. She now confessed to murdering McVicar and her sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. (Writer James M. Cain studied this case, using LeDoux as one of several role models for his vixen, Cora, in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, employing in that chilling novel the shifty plea-bargaining LeDoux had exercised to save her life.)

LeDoux was sent to the female center at San Quentin, being paroled on July 20, 1920. She was returned to prison for parole violations on July 9, 1921. She was paroled again on March 30, 1925. LeDoux was then thought to have been rehabilitated. She married a man named Crackbon, who died mysteriously two years later. Again, Emma LeDoux was thought to have murdered this new husband and her illegal selling of his property caused her to be once again returned to San Quentin. In 1933, she was transferred to the Tehachapi Women's Prison, but there would be no more paroles for Emma LeDoux. California's most notorious female bigamist-murderer died behind bars in Tehachapi in July 1941.

"THE DEAD ARE FOR THE DEAD"/1906

Johann Otto Hoch (1862-1906) does not hold the record for bigamous marriages in the United States, but the terrible claim that he murdered more bigamous brides than any other such malefactor can certainly be supported through the grim facts of his strange and lethal life. Born in Horweiler, Germany, Hoch married sometime in his mid twenties. In 1887, he deserted his wife, Christine Ramb Hoch, and their three children, immigrating to the U.S. His whereabouts in America are not known, until he surfaced in Wheeling, West Virginia in 1895, using the alias of Jacob Huff.

Hoch opened a saloon in a German neighborhood and began to look about for wealthy widows or divorcees to marry. In April, he married Caroline Hoch at a small ceremony conducted by Reverend Hermann C. A. Haas. Reverend Haas later told police that he recalled seeing Hoch give his wife some white powder, which, in afterthought, he believed to be poison. The woman died in agony a few days later and was buried in great haste by her husband. Before departing Wheeling, Hoch sold his wife's house, withdrew all her savings from a local bank and cashed in an insurance policy on her life in the amount of $2,500.

Hoch's quick disappearance nagged Reverend Haas, but he was unable to locate the missing saloon keeper. In 1898, however, Haas came across a Chicago newspaper , which showed a photo of a man named Martin Dotz, who had been arrested for swindling a furniture dealer. He recognized the man in the photo as the missing Hoch and sent a letter to the Chicago Police Department, this missive being received by Inspector George Shippy, who had been working on the Dotz case. Shippy and Haas then began a correspondence in which Haas told the detective that he believed Hoch/Dotz had murdered his wife in Wheeling.

Inspector Shippy by then had brought about Hoch's conviction for fraud and he was given a year's sentence in Cook County Jail. Shippy began to look into Hoch's background and continued probing after Hoch was released from jail. In a six-year odyssey that took him to San Francisco, New York and other major cities, Shippy pieced together Hoch's wandering travels. He found reports of more than 100 abandoned women, who had wedded a balding man with a thick upturned mustache, a description that fit Hoch. Forty-four of these females had married Hoch, who promptly deserted them after bilking them of their assets. Worse, more than fifty women had been murdered by Hoch, according to Shippy's count, from 1887 to 1897, including the hapless Caroline Hoch in Wheeling, West Virginia.

Shippy persuaded police in Wheeling to exhume Mrs. Hoch's body so that the remains could be tested for arsenic poisoning. Local officials discovered that the vital organs had been removed, leaving no telltale clues. Though Shippy did not have enough evidence to charge Hoch with murder, he vowed to find such evidence elsewhere. This he eventually did, in Chicago, where Hoch, a much-moving man, made the mistake of settling. Following his release from jail in 1899, Hoch worked as a bartender in the German community. On December 5, 1904, he married Marie Walcker and then poisoned her shortly after their honeymoon, having her body quickly buried.

Before Marie died in agony, Hoch and his sister-in-law Amelia sat at the woman's bedside. Hoch suddenly embraced his wife's sister, saying to her: "I can not be alone in the world. Marry me when she goes." Amelia Walcker was shocked to then hear Hoch state: "The dead are for the dead. The living are for the living." Days after Marie died, Amelia Walcker, married Hoch, turning her life savings, $750, over to him. He promptly vanished. The indefatigable Inspector Shippy was on the case. He had Marie Walcker's body exhumed and pathologists determined that the woman had been murdered by massive doses of arsenic.

Shippy then mailed copies of Hoch's photograph to newspapers nationwide. The photo was seen some days later in a New York newspaper by Katherine Kimmerle, who ran a boarding house in Manhattan. She contacted Shippy, telling him that she had recently rented a room to the very man he was seeking. Further, she said with some indignation, Hoch had had the nerve to propose to her only twenty minutes after he rented the room.

America's top bluebeard, Johann Otto Hoch (lower left) shown with his jailers in Chicago in 1906, shortly before he was hanged; Hoch reportedly married and murdered more than fifty women.

New York officers arrested Hoch at Kimmerle's boarding house, where he insisted that he was not the man in the newspaper photo. He insisted that he had never been in Chicago, that he was an unemployed hod-carrier, a lifetime resident of New York. "That man proposed to me when he first showed up here," Mrs. Kimmerle told police, "that man right there standing before you. Can you imagine? Why, only a cold-blooded wife-killer would have the nerve to make such a proposal. Arrest him!"

"She is saying these terrible things," Hoch said in a soft voice to officers, "because her heart is broken, because I turned her down. You see, this poor woman wanted me to marry *her*. I don't marry women I don't love. So I had to turn her down. She's just getting revenge. You fellows know how that is with women." The officers nodded and took Hoch into custody anyway.

When he was returned to Chicago, Hoch was charged with the murder of Marie Walcker. His defense attorney could not overcome the convincing evidence against him. Hoch was found guilty and sentenced to death. Inspector Shippy visited him as he awaited execution, confronting Hoch with dozens of photos of wives Shippy believed Hoch had married and murdered. "You killed all these women, didn't you?" he asked Hoch.

Hoch only smiled and said. "I am innocent of killing Marie and any of these other poor women. Look at those pictures, Inspector. Look at the faces of those tired old ladies. Would you marry any of those women?"

"No, but you did," Shippy replied. "And you took their money and property and killed them. You poisoned most of them and strangled others."

"You have the wrong man, Inspector," Hoch told him without emotion. "I will go innocent to the gallows." Shortly before he did go to the hangman, The Chicago *Sun* printed an article about Hoch, one which contained Hoch's six rules for success with women, all of which had been written down by the bigamist-killer and was found in his room. They read:

1) Nine out of ten women can be won by flattery.
2) Never let a woman know her own shortcomings.
3) Always appear to a woman to be the anxious one.
4) Women like to be told pleasant things about themselves.
5) When you make love be ardent and earnest.
6) The average man can fool the average woman if he will only let her have her own way at the start.

Before Johann Otto Hoch walked up the thirteen stairs to the wooden gallows waiting for him in the courtyard of the Chicago Criminal Courts Building on February 23, 1906, a reporter showed him his six cardinal rules, asking: "Did you write these rules?"

Hoch glanced at the list and said: "Why not? It was good advice." Minutes later he died dangling from the end of the rope.

THE BRIDES OF THE BATH/1912-1915

Unlike the crude conduct of bigamist-killer Johann Otto Hoch in America, England's George Joseph Smith (1872-1915) was always the gentleman, marrying and bilking his many wives with meticulous care. Intelligent and vain, Smith eventually turned to murder, ridding himself of several bigamous wives through a method of his own simple, but cunning invention. He was foremost a bigamist swindler, who resorted to murder only when his most enriching schemes demanded the deaths of his illegal wives.

According to the birth certificate he was using at the time of his arrest, Smith was born at 92 Roman Road, Bethal Green, London, on January 11, 1872. He lived in poverty as a child, his father struggling to support the family by selling insurance, then an unpopular business thought to be unsavory. Smith, however, in his own perverse perspective, would later recognize his father's business as a source of considerable personal income, when coupled to his unique brand of murder.

Poorly educated and left mostly to the streets, Smith, at the age of nine, stole some fruit from a vendor and, while fleeing, ran straight into the arms of a waiting constable. His impoverished parents did not contest a court action that sent the child to a reformatory for eight years, thrusting him into a brutal environment that certainly helped to create the calculating killer emerging decades later.

Smith's evolution as a master criminal lacked lightning and thunder. His way toward the gallows involved a plodding series of criminal acts that, in deepening shades of gray, led to the ultimate murders he committed. Only toward the end of his horrifying career did he truly earn the reputation given to him by one of his biographers as "the most atrocious English criminal since Palmer." (Dr. William Palmer of Rugeley, England, a 19th Century killer, who poisoned for profit at least a half dozen persons and was hanged in 1856.)

Released from Borstal Reformatory in 1888, Smith busied himself with small larcenies, being sentenced to a week in jail in 1890 for a petty theft. In 1891, he was given a six-month jail sentence for stealing a bicycle. He had stolen the bicycle for reasons of exercise, to build up his body. He reportedly worked as a gymnasium instructor in the early 1890s before enlisting in the army and seeing duty overseas. When mustered out in 1896, Smith had transformed his once undernourished bone-thin body into a muscular frame that boasted "unnaturally tough biceps." Also in that year, as he shed himself of a sickly, unimpressive body, Smith did away with George Joseph Smith as a person. He created aliases and invented a series of lives under these false names.

Smith became George Baker, taking a room in a cheap boarding house in a shabby section of London. He wore dark suits and a bowler hat, an umbrella hooked on his arm, projecting the image of any average government worker or a minion in private service. There was money in his pocket for the first time in his life, the source of these wondrous new riches being many women, who fell in love with him, even though George Joseph Smith hated women. Smith coated his hair with pomade, drenched his body with cheap cologne and affected the manners of a gentleman forced into an uncomfortable lifestyle. He easily drew the attention of young, unsophisticated women, mostly domestic servant girls working in the mansions of the rich, occupations that would be of service to the conniving Smith.

Smith had learned his etiquette and manners while briefly managing a boarding house, where he studied retired gentlemen in his care. Moreover, as he well knew, he was an imposing figure in the eyes of his gullible victims, seen as physically handsome in that square-jawed, keen-eyed Victorian image made famous by Sidney Paget, who had illustrated the first Sherlock Holmes stories for *The Strand Magazine*, only a few years before Smith's criminal career accelerated. Oddly enough, Smith bore a striking resemblance to Holmes, as Paget saw the great fictional detective, which may have subconsciously attracted Smith's female admirers.

George Joseph Smith, who bigamously married several women, drowning them in bathtubs for insurance money.

The modus operandi of Smith's enterprises was as prosaic as the man himself. Under his directions, these swooning housemaids dutifully made inventories of the furnishing in the mansions, where they worked. Smith would scrutinize these lists, which catalogued possessions down to the smallest bric-a-brac, then selected the items he thought he could quickly sell. The maids then stole the pieces, returning them to Smith, who, in turn, sold them to fences. It was during this period that Smith took up the habit of itemizing everything that occurred in his life, his miserly character emerging in exacting ledger books, where all income and expenses, down to the last farthing, were detailed, an avaricious trait that led to Smith's downfall years later.

Smith's lucrative operations came to an abrupt close in the form of jealousy. In 1896, one of his many working-girl lovers

became enraged when he gave too much attention to another young woman. The jealous maid informed on Smith and, as Baker, he was arrested after police found large quantities of stolen goods in his rooms. Smith was sent to prison for a year. Upon his release in 1897, he avoided the London streets, thinking he might chance upon one of his former maid servant cronies. He moved to Leicester, where he opened a small sweetshop, catering to children.

During the day, Smith was the patient and kindly gentleman, peddling penny candies and biscuits to swarms of little ones, who had saved allowances for their Saturday spending sprees in his tiny shop. At night, the candy shop owner put on his finest linen suit and top hat before strolling through the streets in search of bigger commercial game—women. He sought middleclass females of some substance and property and on one of his nocturnal hunts, he encountered Caroline Thornhill. Learning that she had a small savings account, Smith proposed. The couple wedded in 1898, Smith using the symbolic alias of George Oliver Love. Either out of whimsy or irony, Smith listed his father's occupation as "detective" on his marriage certificate.

Smith moved with his new wife to the back room of his small candy store, which failed a little more each day, until Smith began using his wife's savings. When this meager amount was gone, Smith informed his wife that she was useless to him and that he intended to leave her. She begged Smith to stay with her, pleading that there must be a way by which the couple could survive together. He reluctantly agreed, hesitantly telling her that there was just such a method, but only if she agreed to do exactly as he directed. Anything, she agreed.

The couple then moved to London, where Smith's wife became a willing pawn in his old stolen goods racket. Smith meticulously wrote references for his wife with which she secured jobs as a servant in many handsome homes. Under Smith's cautious tutorship, she became an expert sneak thief, filling Smith's apartment with jewelry, furniture, paintings, anything he could quickly sell off. Through his wife's pilferings, Smith acquired enough money to live in comfort, often traveling to the English seaside resorts of Hove and Hastings and passing himself off as a wealthy antique dealer, searching for, as would an dedicated archaeologist for saleable artifacts, more gullible females to woo, win and rob.

It was never learned how many women Smith promised to marry or bigamously married at this time, in order to obtain their savings and dowries, but it is certain that in this time of his life he had decided on bigamy as a living. He did marry a boarding house owner at the time he was married to his wife, Caroline, who was still working as a thieving maid in London. He absconded with the landlady's savings, as well as her wardrobe. When Caroline returned home one day in 1900, her hands still clutching more items stolen from her employer, she discovered the clothing Smith had stolen from the boarding house victim. Smith explained these items as the result of an affair that meant only "business." The discovery so unnerved Smith's wife that she bungled her next theft, easily caught by her employer while attempting to smuggle a suitcase containing stolen candelabras from his house.

Caroline Thornhill Love was arrested and immediately identified her husband as the mastermind behind her thefts. Constables arrested Smith in his home, finding a treasure trove of stolen items. This time he received the maximum prison sentence of two years for receiving stolen goods.

When he emerged from prison in 1902, Smith sought out his meal ticket, Caroline, only to discover that she had fled to Canada two days before his prison release. He did not suffer her loss, concluding that there was thousands of rich spinsters available in London. He began marrying and deserting females in record numbers, spinster after spinster, draining them of their worldly goods and money, most of these hapless victims being citizens of the seaside resorts Smith had earlier visited and scouted.

Caroline Thornhill Smith, who married Smith and survived to testify against him.

In 1908, Smith obtained £90 from a spinster in Brighton. With this money (then equivalent of $1,200 in U.S. currency), coupled to the inventory of stolen items taken from previously abandoned wives, the bigamist opened a second-hand shop in Bristol, where he met and married Edith Mabel Pegler, who, like most of his other brides, was "a notch above him," according to Smith's later statements, referring to her social and educational standing. Pegler, who was soon drained of her savings by Smith, had the distinction of marrying *the real* George Joseph Smith, since he used, for whatever odd reason, his own name at the time.

Edith Pegler, another bigamous wife who remained loyal to the serial killer.

Using Pegler's assets, Smith purchased a house, his first home, with £240. He reveled at being a property owner, fondling each night his important papers—title deeds and certificates of transfer. This was at the heart of Smith's genuine ambitions, property and possessions. He loathed females in general, a hatred typical of women exploiters, and was inwardly repelled and disgusted by the sexual performances he was obligated, however briefly, to enact. But George Joseph Smith endured it all. His was a dogged hunt for money through the withered fields of middle-class, middle-aged British womanhood. He would have his possessions at any price, even murder.

The precise time of Smith's decision to commit homicide in his marrying and mulcting schemes has never been determined, but it probably occurred during the time of his marriage to Edith Pegler. He actually found himself developing affection for this wife, an emotion that undoubtedly troubled Smith, whose business it was to eliminate all emotions, all feelings, in order that he coldly perform his illicit business.

One summer day in 1910, Smith got rid of Edith Pegler in the same manner he rid himself of many other wives, deserting her in a public place. In this instance, he took her to the National Gallery, then excused himself to go to the men's room, leaving her as she sat staring at classics on canvas.

Two months later, in August 1910, while strolling along a street in Bristol, Smith met Beatrice Constance Annie ("Bessie") Mundy, a 33-year-old spinster. Not only was the lovesick Bessie Mundy easy prey for the much-marrying Smith, but she held the key to his future in that she was also an heiress to £2,500, left to her by her late father, a bank official. After getting Bessie to accept his hand in marriage, under the alias of Henry Williams, Smith's anxious dreams of quick riches were dashed by a hard-willed uncle, who controlled Bessie's fortune, and who allowed her only £8 a week to live on.

The conniving Smith tried wheedling Bessie's dowry from her protective executor. He wrote in his practiced groveling manner a plea to the coffer-clutching uncle from Weymouth, where he had married Bessie on August 29, 1910. He asked that the uncle send money orders, not checks, to Bessie and increase her weekly stipends to better afford her lifestyle as a married woman. After a month of such correspondence, Smith received £138 from the uncle.

Believing that this was all he would ever see of his wife's small fortune, Smith turned on the cultured woman, incredibly accusing her of infecting him with a venereal disease as a result of being promiscuous. Such a charge, of course, was absurd in that Bessie Mundy Williams was a withdrawn, highly moral woman of fine education and propriety, but this unfounded charge served as enough of an excuse for Smith to abandon her.

Smith then returned to Edith Pegler. What reason he gave her for earlier abandoning her is not known, but this docile woman not only welcomed him back, but agreeably accompanied him in his nomadic travels between Bristol and London. It was at this time that Smith resolved to add murder to his methods in marrying and bilking his victims.

On March 14, 1912, Bessie Mundy, who had been abandoned two years earlier by Smith, returned to her London boarding house to tell her landlady that she had accidentally met her one-time husband, Henry Williams (Smith). "He was looking over the sea," said Bessie. "He turned around, staring into my eyes, and said: 'Ah, Bessie, my dove, it's all been a terrible mistake." The lonely woman forgave and forgot all that Smith had said and done.

The reconciled couple made immediate plans to take up lodgings together, but money was needed, Smith pointed out. His business affairs had met with serious setbacks. With Bessie in tow, Smith arrived that day at Baker & Co., where

Bessie Mundy, shown with Smith on their wedding day; she was the first to drown in a bathtub.

Bessie secured a loan of £150, signing a formal note that used the balance of her dowry as collateral for the loan.

The couple moved to Herne Bay, where Smith rented a small house. He busied himself with putting together a scheme in which he could obtain what remained of Bessie's dowry. On July 8, 1912, Smith and his wife met with a solicitor, lawyer and parson, the latter a witness to the mutual wills they both signed and in which either stood to inherit each other's wealth in the event of death. In Bessie's case, there was still considerable money left in her dowry. In Smith's case his riches consisted of little more than some stolen furniture.

Shortly after the couple moved into a small cottage, Smith appeared at a local shop where he ordered a new tub from an ironmonger. Then, on July 10, 1912, Smith and Bessie arrived at the office of a local doctor. Smith stated that his wife had had some sort of strange fit. The physician thought Smith was referring to epilepsy, asking a few questions about the symptoms of that malady. "Yes, epileptic fit, that sounds like it," said Smith." Bessie appeared to be in a drowsy state, saying: "I don't remember anything so serious. I've always been healthy, but if Mr. Williams says I have had a fit then it

must have come and gone outside my consciousness. I *do* remember a headache."

The doctor gave Bessie a bromide and sent the couple home. Two days later, a little past midnight, the physician responded to loud knocking at the door of his clinic, which was also his residence. Smith stood before him, frantically waving his arms and excitedly saying: "My wife has had another fit. Please come at once!" When they reached the Smith cottage, the doctor found Bessie sitting up in bed. It had been a stifling day and the woman was hot and flushed. "Keep her quiet," the doctor told Smith. "I can only assume that the intense heat of the day provoked another epileptic fit." He promised to return later that day. At 3 p.m. the physician found Bessie in good health. She told him that she felt "wonderful," but was concerned "about these fits I don't seem to remember."

At 7 a.m. on July 13, 1912, Smith woke his wife to tell her that he had prepared a hot bath for her. The iron tub Smith had ordered lacked taps and fittings and had to be filled and emptied with a bucket. Bessie entered the room, shed her nightie and slipped into the tub filled with hot water. An hour later, the physician who been treating Bessie was handed a note by a schoolboy running an errand for Mr. Williams (Smith). The note, written in a hurried scrawl, read: "Can you come at once? I'm afraid my wife is dead."

Within minutes, the doctor was looking down at the naked, cold body of Bessie Mundy Williams. She was lying on her back in the bathtub, her head submerged, her long legs stretched out stiff, her feet over the end of the tub. In her rigid right hand she clutched a square piece of Castile soap. The doctor lifted the corpse from the tub, placing it on the floor, using artificial respiration to revive the woman. It was useless. Bessie was dead. "Where were you, Mr. Williams, when this dreadful thing happened? " the doctor asked Smith.

Smith, who had never shown emotion to anyone, suddenly burst into tears, explaining between sobs: "I went out ... to fetch some herrings ... for our breakfast ... When I returned ... I found my sweetheart ... dead!"

The doctor told Smith to sit in the next room, while he went for the coroner. The minute the physician left, Smith ran to the street and cornered a constable and a neighbor woman. He sobbingly led the pair into his house and upstairs, pointing at the naked body on the bathroom floor. The constable thought him temporarily deranged. The woman fainted.

When the coroner appeared, accompanied by the family doctor, the official asked only a few questions. He was informed by the physician that he had treated the poor Mrs. Williams for epilepsy. A hastily convened coroner's jury, acting on the doctor's statements, so carefully engineered by the plotting Smith, concluded that Bessie's demise had been accidental, an epileptic seizure causing her to drown in her bath. Mundy family members attempted to refute the claim that Bessie suffered from epilepsy, but the doctor's story was believed. Strangely enough, the jurors and officials did not for an instant ask themselves how such a tall woman could have drowned in such a small bathtub.

Smith haggled with an undertaker until he purchased the cheapest coffin available for his deceased spouse. He then ordered an inexpensive burial ceremony, sending a terse note to Bessie's relatives: "Words can not describe the great shock, and I am naturally too sad to write more." Two days after his wife's burial, Smith appeared at the ironmonger's shop, lugging the tub behind him. He had purchased the tub on credit and now refused to pay for it, saying: "This thing doesn't work. It killed my wife!" He left by slamming the door to the shop.

Next, Smith hired lawyers to combat members of the Mundy family, who contested Bessie's will. Their own family lawyer, however, pointed out the decision of the coroner's jury and Smith's roaring threats to file suit against the entire family. The Mundys gave in and Smith was awarded more than £2,000, a great fortune in those days. He promptly disappeared.

In late August 1912, Smith surfaced again in the life of Edith Pegler Smith, who believed he had, as a traveling salesman of rare antiques, been abroad for many months. In this instance, Smith explained that he had been in Canada. When she asked about the large amounts of money he was carrying, Smith replied that he had made a killing on the sale of a rare jade idol. These new riches were not squandered by Smith on his wife Edith. He gave her a small weekly pittance to cover expenses. Meanwhile, Smith purchased ten small houses in Bristol, thinking to retire on the rents. He busied himself with titles, deeds, certificates, ledgers and receipts, but within months he had lost more than £700 and greater losses loomed on the horizon.

Smith decided to return to his former occupation, bigamously marrying and bilking naive women. He spent Bessie's money carousing through the resort towns, looking for prey. In late October 1913, he found Alice Burnham, an overweight 26-year-old nurse, in Southsea. Though Alice had only £27 to her name, Smith learned that her father, Charles Burnham, a retired coal merchant, was holding another £100 in her name. He proposed marriage and Alice accepted, taking Smith to meet her parents, who did not like the looks of their future son-in-law. They ordered him from their house and forbade their daughter to marry Smith. The love-struck Alice, however, ran off with Smith, marrying him in Portsmouth on November 4, 1913.

Smith at the time, as he had with Edith Pegler, used his own name in signing the bigamous marriage certificate. On December 10, 1913, Smith and Alice arrived at Blackpool, a resort area, where they took a room with a bath at Mrs. Crossley's boarding house. By that time, Smith had insured his new wife's life in the amount of £500, naming himself as the sole beneficiary. Ever concerned about his wife's health, Smith asked Mrs. Crossley if she could recommend a doctor in Blackpool, who might treat his wife's nagging headaches. Mrs. Crossley suggested they see Dr. George Billing, who examined Alice Smith a short time later. The physician thought he detected slight heart murmurs. He prescribed a mixture of caffeine and heroin.

That night, Mrs. Smith asked Mrs. Crossley to prepare a

bath for her. Two hours later, while the Crossleys sat at their kitchen table eating dinner, they looked up to see a huge stain of water on the ceiling , which was dripping onto their meals. "Go and tell Mrs. Smith not to fill the bath so much," said Mrs. Crossley to her eldest daughter. The girl started to leave the room, then stopped, saying: "Oh, mother, they will think we are grumbling already, and they are not two days in the house."

Alice Burnham, Smith's second bride to die in a bathtub; he collected £500 from her insurance policy.

Smith then suddenly appeared in the kitchen, holding a package. "I have brought these eggs for our breakfast," he told Mrs. Crossley. He had earlier asked the landlady to make meals for him and his wife since Mrs. Smith was "such a terrible cook." Mrs. Crossley then pointed to the ceiling and Smith raced upstairs. Within minutes he called frantically down to the Crossleys: "My wife will not speak to me! Get a doctor—get doctor Billing! He knows her! Hurry!"

Dr. Billing arrived a short time later to find Smith holding his wife's head above high water, which covered the rest of her body in the tub. Both men struggled to lift the heavy woman from the bath. Dr. Billing could not revive the woman and, within a few minutes, a coroner arrived. Conferring with Dr. Billing, the coroner signed his report that Mrs. Smith had accidentally drowned after "suffering heart failure."

A half hour later, Smith stood in the Crossley kitchen saying nothing. Mrs. Crossley was shocked at his apparently indifferent attitude. He showed no remorse at his wife's passing. Thinking he was in shock, she thought to jolt him back to reality by saying: "How dreadful! What an awful thing this is."

"I would not be surprised at anything that might happen now," Smith replied in a dull voice.

"What kind of remark is that with your wife lying dead upstairs?" asked Mrs. Crossley.

Smith merely shrugged. Mrs. Crossley ordered him from her house, saying that she would not tolerate having anyone so callous as he under her roof. Smith packed a battered brown suitcase and carried this to the front door of the rooming house. He turned to face Mrs. Crossley, stating matter-of-factly: "When they're dead, they're dead." He left without saying another word.

That night, Smith stayed in the boarding house next to Mrs. Crossley's building. Mrs. Crossley saw him at a lighted window in an upstairs room. He was writing. She could not see that Smith was at that time writing out his claim to the insurance company that had written a policy on his wife. Smith attended a coroner's jury a few days later to hear a verdict of "accidental death" in the drowning of Mrs. Alice Smith. He then received the £500 in insurance money and departed Blackpool, but not before he sent a card to Mrs. Crossley, which provided his new address, a bogus location. Mrs. Crossley kept the card, cryptically writing on it: "Wife died in bath. I shall see him again some day."

Once more, the world-weary traveling salesman returned to Edith Pegler Smith, taking up residence in his home in Bristol. Again, he explained his new riches as having made fortunate sales in Canada. In September 1914, with Europe going to war, Smith ventured to the town of Woolwich, where he encountered Alice Reavil, whom he hurriedly married, thinking she had a large dowry. When discovering that this spinster had no money and was in such ill health that she could not be insured, Smith simply stole the woman's entire wardrobe, leaving her only with the clothes on her back before he departed. He returned to Bristol and gave his victim's old clothes to his wife Edith as a not-too-welcomed gift.

Three months later, Smith was on the move again, this time surfacing in the resort town of Clifton where he encountered Margaret Elizabeth Lofty, the 38-year-old daughter of a clergyman, a companion to the elderly by profession. Once engaged, she was broken-hearted after learning that her previous lover was a married man. To the panther-like Smith, Lofty was a wounded gazelle. He introduced himself as John Lloyd, a real estate broker from Holloway.

In a whirlwind courtship, Smith won Margaret's heart and they were married at Bath, England, on December 17, 1914. Only days before, Smith had insured his wife's life for £700 with the Yorkshire Insurance Company in Bristol. Immediately following the wedding ceremony, Margaret Lofty Lloyd withdrew all of her savings, £20, from the Muswell Hill Bank and turned this money over to her new husband. He took her to London, where he concluded his "business" within forty-eight hours.

On December 17, 1914, Smith appeared at the London boarding house owned and operated by a Mrs. Lokker. He personally inspected the bath in the room he reserved, spreading out his long arms to determine the length of the tub. "I guess someone *could* lie down in it," he said. Returning to

Mrs. Lokker's small office, the landlady asked him for references. Smith grew indignant, throwing six shillings down on her desk. "Here are my references. I'll return shortly."

Mrs. Lokker, alarmed at the strange behavior of Smith, called the police. Detective Sergeant Dennison arrived and, after hearing of Smith's odd behavior, took action. When Smith arrived, Dennison pushed him gently back into the street, telling him that since he could provide no references, he would not be allowed to register at Mrs. Lokker's boarding house. Smith argued for a minute, then walked away. He and his wife appeared a short time later at Mrs. Blatch's rooming house at 14 Bismarck Road, taking a room with a bath.

Smith then went into his routine, asking Mrs. Blatch if she could recommend a good doctor to treat his wife, who was feeling "lethargic" and "feverish." A Dr. Bates was summoned and he prescribed a mild sedative for the ailing Mrs. Lloyd. At 7:30 p.m., on December 18, 1914, Mrs. Blatch drew a bath for Mrs. Lloyd. Minutes later, the landlady heard a faint splashing of water in the tub. Then she heard the sound of a melodeon in the living room and Mrs. Blatch thought that Smith was playing it. The front door bell then rang and Mrs. Blatch opened it to see Smith standing before her holding a brown bag and saying: "I've brought some tomatoes for Mrs. Lloyd's dinner." (With Bessie Mundy it had been herrings, with Alice Burnham it was eggs.)

Smith put down the bag and looked about the living room. "What? My wife isn't down from her bath yet?" he said. Mrs. Blatch told him that she had not seen her. Smith suggested that they both fetch her. Going into the bathroom, they found the room in darkness. Smith turned on the light. Mrs. Blatch screamed at the sight of Mrs. Lloyd's head submerged under the bath water. Smith yanked the woman out of the tub, making a great show in attempting to revive her. Of course, it was no use. Dr. Bates was summoned. He quickly concluded that his patient of one day had died "due to asphyxia from drowning. Influenza, together with a hot bath, might have caused an attack of syncope."

Again, missing no details, Smith called a constable from the street to view the dead body. The constable was shocked to see the woman's naked body exposed on the bathroom floor, saying to Smith: "In pity's name, get something and cover the poor creature. Don't leave her lying like this." Smith shrugged and retrieved a blanket, tossing this over the corpse. The constable later stated that he thought Smith's lack of grief strange and suspicious.

Following the cheap funeral Smith arranged for Lofty's body, he returned to Bristol, where he began to badger the York Insurance Company, demanding payment of £700 in the loss of his wife's life. The company thought Lofty's death by accidental drowning in a tub too odd to believe. They stalled the payment, causing Smith to use his attorney, W. T. Davies, to pressure the company to pay on the policy, negotiations that dragged through January 1915.

Meanwhile, Charles Burnham, the coal merchant, who never ceased to believe that Smith was the cause of his daughter Alice's death, spotted an item in the popular weekly, *News of the World*, which reported in detail the curious death of Margaret Lloyd (nee Lofty), describing her awkward drowning in a bathtub. Clipping this item to one about his daughter drowning in the same manner a year earlier, Burnham sent the notices to the police. Joseph Crossley, husband of the suspicious landlady in the Alice Burnham drowning, also noticed the item and sent police two reports of the similar drownings.

Scotland Yard received these reports and assigned their best man to investigate. Detective Inspector Arthur Fowler Neil, in Kentish Town, was at once on the case. He inspected the bathroom, where Margaret Lloyd had died. Measuring the small bathtub, he thought it impossible that a grown person could drown in such a container. He sent his men throughout the resort towns to piece together the Burnham and Lofty deaths. When he learned of Bessie Mundy's identical end in Herne Bay, and with the descriptions in hand of the three husbands in all the cases, Neil concluded that not only were Williams, Smith and Lloyd one and the same man, but that whoever this man might really be, he had committed three murders, perhaps more.

Neil learned through his manhunt that one of the husbands, Lloyd, was about to receive a payment from the Yorkshire Insurance Company in the drowning death of his wife, this payment to be made at the London offices of Lloyd's attorney, W. T. Davies, who cooperated with officers, but told them that he did not have the current address of his client. Neil knew Lloyd would appear at Davies' office and he assigned his men to keep the place under surveillance.

On February 1, 1915, Neil and two of his detectives, were at the site and spotted a meticulously dressed gentleman walking down the street toward the attorney's offices. The man hesitated twice, seeming to turn back. Finally, he walked up to the building and entered. When this darkly-dressed stranger emerged from Davies' offices an hour later, Neil and his men stopped the man.

Heiress Margaret Lofty, Smith's third bigamous wife, who died by drowning in a bathtub.

Neil looked the square-jawed man in the face, saying: "I'm Inspector Detective Neil. Are you John Lloyd?"

Smith's manner was nerveless. "Yes, I am."

"The same John Lloyd whose wife was drowned in a bath on the night of December 18, at Bismarck Road, Highgate?"

"Yes, that's me."

Neil was matter-of-fact, saying: "From my investigation, I have reason to believe you are identical with George Smith, whose wife was found drowned in a bath three weeks after marriage in 1913, at Blackpool."

Smith was unperturbed, giving Neil back his own stare. "Yes, that is so, but it doesn't prove that my name is Smith."

His normally sallow complexion then flushed red as anger rose within him and he uncontrollably shouted: "Smith! I don't know the name of Smith! My name is not Smith!"

By then Neil had concluded that Smith was a murderer several times over, but he had no evidence to prove this contention. He simply said: "Very well. I am going to detain you for making a false attestation to a Registrar."

This minor charge jarred Smith into blurting: "Oh, if that's what you're making all the fuss over, I may as well tell you, I am Smith."

"You admit that fact, then?" asked Neil.

"Certainly. My wife died at Blackpool in 1913. But that's only coincidence. It's a man's bad luck! It's the only charge you can prove against me." He then gave the detective a thin sneer, adding: "Clever as you think you are, Mr. Neil."

"Yes! And there may be charges of murder against you."

Smith exploded, shouting: "You're bloody well mad! You don't know what you're talking about!"

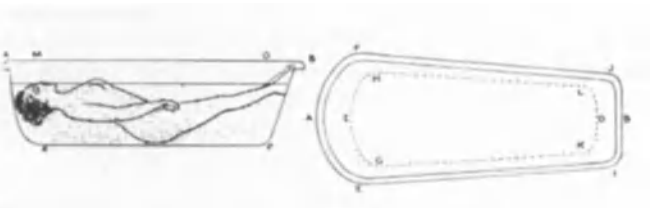
Neil ordered Smith arrested. He was jailed on charges of perjury in giving an alias at the time of his marriage to Margaret Lofty. A short time later, the more serious charge of bigamy was added. The charge of murder was withheld, until the sleuth could determine exactly how Smith had murdered his wives. Neil, with the help of the celebrated pathologist, Sir Bernard Spilsbury, attempted to discover how Smith had managed to drown at least three of his victims, making all these deaths appear as accidents. The bodies of Bessie Mundy, Alice Burnham and Margaret Lofty were exhumed and carefully examined by Spilsbury. He found no signs of violence on any of the corpses, and had to admit that they had all died by drowning.

Had Smith attempted to force any of the women's heads under water there would have been a violent struggle that would have left telltale marks on the bodies, Spilsbury concluded. Further, the tubs in which these women died were so small that any other method of murder was inconceivable. George Joseph Smith, it appeared, had baffled the forensic authorities and would be acquitted of murder for lack of evidence.

Then Neil had the idea of reenacting the bathtub scenes, using women who were professional swimmers. He positioned these women in several ways inside the very death tubs, employing females who were the same weight and height as the murder victims. Yet there seemed to be no way in which he could, without struggle, keep the women submerged. Then Neil was thunderstruck by the vision of Smith's simplistic murder method. He went to the foot of the tub and looked over the swimmer sitting in the water that filled the tub to three quarters. He suddenly grabbed the woman by the ankles, lifting her feet high into the air. She slipped beneath the water, her head wholly submerged. She had been made helpless. The quick lifting of her legs forced her arms, which would have normally gripped the sides of the tub, to slide backward and be rendered useless in any attempt to raise the head.

This demonstration almost resulted in tragedy. Though the woman had been under water for only a few seconds, when Neil released his hold, the swimmer remained under water, unconscious. He and Spilsbury quickly lifted her from the bath, and, for a terrible half hour, desperately worked to revive the swimmer with artificial respiration and restoratives. She finally came around, explaining to Neil and Spilsbury that when her legs were lifted into the air and her head slid beneath the water, her nostrils and mouth were immediately filled with water and she blacked out.

This, then, Neil and Spilsbury rightfully concluded was the method Smith had employed to kill his "Brides of the Bath," as the press later dubbed the victims. The sudden flow of water into mouth and nostrils, Spilsbury carefully explained at Smith's murder trial, caused shock and unconsciousness. How Smith stumbled upon this unique and bizarre murder method is not known to this day.



Scotland Yard diagrams showing the type of bathtub and the position in which three of Smith's wives were cleverly drowned.

Charged with the murders of Mundy, Burnham and Lofty (there were many others it was thought), Smith underwent a nine-day trial at the Old Bailey, June 22 to July 1, 1915. The case against him was circumstantial, but overwhelming. Neil and his detectives provided the prosecution with more than 2,000 statements on the case, more than any ever seen in a criminal case in England. Also placed on exhibit were the many careful ledgers Smith had maintained over the years, incriminating him in his stolen goods schemes.

The trial attracted thousands of curious spectators, mostly women who were obsessed with the bigamous wife-killer. One report describes how "they came by the hundreds—the lonely woman, the physically and mentally deprived, the woman hungering for love—women of the type Smith had chosen for his victims." Throughout, Smith stood aloof in the dock. Justice Scrutton presided, while Sir Archibald Bodkin prosecuted and Sir Edward Marshall Hall defended. When the judge cautioned the jury that it was about to hear a murder case, the defendant shouted that such a charge was "a disgrace to a Christian country!" He then added in a soft voice: "I may be a bit peculiar, but I am certainly no murderer."

The testimony of 112 witnesses damned Smith day after day, including the angry statements of the landladies in whose houses he had committed his murders. Smith's first wife, the reformed sneak thief, Caroline Thornhill, even returned from Canada to testify against him. His wife in Bristol, Edith Pegler Smith, also testified, feebly trying to help her errant husband, but her statements only further incriminated Smith, particularly when she recalled her husband's warnings in the use of bathtubs. "I should advise you to be careful of those things," Edith remembered Smith saying to her just before the murder of Margaret Lofty, "as it is known that women often lose their lives through weak hearts and fainting in a bath."

Smith said little on his own behalf, merely shaking his head and saying that the three *known* deaths were all "phenomenal coincidences." His defense counsel, headed by the brilliant Edward Marshall Hall, could offer only thin rebuttal and wild speculation. Hall reminded the jury of the statements of the doctors who had examined the three women before their deaths, that all had been in seemingly dazed conditions. His theory was that Smith never had to enter the bathrooms and that the brides drowned themselves as a result of being hypnotized by his client. Theories on drugs and poisonous vapors in the tub waters were also put forth.

Then Inspector Neil demonstrated before the jury the real method used by Smith to murder his wives by simply yanking their legs high into the air. At the end of the demonstration, the jury gasped open-mouthed. Smith clutched the wooden rail of the dock so tightly that his knuckles went white. He yelled in fury: "That man is a villain!" He shook his fist in Neil's direction. "He ought to be in the dock with me now!" The jury took twenty-three minutes to return a guilty verdict. Smith was sentenced to death and his appeals were denied.

In the early hours of August 13, 1915, Smith sat in his cell at Maidstone Jail, listening to a strange hum from human voices. A large crowd had assembled outside the walls, most of these visitors being women, and their chatter could be heard by Smith as he awaited execution that morning. He had refused to make any kind of confession and in his last minutes on earth this position did not change. At 8 a.m., Smith was taken from his cell. He staggered as he walked into the courtyard and toward the waiting gallows.

When Smith saw the scaffold, his legs failed and he had to be helped up the stairs. His arms were tied behind him and a black shroud was placed over his head, then a heavy rope lowered around his neck. A few seconds before the trap was sprung, George Joseph Smith experienced an emotion he had never allowed his "Brides of the Bath." His solemn, low words, heard at last by the executioner, came from beneath the dark hood: "I am in terror!"

"SHE'S TOO SMART FOR ME!"/1933

Ivan Poderjay, born in 1899, religiously maintained a mysterious past throughout his strange life. Even the country in which he was born is in question, but most likely he was a native of Hungary. He migrated to England at an early age, living by his wits in London, where he reportedly worked the same bigamous schemes so ardently practiced by the ubiquitous George Joseph Smith. As a teenager living from hand to mouth in London, Poderjay avidly followed the 1915 Smith trial, remarking to a friend: "That fellow Smith was pretty smart." When his friend reminded Poderjay that Smith "was not so smart as to get hanged," the street-wise teenager replied: "He used the same methods too many times. I wouldn't make that mistake."

In 1931, Poderjay met Marguerite Suzanne Ferrand, a French woman working in Paris. Older than Poderjay, she took him under her wing, tutoring him in the dark arts of fraud. One report related how Ferrand refined Poderjay's social manners and selected gullible females as likely prospects for his matrimonial scams. For two years, Poderjay allegedly married several women in bigamous swindles, taking their small savings before abandoning them, then sharing his ill-gotten gains with his mentor, Ferrand.

Ivan Poderjay, shown in handcuffs, en route to Sing Sing Prison in 1935, after his bigamy conviction.

Poderjay and Ferrand married in 1933 (also bigamous). It was a bizarre relationship wherein Ferrand's deep sadistic tendencies were willingly accepted by the masochistic Poderjay. Detectives investigating Poderjay's background a year later unearthed extensive correspondence written by Poderjay, these bizarre missives analyzed by several psychiatrists, who determined that the con artist was really four persons, as shown in

Poderjay in 1938 (doffing hat), upon his prison release; he claimed that his missing wife was in hiding.

his writings to Ferrand: the masculine Poderjay, a feminine Poderjay who called himself Ivanita, and male and female slaves to Poderjay and Ferrand, calling themselves Vance and Vancette.

Most revealing to detectives were letters involving Ferrand's role in Poderjay's pursuit of a wealthy American woman, 43-year-old Agnes Tufverson. A corporate attorney with a sizeable fortune, Tufverson was staying in London when Poderjay (or Ferrand), received a tip from one of their contacts, a hotel employee, who provided a profile of the single woman.

Poderjay did not approach Tufverson until she boarded the French liner, *Ile de France*, on her return trip to the U.S. While en route to New York, Poderjay romanced Tufverson, proposing to her before the ship docked in Manhattan. In December 1933, within days of his proposal, Tufverson withdrew $25,000 from one of her bank accounts and gave the cash to Poderjay. They were then wedded (thought to be Poderjay's fifth or sixth such bigamous marriage) at the Little Church Around the Corner in New York City.

For three weeks, Poderjay refused to meet any of Tufverson's New York friends. At the end of this time, Poderjay made arrangements to sail with his new bride on the German liner *Hamburg*, saying that he and his wife would be moving to Austria, to live at his large estate (he had none). Some reported seeing Poderjay and Tufverson drive with suitcases and trunks to the dock where the *Hamburg* was moored, but the tickets were canceled at the last minute and Poderjay returned alone to the apartment, where the couple had been staying.

Two days later, Poderjay, with a new trunk, boarded another ship, the *Olympic* (sister ship of the ill-fated *Titanic*), for which he had a single stateroom ticket. Poderjay sent Tufverson's sisters a letter and later a telegram in which he stated that his wife had mysteriously disappeared. Olive and Selma Tufverson immediately alerted the police, who soon learned that Poderjay was still married to Ferrand. He was tracked to an apartment in Vienna, where Tufverson's clothes were found, but there was no trace of Agnes Tufverson. Although Austrian and American authorities believed that Poderjay had murdered Tufverson, there was not enough evidence to cause his extradition to the U.S. for murder.

Poderjay, however, was extradited on charges of bigamously marrying Tufverson. He was tried in New York and convicted of bigamy, then sentenced to five years in Sing Sing, although Judge George J. Donnellan declared that Poderjay "should be before the court on another charge." Upon his release from prison in 1938, Poderjay met with the press, telling newsmen that he had had no hand in Tufverson's supposed death, insisting that her disappearance was of her own doing. "That Agnes!," he said. "I have proof that she is still alive, but she's too smart for me! The police are not interested in finding her and never were." Ivan Poderjay returned to London, where he reunited with Ferrand. Both faded into obscurity.

"LOVER OF 1001 WOMEN"/1949

Sigmund Engel, born in 1874, was once asked why he had committed bigamy more than 200 times (undoubtedly the all-time worldwide record, far surpassing the estimated 50-100 bigamous marriages of wife-killer Johann Otto Hoch). He replied: "Womenania ... Surely they can't punish me for enjoying lovely women ... I go for the fifty-seven varieties." Engel was certainly the master of the bigamous confidence game. He practiced his matrimonial scams with amazing success across two continents and in many nations. By his own estimate, Engel married and bilked more than 200 women over a period of fifty years, gleaning more than $6 million from their savings and assets.

In the early years of the 20th Century, Engel lived in Europe, marrying for the first time in Vienna, Austria, and thereafter continuing his bigamous offenses through the capitals of Europe—Paris, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, Prague, Bucharest, Budapest, Warsaw—always in search of widows who possessed $5,000 or more. His name first appeared on police records in the U.S. in 1917. By the time of his final arrest in 1949, Engel had been arrested twenty-two times on charges of bigamy and fraud, serving four prison sentences. It was estimated by police officials in 1927 that he had bigamously married *at least* forty women in the U.S. up to that time.

Engel's approach to his victims was a practiced routine. With a glib line and persuasive charm, he would meet his

Sigmund Engel, at age 73, who wedded more than 200 women in bigamous marriages (the all-time record).

prey in some public place and invariably say: "Why, you look just like my wife! I mean, my former wife, God bless her. She's dead these last four years." Most women, sensitive to his loss and the attention he heaped upon them were willing to go to lunch with Engel—he always took them to the best restaurants—and there he would impress them with his great social or financial standing by impersonating a famous person.

At one time or another, Engel passed himself off as Carl Arthur Laemmle, Jr., head of Universal Studios. He would, over lunch, call a waiter to the table with a telephone and pretend to call his studio in Hollywood, giving orders for upcoming film productions. He would then remark upon his companion's fine appearance and ask her to appear in his next film. Few were able to resist. On other occasions, he was an oil baron, a shipping magnate, Lord Beaverbrook, H. Paul Moore (attorney for millionaire Howard Hughes).

Engel always flashed a big bankroll to convince his mark that he was a man of means. Courtship and then marriage inevitably followed, after which he usually succeeded in convincing the bride to sign over her savings account to him "to avoid problems later." With the victim's money in hand, Engel would permanently depart with the explanation that he was off to buy new luggage for their honeymoon trip.

By 1949, Engel had gleaned a large, illegal fortune. One reason for his continued success was that he never stayed too long in any town. His violation of this principle proved his undoing. In early June 1949, he appeared in Chicago, where he met Reseda Corrigan, a 39-year-old woman who had just left a singing lesson. A whirlwind courtship followed during which Engel took Corrigan and her daughters to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to see a grave he falsely claimed to be his mother's.

Champion bigamist Sigmund Engel (below, second from left) is shown in a Chicago courtroom in 1949; Reseda Corrigan (second from right) brought charges of bigamy and fraud against him.

Mrs. Irene Grimes, a rich widow and another of Engel's bigamous wives; she also testified against him.

Placing flowers next to the tombstone (the entombed person was the matron of a distinguished Milwaukee industrial family, background Engel had earlier researched), he said: "Mother, this is the little girl I'm going to marry."

After bilking Corrigan out of thousands of dollars, Engel set their wedding for June 7, 1949, but the day before the ceremony he sent his intended wife and her daughters to a beauty parlor, then vanished. A week later Corrigan received a phone call from Engel, asking her to take a train to New York and meet him at Manhattan's Grand Central Station. Alone, Corrigan went to New York, but Engel was not at the station. Broke, she lived in the station for eight days, sleeping in the washrooms and on public benches. She managed to return to Chicago and immediately filed a complaint against Engel for breach-of-promise and for swindling her out of her money with the Chicago Police Department. A photo of the wanted man was shortly published in a local newspaper.

By this time, Engel had moved on to his next victim, but he had made the mistake of not leaving Chicago. He stayed on to pitch his woo at 59-year-old Genevieve C. Parrot, a widow with six sons. She had met Engel at the posh Palm Grove Inn, where he had wined and dined her. Parrot knew him as "Paul Marshall," a wealthy, retired banker, who lived at the Blackstone Hotel on Michigan Avenue. Then Parrot saw the "wanted" photo of Engel in a newspaper and became alarmed. She called her sister-in-law, Marianne Hagen, a Chicago policewoman, for advice, and was told to play along with the swindler.

After agreeing to marry Engel, Parrot agreed to provide him with cash to purchase some new luggage for their honeymoon. Engel, on June 24, 1949, dutifully went to the Charles Wilt luggage store on Michigan Avenue, unaware that the sales clerks and customers were actually undercover police officers. As Engel attempted to leave the store with his luggage, police officers pounced upon him, taking him to the Town Hall Station, where he was booked on charges of bigamy and fraud. The 73-year-old Lothario quickly became a *cause celebre*. While he was in jail, a piano was provided for his amusement and police officers were delighted to escort him to dinner, allowing him to leave jail for short periods to dine at Chicago's better restaurants, where Engel paid the bill.

While he awaited trial, a number of Engel's swindled wives and girlfriends came forward to tell their stories. Many were present when Engel's trial opened before Judge George M. Fisher in October 1949. Reseda Corrigan gave the court an amusing inside look at Engel's technique. "I first met him on South Michigan Avenue," she said, "just after I had left a singing lesson. He came up to me and grabbed me by both hands. He said: 'It's amazing, amazing, amazing. You look so much like my dead wife I would have thought that she had walked out of her grave.' He was so gentlemanly, so refined. He told me he liked petite women and I'm only five feet one inch."

Engel, who was released on bail after the first day's hearing, was suddenly the center of attraction for hundreds of love-starved women. One woman broke through a police line at the courthouse to rush up to him and beg him to sign her autograph book. He gave her a wide smile and signed her book: "Sigmund S. Engel, Lover of 1001 Women." When reading of this event, Engel's defense attorney, J. Edward Jones, threw up

Appearing in court to testify against Engel are two more wives: Mrs. Corrine Perry (second from left), of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Annette Kubiak (second from right), of South Bend.

his hands in frustration, saying to his client: "I'm trying to prove you're not that!"

As his trial progressed, the real Sigmund Engel began to emerge as a ruthless, bigamous swindler and not simply an elderly swain out to win the hearts of lonely widows. Some of the most damaging testimony was provided by Annette Kubiak of South Bend, Indiana, who had met Engel in October 1948 at the Oliver Hotel in her home town. At the time, Engel introduced himself as H. Paul Moore, a rich California attorney. A week later, they were married in Michigan City, Indiana.

Returning to South Bend with his new wife, Engel threw a lavish party at a posh country club, where he urged Kubiak to sell her home, saying that they would be moving to sunny California to live on his estate by the sea. Kubiak sold her home, valued at $22,000 for only $12,500. The buyer's $5,000 earnest money wound up in Engel's pocket. Kubiak never saw the money again. The couple then traveled to Chicago, where they checked into the Stevens Hotel. Engel left his new wife by saying he was going out to buy new luggage for their trip to California and never returned.

When these facts came to light at the trial, defense attorneys objected, stating that the law prohibited a wife from testifying against her husband. Judge Fisher agreed, but only to the letter of the law that applied to Engel's legal wife, and that Kubiak and many others testifying were not legal spouses, but victims of bigamous marriages. Judge Fisher pointed out that, to the best evidence available, Engel's legal wife was 64-year-old Corrine Perry of Los Angeles, who had surrendered her entire life savings of $2,673 to her swindling husband and who had married her under the name of Eugene Gordon.

Engel embraces Mrs. Pauline Langton of New York City, another bigamous wife, who was swindled by him, but who nevertheless succumbed to his charms and gave him loyal support during his 1949 trial in Chicago.

Despite the exposure of the swindler's shady past, Engel nevertheless had some dogged admirers. Wealthy Pauline Langton of New York City came forward to say that she forgave the scoundrel for stealing $50,000 in jewelry from her before he disappeared years earlier. Still smitten by the aging lover, Langton moved in with Engel at his Chicago hotel, paying the bills. Prosecuting attorneys objected to this arrangement, issuing an order banning Engel from living with Langton. As the couple left the courtroom arm-in-arm, Engel smiled at reporters and said: "You can take it from me—she's [Langton] is the only lady in the lot."

Engel's jocular attitude began to change as more and more women appeared on the stand to testify against him, essentially repeating the same story. Engel grew indignant, finally blurting to newsmen: "It's like playing the same record over and over, the way they say I made love to them." He said these women were merely parroting the stories others had told and had been publicized by the newspapers (he was by then national news, his case followed by almost every major newspaper in the nation). Complained Engel: "These women—who are all these women? I wouldn't be seen dead in a hotel with

Engel's hidden bankroll: $7,400 in $100 bills found sewn into his shorts while the bigamist was in custody.

Engel is shown manhandling his attorney, J. Edward Jones, in a dispute over legal tactics in his case.

Sigmund Engel, before going to prison for bigamy, shows his favorite card, the Queen of Hearts, symbolizing his passion for womankind.

most of these women! They are all gold-diggers, who are trying to get my money! I'll show the state. I'll rip hell out of their case."

After eight days of deliberation, the jury returned a guilty verdict on charges of bigamy and fraud. On November 9, 1949, Engel was sentenced to prison from two to ten years. Before going behind bars, where he would die a short time later, Engel told press members that he had been inspired in his long and shady career by the exploits of Joseph "Yellow Kid" Weil, king of the con men. Weil, who was then living in Chicago, bristled at the thought that Engel considered himself to be in his league. Weil called a press conference of his own in which he stated: "There isn't a day when someone doesn't abscond with a woman's money. Preying on the love of a woman for money is one of the most despicable ways of making a livelihood I ever heard of."

As he departed for prison from Union Station, Engel, the champion bigamist of all time, waved and smiled at reporters. Before he went through the gate to his train, handcuffed and escorted by police officers, Engel handed a reporter a piece of paper upon which (like Johann Otto Hoch before him) he had written his rules of advice on how to successfully romance any woman. It read:

1. Always look for the widows. Less complications.
2. Establish your own background as one of wealth and culture.
3. Make friends with the entire family.
4. Send a woman frequent bouquets. Roses, never orchids.
5. Don't ask for money. Make her suggest lending it to you.
6. Be attentive at all times.
7. Be gentle and ardent.
8. Always be a perfect gentleman. Subordinate sex.

THE LONELY HEARTS KILLERS/1951

Two persons—an overweight, 30-year-old woman and her bigamous co-killer, a thin, 37-year-old man—were put to death at New York's Sing Sing Prison on March 8, 1951, ending the heinous careers of the Lonely Hearts Killers, Martha Beck and Raymond Martinez Fernandez. They made up a strange couple, a union where the heavyset Beck ordered the dominated Fernandez to marry, bilk and murder many women. These slayings were not only for financial profit but, in Fernandez's case, served as a test in each instance to prove his undying love for Martha Beck.

Fernandez, born in Hawaii of Spanish parents, was an adventurous youth, who reportedly served with British intelligence during World War II, winning commendations. He was wounded in the head in 1945, an injury that allegedly altered his personality from sanguine to phlegmatic and propelled him into a criminal career, wherein he methodically bilked wealthy widows after proposing marriage. He was tall and thin, covering his almost bald head with a cheap black wig. The women enamored of his pedestrian romantic pitch thought of him as an irresistible Latin lover. In the words of one newsman who followed his career: "He was a rather seedy Charles Boyer."

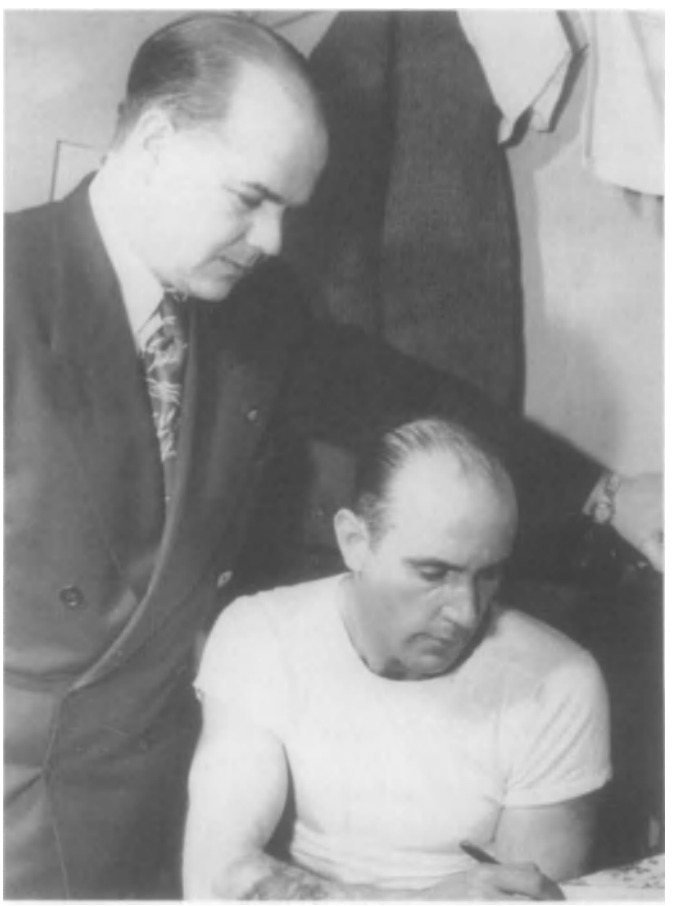
The victims Fernandez selected were invariably members of the then popular lonely hearts clubs or through the lonely hearts columns in newspapers. He married several of his victims, having one wife in Spain, another in the U.S. and still others in Mexico and in Canada. One of the lovelorn ads Fernandez answered had been placed by Mrs. Martha Beck, a registered nurse, who operated a home for crippled children in Pensacola, Florida.

When the sleazy Lothario arrived at Mrs. Beck's front door in 1947, Fernandez was taken aback by the obese woman standing before him. She welcomed him with open arms and he, the dedicated confidence man, inexplicably fell in love with the unattractive Martha. Mrs. Beck, who had been divorced since 1944, lavished attention on Fernandez, who confessed his swindling ways to her. To his surprise, she not only approved of his crooked pursuits, but asked that she become a partner in his widow-bilking schemes. The couple then moved northward, stopping in cities along the way to answer lonely hearts advertisements, mulcting and often murdering their love-sick victims.

The usual procedure was for Fernandez to woo and win the lovelorn lady and, during the course of a brief courtship, introduce Beck as his sister. Following the wedding, Beck would move in with the newlyweds and the looting of the victim's savings and jewelry quickly ensued. Most of the victims, more than 100 of them during a three-year career of bigamous swindles, were women in their fifties and sixties. However, a problem quickly developed. Beck could not bear to be in the same house with Fernandez and a new wife, knowing that her man was making love to another woman. Her jealousy increased whenever the victim was young and attractive as was the case with Delphine Dowling of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Mrs. Dowling was twenty-eight and had a 2-year-old daughter, Rainelle. She was apprehensive of Fernandez, allowing

Bigamist Raymond Fernandez (left, wearing toupee) in custody at Grand Rapids, Michigan, charged with murdering Mrs. Delphine Dowling in 1949.



Fernandez is shown signing a confession which detailed his many murders of bigamous wives.

Bigamist Fernandez is shown with one of his victims, Mrs. Myrtle Young, whom he bilked and murdered in Chicago in 1948; he sarcastically stated she died from "over-exertion."

Mrs. Encarnaca Fernandez, a bigamous wife living in Spain, to whom the killer remained loyal; he married this woman at the time he was poisoning to death another wife, Jane Thompson.

him and his "sister" to move into her home, but delaying the nuptials with her new-found Latin lover, until she was convinced that her spouse-to-be was sincere. Beck found it impossible to sleep in the next room, while her lover was on the other side of the wall with a younger, more attractive woman. They would not wait for the nuptials, Beck told the docile Fernandez. Mrs. Dowling and her daughter had to go, she ordered. Both disappeared in January 1949.

Neighbors took sharp note of the absence of Mrs. Dowling and her young daughter and called police. When officers arrived at the Dowling residence, Beck and Fernandez, who surprisingly had remained at the Dowling home (overblown with false confidence in continuing their long criminal careers), calmly invited them inside. They said that they had no idea where Mrs. Dowling and her child had gone. Police thought the pair looked suspicious and insisted that the home be searched. Beck shrugged and Fernandez waved them into the parlor.

Investigators went to the basement where they found a fresh patch of cement on the floor. "It's the size of a grave," said one officer. After some digging, the police found the bodies of Mrs. Dowling and her child. The Lonely Hearts Killers, as Beck and Fernandez were quickly dubbed by the press, collapsed immediately, freely admitting the murders. They then bragged that there were as many as seventeen other such victims. Beck gloried in her publicity and was happy to explain in detail how she dosed Mrs. Dowling with sleeping pills.

Mrs. Dowling was strong enough to resist the drug, said Beck, so Fernandez shot her in the head. They said that they had not originally planned to murder the little girl. She cried for her mother, Beck said, and the killers tried to appease her by buying her a dog. When she continued to whine for her mother, however, Beck dragged her into the bathroom, filled the tub with water, and then held her beneath the water, drowning her.

Why had the murderous couple stayed long enough to be exposed, police wanted to know. Both told officers that they had been trying to sell off Mrs. Dowling's house, but they had had a difficult time getting the price they sought. Beck and Fernandez also reasoned that in the event they were discovered before concluding their business in Grand Rapids, they would not face execution.

Both killers knew that the state of Michigan had no death penalty, thinking they would be imprisoned and later paroled for their murders of Mrs. Dowling and her child. (This was the same tactic employed by Fred R. "Killer" Burke, one of the machine gun killers of the 1929 St. Valentine's Day Massacre in Chicago. When detectives were on his trail, Burke fled to Michigan and promptly shot and killed a policeman so that he would receive a life term in Michigan, instead of facing the electric chair in Illinois.)

Martha Beck, Fernandez' psychopathic lover, glumly reads her murder partner's confession, one which implicated her in most of his lethal bigamous schemes.

Below: The body of 66-year-old Janet Fay is removed from her New York home; she was hammered to death by Beck when showing too much affection for Fernandez.

Martha Beck (second from left) and her bigamist lover, Raymond Fernandez (at right) sit joking with a police officer during their trial in New York for murdering Janet Fay.

Convicted killer Martha Beck breaks down when learning that she is going to Sing Sing's electric chair.

Believing that they would receive long prison terms in Michigan, the killers confidently boasted of many other murders they had committed in their bigamous schemes. "I'm no average killer," Fernandez bragged. "I only got five hundred off the Dowling woman, but take Mrs. Jane Thompson. I took six thousand off of her." He explained how he married Mrs. Thompson and took her to Spain, where he murdered her, poisoning her with digitalis.

Fernandez then described how he had returned from Spain to tell Mrs. Thompson's relatives that his "poor wife" had been killed in a train wreck. He knew that the Thompson family would not check to see if there had been such a wreck. "They took my word for it," laughed Fernandez. "People will believe anything." He rattled on to say that he had been so convincing a liar that he was welcomed into the home of Mrs. Thompson's mother, Mrs. L. Wilson, and that he wooed and bilked her and then murdered her, too.

Throughout Fernandez's long confession, Beck was at her lover's side, chuckling perversely as he droned his litany of murder. She found it all amusing and was solicitous of her murderous partner. Fernandez began to sweat and removed his cheap wig. Beck reached over to pat his bald pate dry with her handkerchief, thickly scented with cheap perfume. Then she urged him to continue, as if she were a child begging for a tale to be completed. Fernandez recalled another victim, Mrs. Myrtle Young. He took her to Chicago on their honeymoon in 1948, he said. "Poor woman," he laughed. "She died of overexertion!"

Beck could no longer allow Fernandez to hog the limelight. She blurted out her own confessions rapidly, her heavy jowls jiggling as she rattled off murder after murder. One she vividly recalled—there were so many, she said, that her memory was taxed—involved Mrs. Janet Fay of Manhattan, New York. She and Fernandez had already taken Mrs. Fay's last cent, but she was murdered anyway, only because Beck's jealousy exploded when the 66-year-old woman cried out for Fernandez as the couple began to leave her apartment.

Incensed at Fay's display of affection for Fernandez, she grabbed a hammer, she said, smashing Fay's head, crushing her skull. Then Beck said, in a little voice imitating that of a child: "I turned to Raymond and said: 'Look what I've done' and then he strangled her with a scarf." Beck explained that although she had already murdered Fay, Fernandez, out of deep love for her, insisted on taking part in the killing by strangling the lifeless corpse.

The Fay story Beck so blithely told backfired on the killers. They soon learned in shock that the state of Michigan agreed to extradite them to New York, where they would stand trial for the murder of Janet Fay. If convicted, both would face the death penalty, execution in the electric chair. The defendants were tried in Manhattan before Judge Ferdinand Pecora, pleading not guilty by reasons of insanity. Court-assigned psychiatrists examined them, pronouncing Beck and Fernandez sane. The trial went forward. On one occasion, when Beck was being brought into court, she broke away from her female guards and lifted the startled Fernandez out of his chair, kissing him passionately on the mouth, neck and cheeks and shouting: "I love him! I do love him and I always will!"

A jury quickly convicted the Lonely Hearts Killers. Judge Pecora sentenced them to death, their executions to be held on August 22, 1949, at Sing Sing Prison. While awaiting the electric chair, the couple exchanged love letters, sent between the male and female cell blocks. When Beck heard that Fernandez was regaling his fellow prisoners on Death Row with tales of Beck's eccentric behavior, she exploded, sending him the following message:

"You are a double-crossing, two-timing skunk. I learn now that you have been doing quite a bit of talking to everyone. It's nice to know what a terrible, murderous person I am, while you are such a misunderstood, white-haired boy, caught in the clutches of a female vampire. It is also nice to know that all the love letters you wrote 'from the heart' were written with a hand shaking with laughter at me for being such a gullible fool as to believe them. Don't waste your time or energy to hide from view in church from now on, for I won't even look your way—the halo over your righteous head might blind me. May God have mercy on your soul. M. J. Beck."

Through appeals filed by their attorneys, Beck and Fernandez managed to postpone their date with the electric chair until March 8, 1951. On that day, the condemned killers ordered their last meals. Fernandez asked for a six-course meal, but, with his death only hours away, he could not eat it. He did, however, smoke a long Havana cigar down to the stub. Then he handed a note to one of the guards, saying that these words would be his last utterances on earth. The note, later widely publicized, stated: "People want to know if I still love Martha. But of course I do. I want to shout it out. I love Martha. What do the public know about love?"

Martha Beck, who was tired of being portrayed as a flabby, fat woman, told a female guard that she would show the world what kind of woman she really was. She would resist ordering a feast as her last meal. That said, she ordered fried chicken, fried potatoes and a salad—a double order of each. After packing away this meal, Martha Beck wiped her lips and announced to female guards that she still loved Raymond Fernandez.

There existed a long-standing tradition at Sing Sing that when two persons were to be executed on the same day, the weakest was to be sent to the chair first. This was Fernandez. He was half-carried to the electric chair by several guards and was in a state of nervous collapse when the switch was thrown. Martha Beck followed, walking without any support, confident, smiling at observers as she entered the Death Room. She looked at the chair and then threw her bulk onto it, her heavy frame squeezed between the armrests. Her smile was frozen to her face as the black hood was placed over her head.

FLORIDA'S BLACK WIDOW/1998

Judy (Judith) Buenoano (1944-1998) justly earned the sobriquet of Florida's "Black Widow," a killer who ruthlessly preyed upon and murdered those who loved her. Little is known of her early career, but it was learned that she bigamously married several men in Florida and elsewhere in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Some of her illegal husbands, along with sweethearts, met death at her hands, but this was not learned until 1983, when John Gentry's car exploded while he was driving in downtown Pensacola, Florida. Gentry survived the blast and later told police that his fiancee, Judy Buenoano had given him "vitamins" that had made him ill. The pills were examined and proved to contain arsenic.

Buenoano, who had taken out a $500,000 insurance policy on Gentry's life, was convicted of attempted murder and sent to prison for twelve years. The case did not end there. Detectives learned Buenoano was suspected of being involved in similar cases and they began to dig into her background. One of Buenoano's many boyfriends had died of a strange illness in Colorado in 1978, probably from poisoning, the investigators concluded. Further, Buenoano's former husband, Air Force Sergeant James Goodyear and his 19-year-old stepson, Michael Goodyear, had died under mysterious circumstances. In both instances, Buenoano had collected large amounts of insurance money, $240,000 in all.

Officers investigating the death of Michael Goodyear concluded that Buenoano had dosed the youth with arsenic over

a prolonged period of time, causing him paralysis and requiring that he wear heavy arm and leg braces. She then took him boating in 1980, according to one report, and threw him out of a canoe in a river near Pensacola, watching him drown. (This scene was a duplication of the drowning murder depicted in the 1946 film, *Leave Her to Heaven*, one where a crippled teenager is allowed to sink to his watery death by a stepmother jealous of the attention her husband gives to the boy, a movie that may have inspired Buenoano to commit her killing of Michael Goodyear.)

Detectives were also convinced that Buenoano had murdered James Goodyear, her husband of nine years. Goodyear's body was exhumed and large amounts of arsenic were found in the remains. Buenoano was tried for this murder in 1985. She attempted to defend herself by stating that arsenic could be found in cigarettes and that her former husband had been a heavy smoker. She was nevertheless convicted of this murder and sentenced to death. After many appeals, Judy Buenoano was scheduled to die in Florida's electric chair on March 30, 1998.

The Black Widow spent her last day on earth watching a hunting and fishing show on TV as she ate chocolates. She met briefly with her children and a cousin, then consumed a final meal of steamed broccoli and asparagus, strawberries and hot tea. She finished reading a suspense novel only a few minutes before she was led to the electric chair at the state prison in Starke, Florida. Buenoano had said repeatedly that she had no fear of dying, but when she walked into the execution chamber her legs gave way and guards had to support her sagging body. She clenched the hands of the guards who placed her in the chair and shuddered as the electrode-studded skull cap was lowered on to her shaved heard. She was asked if she had anything to say. "No, sir," she whispered.

Her hands were still clenched when more than 2,000 volts of electricity shot through her quivering body, causing smoke to rise from her right leg, where an electrode had been attached. She was pronounced dead five minutes later. One of the detectives who worked on the Goodyear murder case and others reportedly committed by Buenoano, was one of the witnesses who viewed the serial killer's death. He was not sorry to see her pass, remarking: "Here you have a woman who killed her own—husband, boyfriends and son. This was a mean person. She needed to go."

Judy Buenoano, Florida's infamous "Black Widow," who was executed in 1998 for murdering her legal husband, James Goodyear.

Buenoano was the second woman to be executed in Florida's history, the first being a slave named Celia, who had murdered her elderly master, Jacob Bryan, a Jacksonville plantation owner. Celia was hanged on September 14, 1848. The execution of the Black Widow followed closely upon the execution of Karla Faye Tucker, who was convicted of using a pickax to murder two persons and had received a lethal injection in Texas in February 1998, despite widespread appeals to save her.

Both Buenoano and Tucker had become born-again Christians while awaiting their executions, which many thought was nothing more than a sham to save their lives, convinced to the end that these two women were vicious killers deserving of capital punishment. Eileen Carole Wuornos (1957-2002), was the third woman executed in Florida, a prostitute and drifter who was convicted of murdering seven men by her own account. She was put to death by lethal injection in the state prison at Starke, Florida, in 2002.

CHAPTER THREE: BURGLARY

The burglar by profession is, for the most part, a nocturnal criminal, illegally breaking and entering a building to commit a crime. He operates by stealth and his tools include master keys and metal picks by which to open locked doors. He often gains entrance by ladders to an open window on a second floor, ergo the sobriquet of the "Second Story Man," or by accessing fire escapes to apartments on higher floors.

Often enough, the burglar is also an accomplished safecracker (cracksman, safeblower), who, once entering a building, is able to open safes by means of dynamite or chemicals that will explode away doors. Legendary cracksmen like Jimmy Connors, immortalized as the infamous Jimmy Valentine by writer O. Henry (William Sydney Porter, 1862-1910) in his 1908 book, *The Gentle Grafter*, was adept at picking the combination locks of bank safes in the 1880s and 1890s. In the modern era, such bank burglars used stethoscopes and sophisticated electronic devices to listen to safe tumblers as they clicked to combination stops that allowed them to open safes without the use of explosives.

The professional burglar is invariably a cunning, crafty creature whose inventive techniques have baffled and confused law enforcement agencies for generations. Burglars have accessed buildings by myriad means, drilling through ceilings, breaking through the walls of adjacent structures, even tunneling into basement areas from sewers and underground passageways to gain entrance. Night is their ally, silence their accomplice.

In the hierarchy of crime, fellow criminals hold the professional burglar—especially the safecracker—in high esteem, ranking such miscreants near the top of criminal pursuits, after the confidence man (or woman), who accomplishes his criminal goals through wit and creative schemes and the bank robber as the boldest and most brazen of their criminal ilk. Through criminal history, the burglar has not normally resorted to violence and has wounded or even killed victims (such as master burglar Bernard Welch), only when discovered and cornered.

In more recent times, some of the most notorious burglars—William Heirens of Chicago and Richard Ramirez and Richard Allen Davis of California—consciously coupled murder to their burglarizing offenses and, in fact, their perverted bloodlust unreasonably overwhelmed their original purpose of burglary. These three burglars are best remembered as killers of children or women, and, as such, are held in hateful contempt by their criminal peers. (When jailed, such murderers are routinely held in separate prison areas, isolated from the general population of inmates, many being married men with children, who mark such prisoners for death.)

In deep historic times, burglary was considered a capital offense and convicted burglars routinely faced execution after being convicted of such crimes. In some modern-day burglaries, sentences for recidivist burglars have been severe. On January 15, 1986, Clyde Ashley burglarized two cans of sardines from a small grocery store in Osyka, Mississippi, and was sentenced to life in prison for this crime. This draconian sentence was inspired by Ashley's prolonged career as a burglar. The 41-year-old Ashley had been committing burglaries for most of his adult life, having spent twenty-three years behind bars for such offenses. His case was reviewed in 1989 by the Mississippi Supreme Court and his sentence reduced.

Many burglars will attempt to enter a building through any possible avenue of access, which has often led to their apprehension. Typical are two 1989 cases. On February 25 of that year, Chicago, Illinois, police officers arrested 25-year-old Cortez Dixon, for burglary after the owner of a restaurant he had burgled found him stuck and screaming for help in a barbecue vent. Although Dixon had squirmed his way into the restaurant, he was unable to escape through the same opening. On March 23, 1989, burglar James Edward Burgess, thirty-one, was apprehended after getting stuck in a chimney while trying to enter a doctor's office.

Often enough, especially in the cases of bank and jewelry firm invasions, burglars have "inside" accomplices, who aid them in accessing the buildings they target for burglaries. On rare occasions, police officers themselves have committed burglaries and blamed these crimes on others. One offbeat case involved 35-year-old Richard Makofski, who was arrested in Howard County, Maryland, on October 29, 1989 and charged with more than 1,000 burglaries in Florida, where he had made video tapes on burglary methods used in police training.

Employees of institutions, where large amounts of cash or gold is stored have been known to commit daring (or extremely stupid) burglaries, such as the 1893 burglarizing of the U.S. Mint in Philadelphia by chief weighing clerk Henry S. Cochrane. A more recent case involved Jesse Mormon, the janitor of a bank in Memphis, Tennessee, who was caught red-handed on May 9, 1990, while trying to drill holes from the women's restroom into the bank's vault.

The strangest burglars are those who invade the homes of the famous simply because they are obsessed with certain celebrities. John Hinckley, Jr., who attempted to assassinate President Ronald Reagan in 1981, to impress movie star Jodie Foster, had fantasies of invading the actress' home, but could not locate her address. This was not the case in the many home burglaries (where personal items were taken as keepsakes) committed by Margaret Ray, who was obsessed with TV host David Letterman and repeatedly broke into his Connecticut home.

One experienced burglar, 50-year-old John Leslie Hill, who had escaped from a Florida prison in 1988, broke into the mansion of the governor in Albany, New York on November 29, 1988, simply to see if he could challenge the authority that building represented. Ronald Scott Shamburger repeatedly broke into the apartment of Lori Ann Baker, a girl with whom he was obsessed, in College Station, Texas, burglarizing her personal items. On September 29, 1994, his last invasion, the young woman woke up to see him standing next to her bed. He shot her between the eyes, killing her. Shamburger was later sentenced to death.

THE INTELLECTUAL BURGLAR/1759

The most notable burglar of earlier times was a criminal unlike any other of his profession. British-born Eugene Aram (1704-1759), was an accomplished scholar and philologist. He was expert in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Celtic languages. He was also a burglar, thief and a murderer. His case is all the more intriguing in that he was not tried for his capital crime until fourteen years after he committed it. Aram was born in Ramsgill in West Riding, Yorkshire. His father was a gardener on the Newby estate of Sir Edward Blackett.

Self-taught, with some help from the tutors of the Blacketts, Aram was able to rise to the position of schoolmaster at Knaresborough by 1734. He married Anna Spence in 1731 and the couple produced seven children, a family that kept the schoolmaster on the brink of bankruptcy from year to year. His frustration at making ends meet, some historians claim, soured Aram's otherwise poetic, gentle nature and caused him to be overly strict with his students. Some of his pupils later described him as a "stern disciplinarian."

Eugene Aram, teacher and philosopher, who was hanged for burglary and murder in 1759; he would be the subject of Thomas Hood's narrative poem, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, and Edward Bulwer-Lytton's novel, *Eugene Aram*.

To pick up extra money, Aram enlisted the aid of a disreputable character, Richard Houseman, a sometimes weaver. The two of them practiced petty thievery at night by burglarizing homes. Aram also obtained stolen goods from several other thieves, including Henry Terry, a gamekeeper in the area, and Francis Iles, a receiver of stolen goods, who fenced these purloined items in areas as far away as Scotland. Another friend of Aram's at the time was a wealthy shoemaker, Daniel Clark, whose wife had inherited considerable wealth. Clark shared with Aram a deep interest in books, botany and gardening.

On the night of February 7, 1745, Clark disappeared, along with a considerable quantity of expensive goods—velvets, pewter and silver plate (burglarized from neighborhood households), and other rare items, and most of his wife's dowry of £200. A short time later Aram and his friends were arrested on suspicion of having some of Clark's stolen goods, but were released for lack of evidence. Aram, believing he would be rearrested for the burglary, grew desperate and fled to London, leaving his large family to fend for itself. He changed his name and took teaching positions, tutoring wealthy children in Latin. Aram then moved to Middlesex and still later to King's Lynn, Norfolk.

Had it not been for a strange quirk of fate, Eugene Aram's name might have been lost to criminal posterity. Workmen digging at Thistle Hill near Knaresborough found some human bones on August 1, 1758. These were presumed to be Clark's remains and a frenzied effort was made to locate all of the missing man's friends, including Houseman and Aram. Both had been seen with the victim on the night of his disappearance by a local innkeeper, William Triton. Houseman was located, but he denied having had anything to do with Clark. The bones found by the workmen later proved not to be the remains of Clark and Houseman was released.

Then some old plate that had been in Clark's possession was located and traced to Houseman who was arrested once again. This time Aram's old confederate confessed, but blamed Aram for Clark's murder, telling authorities that he and Aram had taken the shoemaker to St. Robert's Cave, where Aram struck Clark several times on the head and breast, killing him. Houseman then led officials to the cave, where skeletal remains were found and identified as that of Clark. Aram, however, was still at large.

Weeks later, the schoolteacher had the misfortune to meet a resident of Knaresborough, who was visiting King's Lynn and recognized him. The man, John Barker, was no ordinary traveler, but a constable living in Knaresborough, who had known both Aram and Clark. He arrested Aram and returned him to Knaresborough. En route, Aram denied ever having known Clark, a serious mistake in that his friendship with Clark was well known and Barker's testimony later in court about Aram's denial in having known Clark further damned the schoolteacher's cause.

When arriving in Knaresborough and appearing before Magistrate Thornton, Aram denied his guilt and tried to shift the blame for Clark's death onto Houseman and Henry Terry, but Houseman had already turned state's evidence for the Crown and his version of events was what the prosecution accepted and used against Aram. The schoolteacher, along with Terry and Houseman, was jailed at York Prison on August 21, 1758, and remained there pending trial, until the following year, when Aram was brought to the York Assizes on August 3, 1759, before Justice Noel. He was prosecuted by Fletcher Norton, K.C., a relentless advocate for the Crown. Aram conducted his own defense and he did a brilliant job of it.

Houseman again testified in detail how Aram murdered Clark, and other witnesses were systematically paraded before the court by the prosecution to prove that Aram had possessed, following Clark's disappearance, a considerable amount of money, which he used to pay outstanding bills, money, it was assumed, he had taken from Clark after beating him to death. Aram countered by stating that the bones found in St. Andrew's Cave could be those of anyone, that no one could positively identify these remains as that of Clark, Houseman's claims notwithstanding. He also cited many cases, where men who supposedly had vanished later returned.

Exhibiting his knowledge of history, Aram cited the many battles that had been fought over the centuries about St. Andrew's Cave and that the remains Houseman claimed to be that of Clark could have been those of a fallen warrior ages ago. He also claimed that on the night of Clark's disappearance, he was deathly ill. He stated that an illness at the time of

In this contemporary painting, school teacher Aram (left at window) is shown haunted by guilt as his students sing a hymn.

the so-called murder had left him "so macerated, so enfeebled that I was reduced to crutches." He could not prove this, however, even through the testimony of his deserted wife, Anna, whose statements about him were ambiguous at best.

Aram depended upon his intellectual stature in presenting his case, portraying himself as a man of high intelligence and emotional sensibility. In an eloquent presentation of his own character he stated, "I concerted not schemes of fraud, projected not violence, injured no man's person or property. My days were honestly laborious and my nights intensely studious." No man living such a purposeful life could, he stated, "plunge into the very depth of profligacy, precipitately ... Mankind is never corrupted at once. Villainy is always progressive." (In uttering these lofty words, Aram could have been speaking for many a modern-day criminologist advocating social and economic environment as the chief causes of crime.)

He was no thief, no murderer, Aram insisted, but had been so labeled by burglars, thieves and murderers eager to save their own necks, chiefly Houseman and, to some degree, Terry, who testified against Aram, when Aram implicated him in Clark's disappearance. He was a victim of circumstance, the schoolteacher claimed with great passion and alliterative pleading. He left his case with the good conscience of the court.

The jury, however, had heard testimony from authorities who quoted Aram's many contradictory statements. No, he did not know Houseman, Terry, Clark. Well, yes, he knew them, but they were not his associates. Yes, he had some dealings with them, but only brief encounters of no importance. In the end, he was found guilty and was sentenced to be hanged. Aram stood in the dock listening to his death sentence with a calm attitude and a slight smile on his face. He made no comment as he was led off to prison to await the executioner.

The night before Aram was scheduled to hang, the schoolteacher somehow obtained a razor and attempted to cut his throat in his cell, but a warder interrupted him and saved him for the scaffold. On August 6, 1759, Eugene Aram ate a small breakfast and then received in his cell two clergymen, who attempted to spiritually console him. He reportedly confessed to the murder of Clark, according to one account, but still claimed that Houseman, who had escaped the gallows through his testimony, was equally guilty. Contradictory to the end, Aram then restated his old claim that the skeleton found was that of some person other than Clark. "What became of Clark's body?" he asked one of the clergymen.

"I'll tell you what became of it," the cleric reportedly replied. "You and Houseman dragged it into the cave, stripped and buried it there, brought away his clothes and burned them at your own house." Aram stood up and faced the cell wall, ordering the clergymen to leave him alone. A short time later he was publicly hanged outside the gates of York, going to his death with composure. His body was then taken to Knaresborough on August 7, 1759, where it was gibbeted in chains and the corpse left to rot and then mummify for many years so that thousands of travelers passing the hideous remains along the main road would be reminded of the sins of Eugene Aram.

One fanciful tale held that the schoolteacher's widow visited the hanging spot daily, picking up the bones of her once beloved spouse as they fell to earth one by one, burying these in a secret grave, and that it took her a decade to collect all the remains. A local doctor later went to the site and cut off the head, or what was left of it, and the skull was later exhibited in the Royal College of Surgeons in London.

This brilliant burglar and killer found his way into literature other than the criminous. Thomas Hood eulogized the errant schoolteacher in a lengthy poem entitled "The Dream of Eugene Aram," which was later quoted at great length by England's most infamous burglar of the 19th Century, Charles Peace. This master burglar would recite its seemingly endless stanzas when in his cups, astounding his fellow thieves who sat mesmerized in London pubs, listening to Peace rattle off Hood's fanciful portrait of Aram the burglar and equating Aram, in the sense of criminal history, to that of any distinguished historical figure. To Peace, Eugene Aram was as important as King Richard the Lionheart, an ancient criminal idol that spurred Peace on to his own heinous acts and led him to the same end, the gallows.

Aram is shown with accomplice Richard Houseman, hiding the body of Daniel Clark in St. Andrew's Cave.

LONDON'S MASTER BURGLARS/1772

John Adshead (1741-1772) and Benjamin Alsworth (1743-1772) were professional criminals who, for a short period of time, were also the most successful burglars in London. Of the pair, Adshead was the leader, born in Northamptonshire, England. Before he was twenty, Adshead moved to London where he became a footman, later a gunsmith. To support his expensive tastes, he took to housebreaking. His success at this enterprise also earned him a wide reputation among the fences through which he sold his stolen merchandise.

These underworld connections, however, caused him to become apprehensive, thinking he might be betrayed by these devious associates to the police for reward money. To avoid such possibilities, Adshead moved to Bristol, where he burglarized the home of a jeweler, realizing £150 from the looted gems. With the proceeds, Adshead opened a pub, but this enterprise failed. He went back to burglarizing homes, becoming rich.

Expensive clothes and fine living enthralled Adshead, though he continued to live in the poverty-stricken areas of London and did not seek the company of cultured people. He desired this lifestyle so that he could feed his ego on the ignorant admiration of his impoverished drinking companions. One of these was a former soldier, Benjamin Alsworth, who had a large family and was unemployed.

Alsworth asked Adshead how he could afford to dress in such sartorial style, and the older man told him that he had inherited money from a wealthy, recently deceased uncle. When the ex-soldier asked for a loan of four guineas, Adshead said he did not possess such a sum. Smiling, he told Alsworth that he could teach him how to "obtain a hundred pounds in an hour."

At first Alsworth thought his friend was joking, but Adshead spoke seriously and long about the rewards awaiting the cautious, accomplished burglar. He later took Alsworth to his rooms and there patiently taught him the methods of burglary. Soon the two were housebreaking throughout London and amassing a considerable fortune. They became so complacent that the burglars began to openly carry their loot from the houses they robbed.

On the night of May 18, 1772, Adshead and Alsworth burglarized the large house of Mrs. Bellamy on Newman Street and Oxford Road, shouldering huge bundles of stolen silk and other expensive prizes. A watchman called out to them and Adshead dropped his bundle, fleeing into the darkness. Alsworth, the greedier of the pair, held on to his package and was quickly overtaken and arrested. Adshead was arrested by another watchman a short time later and both men were taken before Justice Cox.

Adshead quietly told Cox that the goods they were carrying really belonged to him and his friend. When detained by the watchmen, they had been in the act of removing these items from their own lodgings so the landlord would not claim them for back rent, he explained. Justice Cox patiently listened to Adshead's story, but grew suspicious when the men would not give him the address of their lodgings. He had them detained.

When the Bellamy household awoke that morning, ser-

Burglars John Adshead (center) and Benjamin Alsworth are shown pleading with Justice Cox in London, 1772. Both were hanged.

vants discovered the house had been burglarized. Handbills were immediately printed on orders of the family and these were sent throughout London, particularly to the police stations and magistrate courts. (This was the most effective method of detecting stolen property in that early day. A printed inventory of stolen items described in handbills was compared by watchmen and magistrates to goods found on suspicious persons being detained. A thief in custody and the items he had stolen could thus be identified.)

After authorities realized that the Bellamy inventory of stolen household goods and those in the possession of Adshead and Alsworth were one and the same, the two men were arrested. In June 1772, both were tried at the Old Bailey and quickly convicted of burglary. Adshead begged the court to be lenient, pointing out that he was still a young man and was willing to change his ways. The dim-witted Alsworth said nothing.

In accordance with the draconian sentencing at that time for burglary, both men were condemned to be hanged. Adshead, while awaiting execution with Alsworth at Newgate Prison, was penitent to the point of being slavish. On July 8, 1772, both men were taken to Tyburn to be hanged. Before going through the trap, both burglars confessed their crimes openly and cautioned the thousands who had come to see them hang about the perils awaiting those who took up their evil professions.

THE REAL DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE/1788

William Brodie (AKA: Deacon Brodie, Capt. John Dixon 1741-1788) was a man who led two industrious lives. By day, he was a leading citizen of Edinburgh, at night the mastermind of the town's most proficient burglars. The amazing double life of William Brodie later inspired Robert Louis Stevenson to use him as the role model for the leading character in his chilling novel, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

A contemporary drawing shows master burglar William Brodie, a leading Edinburgh citizen, in his cell before going to trial.

Brodie was born in Edinburgh on September 28, 1741, the son of a prosperous cabinet maker. He was well-educated and by the time he was forty, Brodie was made Deacon of the Incorporation of Wrights, a title that referred to Brodie's status as a master carpenter and had no connection with organized religion, as popularly thought by later generations unfamiliar with the details of his life. He also became a City Councilman and he lived well in a resplendent house in Lawnmarket, Edinburgh.

A small, dark-haired man with large brown eyes, Brodie's shoulders were broad and he was nimble of foot. According to one of his contemporaries, he was thought to be "a kind and goodly man, one of the noblest souls one could meet." He wore white attire during the day and was often seen to carry a Bible, which he read assiduously, usually in public places where his study of the Scriptures would be noted.

Brodie was a member of the exclusive Cape Club, which counted the poet Robert Burns as a member, an organization that often gave receptions for such esteemed literary lights as Samuel Johnson. A confirmed bachelor, Brodie told friends that his only ambition in life was to be "the best cabinetmaker in Edinburgh, even better than my father." Such ambitions, he sadly admitted, left no room for marriage or romance, let alone a family. The was the portrait Brodie etched for the public image.

The other side of Brodie's double life was sinister, profligate and criminal. At night, Brodie dressed all in black, drinking and gambling to excess in all the worst dens located in an area called the Fleshmarket. He secretly supported two mistresses, Jane Watt and Anne Grant, with whom he fathered five illegitimate children. Along with the considerable expense of supporting these households, as well as his daytime residence, Brodie's mounting gambling debts soon made financial demands on him that he could never hope to meet. He had long earlier squandered the £10,000 inheritance left to him by his wealthy father upon death of the senior Brodie.

The wastrel decided to pay off his debts by burglarizing Edinburgh's government and banking houses, as well as the homes of the wealthy, where he and his carpenter employees worked each day. To that end, Brodie made skeleton keys for the doors of buildings to which he had easy daytime access. After determining the absence of the occupants, he simply let himself into the buildings.

Brodie began by burglarizing the banking house of Johnston and Smith in 1768, taking £800. He would continue his burglarizing for another twenty years, looting gold, silver, laces, jewels and any available cash, later fencing the stolen goods through his underworld connections. On two occasions, Brodie was almost caught by two acquaintances, who thought they recognized him wearing a mask and wielding a pistol. In both instances, the witnesses quickly abandoned the notion that the daring burglar could have been the distinguished and upstanding William Brodie.

These close calls, as well as increasing demands for cash to support his lavish lifestyle, caused Brodie to enlist accomplices in his burglaries. He carefully assembled a gang of professional burglars that included George Smith, Andrew Ainsle and John Brown. With these men following his detailed instructions, Brodie began the wholesale looting of government and bank buildings.

The Edinburgh Jail (large structure at left) was only a few blocks from Brodie's mansion and would be his final home before he was taken to the scaffold.

Edinburgh's sheriff and his 120 guardsmen appeared helpless to stem these rampant burglaries, particularly since Brodie, a member of the government, had complete schedules of the rounds made by the watchmen and he and his men could therefore easily avoid detection. All this changed on the night of March 5, 1788, when Brodie and his men entered Scotland's General Excise Office,which Brodie thought would be bulging with recently collected tax monies. He expected to take away more than £1,500.

The gang entered the main building near High Street with a skeleton key made by Brodie and then walked quietly to the cashier's door, which they forced open with a pair of curling irons. Another door inside this office had to be broken open with an iron crowbar. Once inside the revenue rooms, Brodie and his men were astounded to find only a pittance of the tax monies they expected.

George Smith, a Brodie accomplice; he also went to the gallows.

Ransacking the place, the burglars discovered only £16. Officials, alarmed at the recent burglaries committed in Edinburgh, had instituted new measures in the counting rooms. The money had been hidden in a secret drawer as a precaution against just such a burglary. At 8:30 p.m., at the time Brodie and his men were desperately tearing the revenue rooms apart, James Bonar, deputy solicitor for the Excise Office, returned unexpectedly to retrieve some business papers. Hearing his approach, the burglars panicked, clambering down a rope ladder from a window, all fleeing in different directions.

When the gang met the next night to divide the paltry loot, Brown was openly critical of Brodie, ridiculing his abilities as a master burglar. Brown then came to believe that he would be well paid by the authorities if he informed on his leader and the others. A few days later he went to the sheriff and admitted that he had been a part of the burglary gang that had broken into the Excise Office and that he and others had committed dozens of similar burglaries in the past. He named Ainsle, Smith and Brodie.

When hearing that Ainsle and Smith had been arrested, Brodie immediately fled the city, going to Amsterdam. A reward of £150 was placed on his head and, through the statements of Brown and Ainsle, the double life of their chief was revealed to a shocked public. In Holland, Brodie made plans to escape to America, hoping to sail to Charleston, South Carolina, where he would begin a new life. To that end, he made the mistake of contacting one of his mistresses, Anne Grant, sending a letter to her in care of a Scottish tobacconist named Geddes.

The tobacconist opened the letter and once he recognized Brodie's signature, he informed authorities in Edinburgh, who sent guardsmen to the address shown on Brodie's letter. Arriving at the house, they found no one present. They returned a short time later and began a thorough search, finding Deacon Brodie hiding in a small cupboard. He was taken back to Edinburgh and placed in Tolbooth Jail. Warders took unusual precautions in preventing the elusive Brodie from escaping, chaining him to a stone floor in his cell.

The calculating Brodie admitted to nothing, remaining calm. He insisted that he was innocent of the crimes for which he stood accused, claiming that a "double" had committed these spectacular burglaries over the years and that the double was now using him as a convenient and famous scapegoat. (The concept of using a "double" as an alibi undoubtedly stemmed from Brodie's perception of himself and the double life he had actually been leading for twenty years.) He would cling to this fantastic story when his trial began on August 27, 1788 in Edinburgh's Judiciary Court.

Brodie was ordered not to wear his traditional daytime white clothes in court. The ever sartorial Brodie obliged, wearing a cocked hat, a lace shirt, black satin breeches and a dark blue coat. He nodded ceremoniously to the judges and then sat down in the dock, exuding confidence and projecting what he thought was an "innocent look" to the presiding judge, Lord Braxfield.

The burglar's posturing facade impressed no one. More than two dozen witnesses came forward to detail Brodie's double life, including members of his own gang. After a fifteen-man jury returned a guilty verdict, Lord Braxfield sentenced the criminal mastermind to death, burglary then being a capital offense.

Scheduled for execution on September 30, 1788, the ever resourceful Brodie thought to cheat the hangman. Dr. Pierre Degravers, a French physician attending Brodie in prison, assured the master burglar that he could bring him back to life following his execution. Dr. Degravers, who was well paid by Brodie for such secret services, gave the burglar a silver tube to insert in his throat to prevent strangulation. He also provided "wires" that were to be hidden beneath Brodie's clothes and to which the rope would be secretly affixed by the reportedly bribed hangman, these wires supporting his weight once he dropped through the trapdoor, instead of breaking his neck.

Degravers also assured Brodie that the hangman would use a rope with just the right length so that he would not be jerked about in his fall. He would take a sedative before the execution and appear to be dead, said the physician, but Degravers promised he could easily revive him. So heartened by the prospect of cheating the executioner was Brodie that he made plans to begin a new life in America. In the last few weeks of his life, he studied several styles of handwriting, preparing himself to become a master forger in the New World. A lover of music, Brodie could be heard loudly singing in his

cell, particularly a tune from *The Beggar's Opera* called "Let Us Take to the Road."

William Brodie did not fear death. He would outsmart the officials of Edinburgh, survive his own execution, and go on to a *third* life in America. On the day of his execution, Brodie confidently mounted the stairs of the high scaffold and pompously strode about the platform, elegantly attired and oblivious to the 40,000 spectators who had come to see him hang.

Brodie waved away a chaplain who tried to give him spiritual comfort and insisted that the trapdoor be tested. When satisfied that it worked, Brodie looked over the ropes supplied by the hangman. He rejected several as too short or too long and finally gave approval for one rope which he apparently thought was the proper length suited to his secret life-saving scheme.

FROM M-G-M's HALL OF FAME
IT CHILLS YOU! HALF-MAN! HALF-MONSTER!
SPENCER TRACY
INGRID BERGMAN
LANA TURNER
VICTOR FLEMING'S production of
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
M-G-M'S ALL-TIME GREAT
with DONALD CRISP
Screen Play by JOHN LEE MAHIN
BASED ON THE NOVEL BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
Directed by VICTOR FLEMING

An advertisement for the 1942 film, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, shows Spencer Tracy in the leading role as a man tormented by a split personality; role model Brodie was not tortured by his double life, reveling in his ability to hoodwink his fellow Edinburgh citizens.

The hangman, however, made no sign to Brodie that he was involved in a conspiracy to save his life. He affixed the rope about the Deacon's neck and did not bother with the wires hidden under his collar. Brodie went through the trap and was officially declared dead within minutes. He was cut down and rushed to the home of Dr. Degravers, who desperately bled Brodie and tried all manner of resuscitation, but after an hour gave up. William Brodie, master burglar, was finally and permanently dead.

A similar attempt to secretly revive a hanged felon occurred in Chicago in the early 1920s, when madcap newsmen Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur promised Frankie Piano, a condemned gangster, that they could secretly have him revived after he was hanged. They explained that they would claim his body after the hanging and rush it to their friend, a "genius" doctor, who insisted he could revive the man with injections of adrenaline.

So confident in the Hecht-MacArthur scheme was Piano that when he mounted the scaffold and stood upon the trapdoor with the rope around his neck, he burst into hysterical laughter, shocking the executioner by shouting: "You're in for a big surprise!" Minutes after Piano was hanged, the newsmen took the body to the doctor, who injected adrenaline into the corpse, but he failed to revive the dead Piano, whose neck had been broken. The frustrated newsmen salvaged their bizarre scheme by then exposing the oddball doctor as a quack. (This macabre exploit was humorously portrayed in the 1969 film, *Gaily, Gaily*, based upon Ben Hecht's memoirs.)

Opposite page: Fredric March is shown in the 1931 film, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, physically transforming from one personality (good) to another (evil), a concept based upon Brodie's double life.

AMERICA'S FIRST PUBLIC ENEMY/1822

"He was not the type of person a traveler would want to meet in a lonely spot," wrote one early-day crime historian of Samuel Green (d.1822), who became the terror of New England and one of America's first arch criminals. Heavyset and muscular, Green stood five-foot-eight-inches. He showed the world a savage-looking face and burning dark eyes. The strange fires raging inside of him were more fierce and threatening than his physical appearance. He was a product of the whip, that cherished item of discipline in early 19th Century America. To say that this inhuman burglar and killer was created by the stern-minded adults who ruled his childhood is an understatement in the annals of crime.

Born in Meredith, New Hampshire, Green was routinely thrashed by his parents, who employed switches to beat him into obedience, particularly when he was truant from school. He was apprenticed to a blacksmith at an early age and, when caught stealing, was horsewhipped. He was sent home, where he was again severely whipped. He retaliated by throwing the family dog down a well, its dead body turning the water bad and causing the family considerable expense in digging a new well. Again, Green was whipped.

Green then stabbed farm animals and destroyed more property, his frustrated parents finally sending him to live with a stern family friend, Albert Dunne. His conduct did not improve. He killed Dunne's farm animals and destroyed his property, for which he was routinely whipped. On one occasion, Dunne whipped the boy so severely that a layer of flesh on his back was peeled back.

New England burglar and killer Samuel Green, shown in 1821; he was hanged the following year.

At one point, Green tried to kill Dunne, arranging a large ax to fall upon his guardian when he entered his workshop. In the event that this lethal device failed to achieve its intended end, the boy had also placed a pitchfork, points aimed downward, at the top of the barn door that was positioned to fall downward and pierce Dunne's skull when he opened the door. When Dunne entered his workshop, the ax fell, but only sliced away part of the guardian's coat sleeve. As he raced into the barn in search of the youth, the pitchfork shot downward, giving Dunne only a minor wound in the foot.

For these clumsy attempts to kill his guardian, Green was tied to a barn door and whipped until his back was a welted, bloody mass of flesh. Green finally gave up his plans to murder Dunne and departed, roaming the small New Hampshire towns where he met another embittered and battered youth, William Ash. Both traveled together to Newhampton, where they encountered a traveling salesman named Franklin Loomis, who sold household goods, but whose real livelihood came from illegal activities. Loomis took Green and Ash under his wing, becoming their criminal mentor, teaching them the techniques of forging false bank notes and, especially, how to burglarize the homes of the rich, as well as business and banking institutions.

Branching out, Green began his criminal career as a lone burglar. He was not concerned if the occupants were present or not when he broke into homes. Any person unlucky enough to awake while he was at work was quickly clubbed senseless by the invader. Green looted vast amounts of silverware, jewels, cash and other valuable items, selling his stolen goods to fences his mentor had provided. He burglarized business offices in Guilford, New Hampshire and then rode to Burlington, Vermont, where he continued his burglaries, amassing a small fortune.

The bold Green was not foolhardy and took precautions to avoid arrest by roaming watchmen. After one burglary, he was spotted by a constable as he was leaving the house. Thinking he might have been identified, Green escaped detection by enlisting in the army. He rebelled at orders and army discipline and soon deserted, returning to his home in Meredith, where he bought his mother a cow, the only sign of love he ever manifested in his short life.

Green then met up once more with Loomis, who spent weeks showing him how to pick locks and duplicate keys to enhance his methods of burglary. He teamed up again with Ash and both men went on a burglarizing spree, entering and looting hundreds of homes and offices. While traveling to Bath, New Hampshire, both young men encountered a jewelry salesman, who imprudently showed them some of his gems. Green clubbed him to death and both made off with the jewels.

Green sold off the jewels and pocketed thousands of dollars. He left Ash and went off on his own. He was arrested and jailed several times on suspicion, but evidence was lacking to indict him and he was routinely released. After looting a jewelry store in Montreal, Canada, Green was pursued by a posse. He fought his way out of a trap, shooting several men, but he was later apprehended and jailed. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to death, but his friend Ash helped him to escape.

Returning to the remote mountains of New Hampshire, Green hid for some months. He then went on another crime spree, burglarizing stores and homes in Albany, New York and New York City. Although he was chiefly a burglar, Green did not hesitate to commit armed robbery. In Middlebury, Vermont, he robbed and shot to death a wealthy French traveler. By this time, nothing was beyond the ambitions of Samuel Green. He left a trail of burglary, rape, horse-stealing, counterfeiting and murder from Montpelier, Vermont, to Schenectady, New York; from Saco, Maine, to Barre, Vermont. He became America's first Public Enemy Number One. Half the country was looking for him and the bounties offered for his capture were large.

The great fugitive's end began when he was arrested in Danvers, Massachusetts, for burglarizing $30 worth of goods from a store while blind drunk. Convicted of this burglary, Green was sent to prison in Boston to serve a four-year term. He attempted to escape so many times that his jailers fitted him with special shackles with weighted clogs to slow his movements. He was sentenced to several more years in prison for his escape attempts.

One of Green's escape attempts had been thwarted by another inmate, a black prisoner named Billy Williams, who had informed prison officials of Green's plans. The always volatile Green vowed revenge on Williams. He at first tried to poison the informer's food, but the wary Williams did not eat it. Green finally cornered Williams alone in a prison shop on the morning of November 8, 1821, where he beat him to death with an iron bar.

Convicted of murdering Williams, Green was sentenced to death, mounting the gallows on April 24, 1822. Before Green dropped through the trapdoor, he told a priest who was praying at his side that he had no words for the hundreds of spectators who had gathered about the gallows to witness his execution. "They shall not know my fate," he said cryptically. "I have written out my confession in full."

"Are you penitent, my son?" asked the priest.

Samuel Green, with the rope around his neck, gave the priest a long stare and then a thin smile curled upward as he replied: "If you wish it."

ENGLAND'S MASTER BURGLAR/1879

While Samuel Green made his blood-stained mark as America's most notorious felon in the first quarter of the 19th Century, his burglarizing counterpart, Charles Frederick Peace (AKA: George Parker, Thompson, John Ward, 1832-1879), became the most notorious criminal in England in the third quarter of that century. Born in Angel Court, Sheffield, England, the son of an animal trainer, Charles Peace was deformed from infancy, having a large head with a lantern jaw that gave him an ape-like appearance. An early accident left him with a permanently crippled hand, but he was able to cup this hand in such a way as to make climbing ropes or shinnying down drainpipes easy. Moreover, his fingers were webbed, which gave Peace even greater ability in performing his innumerable burglaries.

Charles Peace, the gargoyle-faced British burglar, who invaded and looted hundreds of England's best homes over his long career.

Peace had little formal education and began working with his father at an early age, helping to train animals. He studied these creatures closely and adopted many of their movements. As a child, Peace realized he was ugly and took much abuse from other children because of his appearance. He also realized that he could contort his features so radically that his appearance seemed to be altered.

In addition to these physical transformations, Peace became an expert at disguises in clothing and with fake beards, hairpieces, and mustaches. During his twenty-year career as England's foremost burglar and arch criminal, Peace also became a master at makeup, using coloring agents to give his complexion different hues. He added to his appearance all manner of creative scars, birthmarks, warts, and moles.

When beginning his career as a burglar, Peace relied upon his great upper body strength, which permitted him to swing, tumble, and pull himself upward to second and third-story windows with amazing agility. The gargoyle-faced Peace was swift and silent as he moved over the rooftops of London in search of loot in rooms on upper floors. Fearlessly, he crept into bedrooms, where his victims slept and, without making the slightest noise, rifled drawers, closets, and cabinets, stuffing into a bag he wore over his shoulder all manner of items, from jewelry to fine lace and tailored clothing. He usually emptied a room of its valuables in less than two or three minutes and then would be gone, out the window, scaling the wall to the roof or sliding down a rope, a drainpipe, or scurrying down lattice work or the laddered cornerstone of a building to the street.

This notorious cat-burglar was inventive with the tools of his trade. He built a collapsible or folding ladder, which he carried on a hook at his side. His metal wedges, screwdrivers, and other apparatus he made by hand. It was known by police that the elusive Peace had a maimed hand, but he covered this by expertly fashioning a false arm with a hook, wearing this over the crippled hand. Peace always kept jobs for short periods in order to explain his income, and he, at one time or another, was a mill hand, a picture-framer, and a woolweaver.

Peace, at the various places where he worked, advocated an ardent pacifism and spoke in a sanctimonious manner, reciting a curious blend of scripture and literary monologues that amounted to little more than gibberish. It was later thought that such uttered gobbledygook was intentional on Peace's part so that he would look the fool, instead of the cunning,

Charles Peace is shown fatally shooting Nicholas Cock when the constable interrupted one of his 1876 burglaries; another man was convicted and sentenced to death for this killing, but Peace later confessed to the murder and went to the gallows for this murder.

Peace (shown as a prisoner at right), is correctly identified as England's most wanted burglar; he had been jailed under the alias of John Ward.

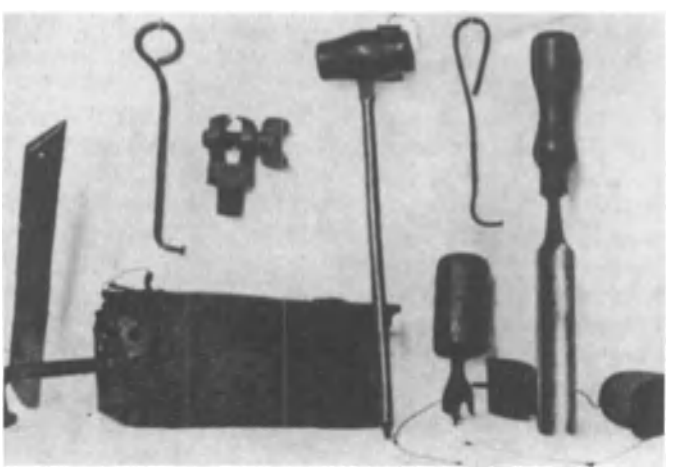
clever burglar who confounded police for more than two decades. Another ruse, used constantly by the burglar, was Peace's devotion to music. He played the violin badly, but nevertheless strolled about the streets of London, fiddling his maddeningly off-key tunes and posing as a wandering musician while he was surveying the very buildings he intended to later burglarize. At these times his violin case served as the perfect container for his burglary tools.

In 1851, at the age of nineteen, Peace was caught while leaving a house he had looted and was imprisoned for a month. This brief stay behind bars only strengthened Peace's resolve to continue his criminal career and, upon his release, he burglarized scores of houses and buildings. He was convicted of burglary again in 1854 and this time drew a four-year term. In 1866, Peace was again arrested for burglary, convicted under the name of George Parker, and sent to prison for six years. He was released in 1872 and three years later was living in a suburb of Sheffield.

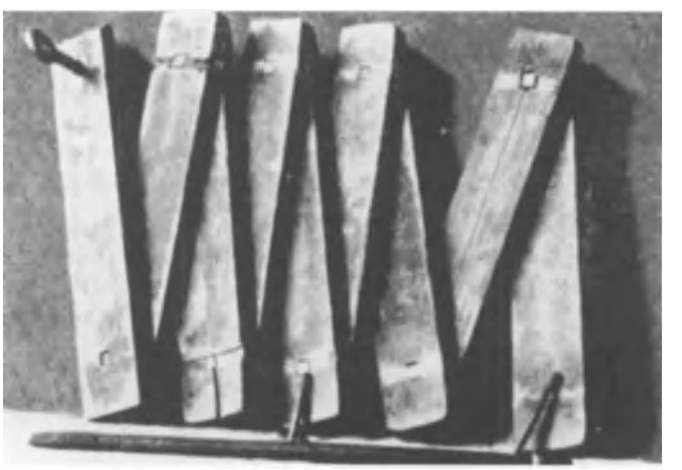
On the night of August 1, 1876, Constable Nicholas Cock spotted a man hiding in the shadows of a house near Whalley Range outside of Manchester. When he went to investigate, the man shot and mortally wounded him. Constable Cock, with his dying breath, told fellow officers that he believed his assailant was William Habron, who had once threatened him. William and John Habron were arrested and William was convicted of Cock's murder, mostly on circumstantial evidence and the dying man's statement. Habron was sent to prison for life, but Peace was the real culprit.

Three years later, while waiting to be executed, Peace, who was never known to perform a kind act, confessed to the Cock murder, saying that Habron was innocent. Habron, at that time, was released and given £500 as compensation for his wrongful imprisonment. Ironically, Peace had attended the trial of Habron, sitting through its endless hours of testimony and presentations of evidence. He said nothing, as Habron was convicted of the crime that he himself had committed.

For some months prior to the shooting death of Constable Cock, Peace had been seeing Katherine Dyson, an attractive, well-endowed brunette, his next-door-neighbor in Sheffield. Her husband, Arthur Dyson, was a railway engineer and was often away. On these occasions, the dwarfish Peace made love to the tall woman next door, but when Arthur Dyson was reassigned to local duty and stayed at home, Mrs. Dyson suddenly turned cool toward the little gargoyle. She told her runty lover that she no longer wished to see him. Peace was not a man to be rejected. He began writing Mrs. Dyson threatening letters, saying that if she did not continue her sexual relationship with him, great harm might befall her.



The burglary tools of Charles Peace, displayed at Scotland Yard's Black Museum.



The folding ladder Peace constructed and used in many of his nocturnal burglaries.

Mrs. Dyson ignored these threats and Peace, some weeks later, hid in some bushes, leaping out on the sidewalk as Mrs. Dyson passed, and tripping her so that she sprawled in the gutter. He laughed in his hoarse voice and hopped about like some wood elf over her prone body, wagging his finger at her and telling her that she had "better mend" her ways or face serious injury. When he was rebuffed again, Peace went to the Dyson house and confronted the woman with a revolver, waving it in her face and telling her that the next time he called for her, she had better be ready to service his sexual needs. Badly frightened, the Dysons moved to a new address in Sheffield at Banner Cross.

Still the banty burglar pursued the woman, telling his cronies in neighborhood pubs: "No woman deserts me. I will shoot her and her miserable husband if she don't come 'round." Having bragged of his intent to kill the Dysons and being constantly rebuffed by Mrs. Dyson, Peace brooded long hours before going to the backyard of the Dyson house on the night of November 29, 1876, only four days after Peace had watched William Habron being sentenced for his own killing of Constable Cock.

Peace stood in the dark and called out for Mrs. Dyson, uttering a string of obscenities. Instead of seeing his one-time lover, he saw Arthur Dyson, a retiring sort, brave the darkness and step into the yard, sleeves rolled up, ready to do battle for his much-abused wife. A low, sinister-sounding laugh greeted him and then a bullet whizzed by Dyson's head. A second bullet found its mark, ploughing into Arthur Dyson's skull, killing him on the spot.

Police knew this murder had been committed by Peace, but before they could apprehend the lethal cat burglar, Peace had fled to London. Here he lived, under the alias of Thompson, on Evelina Road in Peckham. He kept his wife in the basement apartment of the house and on the upper floors he lived with a seedy mistress, Susan Grey, who was drunk most of the time and chewed snuff and smoked cigars. Peace stayed in the house during the day, playing his fiddle and running between his wife and mistress to conduct relentless sexual marathons.

At night he packed his burglary tools into his violin case and drove off on a small cart pulled by his horse, Tommy, going to work as a burglar as one might go to the office. For two years, he successfully burglarized dozens of South London houses. His criminal career came to an end on the night of October 10, 1878, when Peace was confronted by Constable Edward Robinson, while he was leaving a house in Blackheath with loot tucked beneath his good arm.

Robinson ordered Peace to halt, but he continued walking away from the constable, who pursued him. Peace suddenly wheeled about and fired his revolver several times at Robinson, hitting the constable in the arm. The burly Robinson, however, was not easily downed. He charged the retreating Peace, tackled him and threw him to the ground. He then leaped upon him and subdued the prince of burglars, manacling his hands and dragging him down the street to be greeted by more constables, who came on the run when they heard Robinson blowing his whistle.

Charles Frederick Peace (center), standing on the scaffold as his legs are tied and a priest consoles him; the burglar was hanged on February 25, 1879.

At the police station, the much-wanted Peace identified himself as John Ward. Charged with the attempted murder of Robinson, Peace was sent to the Old Bailey for trial, appearing before Justice Henry Hawkins, who sentenced him to life imprisonment. It was then that John Ward was identified as the notorious Charles Peace.

Peace was then charged with the murder of Arthur Dyson and taken by train to Sheffield to stand trial there. En route, the master burglar asked a guard to open a train window so he could "get some fresh air." As soon as the window was opened, Peace hurled himself through it, landed safely on the railway embankment and scurried away into a nearby woods. A massive manhunt saw him quickly recaptured. He was then tried at the Sheffield Assizes before Justice Lopes, where he was found guilty of murdering Arthur Dyson. Peace was sentenced to death and imprisoned at Armley Prison.

While awaiting execution, Peace called a clergyman to his cell and confessed to the killing of Constable Nicholas Cock. William Habron was then released from prison. Charles Peace spent his last days writing religious doggerel and even his own memorial card that read: "In memory of Charles Peace, who was executed in Armley Prison, Tuesday, February 25, 1879. Aged 47. For that I done but never intended." On the morning of his execution, Peace lectured the warden about displaying Christian charity toward prisoners. He then sat down to his last breakfast and snarled: "This is bloody rotten bacon." Minutes later he was led to the scaffold and hanged.

The only known photo of the international arch-burglar of the 19th Century, Adam Worth, taken at the end of his spectacular career; he was aptly called "the Napoleon of crime."

THE NAPOLEON OF CRIME/1902

Adam Worth (AKA: Harry Raymond, Henry Jarvis Raymond, 1844-1902) was beyond a doubt the greatest criminal mastermind of the 19th Century. Sir Robert Anderson, chief of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard, said of him: "He was the Napoleon of the criminal world. None other could hold a candle to him." Allan Pinkerton, founder of the famed Pinkerton Detective Agency in the U.S., echoed such recognition by stating: "He was the Napoleon of crime, the greatest mastermind of them all." These comments were not lost on British author Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes.

In creating a criminal mind that would match his supersleuth, Doyle patterned the cunning Professor James Moriarty after Adam Worth. At one point, Holmes tells his loyal associate: "He is the Napoleon of crime, Watson. He is the organizer of half that is evil and nearly all that is undetected in this great city. He is a genius, a philosopher, an abstract thinker. He has a brain of the first order. He sits motionless, like a spider in the center of its web, but that web has a thousand radiations, and he knows well every quiver of each of them."

The Moriarty Doyle created had much in common with his role model. Like the devastatingly clever professor, Worth headed and directed an enormous international network of thieves, planning burglaries no other person in his day would dare commit and traveling about the globe while living in splendor in the finest hotels or on the high seas aboard his private yacht. He, like Moriarty, enjoyed Oriental decor and was fascinated by the mysticism of the Far East. Also, like the professor, Worth confounded the efforts of police on three continents, evading arrest and escaping prison, except in two instances. But wholly unlike Doyle's fiendish mastermind, Worth abhorred violence and never went armed. He gave strict instructions that none of his men were ever to resort to violence and any man who betrayed this edict was sent from his organization into permanent exile.

Worth lived like a rajah, and directed the careers and lives of scores of the world's super thieves, yet he died almost broke, and, as a noble gesture to enrich the lives of his two children, who never knew of his criminal past, returned the greatest treasure of his fifty-year criminal career to its rightful owners. The mastermind could have easily sold this treasure, which one detective tracked him around the world to recapture, adding a fortune to the estimated $3-$5 million he gleaned during his long criminal career. But Worth had a deep-rooted sense of honor that compelled him, as it had throughout his life, to perform a final *beau geste.*

The beginnings of this strange and unpredictable man were humble. Worth was born to Jewish parents in New York City and received a good education. He was intelligent and liked reading good books. He began working as a clerk before the outbreak of the Civil War and, in 1861, he accepted a $500 bounty the Union army was paying to recruits. In fact, he took advantage of this mercenary payment *several* times as a bounty jumper. Worth enlisted, collected his $500, marched off to a training camp, then deserted. He returned to New York and enlisted again under a different name. After collecting several thousand dollars, which he banked, Worth stayed in the army and served with distinction, until he was mustered out of the service in 1864.

Unable to find work, Worth resorted to theft, taking a package from an Adams Express truck. He was caught and sent to Sing Sing for three years, his only arrest, conviction and prison term in the U.S. At Sing Sing, Worth was put to work with quarry gangs. He was assigned the lethal task of warming up frozen nitroglycerine, used in blasting quarry rock. Worth later told William Pinkerton, one of the detectives who pursued him over the years: "I was a rather stupid young fellow. I never questioned the guard and I always wondered why he left when I put the brittle chunks (of nitro) in the stove. When one of the older inmates told me I could be blown to bits, I decided I had had enough of prison."

With the kind of meticulous care he would take in his later burglaries, Worth planned his escape from Sing Sing with split-second timing. He noted that a tug appeared on the Hudson River at a certain hour and then noted the regular times when the guards at the quarry relieved each other. During one of these changings of the guards, Worth, a small man (five feet, seven inches, never weighing more than 130 pounds), slipped into a culvert that led to the river. He crawled past guards and lowered himself into the Hudson, swimming out to the tugboat that had just pulled away from the dock. He climbed

Henry Jarvis Raymond, founder of the New York *Times*; Worth, who bore a resemblance to the journalist, used Raymond's name as an alias.

aboard the boat and hid himself among cargo boxes. When the tug approached New York City, Worth slipped over the side and swam to shore.

By 1866, the cautious Worth had decided upon a life of crime. He summoned his brother, John, from Boston. Worth planned to burgle $30,000 from the Atlantic Transportation Company in New York, but his brother proved to be so inept that the two were almost caught entering the building. Worth abandoned this plan and sent his bumbling brother home. He traveled to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and after scouting about, learned that an insurance firm in that city kept large amounts of cash on hand.

Working alone, Worth disguised himself as a constable and gained admittance to the insurance building, telling a night watchman that he had been tipped that the vault was to be burglarized that night. When the watchman made his rounds, Worth used nitroglycerine, which he had become familiar with in Sing Sing, to blow open a small hole in the door of the vault. Slipping his arm through the hole, he was able to unlock and open the vault door from the inside by pulling back the bolt. He looted the vault of $30,000 and was on his way before the watchman returned.

Using this money to establish his front, Worth took elegant rooms in the Astor House, the finest hotel in New York at the time. He had his clothes custom-made by the most distinguished tailors in the city and then, looking the dandy, began to make the rounds of underworld hangouts, seeking intelligent criminals with his own bent for details and creative crime. He disdained hellholes such as Geohegan's, the Strand, and Allen's, going instead to Shang Draper's elegant saloon. There he spent long hours sipping champagne and playing the gentleman scoundrel. He met and bedded many show girls at this time, but his actual purpose was clear. He wanted to assemble a super gang of intellectual criminals who could put his inventive schemes into action.

Worth's quest was rewarded when he encountered Charles Bullard, son of a high society New York family, who could trace their ancestors back to an officer on the staff of General George Washington. Bullard came into an inheritance when his father died, but he squandered this money on wine and women and was soon looking for ways to make quick cash. He met an apprentice burglar named Ike Marsh and the pair concocted a daring train robbery.

On May 4, 1868, Bullard and Marsh, traveling on the Hudson River Railroad Express, slipped into the baggage car and knocked out the guard, John Putnam, then helped themselves to $100,000 in cash and negotiable securities. The Pinkertons were called in on the case, but Bullard and Marsh had left no clues and the guard was of little help. He stated he had been asleep in the baggage car when he was attacked and knocked out and could not give a description of his assailants. Putnam had been found with froth on his lips, as if in a coma from the attack, yet he bore nothing more than a slight bruise to the right temple. The Pinkertons suspected Putnam of collusion but could prove nothing.

Robert Pinkerton and his chief of the Philadelphia office, Robert Linden, were assigned to the case. They went over every inch of the baggage car, where Linden found a piece of soap. When Putnam was brought in for more questioning, Linden showed him the soap and bluntly told the guard that it had made the froth on his lips and that he, Putnam, was in league with the robbers. Putnam, under relentless interrogation, signed a confession two days later, implicating Marsh and Bullard.

The two thieves by then had fled to Canada. Bullard's rooms in New York were searched and some of the stolen securities were found. After a lengthy legal battle, Bullard and Marsh were returned to New York and housed in a White Plains Jail. Bullard and Marsh escaped, however, when their friends dug a hole through the jail wall and freed them before their trial.

Charles "Piano Charley" Bullard, Worth's partner in many spectacular burglaries.

Bullard's adventures caused him to be the toast of New York's underworld. He intrigued the scheming Adam Worth, who admired Bullard's daring. They were introduced to each other in a back room of Draper's saloon and became fast friends. Bullard was by then called "Piano Charley" because he played the instrument well. Worth and Bullard had similar tastes. Both

enjoyed high living and preferred the company of elegant people, rather than criminal riffraff. They enjoyed good clothes, food and wine, and the company of beautiful women. They also disdained violence and never went armed. They, like the fictional character Raffles, lived by their wits, not by the gun.

In a few days, Worth suggested to Bullard and Marsh that they join him in burglarizing the Boylston National Bank of Boston. He had recently scouted the bank, Worth told them, and knew that hundreds of thousands of dollars were in its vault. They would rent the house next to the bank and gain access to the bank, Worth explained, by breaking through a common wall and entering the bank at night. Worth had made detailed drawings of the bank, and the shops on either side of it.

Bullard and Marsh quickly agreed to take part in the theft. Once in Boston, the thieves encountered a problem. The house next to the bank on Boylston and Washington streets had been rented. The barbershop, which was located on the other side of the bank, however, was another matter. Worth simply bought the shop for $500 and he and his men moved in, changing the store to Judson and Company, Dealers in Wine Bitters. Bullard was the ostensible owner of the shop, using the name William A. Judson. Worth had carpenters construct a partition that prevented passersby from looking into the shop and in the window he lined up many bottles with dark-looking contents. He was a stickler for fronts and facades and insisted upon having a convincing cover.

Marsh was assigned to keep regular office hours, ready to write an order for bitters if a customer appeared. But none arrived, as Worth expected, since buyers of bitters generally went to available general liquor dealers. Joining the gang were Adam Worth's brother, John, who relieved Marsh in the store clerk role, and Bob Cochran, who was brought into the caper because of his brawny back and powerful arms. Cochran did most of the work, breaking down thick walls of the buildings housing the barbershop and the bank. The thieves took their time, coming and going from the shop as would regular businessmen. They lived in the best hotels and frequented the finer Boston restaurants. While the digging went on, Worth and Bullard attended the theater and the opera. They always had lovely ladies on their arms as they strolled to and from the theater with top hats, silk-lined capes, and gold-knobbed walking sticks.

On the night of November 20, 1869, Cochran sent word to Worth that he was about to break through the bank wall. Worth, Bullard, Marsh, John Worth, and Cochran gathered in the dark store around midnight and then punched through the wall of the bank. In minutes, Worth was able to blow off the tumblers and handles of vault doors and the gang entered the spacious vault with large carpetbags, filling these with more than $450,000 in cash and negotiable securities, an enormous haul for those days, equivalent to several million dollars in today's inflated currency.

Returning to New York, the gang stayed in suites at the Astor House, the last place police might think to look for desperate bank burglars. The newspaper accounts of the great burglary filled the front pages for days. When Bullard read

Singer Kitty Flynn, to whom Worth lost his heart; he also lost Kitty to "Piano Charley" Bullard.

Gainsborough's famous painting, "Duchess of Devonshire," burgled by Worth in 1876; he would keep the priceless painting for decades.

that the Pinkertons—the very agency that had exposed his railway robbery—had been hired to track down the burglars, he grew nervous and urged Worth to leave for Europe. "Those damned detectives will be on to us within a week," Bullard told Worth. "I don't want to be playing a piano in the Ludlow Street Jail."

Worth and Bullard sailed for Liverpool the next day, taking their fabulous spoils with them. Once in Liverpool, the pair rented spacious suites in the American Hotel. In the pub of this hotel, Worth and Bullard were both captivated by a local singer, beautiful, 17-year-old Kitty Flynn. Worth was deeply in love with Kitty, but lost her to Bullard, whom she married. The trio then went on to London, where Bullard used the alias Charles Wells. Worth, with his customary wit, used the name Henry J. Raymond, the name of the founder of the New York *Times*. This was the name Worth used in his marriage and the one he handed down to his two children. Both Worth and Bullard posed as wealthy New York merchants and they lived like visiting royalty.

Writer Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes; Doyle used Adam Worth as the role model for the evil Professor Moriarty.

Traveling to Paris, Worth and Bullard opened up an elegant café, the American Bar, which offered gambling in its back rooms. The place became the center for U.S. expatriates in Paris and it catered to high society customers. The cream of American criminals also gathered here and came under the direction of Worth. Max Shinburn, who later bought a title and retired as Baron Shindell, enlisted in Worth's company of thieves, as did Walter Sheridan, George McDonald, and Austin and George Bidwell, who were all later to swindle a great fortune from the Bank of England in an elaborate forgery scheme attributed to the ingenious Worth.

The mastermind planned many bank burglaries and security frauds, sending at one time some of his men to Turkey, where they passed fraudulent bank drafts for more than $400,000. Worth received a quarter of all the profits from the crimes he planned and he was soon a millionaire. He returned to London and lived in the best part of the city, occupying a townhouse replete with servants. Next he bought a yacht and christened it the *Shamrock*, a name given to it by Kitty Flynn Bullard. Sailing between European ports, Worth continued planning one spectacular burglary after another, sending his talented lieutenants to Belgium, Holland, Germany, France, and Italy to perform the crimes he planned.

Though fabulously wealthy, Worth sometimes committed crimes alone, purely to "keep my hand in," as he later stated. On one occasion, Worth purchased some items from a London pawnbroker and noticed that the man's safe was brimming with money. He stole the pawnbroker's keys and had copies made, returning the keys unseen some hours later. That night Worth entered the shop and removed $20,000 from the safe. He spent the money in a month on lavish parties. Bored with polite London society, Worth decided to sail the *Shamrock* to South Africa. He had read about the fabulous diamonds coming from the Kimberley mines.

Once in Cape Town, Worth posed as a retired businessman from the U.S. He took pains to befriend the postmaster of Cape Town after learning that all of the Kimberley diamonds were shipped to the post office and from there to London diamond merchants. Some weeks later, Worth mailed three parcels to himself from a distant town and then called for them at the Cape Town Post Office, just as the place was about to close. The postmaster explained that he would have to return the next day, but the charming Worth prevailed upon the man. As the postmaster went to retrieve the parcels in the absence of departed clerks, Worth quickly made a wax impression of the keys to the building and safe that the postmaster kept on the ring he absentmindedly left at the counter. A few nights later, Worth entered the building, opened the safe and removed between $500,000 and $1 million in diamonds.

A few weeks later, Worth returned to London where, using front men, he sold the diamonds for $300,000. In an ironic twist, the diamonds were purchased by the very merchants to whom they had been originally assigned by the Kimberley mine owners. With his coffers brimming, little Adam Worth sailed for New York. Here he married a respectable young woman and moved into a mansion. The couple had two chil-

George Zucco, shown in disguise as the sinister Professor Moriarty in the 1939 film, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, in which he attempts to steal the British crown jewels.

Laurence Olivier plays an aging Professor Moriarty in the 1976 Sherlock Holmes film, *The Seven-Per-Cent-Solution*; in this revisionist film Moriarty is wrongly persecuted by Holmes.

dren. Worth's attractive wife knew him only as Henry J. Raymond. He spent six months a year with his family in New York and the other six months roaming around Europe, planning and executing, through his syndicate of crooks, one incredible caper after another. His most celebrated crime had nothing to do with either cash or gems.

On the balmy afternoon of May 27, 1876, Worth, lost in thought, walked along Bond Street in London. At his side was an enormous American thief, Jack "Junka" Phillips. A curiosity even among the underworld, Phillips was a one-time wrestler, who stood nearly seven feet tall. He sometimes actually carried away safes too difficult to open with jimmies or crowbars. As he walked with Worth, whom he dwarfed, Phillips chattered about his idiotic plans to commit several burglaries, saying that he was going to strike out on his own and that he was "tired of being used like a horse." This unlikely pair paused at Agnew and Company, one of the world's most famous private art galleries.

A big crowd had gathered to buy tickets to see Gainsborough's *The Duchess of Devonshire*, which Christie's had just sold to Agnew's for $50,000, the largest amount ever paid for a work of art to that time. The painting was of the wife of the fifth duke, the lovely Georgiana Spencer. Worth seemed to give the crowd little note. The pair moved down the street, but after walking a block, Worth stopped and said: "Junka. I'm going to steal that painting in Agnew's tonight. I'll need your help."

"What? A painting? What for?"

"Because I want it. That's reason enough. Don't ask questions, Junka. Do as you're told."

Following Worth's instructions, Phillips returned to Agnew's and bought two tickets to the exhibit. Worth stood for a long time, admiring the new Gainsborough exhibition on the second floor. Returning to his comfortable town house, Worth summoned Joseph "Little Joe" Elliott, then his right-hand man. He told him that he and Phillips were going to burglarize Agnew's that night and that he wanted Elliott to stand lookout at the gallery.

"I don't understand, boss," Elliott said. "There's dozens of banks waiting to be taken and you want to steal a painting."

Worth did not explain that he intended to use the painting to bargain for the release of his brother, John, who had again bungled a burglary assignment and was being held without bail, pending trial. (As it turned out, John Worth was acquitted and his brother Adam kept the painting.) That night, while Elliott stood watch, Worth climbed atop Junka Phillips' shoulders and pried open a second-floor window of Agnew's Gallery. He went to the Gainsborough, cut it from its frame, but left one corner of the painting so that the original would match the torn portion and no copy could replace it. Rolling up the Gainsborough, Worth let himself down onto Junka Phillips' shoulders and made off with one of the most priceless art treasures in the world.

Robert Pinkerton, who was in London to help the police obtain evidence against Worth (and was failing to do so), attributed the crime to the American mastermind as soon as he heard of the painting's theft. "There's only one man who would have the nerve to commit such a crime," he told a Scotland Yard official. "That man is Adam Worth. But what puzzles me is that Worth is smart enough to know that no fence in the world will handle such an item as the Gainsborough."

Worth merely hid the painting. Junka Phillips began dun-

ning Worth for his share of the loot, so Worth gave him £50, saying that he had to sell the painting for a small amount. Phillips was dissatisfied and began to extort more money from Worth, who ordered Phillips to keep away from him. Phillips followed Worth to the Criterion Bar one night and loudly began to accuse him of holding out on him and complaining that Worth had made him an accessory in the theft of the painting.

Worth saw the tall figure of Inspector Greenham of Scotland Yard in the bar mirror. He realized that Phillips had turned informer and was trying to force an admission of guilt from Worth in earshot of the detective. Without arguing with Phillips, Worth ordered a bottle of champagne. When it arrived, he suddenly crashed the heavy bottle down on Phillips' head, sending the giant unconscious to the floor. Worth brushed the tiny shards of glass from his expensive frock coat, stepped over the fallen Phillips, and left the Criterion. He was not bothered again by the greedy giant.

Worth held on to the priceless Gainsborough for the next twenty-six years. He carried it with him inside an umbrella, in false-bottom trunks, even down his trouser leg. All the while, assigned by Agnew's to recover the painting whatever the cost, Robert Pinkerton, and later his brother, William Pinkerton, dogged the footsteps of mastermind Worth, waiting for him to slip. For ten years Adam Worth evaded arrest while continuing to manage a network of crooks and thieves in a dozen countries. Then, in Liege, Belgium, Worth, on a whim, decided to rob a mail wagon. As he was about to take a cash shipment, he was caught red-handed and sent to prison for seven years. When he was released, most of Worth's money had vanished, siphoned off by confederates. His yacht and London house had been sold by aides to finance burglaries that failed miserably for lack of Worth's planning and direction.

Adam Worth was a broken man, no longer a mastermind of arch criminals. His associates, Bullard, Shinburn, Sheridan, the Bidwell Brothers, were either dead or in prison. He drifted back to the U.S., and following the death of his wife, wound up in a cheap Chicago rooming house. He nevertheless possessed the Gainsborough. He learned that his son and daughter were in financial distress, and though he vowed he would never give up the painting, he wrote to William Pinkerton. (Robert Pinkerton, the man who had tracked him halfway across the world, was dead by then.) Worth explained that he knew of the painting's whereabouts, although he was not responsible for its theft. He wanted to claim the reward Agnew's had posted for the painting and have this money sent to his son and daughter.

American detective Allan Pinkerton, who at one time captured then lost the elusive Worth, calling the criminal mastermind "The Napoleon of Crime."

Pinkerton wrote to Agnew's and the deal was made. The Gainsborough was sent to Pinkerton, who returned it to Agnew's. The reward was paid to the Worth children and the mastermind then wrote a letter to William Pinkerton thanking him for his kindness. The detective proved as noble as the criminal he and his brother had long sought to jail. After Worth's death, William Pinkerton wrote several letters to Worth's young son, sending him hundreds of dollars, stating that he had obtained this money from "a man who owed your father these sums." The money came from Pinkerton's own wallet.

Shortly before his death, Worth had returned to London, taking an apartment in Regent Park. His return to this city was obviously permitted by the authorities as part of the deal made with Agnew's. He lived in seclusion until he suddenly grew ill and died on January 2, 1902. The greatest criminal of the Victorian era passed on without notice from the press. Five years earlier, his fictional counterpart had met a more spectacular end. Professor Moriarty had died while struggling with the indefatigable Sherlock Holmes, these eternal adversaries crashing to oblivion over the Reichenbach Falls.

KING OF THE BANK BURGLARS/1915

Where Adam Worth had no peers in masterminding the most spectacular burglaries of his era, his brilliant contemporary, Max Shinburn (AKA: Maximilian Schoenbein, Baron Shindell, Henry Edward Moebus, Max Shinborn, Mark Shinburn, Walker Watterson, c.1838-1915) was held in high underworld esteem, even by Worth, as the king of bank burglars in the U.S. Shinburn was German-born and was well-educated, speaking five languages. He arrived in New York in 1861, just about the time the Civil War began, staying at the Metropolitan and other first-class hotels, immediately befriending the city's most celebrated gamblers and sporting men, which brought him under police surveillance.

Shinburn never had the slightest notion of making an honest living, even though his sharp wit and shrewd perceptions would have enabled him to achieve success in legitimate pursuits. He took his first and only job for the purpose of learning how to burglarize America's biggest banks, going to work for the Lilly Safe Company.

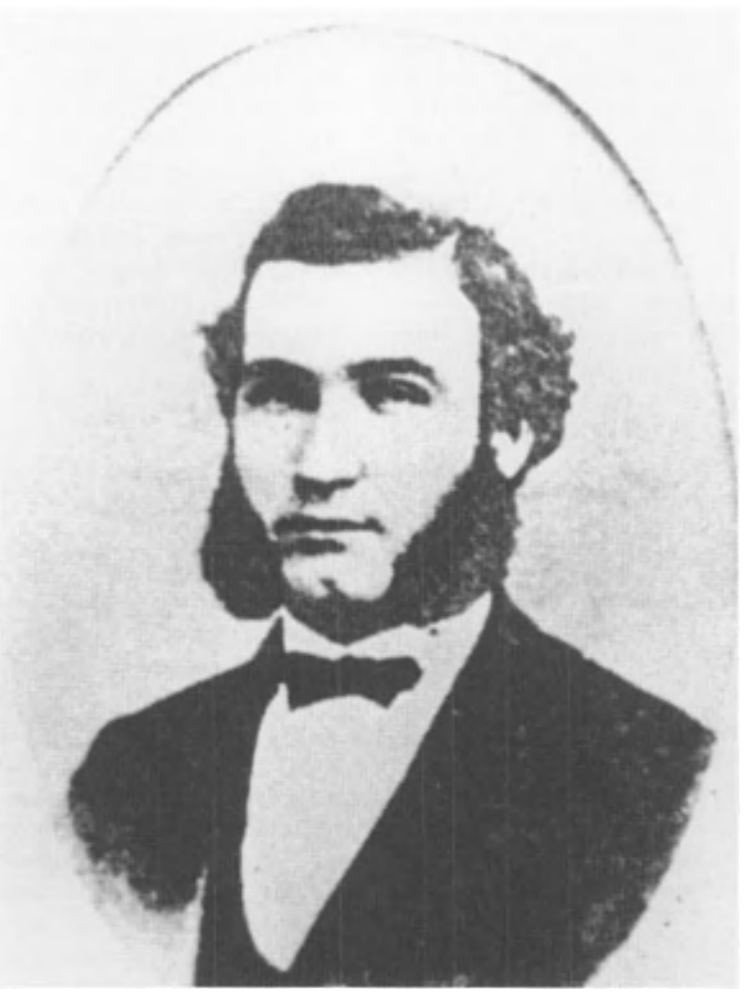
Making a thorough study of bank vaults and safe locks at the Lilly firm, he invented a mechanism that he could leave, unseen, beneath a combination dial and it would record, over several days, the combination of any safe or bank vault. Retrieving this device, he then broke into a bank at night and quickly burglarized its safe. Since the Lilly firm provided the safes for most of the major banks and companies in the U.S., Shinburn, after a long and diligent service with that firm, was ready to go into the bank burglary business with fellow thieves George White, alias Bliss, and David Cummings.

Only two weeks after Lee's surrender at Appomattox, which ended the Civil War, Shinburn, Bliss and Cummings traveled to Walpole, New Hampshire. There, on the night of April 21, 1865, they broke into the Walpole Savings Bank, where Shinburn easily opened the safe, using his device that had recorded the combination of the safe before it had been shipped by Lilly to the bank. The burglars stuffed more than $86,000

in cash and government bonds into carpet bags and fled.

An intensive manhunt for the burglars ensued. Shinburn, who was already at the top of the list of police suspects, was tracked to a hotel in Saratoga, New York, on July 26, 1865. Seven $1,000 bonds were found in Shinburn's suite, all of which were quickly identified as part of the proceeds from the Walpole burglary. Tried and convicted in Keene, New Hampshire, Shinburn was sentenced by Judge Porter to ten years hard labor at the state prison in Concord.

Shinburn did not remain in custody for long. One night after his sentencing, November 2, 1865, his associates, Bliss and Cummings bribed guards at the Keene jail, who allowed Shinburn to escape. He was not heard from again until May 1866, when Shinburn, Bliss and Cummings attempted to burglarize the bank at St. Albans, Vermont. Shinburn had studied this bank and had been impressed by a daring Civil War raid conducted by Confederate soldiers, who had robbed this bank on October 19, 1864, taking away $96,000 in cash and bonds. To prevent another such occurrence, the Lilly Safe Company had shipped a large new safe to this bank, as Shinburn knew, one for which he already had the combination.



Max Shinburn, who engineered million-dollar burglaries in America, and became a baron in Europe; he died penniless and forgotten.

In early May 1866, Shinburn and his two associates arrived in St. Albans and a few nights later broke into the bank, but before they could open the safe, a night watchman unexpectedly appeared and fired a shot at them. The three burglars fled in separate directions. Shinburn spotted a slow-moving train that had just left the St. Albans station and, running after it, hopped on board. He paid for a passenger seat and pretended to fall asleep.

It was Shinburn's ironic fate to be reunited with an old acquaintance. The man sitting next to him on the train had been a juror at Shinburn's trial in Keene, New Hampshire. Recognizing the escaped felon, he got off the train at the next station and notified officers that the celebrated bank burglar was on the train. Shinburn was arrested and, under heavy guard, was sent to the Concord State Prison to serve out his ten-year sentence for the Keene burglary.

Again Bliss and Cummings came to his aid. After serving nine months, Shinburn escaped from the Concord State Prison. Again, guards were bribed to leave certain doors open through which Shinburn scurried to freedom. The following year, Shinburn arrived in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, where, alone, he broke into the offices of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Hudson Canal Company, taking from its safe $33,000.

The burglar attempted to leave town by train, but heavy snows prevented any trains from running. Waiting in the station, he drew suspicious attention from a police detective, who arrested him, but did not take him to jail. Instead, thinking he would receive the substantial reward posted by the company for the apprehension of the burglar that had looted its safe, the detective decided to personally deliver Shinburn to that company's headquarters, which was located in another town.

Since the trains were not operating that night, the detective resolved to take Shinburn to a small hotel and escort him to the company the next day when the trains would be running. Shinburn proved to be an affable companion that night, buying the detective a large dinner (from the proceeds of his burglary), but the sleuth took no chances with the wily thief. When they went to their room, the detective handcuffed Shinburn to his own hand before they fell asleep on the same bed.

When the detective awoke, he found himself alone in the room. Shinburn, according to his comments years later, had picked the lock of the handcuffs with a small piece of steel that he had concealed in his mouth, under a false tooth. He had not only escaped, but had taken the loot from the burglary with him, or, at least, this was the tale the embarrassed detective later told.

Another detective, the most famous in America at that time, Allan Pinkerton, who headed the celebrated Pinkerton Agency, then became involved in the hunt for the elusive bank burglar after the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company at White Haven, Pennsylvania, was burglarized by Shinburn on July 9, 1868. Pinkerton himself caught Shinburn and tried without success to learn the burglar's secrets, but Shinburn escaped from Pinkerton's clutches and fled to Belgium.

Impressed by the European aristocracy, Shinburn decided he would join this leisure class by buying a title, an expensive

proposition that caused him to plan the greatest burglary of his career, that of the Ocean National Bank of New York. To that end, Shinburn returned to the U.S., where he enlisted the aid of America's top burglars, including Edward "Ned" Lyons, George Leonidas Leslie, Sam "Worcester Sam" Perris, Jimmy (or Jimmie) Hope, George White (Bliss) and others.

The Ocean National Bank, one of the largest financial institutions in America, was located on the corner of Fulton and Greenwich streets in Manhattan, a solid brick structure with a heavy stone floor. A basement office beneath the bank, Shinburn had learned, was available for rental and, disguising himself as an investment broker, he hired this space, ostensibly to operate a stock exchange business. Heavy tools were carted into the basement, where the burglars built a partition, behind which they could operated undetected by any chance customer entering the front office. Perris stood behind the customer counter discouraging any potential investor from doing any business with this bogus firm by heaping ridicule and abuse upon him.

Sam "Worchester Sam" Perris, who aided Shinburn in the spectacular burglary of the Ocean National Bank in Manhattan in 1869; the thieves took away more than $1,200,000 in cash and securities.

Shinburn, meanwhile, directed operations behind the partition, where he, Lyons, Bliss and others worked night and day cutting upward through the stone floor of the bank. When learning that the night janitor had left the building, they broke through the floor late on Saturday, June 27-28, 1869, lugging tools into the bank to attack the mammoth vault, the doors for which Shinburn did not have the combination. Using drills and explosives, however, the burglars worked for hours until opening the huge vault, stuffing dozens of valises with more than $1,200,000, the largest bank burglary in U.S. history. The thieves left behind more than $1 million in bonds, which they knew were useless to them, as well as gold coin in the amount of a half million dollars, this being too heavy to carry.

The haul engineered by Max Shinburn staggered even these bold bank burglars. All were rich beyond their expectations and they went their separate ways to enjoy lavish lifestyles, but most of them, when their money ran out, returned to their old profession and ended up in prison. Shinburn, however, who received the lion's share of the loot for masterminding the burglary, immediately sailed for Europe with more than $500,000 in cash.

Upon his return to Belgium, he became "Baron Shindell," a baronetcy he purchased for $25,000. He bought a small castle in Belgium, a villa outside of Paris and a mansion in Switzerland. He lavished on himself tailor-made clothes, jewelry and beautiful mistresses. Shinburn purchased expensive paintings and kept dozens of servants at hand to do his bidding.

To maintain his lavish lifestyle, Shinburn occasionally returned to the U.S., where, on one burglary excursion, he reportedly masterminded with George Leonidas Leslie, the largest bank burglary in the U.S. in the 19th Century, that of The Manhattan Savings Institution, located at the corner of Broadway and Bleeker streets in New York City. He, Leslie and many others spent months tunneling into the bank to break into it on Sunday, October 27, 1878, blowing away its massive vault doors and retrieving $2,747,700 in securities, only about $250,000 being negotiable. Shinburn received less than ten percent of the proceeds, which hardly sustained his excessive living expenses in Europe.

Fifteen years of high-society living, however, forced him to eventually return to his earlier profession, but he was soon caught and sentenced to seventeen years in prison in 1883 for his previous convictions. Less than nine years later he was back in New York, burglarizing banks, landing in jail, and escaping. Eventually, Shinburn went to a home for reformed convicts in Boston. There he died, as he preferred, under an alias, Henry E. Moebus, in 1915. His obituary was brief, describing him simply as a "one-time safemaker," the writer of that day not knowing he was profiling America's most infamous bank burglar of the 19th Century.

THE MAN WHO BURGLED THE MONA LISA/1911

Vincenzo Peruggia (or Perruggia, AKA: Vincenzo Leonardo, 1881-1927) was a man obsessed with the image of only one woman in the world, a face painted on canvas almost four hundred years before he was born, Leonardo da Vinci's mysterious and captivating *Mona Lisa* (1503-06, portrait of Lisa del Gioconda). Day after day he stared longingly at this masterpiece of art, until he could no longer tolerate sharing the painting with the rest of the world. He resolved to steal it, to possess this image as his alone.

On the morning of August 22, 1911, Louis Beroud, a French painter, arrived in the Salon Carr of the Paris Louvre intending to make a sketch of a model standing before the famed *Mona Lisa* and using the newly installed glass covering on the painting as a mirror in which to adjust her make-up. This painting and many others in the museum had been without the controversial glass covering until the preceding year when concerns about vandalism and theft encouraged museum officials to institute this protective policy.

The policy was unpopular with the art viewing public, who claimed that it was impossible to properly view the painting through the glass. When Beroud arrived and looked up to the position where the *Mona Lisa* had hung, between Titian's *Allegory of Alfonso d'Avalos* and Correggio's *Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine*, there was nothing on the wall but the iron posts that had supported the painting. The surprised painter asked a museum guard about the painting and was told that it was probably in the photography annex, where legal copies of it were made for postcards and the like.

However, when the painting had not been returned to its place by noon, Beroud inquired again. This time, when it was discovered that the painting was not where the first guard had supposed, a frenzied search began. Police swarmed through the building. Museum visitors were thoroughly searched before they were permitted to leave and every inch of the Louvre was carefully inspected. Finally, a policeman investigating a staircase leading to a courtyard on the river found the glass and frame from the painting stashed behind the staircase.

The news of the burglary shocked the world. Not since master burglar Adam Worth had stolen the famous *Duchess of Devonshire* in England in 1876, had such an art theft been committed. Because France was dangerously near war with Germany at the time, Germans in the city were arrested and held as suspects on little or no evidence. *L'illustration,* a popular French magazine was the first of several journals to offer a sizable reward for the safe return of the treasure. The 40,000-franc offering was bested by the Paris *Journal,* offering 50,000 francs.

Le Matin joined in the effort with a plea to psychics for help in locating the painting. The official investigation continued without success. People walking in the streets of Paris carrying large rectangular packages were stopped and their parcels searched. Artists including Pablo Picasso and Guillaume Apollinaire came under suspicion and were detained and questioned. Despite all the frenzied activity, no solid clues were determined or likely suspects located.

Two years after the painting disappeared, in the fall of 1913, an art dealer in Florence, Italy, Alfredo Geri, received a curious response to an ad he had run soliciting work to display in an upcoming exhibition. The letter, dated November 29, 1913, from Paris, came from someone who identified himself only as "Leonardo." The writer claimed that he had the *Mona Lisa* in his possession and would return it to Italy for a price. It was evident from the tone of the letter that Leonardo considered Napoleon Bonaparte's removal of Leonardo Da Vinci's masterpiece from Italy a wrong that needed remedy.

Although doubtful that the letter could have come from anyone other than a crackpot or a con artist, Geri replied, saying that he was unable to travel to Paris, but if Leonardo wished to come to Florence and bring the painting with him, he would gladly look at it, and, if it were the true masterpiece, he would pay any price Leonardo demanded. Leonardo wired that he would come to Geri's office on December 10, 1913. Geri asked the director of the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, Giovanni Poggi, to be on hand to help in the identification of

Police photos of housepainter Vincenzo Peruggia, taken in 1913, two years after he had burglarized the priceless *Mona Lisa* from the Paris Louvre.

the painting. Leonardo appeared at the appointed time and when the two men asked to see the painting, he took them to his hotel, the Tripoli-Italia.

After locking the door, Leonardo pulled a large white trunk from beneath the bed. When opened, it revealed a strange conglomeration of apparently worthless items: A beat-up hat, old shoes, plastering tools and some paint brushes. Leonardo removed all of these things from the trunk to reveal a false bottom, which he also removed. He drew out a large rectangular object wrapped in red silk. When the silk was removed, the two visitors were shocked into momentary silence. The painting before them certainly appeared to be the real *Mona Lisa.*

After carefully examining the painting in the light from the window, Geri and Poggi concurred that it was the actual da Vinci painting. They convinced Leonardo to let them take the painting back to the Uffizi, where it would undergo further examination and Leonardo would get his requested reward of approximately $100,000. Leonardo was instructed to remain at his hotel and wait to be contacted regarding his reward. Geri and Poggi carefully carried the masterpiece to the Uffizi. After an army of experts had determined with certainty that they had the genuine item, the police were notified. Officers went to Leonardo's hotel and arrested him.

Although he had registered at the hotel under the name of Vincenzo Leonardo, police discovered that the man's real name was Vincenzo Peruggia and that he was a house painter from Dumenza in northern Italy. When interrogated by police, Peruggia stuck to his story about stealing the painting "for the glory of Italy and in vengeance against the sins of Napoleon Bonaparte." He firmly insisted that he was a patriot rather than a burglar. The painting, which had suffered only two minor scratches while in Peruggia's possession, was displayed at the Uffizi to huge, exuberant crowds.

Peruggia, charged with burglary, went to trial on June 14, 1914. He told the court that he had first seen the painting in 1908 and then again 1909, when he worked at the Louvre and found himself mesmerized by it. To the embarrassment of those in charge of security at the Louvre, Peruggia then revealed that he had been part of the work crew that had put the painting under glass in January 1911. He had been investigated at the time of the theft and authorities even searched his room. They did not find the painting, which was hidden in the false bottom of a trunk all the while. When no evidence was found to cause his arrest, the Paris police dismissed Peruggia as a suspect, remarking at that time that he was not the type of person that would steal any kind of art work.

The defendant was not a national hero of Italy, the prosecution insisted. He was nothing more than a petty criminal. Prosecutors attacked Peruggia's claims that his motives were purely patriotic by detailing his criminal record, showing that he had been arrested in Macon, France, for attempted robbery on June 24, 1908, and again in Paris on February 9, 1909, for illegal possession of firearms, and had served short prison terms in both cases.

Despite Peruggia's eloquent testimony in his own behalf, he was sentenced to a year and fifteen days in prison, a reduction of the three years sought by the prosecution. His sentence was eventually shortened to seven months. When released, Peruggia returned to his home town and married. He later served with distinction in the Italian army during World War I. After the war he moved to Paris with his wife, where he opened a hardware store. Peruggia died in Paris in 1927. The *Mona Lisa* had long earlier been restored to the Louvre. Guards were posted near to it around-the-clock.

A contemporary cartoon shows a swarm of French policemen carrying the recovered *Mona Lisa* back to the Louvre in 1913; the caption read: "She will smile once more for France."

Before his death, Peruggia was several times allowed to visit the painting he had stolen years earlier, with two cautious guards standing on either side of him. He wistfully stared upward to that portrait and its enigmatic smile. On one such occasion, he told the guards how he had kept the painting beneath his bed in a small room in Paris, waiting until midnight to take it from its secret hiding place, resting it against a wall and sitting before it to behold its hypnotic image. "For two years, she was mine," he murmured. "All mine."

THREE DIVERGENT BRITISH BURGLARS/ 1942/1952

Henry Edward Vicars (AKA: Flannelfoot, Henry Williams, 1888-1942), thought to be England's most prolific second-story man in the first half of the 20th Century, reportedly committed more than a thousand burglaries. He never used violence or did damage to the houses he was burglarizing. He was a meticulous and highly skilled craftsman, who did not associate with known criminals.

British burglar Henry Edward "Flannelfoot" Vicars, who committed more than 1,000 burglaries before his arrest in 1937.

Although Vicars was first arrested in 1911, he did not fully start his career in burglary until after World War I. He developed a technique of targeting neighborhoods and homes on the outskirts of London. Usually on weekends, he would travel by bicycle, tram, or subway to and from his destinations. He would enter a number of different homes in one neighborhood, never leaving fingerprints. Sometimes Vicars wore heavy socks or cloth over his shoes so as to leave no tracks and to muffle his footsteps. This practice earned him the nickname of "Flannelfoot."

The loot Vicars took from homes was invariably silverware, small, expensive picture frames and any loose cash lying about, carefully collecting these items and stowing them in briefcases. Upon departing each home, he appeared to be nothing more than a businessman carrying his work papers from an office. He sold off these stolen items piecemeal to pawnshops, but was careful to never visit these pawnbrokers more than once or twice. He thus prevented pawnbrokers from identifying him to inquiring police as one who made numerous transactions. He lived simply, having pedestrian tastes. He was neither a womanizer or a drinker, keeping to himself.

Scotland Yard worked for years trying to track Vicars down. Finally on a tip concerning a woman he was living with (he was using the alias Henry Williams at the time), inspectors determined that he was their man. Using an elaborate plan of constant surveillance, the police were finally able to apprehend him in 1937 as he left the scene of what was to be his last burglary. He pleaded guilty to a number of specific burglaries and was sentenced to five years in prison. He died shortly after his release in 1942.

Compared to the retiring and gentlemanly Vicars, burglars Christopher Craig (b.1936) and Derek Bentley (1933-1953), who came into prominence a decade after Vicars' death, were brutal thugs. They thrived on violence and thought that murder was nothing more than a necessary step in committing their burglaries. Craig grew up in comfortable surroundings in the suburb of Croydon. His father was a bank cashier, and by all accounts Christopher and his brother, Niven Scott Craig, were never in want.

Christopher Craig, according to his father's later statements, was an intelligent youth, who suffered from "word blindness," and how, in childhood, his favorite stories were those of Enid Blyton, these fairy tales read to him by family members. He attended Bible classes, but it was clear that he had a decided interest in firearms at a young age. His father owned a revolver and often took his sons to shooting ranges, where they fired

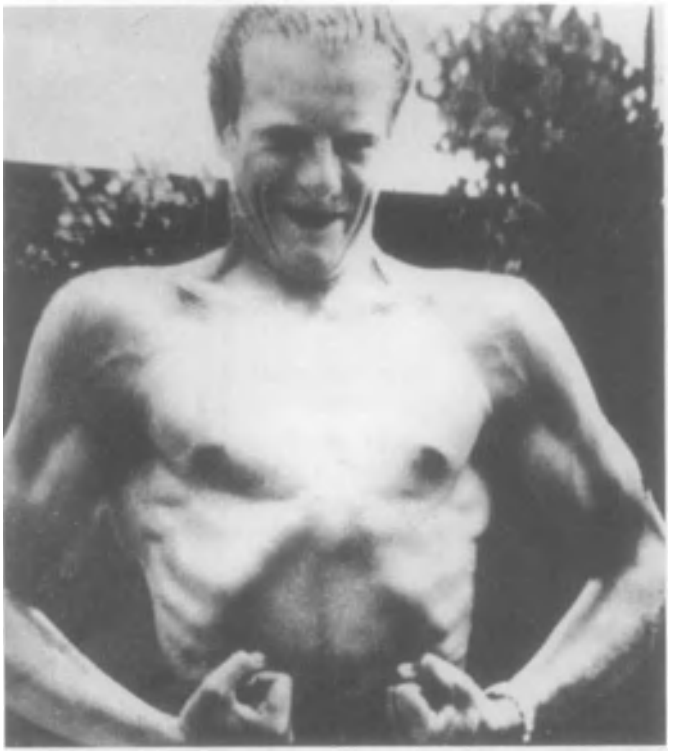
British burglar Christopher Craig, injured in his leap from a rooftop, is wheeled into court to face a 1952 murder charge.

off air-guns and air-pistols. In school, Craig proved to be a poor student, one of his teachers stating in a report: "Chris makes no effort at all. I offered to teach him to read—at my home of an evening. This offer was rejected as he had more important things to do."

Despite his obvious advantages Craig's "more important things" involved a life of crime, a pursuit also embraced by his brother, who was sent to prison for armed robbery in 1952. Craig, at age sixteen, got a job working in a Camberwell garage. He then fell in with another, older teenager, Derek Bentley, then nineteen. Bentley, a slow-witted youth who had ideas of becoming a strong man, had been committing burglaries for some time and taught Craig how to break into homes, offices and warehouses, routinely looting furs and clothing.

Meanwhile, Niven Scott Craig, who had been living in Kensington, and had been fencing many of the items stolen by his younger brother, as well as committing several robberies, was cornered by police on September 14, 1952. After a violent struggle, Niven Scott Craig and an accomplice were arrested and charged with armed robbery. Niven Scott Craig was convicted at the Old Bailey and sentenced to twelve years in prison. The police, however, were not through with the Craigs.

On the night of November 2, 1952, Christopher Craig and Bentley entered a warehouse on Tamworth Road, Croydon, Surrey. A witness seeing the two teenagers climbing over the gates that fronted the warehouse summoned the Croydon police. Officers arrived on the scene minutes later, attempting to reason with the youthful felons, who were by then on the roof



Burglar Derek Bentley poses as a strongman; he was executed in 1953 for encouraging Craig to shoot a constable.

of the warehouse. Bentley was seized by Detective-Constable Frederick Fairfax, but Craig, who was holding a revolver, hid behind an elevator shaft and refused to surrender.

Bentley, according to later police statements, then called out to his partner: "Let him have it, Chris!"

Craig responded immediately by firing several shots at Fairfax, wounding him in the shoulder. More policemen climbed on to the roof to hold Bentley, but as they tried to advance toward Craig, the youth kept firing at them. "Bentley then boasted to officers: "He's got a Colt '45, and plenty of bloody ammunition, too." As Constable Miles climbed on to the roof, Craig fired at him, hitting him square in the head and killing him. "I'm Craig!" shouted the defiant gunman. "You've just given my brother twelve years! Come on, you coppers! I'm only sixteen!"

Traditionally to that time, police officers in England were not armed and revolvers had to be sent for. When the weapons arrived, a constable shouted out to Craig that the policemen were now armed and would fire back, unless the youth surrendered. "So you're going to make a shooting match of it, are you?" he replied. "It's just what I like! Come on, brave coppers, think of your wives!" Instead of battling it out, Craig desperately sought escape, diving off the roof, injuring his spine in the fall. Constables reached him while he was half conscious to hear him snarl: "I hope I killed the bloody lot!"

Craig was taken to a hospital and Bentley to a police station. There Bentley stated that he knew Craig had a gun, but said he did not believe he would ever use it, this remark contradicting his cry to Craig to "let him have it, Chris!" This cry would send Derek Bentley to the gallows, one which he later, desperately denied. Both teenagers were charged with the murder of Constable Miles, their trial held at the Old Bailey on December 9, 1952 before Chief Justice Goddard. Christmas Humphreys and J. T. Bass prosecuted. Craig was defended by E. J. Parris and Bentley's attorney was F. H. Cassels.

Parris argued that his client was not guilty of murder, but of manslaughter, accidentally causing the death of Constable Miles, while attempting to escape. Cassels defended Bentley against the murder charge by pointing out that his client was already in custody when Craig shot and killed Miles. Prosecutors then pointed out that Bentley was armed at the time, a knife and brass knuckles found on his person.

Justice Goddard asked Bentley what he was doing in Croydon on the night of the shooting.

"Just to go to Croydon for a ride, sir, an ordinary ride. Just to walk around." Bentley then went on to insist that he never called out to Craig to fire on Constable Fairfax or any other constables trying to subdue them.

Justice Goddard considered the testimony of the police when summing up, stating to attorneys: "Are you going to say that they [the police] are conspicuous liars? Because if their evidence is untrue, that Bentley called out 'Let him have it, Chris,' those officers are doing their best to swear away the life of that boy. If it is true, it is, of course, the most deadly piece of evidence against him."

Craig and Bentley were found guilty of the murder of Constable Miles. Because of his age, however, British law did not permit Craig's execution. He was sent to prison. Bentley, the older boy, was a different matter. He was of legal age to hang and was condemned to death, even though the jury recommended mercy. A storm of public protest ensued over the moral inequity of Bentley's decreed fate, and even up to the moment of his scheduled execution, it was widely believed that Bentley would be reprieved. This was not to be. He was hanged at Wandsworth Prison on January 28, 1953. Craig reportedly became a model inmate, his rehabilitation later warranting his release.

"CATCH ME BEFORE I KILL MORE"/ 1945-1946

William George Heirens (1929-), was unlike any burglar Chicago, Illinois, had ever experienced. He burglarized homes to steal, but he was also driven to commit these nocturnal crimes, because such home intrusions gave him sexual gratification, or so he insisted at his trial. "If I got a thrill," he stated, "I didn't take anything." The very fact that he could secretly enter someone else's apartment and invade their private living space was often enough to satisfy Heirens' psychotic cravings. He would later add murder to heighten his perverse appetite.

Raised in the upper middle-class environment of Lincolnwood, a Chicago suburb, Heirens had more advantages than most. He and his lawyers later claimed that his sexual perspectives were warped at an early age by a puritanical mother who harped that "all sex is dirty," and that "if you touch anyone, you get a disease." He grew up harboring weird sexual fantasies. Secretly obtaining his mother's female clothing, he would don this apparel when alone. In his teens, he began to assemble a strange scrapbook into which he pasted pictures of Nazi leaders Adolf Hitler, Paul Joseph Goebbels and Heinrich Himmler, his secret idols.

In 1942, at the age of thirteen, just before graduating from eighth grade at Chicago's St. Mary's of the Lake parochial school, Heirens was arrested for carrying a concealed weapon. Investigating officers went to his home and found several weapons hidden behind a refrigerator. Atop the roof of the boy's home they found automatic weapons and ammunition.

Burglar-killer William Heirens, at the time he was a student at the University of Chicago.

Heirens admitted to police at that time that he had committed eleven burglaries and had set fire to six houses in only a few months prior to his arrest. His father and mother were dumbfounded and could give no reasons why their son had committed these crimes or how he had accumulated such a large arsenal. George Heirens, a reputable steel company employee, had no explanation for his son's conduct and his mother could only say that she had given her son everything he desired.

The couple, who later changed their name to avoid the stigma their son would heap upon it, promised to keep Heirens out of further trouble if the court would allow them to send their son to a private correctional institution in Indiana. Heirens himself showed remorse and promised to reform. The court allowed probation to the Indiana school.

Heirens appeared to adjust to the discipline of the Gibault Correctional Institution at Terre Haute, Indiana, and was allowed to later transfer to St. Bede's Academy in Peru, Illinois. He showed himself to be a brilliant student, and, when graduating from this school, he entered the University of Chicago, skipping the freshman year and entering as a sophomore. Although he proved himself to be a model student, Heirens had not reformed at all. He continued his burglaries, becoming a skillful thief. While attending the University of Chicago, Heirens routinely burglarized apartments on the posh North Side of Chicago.

The burglaries Heirens committed in increased numbers escalated to murder, when the occupants of the apartments he invaded either discovered the burglar prowling around in the darkness or resisted his attempt to rob them. All of the murder victims were females. The first of these was Mrs. Josephine Alice Ross, an attractive 43-year-old widow, who lived on North Kenmore Avenue. Her body was found on June 3, 1945.

In his later statements, Heirens admitted that Mrs. Ross caught him burglarizing his apartment early in the morning. He stabbed her repeatedly in the face and neck, severing her jugular vein. She bled to death, but Heirens did not immediately flee. For inexplicable reasons, he remained in the Ross apartment for almost two hours. He washed the blood away from the victim and placed bandages on her lethal wounds.

The gaping wound in Mrs. Ross' neck so upset Heirens that he obtained a red evening gown and wrapped this around her neck to cover the brutal slash. He then walked about the apartment, going slowly from room to room, reaching a sexual climax, he later stated. He then took $12 from Mrs. Ross' purse and left. As he was departing down some stairs, Heirens brushed past Jacqueline Miller, Mrs. Ross' daughter, who was just then returning from work.

Heirens' next attack occurred on October 1, 1945. Veronica Hudzinski, nineteen, was at her desk in her apartment on North Winthrop Avenue, when she heard a tapping at her window. As she drew up the shade, two bullets ploughed through the glass window, one wounding the woman in her shoulder. She called police, who found a revolver outside the window on a fire escape, but it bore no fingerprints.

On October 5, 1945, Evelyn Peterson, a former army nurse, awoke to noises in her apartment on Drexel Avenue, which was on the South Side of Chicago and near the University of Chicago area. Just as she began to get out of bed, a heavy metal bar was slammed against her head, knocking Peterson unconscious. She revived to find herself bound by a lamp cord. She managed to free her arms and soon discovered that $150 had been taken from her purse. She was later taken to a hospital, where it was learned that her head had been fractured. Police found no clues at the Peterson apartment, except for a partial thumbprint. The intruder had taken pains to wipe away his fingerprints.

The so-called "lipstick" burglary-murder occurred next. On December 10, 1945, 33-year-old Frances Brown, an ex-Wave living in a stylish sixth-floor apartment at the Pine Crest Hotel on Pine Grove Avenue, stepped from her bathroom to find Heirens ransacking her apartment. He had entered through a window facing a fire escape. She screamed and Heirens, drawing a revolver, fired two shots at her almost point blank.

The note Heirens reportedly wrote with lipstick on the wall of one of his murder victims, Frances Brown, who interrupted him while he was burglarizing her apartment in 1945.

Brown was killed instantly, but, as in the case of Josephine Ross, Heirens did not flee. He ran to the kitchen, grabbed a butcher knife and plunged the blade several times into the already dead woman, leaving the knife jutting from one wound. The blood from his victim bothered Heirens, he later claimed, so he dragged the body into the bathroom, where he washed the wounds, leaving the corpse draped over the bathtub. The burglar then rifled his victim's purse and prepared to leave. Impulsively, he grabbed a lipstick from the purse and use it to write the following on a wall:

For heavens
sake catch me
Before I kill more
I cannot control myself

Again, Heirens attempted to wipe away his fingerprints, but he overlooked one, a bloody print of his right index finger, which police discovered on the jamb of the dressing room door between the bathroom and the living room. This print and the thumbprint taken from the Ross slaying, still produced no identification. Detective Chief Storms concluded that he was dealing with a pathological killer, a burglar who would continue to murder as a matter of compulsion. "He's killed twice and he will keep on killing until we catch him," Storms stated. "We're working against time."

Six-year-old Suzanne Degnan, kidnapped and murdered by Heirens from her Chicago apartment in 1946.

On the night of January 7, 1946, 6-year-old Suzanne Degnan was awakened in her room in a North Side apartment. An upstairs neighbor, Ethel Hargrove, later told police that she heard a noise outside and then the child's voice saying: "I don't want to get up. I'm sleepy." Heirens, like kidnapper Bruno Richard Hauptmann a generation earlier, had constructed his own crude ladder by which to climb into second-story apartments and he employed this device to gain access to the little girl's room.

Heirens gagged and bound the child and then carried the girl down the ladder and disappeared with her into the night, enacting a kidnaping plan that he had prepared long in advance. A note he left behind was found some hours later. It read: "Get $20,000 ready & Waite for Word. Do Not Notify FBI or Police. Bills in 5s and 10s. BURN THIS FOR HER SAFETY." (This last sentence appeared on the opposite side of the note.)

Heirens is shown in custody after losing a wild fight with Chicago police officers attempting to subdue him on the night of June 26, 1946.

Heirens never had any intention of freeing the child. He took the girl to a basement near her home and murdered her, then dissected her body. Wrapping the dismembered pieces of the child's body in her bedclothes, the burglar-turned-killer walked about the streets early that morning, dropping the remains of Suzanne Degnan in one sewer after another, forcing these gruesome remains through the gratings. He was seen about 1 a.m. as he moved slowly along side streets, pausing at sewers, first by an ex-soldier, then a janitor in the neighbor-

William Heirens' mother and father, who changed their last name after their son's infamous crimes were exposed.

The mother and father of the murdered Suzanne Degnan, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Degnan (mother is at center, father at right) with relatives. "Tell the kind people there is nothing they can do for us now but pray for us," said James Degnan at the time of this 1946 photo.

hood, both of these men reporting later that they had seen Heirens walking about with a large shopping bag (which police later assumed contained the remains of the slaughtered girl).

No ransom was ever paid for the return of the Degnan child since Heirens never bothered to contact the family with instructions on how to deliver the money. It was later theorized that he might have become too frightened to carry out his plan. He had also become careless. While kidnaping Suzanne Degnan, Heirens left his fingerprints everywhere in the child's room. Over the next few days, Chicago was shocked to learn that the remains of the kidnaped girl were found in pieces all over the city.

Though the Chicago Police had searched its own files and sent copies of the prints taken at the Degnan apartment to the FBI, no identity had turned up. Then, on June 25, 1946, Richard Russell Thomas, a house painter and male nurse living in Phoenix, Arizona, confessed to murdering the Degnan child, providing authorities a number of details involved in the kidnaping-murder.

Chicago detectives flew to Phoenix, but after interviewing Thomas, they realized that his claim was false. Thomas was about to be convicted on a morals charge in Phoenix and to avoid this, he decided to confess to the Degnan murder. He believed that he would be taken to Chicago, charged with the crime, and then prove himself innocent, thus evading a conviction in Phoenix.

A day after Thomas made his phony claim, the janitor of the Wayne Manor Apartments on Chicago's North Side, called police, saying that there was a prowler in the building. Police Detectives Tiffin P. Constant and William Owens responded to the call. When they arrived, the officers were told that the prowler was armed and on the back porch of one of the apartments in the building. Constant ran to the rear of the building and looked up. Seven feet away, a young man was leaning over a railing, pointing a revolver at him. He squeezed the trigger twice, but the gun misfired twice. The dodging Constant fired three shots at the young man, William Heirens, but all missed their mark. Constant then ran up the stairs after the youth.

Heirens threw his revolver at the detective, who ducked out of its path. He then dove at the officer, knocking him down and forcing the gun out of his hand. He fought to get the detective's weapon, wildly flailing his arms and hands. Con-

Heirens is shown at his 1946 trial; he insisted that a friend committed his awful crimes.

Heirens is shown behind bars, beginning to serve out three life sentences; he has continued to state that an alter-ego was responsible for his burglaries and murders, a mysterious man he calls "George Murman" (Mur*der*man--author's italics).

Heirens (left), is shown in 1967 as a prisoner, counseling another inmate about college courses; alive at this writing, Heirens has persistently applied for parole.

stant later described Heirens' face as having "a maniacal look. He was showing his teeth and grimacing. The expression on his mouth kept changing." An off-duty policeman, Abner Cunningham, who lived in the area and had run to the scene barefooted, raced up the stairs to see Constant struggling with a youth whose eyes "gleamed like a panther's."

Cunningham, who had grabbed a few small flower pots along the railing of the porch, looked down at the two struggling men, asking Constant: "Is this the man?"

"That's him," Constant gasped as he tried to pin Heirens' arms.

With that, Cunningham crashed the flower pots down on Heirens' head. Heirens threw up his hands, then rolled over and lay still.

"That's enough," Constant told Cunningham. The officers then dragged the youth off the porch and took him to police headquarters, where Heirens gave his home address as being on Touhy Avenue in Lincolnwood, where his mother, father and younger brother resided. He also said that he had a room at Gates Hall on the University of Chicago campus.

Captain Michael Ahern of the Rogers Park Police Station remembered Heirens as the teenage burglar he had booked in 1942. Heirens was no longer the skinny little boy Ahern had arrested, but seventeen, five feet ten inches tall and very muscular. When police searched Heirens' room at Gates Hall, they found pistols, ammunition, jewelry and $1,800 in war bonds he had burglarized. Many of the items found in this room had been looted from the Ross and Brown apartments and police now realized that they had in custody the pathological killer they had been seeking for more than a year. Heirens' fingerprints were then taken and compared with those found in the Degnan home. They matched.

Charged with murder, Heirens blamed someone else for all his crimes, a man named George Murman. He even possessed letters from Murman, but these missives, like the ransom note he had written to the Degnan family, were proved to have been written by himself. The lipstick message on the wall of the Brown apartment was also identified as having been written by the youthful burglar. Heirens had invented Murman (Mur*der*man) as an alter ego, someone who lived only in his own mind, someone other than himself, who would be responsible for the horrible crimes committed by William Heirens. Heirens knew all about the burglaries and killings, he said, but George Murman had done all those terrible things, not him.

Quickly convicted, Heirens was sentenced to three consecutive life terms, never to be paroled. His age was a mitigating factor against his being executed. At this writing, Heirens resides in the Illinois State Prison. He has filed endless appeals, pleading to be paroled, only to have his requests rejected. He also still believes that George Murman is alive somewhere. "To me, he is very real," Heirens said some years ago. "He exists. You can accept George as being me, but, well—it's hard to explain. A couple of times I had talks with him. I suppose I was really talking to myself. I wrote a lot of notes to him, which I kept." At that time, Heirens failed to state that George Murman also wrote to him and that these letters were written by the same person, the same burglar, the same killer, William George Heirens.

THE PLAYBOY BURGLAR/1961

Canadian Georges Lemay (AKA: Rene Roy, Robert G. Palmer, b. 1926) was, like William Heirens, the offspring of well-to-do parents and received a parochial education. Unlike Heirens, he was an outgoing pleasure-seeker who turned to burglary to support a playboy lifestyle. A real estate agent for his mother's realty firm, Lemay had once thought to become a Catholic priest. He apparently changed his mind after studying at a parochial college, opting to become a playboy and an outdoorsman. On week nights, he frequented a number of Montreal nightspots. At one club, the Montmartre, he repeatedly tried to pick up other men's dates. One columnist who covered the night club scene said of the charming Lemay, "Even if this guy had been the biggest bum going, you couldn't help but like him."

FBI photo of Canadian burglar Georges Lemay, who engineered the spectacular 1961 burglary of the Bank of Nova Scotia in Montreal, his gang taking away more than $630,000.

FBI photo of Lise Lemieux, who outwitted authorities to become the burglar's second wife.

On weekends, Lemay left Montreal for an island cottage he had built in the Laurentian Mountains, north of the city. Despite his attraction to nightlife, Lemay smoked and drank only in moderation, and although he frequently visited the gambling meccas of Las Vegas and Cuba, he rarely gambled. His indulgences were fast vehicles of all kinds—sports cars, small planes, and motorized sail boats.

The occasional encounters Lemay had with the police prior to 1961 were not serious, although a mysterious event occurred in his life a decade earlier. Lemay's first wife, Huguette Daoust, disap-

peared while the couple visited Florida for a second honeymoon in 1952. They had been married on May 19, 1951, against the wishes of Daoust's mother, and her brother, Raymond Daoust, a noted criminal attorney. Prior to this marriage, Lemay had generally engaged in only short-term relationships with women, but in Huguette's case, he expressed deep love, promising a long life together. It was not a happy life. Lemay apparently had a violent temper and the couple often argued. They returned to Florida, the location of their first honeymoon, shortly after Christmas 1951.

On January 4, 1952, the couple left their hotel for a day of fishing. That evening, Lemay returned alone, greatly upset, claiming that his wife had gone to get warmer clothes from their parked car and had failed to return. The story of the disappearance was widely covered by both the U.S. and Canadian papers. When a search failed to locate Huguette Daoust, a Florida inquest jury presumed she was dead, "and, if so, death was caused by an act of violence."

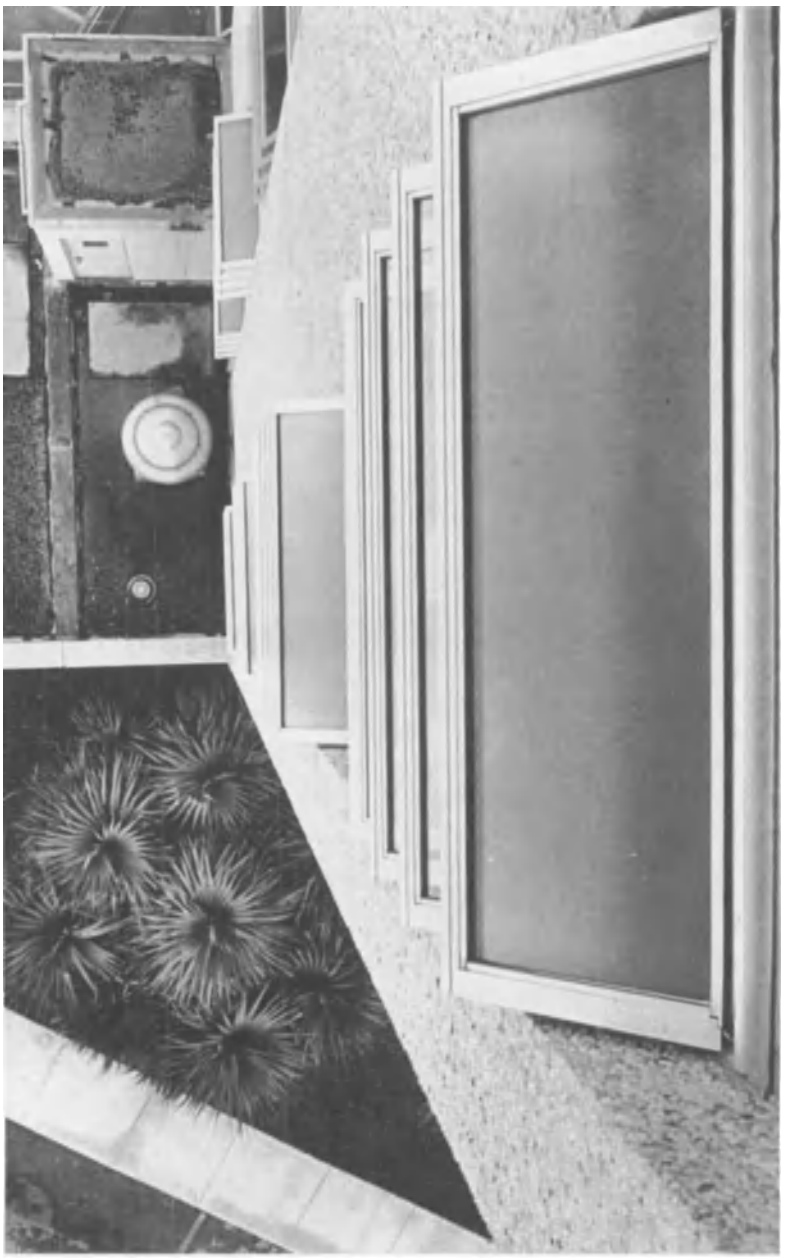
Lemay claimed throughout the search that he was blameless in the matter and was not charged with Huguette Daoust's presumed death. U.S. immigration authorities, however, served him with a summons to a hearing on whether he would be permitted entry the next time he tried to enter the U.S. Lemay failed to appear for the scheduled inquiry, and his U.S. entry privileges were officially revoked.

During the next nine years, Lemay's name occasionally turned up in police reports, but never in any truly incriminating context. In 1954, a former girlfriend charged Lemay with intimidation. The woman told police that Lemay repeatedly threatened her after she had broken up with him. She later refused to testify against him and Lemay was acquitted. Several years later, on July 15, 1957, Lemay was charged with illegal possession of a revolver that police found while searching his home. Police at the time expressed interest

Lemay's photo transmitted on television via a police satellite, which led to his identification and capture, a "first" in law enforcement procedures.

Burglar Lemay in police custody, taken off his 43-foot yacht at a marina in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Lise Lemieux Lemay is shown after she married Lemay in a lightning ceremony conducted in French while the burglar was in custody.



This sideways-downward view shows the seven-story route Lemay took in his spectacular escape from the Dade County Jail in Miami, Florida, on September 21, 1965.

in questioning Lemay regarding Larry Petrov, a Romanian house painter, who had been murdered while awaiting trial on narcotics charges. No charges were filed against Lemay in the Petrov murder. He pleaded guilty to the firearms charge and was fined $25.

Then, on July 1, 1961, Lemay, at the age of thirty-five, committed an astounding burglary. He and a group of accomplices broke into a branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia in Montreal by drilling through the concrete ceiling and walls of the bank. Lemay masterminded the operation and directed his burglary "crew" via walkie-talkie across the street from the bank. The gang rifled 377 safe deposit boxes in the bank vault, taking cash, jewels, and negotiable securities. Lemay's gang got away with $633,605, one of the most spectacular burglaries in Canadian history.

Police were baffled by the crime, conducting a nationwide manhunt for the burglars over the next six months. Although Lemay's name had surfaced in connection with the burglary, no evidence linking him to the crime was discovered until January 1962. Police staged a dawn raid on his Laurentian cottage. They did not find Lemay, but they discovered a false panel in a bedroom closet that held $2,000 in U.S. currency. Three days later, on January 8, 1962, the Montreal police announced that a warrant for Georges Lemay had been issued on charges of breaking and entering, and theft of at least $300,000 from the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Montreal police knew of Lemay's penchant for tropical climates and had a number of wanted posters printed, some in Spanish, distributing these flyers in South America and other locales. Within two weeks, Montreal detectives found a 42-foot ocean cruiser at a dock in Miami, a boat they suspected Lemay had used to travel the 2,400 miles from Montreal to Miami. At the same time, the first arrests in the case were made. Police apprehended and charged 37-year-old Jacques LaJoie, 35-year-old Roland Primeau, 27-year-old Andre Lemieux, 19-year-old Yvon Lemieux, and Lise Lemieux, who later became Lemay's second wife. Primeau,

Lemay, recaptured by FBI agents in Las Vegas, Nevada, is shown in custody in Montreal, Canada in 1966, where he was convicted and sent to prison for the Nova Scotia bank burglary.

LaJoie, and the Lemieux brothers were convicted of the Nova Scotia burglary and sentenced to prison. Lise Lemieux, after pleading guilty to being an accessory, was released for time already served. The mastermind of the great burglary, however, was nowhere to be found.

The search for Lemay intensified, dragging on until May 1965, when police used recently-developed technology to locate him. The Royal Mounted Police transmitted pictures of Lemay and other wanted criminals on a satellite television program. A boat repairman in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, saw the transmission and recognized a man he knew as Rene Roy. This man had been living for six months on a forty-three-foot yacht anchored in the Bahia Mar basin. Alerted by the repairman, police surrounded the yacht and captured Lemay without a struggle.

Lemay was held in the Dade County, Florida, jail where he outsmarted authorities one more time. Police officials suspected that Lemay would want to marry Lise Lemieux to prevent her from testifying against him. They prohibited her from visiting him. They also made sure that Lemay was placed in an interior cell so that Lemieux could not yell her vows up to him from the street. However, on June 1, 1965, Lemay was taken to the immigration office for a hearing. As he waited there, Lise Lemieux suddenly appeared with a judge and the two exchanged vows in French before authorities could intervene. Georges Lemay was officially married and had thus prevented authorities from compelling his new wife to testify against him.

Lemay remained in the Dade County jail, fighting extradition to Canada. On September 21, 1965, he somehow escaped from his maximum security-cell on the jail's first floor. He then took an elevator to the seventh floor of the building, where he crashed through a window and dropped ninety feet down to the ground while holding on to an electric cable affixed to the side of the building. A waiting car picked him up and drove off. Police conjectured that the only way Lemay could have accomplished his spectacular escape was with inside help.

Lemay was at large until August 19, 1966, when he was recaptured by FBI agents at the Golden Nugget Casino in Las Vegas, Nevada. Lise Lemieux Lemay, sought on charges of unlawful interstate flight to avoid prosecution for conspiracy to bribe, was arrested at a nearby residence. When agents approached him, Lemay at first gave his name as Robert G. Palmer. The Lemays had almost $10,000 in U.S. and Canadian currency in their possession.

Lemay was eventually sent back to Montreal, where he was put on trial for the 1961 bank burglary. The trial dragged on for a year as Lemay and his attorneys filed numerous motions for mistrials. The trial finally came to a conclusion on October 8, 1968, when the defense announced that no witnesses would be called. Lemay was convicted on January 17, 1969, of conspiracy and burglary, and sentenced to eight years in prison. A subsequent appeal failed.

In January 1970, his wife announced that she was filing for divorce, saying her husband "no longer wished to live with her." Lemay was released from prison in 1975. He was

picked up by police a short time later in a Montreal apartment. The police also found tools in the apartment and took Lemay in for questioning. No charges were pressed and he was released. The only part of the loot stolen from the Nova Scotia bank that police ever recovered were several pairs of earrings that one of Lemay's former girlfriends claimed he had given her.

THE WOLF WHO BURGLED 60 MILLION FRANCS/1976

The mastermind of "le fric-frac-du siecle" (the heist of the century) was a fast-living adventurer named Albert Spaggiari (b. 1932), who, by his own claim, loved women and animals. "All kinds of animals," Spaggiari explained, "but mostly the ones that are hunted, because we share the same fate." Albert Spaggiari had served as a paratrooper in French Indochina, then later as a hired gun for the outlawed Organisation Armee Secrete (OAS), a right-wing cabal composed of former military officers dedicated to preserving Algeria as a French colony. "I couldn't help it because I'm a wolf," Spaggiari wrote. "I got fed up with all those Communists and their crybaby demonstrations." He was firmly to the right in his political thinking.

In early 1976, Spaggiari was operating a photo supply store in Nice and was trying to decide what avenues to pursue in life. "I travel and I dream," he said, "I've spent my life dreaming. For me a dream is the reality you have just before the big problems start." In this case the *attainable* dream seemed to be the Societe Generale Bank, situated on the Rue Deloye and the Rue L'Hotel-des-Postes in Nice, France. It was an imposing structure enclosed by heavy grillwork and stone masonry. The vault, as Spaggiari soon learned, was ancient. It had been constructed in the early 1900s.

Spaggiari spent weeks drawing maps and floor plans based on his visits to the teller windows and anteroom of the bank. He devised a foolproof plan to gain after-hour admittance to the vault, which housed millions of francs in gold ingots, negotiable securities, and cash, tucked neatly into safe deposit boxes. Much of this wealth was reportedly hidden from tax officials and therefore uninsured. It was a rich plum for an enterprising burglar.

During one of his many reconnaissance trips to the bank Spaggiari took note of a city work crew entering a sewer manhole on the Rue Deloye. "My heart skipped a beat," he recalled. "According to the maps—I knew them by heart—the vault was located right in line with the manhole." If he could tunnel through the underground masonry of the bank building, he thought, it stood to reason that the safe deposit boxes could be looted with relative ease and escape would be a certainty.

The job could not be completed alone, so Spaggiari recruited a number of his former associates, men living on the fringe. One recruit was Gaby Anglade, who had attempted to assassinate Charles DeGaulle in 1962. Jean Kay was another Spaggiari henchman lured into the plot. Kay was wanted by the police for bilking Marcel Dassault, an aerospace industrialist, out of eight million francs.

In May 1976, the thieves entered the manhole to begin tunneling operations. For the next two months they labored tirelessly to construct a twenty-five-foot tunnel leading from an adjacent parking garage to the bank. A half-mile section of cable connected to a fluorescent light illuminated their way. While this was going on, the bank burglars were plied with generous amount of food by Spaggiari–catered into the tunnel.

The enterprising burglar Albert Spaggiari, who masterminded the underground burglary of the Societe Generale Bank in Nice, France, in 1976, looting 60 million francs from safe deposit boxes.

The operation was brought off faultlessly on July 20, 1976. The gang entered the vault and removed assets totaling sixty million francs from the locked boxes. The total haul far exceeded the notorious 1974 Purolator Robbery in Chicago, still fresh in everyone's mind. It was Europe's biggest burglary to date, and the thieves were careful to cover their tracks. They welded the vaults shut, leaving behind a cryptic message, "Without weapons, without hate, and without violence." The theft was discovered the following

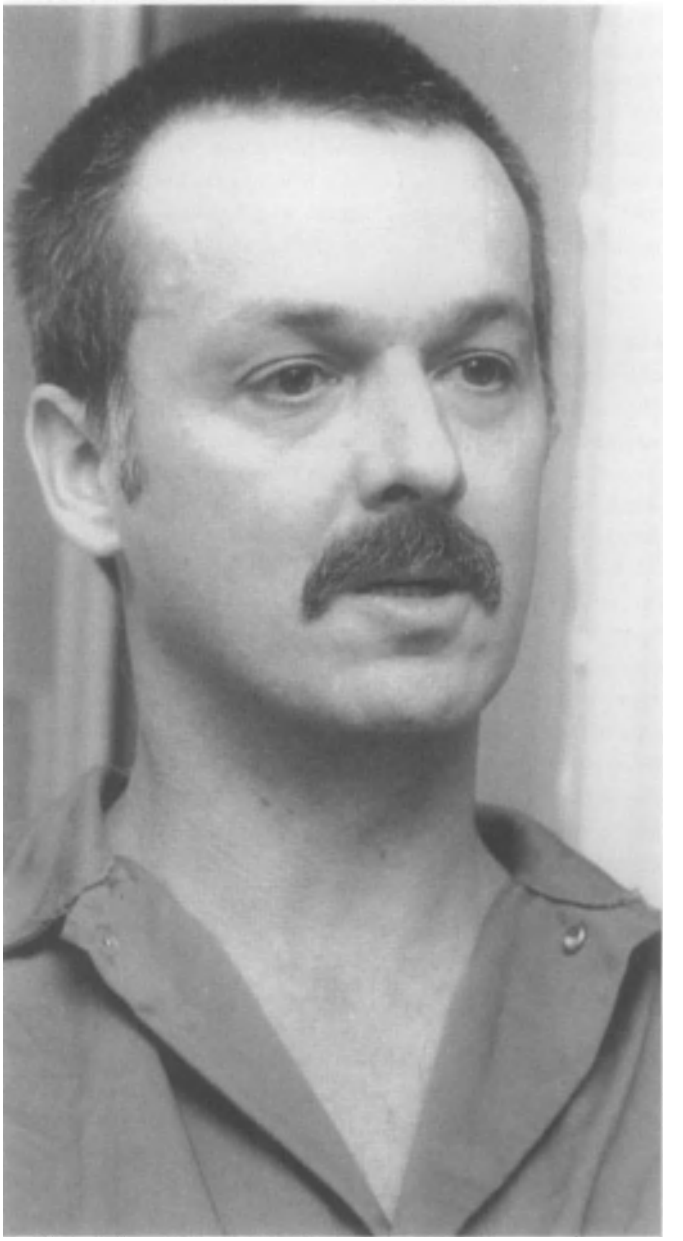
Monday. Bank officials spent the next few weeks tallying their losses and placating anxious depositors whose uninsured fortunes were lost overnight. Spaggiari and his associates then burglarized the Paris branch of the Societe Generale just a few weeks later.

In October 1976, French police received their first clue. A garage owner was apprehended for selling bonds traced to the Nice burglary. The investigation plodded along until October 1976 when eleven suspects were arrested and charged with complicity in the burglary. Albert Spaggiari was picked up on October 27, 1976, after making the "grand tour" of New York, Hong Kong, and Bangkok. "Rule number one for the critical situations: rise to the occasion," the burglar wrote in his memoir. "Don't allow circumstances to alter your plans, your appearance, or your habits." Unfortunately for Spaggiari his best-laid plans backfired. He was arrested on the Rue de Marseille three days after landing at the Nice Cote d'Azur Airport.

Spaggiari remained a prisoner exactly four months. Facing a likely fifteen to twenty-year sentence, he set his dreams aside and formulated a spectacular plan of escape. The courtroom in which he was tried overlooked the street. A large window fastened to the sill with just one little clip was all that stood between him and freedom.

On March 10, 1977, Spaggiari leaped to his feet, unfastened the window, and climbed out on the ledge. "No, not that!" screamed his lawyer, Jacques Peyrat, but it was already too late. The prisoner jumped from the ledge, bouncing harmlessly off the roof of a parked Renault automobile, and then jumped into the back seat of an awaiting motorbike, whose rider had come to pick him up. He gestured obscenely to the gaping attorneys and police officers, who could only stand at the window and watch, and then roared off to freedom.

In 1978, two reporters from Paris *Match*, Hubert Lassier and Arnaud Hamelin, located Spaggiari in Madrid, Spain. Their interview with the fugitive (who continued on to Argentina and other South American countries, where he lived among the right-wing exiles of the Hitler era) formed the basis of Spaggiari's book, appropriately titled *Fric-Frac*. "Farewell native land," he said. "I'll be back in twenty years or twenty centuries."



Bernard Charles Welch, Jr., who burglarized more than 3,500 upscale homes for fifteen years, becoming a millionaire, until he was cornered and captured in 1980.

THE STANDARD TIME BURGLAR/1980

The fifteen-year crime career of master burglar Bernard Charles Welch, Jr. (b. 1940) ended in 1980 with his arrest and murder conviction in the death of Washington, D.C., resident, Dr. Michael J. Halberstam. Welch became a burglar at an early age, an insatiable collector, an acquisitive shark feeding ravenously from high society homes. He began burglarizing luxury homes in 1965 at the age of twenty-five, specializing in the theft of furs, silverware, art objects, and rare coins. His frenzied burglaries, committed usually between November and April, when nights were longer and darker, could at first be likened to pure gluttony. Police dubbed him the Standard Time Burglar, since he invariably invaded Washington area homes between 6 p.m. and 10 p.m.

This vexing master burglar not only robbed thousands of homes with alacrity, but terrified dozens of residents in the process, hog-tying them and threatening them with a handgun, even raping three female victims, one being a woman of seventy-four. Police knew that the elusive burglar they sought was dangerous and detectives had all but given up hope of ever capturing him.

"We became fatalistic," said Maryland Detective Sergeant James King, "that we'd ever catch Welch by known investigative techniques ... This guy was better than any fictional character. He was hitting three or four houses every night. But his claim to fame was not how much stuff he stole, it was how he lived after stealing. He wasn't your typical junkie. He took his money and invested it. The guy had imagination."

Welch was also imaginative in converting his stolen goods to cash. Another police official, when referring to Welch's

modus operandi, stated: "The smart burglar lives in one jurisdiction, burglarizes a different jurisdiction, and fences his loot in yet a third." Welch fit this mold exactly. He burglarized the wealthy bedroom communities of Washington, D.C. He lived in Virginia, and he fenced his loot in the Midwest, traveling with his family to Duluth, Minnesota, to spend his summers in a luxury split-level home, which, like his luxury home in Great Falls, Virginia, was equipped with sophisticated security systems and sirens.

At this time, Welch lived under the name of Norman Hamilton, with his wife, Linda Susan Hamilton and their three children. Welch's sprawling home in Great Falls, Virginia, purchased in 1978 for $245,000 (he paid cash), boasted an indoor swimming pool, an environmental room providing varying degrees of heat and humidity that simulated both Saharan and Arctic conditions, and a three-car garage housing three expensive sports cars, including a $40,000 Mercedes-Benz.

Welch's security system for the Great Falls home—he took incredible steps to prevent *his own house* from ever being burglarized—included a battery of remote-control closed-circuit television cameras capable of sweeping the lawn areas in every direction. Microphones had been implanted in the outside walls of the house and weight sensors had been imbedded throughout the lawns. Floodlights that could expose the entire estate had been secretly planted in trees and shrubbery and could be controlled from within the house. All of this electronic equipment created an enormous power-drain, but Welch was never worried about a blackout that might shut down his security system. He had installed a powerful auxiliary generator for just such an emergency.

Because Welch worked alone, law enforcement officials could not rely upon informants or associates to capture him. They could not trace the thousands of items he stole that consisted of gold or silver, since he melted down most of the precious metals he stole, reselling these as gold or silver bars to sophisticated fences in the Midwest. However, Welch was arrested twenty-five times, mostly on suspicion of being a burglar, but he always managed to avoid imprisonment either by jumping bail or escaping from prison. It was estimated that between 1965 and 1980, Welch netted between $10 and $20 million through his non-stop burglaries.

In 1974, Welch escaped from the Clinton Correctional facility in Dannemora, New York by hiding out on the grounds after a softball game, then scaling a twenty-five-foot-high fence. He became one of the FBI's most-sought-after criminals, and 15,000 circulars with his description and *modus operandi* were distributed to police. After his 1974 escape, Welch bought his house in Great Falls, Virginia, making $750,000 in improvements on the home, mostly expenses for his elaborate security systems. He told neighbors he was a successful stockbroker, and frequently invited them over to see his private art collection, indoor swimming pool, and environment room.

Welch's grand lifestyle and his spectacular career as a burglar ended in December 1980. After burglarizing four homes in the evening of December 5, 1980, Welch broke into Dr. Halberstam's home. Halberstam, a well-known cardiologist and author, surprised the burglar, who had entered his Washington house overlooking the Potomac, at 2806 Battery Place. Halberstam and his wife had returned home from a cocktail party at 8:45 p.m. Halberstam entered the house alone, his wife waiting on the porch. He was going to let out his two dogs so that his wife could walk them.

Dr. Michael J. Halberstam, one of Washington's most esteemed physicians, interrupted Welch's burglary at his home and, though fatally shot, ran down the fleeing thief with his car.

The moment Halberstam switched on the house lights, he saw a man dressed in black coming out of his living room. Instead of fleeing, Halberstam advanced upon the burglar, Welch, grappling with him. Welch suddenly produced a hand-

gun and fired five quick shots, two of which struck the physician in the chest. Welch fled, but moments later, Halberstam ran after him, blood on his shirt. The 48-year-old doctor did not appear to be seriously injured. He and his wife hurried to their car and Halberstam slid behind the wheel, his wife getting into the front passenger seat.

As they drove toward Sibley Hospital a few blocks distant, Halberstam saw a figure crouching on the sidewalk. "There he is!" he shouted to his wife. Halberstam drove straight at Welch, who began to run, driving his car onto the sidewalk and aiming it like a weapon at the fleeing burglar. The car struck Welch and sent him flying into a brick wall. Halberstam then drove toward the hospital, his head now bobbing downward.

"Only then," Mrs. Halberstam later said, "did I realize how seriously he had been shot. I told him, almost irritatingly, to back up, but then I saw him slumping. He lost control and we crashed into a tree."

Passersby summoned an ambulance, which rushed Halberstam to a hospital. He died minutes after arrival. Welch, meanwhile, lay injured on the sidewalk and was picked up by police. He was treated for minor cuts and bruises, but would tell officers nothing. His pockets were empty and he had no identification whatsoever. As officers took his fingerprints, the six-foot-one-inch, 170-pound burglar suddenly blurted: "You're going to be surprised."

Police, indeed, were surprised that they had in custody a much-wanted escaped felon. When they investigated his home in Great Falls, Virginia, and began to identify thousands of items he had stolen, they then realized that they had captured the Standard Time Burglar. Found in Welch's home were fifty-one boxes of loot, estimated by investigators to be worth more than $3 million and representing about 3,500 burglaries committed by the industrious Welch. This Smithsonian-like collection of more than 13,000 items was later exhibited in an enormous hall to which flocked more than 4,000 burglary victims in hopes of identifying their property, which required 20,000 pages to catalog.

Everything and anything was found in the basement of Welch's Virginia home—dozens of mink and sable coats; expensive jewelry; silver flatware; antique brooches, pins and necklaces; watches; Oriental ivory, porcelain and jade; vases; candelabras; and antique dolls. Hundreds of rare coins were found, along with many gold ingots worth $10,000 apiece that had been created by Welch himself in melting pots he had installed. He also possessed an enormous and expensive collection of weapons, chiefly handguns. The very Smith & Wesson revolver Welch had used to shoot Michael Halberstam had been stolen by the super burglar from an FBI agent, when Welch burglarized the agent's Washington, D.C. apartment.

Ironically, Halberstam—Welch's only known murder victim—had been a dedicated foe of firearms and had made many TV appearances on behalf of a drive for enactment of federal legislation to control handguns. He had appeared on TV only a month before his death to state: "Let's put some of the same energy and urgency into controlling handguns as we put into controlling muscular dystrophy. Start now. Don't wait until someone you love and someone you respect has been murdered by a psychopath with a grudge against society and a .32 special in his pocket."

Welch was no psychopath, but simply a trapped burglar who attempted to escape the clutches of his victim by shooting him. Once identified, Welch told police nothing. He would not discuss his countless burglaries, let along his killing of Dr. Michael Halberstam. "He'll never tell us," complained one detective, who grilled Welch for hours. "His attitude has been: 'You've got me and you're probably going to put me away, but I'm not going to do or say one thing to help you.'"

On April 10, 1981, Welch was found guilty of murdering Halberstam by a jury of nine women and three men, who took only two hours to decide on their verdict. He was sentenced on May 22, 1981, to life imprisonment. Under the terms of his sentence, Welch was eligible for parole in 143 years. Throughout his trial and sentencing, Welch maintained a quiet composure. He said not a word. As the "one-man crime wave" was led from court en route to prison, he had no remarks for reporters.

THE NIGHT STALKER/1984-1985

A Satanist, rapist and savage killer, burglar Richard Leyva Ramirez (b. 1960) terrorized California communities for more

An 1861 print showing the devil to whom witches prayed with a pentagram implanted in this horned figure's head, the symbol that devil-worshipper Ramirez left behind in many of his burglary murders.

than a year, looting homes and leaving injured and dead victims in a bloody wake which, until he was identified, was attributed only to "The Night Stalker." After his trial and 1989 conviction, chief prosecutor P. Philip Halpin, a deputy district attorney, said that he regretted not learning more about how Ramirez's mind worked. Describing Ramirez as "a twisted man, but an intelligent fellow," Halpin said, "It's a tragedy not to see how all this happened."

"All this" was a crime spree that terrorized Los Angeles County (and other areas) in 1984-1985. In a little more than a year, Ramirez committed a series of home invasions in which thirteen people were killed and several more beaten, raped, and robbed. Ramirez was also suspected of other murders in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Orange County.

Born in 1960 in El Paso, Texas, Ramirez was a petty thief in his adolescence, becoming a drifter, ending up in California in the early 1980s. There he took up burglary, but lacked finesse. Convicted burglar Sandra Hotchkiss, testifying under immunity at Ramirez's trial, said she tried to teach him the ropes, but after more than thirty burglaries together, she found him too amateurish and sloppy to continue working with him.

The first Night Stalker killing occurred on June 27 or 28, 1984, when Ramirez entered the first-floor apartment of 79-year-old Jennie Vincow, in Glassell Park. He burglarized the apartment, slashed the woman's throat, and stabbed her several times after she died. He left three identifiable fingerprints on a screen frame and a window pane while letting himself into the apartment. Nine months later, the Night Stalker struck again. This time he committed two attacks in one night. On March 17, 1985, Ramirez, while burglarizing a home, shot Dale Okazaki, 34, of suburban Rosemead in the head with a .22 caliber bullet, killing her, and wounded her roommate, Maria Hernandez. Hernandez was one of the first to identify Ramirez, when he was apprehended. Later that morning, using the same gun, Ramirez shot Veronica Tsai-Lian Yu to death in her car on a street in Monterey Park.

Eleven days later, Ramirez committed two murders, details of which were repeated in his later attacks. Breaking into the Whittier home of Vincent and Maxine Zazzara, he shot the husband to death as he slept, then handcuffed, beat, and raped the wife. In the course of burglarizing the house, Ramirez demanded Maxine's help in finding money. When she refused, he stabbed her repeatedly and gouged out her eyes (taking these grisly trophies with him). The bodies of the Zazzara couple were found on March 29, and at the scene of this crime, Ramirez had left another essential clue, a distinctive footprint of an Avia-brand athletic shoe.

After the May 14, 1985 murder of William Doi, sixty-five, of Monterey Park, police found the same Avia shoeprint and other procedural similarities to the previous burglary-killings, including severed telephone wires and the use of thumbcuffs as restraints. Doi, before he succumbed to a gunshot wound in the head fired by Ramirez, had staggered to a phone, calling police. Seeing this, Ramirez cut the phone line, but too late, causing him to flee before officers arrived. Doi's desperate act undoubtedly saved the life of his wife, who was present in the house and survived.

Despite some progress in the investigation, the series of gruesome assaults took their toll on the citizens of Los Angeles. Sales of home security systems and firearms boomed. The level of terror increased two weeks later as the Night Stalker invaded the Monrovia home of 84-year-old Mabel Bell and her invalided sister, 81-year-old Florence Lang on May 30-31, 1985. Ramirez savagely beat both women, drawing in ink a Satanic symbol on Bell's body and drawing more of these symbols on the walls of the house before he looted the place and departed.

The Avia shoeprint was found at the scene and stolen property was later recovered. Bell died from her injuries on July 15, 1985, but Lang survived to testify about the beating Ramirez gave her, and how he beat Bell with a hammer. But the most distinctive detail of this attack was the first appearance of a pentagram—a five-pointed star that, when drawn with two points up and one point down, represents the symbol of devil-worshipers. The pentagrams were drawn on a bedroom wall, and also onto Mabel Bell's thigh.

Ramirez murdered 77-year-old Mary Louise Cannon, while burglarizing her Arcadia home on July 2, 1985. He beat, stabbed, and strangled her. Five days later, he beat and strangled 61-year-old Joyce Nelson of Monterey Park. In both burglaries, Ramirez left several Avia shoeprints in the house, including one on the left side of Joyce Nelson's face.

On July 20, 1985, Ramirez invaded a Glendale home, where he killed Maxon and Lela Kneiding, shooting and stabbing them both and cutting Maxon's throat so severely that the victim was almost decapitated. Survivors and the crime scenes attested to the pentagrams, the cut telephone wires, the use of handcuffs and ligatures to restrain victims, the procedure of shooting the men in the head before raping their wives, and of macabre obsessions.

According to survivors, Ramirez repeated many of the same phrases when demanding money and used the same obscenities when assaulting the women. He also forced some of his victims to swear allegiance to Satan, sometimes just before killing them. Of his methods of killing, he seemed particularly drawn to cutting throats, and seemed attracted to yellow houses near freeways. (Veronica Yu was driving a yellow car when Ramirez attacked her, the only known non-home invasion killing during the burglar's rampage.)

On July 20, the same day Ramirez burglarized the Kneiding home and killed its two occupants, he invaded the Sun Valley home of 32-year-old Chainarong Khovananth, killing him and then beating and raping his wife, before departing with more than $30,000 in jewelry and cash. On August 6, 1985, Ramirez broke into the Northridge home of 38-year-old Christopher Peterson, beating Peterson and his 27-year-old wife, Virginia, before burglarizing the place and fleeing. Two days later, on August 8, 1985, 35-year-old Elyas Abowath was killed in Diamond Bar.

Opposite page: An ancient print depicts the many tortures inflicted upon devil-worshippers in Germany in 1527; the murdering Ramirez practiced almost all of these brutal tortures—trussing, stabbing, strangling, gouging out of eyes--in his many murderous burglaries.

The wives of Peterson and Abowath survived and identified Ramirez after his capture. He had raped each one near the bodies of their husbands. Ramirez then allegedly left the area, going to San Francisco for a brief stay, where, on August 17, 1985, he invaded the San Francisco home of 66-year-old Peter Pan, shooting him and his wife, before looting and fleeing their home. The woman survived to later identify Ramirez as the burglar.

In his final attack on August 25, 1985, in Mission Viejo, Ramirez shot and wounded 29-year-old Bill Carns, then raped his fiancee, before taking his victim's car. When the vehicle was recovered on August 28, 1985, police discovered that the attacker had left a partial fingerprint on the stolen car, allowing police to finally identify him. Reward money acted as an added inducement for terrified city dwellers to provide information for the Night Stalker's capture.

One man led police to one of the four guns Ramirez used in his shootings, and a woman recognized Ramirez as the man she had seen outside a victim's house. The sister of a former roommate of Ramirez recognized his face from a police composite, and several other citizens came forward with other pieces of the puzzle. Police were handed the clue ultimately responsible for solving the puzzle when, as Ramirez left the scene of the August 8 attack, he ran a stoplight. His fingerprints were taken as a matter of course in the misdemeanor traffic offense, allowing police to link him to the Vincow killing.

Police published Ramirez' photograph on August 30, 1985. Detectives staked out the Greyhound bus depot, suspecting that he might try to leave the city. Ramirez, however, who had been visiting a brother in Arizona that week, arrived on one of the incoming buses and slipped past the waiting police. However, on August 31, 1985, twelve hours after his photo appeared in the newspapers, Ramirez was recognized by angry citizens in East Los Angeles. Attempting to escape them, Ramirez tried to hijack a car in a parking lot. The frightened woman driver screamed to bystanders as Ramirez tried to throw her from the car, *"Esta el matador!"* ("It's the killer!") Eight men threw themselves on Ramirez and beat him senseless until police arrived.

Ramirez faced sixty-eight felony charges, including fourteen counts of murder and twenty-two counts of sexual assault. Under California law, a special circumstance must accompany the charge in order for it to quality as a capital crime. Such circumstances include premeditation, commission of murder during a burglary, and torture, rape, or mutilation of a murder victim. Among the crimes police believe Ramirez committed for which they had insufficient evidence to charge him were the murder of Patty Higgins, whose throat was cut in Arcadia on June 27, 1985, and the abduction and sodomization of up to twelve children, the youngest being six years old.

Ramirez gloried in his sinister reputation. At a preliminary hearing, he waved to reporters, grinning, waving and shouting: "Hail, Satan!" When placed in a cell, he told a fellow prisoner: "I've killed twenty people, man. I love all that blood!"

Jury selection started on July 22, 1988, but this process went on for almost a year. Impaneling a jury was an arduous task, because the case was so widely publicized that only one of 2,400 prospective jurors had not heard of Ramirez. As an extra measure against the possibility of a mistrial, Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Michael A. Tynan took the unusual step of swearing in twelve alternate jurors along with the original twelve. The controversial jury selection took over six months to complete, ending with twenty-four people. Due to the diverse ethnic makeup of Los Angeles County—Latinos, Asians, blacks, and Caucasians, with no one group in the majority—the prosecution and defense accused each other of ethnic bias.

The crimes of which Ramirez, a Latino, was accused were committed against Asians and whites; none of his victims were black or Latino. The defense accused the prosecution of trying to exclude blacks and Latinos from the jury, and the prosecution accused the defense of trying to exclude whites and Asians. The original twelve jurors were made up of six blacks and six Latinos.

One of these twelve jurors, a black man, was dismissed when two other jurors, both black women, told the judge they had overheard this juror say in the hall that if Ramirez was convicted he, the juror, would not send another minority person to Death Row unless the legal system started putting more whites there, too. These delays were costly; by the time counsel began presenting evidence in January 1989, the case of the Night Stalker had already cost Los Angeles County taxpayers $1,120,000.

The formal trial began in late 1989, with the defense under a cloud. Four days before presentation of evidence began, a state Court of Appeal ruled that defense attorney Daniel Hernandez was professionally inadequate in both preparation and legal research in a murder case he had tried in 1985, but that the representation he offered was not sufficiently adequate to grant his client a new trial. Such criticism of Hernandez became a recurring motif in Ramirez's trial. The defense tried to stall by requesting a change of venue, asking Judge Tynan to excuse himself, moving to suppress evidence, and pleading to have all charges dropped. The tactics annoyed the prosecution and antagonized the judge. Ramirez's defense was also hampered on several other fronts. Besides a strong case for the prosecution, perhaps the greatest impediment to Ramirez's defense was the defendant himself.

Ramirez refused to present evidence in his own favor, and showed his arrogant contempt for the judge, prosecutors and jurors by wearing sun glasses in court throughout his trial. At one point he drew a pentagram on the palm of his hand, flashed it at the spectators and the jury, and shouted, "Hail Satan!" as he was being led from court. He also called one of the witnesses a liar, used a mirror to flash light in the eyes of another witness, and once even screamed obscenities at the judge.

Once the trial got underway, the jurors heard numerous horror stories. A 63-year-old woman from Monterey Park told the court of how Ramirez bound her hands behind her before raping and sodomizing her. A woman from Burbank said that he robbed, beat, raped, and sodomized her, then said to her,

The arrogant Richard Ramirez, shown during his trial, flashes the palm of his hand to show the sign of devil-worshippers, the pentagram. He was sentenced to death, presently awaiting execution.

"I don't know why I'm letting you live. I've killed people before." Whitney Bennett, sixteen at the time of the attack, described how she survived after Ramirez beat her in the face with a tire iron.

Midway through the trial, Daniel Hernandez's request to be excused from the case due to "nervous exhaustion" was denied by Judge Tynan. However, Judge Tynan appointed a new defense attorney to work with Hernandez's team. Ray Clark, while technically subordinate to Hernandez, was a far more experienced trial attorney and was regarded by courtroom observers as a valuable addition to a team clearly fighting an uphill battle.

Ramirez's counsel built their case around mistaken identity, arguing that it was not necessary to prove their client's innocence, but only to instill reasonable doubt in the jurors' minds. The closest they came to disproving one of the charges was when the defendant's father, Julian Ramirez Tapia, claimed Ramirez was visiting the family in El Paso at the time two of the attacks took place.

The prosecution disproved the father's testimony by introducing Dr. Peter Leung, a Los Angeles dentist, whose records showed that Ramirez was in Los Angeles receiving dental treatment at the time his father claimed he was in Texas. Coincidentally, Dr. Leung figured prominently once again in solving the case. On June 15, 1989, a child was assaulted in Highland Park—an attack that police believe was committed by the Night Stalker. That same night, a police officer pulled a car over for running a stop sign. The driver, whom police deduced was Ramirez, jumped from the car and escaped. In the abandoned car, police found Dr. Leung's business card.

In all, more than 165 witnesses testified, thirty-eight of them for the defense. Six-hundred fifty-eight exhibits were introduced, including photographs of the crime scenes. The evidence—eyewitness identifications, fingerprints, footprints, pentagrams, 375 pieces of victims' jewelry recovered by police—was overwhelming. After fourteen months of preliminaries, testimony, and deliberations, on September 20, 1989, the jury returned a verdict of guilty on all charges of thirteen murders and thirty other felonies. Judge Tynan allowed Ramirez, at his own request, to hear the verdict alone in a holding cell over a sound system. Each count was read separately. The ritual took almost forty-five minutes, with the court clerk asking to be relieved of the duty of reading the verdicts after the first ten. Judge Tynan finished the task of reading the counts himself.

The punishment phase of the trial was as surprising as the rest of it, in that the defense called no witnesses to present mitigating evidence to forestall the death penalty. Clark, an opponent of the death penalty, made perhaps the most unconsciously revealing comment of the entire procedure when he said afterward, "I could not condone taking even Hitler's life." When asked if Ramirez was guilty, Clark said simply, "I didn't ask."

The jury agreed with all nineteen of the prosecution's "special circumstances." They recommended the death penalty, which prompted Ramirez to say, "Big deal. Death always went with the territory. See you in Disneyland." Judge Tynan, citing the "cruelty, callousness, and viciousness beyond any human understanding" of the Night Stalker's crimes, sentenced Ramirez on November 7, 1989, to death in the gas chamber.

Ramirez agreed with the judge. He told the court after sentencing, "You maggots make me sick! You don't understand me. You are not expected to. You are not capable of it. I am beyond your experience." After chanting Satanic musings, he said, "I am beyond good and evil. I will be avenged. Lucifer dwells within us all. That's it." He was jailed in Los Angeles and then moved to a maximum security cell at San Quentin in September 1993, where, at this writing he awaits execution.

A HUMAN MONSTER/1993

Richard Allen Davis (b. 1954), a burglar by criminal trade, proved to be one of the most repulsive predatory child killers in America. When cornered by overwhelming evidence, Davis sneered contempt at the court that sentenced him to death, flashed obscene gestures to members of the press, and, as a final vile gesture, attempted to make the father of his victim share his monstrous crime. Judged a sociopath, Davis was a career burglar who spent sixteen years behind bars, including eight years at the California Men's Colony at San Luis Obispo. He had been convicted of kidnaping, assault with a deadly weapon, armed robbery and, most often, burglary. And yet, this dangerous recidivist was released by California authorities and, ten months later, kidnaped, sexually molested and brutally murdered 12-year-old Polly Klaas on October 1, 1993.

Born in San Francisco, Davis was the third of five children. His father was a truck driver and his mother was reportedly a brutal disciplinarian, holding Davis' hand over a flaming stove burner until it blistered when she caught him lying or smoking. His parents separated when he was six and a short time later, Davis took to carrying a knife and threatening his classmates. He began stealing from mailboxes and burglarizing homes by the time he was twelve.

Moving to La Honda, south of San Francisco, with his father, Davis proved to be incorrigible. After many arrests, he was told by a judge that he would either be placed in a reform school or he could join the army. Davis joined the army, but was dishonorably discharged within thirteen months. He returned to La Honda and committed a string of burglaries before he was arrested and sent to jail for six months. He moved to San Francisco and was caught burglarizing a high school. He was sent to prison for between six months and fifteen years, being released in 1976.

Two months later, Davis abducted Frances Mays, a 26-year-old legal secretary, dragging her into his car after she alighted from a Bay Area Rapid Transit train, and driving to a remote area, threatening her with a kitchen knife. He tried to rape Mays, but she fought him off, slipped from the car and ran to the roadway, where she flagged down the first car to appear, one fortunately driven by off-duty police officer Jim Wentz, who drew his gun and handcuffed Davis on the spot.

Following this arrest, Davis began relating a tale that he would use as an excuse for every heinous crime he would thereafter commit, that he heard a voice ordering him to rape Mays. While awaiting trial in the Mays abduction, Davis reportedly tried to hang himself, but this was seen as a ploy to have himself adjudged insane. It apparently worked, since Davis, a crafty, cunning criminal, was next sent to the Napa State Hospital for psychiatric examination. This is exactly what Davis wanted, to be incarcerated in a minimum security area; he promptly escaped on December 16, 1976.

Davis immediately went on a crime spree. He broke through a window of a Napa, California, home and found 32-year-old Margerie Arlington asleep in bed. He tried to kill her by smashing a poker down on her head, but she screamed and he fled. Two days later, he drove into a Napa parking lot and abducted a woman by pointing a shotgun at her. She managed to escape when Davis stopped to make a phone call. Davis then drove to San Mateo, where he broke into a house and was tying up the occupants, when police arrived and arrested him. He plea-bargained a six-year sentence, serving every day of it.

Released in 1982, Davis took up with barfly Susan Edwards, a married mother of two children, after meeting her in a La Honda saloon. The two embarked upon a crime spree that took them from Northern California through the Pacific Northwest. They held up stores, restaurants and banks as they went along. In Redwood City, the pair abducted Selina Varich, a former roommate of Edwards' sister. Holding a gun on her, the pair forced Varich to withdraw $6,000 from her bank account. They fled and remained on the run until they were stopped by a traffic cop in Modesto, California, four months later for having a defective taillight on their pickup truck. Charged with kidnaping Varich, Edwards served a six-month sentence and Davis was sentenced to sixteen years. Because of good behavior, he served only half of that, released after eight years.

On the street in July 1993, Davis lived in San Mateo, at a homeless shelter called Turning Point. On September 23, 1993, he asked and got permission to visit his sister Darlene's family in Ukiah, California, about 100 miles north of San Francisco. A week later, on October 1, 1993, Davis made his way to Petaluma, a quiet town of 45,000 persons where his mother lived. Somehow, he found the home of Polly Klaas.

At about 10:30 p.m., the heavily bearded Davis slipped through a window of the Klaas home. Polly and two friends were inside the room having a slumber party. Her mother, Eve Nichol, and younger half-sister, Annie, were sleeping in another room. Davis asked which girl lived in the house and, learning that it was Polly, tied up the other two girls and forced Polly through the window. The girl was missing for almost two months while a desperate search ensued. Her parents appeared on television and pleaded with her abductor to return the 12-year-old safely home.

Davis, if he heard those pleas, was unconcerned. He had already savagely attacked the girl and then murdered her. Wanted for parole violation, Davis was picked up at his sister's home in Ukiah on November 29, 1993. During routine questioning, he suddenly confessed to the kidnaping and murder of Polly Klaas. But once he appeared in court the cunning Davis changed his story. He pleaded innocent to the charges of murder, kidnaping, burglary, robbery and performing a lewd act

upon a child. He knew that a murder conviction coupled with any of the other charges would make him eligible for the death penalty. It was because of Davis' killing of Polly Klaas that California passed the Three Strikes law, to prevent felons like Davis from being released back into society, three-time convicted felons receiving mandatory twenty-five years to life. Fourteen other states would follow suit.

At his trial in San Jose, California, Davis played to the gallery, smirking, smiling, laughing as the gory details of his crime were revealed. He swaggered and strutted in and out of the courtroom and made it apparent that he wanted to strike the pose of evil incarnate. He succeeded. Perhaps no other vicious felon so captured the public's loathing than Richard Allen Davis. "Despicable scum ... dregs of the earth ... a slithering, slathering poisonous snake," were some of the descriptions given to him.

Richard Allen Davis, recidivist California burglar who kidnapped and murdered 12-year-old Polly Klaas in 1993; the repulsive child-killer slandered his victim's father when being sentenced to death.

Davis did not take the stand on his own behalf, but his lawyer argued that he was high on drugs when he abducted Polly and that he drove around blindly with her in the front seat, deciding to kill her only to avoid going back to prison. He admitted to strangling the little girl. A videotape of his confession was played for jurors, one that showed him blandly admitting his guilt and showing no remorse, no compassion for his victim.

On June 18, 1996, six men and six women found him guilty on all counts, which made him eligible for the death penalty. Upon hearing the verdict, Davis defiantly lifted the middle fingers of both hands, and later the index and end fingers of both hands—typical obscene gestures from this moral imbecile and dedicated degenerate.

On September 26, 1996, Davis was brought before Santa Clara County Superior Court Judge Thomas Hastings for sentencing. The arrogant Davis was asked if he had anything to say. He said the reason he had not sexually assaulted the girl was because of "a statement the young girl made to me while [I was] walking her up the embankment: "Just don't do me like my Dad.'" Those in the courtroom collectively gasped. Then one of Marc Klaas' friends shouted at the defendant, "Burn in hell, Davis!"

Marc Klaas leaped forward, trying to get at Davis, but he was restrained. There had never been one remark made by the defense or prosecution, nor any history whatsoever, that Marc Klaas ever abused his daughter. Davis' slanderous remark was undoubtedly planned long in advance with snakelike guile. He knew from his many years in prison that child molesters do not do well in prison populations; that many married convicts with children attack such inmates, even kill them. In attempting to shift the accusation of assaulting his victim to the victim's father, he would appear to be innocent of such a reprehensible crime and avoid the wrath of other convicts.

Judge Hastings then sentenced Davis to death, later commenting that the convicted murderer's statements had made his decision "easy." Marc Klaas, who had set up a foundation for children in 1994, and who was the driving force in seeking the death penalty for Davis, stated that if he had had a gun at the time he was seated in the courtroom behind the arrogant Davis, he would have shot his child's killer to death. "I can't even tell you the depth of my hatred for that individual," Klaas said. "It's as deep as my love for my child ... The last thing Polly saw before she died was Richard Allen Davis' eyes. The last thing Richard Allen Davis will see is my eyes, I hope."

OTHER NOTABLE 20TH CENTURY BURGLARIES AND BURGLARS

American burglar "Chicago May" Churchill, who looted the American Express office in Paris of $100,000 in 1901.

April 26, 1901: American thieves "Chicago May" Churchill, Eddie Guerin and accomplices burglarized the offices of the American Express in Paris, France, taking away more than $100,000 in cash and checks. Churchill and Guerin, who were lovers and notorious burglars, were apprehended and, on June 14, 1902, Guerin was sentenced to life imprisonment. May Churchill received a five-year prison sentence. Following her release, she was deported from France.

June 23, 1906: Henry S. Cochrane, who had been the chief weighing clerk at the U.S. Mint in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and who had, in 1893, burglarized between $50,000 and $130,000 in gold bars from the mint by carrying the bars in specially made pockets of his coat (he later melted down the bars and sold off ingots) died in Philadelphia at age eighty. When apprehended by A. L. Drummond, head of the then Secret Service, the elderly Cochrane, who was sent to prison for seven years, explained that he had stolen the gold bars in order "to buy gifts for some pretty shopgirls."

May 25, 1908: Invaluable church relics were burglarized from the Limoges Cathedral in Paris, France, and were never retrieved.

November 11, 1909: William Butler, a notorious British burglar, who had looted countless homes, hammered to death elderly Charles Thomas and his wife Mary, while burglarizing their home in Bassaleg, near Newport, Monmouthshire, England, taking only £3. Butler overlooked the couple's life savings of £150, for which he had been searching. He was arrested and convicted for this burglary-murder and later executed by hanging in February 1910.

August 21, 1911: Charles Arthur, thirty-one, who was described in the London press as an "English desperado," and who had reportedly committed countless burglaries of mansions in London, was sentenced to life imprisonment. He had been apprehended after constables interrupted him during a burglary. Arthur, who foolishly conducted his own defense in court, had fired two shots at officers running toward him, injuring no one since his aim was deflected by a woman beating him with her handbag.

January 29, 1918: Charles "The Ox" Reiser, the most notorious safecracker in the American Midwest, broke into Chicago's Western Dairy Company with burglars (later notorious bootleg gangsters) Charles Dion O'Banion, George "Bugs" Moran, and Earl "Hymie" Weiss, blowing up the safe and taking more than $2,000 in cash. Reiser had, according to police estimates, burglarized more than 1,000 business offices since 1903. In 1921, Reiser, recovering in a hospital from wounds received in a shootout with police following a botched Chicago burglary, was shot ten times in his hospital bed, allegedly by his estranged wife, but his death was inexplicably ruled a suicide. Reiser, while hospitalized, had a broken right arm and a broken left hand, as a result of his fracas with the police in his failed burglary, injuries that made it impossible for him to fire ten bullets into his own body. His widow, however received his $100,000 estate.

Harvey Bailey, who later known as the "King of the Bankrobbers," was arrested for bank burglary on March 23, 1920.

January 18, 1919: The infamous La Villette burglary gang broke into the Bank of Blache & Gravereau, in Paris, France, blowing open the safe to find only 510 francs. Bank officials, who had been tipped that there might be just such a burglary, had recently removed almost all of the institution's cash to another location.

March 23, 1920: Harvey Bailey, who had been

burglarizing small banks throughout the U.S. Southwest for a decade (and who later became known as the "King of the Bankrobbers"), was arrested for burglarizing a bank in Omaha, Nebraska. He received a short prison sentence and, upon his release, later joined many notorious bank-robbing gangs, including the infamous Barker gang.

November 26, 1924: Joseph "Doc" Stacher, who would rise to prominence in the U.S. crime syndicate two decades later, was arrested for burglarizing a store in Manhattan, New York. Through his already powerful political connections, Stacher was released when charges were promptly dropped.

July 28, 1928: Pochetti Attilie and Suput Branco burglarized the Vanderbilt home in Paris, France, taking jewelry valued at more than 1,000,000 francs. These two master burglars would loot the Paris mansion of the Heidelbach family of jewels valued at 300,000 francs on September 14, 1928.

October 28, 1930: Willie "The Actor" Sutton, who would become one of America's most notorious bank robbers, burglarized with Marcus Bassett more than $30,000 in gems from M. Rosenthal & Sons Jewelers in Manhattan, New York. Bassett was later caught and imprisoned, but the elusive Sutton remained at large.

October 17, 1938: Burglars thwarted by a safe's tear-gas device in a Calder, Wisconsin, office, stole gas masks from a nearby firehouse, then returned to finish blowing up the safe, retrieving $400 in cash and $2,800 in nontransferable stock.

August 5, 1940: Greenfield Tap & Die Corp., in New York City, was burglarized of $75,000 worth of drills used in the manufacture of airplanes.

January 26, 1942: Charles Beverly Grayson, a porter working in the FBI headquarters in New York City, reportedly burglarized the offices, taking expensive camera equipment used for surveillance by Bureau agents.

October 19, 1944: Joseph Stepka and Stanley Patrek were indicted for burglarizing a huge safe and the $9,000 it contained (they could not open the safe so they dragged it to a truck to open it later at their hideout) from the Whitestone Savings and Loan Association in Flushing (Queens), New York.

February 10, 1947: Jewelry worth an estimated $435,000 was reportedly burglarized from the Paris hotel room of Lucienne Benitez Rexach.

October 20, 1951: Burglars took more than $230,000 in jewels and furs from the Jewel and Fur Shop in Chicago's Congress Hotel, a concern owned and operated by Mrs. Pearl Lowenberg Robinson. The valuables were never retrieved.

May 18, 1953: Clyde B. Hamblin and Frederick Hamblin, prisoners at the jail in Burlington, Vermont, were charged with several burglary offenses committed while they were still behind bars. They reportedly escaped from their cells on repeated occasions to burglarize dozens of local stores before returning unseen to their cells by morning.

August 10, 1958: Burglars smashed display windows (thought to be shatterproof) at Tiffany's on Fifth Avenue in New York City, taking with them more than $163,000 in insured jewels. The gems were never recovered.

September 21, 1963: French police broke into the Paris home of Nikola Franusic, and recovered more than $2 million in rare books that Franusic, a Yugoslavian house painter, had burglarized more than thirty years earlier.

December 31, 1971: The uppercrust Hotel Pierre in New York City, was burglarized of gems held in its safe that were reportedly worth $5 million. The burglars were not apprehended.

December 2, 1973: Carl Dixon, Louis Mathis and Anthony B. Vaglica burglarized Harvard University's Fogg Museum, making off with antique coins valued at $5 million. The burglars were apprehended later while attempting to fence the coins.

April 26, 1974: Bridget Rose Dugdale and four others burglarized nineteen paintings worth a total of $19.2 million from the London home of millionaire, Sir Alfred Beit. Dugdale was apprehended and imprisoned for nine years. The paintings were recovered intact.

October 20, 1974: Six burglars blew through a wall of Chicago's Purolator Company and burglarized $4.3 million in cash. They were caught while trying to escape to Latin America and most of the money was recovered.

Actor Donald Sutherland is shown in a scene from the 1976 film, Fellini's Casanova; burglars stole the negative of this film on August 14, 1975.

August 14, 1975: The negatives of Federico Fellini's *Casanova* and other films in production were burglarized from the refrigerated vaults of the Technicolor Company in Rome, Italy.

January 28, 1976: Burglarizing terrorists blew open vaults in the British Bank of the Middle East in Bab Idriss, Lebanon, taking between $20 million and $50 million. The money was never recovered.

April 14, 1976: Burglars involved in the largest hotel theft to date, in which approximately $6 million worth of gems were taken from safe deposit boxes in the Palm Towers Hotel, Palm Beach, Florida, have never been caught.

May 27, 1977: Approximately 7,000 watches worth a total of $1 million were burglarized from a warehouse in Queens, New York.

September 6, 1980: Gerald Shallow, a former Chicago police sergeant, received a fifteen-year prison sentence, for burglarizing $2 million worth of gold and jewelry from the Donald Bruce Company of Chicago, Illinois.

July 9, 1982: Michael Fagan attempted to burglarize Buckingham Palace in London, England. He broke into Queen Elizabeth's bedroom and encountered Elizabeth II, who talked with him until guards arrived to take Fagan into custody. He was sent to an insane asylum for life.

April 29, 1984: Burglars escaped with $3 million in jewelry from a vault in the Diamond Tower Exchange in Manhattan, New York.

August 14, 1987: Judy Amar, who burgled a string of Florida mansions, taking between $3 million and $6 million in property over five years, was convicted and sentenced to prison.

February 24, 1989: Margaret Ray, thirty-six, an obsessed fan of TV host David Letterman, was arrested for a fourth time in New Canaan, Connecticut, for breaking into Letterman's home, charged with burglary. She was ordered to seek psychiatric care.

July 6, 1989: The London mansion of Prince Jefri, the brother of the world's then richest man, the Sultan of Brunei, was reportedly burgled of $6 million in cash and jewelry.

January 7, 1990: Howard Prink shot and killed Billy Yahnson, an unarmed 15-year-old boy, who was burglarizing his Portland, Oregon home. Over a storm of public protest, Prink was not charged under Oregon law, which allowed the use of deadly force against an intruder in certain circumstances.

January 12, 1990: Burglars stole five paintings estimated to be worth £1,000,000 from 13th Century Dunsany Castle in Ireland.

April 14, 1991: Burglars stole twenty paintings estimated to be worth $500 million (£280 million) from the Van Gogh Museum in Amsterdam, Netherlands. The paintings were found intact inside of an abandoned car near the museum only thirty-five minutes later. This short-lived burglary was considered to be the largest art theft on record to date.

May 6, 1993: Three young burglars broke into the home of Phillip Huber, chief of police for Miami Beach, Florida. They were driven off (and later apprehended) by shots fired by Chief Huber, who had been awakened by the noise the burglars created. Burglars had recently plagued homes of influential citizens in the Miami area. Burglars had invaded the home of Jeb Bush, son of U.S. President George Bush and brother of later U.S. President George W. Bush, who himself later became the governor of Florida. Also targeted by burglars at this time was the home of Miami Mayor Xavier Suarez, whose house had been invaded several times.

September 24, 1993: Long-time fugitive Katherine Ann Power, who had pleaded guilty to bank robbery and manslaughter in a 1970 bank robbery in which a police officer was killed, pleaded guilty in a Boston, Massachusetts, court to the burglary of a National Guard armory from which she took automatic weapons to be employed in the crimes she committed.

Pablo Picasso (shown shortly before his death in 1973); his painting "Tete," valued at $650,000, was burglarized from a Chicago art gallery and later recovered.

January 3, 1994: A painting by Pablo Picasso entitled "Tete" and valued at $650,000 was burglarized from the Richard Gray Gallery in Chicago, Illinois. The painting was later recovered intact in the back seat of a car. Two men were later charged with the burglary.

November 14, 1994: A burglar breaking into a home in Combined Locks, Wisconsin, was interrupted by the owner, who chased the overweight invader to his car, tackling him and holding him for police. The intruder was 54-year-old David E. Spanbauer, who had been burglarizing homes in northern Wisconsin since 1960, and had served several prison sentences for burglary and rape. He later confessed to the murders of three young girls and was given three life terms.

August 3, 1997: Long-time burglar Larry Harris, who had invaded and looted the same tavern in Aurora, Illinois, three times earlier in one month, ignored warning signs from the owner, who had newly installed a 220-volt security system, breaking once more into the place and being electrocuted to death.

July 30, 1998: A 10-year-old girl, who had earlier been arrested several times on charge of burglary, was again arrested and charged with burglarizing two homes on the same night in Mt. Clemens, Michigan. "You just look at her," said a local police officer. "She seems like a cute, adorable little girl, but she has been a terror around here for the past couple of months."

September 28, 1998: Yehudi Mishali, a 46-year-old Israeli citizen, was charged with burglarizing a safe deposit box at a Michigan Avenue bank in Chicago, Illinois, taking more than $500,000 in diamonds.

CHAPTER FOUR: CANNIBALISM

Since the beginning of recorded time, man has been a flesh-eater. The belief that in the earliest times he preyed upon and killed his own species and consumed such remains was supported by the 1927 discovery of Pekin Man, near Choukoutien, China. Anthropologists examining this 500,000-year relic, also found other humanoid skulls that had been split open and the brains extracted, leading them to conclude that earliest man was, indeed, a cannibal. Evidence exists to also prove that such *homo sapiens* as the Neanderthal Man and the Cro-Magnon Man, commonly practiced cannibalism, hunting tribal enemies as they would any other animal, killing and eating them to survive.

As civilization developed, tribes in remote areas of the world remained primitive. Isolated tribes on the myriad islands of the South Pacific and in Africa continued to practice cannibalism into the 20th Century. These unenlightened people killed and ate their enemies not only for food, but—in keeping with their dark myths and superstitions—consumed, digested and excreted such "food" to display and exalt in their victory over an enemy, as well as absorb that enemy's power, talents and skills. Some cannibal tribes routinely ate their elders, instead of burying them at death, believing that by physically consuming the remains they would themselves gain the wisdom and knowledge stored in the bodies of their aged tribal members.

The Aztecs and Incas of South and Latin America, to propitiate their gods, offered human sacrifices, coupling cannibalism to these gruesome rites. Aztec priests consumed portions of the human body, such as the heart, to enhance their own communicative powers with their blood-lusting deities, or so they believed. More than 15,000 such victims were slain and eaten each year. Cannibalism was practiced in Ireland, according to Greek historian Strabo and, as late as the 4th Century, St. Jerome recorded widespread cannibalism in Scotland and ten centuries later another Scot, the notorious Sawney Bean, along with his enormous family, continued the practice.

An Aztec priest performs a human sacrifice to his ancient gods; the heart was removed and eaten to appease blood-lusting deities.

When Australia was first colonized, the dregs of England, convicted felons, were often sent to this remote British dominion to serve out their lives at hard labor. Penal colonies were established along the Australian coast and on many neighboring islands. Alexander Pierce, one of the convicts serving a life sentence at an island penal colony, escaped in a small boat with five other prisoners. Arriving at the mainland, the escaped felons hid in the hills, but soon ran out of food. One of the convicts killed another to obtain food and the rest of his companions joined with him in feasting on the slain man. The five remaining convicts turned to murder and cannibalism to survive, killing and consuming each other, until only Pierce remained alive.

Pierce was recaptured and returned to prison, but escaped once again, this time with another prisoner named Cox. Tracking lawmen found Cox's body a short time later. It had been dismembered and parts of the body were missing. A few days later the constables captured Pierce and found him carrying human flesh, which he had been consuming. Oddly, they also found animal meat and fish that Pierce had obtained, but had not eaten. Before being sent back to prison to serve out his time, he admitted that he preferred the taste of human flesh to any other kind of food. He was by then a confirmed cannibal and had to be prevented from attacking other prisoners to obtain their flesh.

In 1837, nine bushrangers living near Port Phillip, got lost in the wilds and, starving, turned to cannibalism. Seven of the men were killed and eaten by the two survivors named Cornerford and Dignum. When Cornerford realized that Dignum was about to turn him into his next meal, he fled to Melbourne, where he informed on Dignum, detailing the murders committed by his fellow flesh-eaters. Dignum was soon captured and both men were tried, Cornerford being hanged and Dignum sent to prison for life.

In the American pioneer days of the 19th Century, stranded travelers near starvation compelled those desperate to survive to resort to cannibalism. This was the case with the California-bound Donner Party of 1846, trapped in the snowbound Sierras. One of their members, Lewis Keseberg, forever damned in the eyes of his peers, preserved his life by eating the bodies of those who had perished. This was the same reason why pioneer guide Alferd Packer cannibalized persons in his care in 1874, or so he later said, but it was suspected that Packer preferred to devour human flesh, even when other game was available.

Another mountain man of that era, John Johnson (or Johnston), known to his peers as "Liver-eating Johnson," conducted a personal war with the Crow Indian tribe throughout the 1870s, killing his avowed enemies, scalping them and then cutting out their livers and eating them, but his cannibalism was sustained by vengeance, not hunger. In that same decade in Corsica, Carlotta Lopez, a midwife, who was barren

herself, sought vengeance for her inability to give birth by delivering the babies of others, which she secretly suffocated upon delivery, then claimed the child was stillborn, later removing these little corpses, which she reportedly butchered and ate. She was executed as a witch in 1879.

As late as 1972, cannibalism was practiced by a group of desperate survivors stranded in the Andes Mountains. A Uruguayan passenger plane carrying 45 persons en route to Chile crashed into the side of a snow-capped mountain. A search for the missing plane was conducted and then called off, leaving twenty-seven survivors to find a way back to civilization. As starvation set in, they reluctantly began to cannibalize the frozen dead among the wreckage.

Salvaging human remains, two of the passengers, Nando Parrado and Roberto Canessa, decided to locate a distant village they thought might be over several mountain ranges. They plodded over the snow-covered peaks for ten days, using plane cushions for snowshoes, eating human flesh to sustain them. On December 10, 1972, they reached a small village, where they were given a normal meal. A Chilean helicopter was then directed to the site of the crash and picked up the survivors. Only sixteen persons remained alive, all shamefacedly admitting that they had survived the terrible ordeal by feeding on the dead flesh of their fellow passengers.

Joyous survivors of plane crash in the Andes Mountains in 1972, arrive at a village; sixteen out of forty-five persons stayed alive by cannibalizing the dead.

Desperation had nothing to do with three German cannibals of the early 1920s. These heinous criminals—Fritz Haarmann, George Grossmann and Karl Denke—sought to enrich themselves during Germany's great depression, when food, especially meat, was scarce. They murdered scores of persons, butchered their bodies and sold the remains as animal meat, partaking in the purloined flesh themselves. A decade earlier, in Barcelona, Spain, a self-styled witch named Marti Enriqueta, abducted, murdered and cannibalized several small children, boiling what was left of their remains to make "love potions," which, according to one report, she sold at exorbitant prices to wealthy, lovesick matrons. Enriqueta was executed in 1912.

Later in the 20th Century, isolated but chilling cases of cannibalism emerged, depicting the savage careers of Hamilton Albert Fish, Ed Gein, Edmund Emil Kemper III, Joachim Kroll and perhaps the worst of the lot, Jeffrey Lionel Dahmer in America and Andrei Romanovich Chikatilo of the Soviet Union, both degenerative products of the profligate 1980s. All of these were demented if not insane killers who took a perverted sexual pleasure in their murders that climaxed with the consumption of human flesh (*anthropophagy, necrophagia, parthenophagy*).

For the most part, the aberrant behavior of these murderous cannibals could be traced to unnatural events in their childhoods or early adolescence. A single or several traumatic experiences may have altered their personalities, transforming them into human monsters feeding on their own species (or symbolically on themselves). German killer Alfred Kaser was tried in Munich, Germany in 1965 and given a life sentence for slaying 9-year-old Arthur Konig, wherein he drank his victim's blood and nibbled on his flesh. Kaser claimed that his miserable childhood had twisted his mind and prompted his horrible acts.

A long-haired, bearded California hippie was another such person. On July 13, 1970, a patrolman stopped 23-year-old Stanley Dean Baker next to a damaged sports car near Lucia, California, cuffing him. The car, a 1969 Opel Kadett, had been reported stolen at Yellowstone National Park in Montana. En route to the Monterey Police Station, Baker remarked to the policeman: "I have a problem. I am a cannibal." He withdrew some bones from his pocket, showing them to the officer and saying: "These aren't chicken bones. They're human fingers." He went on to say that he had developed an insatiable craving to eat human flesh ever since he had undergone electric shock treatment for a nervous disorder when he was seventeen.

Baker had bummed a ride with trusting Peter Schlosser, a 22-year-old employee of the Mussel Shell County Welfare Department at Roundup. Schlosser planned to camp at Yellowstone, but found all available sites taken, so he drove to the Yellowstone River, camping that night with Baker. When Schlosser fell asleep, Baker shot him dead, firing two bullets into his head. He then repeatedly stabbed him with a hunting knife, using this to cut up the body into six parts. He severed the head, arms and legs, then cut out the heart, he admitted later, and ate. He cut off the fingers and pocketed these grisly items to "munch on later."

Baker then drove off with Schlosser's car. When arrested, he was found to be carrying a handbook for devil-worshipers entitled *The Satanic Bible*. The murdering cannibal, who claimed to have taken 65 doses of LSD before killing and slaughtering Schlosser, stated at his trial that he was not responsible for his gruesome crime, because he had endured a tortured childhood and was "high on acid," at the time of his crime. He was sentenced to life imprisonment in Montana, but was paroled in 1985.

Baker was not merely a symptom of his despicable breed but its grim epitome.

Like his predecessors centuries earlier, Baker had turned away from human society, placing a gap between himself and the rest of humanity. This same grim perspective was held and nurtured by the worst cannibal in early Western culture, Sawney Bean of Scotland, who carnivorously viewed other human beings as a separate species, the way a butcher looks upon his chickens and pigs, simply as food.

SCOTLAND'S MAN-EATER/1435

Sawney Bean (or Beane; AKA: Cunningham, Sandy) was born in East Lothian, near Edinburgh, to poor parents. He grew up despising the hard work his father performed as a ditch-digger. A petty thief by the time he was a teenager, Bean seduced a young girl, but refused to marry her. The girl's parents brought charges and Bean fled with the girl to the wilds of the Scottish coast, settling in an enormous cave near Galloway. He fathered eight sons and six daughters and they, in incestuous turn, fathered eighteen grandsons and fourteen granddaughters, forty-eight of the clan living in the caverns along the rocky coastline.

The Bean clan preyed on strangers traveling the roads for decades, killing them for their belongings. These crimes did not come to the attention of the authorities since Bean family members dragged away the corpses of their victims and cannibalized them, leaving no evidence. Though scores of travelers vanished, search parties found no trace of the missing people.

Then, in 1435, Bean and several of his family members attacked a man and woman traveling on the main road toward Edinburgh. They overtook the couple's cart and attacked the pair, knocking them senseless with clubs. Just as they were disemboweling the woman, a large group of cavalrymen thundered down the road and interrupted the blood-soaked cannibals. (The woman was dead and already butchered, but her husband was rescued by the troopers.)

There was a pitched battle and the Beans were finally driven off, but not pursued. The captain of the king's guard feared that he and his men would be overwhelmed by the sheer numbers of the cannibals, who were growing in number on a distant hill and preparing a counterattack. The cavalrymen dashed off to make a shocking report to King James I. The king was told in detail how the cavalrymen had come upon the savages, who had already butchered the woman and were feeding on her bloody entrails as wolves might feed upon a fallen doe.

Scottish cannibal Sawney Bean is shown an an old print; at left is the body of a recent victim and in the background Bean's wife is carrying dismembered human parts into the clan's cave.

King James, hearing that the flesh-eating clan numbered in the dozens, mustered an army of more than 400 men, infantry and cavalry. The king personally led this contingent into the foul-smelling Galloway caverns, where his troops, men dressed in heavy armor and wielding broad swords, subdued the fierce Bean family, but only at the cost of twenty soldiers.

Edinburgh's Tolbooth Prison, where Bean family members were confined in chains, until the cannibals were horribly executed.

The caverns were huge and stretched on for some distance, offering their own fresh water supply in the form of small pools. In each cavern the soldiers found more members of the clan—half-naked, crouching human beings, who fought like wild animals before they were bound and dragged from the caverns. Also found were mounds of clothing, jewelry, implements, parts of carts and carriages—the loot of many lifetimes—taken from the Bean victims.

To their horror, the soldiers also found scores of bodies, or pieces of bodies, cured like hams or strung up like sides of beef, male and female, adult and child. The main cave was a giant butcher shop where human cadavers had been dismembered, smoked, salted, and hung out to dry in preparation for the next meal. There was no exact way of learning the number of victims claimed by the Bean family. The remains found and buried by the king's troops amounted to scores of victims, but since the clan had been operating for several decades, various estimates of its victims soared into the hundreds if not thousands.

King James ordered the entire clan brought back to Tolbooth Prison in Edinburgh in chains. They were then removed to Leith. Once there, Bean and his family members were summarily sentenced to death for their countless murders and cannibalism. There was no need of a trial, according to one con-

temporary account: "It being thought needless to try creatures, who were even professed enemies to mankind."

Thousands watched as the Bean family members were led into the main square. Here the males were butchered as they had butchered, having their genitals, hands, and feet cut off. They were allowed to bleed to death in front of their women. Then three great fires were started and the women were thrown alive into the roaring blazes to perish in screaming agony. "They all, in general, died without the least sign of repentance," wrote one chronicler of that day, "but continued cursing and vending the most dreadful imprecations to the very last gasp of life."

"THERE WERE PLENTY OF CORPSES"/ 1846-1847

Lewis Keseberg was one of ninety settlers who joined the Donner Party in its cross-country trek to California. A phlegmatic, reserved man, Keseberg would later be seen as an inhuman monster, who fed upon the flesh of his fellow travelers to survive a brutal winter that starved half of the party to death. Other survivors resorted like Keseberg to cannibalism, but they dutifully waited for their companions to die before butchering and consuming their remains. Keseberg went beyond such measures, later accused and tried for murdering his fellow settlers to acquire their bodies for food.

On April 14, 1846, between eighty to ninety immigrant settlers departed Springfield, Illinois, believing that happiness awaited them in California. They entrusted their well-being to wagon-train leaders George and Jacob Donner and James Reed. The California Gold Rush was three years away. It was the lure of rich, fertile land as far as the eye could see, not gold, that motivated these intrepid farmers to risk everything in seeking a new life in a promised land.

Luck was at first with the pioneers. The Donner party safely negotiated its way through Indian territory. Except for one instance of thieving, and a skirmish near Scott's Bluff, Utah, the Sioux, Pawnee, and Snake Indians generally left them alone. Near the Humboldt River in Nevada, however, James Reed murdered John Snyder over a dispute concerning the mistreatment of a team of oxen. Reed was banished from the

Members of the Donner Party are shown struggling through the snow-bound regions of the Sierra Mountains en route to California in 1846-1847; dozens died of starvation, their bodies eaten by survivors.

expedition and told to make his way to California on his own. He was one of the lucky ones.

By the time the Donner party arrived at Truckee Lake in the High Sierras, on October 28, 1846, the winter snows had set in, blocking the passes. Provisions were low, game was scarce, and 62-year-old George Donner feared what he saw in the skies. The party appropriated a few abandoned shacks and settled in for the winter, hoping for a miracle. But the hunting parties returned empty-handed, forcing the men to slaughter the cattle, the horses, and finally the dogs to survive.

On December 16, 1846, C.T. Stanton, a poet and expert woodsman, and sixteen others left camp to cross the summit, with the hope of bringing relief to the party. On the third day out, however, Stanton, gone snowblind, collapsed in a drift. Without food for days, he lit his pipe, wrote a poem to his mother, and died. On December 27, 1846, the surviving members of the scouting party, engulfed by a tornado of snow and, half-delirious from having starved for days, were forced to eat their companions' remains. Four men in the scouting party had died and their bodies now offered the living the only means of survival.

"With averted eyes and trembling hand, pieces of flesh were severed from the inanimate forms and laid upon the coals," an eyewitness wrote. "It was the very refinement of torture to taste such food, yet those who tasted lived. Each of the four bodies was divested of its flesh, and the flesh was dried. Although no person partook of kindred flesh, sights were often witnessed that were blood-curdling." Sarah Foster watched horrified as the heart of her dead brother, Lemuel, was cut out and "thrust through a stick and broiled upon the coals."

The party had two Indian guides, Lewis and Salvador. Both refused to eat human remains. They moved off a bit from those cannibalizing the dead, camping at a distance from the others, vigilant with watchful eyes. They ate their moccasins, then fled before dawn, thinking they would be the next victims. They were.

Starving and staggering after the Indians were the members of the dwindling scouting party. They came upon the exhausted Indians, who had fallen with bloody feet in the snow. Two men and five women were staring down at them. William Foster, who had earlier eaten Jay Fosdick's flesh to stay alive, leaned over the barely breathing Indians, who had stayed alive without food for nine days, and apologized.

"I am compelled to take your lives," he was later quoted as saying to the fallen Indians. "Forgive me." He then shot both young men in the head, stripped their flesh and moved off with the rest of the party. Thirty-two days after leaving the Donner camp at Truckee Lake, seven surviving members of the scouting party staggered into an Indian camp, where they were reunited with the exiled James Reed.

The five female survivors implored Reed to return to Truckee Lake (now Donner's Pass) with provisions. On February 19, 1847, Reed and a rescue party led by Captain John A. Sutter broke through the pass to find skeletons strewn about the camp, the party having cannibalized the remains of their fallen comrades. By the time a second rescue party had arrived, suspicion of murder fell upon Lewis Keseberg, a German immigrant from Westphalia who had joined the Donner party at Alder Creek. His wife and children had left with the party Stanton led, but Keseberg remained behind.

One by one the remaining members of the party at Truckee Lake died. Keseberg and forty-one others were found alive at the main camp. Tamsen Donner, having stayed behind to care for her dying husband, one of the leaders of the expedition, had also died and Keseberg was accused of murdering her. "Before my God, I swear this is untrue!" he said in 1879. "Do you think a man would be such a miscreant, such a damnable fiend, such a caricature on humanity as to kill this lone woman? There were plenty of corpses lying around ... "

Keseberg, it was later learned, had become a sort of storekeeper for the unburied dead. Five corpses were housed with him in a small cabin. "Their stark and ghastly bodies lay there day and night," said Keseberg, "seemingly gazing at me with their glazed and staring eyes. I was too weak to move them had I tried ... I endured a thousand deaths. To have one's suffering prolonged inch by inch, to be deserted, forsaken, hopeless; to see that loathsome food ever before my eyes, was almost too much for human endurance."

Lewis Keseberg, the only member of the Donner Party who was accused of murdering those he cannibalized in order to stay alive; he was acquitted and released, but was forever stimatized.

Overcoming his revulsion at cannibalizing his companions, Keseberg had remained inside his cabin, living off the flesh of his comrades. "It was either that or death," he testified at his later trial. During those long nights when the wolves scratched at his door, he considered suicide, he later claimed.

When rescued, Keseberg was accused of robbery and murder by other survivors. He had not only murdered living mem-

bers of the party to obtain and eat their flesh, survivors insisted, but had robbed the dead of their valuables and belongings. Captain W. O. Fallon, who led one of the rescue parties, later testified that he found such valuables on Keseberg's person and demanded that he turn over the money he had allegedly taken from the dead.

Bound by ropes and treated as a murdering cannibal, Keseberg was led over the mountains and was tried in a small California hamlet. Fallon testified that when he entered Keseberg's cabin he found "two kettles of human blood, in all supposed to be one gallon." Fallon said that Keseberg had been eating the blood as soup.

Had he been found guilty of the charges leveled against him, Keseberg would have been hanged. He nevertheless passionately pleaded for his life, saying he had murdered no one and stolen nothing, that before dying many of the settlers asked him to hold their valuables and give them to their surviving relatives, which he said he had promised to do. He fully admitted at having turned cannibal to survive, but this conduct almost drove him to suicide. "Many times I had the muzzle of my pistol in my mouth and my finger on the trigger," he said, "but the faces of my helpless, dependent wife and child, would rise up before me, and my hand would fall powerless."

Mrs. Keseberg and one of her three daughters had accompanied the disaster-bound scouting party and had died and were cannibalized during the trek of the survivors to reach civilization. Keseberg's two surviving daughters had been reduced to babbling idiots, living out their pathetic lives in insane asylums, becoming permanently unbalanced after their own participation in eating human flesh at the main camp. Weighing all the evidence, a court ruled that Keseberg was innocent of murder and robbery and he was released. The horrible images connected to the grim fate of the Donner Party remained with him throughout his miserable life. Everywhere he went, little boys shouted: "Stone him! Stone him!" as they showered him with rocks.

Of the original Donner party, forty-eight survived, and forty-two had died. The skeletal remains of the deceased—picked clean to the bone—were gathered up by rescue parties, comingled and placed in boxes, then buried in a common grave, near Lake Truckee, which is now a rather posh resort town, where the rich and famous frolic and cavort.

LIVER-EATING JOHNSON/1840s-1870S

John Johnson (or Johnston; AKA: Liver-Eating Johnson, Crow-Killer, 1820-1900) was a trapper and hunter who roamed the Rocky Mountains at a time when few white men dared enter these Indian-dominated regions. Moving from Missouri to Montana as early as 1843, he hunted deer, bear and buffalo and was considered by his lonely peers—the mountain men—to be the greatest hunter of his day.

Early in his trapping career, Johnson married an Indian woman (tribe unknown) and had a child. He built a cabin in the high mountains where he lived with his little family. Returning from a hunt one day, he found his wife and small son killed and scalped, finding evidence that the culprits had been Crow Indians. From that day forward, Johnson became an ardent foe of not only the Crows, but every Indian in the West.

John Johnson (shown in old age), who waged war against Indians, killing them by the scores and eating their livers.

Johnson, in his hunting expeditions, went out of his way to kill every Indian, particularly Crows, he could track down. He reportedly killed more than 300 warriors of this tribe, but reportedly killed many Blackfeet, Cheyenne, Nez Perce, Sioux and Utes. One Easterner who hired Johnson to take him into the hills to hunt bear witnessed Johnson creep up on a Crow camp and attack it single-handedly, wounding several Indians and killing two. He then casually butchered the two corpses and ate their livers, thus earning the sobriquet "Liver-Eating Johnson."

At the beginning of the Civil War, Johnson volunteered for service with the Union army, but he was later dismissed, according to one report, for murdering Indians allied with the Yankees. Moving from Missouri to Montana in 1870, Johnson resumed his career as a mountain man. He maintained a cabin near Rock Creek, near Red Lodge, Montana, a site used by William "Buffalo Bill" Cody as a camp for his buffalo hunting expeditions. Cody grew rich guiding European royalty and wealthy businessmen from the East to this land of plentiful game, but the actual guide for most of these hunting expeditions was Johnson, who knew every high mountain meadow, where deer, bear and buffalo were to be found and shot for "sport."

Johnson nevertheless maintained his private war with the Crows and other Indians. He hunted them as he would a furtive stag and would spend days tracking Indians to their camps, waiting more days for them to leave in small numbers so that he could attack and kill them, usually one by one. He dismembered the bodies and always ate the livers, leaving these mutilated corpses for their horrified companions to find as a sign of his continued victories over his sworn enemies and to send fear into their hearts.

The Crows came to fear and respect Johnson. He became for them a fierce symbol to be overcome and about their campfires they related legends of his bloody feats. For almost forty years, Johnson stalked this tribe and others, and the Crows, in turn, stalked him. To have killed Johnson would have elevated any Crow warrior to chiefdom. The Crows hunted him in pairs and in small groups—no more than four or five in order to uphold their Indian code of fairness.

Their quarry was too wise and wary for them. He was always waiting, entrapping and killing them. On one occasion, he reportedly took on a band of six Crows, all top warriors,

killing all in hand-to-hand combat, then cannibalizing their bodies and stringing up the remains from tree branches so that their tribesmen (and their ancient gods) could see them humiliated and disgraced in death. He had been wounded by the Crows in this fight, as he had on many such earlier occasions, but he mended his injuries and nurtured his strength so that he could attack again and again.

A large man who stood more than six feet tall and weighed 200 pounds, Johnson was a keen-eyed marksman and an agile runner. He was also an expert knife-thrower, and he served for some years as an Indian scout for the U.S. Cavalry under General Nelson Miles. In 1880, he left the high mountains, going to Coulson, Montana, a rough-and-tumble town of mountain men and miners, where he was appointed the local sheriff. Johnson carried a rifle around town, never a six-gun. He always settled disputes with his fists and he later proudly stated that he never had to shoot a man to keep the peace. His firmly entrenched image as the Great Crow Killer was often enough to keep law and order.

Robert Redford plays a fierce mountain man in the 1972 film, *Jeremiah Johnson*, depicting the life of Johnson's savage revenge upon the Crow Indians, but gave no hint of the real Johnson's cannibalism.

Offered princely sums to appear in Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West shows, Johnson refused to travel to the East, stating that "civilization will kill you faster than God's great outdoors." Johnson maintained law and order for several years in Coulson before moving back into the high mountains. Liver-eating Johnson, according to one report, died of natural causes on January 21, 1900. His incredible and violent life, greatly sanitized for the viewing audience, was profiled in the 1972 film, *Jeremiah Johnson*, starring Robert Redford.

"I HAD GROWN FOND OF HUMAN FLESH"/ 1873-1874

Like Lewis Keseberg thirty years earlier, Alferd G. Packer (Alfred; AKA: John Schwartze, 1847-1907) became notorious for turning cannibal when an expedition he was guiding became lost and the food ran out. To survive, Packer and others killed their fellow travelers to survive on their flesh, until only Packer remained alive. It took ten years to bring him to trial on charges of murder and cannibalism. One other charge should have been added to the indictments, that of fraud, for Alferd Packer was no pioneering pathfinder at all. In fact, he had been hired as an experienced guide, but he had no idea how and where to take the novice miners to their desired destination.

Packer was born in rural Colorado and received minor education as a child. He grew up crude and rough-hewn, with no thought of humanity and very little inclination toward civilized behavior. As a prospector, he lived in the hills, surviving on the meat of animals and, at one point, survived on the meat of men.

In the early 1870s, a prospector struck it rich in the wilderness of the San Juan Mountains outside of Salt Lake City, Utah. A horde of silver-seeking novices flooded Salt Lake City, all bent on digging their fortunes out of the mountains. Few of them knew how to construct a mine, let alone locate veins of silver once the mining had begun. Hardly any of these eastern "greenhorns" even knew which part of the mountain range to prospect.

Nineteen of these flabby-armed, clean-shaven tenderfeet set off toward the San Juan Mountains with a single guide, Alferd Packer, in fall 1873. While encountering this group in a Salt Lake City boarding house, Packer, his face bearded and his body clothed in buckskin, convinced these naive silver-seekers that he was one of the most experienced guides in the West. He boasted that he knew every crag and cranny of the San Juan range that stretched into Colorado, and, most importantly, he knew where the thick veins of silver glinted in the sun—or so he bragged. The miners gladly gave him a large sum of money to guide them to their expected riches.

When entering the Colorado mountains, the expedition became lost. Worse, the miners were beset with an early winter that brought freezing weather and heavy snowstorms. This proved to be one of the worst and coldest winters in Colorado. Game went to ground, and other than what the prospectors carried on their backs, there was nothing to eat. Packer, who had claimed to be a hunter, found no game, and when the food ran out, the prospecting party grew desperate, deciding to return to Salt Lake City before they either froze or starved to death.

Packer promised his clients that he would lead them back to civilization, but he had no idea where he was or where he should take his party. He was lucky enough to stumble into the camp of a friendly Indian tribe led by Chief Ouray. The chief fed the party and kept them warm for days in his lodgings, but he warned the prospectors that if they did not return to Salt Lake City, all of them would perish in the desolate white wilderness. After a council meeting, ten men in the party elected to return to civilization.

Alferd Packer, shown in 1873 when he posed as a pioneer guide and shortly before he began cannibalizing his clients.

Alferd Packer was not one of them. A loud-mouth and braggart, Packer laughed at the men quitting the expedition, saying that they were giving up a fortune that was not far away, that silver in gleaming chunks could be found along the Gunnison River. He was adamant in not leading the ten men back to Salt Lake City. They must push on to fortune, he cried out. He made no mention that he was broke and that the grubstake the prospectors had given him was all that he possessed. Nothing in Salt Lake City awaited him but a bevy of angry creditors.

Chief Ouray argued with Packer, but the kindly Indian finally gave in and agreed to supply the guide and the ten men still determined to plunge forward into the icy wilderness. Ouray cautioned the party to stay close to the Gunnison River, telling them that if they went into the mountains, the only thing they would find would be frozen death. Packer poohpoohed these dire statements saying that, if need be, the party could always take refuge in the Los Pinos Indian Agency, located near the river.

Actually, Alferd G. Packer had heard about the Los Pinos Indian Agency, but he had no idea where the agency could be found. Following Packer, the party marched out into a blinding snowstorm and within a few weeks provisions had run out. The group fell to arguing, and four men said they would strike out for the Indian agency. Packer refused to guide them, saying that they were fools, that silver was waiting for them just over the next range of mountains.

The four men left, and after days of stumbling about in the high snow drifts and through severe storms, two of the men finally staggered into the agency. Packer led the other five men—Miller, Noon, Humphreys, Swan, and Bell by name—into the frozen regions where they found a deserted trapper's cabin. Here the men cooked and ate their last meal, then went to sleep. They realized they were about to die of starvation and cold. When the party was asleep, Packer stood up and reached for his rifle. Quickly, he went from one sleeping form to the other, firing a single shot into each man's head.

Miller, hearing the shots, according to later evidence, jumped up and tried to defend himself, but Packer was on him in an instant, smashing the butt of his rifle down so hard on Miller's head that he split his victim's skull and broke the stock of his weapon. He rifled the pockets of the dead prospectors and collected several thousand dollars. Packer apparently intended to carry out the crime first, but now he was faced with death by starvation. He contemplated his problem for hours, or so he later claimed, and then he decided that his victims would serve to keep him alive.

He fell upon the dead men with a large hunting knife, slicing away the flesh about the breast and stripping the flesh from the rib cages. He took these gory pieces of human remains to a snowbank and froze them. The next day, he packed the flesh in his shoulder packs and departed. For two weeks, Packer struggled against the deep snow, eating the human remains to keep up his strength. He reached the Los Pinos Agency in February 1874 and still had some strips of "human beef jerkey," as it was later described.

The cannibal, once he spotted the buildings of the agency, grew nervous at carrying about the remains of his victims. He later stated: "When I espied the agency from the top of the hill, I threw away the strips of flesh I had left, and I confess that I did so reluctantly, as I had grown fond of human flesh, especially that portion around the breast."

Once inside a warm cabin at the agency, Packer sat down among startled residents, who gaped at his mottled flesh, his popped eyes, his bloated face. His clothes hung on him in rags and his limbs were blue from the intense cold. Warm food was brought to him, but Packer could not swallow it. He drank only liquor and remained drunk for some time.

General Adams, the commander at the agency, knew Packer had led an expedition into the mountains to look for silver. He asked the so-called guide where his party was located. Packer gave him evasive answers, saying that the men wandered off and froze to death. When Packer began spending lavishly, buying expensive items at the agency, getting drunk, and tipping extravagantly, the general grew suspicious and ordered Packer's arrest.

On April 4, 1874, two of Chief Ouray's Indians found the strips of human flesh Packer had discarded near the agency. Packer was charged with murdering the very men he had been hired to protect, but the crafty Packer claimed innocence. He told General Adams that he only participated in the cannibalism begun by others to stay alive. He told a fantastic story of how he came upon four of the men after they had killed Swan, the oldest in their ranks, and were carving his body for food. They also split Swan's money, which was how Packer came to

Alferd Packer in 1883, when he was convicted of murder and cannibalism.

have his pockets full of cash, or so he claimed.

The four then attacked each other, killing and eating the flesh of the victims until, Packer insisted, he and Bell were the only survivors. When Bell attacked him, he defended himself and was forced to kill Bell. He was then forced to use Bell's corpse for food. This was the tale told by Alferd Packer. General Adams ordered Packer to take lawman H. Lauter and a small party to the cabin where the murders and cannibalism had taken place.

Packer quickly agreed, but after the party groped about in the wilderness for several weeks, it was evident to Lauter that Packer had no intention of taking him to the murder cabin. When Packer tried to lose the small party in a woods, Lauter arrested him and sent him back to the agency. Lauter and others went on, and two weeks later, discovered the cabin and the mutilated corpses. When Lauter found that each man had been shot in the head, he realized Packer's tale was a complete fabrication and that the guide was not only a cannibal but a mass murderer.

When he returned to the agency with his discoveries, however, Lauter found that Packer had been allowed freedom within the agency and had simply walked away, escaping. For almost ten years, authorities searched for the missing Packer who seemed to have utterly vanished. Then, on March 12, 1883, one of the men who had been part of the original prospecting group spotted a man on a Salt Lake City street and walked up to him. "You're Alferd Packer," the man gasped.

"I am not," Packer said angrily. "I am John Schwartze. Who is Alferd Packer?"

As Packer began to walk away, the man called a policeman standing nearby and Packer was arrested and taken to Lake City, Colorado, where, on April 3, 1883, he was placed on trial for cannibalism and murder. Packer sat in the witness chair and cried out that he was innocent, that he had killed only in self-defense and that to stay alive he had eaten the human flesh of the man who had tried to murder him. He asked jury members that, if in his position, would they not do the same? The jury did not agree, and Packer was found guilty and sentenced to be executed.

Packer appealed while lawyers unearthed a loophole in the law. The newly-created Colorado constitution had no provision for the fate of convicted murderers. After many legal delays, Packer was granted a new trial in 1885. His lawyers got the charge reduced to manslaughter. He was again found guilty, but he received a forty-year sentence instead of death. (Added to the gruesome Packer legend passed down over the years was an unforgettable remark from Judge Melville Gerry, who colorfully admonished Packer at his sentencing: "They was sivvin Demmycrats in Hinsdale County, and ye et five of 'em, God damn ye!")

A model inmate in the state prison, Packer was released in 1901 after serving sixteen years. He moved to a ranch near Denver, Colorado, where he worked as a cowboy. He died in the bunkhouse on April 24, 1907, after having consumed a large amount of chicken, eating mostly the white meat from the breast, or so it was jocularly related.

THREE GERMAN CANNIBALS/1918-1925

Following World War I, defeated Germany was in economic ruin. Its business and industry had come to a near halt. Joblessness and poverty were rampant and the rates of inflation soared so high that a wheelbarrow of banknotes barely bought a loaf of bread. Meat, when it was available, sold well, nonetheless. Accessing fresh meat, however, was difficult to impossible. Herds of cattle and other farm animals had been slaughtered in record numbers to feed Germany's troops and following the war, only rural areas where farmers hoarded their dwindling stock, could fresh meat be obtained.

The demand for fresh meat, particularly in large cities, was widespread and riots often broke out at markets, where fresh meat was in short supply. In a Berlin neighborhood, however, fresh meat was routinely provided by a butcher named George Grossmann, his delicious wares avidly sought by satisfied customers. Grossmann, unlike his competitors, seemed to have no difficulty in obtaining meat for his patrons, who were willing to pay almost any price for his fresh cuts.

The source of Grossmann's product, however, was learned in shock and horror by tenants in his Berlin rooming house one night in late 1921. Hearing sounds of a struggle coming from one of the rooms, boarders called police. Officers entered Grossmann's room to find the butcher standing over the body of a plump young woman. He did not resist arrest. Police inspecting his kitchen found the remains of several bodies in various stages of being cured and dressed.

In jail, Grossmann quickly confessed to having picked up many young women, preferably plump, at Berlin's railroad station. He took them back to his room, he said, offering to shelter these homeless females and promising them work. Some of his victims—perhaps as many as fifty over a three-year period (1918-1921)—were prostitutes. After taking a victim to his room, he gave the unwitting victim a large meal of human flesh.

Grossmann then killed and dismembered his guest, slicing the body "into pleasing cuts of meat," which he then sold to his neighbors. He admitted that his own meals were made up of such horrid fare. The killer-cannibal was sentenced to death, but cheated the headsman (beheading was the then form of execution in Germany) by committing suicide in his cell.

In the same famine-stricken year, 1918, when Grossmann embarked upon his gruesome meat business, another fellow German greedily duplicated his grisly acts. Carl Denke, the landlord of a public house in Munsterberg, Silesia was, like

Cannibal and butcher George Grossmann selected his victims among these homeless women shown sleeping in Berlin's train station after World War I.

Carl Denke cannibalized more than thirty persons in the early 1920s, he preyed upon German streetwalkers like those shown in this photo.

Grossmann, unaffected by the economic turmoil all around him. Also like Grossmann. Denke often provided free shelter for an army of homeless tramps, who passed through the city. By all appearances, he was a God-fearing, law-abiding man who played the organ in the local church on Sundays. Denke, like Grossmann, was also a cannibal.

Denke was accused of murdering at least thirty people between 1921 and 1924, and devouring parts of the corpses. He preserved some of the remains in a tub of brine, and kept a ledger of names and the dates the vagrants checked into his rooming house. The ghastly nature of his crimes was discovered on December 21, 1924, when a coachman, who lived one floor above heard pitiful cries. He rushed downstairs and found a robust young man bleeding profusely from the scalp.

The young man, one of Denke's boarders, had been struck with a hatchet. Before he lapsed into unconsciousness, he gasped that Denke had assaulted him from behind. Police were summoned and during a search of the premises the vats of bones and pickled flesh were discovered. Denke was taken to the jail, but he, like Grossmann before him in 1921, evaded the headsman, using his suspenders to hang himself.

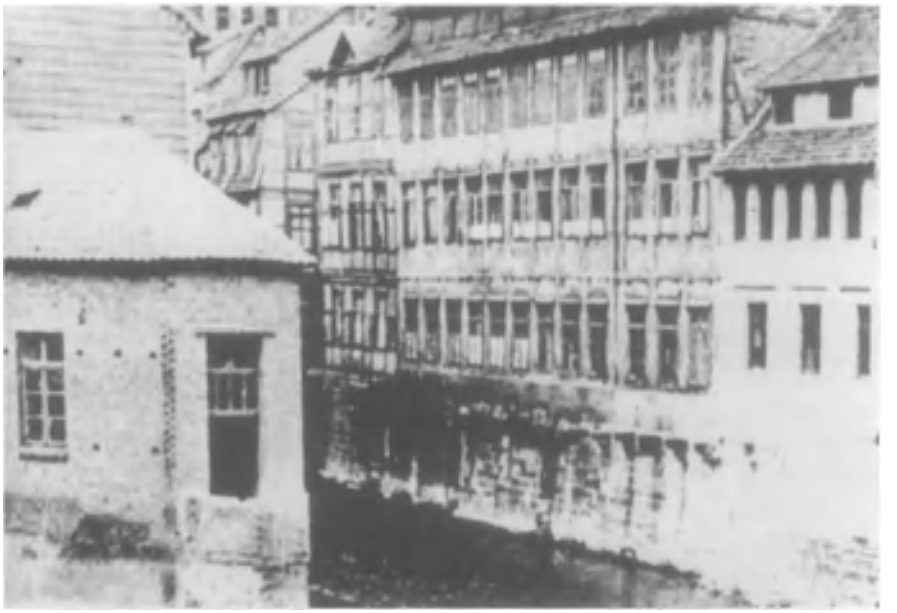
Fritz Haarmann (AKA: Ogre of Hanover, 1879-1925), the third and most enterprising cannibal in Germany during this grim era, was, unlike Grossmann and Denke, a hardened criminal. He did not prey upon women as had Grossmann, or young men as had Denke, but stalked innocent young boys to sexually molest and then murder them, cannibalizing parts of their bodies. Like Grossmann, he made money by selling off human body parts he himself did not consume as fresh meat to unsuspecting customers.

Haarmann was born in Hanover, Germany, on October 25, 1879. As a child he eschewed active games in favor of playing with dolls and dressing in his sisters' clothing. He spent some time as a teenager at a military school, but was discharged when he showed signs of epilepsy. After a brief stint working in his father's cigar factory, Haarmann was arrested for sexually assaulting small children and was sent to a mental institution. He escaped from the institution and joined the army, but was eventually released as an undesirable.

Returning to Hanover, Haarmann was repeatedly arrested on charges of burglary and fraud. He nevertheless secured a position as a police informer, a job which gave him a small salary and a police badge. At the end of World War I, large numbers of young boys poured into Hanover, hunting for work. They slept wherever they could, many camping out in the train station. It was here that Haarmann found most of his victims. Beginning in 1918, Haarmann, often with the help of his homosexual lover, Hans Grans, started the chain of rapes, cannibalism, and murder that earned him the title of the "Ogre of Hanover" or "Vampire of Hanover."

Often using his police badge to intimidate the young boys, Haarmann took them to his apartment at 27 Cellarstrasse, in Hanover's Jewish ghetto, where he sexually assaulted and then killed them, as he later testified at his trial, by biting their throats. His atrocities did not stop with the rapes and murders. After murdering a victim, he took the body to an attic room

Fritz Haarmann killed, butchered and ate scores of young street boys in the early 1920s, also selling their flesh as meat at Hanover's black markets.



Haarmann's home in Hanover (far bank, third building from right); he occupied the top floor and attic, and from these windows he routinely threw into the River Leine the bones and other remains of his victims that he could not sell in the city's open meat markets.

where he butchered it. Any clothing or belongings of the victim were sold. Bones, skulls, and other unusable portions were thrown into the nearby river Leine.

Haarmann then transported the "edible" portions of the butchered flesh in buckets to the open market in Hanover where he sold it as "horse meat" to Hanover's starving citizens. Haarmann, with his corrupt police contacts, easily sold these human remains in the many black markets thriving in Hanover (as they did throughout Germany in the early postwar years).

So confident was Haarmann that his position as a paid police informer would protect any of his blatant crimes, that he enticed the son of a neighbor to his apartment. The parents knew that their son, 17-year-old Friedel Rothe—had befriended "detective" Haarmann and directed officers to Haarmann's apartment to search for the boy. Police lamely searched Haarmann's room and quickly left after finding nothing. Rothe, however, had already been killed and dismembered by Haarmann, who later grimly joked at his trial that the boy's decapitated head was wrapped in newspaper and hidden behind his stove at the time police were searching his place.

On one occasion, Haarmann made the mistake of bringing a boy back to his room without knowing that the youth had parents living nearby. When the boy was discovered missing, the parents notified police, who trailed the boy to Haarmann's room. They interrupted Haarmann as he was sexually assaulting the boy and, at the insistence of the boy's parents, reluctantly arrested their paid informer. Haarmann received a nine-month prison sentence, but this did not alter his perverse course when he was released.

When released in September 1919, Haarmann took up a new residence in a third-floor apartment on the Neuestrasse in Hanover. The heavyset Haarmann, whose coarse moon face was usually unshaven, was not attractive to other homosexuals, other than his elegantly-dressed young lover, Hans Grans, a homosexual queen. Grans was a pimp and petty thief, who first met Haarmann at the Café Kropcke, a meeting place for homosexuals and perverts of all kinds, as well as professional criminals.

Grans, it was later learned, encouraged Haarmann to seduce young boys and even rob and murder them, but, by his own later claim, did not participate in the actual crimes, but merely and perversely observed these offenses. He had no knowledge of Haarmann's cannibalism or the selling of human flesh—or so he insisted at his trial—these acts committed by his lover when he was not present. One boy was murdered by Haarmann simply because Grans, who received half of anything Haarmann took from his victims, wanted the youth's trousers.

The murders committed by Haarmann, as well as his eating the flesh of his victims, was enacted in paroxysms of erotic frenzy, as gruesome extensions to his sexual perversion. This, at least, is what Haarmann himself later explained. He had not killed out of greed, although he kept and sold whatever meager belongings he gleaned from the pockets of his victims, he said. He had been driven to his crimes by his own compelling sexual urgings, he claimed.

Haarmann's long career as a killer and cannibal was nearly interrupted several times. On one occasion, some of Haarmann's blackmarket meat was taken to the police by a buyer, who told officers that it was the flesh from a human being. An analyst examined the meat and announced that it was pork. On another occasion, a man who boarded in the same house as Haarmann passed him on the stairs to see a cover fall from a pot he was carrying, revealing blood. Since Haarmann was known to be peddling blackmarket meat, however, the discovery of this gore was forgotten.

On May 17, 1924, some boys fishing in the Leine River found several human skulls and police investigated. The next month, on June 22, 1924, a homeless boy who had been sleeping at the train station told police that Haarmann had taken indecent liberties with him. He pointed out to officers a man who was at that moment prowling among rows of sleeping boys. Haarmann was taken to a police station and while being questioned, police searched his apartment and found incontrovertible evidence of his guilt, a blood-stained attic room he used to butcher his victims. Haarmann confessed to the murders and implicated his lover, Hans Grans, as his accomplice. (In a fit of homosexual pique, Haarmann had years earlier reported Grans as a child molester and killer of boys to police, but his claim was dismissed when investigators learned that Grans was at the time in jail for petty theft.)

The skeletal remains dredged from the river and surrounding area accounted for twenty-seven victims. When asked how many boys he had killed, Haarmann cavalierly responded, "It might have been thirty. It might have been forty. I don't remember." Estimates ranged as high as one hundred. Haarmann and Grans were tried at the Hanover Assizes, beginning on December 4, 1924.

While Grans remained quiet and withdrawn throughout the fourteen-day trial, Haarmann smoked cigars, complained that too many women were in the courtroom, and acted bored. Of the twenty-seven murders with which he was charged, Haarmann denied only three, in one case disdainfully claiming that one of the boys was not sufficiently attractive to have merited his interest.

The father of a missing youngster came forward in court to show a photo of his missing son, Hermann Wolf, claiming that Haarmann had murdered the boy. The cannibal killer grew indignant when looking at the boy's photo, saying to the court that he had been "selective" in choosing his victims, that he would never have picked up just anyone.

"I have my tastes, after all," carped Haarmaan to the father. "Such an ugly creature as, according to his photographs, your son must have been, I would never have taken to. You say that your boy had not even a shirt to his name, and his socks were tied on his feet with a string. *Pfui Deibel!* You ought to have been ashamed to have let him go about like that! Poor stuff like him there's plenty. Just think what you are saying. Such a youngster was much beneath my notice."

Haarmann was finally convicted of the murders of twenty-four boys and young men ranging in age from thirteen to twenty, and he was sentenced to death by decapitation. The announcement of his impending death excited the cannibal. Newsmen covering his sensational trial noted how his body quivered at the news of his own death and his blurting response: "I want to be executed on the market place [where he had illegally sold his human flesh] On my tombstone must be put this inscription: 'Here lies mass-murderer Haarmann.' On my birthday, Hans Grans must come and lay a wreath on it." Grans was unmoved by this remark. He was also convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment, a sentence later reduced to twelve years (he disappeared upon his release).

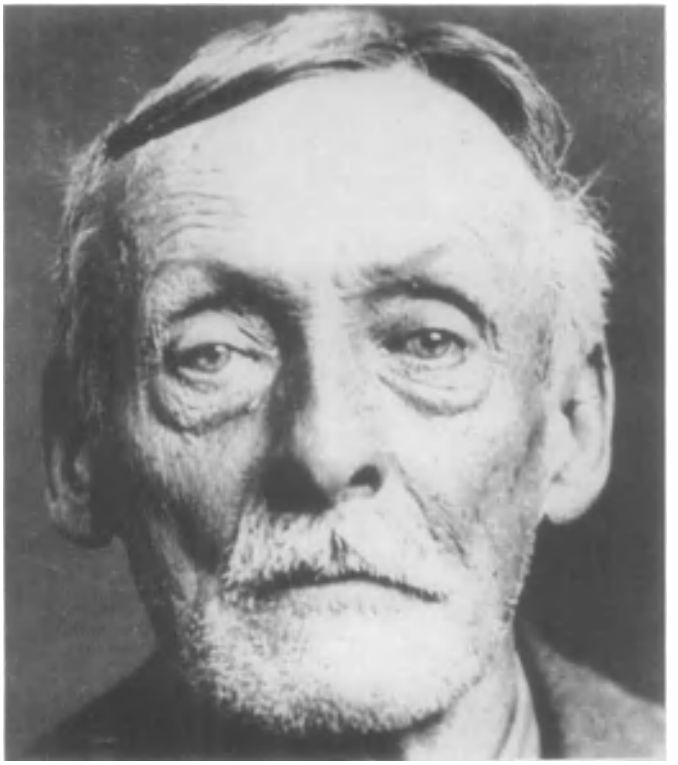
Before his execution, Haarmann told guards that he wanted to "pass one merry evening in the condemned cell" with his lover Grans, this request denied. His last meal consisted, at his request, of nothing more than coffee, hard cheese and a cigar. Before going to the headsman, Haarmann told the prison warden that he would curse his father with his last breath and regard his execution "as my wedding."

Haarmann, under heavy guard, is shown en route to his 1925 execution; he was beheaded.

Haarmann was beheaded in Hanover Prison on April 15, 1925. Writer William Bolitho aptly profiled this monster in writing that: "His is the sum of all their guilt [referencing serial killers]. This man was the chief murderer, the worst man, the last of the human race."

"IT WILL BE THE SUPREME THRILL"/1936

Everything bizarre, perverse and degenerate captured and doomed the being of Hamilton Albert Howard Fish (AKA: Robert Hayden, Frank Howard, John W. Pell, Thomas A. Sprague, 1870-1936). He was a self-admitted child molester, murderer and cannibal. Fish preyed upon children, seeking, some said, murderous revenge for his own tormented childhood. He later claimed to have molested more than 400 children in a span of twenty years. He was a sneaky child killer who, according to a psychiatrist examining him before his execution, "lived a life of unparalleled perversity. There was



Albert Fish, who had been a murderous cannibal for most of his adult life, is shown at the time of his apprehension in 1936.

no known perversion that he did not practice and practice frequently."

Born to respectable parents, Fish's mother placed him in a Washington, D.C., orphanage at the age of five, after his father died. Fish blamed his later heinous crimes on his years in the orphanage, where sadistic cruelty was inflicted upon children. "Misery leads to crime," Fish later stated. "I saw so many boys whipped it ruined my mind." His disturbed mind, as studied introspectively by Dr. Frederick Wertham and other noted psychiatrists, may have been developed through a hereditary warp. Several of Fish's relatives had suffered mental problems and two judged hopelessly aberrant, being confined for life in insane asylums.

Until he was eleven, Fish routinely wet his bed in the orphanage and, every Saturday night, fled the institution, only to be caught the next day. He graduated high school at age fifteen, but nothing in that experience gladdened him. He was a thin and frail child, ridiculed for his emaciated looks and his grandiose first name of Hamilton, causing his peers to call him "Ham and Eggs," a sobriquet that caused him to abandon that name, using the name of Albert thereafter.

Fish married in 1898 and the union produced three children (some accounts report six offspring). For many years he lived a normal life, working hard as a house decorator and painter. But Fish's mind seemed to snap in 1917, when his wife, who was nine years his junior, ran away with a half-witted lover, John Straube. Fish had taken his children to a movie and, upon returning home, he found the place stripped of the furniture and his wife gone.

Grace Budd, shown at right with her mother, older sister and little brother, was abducted, murdered and cannibalized by Albert Fish in 1928.

The brazen Mrs. Fish returned with Straube in tow some time later, asking to stay with Fish. He told her she could return to the family, but Straube had to depart. Mrs. Fish ordered her bumbling lover to leave. Then Fish later found Straube hiding in the attic of the Fish house weeks later. Mrs. Fish had smuggled him into the attic during the night. Straube stayed in the attic for weeks while Mrs. Fish smuggled him food and visited him nocturnally for sexual bouts. When Fish discovered Straube in the attic he forever banished his wife and her dim-witted lover from the house.

The family never saw Mrs. Fish again. Fish himself began to act strangely a short time later. He took his family to a small cottage in Westchester County, New York, and there practiced bizarre rites, climbing to the top of a hill at night and baying at the moon: "I am Christ! I am Christ!" He made meals that consisted of raw meat, serving this to his children and saying: "That's the way I like my meat and you'll have to eat it that way, too." He ran around at night naked and howled at the moon, antics that later earned him the press sobriquet, "The Moon Maniac."

Fish's cottage in White Plains, New York, where he killed 12-year-old Grace Budd and several other victims.

Fish took to beating himself and then encouraged his own children and their friends to paddle his bare buttocks until his flesh bled. Fish made a paddle studded with inch-and-a-half nails. His perplexed son, Albert Fish, Jr., discovered this device and asked his father why he had constructed such an instrument. "I use them on myself," Fish blurted to the boy. "I get certain feelings over me. When I do, I've got to torture myself." He burned himself with white hot pokers, needles, and irons. He married three more times, but these unions quickly dissolved when these spouses learned that Fish was a masochist, who demanded that they whip and beat him.

For many years Fish collected articles on cannibalism and became obsessed with flesh-eating, carrying these writings with him until the clippings yellowed and finally crumbled to dust. During this time, Fish was involved in several postal swindles and spent three months in jail for practicing a confidence game in the mails. He was then examined by psychiatrists but released as a "harmless" old man suffering from a "severe guilt conscience."

White Plains police and neighbors inspect items found on Fish's property that later led to the identification of several victims.

Fish was later examined at Bellevue Asylum in New York but was again released as a nonviolent masochist. He was known by authorities to practice self-flagellation, burning of his own flesh, coprophilia, and other self-punishing acts such as inserting small needles beneath his flesh.

An avid reader of the lovelorn columns, Fish answered scores of ads from lonely widows. Forty-six of these letters were later recovered and submitted as evidence at Fish's murder trial, but the prosecution refused to read from them, so filled with vile obscenities were they. Fish informed these lonely women that he was not at all interested in marriage. He merely wanted them to paddle and punish him. He got no offers. It is not certain when Albert Fish embarked on murder as a way of satisfying his dark inner longings. He later confessed to murdering a man in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1910. He also said that he had murdered and mutilated a boy in New York in 1919 and that same year he murdered another boy on a houseboat in the Georgetown area of Washington, D.C.

By the late 1920s, Fish avidly sought children to attack and, by his own later admission, he molested and murdered 4-year-old William Gaffney on February 11, 1927. On March 3, 1928, Fish abducted and murdered 12-year-old Grace Budd, the crime for which he paid with his life in Sing Sing's electric chair. Using the name Frank Howard, the killer had ingratiated himself to the Budd family.

After several visits to the Budds in Manhattan, Fish convinced the naive Budd family members that he was a kindly old gentleman, who merely enjoyed brief visits with their several children, bringing them small bags of candy. Fish also brought presents for the children—inexpensive toys—and when he suggested that he take 12-year-old Grace to a children's party, Mrs. Budd allowed Fish to take the girl. It was the last time the Budds saw their little girl alive.

The trusting Grace Budd left her home with Fish on June 3, 1928, taking a train with him to White Plains, New York. Between them on the seat was a box in which Fish kept what he later described as his "instruments of hell." The box contained a butcher knife, a cleaver, and a saw. The old man and Grace got off the train, but Grace quickly went back aboard and then returned with the box that Fish had forgotten.

The pair walked the long distance to the Fish cottage where Fish took all his clothes off. The girl screamed: "I'll tell Mama!" Fish jumped forward and strangled Grace. He then decapitated her and sawed her body in half. In a later confession, so grisly and gruesome in detail that it caused listeners to retch, Fish happily recounted how he carved up the girl's body and made a stew out of her remains, which he ate, living on this human flesh for several days.

The Budds reported their daughter's disappearance, but she was nowhere to be found and nor was Fish, the kindly old man who had taken her away. For six years, the agonizing Budd family continued to believe that Grace had somehow survived and was alive. Then, in 1934, for inexplicable reasons, Fish sat down and wrote a letter to the Budds, telling them that he had murdered their daughter. He took great pains to point out that he had not sexually molested her before killing her. It was about this time that Fish, walking down a street in Fort Richmond, Long Island, spotted 5-year-old Francis McDonnell playing outside his home. He picked up the boy and carried him away, taking him to his home, which he called Wisteria (or Wistaria) Cottage in White Plains, where he strangled the boy.

By then detectives had traced the letter Fish had sent to the Budd family and they found the old man shortly after he had killed the McDonnell boy. One puzzled detective asked Fish why he had risked revealing himself by writing the letter. The killer became defensive. He told detectives that he had kept

Albert Fish at the time he went to trial for the murder of Grace Budd; he denied nothing, struggling to remember all of his victims.

Fish is shown covering his face as he is escorted from a courtroom after hearing that he will be executed for murdering Grace Budd; he killed fifteen persons, mostly children, in twenty years.

Albert Fish (second from left, handcuffed to another prisoner) enters New York's Sing Sing Prison, where he looked forward to his 1936 electrocution, saying that it "will be the supreme thrill."

track of police activity on "the case in the papers. If they had accused someone else I would have come forward. My best days are over." Fish was brought before the Budds and they identified him as the man who called himself Frank Howard and who had taken their daughter away with him. The area around Fish's Wisteria Cottage was then dug up and Grace Budd's skeletal remains were found.

Placed on trial, Fish's attorneys pled the cannibal killer not guilty by reason of insanity, but the prosecution provided a small army of psychiatrists who testified that he was sane. After a prolonged trial, Fish was found guilty and sentenced to death for the cannibal killing of Grace Budd (The total number of killings attributed to Fish varies, from four to fifteen.)

Fish was sent to Sing Sing, handcuffed to another killer named Stone. Ironically, both Fish and Stone had had forefathers who had fought in the American Revolution. While awaiting execution, Fish delightedly told newsmen and prison officials that he was ecstatic at the prospect of being electrocuted in Sing Sing's electric chair. "What a thrill that will be if I have to die in the electric chair," Fish said with a broad smile. "It will be the supreme thrill. The only one I haven't tried."

On January 16, 1936, Fish walked without help into Sing Sing's execution room and sat down almost eagerly in the electric chair. He eagerly helped the executioner affix the electrodes on his legs. The enthusiasm Fish displayed toward his own painful death shocked the reporters who were present to witness his execution. Fish, the oldest prisoner ever to be electrocuted in Sing Sing, smiled happily as the electrodes were applied to his head.

When the switch was pulled, a massive jolt of 3,000 volts coursed through Fish's body. A blue cloud of smoke rose from the top of the old man's head as he let out a guttural laugh. He did not die. Thanks to the hundreds of tiny needles he had inserted in his body over the years, the metal in the old man's abused body reportedly short-circuited the electric chair. Another prolonged charge of electricity had to be sent through his body before Albert Fish was finally pronounced dead.

The cannibal's last statement had been given to one of his defense attorneys only an hour before Albert Fish encountered his "supreme thrill." Reporters begged the attorney to release the statement, but the lawyer grimly shook his head, saying: "I shall never show it to anyone. It was the most filthy string of obscenities that I have ever read."

THE CANNIBAL IN THE FARMHOUSE/1950s

One of the most horrendous killer-cannibals in American history, a ghastly ghoul who hunted through the stark and remote countrysides of Wisconsin for victims in the 1950s, was Edward Theodore Gein (1906-1984). He was a strange little man, who lived in an isolated farmhouse in central Wisconsin and was the grisly role model for Alfred Hitchcock's classic horror movie, *Psycho* and its movie sequels. The contents of that back county farmhouse, when revealed by authorities in 1957, would shock America to its social roots.

Born on August 8, 1906, at La Crosse, Wisconsin, Gein moved with his family to a small farm near Plainfield when he was but an infant. His father worked the farm and also held several jobs to support the family as a tanner and carpenter. He was a taciturn man who said little and listened always to the

dictates of his wife. Gein and his brother Henry were wholly dominated by their mother, a strong-willed matriarch, who repeatedly warned her sons against the wiles and ways of scheming women. She warned them—with dire descriptions of venereal diseases—that "free and easy sex" would bring prolonged physical pain and premature death.

Gein's father died in 1940, reportedly from exhaustion from overworking his 160-acre farm. Henry Gein died in 1944, while waging a battle with a raging forest fire. Mrs. Gein suffered a stroke when hearing the news of Henry's death, but she recovered. The following year, 1945, another stroke claimed her life. Ed Gein was left alone at the age of forty-one.

A short time after his mother's death, Gein's mind reportedly began to take strange twists. He sealed off his mother's upstairs bedroom by nailing the door and windows shut, as well as the parlor where Mrs. Gein had regularly sat by a large window, crocheting. Apparently, Gein was driven to rid himself of any memories of his mother. He confined himself to a single bedroom and the kitchen of the farmhouse on the main floor. By shutting himself off from the two rooms most often occupied by his mother, Gein sought to obscure if not eliminate any haunting visions of her stern image.

The farm was no longer productive, but this was the very reason why Gein received enough income and time to indulge his dark fantasies. He had little work to do, living from the considerable funds he received through the federal soil conservation program. He occasionally picked up side money by performing handyman jobs for farm neighbors and the residents of nearby Plainfield, a town of no more than 700 souls.

Gein visited the local public library in Plainfield and began to take out books and periodicals dealing with human anatomy, studying these tracts in his kitchen farmhouse for hours. He had little recreation and no friends, except for a dim-witted farming neighbor named Gus, who visited Gein periodically, sitting with him in his kitchen—a blank expression glued to his face and saying nothing for hours.

Some time in 1947, Ed Gein began to visit three of the local cemeteries in the area, nocturnal visits wherein he dug up graves and removed recently interned female corpses. He took these decomposed bodies to his farmhouse. On some occasions he merely severed limbs and heads and removed these grim artifacts to his home. In two or more instances, he actually brought back bodies to their graves and reburied them, or what was left of them after he had conducted his "experiments."

Gein's friend, Gus, accompanied him on some of these early graveyard raids and helped the ghoul to cart bodies back to the Gein farm. It is uncertain if this simpleminded man ever knew the purpose of these night excursions or Gein's use of the bodies once they were stored in a shed behind Gein's farm. Gus, however, was removed to a retirement home, where he died a short time later, leaving Gein to continue his laborious cemetery chores alone.

When the shed was fairly packed with cadavers, Gein began to remove one body after another. He would study each for hours, then carefully dissect the corpse, following the notes and illustrations from the anatomical books he had obtained. These crude operations, however, had nothing to do with the advancement of medical science. They led, instead, to wild aberrant behavior, where Gein would skin the corpses and wear the skins about as though they were shawls or scarves. He fondled female organs for hours and later admitted that wearing and caressing these gruesome remains gave him inexplicable thrills.

The little farmer butchered the cadavers with care, keeping several heads, sex organs, livers, hearts and intestines, before discarding human parts that held no interest for him. It was also later reported that to while away his time, Gein boiled down human skulls to use them as decorations, mounting some on his bedposts and using skull caps as bowls. He allegedly employed noses, lips and labia to fashion mobiles he positioned about the kitchen and even used human skin to fashion lampshades, wastecans and coverlets for chairs.

Wisconsin graveyard ghoul and cannibal, Ed Gein (at right), in custody, charged with murder in 1957; the film *Psycho* was based on his life.

Gein's remote farmhouse outside of Plainfield, Wisconsin; dismembered bodies and human remains were found in the shed, kitchen and bedroom.

Mrs. Bernice Worden, Gein's last victim; he shot her, then dismembered her body and cannibalized the remains at his farmhouse.

Gein grew tired of having to dig up graves alone and quit this pursuit, deciding it was much easier and less physically demanding to murder women and take their bodies to his farmhouse for more "experiments." His first victim was 51-year-old Mary Hogan, who operated a tavern in Pine Grove, Wisconsin. On the night of December 8, 1954, Gein, according to his later statements, waited until all of Hogan's patrons left the remote bar. He then walked calmly inside to hear Hogan tell him that she was closing.

Gein said nothing as he walked around the bar to Hogan's side. He withdrew a .32-caliber pistol from his pocket, placed this close to Hogan's head and fired a single bullet into her skull, killing her. He then dragged her body from the bar to a sled he had placed outdoors. It took the diminutive Gein several hours to drag the corpse back to his farm, his way made more difficult by a blinding snowstorm.

The next day officers found some overturned furniture in the tavern and a pool of blood behind the bar. Close by they found a single spent cartridge for a .32-caliber pistol. Not until three years later would police identify the killer, finding a .32-caliber pistol in Gein's home, one that matched the shell casing. Plainfield police were dumbfounded by Hogan's disappearance—they had found no body and did not declare her case a murder.

Gein's next known victim was Bernice Worden, the 58-year-old operator of a hardware store in Plainfield. In November 1957, Gein, a reserved and almost shy person, worked up enough nerve to strike up a conversation with Worden, even engaging her son Frank in small talk as he hung about the store. When Frank Worden, a deputy sheriff, told Gein that he would going hunting on a certain Saturday, the Plainfield farmer knew that his mother would be left alone in the store.

On November 16, 1957, Gein entered the hardware store just before Mrs. Worden was about to close up. Unseen, he locked the front door of the shop and then went to a gun rack and took a .22-caliber rifle from the wall, inserting a single bullet into the chamber, one that he had brought with him. Gein then turned on the startled woman and fired a shot , which struck her in the head, killing her. He then dragged the body out the back door of the store and dumped it into his old car. He returned to the store and took its cash register, which contained $41. Gein then drove to his farmhouse.

Both of Gein's known murder victims, Mary Hogan and Mrs. Worden resembled to some extent, Edward Gein's long-departed mother. When Frank Worden returned to his mother's store he found it locked and, getting no response, he broke into the shop, finding his mother and the cash register missing. He spotted a small pool of blood behind the counter. A sales slip, half written out in his mother's handwriting, was on the counter. It was for antifreeze. Worden remembered that in his conversation with Gein the farmer had said he would be stopping by the store later to buy this item.

Worden immediately went to the sheriff and told him that Gein was most probably behind his mother's disappearance. While the sheriff drove toward Gein's farmhouse, Worden went to a West Plainfield store, where he thought Gein would be visiting friends. He found the meek, little farmer in a small coffeeshop, just finishing dinner. He confronted Gein with his mother's disappearance.

"I didn't have anything to do with it," Gein told Worden in a calm voice. Worden nevertheless placed Gein in custody, taking him to a local jail, where he locked him in a cell. The sheriff arrived at the jail just as Worden was putting Gein into the cell. He had gone to the Gein farmhouse and appeared to be in shock. For some time, he was unable to

describe what he had seen there. Then he began to make a verbal inventory of the gruesome "trophies" he had found.

He found four human noses in a cup on the kitchen table. He also found a bracelet made of human skin, a crude tom-tom made from an empty coffee can with human skin stretched over the top and bottom. He found a pair of human lips, which hung on a string attached to a window sill. Bracing four chairs were strips of human skin. Two human shin bones propped up a damaged table, he noted. Skin from female bodies had been made into a crude vest, leggings and purse handles.

On the kitchen walls the sheriff had found nine death masks, the skinned faces or skulls of women. There were ten heads from female corpses, all sawed off just above the eyebrows. One skull had been made into a soup bowl. The refrigerator contained human organs, all frozen and seemingly prepared for later consumption. In a pan on the stove lay a human heart. (This was later believed to be the heart of the slain Mrs. Worden.)

When the sheriff entered the basement, he reeled in sickening horror. The place looked like a slaughterhouse. Pieces of human bodies dangled from hooks along the walls and the floor was coated with dried human gore. From what the sheriff was able to determine, the human remains he discovered in Gein's farmhouse represented the bodies of fifteen women. Inside the shed behind Gein's house, the sheriff discovered Mrs. Worden's headless body, hanging from a rafter. It had been gutted.

Confronted with all this horrible evidence, Gein denied nothing. He readily admitted murdering Mary Hogan and Mrs. Worden. He may have murdered several more women, he said, but he could not remember. Later evidence pointed to but did not conclude that he had murdered and cannibalized two other women, including Evelyn Hartley, who had years earlier disappeared on the very night when Gein was visiting relatives only two blocks from her home in La Crosse, Wisconsin. A short time after Hartley vanished, Mary Weckler, of nearby Jefferson, Wisconsin disappeared and it was believed that Gein murdered and cannibalized her, too. Gein talked freely about eating the dead flesh of the bodies he had robbed from graves and those he had killed.

The cannibal even described in detail how he had adorned himself in the crude garments made of skin and how, if the mood suited him, he would dance naked throughout his kitchen and bedroom as he played fitfully with his gruesome trophies. He talked matter-of-factly about these nightmare gyrations, as if talking about normal conduct. Psychiatrists later concluded that Gein had been at such devilish work for so many years that he had grown used to such abnormal practices. Gein's composure only cracked when he was accused of stealing the cash register and its money from the Worden store. "I'm no robber," he said indignantly. "I took the money and the cash register to see how it worked."

On January 16, 1958, Gein was examined and pronounced incompetent to stand trial. He was sent to the Central State Hospital at Waupun, Wisconsin, which also housed the state prison complex. In November 1958, he was tried for murder and found innocent by reason of insanity (a misnomer in American jurisprudence in that the verdict should have followed the British stipulation of "guilty, but insane"). Judge Robert Gollmar ordered Gein back to the hospital in Waupun, where he was to remain for life.

Ed Gein (seated at right) is shown in 1974, while making another appeal for parole and ignoring reporters.

Gein never fully accepted his acts as being criminal and thought he should have been released from Waupun. He repeatedly applied for parole over the years and was always surprised to see his appeals denied. This ghoulish and unrepentant killer-cannibal died in the psychiatric ward at Waupun of respiratory failure on July 26, 1984, a death mourned by no one living in Plainfield, Wisconsin.

THE FLESH-EATING CO-ED KILLER/1960s

Edmund Emil Kemper III (AKA: Big Ed, The Coed Killer, 1948-) became a murderous cannibal, some later said, in violent response to his mother's severe punishment for his trivial wrongs and minor misconduct. Although he was the product of a dominating mother and a broken marriage, these factors do not wholly explain and certainly does not excuse his many slayings, mutilations and cannibalism. Kemper was not brutalized in his childhood as was Hamilton Albert Fish, the notorious killer cannibal of the American 1930s. In fact, he was, especially in his adolescence, excessively spoiled by a then over-indulgent mother.

It is a fact that Clarnell Kemper sometimes locked her young son in the basement of their home when he disobeyed her or broke the rules she set for him, but he was never beaten, whipped or tortured, as was Fish, except in the dark fantasies he envisioned on his own. As a child, Kemper was an overgrown, chubby boy, the subject of ridicule from peers who thought him oafish and clumsy—a dull-witted giant (he would grow to be almost seven feet tall), who towered over their heads and silently nodded at their jeers and catcalls.

At an early age, Kemper became obsessed with executions, playing a game in which he encouraged his sisters to participate, one in which he was sent to the electric chair, the girls throwing the switch. He would send his sisters into rollicking laughter by simulating a quivering response, as if the current was actually coursing through his huge body. An unexplained

penchant for all things dead developed (*necrophilia*). At one point, Kemper expressed his secret affection for his attractive grade school teacher to his sister, who asked him why he did not give the woman a kiss.

"If I kiss her," he was quoted as saying, "I would have to kill her first."

A streak of sadism was also present in the boy, one manifested at an early age. Soon after mutilating a sister's doll, he tortured the family cat by burying it alive in sand. It survived, but he later caught it and killed the animal, decapitating it and displaying the gruesome head in his bedroom as a trophy. His mother replaced the cat with another one, but Kemper hacked this animal to pieces with a machete and hid the remains in a closet, later discovered by his much-alarmed mother.

The oversized youngster caused his divorced mother so much trouble that she sent him to live with her former husband. He ran away and, at age fourteen, he was sent to live with his paternal grandparents, who lived on a distant California ranch. The next year, on August 27, 1963, Kemper shot his grandmother in the back of the head with a .22-caliber rifle and then fired two more shots into her as she lay on the floor. He then retrieved a butcher knife and repeatedly stabbed the dead body.

Minutes later, Kemper shot and killed his grandfather when he returned, and locked his body in the garage. Kemper then called his mother and told her what he had done, explaining, "I just wondered how it would feel to shoot Grandma." His mother told him to call the police, which he did, and waited for them on the porch of his grandparents' home. When authorities arrived to take him into custody, he gave them the same comment he had ruthlessly uttered to his mother.

Kemper was committed to the Atascadero State Hospital, where he was held in maximum security. The California Youth Authority's file on Kemper contained a psychiatric recommendation that he never be released into his mother's custody, but in 1969 the Authority did exactly that. The 21-year-old Kemper was by then six feet, nine inches tall and weighed 280 pounds. State psychiatrists wrote formal objections to Kemper's release, but these professional protests were inexplicably ignored.

Clarnell Kemper worked as a secretary at the University of California in Santa Cruz. When Edmund moved in with her, she got him a university parking sticker so he could park on campus. This would later prove a valuable tool with which to lure coeds into his car. Kemper learned every back road of the local highway system and rigged his car so that the door on the passenger side could not be opened from the inside. In 1971, he left his mother's home and moved to San Francisco, where he began "practicing" getting victims into his car.

On May 7, 1972, Kemper picked up two 18-year-old hitchhikers from Fresno State College, roommates Anita Luchese and Mary Anne Pesce. He assaulted them with a knife, but was surprised to discover that real killing was different from the television or movie versions. He panicked and found himself standing outside the locked car. Incredibly, Pesce let him back inside. After Kemper had killed both girls, he disposed of the torsos in the Santa Cruz Mountains, but kept their heads in his room as a souvenir.

Edmund Emil Kemper III, a towering killer who murdered and cannibalized several hitch-hiking girls in northern California in the early 1970s.

Kemper methodically searched for new victims, finding 15-year-old Aiko Koo on a lonely road on September 14, 1972. She was hitchhiking to her dance class in San Francisco. He suffocated her with his huge hands and then raped her corpse, before putting the body in the trunk of his car.

The killer then drove home and cut off the girl's head, another "trophy" he intended to keep. The next day, he placed the head in his trunk and drove to a meeting where he was interviewed by state psychiatrists. He calmly answered all their questions and at the interview his dossier was labeled "safe." The psychiatrists recommended that Kemper's juvenile record be sealed for his future protection. Later that day, Kemper took Koo's remains to a remote mountain area and buried the corpse, retaining the head.

The act of decapitation excited Kemper sexually. Sometimes he had sex with the headless bodies he brought back to his apartment, but soon disposed of the torsos, often after eating part of the flesh. He kept the heads of his victims, however, and even buried one in his yard, facing his bedroom, so he could talk to it at night.

This was the head of student Cindy Schall, picked up by Kemper on January 9, 1973. He had forced her into his trunk where he shot her to death. Taking Schall's body back to his mother's house, he had sex with the corpse, then dragged it into a bathroom, where he severed its head and dismembered the rest of the body. He buried the head in the backyard before driving to a remote area and tossing the remains, which he had placed into heavy garbage bags, into the sea.

From the television show *Police Story*, Kemper picked up useful tips on how to avoid detection. Sometimes he met and chatted with homicide detectives at their favorite haunts to check on the progress of their investigations into the murders he himself had committed and continued to commit. He perversely delighted in knowing that the "Coed Killer," as the press had dubbed him, had stumped a small army of detectives searching for him.

Kemper struck again on February 5, 1973, picking up two more hitchhikers, 23-year-old Rosalind Thorpe and Alice Lin. No sooner had these nomadic hippies entered his car than he shot them to death, putting their bodies in the trunk

before driving home to have dinner with his mother. When his mother retired, Kemper went to his car and cut the heads from both bodies. He dragged Lin's headless corpse into his mother's home and raped it on the kitchen floor before returning it to the trunk of his car, whimsically chopping off Lin's hands before he bagged her remains and that of Thorpe's for later disposal.

Kemper began to fear that he would commit a murder so blatant that he would be caught. On Easter Sunday 1973, he entered his mother's bedroom as she slept and bludgeoned her to death with a hammer. He then decapitated her, raped her corpse and removed her larynx, which he jammed into a garbage disposal. He then mounted his mother's head on a mantle in the living room and used it as a dartboard.

Next, he called his mother's best friend, Sally Hallet, and invited her for dinner. When she arrived, Kemper strangled her and, again, cut off the head of his victim. He then rented a car and drove to Pueblo, Colorado, to await the massive manhunt he was sure would follow. When his crime was still undetected three days later, he called Santa Cruz police and confessed, having to repeat his story several times before he was believed. Kemper was arrested, returned to California and, in April 1973, arraigned on eight counts of first-degree murder. Though he asked for the death penalty, he was sentenced to life, imprisoned at Vacaville.

The giant cannibal joined a prison volunteer group that recorded books for the blind and, by 1987, had made more than 5,000 such recordings, more than any other produced by prisoners. Kemper remained a model prisoner and has repeatedly attempted to use his "good conduct" to gain a parole, but all such appeals have been emphatically denied.

Kemper is shown in 1985 at the Vacaville prison, where he helped to record books for the blind, but persistently applied for parole without success.

GERMANY'S "RUHR HUNTER"/1955-1976

West German murderer-rapist Joachim Kroll (AKA: The Ruhr Hunter, 1933-) began acting out his murderous sexual fantasies in 1955, although his crimes did not specifically distinguish themselves to police until 1959. When arrested in 1976, Kroll, called a mental defective by authorities, told police that he committed his first rape-murder in February 1955 near the village of Walstedde. He attacked 19-year-old Irmgard Strehl and raped her apparently after knocking her unconscious, killing her and hiding her body in a barn.

Joachim Kroll, who murdered, raped and cannibalized at least fourteen girls in Germany's Ruhr district for more than twenty years.

Kroll murdered and raped 12-year-old Erika Schuletter in February 1955, near Kirchhellen. If his memory is to be trusted, he remained dormant for three years, until murdering and raping Klara Jesmer on June 17, 1959 in a forest outside Rheinhausen, a short distance from where Kroll's first victim had been found, but still within the Ruhr area where all of his horrendous crimes were committed.

Kroll continued raping and killing girls and women. Beginning in 1959, however, he began adding another gruesome detail to his crimes—cannibalism. In July 1959, police found the body of 16-year-old Manuela Knodt, strangled and then raped. Her murderer—Kroll, as it turned out—had also taken slices from her buttocks and thighs, cuts made in such a way that police concluded they were intended to be eaten.

Kroll continued to rape, murder, and butcher. His victims included 13-year-old Petra Giese in the village of Rees on April 23, 1962, and 13-year-old Monika Tafel in nearby Walsum on June 4, 1962. He cut and later consumed strips of flesh from the girls' backs and thighs. He also murdered 12-year-old Barbara Bruder near Burscheid in 1962, but did not mutilate the corpse.

Kroll was nearly caught on a number of occasions. In August 1965, he became sexually excited while watching a young couple having sex in the front seat of a car, parked on a lover's lane outside of Grossenbaum. When he punctured the car's front tire with a knife, the man, Hermann Schmitz, began to drive away, but when Kroll flagged him down, Schmitz stopped and got out of the car. Kroll stabbed him, but was driven off when the woman tried to run him down with the car. Schmitz died several days later of the stab wounds.

Hitler Youth members demonstrating in the Ruhr district at the time Kroll was born in that area; the motto on the banner reads: "The Fuehrer orders, We follow."

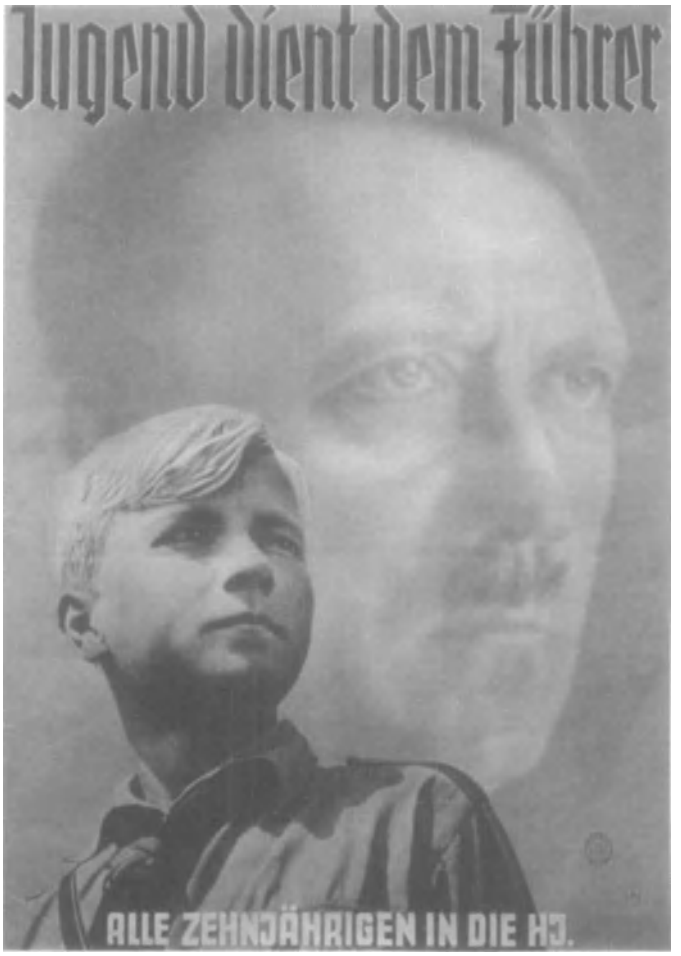
This near miss did not deter the obsessed Kroll, who raped and murdered Ursula Rolling on September 13, 1966. Three months later, on December 22, 1966, Kroll appeared in Wuppertal, where he strangled and raped 5-year-old Ilona Harke, and cut flesh from her shoulders and buttocks, before he fled the area.

In 1967, Kroll was again almost identified and caught. He lured a 10-year-old girl into a meadow outside Grafenhausen, where he was then living. He showed the girl a book of pornographic photographs. The child recoiled in horror and ran away before Kroll could strangle her. Kroll thought the girl would identify him to authorities, so he quickly moved to another town. Nine years later when Kroll named this girl in his lengthy confessions, police located her and the girl, by then a young woman, confirmed the story although she had never reported it at the time.

By the late 1960s, German police were conducting a widespread search and conducting intensive investigations for the maniac who was then known as "The Ruhr Hunter." Knowing that police were searching for him did not prevent Kroll from his cannibal murders. On July 12, 1969, Kroll entered the town of Hueckeswagen, entering a house, where he strangled to death 61-year-old Maria Hettgen. He raped her corpse and cut away some of the parts of her body, which he later admitted consuming as he continued his nightmare travels.

The Hettgen slaying was unusual in that Kroll most often selected children as his victims. He reverted to his traditional modus operandi when killing and raping 13-year-old Jutta Ranh in Breitscheid on May 21, 1970. Again, there was a long hiatus in the gruesome career of Joachim Kroll, for he recalled no murders for more than five years, but he struck again in 1976, when he murdered and raped 10-year-old Karen Toepfer while she was on her way to school in Dinslaken Voerde.

In July 1976, Kroll killed again, but this time he made the mistake of selecting a victim of his own neighborhood in Laat, a suburb of Duisburg. He abducted 4-year-old Marion Ketter from a playground, murdering and raping the child, then butchering her. Police made door-to-door inquiries to find the missing child and were told by one resident of the area that his neighbor, Joachim Kroll, a lavatory attendant, had just told him not to use a particular lavatory in their building because it was stopped up with "guts."



A Nazi promotion poster reading: "Youth serve their Fuehrer. All ten-year-olds in the Hitler Youth." Kroll, at age ten, was reportedly enrolled in the Hitler Youth in 1943, indoctrinated with vicious Nazi traits he would ruthlessly employ through his long career as a murderer and cannibal.

Upon inspection, it was learned in horror that the toilet was in fact blocked with the internal organs of a child. Police went to Kroll's apartment, finding plastic bags of human flesh in the freezer and, cooking on the stove, a "stew" that contained a child's hand, the dismembered hand of little Marion Ketter.

Once apprehended, Kroll readily confessed. His memory was poor, but he was able to recall fourteen victims over his twenty-two-year career as one of Germany's worst serial killers, whose repulsive offenses including necrophiliac rape, body dismemberment and cannibalism. He also talked freely to police about his sexual habits. As a young man he was too self-conscious to have sex with a conscious woman, which explained his habit of rendering his victims either unconscious or dead before raping them.

In his rambling confession, Kroll related how he had strangled plastic blowup dolls while masturbating, before he graduated to living victims. He claimed that he had taken flesh from the most tender-looking victims to save money on meat. He complained that "good chicken and beef" in Germany had always been "too expensive for the lowly working man." Though a popular outcry demanded Kroll's execution (there were countless death threats from enraged fathers), Germany had abolished capital punishment following World War II. The "Ruhr Hunter" was sent to prison for life, his guards instructed to keep him in a maximum security cell, where he resides at this writing.

THE MILWAUKEE CANNIBAL/1978-1991

Few other American killers in the 20th century exceeded the gruesome deeds of Jeffrey Lionel Dahmer (1960-1994). He enticed innumerable young men—mostly black gays—into his Milwaukee, Wisconsin, apartment, where he murdered them, had sex with their corpses, then cut them up and ate them piecemeal. He was, indeed, like Albert Fish and Ed Gein before him, a monstrous cannibal, whose nightmare deeds embraced and enlarged the worst of human behavior, the vilest of human conduct.

Even when his slaughterhouse murders came to light, few believed that Dahmer, or anyone else, was capable of such bestial acts. Dahmer's savage bloodletting and cannibalism was incomprehensible even to the police who thoroughly investigated the case, and the officers of the court, who tried the cannibal and who were most exposed to the undeniable facts and gruesome evidence before them. Without reasonable doubt, police officers invariably grant suspects the right of presumed innocence. Such was the case of the police officers encountering Dahmer in May 1991.

On the night of May 27, 1991, a naked and bleeding Laotian immigrant, Konerak Sinthasomphone, ran down a Milwaukee alley screaming for help. Two 18-year-old girls called police and three officers responded. They found the boy almost incoherent, babbling in his native tongue and in broken English. They also found Jeffrey Dahmer, who rushed up to them to explain that the youth was his "house guest" and that "he had too much to drink."

The officers, John A. Balcerzak, Richard Porubcan, and Joseph P. Gabrish spoke briefly with Dahmer and then, inexplicably, returned the youth to Dahmer's custody, believing that it was merely an argument between two homosexuals. They made some jokes about needing to be "deloused" after touching Sinthasomphone. Less than ten minutes after the youth was left with Dahmer, he was murdered, dismembered and eaten by his host.

The routine manner in which this victim was delivered into Dahmer's murderous care undoubtedly encouraged him to act more boldly in attacking more young men. Murder, by then, was routine for Dahmer. Born and raised in rural Bath Township, Ohio, he was a loner most of his life. When his parents' marriage began to erode, Dahmer became deeply troubled. His mother, Joyce A. Flint, was later reported to be mentally unstable. Following her divorce from Dahmer's father, she moved to Fresno, California, where she went to work as a case manager for the Central Valley AIDS Team.

Dahmer's high school classmates thought him peculiar. His actions were unconventional and he mostly kept to himself. Bridget Geiger, who attended a high school prom with him, later described Dahmer as a likely candidate for self-destruction. "We always saw him as the type to commit suicide," she later remarked, "not harm somebody else."

Profile and front photos of Jeffrey Dahmer, who was arrested on suspicion of sexual attack and sodomy on August 8, 1982, by the Milwaukee Sheriff's Department; he was released.

Moody and unpredictable, Dahmer's behavior caused his parents to urge him to enter the military, thinking that regimen and regulations would soon put order and reason into his otherwise unruly life. He joined the U.S. Army in 1978 and was trained as a medic (which may have given him the rudimentary skills of basic surgery, which he later employed when dissecting his murder victims).

Sent to Baumholder, West Germany, where heavy U.S. armored units were stationed, Dahmer did not serve with distinction. He remained in this remote, barren area from July 1979 until his discharge in March 1981, mostly in an alcoholic state. David J. Rodriguez, one of Dahmer's former barracks mates, recalled how Dahmer would "drink until he passed out. Beginning Friday afternoon, he'd drink all day, pass out, wake up, and start drinking again. He'd have his headphones on and he'd be in his own little world."

That little world remained secret to Dahmer's army buddies. On many weekends, he simply disappeared from the base, going to small towns and villages nearby. When he returned he would not speak about his exploits or personal contacts outside the base. Upon his discharge, Dahmer went to Florida, staying briefly in Miami, before returning to Bath Township. In October 1981, local police arrested him for being drunk and disorderly at a Ramada Inn when he was found with an open bottle of alcohol. This was the first time Dahmer got into trouble with the law.

Dahmer then visited his grandmother, Catherine Dahmer, in West Allis, Wisconsin, staying with her briefly before deciding to move permanently to neighboring Milwaukee. He got a job at the Ambrosia Chocolate Company as a night laborer. He was not a diligent worker, being reprimanded several times for frequent absenteeism and sleeping in the lunchroom.

Never befriending his fellow workers, Dahmer kept his private life secret. He was seen on occasion to visit parks and other places of recreation, where he would watch children at play. In early 1987, he was arrested for lewd and lascivious behavior after publicly urinating in front of groups of startled children. He was convicted of the charges on March 10, 1987, and given one-year probation. His name came before Milwaukee police the following year, when a young man from Illinois complained that Dahmer had stolen his money and jewelry after drugging him. The case was dropped when the man could not produce any evidence.

In that same year, Dahmer went further into the unreality of his own nightmares. On September 26, 1988, he lured a 13-year-old boy to his apartment, promising him $50 if he would pose naked for a photography session. He drugged the boy and then sexually attacked him. The boy managed to escape and inform police. Dahmer was again arrested, this time charged with second-degree sexual assault and enticement of a child for immoral purposes.

Assistant District Attorney Gail Shelton urged the court to imprison Dahmer with a five-to-six-year sentence, stating that, in light of his former offenses, "it is absolutely crystal clear that the prognosis for treatment of Mr. Dahmer within the community is extremely bleak ... and is just plain not going to work." Milwaukee County Circuit Judge William D. Gardener, however, refused to send Dahmer to prison, where no psychiatric services were available. He believed that Dahmer could be reformed by staying out of prison to attend a special rehabilitation program for sex offenders.

This was the worst mistake Gardener or any other authority in Milwaukee ever made. Dahmer himself pleaded to remain free, blaming his behavior on drinking, imploring, "I can't stress it enough that I desperately want to change my conduct for the rest of my life." The terrible irony in this case was that the very boy whom he had molested was the brother of Konerak Sinthasomphone, the youth Dahmer would murder and cannibalize less than three years later.

On May 24, 1989, Dahmer was sentenced to a one-year work release program in the Franklin House of Corrections, where he received psychiatric treatment. He was allowed to go free during the day to work at the Ambrosia Chocolate firm. But two months before entering the program and awaiting his sentence, Dahmer had already embarked on his killing spree. He had, on March 25, 1989, murdered Anthony Sears, 24, a Milwaukee restaurant manager. Like most of his other known eleven victims (he later confessed to murdering seventeen), Sears had been picked up in a gay bar by Dahmer.

In his hunt for victims, Dahmer, like serial killer John Wayne Gacy of Chicago, haunted gay bars, Turkish baths, and shopping malls. He also traveled to Chicago to frequently visit the New Town district on the city's north side, a notorious gay

area, reportedly selecting his victims from the hordes of hustlers available. On May 29, 1990, Dahmer murdered 33-year-old Raymond Lamont Smith (AKA: Ricky Beeks), an ex-convict living in Milwaukee.

Next came Ernest Miller, 24, who had fled Chicago to relocate in Milwaukee to escape "all the violence" of the bigger city. Other victims followed, including Curtis Straughter, 18, of Milwaukee; Errol Lindsey, 19, who vanished from his Milwaukee home on April 7, 1990; 31-year-old Tony Hughes, a deaf-mute from Madison, Wisconsin, whom Dahmer killed on May 24, 1991, three days before he murdered the Sinthasomphone boy.

On June 30, 1991, 20-year-old Matt Turner of Chicago disappeared, drugged and killed by Dahmer in his apartment, then sexually attacked, then cannibalized. David C. Thomas, 23, was next, his photo later found in Dahmer's home. Dahmer next lured Jeremiah Weinberger, 23, from Chicago to Milwaukee by promising him money to pose for photos and watch gay porno films. Oliver Lacy, 23, of Milwaukee was murdered by the maniac and his chopped-up carcass stuffed into Dahmer's freezer. Joseph Bradehoft, 25, married and the father of three children, was murdered next. Then Eddie Smith, 28.

On July 22, 1991, Dahmer's bloodbath came to an end. Police officers that night saw a black man in handcuffs running wildly down the 2500 block of Kilbourn Avenue in the heart of the city's tenement district. He spotted the squad car and raced toward it, waving his cuffed hands frantically, telling officers that his name was Tracy Edwards and that he had just escaped from the apartment of Jeffrey Dahmer, insisting that the 31-year-old factory worker had held him captive for five terrifying hours, threatening to kill him and then "eat his heart out."

"He underestimated me," said the 32-year-old Edwards. "God sent me there to take care of the situation." Edwards, who pointedly told the policemen that he was not a homosexual, then led the officers to Dahmer's one-room apartment (apartment 213) at 924 N. 25th Street, the Oxford Apartments. The officers reeled in shock at the sight of the place, which, an inventory revealed, had four male torsos stuffed into a barrel, two human heads in a refrigerator, two more heads in a freezer, and seven other heads boiled clean. In a kettle, officers found severed genitalia. Photographs of dead men were strewn everywhere. The photos explicitly showed dismembered bodies.

Medical examiner Jeffrey Jentzen inspected the apartment and the remains, then reported that the conditions in which he found the body parts "were not inconsistent with cannibalism." The news of Dahmer's arrest and a recitation of his grisly crimes sent a shock through the nation. "This guy is really an aberration even of the abnormal," said a Milwaukee psychiatrist. "His behavior goes one step beyond ... Each element of the case takes you one step further into the bizarre."

Dahmer did not deny his murders. In fact, he confessed to murdering seventeen young men and boys, including killings he had committed in Bath Township, Ohio, and in Germany.

Below: Police experts are shown searching the grounds of Dahmer's boyhood home in Bath Township, Ohio, directed to the area by the cannibal himself in September 1991. They found the remains of 19-year-old hitchhiker Steven Hicks, killed by Dahmer in 1978.

Jeffrey Dahmer, shown in court when being tried on fifteen charges of murder (he may have killed and cannibalized twice that number). He was convicted in February 1992 and sent to prison to serve fifteen life terms, forshortened when he himself was murdered by a fellow inmate in 1994.

When the news of Dahmer's crimes reached Germany, authorities there began an extensive investigation and later placed nine murders at Dahmer's doorstep. The killer talked freely, openly, almost proudly of his horrendous murders. He cleared up several disappearances, such as that of Richard Guerrero, 22, whom he had killed in 1989 at the time he murdered Anthony Sears.

Police learned from Dahmer that in almost all instances, he had lured his victims to his apartment, drugged them into unconsciousness, then strangled and dismembered them. On at least one occasion, he had sex with the corpse of one of his victims. The stench of the rotting flesh had caused the neighbors to bitterly complain over the years, but Dahmer explained that some meat had gone bad and created the smell.

Pamela Bass, who lived across the hall from Dahmer, later stated that "he even bought a bunch of Pine Sol once like he was really going to get rid of it [the stench] this time, but it didn't help."

The Milwaukee Police Department came under close scrutiny when the incident involving the Sinthasomphone boy was reported. Police Chief Philip Arreola and Mayor John O. Norquist launched an internal investigation that resulted in the firing of officers Balcerzak and Gabrish on September 6, 1991. Porubcan was kept on the force, but under close observation. Of the two men kicked off the force (the first ever to be so fired by the Milwaukee Police Department), Chief Arreola said, "I have concluded the officers failed to properly perform their duties." This action was undoubtedly brought about by the press and through public pressure.

Dahmer went on confessing to murders. He was returned to Bath Township, where he directed police to dig up the back yard of his home. Human bones were found. Dahmer calmly explained that these were the remains of 19-year-old Steven Hicks, a hitchhiker he had picked up only a few days after his high school graduation in 1978. Dahmer said that he was afraid the body would be found so he had dug it up and smashed the bones with a sledgehammer and then reburied the parts throughout the 1.7-acre area. The remains were positively identified as Hicks' on September 13, 1991, by Summit County Coroner William Cox.

Appearing before Judge Laurence C. Gram, Jr., Dahmer pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity. He was later judged sane enough to stand trial and, at that time in early 1992, Dahmer pleaded not guilty to fifteen murder charges, even though he had confessed to each and every one of those murders. If convicted of murder, Dahmer said he would then plead insanity.

Dahmer's attorney, Gerald Boyle, emphasized that the gruesomeness of his client's slayings was part of a strategy, arguing that only a lunatic could commit such unspeakable killings. He was already presenting an insanity plea, despite the fact that his client had not pleaded otherwise. Prosecutors argued that Dahmer was cold-bloodedly sane, that only a sane person who was reasonably afraid of being caught and punished would be as clever as Dahmer in avoiding detection over the many years in which he committed his murders.

Dahmer was convicted in February 1992 and sent to prison to serve fifteen life terms. He had begged to be executed but Wisconsin, having abolished capital punishment decades earlier, denied his request. In prison, Dahmer embraced religion and was baptized in a cramped prison whirlpool in May 1994. Held in solitary confinement, Dahmer asked that he be released into the general prison population so he could "see more of the world."

Seven months later, on November 28, 1994, while cleaning a men's room at the Columbia Correctional Institution at Portage, Wisconsin, he and another white inmate, Jesse Anderson, were bludgeoned to death with a 20-inch metal bar from an exercise machine by a berserk black prisoner, Christopher Scarver, who ostensibly sought revenge for the mostly black victims claimed by Dahmer.

Scarver, who claimed to be "the million-year-old Son of God," attempted to plead innocent by reason of insanity. He was serving a fifty-year sentence for a 1990 robbery-murder in Milwaukee, and had unsuccessfully tried to feign insanity at his first trial. Scarver later changed his insanity plea to no contest and, on May 15, 1995, was sentenced by Judge Richard Reim to two consecutive life terms, plus thirty years, for the murders of Dahmer and Anderson.

Even in death, the remains of Jeffrey Dahmer experienced conflict. His divorced parents argued over the disposition of his body and his brain. First Lionel Dahmer and Joyce Flint disagreed about what was to be done with their son's brain. His mother wanted it preserved for study, but Lionel Dahmer objected, saying that he wanted his son's actions put behind him.

"I am trying to prepare a way for something useful to come of this nightmare," said Joyce Flint. The couple finally agreed to cremate the serial killer and they each took a portion of his ashes. Lionel Dahmer later wrote a book about his son, promising that a part of the proceeds would go to the families of his son's victims, but, according to one report, the disbursement of those proceeds was never determined.

THE "ROSTOV RIPPER"/1978-1990

From 1984 to 1990, a vast area known as Rostov-on-Don in Soviet Russia was plagued by a serial killer or killers, who committed 150 murders, one third of these being mutilation cases where a cannibal removed the organs of his victims and presumably ate these grisly remains. Investigators were baffled at these horrible crimes, which they viewed as endemic to the open societies of Western culture. The U.S.S.R., was, at that time, undergoing traumatic political changes that saw the rigid control of the Communist regime teetering toward collapse.

Andrei Chikatilo, who murdered and cannibalized more than fifty persons in Soviet Russia's Rostov-on-Don district, protected by Communist officials, who pointed out that Chikatilo was a good party member.

Compounding police problems in finding the killer(s) was Soviet censorship that prohibited any public announcements that such crimes were even being committed. To do so would have been an admission that Soviet Russia suffered from the same kind of social disorder seen in decadent democracies. Police officials could not therefore alert citizens of the dangers posed by the killer(s), let alone seek the cooperation of residents who might possess information that would lead them to the murderer(s).

Police could not broadcast over the state-operated radio/TV channels, nor distribute flyers describing suspects. They were left to hunt the criminal through covert operations, as if searching for a counter-revolutionary or a foreign espionage agent. Military and political police (KGB) attempted to aid local law enforcement officials, but their feeble forensic science and creaky methods of detection offered little help.

The killer they were searching for—Andrei Chikatilo, a Communist party member in good standing—knew this well and took advantage of his inept pursuers by continuing his murderous odyssey as a mobile cannibal killer who left few clues in his bloody wake. Born in the Ukraine on October 16, 1936, Chikatilo and his family had suffered greatly under Stalin's repressive regime. Poverty and hunger was always at their door and when famine in their region spread, they saw frantic neighbors resort to murder and cannibalism to obtain food.

At an early age, Chikatilo reportedly watched as his older brother was seized by a mob of famished citizens, killed and then cannibalized in a bloody feeding frenzy. That precedent image (a nagging nightmare endlessly retold by his mother) would remain with Chikatilo for the rest of his murderous life, one that showed how easily human beings could abandon civilized conduct in the name of self-preservation. He, too, would embrace such unconscionable savagery, but his motive was never to fill an empty stomach. He murdered, tortured, mutilated and cannibalized his victims, fifty-five in all, to satisfy a perverse bloodlust he could not suppress, one that eventually drove him into the arms of his pursuers.

Chikatilo's grim career closely paralleled that of American cannibal-killer Jeffrey Dahmer. He began murdering in 1978, the same year in which Dahmer claimed his first victim. As was the case with Dahmer, Chikatilo's many murders (which far exceeded Dahmer's) occurred throughout the 1980s, concluding in the early 1990s. He was executed in 1994, the same year in which Dahmer was killed. Yet there was a marked difference between these two serial slaying cannibals. Dahmer chiefly sought his victims among the homosexual community, where Chikatilo hunted small children.

That sinister hunt did not begin until late in life for Chikatilo. Possessing an alert mind, he proved to be a good student and received a university degree. He married and the union produced two children. He was appointed a supervisor for a school dormitory and appeared to be a dependable administrator, a dutiful family man and, most important to the regime, a reliable member of the Communist party.

The fragile fabric of Chikatilo's government position began to unravel when he was accused of molesting some of his male students, these boys claiming that he had either seduced them in washrooms or tried to inveigle them into his office for sexual assignations. He was fired, humiliated by being demoted to a menial job, becoming a factory supply clerk in Rostov-on-Don. Authorities, however, in decreeing this demotion, unwittingly provided Chikatilo with the means by which to carry out his future murders. His new position allowed him to travel extensively throughout the region. He was required to visit towns by bus and train to check inventories and verify officially-sanctioned supply orders.

Along his routes, Chikatilo saw the opportunity to molest innumerable children at bus stations and train depots. On December 22, 1978, while visiting the small town of Shakhty, he waylaid a 9-year-old girl, taking her into some woods where he raped and then strangled her to death. He repeatedly stabbed the corpse and then dragged it to the Grushevka River, tossing it into the churning waters. The body was found washed ashore a short time later.

Remembering the molestation charges earlier brought against Chikatilo, officials summoned the supply clerk to an interrogation room. He calmly answered all their questions, but was uncertain as to the period of time involved with his visit to Shakhty, which caused one investigator to become suspicious. Police, at the same time, however, produced another suspect, one that convinced them that they had apprehended the girl's actual killer, Alexander Kravchenko. This man was an ex-convict, who had been imprisoned for rape and murder.

Beaten for days by interrogators, Kravchenko confessed to murdering the girl. He was quickly sentenced to death and shot by a firing squad. Chikatilo's narrow escape unnerved him to the point where he restrained his urge to murder again. He suppressed this raging compulsion for three years, until his bloodlust erupted in September 1981, when he again killed, raped and mutilated a child, taking some of the organs and reportedly eating them. His murder spree went unabated for the next nine years.

Bodies by the dozen—mostly small girls and boys—were found throughout the region in wooded areas close to bus stations or train depots. From the way the victims had been sexually abused and murdered, then often dismembered, officials concluded that the "Rostov Ripper," as they called him, was not only a maniac slayer, but a confirmed cannibal. Chikatilo's incessant murders peaked in August 1984, when in that month alone, he murdered and cannibalized eight persons.

Police investigators again marked him as a suspect at this time, bringing him in for questioning. He was grilled intensively, but not subjected to the typical "third degree." The fact that he was not beaten was solely due to his position as a loyal party member. In fact, a Communist official objected to the detaining of Chikatilo, complaining that he was being "persecuted" because of "unsupported" allegations made earlier at the school where he had once worked. He was a good Communist, it was pointed out, and always followed party rules and regulations, supporting every measure taken by the Soviet regime. He had been proven to be an efficient and cost-conscious supply clerk.

Chikatilo was released for "lack of evidence," according to his police dossier. Now confident that he would no longer be a suspect, the cannibal-killer resumed his murderous ways. He was aided in his devilish chores by a number of other predators who were at the time murdering and raping (but not cannibalizing) dozens of other young children in the area. Frustrated police investigators were thus distracted from Chikatilo's movements by their preoccupation with other killers.

In early November 1990, Chikatilo was seen at a Rostov train station, wiping bloodstains from his face and hands as he stepped from some woods. He was not detained, but a detective stopped him and wrote down his name and address, one accurately provided by the confident murderer. On November 20, 1990, the body of a mutilated and cannibalized child was found near the station where Chikatilo had been stopped.

The investigator who had momentarily detained Chikatilo at the time remembered seeing the man wipe blood from his lips and fingertips. He and others went to Chikatilo's office building and waited for the supply clerk to arrive at work. He punctually appeared at dawn and was hustled into a police car and taken to a detaining area. For eight days, interrogators worked on the cool and collected Chikatilo. He at first denied everything, but when he came to believe the authorities already had enough evidence to convict him, he confessed.

Chikatilo's confession was long and explicit. He detailed fifty-five murders he had committed, providing gruesome details about his disemboweling and eating the organs of his victims. Hardened detectives found his statements hard to believe. He convinced them of his atrocities by demonstrating on mannequins the savage dismemberments and mutilations he had conducted on his victims. He had an amazing memory, recalling the time and location of each murder, describing in detail, as if recollecting cherished memories, the faces and bodies of those he killed.

Russian President Boris Yeltsin reviewed Chikatilo's case and rejected the condemned man's appeal for commutation. That same day, February 15, 1994, the killer-cannibal was shot to death.

In June 1992, with the Soviet Union dissolved, Chikatilo went on trial, charged with fifty-three counts of murder. His prosecutors took pains to point out that the cannibal-killer's long and successful career was due to an inept and irresponsible Communist regime that protected wrongdoers who supported that regime. They strongly suggested that the only way in which the "Rostov Ripper" was eventually apprehended was through the overthrowing of the Soviet dictatorship. Stalin himself was indirectly indicted in Chikatilo's crimes by prosecutors who pointed out that only such a savage and relentless killer could have been created and nurtured in a Stalinist state.

Chikatilo was convicted four months later on October 15, 1992, on fifty-two counts of murder, including the 1978 slaying for which Alexander Kravchenko had been wrongly executed. (Kravchenko was posthumously exonerated and pardoned in an official statement.) He was then sentenced to death, but he appealed for clemency through his attorneys.

After reviewing Chikatilo's ghastly murders, Russian President Boris Yeltsin rejected the condemned man's appeal. On February 15, 1994, the very day Yeltsin made his decision, Chikatilo was escorted from his cell and taken to a basement room of the prison. He was ordered to turn his back on a guard holding a pistol, which he silently did. The next moment, a bullet was fired into Chikatilo's head, instantly killing him. A superior 1995 made-for-cable film, *Citizen X*, was faithfully based on this chilling case.

CHAPTER FIVE: DRUGS

Earliest records show that drug trafficking and abuse were widespread throughout the ancient kingdoms. The use of cannabis occurred for the first time on an island in what is now Taiwan in 10000 B.C. According to one report, drawn from an ancient Egyptian papyrus, drug prescriptions produced considerable business as early as 3700 B.C. Records show that seven hundred years later Sumerians and Assyrians used opium in religious rituals and in 2800 B.C. a form of marijuana was used as a curative drug by Chinese emperor Shen-Nung. Drugs were widely used and distributed among the tribes of Mexico, chiefly the Oaxacas as early as 1000 B.C., but not until 600 B.C., were drugs illegally trafficked. Greek merchants at that time thrived on transporting cannabis from Asia Minor to Greece.

The Greeks and Romans used opium and cannabis to induce hypnotic states, as an analgesic, and as poison to eliminate political enemies. So widespread was Egyptian cannabis in 300 B.C., that the Romans levied taxes on such sales in open markets. Muslim doctors brought opium into central Europe for medicinal purposes, but the drug soon saw widespread use as a hallucinogen.

The misuse soon plagued the populations of India and the Middle East. Hashish was so widely used in Cairo in 1253 that the governor ordered the area's entire supply thrown onto a massive pyre. More than a century later, Egyptian authorities outlawed the use of hashish, sending troops throughout the countryside to destroy such crops and arrest those growing them.

In the Middle Ages, all manner of exotic drugs were used in Satanic masses conducted by witches and as late as 1484 Pope Innocent VIII condemned the use of cannabis in such outlawed rites. Jean Weir, a demonologist, later stated that at such rites where cannabis was employed, members lost their speech, burst into uncontrollable laughter and claimed to see marvelous visions.

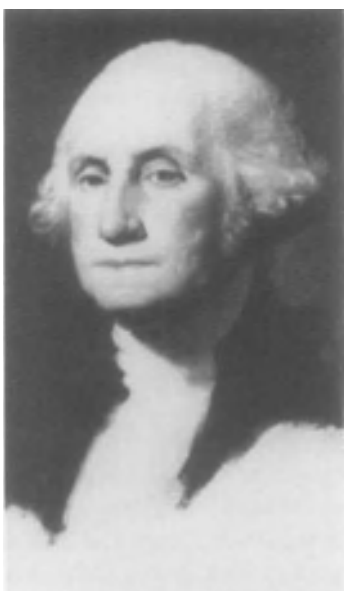
With the discovery of the New World, Spanish explorers quickly learned of the widespread use of drugs among native tribes. Francisco Pizarro, conqueror of Peru, established a lucrative trade by importing coca to Spain and its colonies in 1532. Less than fifteen years later, Spanish colonists introduced cannabis smoking to the natives of South America.

Portuguese doctor Garcia Da Orta was the first to compile and describe the misuse of drugs in Asia, publishing *Colloquies on the Simples and Drugs of India* (1563) in which he described cannabis and other hallucinogenics. Another Portuguese physician, Cristobal Acosta, provided a detailed analysis of cannabis in his published report, *On the Drugs and Medicines of the East Indies* (1578).

The new settlements in North America also saw proliferation of drugs. In 1585, Thomas Heriot reported to Sir Walter Raleigh that cannabis grew in abundance in what was to become the Virginia colony and that there was widespread use of the drug as a hallucinogen by English settlers. British authorities at that time saw profit in such drugs and in 1619, colonists in Jamestown, Virginia, were asked by the directors of the Virginia Company to grow hemp. Twenty years later, colonists in Connecticut, at the direction of their leaders, began to grow large crops of hemp.

Cannabis was one of the first crops planted by the Pilgrims at the Plymouth Colony, who used the hemp for clothes. By the mid-17th Century, Indian tribes in North and South America were reported to be routinely using cannabis and opium. By the early 1700s, white settlers began using such drugs. Cannabis and opium were openly smoked in "drugging houses" in New Orleans. Such drugs were thought to prevent all manner of ailments. George Washington planted cannabis or hemp on his estate, duly recording in his diary the agricultural methods he applied in raising these crops.

In his diary for May 12-13, 1765, Washington wrote: "Sowed hemp by Muddy Hole by swamp." On August 7, 1765, he wrote the following entry: "Began to seperate [sic] the Male from the Female hemp at Do—rather too late." (The potency of the female plant decreases after having been fertilized by the male plants, thus Washington's regret at having separated the male from the female plant too late—after fertilization—clearly indicates that he was cultivating the plant for smoking.)



George Washington, who grew hemp for purposes of smoking.

Throughout the 18th Century, reports from physicians around the world described the terrible effects of drug-taking. John Freyer, a physician with the East India Company, wrote in detail of the effects of cannabis and opium and Englishman John Jones wrote a book depicting the agony of opium withdrawal. Carsten Niebuhr, a Danish mathematician, described how hashish intoxicated users in a revealing book published in 1772.

French conqueror Napoleon I, soon realized the bad effects drugs had on his troops when invading Egypt in 1800. He banned the use of hashish and administered severe punishments upon soldiers who continued to use the drug. Another Frenchmen, Silvestre de Sacy, an accomplished scholar, stated in 1809 that the name of the Assassins (members of the 11th Century criminal society opposing the leaders of the Third Crusade) was derived from the word "hashish." Austrian baron and writer Joseph von Hammer-Purgstall established the link between hashish and the Assassins in his 1818 book, *History of the Assassins*.

Both Sacy and Hammer-Purgstall described how the assassins were sedated or "entranced" by doses of hashish by their leaders before they were sent on their murder assignments in

U.S. troops in Vietnam used large quantities of morphine in an attritional war that later caused widespread drug addiction among these veterans.

killing the leaders of the Third Crusade. Zulu warriors widely used cannabis to inspire their actions on the battlefield. (Such tactics were enacted in a chilling opening scene in the 1939 film, *The Real Glory*. A Muslim Moro in the Philippines during the late 1890s, a member of a fanatical sect not unlike the Al Qaeda (al-Qaida) terrorists of today, is sent on a murder assignment—he is to kill the commander of an American force occupying the area with a machete. This he does, despite the fact that he is repeatedly shot before hacking his victim to death. The assassin is portrayed as being in a trance or a drugged condition, the only method by which he can accomplish his suicidal mission. The fierce resistance of the drug-taking Moros to the .38-caliber bullets then used by American occupational forces following the Spanish-American War led to the development of the .45-caliber automatic, a pistol designed to stop any man in his tracks.)

The bodies of Chinese troops litter a fort near Taku, following the attack of British troops in 1860 in the last stages of the Second Opium War.

Despite governmental campaigns against the use of drugs, many physicians around the world accepted and promoted drugs as curatives and pain-relievers. Morphine, isolated as an element of opium, became a staple drug for family use in easing pain and would be used thereafter on wounded soldiers in one war after another. During the American Civil War, morphine was administered to more than 500,000 wounded soldiers, causing widespread addiction thereafter, an addiction commonly referred to as the "soldier's disease."

Morphine was used to ease the wounds of soldiers in World War I, World War II, and the Korean War, but, for the most part, controlled by battlefield medics and doctors, who administered the drug with some regulation, confining it to those with serious injuries. This was not the case in the Vietnam War, where morphine saw unrestricted distribution, the drug provided to any soldier, who often used it to calm nerves and bolster courage in facing battlefield conditions.

The liberal use and easy access to morphine in the Vietnam War not only brought about widespread addiction among American troops, but, when these soldiers were mustered out, tens of thousands of these veterans began using cocaine and heroin. These addicted legions became part of America's "drug culture" during the 1960s and 1970s, joining the unsophisticated youths who coupled political activism against the Vietnam War with the use of drugs in defiance of the federal government.

Drugs, chiefly opium, caused England and China to go to war in 1839. Known as the Opium Wars, several open conflicts were based upon England's introduction of opium into China, using the drug in exchange for tea. Opium at that time was the most lucrative commodity exported from India by the powerful East Indian Company, which acted with the full authority of the British government. The company needed to buy tea (which became a British monopoly) at Canton, China, for re-export to other parts of the world, but Chinese authorities balked. In fact, China's Imperial government had banned the importation of opium as early as 1800. Yet, widespread smuggling of opium into China, at the direction of the East Indian Company, took place.

In 1838, Commissioner Lin took drastic measures to suppress opium smuggling and distribution, ordering smugglers and traffickers summarily executed. The British government responded with naked aggression, sending a large naval and land expedition to China, where Chinese forces were destroyed, and, under the resulting Treaty of Nanking, Britain received Hong Kong, as well as being allowed to trade at four other Chinese mainland ports. In all these ports, including the main port of Shanghai, British subjects were exempt from the jurisdiction of China.

The Peking government became ineffective and powerless, subject to countless claims and land seizures by other foreign powers that forced one concession after another from the Imperial government. From that point onward and for a century, China came under the domination of foreign powers. The Chinese vainly attempted to rid themselves of the opium trade, which resulted in the Second Opium War, beginning in 1856 and ending in 1860, when British forces decimated Chinese troops positioned in a series of forts at Taku, at the mouth

of the Hai River which guarded the approach to Tientsin. On August 21, 1860, following a heavy naval bombardment, a British-French force of 17,000 troops stormed and captured the forts. These troops then marched to Tientsin, which resulted in the opening of all major interior cities in China to trade, a commerce based upon the exchange of opium for tea.

The Opium Wars made of China a drug country that brought about importation of opium to America through dense Chinese immigration. Only eight years after the last Opium War in China, the drug had taken root in large American cities, chiefly in the Chinatown districts of New York and San Francisco. In 1868, one researcher estimated that between 80,000 and 100,000 Americans were opium addicts, most of these patronizing Chinatown opium dens. In 1882, Dr. Leslie Keeley, originator of addiction cures, estimated that 500,000 Americans had become opium addicts. Five years earlier, in 1877, British writer Sir William Laird-Clowes stated emphatically that no professional Englishman had fallen prey to the ravages of drugs, chiefly hashish, an injudicious declaration in that Great Britain was largely responsible for the proliferation of opium and its derivatives in Western countries.

While government officials denounced the use of drugs, some medical authorities continued to openly support the use of various narcotics by describing drug use as therapeutic, as did Irish physician, Dr. William O'Shaughnessy, who published several articles that endorsed the use of cannabis in various medical treatments. Dr. Jacques-Joseph Moreau, a noted French physician, published his *Hashish and Mental Illness* in 1846, a work in which he analyzed the drug's interaction with sensory processes.

Only a few months earlier, in late 1845, the hypodermic syringe was invented, allowing injection of drugs. Seven years later, Dr. John Grigor, an English physician, pioneered the obstetrical use of cannabis as a means of reducing pain during childbirth. Drugs nevertheless posed considerable dangers in their widespread abuse. By the early 1850s, millions of Chinese men had become addicted to smoking and eating opium, thought to be an aphrodisiac and suffered from what was described as "the stomach habit."

In 1856, Dr. K. Niemann isolated cocaine from coca, this new narcotic touted as a cure for morphine addiction. (In 1898, heroin first appeared and was also mistakenly thought to be a cure for morphine addiction.) A British report of that year stated that more than 400 million persons were using opium and between 200 and 300 million used cannabis, but the report added that the threat of either drug to the British Isles was nonexistent.

The use of drugs for criminal purposes evolved in the late 1860s, when chloral hydrate, more commonly known as "knockout drops," was developed. This drug was thereafter used for decades in low dives and saloons in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, where thieves and prostitutes routinely dosed victims with such "Mickey Finns," causing them to black out so that their pockets could be picked and valuables could be more easily stolen.

By the 1870s, many governments took drastic actions to suppress the widespread selling and use of drugs. The financial secretary of India urged a ban on cannabis, attributing widespread crime and insanity to its use. At about the same time, a Japanese anti-drug law decreed decapitation by samurai sword as the punishment for drug trafficking. In South Africa, the sale, possession or use of cannabis was outlawed, but this applied only to Indian "coolies." San Francisco authorities issued a ban on the smoking and possession of opium and in Turkey, the sultan, who also ruled Egypt at that time, ordered all hashish confiscated and destroyed, outlawing the importation of the drug.

New York prostitutes in the late 1860s are shown feeding drinks laced with knockout drops (chloral hydrate, better known as a "Mickey Finn") to an unsuspecting patron; once unconscious, the victim's pockets were emptied and he was carried to a nearby alley.

Throughout the 20th Century and to the present, every nation in the world was plagued by the trafficking and use of harmful drugs, affecting untold millions of addicts. The European countries, as well as America, established drug enforcement agencies, spending billions of dollars to combat the illegal distribution of drugs in a losing battle against crime cartels that gleaned billions of dollars from the trade. Though many drug lords, especially those in Latin and South America, were tracked down and either jailed or killed, their replacements expanded the international drug trade, often with the collusion of high-placed government officials in such countries as Colombia and Mexico. That terrible and seemingly endless war goes on, ruining and often ending the lives of countless victims.

VISIONS OF THE RED MEN/1400s-1800s

The Indians of the New World experimented with the drugs introduced to them by white conquerors, but were partial to their own crude homegrown drugs, which they had been cultivating for centuries. The earliest known drug-taking Indians in the Americas were the Oaxacas of Mexico, who used mushrooms as hallucinogens a thousand years before Christ. The drug was employed for healing, divination and mystical experiences. The drug of the mushroom, known as teonanactl, was also used extensively by the Aztecs, particularly in religious rites such as divination and human sacrifice on part of both priests and victims. The tribe used it en masse in the coronation of Montezuma. The drug was also used to kill Montezuma's political foes, one of these being Tozon, who was murdered with an overdose of the mushroom drug.

At a later time, the Mazatecs, distant Aztec kin, used teonanactl for black magic and it was through this usage that the notion of the "evil eye" was given birth. The "toadstool habit," as it was later known, was taken up by many remote Central American and Mexican tribes. Among the ancient Inca and Chibchas of South America, datura (Jimsonweed, or thorn apple), a hallucinogen, was widely used. The Chibchas gave the drug to slaves to increase their productivity and to women who were to be buried alive with their dead masters (a form of Indian suttee), an act considered humane in that the drug provided a fear-deadening reaction, or, at least, the Chibchas thought so.

Datura was known as tooache to the early tribes living along the California coast. These natives used the drug for puberty rites that lasted several months. It was also used as a painkiller. Children were given this drug to produce visions of a personal spirit who, according to tribal beliefs, would become the child's protector. Braves took datura for endurance trials and to strengthen their resolve for battle.

Coca, a drug stimulant, had been extensively cultivated in Peru by the ancient Incas, who considered it a sacred emblem of endurance and fertility. At first, the drug was used exclusively by the high placed members of the Inca court, but use of coca eventually became universally used throughout the kingdom. With the Spanish conquest of the Incas, the invaders paid off their enslaved laborers with the coca plant to which the natives had long been addicted. Catholic prelates visiting these colonies attempted to stop such barbarous methods, one stating that: "The plant is only idolatry and the work of the devil ... it shortens the life of many Indians ... they should therefore not be compelled to labour and their health and lives should be preserved." The Spanish conquerors, however, ignored such pleas, continuing the slavery and plant payment. (Pope Leo XIII, three centuries later, approved of coca after using it to "support his ascetic retirement.")

The cactus peyote (*Lophophora Williamsii*) was used extensively for centuries by southwestern American Indian tribes, such as the Navajos and Zunis. The hallucinogen was used by Zuni priests, who applied peyote buttons to their eyes to induce the gods to bring rain. The Navajos, at first, used peyote solely for ceremonial healing rites, but then became cultists of the drug, making it integral with their lifestyle and placing it at the center of their religious-magical ceremonies. By the mid-1800s, the practice and use of peyote spread to the American Plains Indians and they used it as freely as whites later

In this 19th Century painting by A. J. Miller, pioneers are shown coming upon a camp of Plains Indians; these tribes introduced peyote to the frontiersmen.

Sioux medicine man Sitting Bull, who not only smoked hemp but wrote an account about its use.

used aspirin. To this day, the drug is still employed in rituals practiced by the (Indian) Native American Church.

Many Comanche and Kiowa tribesmen of the Plains Indian nations used peyote. The Comanche chief Quanah Parker consumed peyote in liquid form prepared for him by a Mexican woman, a descendant of the Yaquis, when he grew ill in Texas in 1909. Cured, he all but venerated the drug and spread its use to his people. A century earlier, explorer Meriwether Lewis, when encountering the Shoshone and Chinook tribes of the American far West, learned of the widespread use of cannabis among these natives. They told Lewis that the Indian hemp was "silk grass," a description the explorer noted in his detailed diaries.

Cannabis was known and used by the mighty Sioux, including chief Black Elk and the medicine man, Sitting Bull. Both smoked Indian hemp at religious rites and wrote detailed accounts of their experiences while under the influence of cannabis. The death of the celebrated George Armstrong Custer and the destruction of his famous 7th Cavalry in 1876, at the battle of the Little Big Horn were, in a large way, attributable to cannabis. Unknown to Custer, he led his troops into the valley of the Rosebud along a ridge of sacred ritual to the Sioux.

On this ridge, the Indians had planted their hemp, which, when fully grown, would be used to produce the colorful puberty dreams of their apprentice braves. Some Indian tales relate how the Sioux became incensed at Custer's invasion of their sacred ridge when he and his troopers unwittingly and cavalierly violated the place by trampling their carefully planted hemp. In retaliation, the tales claim, Custer and his men were killed to the last man, not only scalped, but their bodies mutilated.

Such savage mutilation was not part of the rites of battle practiced by the Sioux, but in this instance was exercised by warriors taking special vengeance for the violation of their sacred drug rituals. (Only Custer himself was spared such mutilation as he was regarded by the Sioux to be a great warrior. Other than the fatal wounds he received, his body, cleaned by Indian women so that he could properly enter the spirit world, was the only corpse of his decimated command that remained intact. His companions were found decapitated, dismembered, eyes gouged out, such mutilations designed to prevent these soldiers, the Sioux believed, from joining their ancestors in the hereafter.)

Indian fighter George Armstrong Custer; he and his entire command were massacred at the Little Big Horn in 1876, a fate some Indian tales state was decreed by his violation of a "sacred" ridge, where the Sioux had planted their hemp.

THE BLACK MAN'S CURSE/1700s-Present

Slaves shown aboard a ship en route to the New World; they consumed cannabis to desensitize their horrible treatment.

The use of drugs, particularly cannabis, by American Negroes is consistent with the historical social oppression exercised against them by whites, particularly its rampant development from the days of the Slave Trade to and through the antebellum South. Centuries earlier, drugs had already affected most African tribes. Simba warriors had long used hemp to rouse themselves for battle and magically guarantee immunity from harm.

In the 17th Century, West African tribesmen traded slaves among themselves, then with the Arabs, and were, in turn, themselves enslaved and traded. To endure the impossible hardships of the journey to the New World—first Brazil and the West Indies, then the North American Colonies—slaves consumed great quantities of cannabis. The drug desensitized the hapless slaves against disease, starvation, beatings, torture and mutilation.

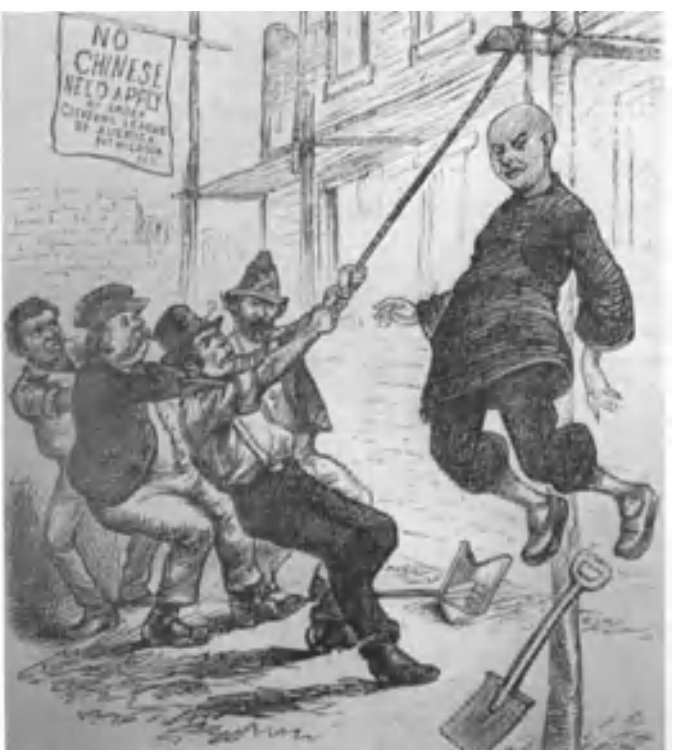
Some American writers profiled drugs as dangerous narcotics used by those in desperate circumstances by the slaves of the Old South. The enslaved blacks of the South had for decades used drugs to dull and desensitize the brutality and hopelessness of their miserable existence. In 1854, these conditions were emphasized by poet John Greenleaf Whittier, who wrote about hallucinations caused by hashish in his *Anti-Slavery Poems*.

Plantation slaves at this time clandestinely grew small plots of hemp which went undetected by their white masters. It became a family ritual, even to the smallest of children, to smoke hemp in the evening as a synthetic escape from their awful plight. Even after the Civil War, when freedom became a black reality, the widespread use of such drugs was continued by Negroes, embracing the practice as a warped heritage from an impoverished past. To this day, American blacks (as well as their subculture counterparts, the Hispanics) rely largely upon illegal traffic in drugs as the chief method by which to attain the kind of substantial wealth whites have accumulated through legitimate pursuits.

In the 1920s, cannabis became a pennant advertising belief in the black national movement, especially among the followers of Marcus Garvey's Back-to-Africa movement. It is still used as a ploy by those Negroes involved in Black Muslim, Afro-American and Black Power movements that seek to segregate and disassociate blacks from mainstream America.

AMERICA'S DREAMY CHINATOWNS/ 1850s-Present

With the development of Western lands, drugs and their hard use by frontiersmen became widespread. Mexicans introduced marijuana to early settlers in the southwestern territories, showing how Mexican peasants rubbed marijuana on their sore joints as a healing agent, but they also smoked it to produce euphoric visions and such practices were taken up by many a pioneer. In 1853, opium appeared in large quantities with the arrival of Chinese coolies, who had been imported to work as cheap laborers in the construction of the transcontinental railroads.



A coolie is lynched by workers believing that Chinese coming to the U.S. would take their jobs; Chinese immigrants introduced widespread use of opium in San Francisco and New York.

White patrons in a Chinatown opium den in San Francisco during the 1870s; more than 200 such dens then operated.

Opium flourished in San Francisco's Chinatown and the lusty white citizens of that rowdy town more than sampled the easily available drugs in the Chinese opium dens. This practice created, according to one account, a population of "degenerate, drug-sodden, sex-craved dope fiends." The patrons of such opium dens were described as artists looking for new experiences, distraught widows "for whom alcohol was taboo," as well as gamblers, miners, prostitutes and soldiers of fortune.

The use of opium in the United States, then called "The Mongolian Curse," afflicted the Chinese inhabitants of America first, before finding widespread use among whites. By the time of the Chinese migration to the United States, chiefly to San Francisco and New York, most adult Chinese males were reportedly addicted to opium. Up to 1937, in a futile attempt to curb the habit, the Chinese government meted out for centuries the death penalty for addicts who failed to be cured. Though thousands were executed in China, the opium party, akin to the cocktail party, continued to flourish in China as well as in the United States.

White females are shown in drugged states in a New York City opium den in the 1870s.

To many wealthy Americans, drugs provided stimulation for their idle or vacuous lifestyles (as it does to this day). In the 1870s, San Francisco's Chinatown flourished as the hub of opium eating and smoking, with more than 200 dens operating 24 hours a day. Many high society matrons and their daughters became addicted in these dens, which were lavishly decorated and were run exclusively for wealthy white patrons. The same condition existed in New York, but,

A contemporary tableau of illustrations shows white women and children enticed into a New York opium den on Mott Street.

Tom Lee, leader of the On Leong tong that battled with the Hip Sings in New York over the control of Chinatown's opium dens and other rackets.

An opium den operating about 1905 in New York's Chinatown. At the time this photo was taken, the On Leong and Hip Sing tongs were battling to the death for control of these cheap drug cribs which produced thousands of dollars each week and saw little or no interference from the police.

for the most part, the wealthy members of High Society, not only in America but throughout the world, generally disdained drugs as an affliction associated with "the lower classes."

In 1885, a special committee for San Francisco's Board of Supervisors found twenty-six opium dens in Chinatown that were exclusively patronized by whites. Committee members personally counted 320 silk-encased bunks upon which the white womanhood of San Francisco eased opium into their lungs. By that time, the city was awash with opium addicts. White male and female addicts down on their luck after years of opium smoking gathered by the hundreds at a dive near Chinatown called The Slaughterhouse (later rechristened The Morgue). From this seedy headquarters, the "hoppies," as such addicts were then called, served as a small army of cheap workers, who ran errands for bordello keepers and prostitutes. They also collected wood and old boxes for Chinese merchants, any hardscrabble labor that might produce enough money to support their addictions.

When tourists wandered into this area, known as "The Devil's Acre," a host of hoppies would surround them, and for a few pennies, proudly show the startled visitors the holes in their arms. These pathetic addicts, who could no longer afford the pleasures of opium, were reduced to using cheaper cocaine and morphine. Addicts who could not afford a hypodermic needle employed an ordinary medicine dropper, filling it with cocaine or morphine and forcing the point into their flesh. In 1885, an all-night drugstore on Grant Avenue supplied close to one thousand hoppies with cocaine and morphine. The cost of a full injection of either drug was from ten to fifteen cents. The same hypodermic needle was repeatedly used on the addicts queuing before the drugstore counter.

In New York City, dozens of opium dens began to flourish in the late 1850s in that city's Chinatown, centered at Pell and Doyer Streets. The opium traffic was conducted by two powerful Chinese tongs which fought a long and violent war over the control of this lucrative business. City officials took little pains to suppress the trafficking and use of drugs in Chinatown, receiving payoffs to ignore the increasing drug trade. Police all but ignored the many killings that resulted from the tong wars. Police commanders in New York City thought the Chinese social pariahs and their Chinatown domains were considered outside of their jurisdiction, leaving Chinese tong leaders to administer law and order.

Knowing this, one enterprising white man, a towering New York thug named Michael "Big Mike" Abrams, easily preyed upon legitimate Chinese merchants, as well as the operators of opium dens. He terrorized New York's Chinatown through the 1890s. Abrams had operated opium dens on Pell Street and later became a "loggygow" or guide for whites slumming through Chinatown. Big Mike also served as a stall or steerer for a vicious gang of white pickpockets, who routinely robbed wealthy Chinese merchants.

Abrams would accost a rich Chinese businessman on the street, attracting his attention while his confederates picked the pockets of the jostled victim. If any of these hapless merchants complained or cast a suspicion in his direction, Abrams beat the victim to a bloody pulp. On one occasion, he stood over a pickpocket victim who had dared to infer that Abrams was part of the gang that had robbed him. Police—in what was a rare appearance—arrived to see Big Mike's knuckles skinned and bloody, but they arrested the Chinese businessman instead, accepting Abrams' story that the Chinaman had attacked *him*.

"Hop Alley," in Denver's Chinatown in the early 1920s; police are shown guarding the many entrances to the opium dens that have just been closed down.

Big Mike hired his fists to the highest bidder and often went into Chinatown to attack any merchant, especially operators of opium dens, who failed to pay off white extortionists like himself. The Chinese had little protection from the police who seldom patrolled Chinatown and so they depended upon local tongs to look after their interests. Abrams ignored the tong leaders and bragged throughout Chinatown how he had killed no less than ten Chinese men. Three of these victims, he boasted, were decapitated by Big Mike, who used his clasp knife to slice off their heads. A Hip Sing hatchet man named Sassy Sam became incensed with Abrams' insults and, after downing a bottle of hot rice wine, confronted Big Mike in the middle of Pell Street with a long sword. Abrams took one look at the hatchet man and ran down the street, Sam in pursuit, losing much of his fearsome image.

In vengeance, Abrams sought out Hip Sing leader Ling Tchen. He dragged him into a Chinatown alley and cut off his head, carrying this blood-dripping trophy through the area to cast fear into the hearts of any Chinese who dared oppose him. The hierarchy of the Hip Sings met to carefully outline a murder scheme that would eliminate the white menace. A short time later, Big Mike Abrams was found dead in his room. He had been gassed to death.

Knowing Abrams never opened the window to his room (and had, in fact, nailed it shut to prevent intruders from getting to him during his sleep), Hip Sing assassins crept along the upstairs hallway of his boarding house. They fixed a small tube to a gas jet in the hallway and inserted this through the keyhole of Big Mike's room, where they knew he was asleep. They then turned on the gas. The fierce Abrams was found the next day, quite dead, much to the relief of the residents of Chinatown.

Big Mike's death did not interrupt the ongoing war between the Hip Sings and the On Leongs. The On Leong tong was led by a crafty Chinese leader called Tom Lee. His opposition was the Hip Sings (from which the drug slang "I'm hip," purportedly stems), which was headed by a fierce Chinese thug called Mock Duck. These two tongs waged open war in the streets of New York's Chinatown for decades. Hundreds were slain on both sides in the war's most savage period, 1900-1906. The war ended in 1906 with a strange treaty signed by Lee and Duck in the home of Judge Warren W. Foster of the Court of General Sessions. The war, however, resumed in 1909-1910, again over the control of opium, and raged until the early 1930s.

Though the tong wars came to an end, the opium dens stayed open. So heavy was the demand for the drug that Chinese merchants converted their grocery stores and recreation areas to opium dens. In the days of Mock Duck and Tom Lee, the old Chinese Theater on Doyer Street became a drug haven. In the theater's cellar hundreds of hooks were affixed to the masonry and from these were hung bunks for the opium addicts. Scores were found dead on these bunks from overdosing. Their corpses were routinely removed, quickly dumped into garbage cans in order to provide more bunk space for newly-arriving addicts.

Not until presidential reformers like Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson took federal action and launched legislation against drug abuse and trafficking were the Chinatown opium dens closed down. Even then, city officials, who had grown rich from payoffs from the Chinese drug lords, resisted such reforms, obstructing their own police officers in raiding and padlocking such places. Some of these opium dens went underground and continued to operate until the late 1940s. By that time, the American crime syndicate had instituted widespread street distribution of all illegal drugs throughout the major cities of the United States. (See: Tongs, Criminal Secret Societies.)

THE JAZZMAN'S JUNKET/1900-Present

Since 1900, many famous jazz musicians throughout the world, and chiefly in the United States, used drugs to inspire if not alter their spectacular performances. They have routinely used cannabis, cocaine and, to a lesser degree, heroin, such use beginning in the jazz joints of New Orleans. The types of drugs used by jazz (and later Rock) musicians varied with the types of music played—blues, Dixieland, Chicago Style, hot, cool, modern jazz—and in the accounts of those who used drugs, from 1920s clarinetist Milton "Mezz" Mezzrow ("mezz" became an official slang term for marijuana) to Gerry Mulligan, the motivation for drug use varied according to temperament.

Jazz musicians in New Orleans in 1900 were exposed to bordello madams who routinely sniffed cocaine and dispensed this drug to their clients and girls. Many black musicians who played in the bands at the more lavish bordellos picked up the cocaine habit in these surroundings. The lyrics of an early New Orleans jazz song reported:

I was comin' down Canal Street
Comin' down Main
Looking for a woman
That uses cocaine.

Storeyville, the center of prostitution in New Orleans, became a leading center for marijuana use. Small Negro jazz joints were beehives of cannabis smoking and selling. Another lyric of the day ran:

Gimme a pigfoot
An a bottle of beer
Send me gate—I don't care
Gimme a reefer
An' a gang of gin
Slay me cause
I'm in my sin.

And yet another:

Did you ever hear about Cocaine Lil?
She lived in a house on cocaine hill.
She had a cocaine dog and a cocaine rat.

She had cocaine hair on her cocaine head.
She had a cocaine dress that was poppy red.
But the cocaine blues, they made her sad.
Oh, the cocaine blues, they made her feel bad.

Black jazz musicians like Buddy Bolden were not alone in their drug habits. White musicians like Joseph Leon Rappolo, Dixieland clarinetist supreme (who first took lessons from Professor Carrie, a drug-addicted whorehouse piano player), began with marijuana in New Orleans, graduated to harder drugs, and, like the great Buddy Bolden, died in an insane asylum. Heroin addiction destroyed "cool" jazz musician Charles "Bird" Parker and killed Fats Novarro in the early 1950s. Many gurus of Rock music met the same fate. Elvis Presley (1935-1977) and Janis Joplin (1943-1970), to name only a few, died

Rock star Elvis Presley, long addicted to drugs, died of an overdose in 1977, a death that shocked his millions of fans.

Rock singer Janis Joplin, who died of a drug overdose on October 4, 1970 at age twenty-seven and remains a druggie idol.

The great blues singer Billie Holiday, shown with the inimitable Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, was a lifelong heroin addict; her premature death was brought about by this drug.

from drug overdoses. The same kind of addiction prompted jazz great Stan Getz to attempt the armed robbery of a drugstore, which all but ruined his reputation and career.

The spectacular career of Negro blues singer Billie Holiday (Eleanora Fagan, 1915-1959; she took the name "Billie" from silent screen actress Billie Dove, whom she admired), was impeded and finally halted through her addiction of heroin. Known as "Lady Day", Holiday became addicted to heroin at an early age which brought about her premature death at the age of forty-four. During her lifetime, when drug addiction was deemed a crime and not an illness, she was arrested many times for simply using heroin. One report held that she was actually arrested for use on her deathbed.

One of the greatest blues singers of all time, Holiday died with less than $1.00 in her bank account. Strapped to her leg was $750.00. She had known lifelong poverty and carried everything she owned on her person. Holiday was inducted into the Big Band and Jazz Hall of Fame in 1979. In the year 2000, she was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, under the ironic category of "Early Influence."

Drug use by jazz artists was routine for many such musicians. The 1920s jazz musician and historian Mezz Mezzrow began smoking marijuana, which he and other jazzmen like legendary cornetist Leon Bismarck "Bix" Biederbecke, called "tea" or "muggles". Mezzrow graduated to opium, a habit that took him five years to quit. According to Mezzrow, Detroit gangsters, who were members of the Purple Mob, introduced him to opium smoking in 1925. He was given a fancy pipe

Clarinetist Mezz Mezzrow (at left), who became addicted to opium in the 1920s, was given the drugs by Detroit gangsters; he later described the strange "highs" the drug produced when he puffed a "pill" on a diamond-encrusted pipe.

Saxophonist Gerry Mulligan, hooked on heroin in the late 1940s, when he entered the dangerous "dream world."

with a diamond implanted in the stem and told to puff "in quick jerks."

Mezzrow described his reaction thusly: "Before I finished one pill a heatwave heaved up out of my stomach and spread all through me, right down to my toes, the most intense and pleasant sensation I have ever felt in all my life. At first it tipped easy-like through my main line, then it surged and galloped down all my side streets; and every atom in my body began to shimmy in delight. That fiery little pill was toe-dancing up and down every single strand of my nervous system, plucking each one until it hummed a merry song, lighting up a million bulbs in my body that I never knew were there—I didn't even know that there were any sockets for them. I glowed all over, like the sun was planted in my bread basket. Man, I was sent and I didn't want to come back..."

Contemporary jazzman Gerry Mulligan recalled: "In the late 1940s, just making a living was tough. I had my first hard stuff, heroin, in 1947 or 1948. It was a one or two time affair. A friend of mine thought I'd like to try it. The first time someone tried to inject a needle in me, I jumped ten feet and felt that was the end of that. The next time was a muscle shot and I liked it pretty much. These were the days of widespread general use of junk around town [NYC]. I knew there were guys in bad shape, but I didn't associate their condition with junk. I figured they were in bad shape anyway. There was a frustration everywhere with us. Nobody really seemed to know what they were doing or where they were going. Junk could pro-

The spectacular drummer, Gene Krupa (in sweatshirt, center), surrounded by jazz greats (left to right) Tommy Dorsey, Bunny Berrigan and Jimmy Dorsey. His use of marijuana brought about his career-damaging arrest in 1943.

vide a dream world. The daily process of living was dull and you had to scrounge for an income when you just wanted to play your horn. Junk seemed to help in a bad time..."

In good or bad times, jazz drummer Gene Krupa (Eugene Bertram Krupa, 1909-1973) used drugs to the point where he risked imprisonment. Just such an occurrence took place in 1943. John Pateakos, an underage helper in Krupa's band who took care of the jazzman's drums, accompanied the band to San Francisco. On the night of January 19, 1943, Pateakos was found coming from Krupa's room at the St. Francis Hotel with his pocket filled with marijuana.

Pateakos told narcotics detectives, who had been trailing him and Krupa, that he was merely en route to deliver the marijuana to the drummer at his dressing room in San Francisco's Golden Gate Theater. Krupa was arrested. He pleaded guilty to the charge of contributing to the delinquency of a minor and served a short time in the local jail. Krupa was then convicted on the drug charge, even though he was brilliantly defended by noted criminal lawyer Jake Ehrlich. Krupa was given a six-year term at San Quentin, but Ehrlich appealed the sentence and later won on a technicality. Krupa went free, but his reputation as a "druggie" forever tainted his long and illustrious career.

Actor Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, a 1939 film which ends with Rathbone's closing, line: "Watson--the needle!"

LITERATI LIGHTING UP/1820s-Present

Robert Louis Stevenson, who used cocaine when he wrote *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

Writers, particularly those working with creative forms, have long experimented with drugs and the first to write openly in favor of drug use was the noted British essayist, Thomas De Quincey. He wrote and published his *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* in 1821, a work that promoted extraordinary stimulants, which De Quincey claimed could produce revealing visions and unlock the mysteries of the ages.

Twenty years later, Pierre Jules Theophile Gautier, a French novelist, poet and painter, founded the Club des Hasischins. Members met in monthly sessions in the Latin Quarter of Paris. In 1843, Gautier published an article entitled "Le Hashish," wherein he promoted the use of the drug. In that same year, French writer Francois Lallemand incorporated the use of hashish in the plot of his novel, *Le Hachych*. Alexandre Dumas, one of France's greatest writers, included a chapter that detailed the use of hashish in his celebrated novel, *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

Some notable writers not only described or promoted the use of drugs, but admitted that they themselves were users. French writer Honore de Balzac confided to a friend in a letter dated December 23, 1845, that he had used hashish. Two years later French novelist Gerard de Nerval detailed his involvement with hashish and double consciousness in his *Voyages to the Orient*. In 1850, David Urquhart, a member of the British Parliament, included his experiences with hashish in his two-volume work, *Pillars of Hercules* and at the same time the use of hashish as a sexual stimulant was advised in Frederick Hollick's *Marriage Guide*.

American writers were slow to embrace the drug culture advanced by their European counterparts. In 1856, *Scribner's Magazine* shocked its readers by publishing the first addict experience article by cannabis smoker Fitzhugh Ludlow, a citizen of Poughkeepsie, New York. Ludlow, who later went on to write extensively about drug use, had obtained cannabis from a Poughkeepsie pharmacist, who had imported the resin for use in treating lockjaw. Two years later in France, author Charles Baudelaire published *Artificial Paradises*, which contained the "Poem of Hashish." This book was widely read in America by drug cultists.

In decades to follow, leading physicians and writers continued to advance the use of drugs. Sigmund Freud, the founder of psychoanalysis, applauded cocaine's medicinal virtues in his treatise, *Uber Coca*. (Freud bought cocaine in the early 1880s for $1.27 a gram.) Many European writers, some with decidedly unstable personalities, used and promoted the use of drugs as worthwhile hallucinogenics, including Robert Louis Stevenson. In creating his chilling 1886 novel, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Stevenson himself used cocaine. Reportedly taking massive doses of the drug, Stevenson wrote the manuscript within six days, revising its 60,000 words twice within

that amount of time, which must be a record for a book's completion.

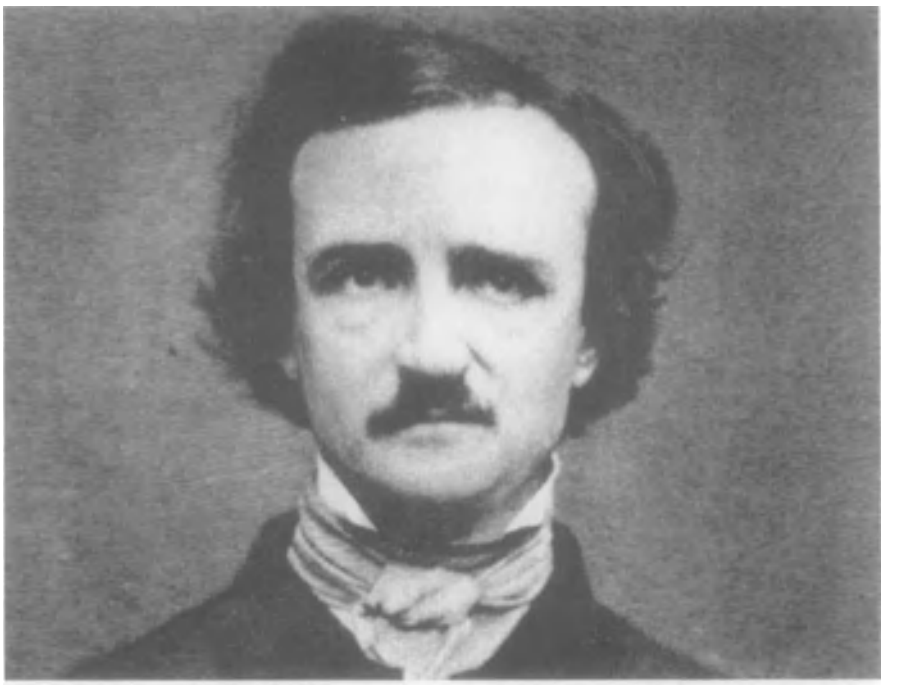
In creating his most famous sleuth, author Arthur Conan Doyle, profiled Sherlock Holmes as using cocaine in the story, "The Sign of Four." Repeated references are made in many other Holmes stories as to the great detective's dependence upon drugs. The reason why Doyle assigned this addiction to his superlative character was to prove him human and vulnerable to at least *one vice*. The brilliant and indefatigable Holmes, therefore, was not only imperfect, but like millions of others, was nagged and tortured by an addiction that even his powerful mind could not overcome.

The closing line in the 1939 film, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, shows Basil Rathbone as Holmes, turning in a doorway to say to Nigel Bruce, as the detective's ever loyal friend: "Quick Watson, the needle!" This last startling statement, unexplained in any previous conduct by the sleuth in this film (and perplexing many viewers unaware of the fictional detective's addiction), is delivered by Rathbone in arcane reference to Holmes' addiction to drugs, notably cocaine, which, according to the immortal Doyle stories, Holmes mainlined through injection, along with heroin, morphine and other exotic drugs.

In this manner, the producers of the film skirted the censors of the day, but the statement is still startling for that guarded era when reference to the use of drugs in films was taboo. Another obscure reference to Holmes' drug addiction in movies appears in the 1942 film, *Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon*. In this production, Lionel Atwill plays the malevolent Professor Moriarty and is about to kill the great detective. But Holmes, again played by the riveting Rathbone, stalls him, challenging the evil mastermind to come up with an inventive demise, stating that he, Holmes, would certainly devise an ingenious ending for Moriarty if the shoe was on the other foot. Holmes/Rathbone then suggests that he would slowly drain off the five pints of blood in the average human body, making death agonizingly slow, a method Moriarty/Atwill adopts, smiling at the suggestion and saying in an oblique reference to Holmes' addiction: "The needle to the end, eh?"

Holmes' drug addiction would not be openly profiled until 1977, with the release of *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*. In this

Wealthy hedonist, Satanic cultist, and writer, Aleister Crowley, who used and abused drugs throughout his bizarre life and died of a heroin overdose in 1947.



The brilliant American author, Edgar Allan Poe, who dabbled with drugs throughout his brief and troubled career.

Beat novelist Jack Kerouac, who promoted the use of dangerous drugs in his rambling writings and died of alcoholism in 1969.

film, Holmes (brilliantly essayed by Nicol Williamson) is shown using cocaine to stimulate his mind. Further, Sigmund Freud, who in real life advocated the use of certain drugs to uncover the hidden memories of the subconscious, appears in this film (played by Alan Arkin) as Holmes' analyst. Freud is shown ostensibly unlocking the reasons for his terrible addiction through hypnosis.

During the 1920s, a bevy of avant garde writers experimented with drugs and some became addicted. Occultist writer and eccentric Aleister Crowley squandered away his family inheritance of $400,000, spent on Satanic masses, endless parties and chiefly drugs. Called "the most evil man in the world," by Ernest Hemingway, Crowley, who called himself "The Great Beast," had become addicted to cocaine and heroin. At one point he wrote about his use of cocaine, stating: "I've had about a gram and I feel nothing but a sort of nervousness. I will go on. This is rather against my inclination, for I have a sort of despair as to its usefulness, and perhaps a trace of fear. On the other hand there is a sort of dull physical hunger for more."

Crowley, like most addicts, caused several of his wives (he had fifteen of them at one count) to become addicts, two of them dying in insane asylums. Of his many mistresses, five drug-addicted women committed suicide. At the end of World War II, Crowley was living in England as a penniless, hopeless heroin addict. Several of his aging, equally-addicted mistresses begged in the streets of Brighton in order to secure enough money for them and their sexual master to buy drugs and continue Crowley's near incomprehensible diary, which he thought to be a literary masterpiece (it was later termed "an addict's gibberish"). The day before his death from an overdose of heroin on December 1, 1947, Crowley scratched out a final entry in his diary: "What an ass I am! Will heroin help me to forget it?"

The great James Joyce toyed with cannabis, while other scribes wholly embraced drug use, including Stephane Mallarme, Friedrich Nietzsche and Guillaume Apollinaire. American writers of repute also dallied with drugs, including Edgar Allan Poe, Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, Gertrude Stein and her lifelong lesbian lover, Alice B. Toklas, Henry Miller, William Burroughs and most of the "Beat" writers of the late 1940s and early 1950s.

The "Beat" writers made drugs integral with their literary ambitions. Further, they made of their cruel addictions a religious cult to which they insidiously lured the unsuspecting literary novice to join. The "Beats," who had no cause other than their own self-indulgent destruction, were really the catalysts of the drug generation of the 1960s and 1970s. These latter-day Dadaists boasted of their addictions and frenetically promoted the use of the most dangerous and exotic drugs as a shabby defiance against all authority, that, for the most part, disdained and disregarded their pitiful existence, but their influence on the unsuspecting, the naive, the gullible, was deep and vast.

HOLLYWOOD'S DRUG WORLD/1910s-Present

As Hollywood's movie production began to produce fortunes for film stars during and following World War I, many of these sudden millionaires embraced the use of drugs as part of their chic lifestyles. The first great star to fall prey to drugs was matinee idol Wallace Reid (1891-1923), a handsome, six-foot-three-inch actor who exuded charm and not an inconsiderable

Morphine sent silent screen star Wallace Reid into an insane asylum and early death; some claimed he was purposely overdosed.

Opposite page: Writers and lesbian lovers Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas experimented with drugs through their stormy careers.

Barbara LaMarr, the sultry silent screen siren, who gave cocaine parties in her lavish Hollywood home and died from an overdose at age twenty-nine.

Alma Rubens, popular silent screen star; her morphine addiction sent her into an institution.

amount of on-screen talent in romantic comedies and adventure films. He was for several years Paramount's top male film star, appearing in dozens of films, especially popular when playing racing drivers.

Reid himself had a passion for speed and drove his expensive sports cars wildly in and about the Hollywood hills. He also developed a passion for morphine and was soon so deeply addicted that his ability to perform even the easiest acting chores became arduous. So debilitated by his morphine addiction, it was reported, that Reid had to be propped up and supported before the cameras in an effort to complete his last films.

On the verge of complete physical collapse, Reid was taken by his producers to a private sanitarium in March 1922, where it was hoped he would withdraw from his addiction. This was not the case. He reportedly left the asylum and refused to take any kind of cure. He died in a padded cell on January 18, 1923, allegedly driven by his addiction to a state of raving lunacy. Hollywood rumors persist to this day that he was purposely overdosed with morphine to end his agonizing addiction, as well as prevent his secret drug life from becoming public and an embarrassment to his film producers.

Though one report stated that Reid was first addicted to morphine after the drug was administered to him after he suffered injuries in a train wreck, the actor's wife, Dorothy, blamed her husband's premature death on his uncontrolled lifestyle: "It was one wild party after another each one worse than the last. Nobody could do anything with Wally. And then—morphine." His wife later appeared in a quickie film entitled *Human Wreckage*, which warned the public against the use of drugs. Such warnings had no effect on other Hollywood stars, who plunged headlong into drug use, spending any amount of money to obtain cocaine, morphine and heroin.

The most flagrant user of drugs at this time was the beautiful writer-actress Barbara LaMarr (Reatha Watson; 1896-1926), a silent screen siren who had appeared in many hit films, including *Souls for Sale* and *Strangers of the Night*. LaMarr gave cocaine parties in her sprawling Hollywood home, offering drugs to all of her friends. She reportedly kept cocaine in golden buckets and on silver salvers placed throughout her home for any guest to take and use. The sultry brunette actress, went through a fortune as well as six husbands in less than a decade, dying at the age of twenty-nine from an overdose on January 30, 1926.

Another silent screen actress, Alma Rubens (1897-1931), became addicted to morphine, supplied, she said, by her own doctors. By the late 1920s her career was in shambles and she had to be forcibly placed in an asylum after attacking a physician and his attendant trying to place her in an ambulance. She took the cure, but returned to drugs, this time heroin, and died on January 22, 1931 at age thirty-three. Many another film star followed the path taken by Reid, La Marr and Rubens. In the era of the talkies, drug use among film stars saw widespread consumption of marijuana, cocaine and barbiturates.

The most sensational Hollywood drug case that seemed to

herald the hardcore horrors to come was comparatively innocent by today's dreadful standards, except that it involved a superstar of films, Robert Mitchum (1917-1997). The burly leading man ran afoul of one of the most dedicated Federal Bureau of Narcotics agents in the field, one George H. White.

White had spent years kicking down doors in New York's Chinatown while on the trail of the poppy. When he was transferred to Los Angeles in the late 1940s, he swore that he would bring to a halt the use of marijuana, just then becoming a fad among the golden boys and girls of the West Coast. One of these beauteous girls was an attractive blonde starlet named Lila Leeds, a friend of Mitchum's, who invited him to her Laurel Canyon cottage on the night of August 31, 1948.

Mitchum, who was no stranger to marijuana, had bummed his way around the country as a teenager and had worked at Lockheed in Los Angeles during World War II. When he arrived at the Leeds cottage, he was offered a "reefer," accepted it, and began puffing. A few seconds later, federal agents, White in the lead, bounded through the front door, arresting Mitchum, Leeds, painter Edward Balchowski and others. Mitchum posted bail and went into seclusion.

The day following his arrest, Mitchum failed to appear on the steps of the Los Angeles City Hall, where he had been scheduled to speak against juvenile delinquency. His agent showed up instead to say that the actor was suffering from "laryngitis." Reporters soon learned the real reason for his absence and one newsman tracked the actor down. Mitchum exploded, saying: "It's a frame-up! They didn't find a thing on me."

Rugged screen actor Robert Mitchum is shown as he is released from jail after a marijuana conviction in 1948; he claimed he was "set up."

Mitchum's studio bosses, fearing the loss of the actor's teenage fans, who numbered in the millions, immediately hired famed lawyer Jerry Giesler to defend their star. Giesler told the wise-cracking Mitchum to keep silent, that his producer, David O. Selznick was going to stand behind him, and that his $3,000-a-week contract was secure.

In court, Giesler claimed that Mitchum's arrest on the marijuana charge had been a set-up, that the Leeds cottage had been bugged with a microphone planted on a wall. "The most spectacular thing about the whole affair," the attorney stated, "was that the press had the story before the cops crashed in." The flamboyant Giesler more than intimated that powerful people in Hollywood were out to destroy the career of the free-wheeling Mitchum. None of this, of course, excused the actor's breaking the law. He was indicted by a grand jury on charges of possession of marijuana and conspiracy to possess marijuana. Giesler shrewdly advised his client not to testify before the grand jury, an option open to the accused.

Next, the attorney moved to prevent Mitchum from entering a plea of not guilty, which would have led to a jury trial, giving the district attorney the opportunity to parade an army of witnesses against Mitchum and destroy his character and career. Instead, Giesler had Mitchum make no plea at all—he never pled guilty despite later claims to the contrary—and asked that the court decide whether he was innocent or guilty

on the conspiracy count alone, based upon the grand jury transcript, which was, at best, flimsy.

When appearing at the bench trial, Giesler simply asked the judge to decide on the sole basis of the grand jury transcript. He meanwhile kept an army of reporters from getting to Mitchum, later saying that: "They were slavering for scandal in raw, juicy chunks." After reviewing the transcript, the judge sentenced Mitchum to two years in jail, but then reduced the sentence to sixty days behind bars. Mitchum did not complain. In fact, he accepted his fate with resignation. When asked in court to state his occupation, he replied: "Ex-actor." After hearing his sentence, Mitchum remarked: "I might as well admit it—I've been smoking it [marijuana] since I was a kid."

Mitchum was sent to the county penal institution, Wayside Rancho, to serve out his time. He was photographed mopping floors, sweeping out hallways and performing other menial tasks. He did all this without rancorous comment. He was given ten days off his original sentence for good behavior and emerged from jail several pounds leaner than when he was incarcerated. Newsmen were present when the actor left the institution.

One reporter asked: "How was it inside, Bob?"

Mitchum shrugged and replied: "Just like Palm Springs—without the riffraff, of course."

The remarkable aspect of the Mitchum marijuana case was that his career had not been injured and that he remained intact as a Hollywood star, albeit he was thought to be a rebel and a "character" thereafter. This was basically due to the actions of tycoon movie mogul Howard Hughes, who thought as the rest of the country came to believe, that the actor had "taken his medicine like a man." Hughes bought Mitchum's contract from David Selznick for $200,000 and starred him in a number of film noir productions that made the actor an even greater star and more in demand than before his drug conviction.

Lila Leeds, the starlet who had invited Mitchum to her cottage for a "reefer" party, later capitalized on the Mitchum case by appearing in a low-budget film entitled *She Shoulda Said No* (1949), which was also known as *Marijuana, the Devil's Weed*. This film took the same approach as the 1938 cult film, *Reefer Madness* (AKA: *Tell Your Children*), another cheaply-produced movie showing marijuana-crazed addicts uncontrollably gyrating and cavorting toward self-destruction after smoking the drug. Both of these films are no more than curiosities, worthless in depicting the actual effects of dangerous drugs. A more accurate and devastating portrait was drawn in Otto Preminger's 1955 film, *The Man with the Golden Arm*, a production that shows Frank Sinatra playing heroin addict Frankie Machine, a character created by Chicago writer Nelson Algren in his novel of the same title.

Where actor Robert Mitchum was thought to be a drug offender, the unstable film actress Marilyn Monroe was considered a classic victim of drugs. The drugs that engulfed Marilyn Monroe (Norma Jean Mortenson, 1926-1962), America's top movie sex symbol, made of her a *cause celebre*. Her lethal overdose from barbiturates in 1962 has nagged researchers and crime enthusiasts to embrace, without much verification, the idea that she was, for arcane if not ridiculous reasons, actually murdered by powerful people.

Monroe had catapulted to fame in the early 1950s, appearing in such highly acclaimed films as *The Asphalt Jungle* (1950), *All About Eve* (1950), and later, in bigger roles in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (1953), *How to Marry a Millionaire* (1953), and Billy Wilder's classic film noir comedy, *Some Like It Hot* (1959). The Hollywood moguls and press agents of that era typecast this tragically insecure actress as the quintessential "dumb blonde." It was a stereotype she vainly fought to overcome throughout her professional career.

Born in Los Angeles on June 1, 1926, as Norma Jean Mortenson, she spent much of her childhood being shuttled from one orphanage or foster home to another. In her teens, she became a photographer's model, his cheesecake images adorning wall calendars, magazine covers and advertising brochures. There was a refreshing, wholesome quality to her image that photographers were quick to exploit. A celebrated photograph of her in the nude was later sold to Hugh Hefner, who, in turn, published it in the inaugural issue of *Playboy Magazine* in January 1953. This photo proved to be the springboard to Monroe's successful acting career, but it was also the cornerstone on which Hefner built his girlie magazine fortune.

Monroe's highly publicized love life became standard fare in the Hollywood fan magazines and gossip columns. She was married three times and two of her husbands were complete opposites. She wed baseball star Joe DiMaggio in 1954, but his conservative views and possessive nature doomed the marriage to an early failure after just nine months. Two years later she married Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright Arthur Miller. The unschooled actress was suddenly thrust into the literary and academic arena, a disconcerting, unfamiliar world, where she was again looked upon as a "dumb blonde." Her marriage survived through five tortuous years.

After her break-up with Miller, Monroe was rumored to be romantically linked to both President John Kennedy and his brother, Robert. Many Washington insiders claimed that the president carried on an illicit love affair with the glamorous actress, altering visits from Monroe with that of Washington socialite Mary Pinchot Meyers, while Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy was absent from the White House.

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, an ardent political foe of the Kennedys, reportedly assigned several of his agents to uncover information about Monroe's alleged sexual liaisons with the Kennedys in order to embarrass the administration or, worse, to blackmail the president and his then boss, Robert Kennedy, into giving him a free hand with the Bureau, as had been the case with all other administrations. Hoover was deeply resentful of Robert Kennedy's repeated challenges of his authority over the FBI and the manner in which he conducted his agency. Hoover's secret file folders reportedly "bulged" with scandalous information on the Kennedy-Monroe trysts.

The actress suddenly died from an overdose of barbiturates at her West Coast residence on August 5, 1962. Her death

Opposite page: Sex symbol Marilyn Monroe, in the 1954 film, *There's No Business Like Show Business*; her problem was barbiturates.

Monroe and baseball superstar Joe DiMaggio; their 1954 marriage lasted only nine months.

was officially listed as a suicide, but over the years allegations persisted that she was the victim of foul play. According to one report, members of the underworld were contracted to murder Monroe at Hoover's instigation in return for past favors. There has never been any evidence to support this claim, although some pathologists maintained that Monroe was given a lethal injection of drugs shortly before her death. There is no conclusive evidence to verify this claim either.

It was known that Monroe was despondent shortly before her death. She had been routinely taking barbiturates in large quantities for years to calm her nerves and her career, debilitated by such drugs, had come to a standstill because of her inability to perform. Throughout her movie career she was known to be unreliable, often late for filming schedules and sometimes not appearing at all. During her last film, *The Misfits* (1960), written by her ex-husband Miller, her even-tempered co-star, Clark Gable, often complained about her "no shows" during the production.

Two years later Monroe was suspended for failing to meet schedules on a new film production. Her fragile nerves were gone and her good looks were going. This she knew, and like the fading film sirens before her, she also knew that she was no longer in vogue. Newer screen sirens like Sophia Loren and Jayne Mansfield were the leading sex symbols and Marilyn Monroe was yesterday's fascination. At the time of her death, she was a lonely 36-year-old woman with few friends and little or no professional future. Her only consolation was drugs, the insidious substance that claimed her tragic life.

Drug use in Hollywood and throughout the realm of American High Society has not abated since the days of Mitchum and Monroe. The addictive habits of its wealthy inhabitants have led to prison and suicide or murder for many. That fate was meted out with tragic routine to many offspring of the famous and wealthy. On October 2, 1975, Caspar Fleming, the

Marilyn Monroe with her husband and playwright Arthur Miller, another union that did not last.

drug-abusing son of Ian Fleming (author of the celebrated James Bond novels) used narcotics in committing suicide. In August 1977, Robert Reid Topping, who within a year would inherit $1 million, was stabbed to death in Miami, Florida. The son of Bob Topping, the former owner of the New York Yankees, had regularly traveled to Florida to buy large amounts

Clark Gable and Monroe in a scene from the 1960 film, *The Misfits*; this was the last film made by both stars.

The table next to the bed in which Marilyn Monroe died from an overdose in 1962 is shown littered with containers of barbiturates.

of cocaine. In April 1984, David Anthony Kennedy, son of assassinated Senator Robert Kennedy, died of an overdose of cocaine and Demerol in Palm Beach, Florida.

In more modern days, heavy users and abusers of drugs included such Hollywood icons as director Sam Peckinpah (David Samuel Peckinpah, 1925-1984); director Oliver Stone (b.1946), who was first arrested and jailed in Mexico for possession of marijuana at age twenty-one and suffered through a prolonged cocaine addiction, arrested as late as June 1999 for drunk driving and possession of hashish; actor Rob Lowe (Robert Hepler Lowe; b.1964); actor-composer Jimi Hendrix (1942-1970); film star Richard Dreyfuss (b.1947); actor Robert Downey, Jr. (b.1965), who was repeatedly jailed for drug violations in the late 1990s; actor Charlie Sheen (b. 1965); Acid Rock composer and filmmaker Sid Vicious (1957-1979), who murdered his live-in girlfriend and member of his band, Nancy Spungen (1958-1978), in 1978, and committed suicide with a heroin overdose on February 2, 1979, to avoid a trial in which he knew he would be convicted. There are many more, so many that Hollywood, by the late 1990s, was dubbed "Hophead City."

Access to drugs by Hollywood personalities came into focus with the suicide death of Hugh O'Connor (1962-95), an actor and the adopted son of actor Carroll O'Connor (1924-2001). Always beset with drugs, the younger O'Connor grew despondent with his inability to find work because of his dependency upon drugs. He called his father on March 28, 1995, to tell him that he could not quit his cocaine habit and could not cope with life. He committed suicide a short time after making that call.

Carroll O'Connor's response to the premature death of his drug-addicted son was to launch a campaign against songwriter Harry Perzigian (b.1956) for selling and supplying Hugh O'Connor with drugs. Perzigian had already been convicted and jailed for this offense, but when the senior O'Connor labeled Perzigian "a partner in murder" in the death of his son, the songwriter sued the famous actor for slander, a suit O'Connor invited.

On July 25, 1997, a Los Angeles jury acquitted O'Connor of the slander charges and many of its members openly agreed with O'Connor in branding Perzigian "a partner in murder." Perzigian complained that "you're not going to get a fair shake in L.A., if you sue a celebrity." O'Connor was viewed as a courageous citizen, becoming a national hero for his stand against Perzigian and drug distributors in general. He was later instrumental in the passage of California's Drug Dealers Civil Liability Act, which allows citizens to sue drug dealers whom they feel are responsible for the drug-related deaths of their family members.

DRUG TRAFFICKERS/1910s-Present

Outside of the American Chinatowns and the enclaves inhabited by North African and Chinese immigrants in major European cities, drug traffickers in the early part of the 20th Century found their customers in lowlife saloons and whorehouses. One of the most notorious American drug traffickers in the early part of the century was Lucy "Ma" Beland (d. 1941), a mother of six. Beland grew weary of rural life in Texas and insisted that her husband, J.H. Beland, move the family to Fort Worth, in 1908. She had threatened her husband that unless he could give her the finer things in life, she would send their daughters out to work as prostitutes. Beland, an engineer for a cotton-oil gin, used up his savings to satisfy his wife's demands and went broke, leaving the family in 1912 and dying a few years later.

Ma Beland, true to her awful word, sent her daughters into

Harry Perzigian, who sued actor Carroll O'Connor in 1997, charging him with libel over his remarks in the 1995 drug-related suicide of his son, Hugh O'Connor.

prostitution, turning her Fort Worth home into a brothel and center of narcotics distribution. Her children all became either heroin or morphine addicts and her daughter Cora died of a morphine overdose smuggled to her by her own mother while she was in jail, where she was serving a term for prostitution. After the 1914 Harrison Narcotics Act became law, drugs were scarce and Ma's sons, Charles and Joseph Beland, became the top drug peddlers in the Southwest.

Beland and her clan became rich and paid out enormous bribes to officials, who protected their widespread operations. The Federal Bureau of Narcotics began to concentrate its energies against the Beland mob in 1930 and, in the following year, obtained enough evidence on the drug clan to send Ma's daughter, Willie Beland, and her husband, Lester James, to prison in 1931. In 1935, FBN agents caught Charles Beland selling drugs and he was given a long term.

Not until 1937 was the infamous Ma Beland herself caught red-handed dealing drugs. An agent walked into her Fort Worth dry goods store and flashed a roll of hundred-dollar bills. The greedy old harridan could not resist the temptation of selling the undercover agent seven ounces of heroin. She was immediately arrested, tried, and given a two-year prison term.

Ma Beland would have received a longer term but the judge in the case, swayed by her feigned image of a kindly grandmother victimized by ruthless federal agents, gave Beland a reduced sentence "because of her advanced years." When released in 1939, Ma Beland returned to aggressively selling drugs, but she did not live to enjoy the fruits of further illegal earnings, dying in 1941. Her funeral was attended by only a few mourners since most of her relatives were in prison.

Carroll O'Connor is shown testifying in his 1997 trial against Perzigian; he was acquitted by a jury that agreed with him in his indictment of Perzigian.

A decade after Ma Beland's drug trafficking operations ground to a halt, an enterprising, young Italian gangster, Marius Ansaldi thought to dominate drug trafficking in France. He developed a widespread drug network in the country and was successful for some time during the late 1940s, until, through the combined efforts of French and U.S. agents, this major drug supplier was caught red-handed. During a drug bust in 1950, U.S. narcotics agents picked up the trail of Ansaldi in Paris and soon had an undercover agent, John C. Cusack, negotiating a deal for heroin with Ansaldi when the drug dealer disappeared.

New York drug traffickers are shown in disguise while preparing drugs for street sale.

Police officers are shown with a large cache of drugs and weapons seized from 1970s drug traffickers in New Jersey; such seizures would become routine in decades to come.

Cusack handed the case over to Commissaire Hugues of the French Surete. Hugues located a member of Ansaldi's gang and carefully watched his movements, until he led him to Ansaldi. At just the right moment, Hugues and eight of his men burst in on Ansaldi's operation at a villa in Montgeron, seizing Ansaldi and two chemists manufacturing drugs. Ansaldi and his gang, including Antoine Bergeret, who was picked up later, were convicted and sent to the Melun penitentiary.

At the same time Ansaldi was operating in France, Alphonse Attardi (b.1892) was deeply involved with drug trafficking controlled by Mafia kingpins in New York City. Known to his former Mafia associates as the Peacemaker, Attardi had taken a bum rap in Houston and gone to prison, while many of his friends went free. While Attardi was in prison, a bank had foreclosed on his small olive oil importing business on Christie Street in New York City and his wife, the one joy in his life, had died.

Agents from the Treasury Department visited him in 1952 to see if he would become an informer. The aging mobster told Agent O'Carroll that he was out of the drug trade. All he had left, he said, was his life and a little room on Delancey Street. "I can't do it," he said. "I'd be dead if I worked for you." O'Carroll left his card and told him to think it over.

Six months later a need for money prompted Attardi to make the phone call, and he agreed to work with the agents. His job was to introduce an undercover agent to some friends involved in the drug trade. Joe Tremoglie, who was fluent in Italian, was chosen to work with Attardi. In the next ten months the undercover agent met several of the major drug traffickers and capos working the Lower East Side, including Benny Bellanca and Pietro Beddia, who were put under heavy police surveillance. These men were soon snared in an all-encompassing net woven by Treasury agents. Attardi, the Peacemaker, collected his $5,000 reward and took his new girlfriend out of the country.

UNDER THE LAW/1910s-Present

Governments throughout the world, since the early years of the 20th Century, passed severe drug laws with equal punishments meted out to drug smugglers and pushers. In the United States, the 1906 Pure Food and Drug Act required labeling of any cannabis contained in over-the-counter remedies. The first stringent U.S. federal law governing the use of hard drugs was the passing of the Harrison Act in 1914, which made it a fed-

eral offense, among others, for any physician to administer morphine, except under special conditions.

Yet the smuggling of drugs into the United States, the country most plagued by hard-line drug addiction, continued and increased. By 1920, $20 million in drugs was smuggled into the United States each year, the most popular drug at that time being opium. By 1923, there were one to four million users of smuggled dope in the country, and by 1928, experts claimed that sixty-nine percent of all violent crimes in New York City could be traced to the use of cocaine.

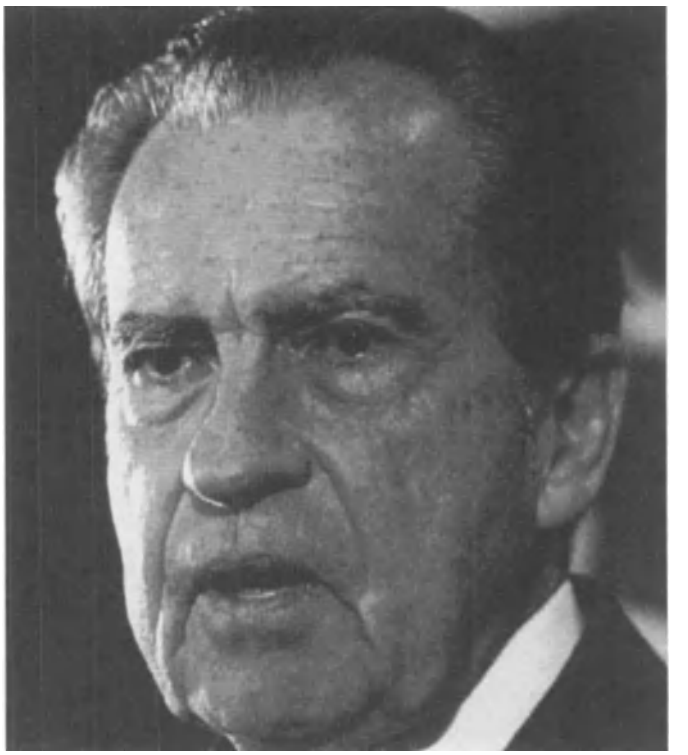
The Marijuana Tax Act of 1937, hotly debated today by present-day drug users, made it illegal to use cannabis. Strict federal enforcement of this law was carried out by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, which operated under the Treasury Department from 1930 to 1973. This agency was headed by the controversial and unorthodox Harry Anslinger (1892-1975). Anslinger was the first federal law enforcement leader to publicly announce the existence of a national crime syndicate, which now reaps billions of dollars each year from the distribution and sale of illegal drugs.

Anslinger's announcement of the existence of the national crime syndicate caused FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover to denounce his law enforcement peer. Hoover denied the existence of such an organization and continued to do so almost to the 1960s. By that time, the facts were undeniable and even Hoover then admitted that organized crime and the Mafia existed.

Born in Altoona, Pa., Anslinger was attending Pennsylvania State College in 1914, when war broke out in Europe. When the U.S., entered the conflict in 1917, Anslinger went to work for the Ordnance Division of the War Department in Washington, D.C. He later held diplomatic posts in the Netherlands, Germany, Venezuela and the Bahamas, where he became acutely aware of the drug menace to the U.S.

After five years abroad in the diplomatic service, Anslinger returned to Washington in 1926, becoming the chief of the Division of Foreign Control with the Treasury Department. He represented the U.S. at the Conference on Suppression of Smuggling in London that year. By 1929, he was recognized as a foremost expert on the smuggling of illegal liquor and drugs into the U.S. Receiving a law degree in 1930, Anslinger was appointed the first U.S. Commissioner of Narcotics, a position he held through five presidencies. His uncompromising stance against drugs drew criticism from the American Medical Association and other regulatory organizations more concerned with treatment than punishment. Anslinger considered drug addiction a problem for criminal law enforcement. He urged medical treatment for addicts, but offered no sympathy to those who committed crimes to satisfy their habits.

Anslinger's handpicked agents in the Bureau of Narcotics were burly men who used any means, legal or not, to bust a drug ring. The Bureau drew criticism for its oft-times illegal methods, but the colorful Anslinger retorted to such criticism by stating that the ruthlessness of organized crime could only be met by similar measures. It was not uncommon, as the author learned in interviews with ex-FBN agents, for raids to be led by agents carrying baseball bats, which were liberally used on dope peddlers and smugglers, guaranteeing hospitalization, if not conviction, of those arrested.



President Richard Nixon, who established the Shafer Commission in 1972; he rejected the commission's suggestion that use of marijuana should be decriminalized.

The Bureau's files were quickly overflowing with reports of violence, from mayhem to murder, originating with users of drugs. One such report read: "On August 4, 1930, in a hotel room in Spokane, Washington, Joseph Mines, 26 years of age, battered almost beyond recognition the body of 74-year-old John Karakinikas. Apparently, Mines had never known Karakinikas before the moment he jumped through the window of his room and beat him to death. Mines had jumped from his own room 18 feet above, and after the crime jumped 30 feet to an alley without injury to himself. He said he felt as if he were flying, and he claimed to have no recollection of what he had done."

"Mines alleged that he had been crazed by smoking two marijuana cigarettes. A small quantity of the drug was found in his room, and he had just been released a few days previously after serving a sentence for the possession of marijuana." (Mines pleaded guilty to a manslaughter charge and was sentenced to twenty years in prison.) To specifically govern such conduct—the possession of marijuana—two federal laws were later enacted, the Boggs Act of 1952, and the Narcotics Control Act of 1956. Under these laws, a first-offense marijuana possession carried a minimum sentence of 2-10 years with a fine of up to $20,000. Congress, bowing to the enormous pressure from counterculture media in 1970, repealed most of the mandatory penalties for drug-related offenses, advocates insisting that the mandatory minimum sentences of the 1950s had done nothing to eliminate the drug culture that saw widespread use of marijuana in the 1960s.

Throughout his long career, Anslinger came under con-

President Ronald Reagan signed the powerful Anti-Drug Abuse Act in 1986, which called for mandatory life term prison sentences for repeated drug offenders.

stant criticism from FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, who early on resented Anslinger's depiction of a real criminal syndicate in the U.S. Anslinger's aggressive prosecution of organized crime leader Charles "Lucky" Luciano brought him applause from the international law enforcement community, except from Hoover, who resented the headlines Anslinger gleaned through the Luciano case.

While the FBI director focused on the dustbowl bandits of the 1930s, Anslinger compiled impressive lists of big city racketeers in the narcotics trade. It was Hoover who gleaned the favorable headlines. He mounted massive publicity campaigns that highlighted the sensational careers of bank robbers like John Dillinger and Arthur "Pretty Boy" Floyd—brought to bay by the FBI. On the other hand, Anslinger's crusade to combat the distribution of drugs by organized crime members was considered a law enforcement sideshow and received little press.

Yet Anslinger remained a vigilant foe of dangerous drugs. The effect of marijuana on youth obsessed the FBN director. His article, "Marijuana: Assassin of Youth," appeared in the July 1937 issue of *American Magazine*, one which shocked the nation and goaded politicians in that same year to pass the Marijuana Tax Act. The Act banished the cannabis plant from general medical use and caused it to be stricken from the official record of the *Pharmacopoeia of the United States of America*.

At the time, Anslinger stated: "The answer to the problem is simple: Get rid of drugs, users and pushers. Period." It was Anslinger who provided enormous pressure on legislators to pass the anti-marijuana acts in the 1950s. After thirty-two years as Commissioner of Narcotics, Anslinger retired in 1962. He died on November 14, 1975, at his home in Holidaysburg, Pennsylvania.

In 1972, the bipartisan Shafer Commission, appointed by President Richard Nixon at the direction of Congress, determined that laws regarding the personal use of marijuana should be decriminalized. President Nixon emphatically rejected that recommendation, but over the course of the 1970s, eleven states decriminalized marijuana use and most other states reduced their penalties for such use. A year after the Shafer Commission was established, the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNND) was merged with the Office of Drug Abuse Law Enforcement (ODALE), under the title of the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA).

The Shafer Commission saw a widespread conservative backlash from millions of concerned parents, who, through organized groups, lobbied for stricter regulation of marijuana, and especially the prevention of use of this drug by teenagers. These powerful groups sought and got the support of the DEA and the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA). The DEA and other drug enforcement agencies throughout the world initiated sophisticated procedures by which to detect smuggled drugs, using X-rays on people and animals carrying drugs. By the 1970s, dogs were effectively used to sniff out drugs being smuggled into the U.S. and elsewhere. One dog, a German Shepherd named Trepp, was credited with more than 100 arrests up to 1979 and the recovery of more than $63 million worth of narcotics. Another intrepid dog named Snag, a Labrador retriever employed by U.S. Customs, was the all-time champion canine detective, responsible for 118 drug seizures and the recovery of more than $810 million worth of drugs.

The DEA was the guiding force in launching the effective War on Drugs campaign of the 1980s, one in which all school children at early grade level were taught the dangers of drug use, a campaign that has resulted in millions of drug-free youths disdaining such use. The state of California went against the grain in 1996, when voters in that state passed Proposition 215, which allowed the sale and medical use of marijuana for patients with AIDS, cancer, and other serious and painful diseases. This law stands in defiance of federal laws prohibiting the use of marijuana.

During the 1980s, President Ronald Reagan campaigned for stricter laws governing those who perpetrated drug-related crimes. In 1986, he signed the Anti-Drug Abuse Act, which instituted mandatory sentences for drug-related crimes. This new law worked in unison with the Comprehensive Crime Control Act of 1984, and one that raised federal penalties for marijuana possession and dealing. Penalties were based upon the amount of drugs involved in each offense.

For instance, possession of 100 marijuana plants received the same penalty as possession of 100 grams of heroin. The Anti-Drug Abuse Act was later amended to include a "three strikes and you're out" policy. Under this amendment, life sentences were mandatory for repeated drug offenders and even provided the death penalty for "drug kingpins." Reagan's

successor, President George Bush, appearing in a national television appearance in 1989, declared a new war on drugs. During that year, a Panamanian dictator, Manuel Noriega, who had turned his country into a "Narco Nation," directly challenged the U.S. Bush would confront this swaggering drug kingpin with military force in order to close down his billion-dollar drug trade.

PANAMA'S DRUG CZAR/1980s

By the 1970s, the Latin and South American suppliers of drugs began to usurp the distribution channels long controlled by members of organized crime in the U.S. The bosses of the Mexican and Colombian drug cartels ordered their minions to infiltrate the distribution networks in the U.S. and elsewhere, which led to savage drug wars and countless murders. These new networks gleaned billions in drug dollars, but the Mexican and Colombian bosses, having no place to wash this money, looked about for a safe haven for their illegal cash. They found it in Panama through the dark offices of that country's tinpot dictator, Manuel Antonio Noriega (b.1937).

Ironically, Noriega had come to power in Panama in 1983 during an anti-drug campaign that initially won him the praise of U.S. officials (chiefly the CIA), who paid him hundreds of thousands of dollars each year to continue his suppression of the drug trade in his country. CIA agents slowly learned, however, that Noriega, instead of attacking drug cartels and traffickers, was collusively working with them, while laundering millions in drug money flowing chiefly from the Medellin drug cartel in Colombia.

Further, it was later proven that Noriega had taken millions in bribes from Medellin cartel boss Pablo Escobar, and had turned Panama into a haven for drug smugglers and established dozens of drug manufacturing plants in his country. At one point, the military strongman had personally supervised a failed attempt to smuggle more than 1.4 million pounds of marijuana into the U.S. Noriega had purchased a jetliner that was used exclusively to transport drug money earned from trafficking in the U.S. back to Panama, where it was placed in Panamanian banks.

On February 5, 1988, federal grand juries in Tampa and Miami, Florida, indicted Noriega in absentia for taking bribes from international drug traffickers. The swaggering dictator responded by threatening the U.S. with war, while waving a sword on a balcony in a drugged state. In a lightning military incursion to Panama, he was captured by U.S. forces in 1990 and taken to the U.S.

Noriega was tried in Miami, Florida, proceedings against him beginning on September 16, 1991. Prosecutors stated that Noriega intended to make Panama a center of cocaine manufacturing and distribution. Fifteen of Noriega's co-defendants had already pleaded guilty in plea-bargain arrangements and would later testify against their former chief. Noriega, was convicted on this testimony of drug trafficking and money laundering on April 9, 1992. He received a forty-year prison term.

On March 4, 1999, U.S. District Judge William Hoeveler reduced Noriega's sentence from forty to thirty years. Although parole in the U.S. federal prison system was abolished, Noriega still qualified for parole, because he was sentenced before its elimination. Judge Hoeveler stated that his decision to reduce the former dictator's sentence was based on the fact that many of Noriega's co-defendants, who had committed even more serious offenses, had already been released from prison.

Manuel Antonio Noriega, dictator and chief drug trafficker of Panama, who was deposed in 1990 and imprisoned in the U.S. the following year.

THE COLOMBIAN CARTELS/1970s-Present

On February 4, 1987, thirty-six Colombian police officers broke into the jungle hideout of drug kingpin Carlos Enrique Lehder Rivas (b.1947; AKA: Colombian Rambo; Joe Leather) in Guarne, outside Medellin. Lehder Rivas was flown to Miami, Florida, to stand trial, charged with smuggling more than 3.3 tons of cocaine into the U.S. The DEA accused him of exporting eighteen tons of cocaine to the U.S. between 1978 and 1980.

Born in the coffee growing region in Armenia, more than 100 miles south of Medellin, Lehder Rivas was brought to New York at an early age, and later ran a stolen car ring between Detroit, Canada, and South America. Lehder Rivas was arrested in January 1973 in Detroit, but jumped bail and moved to Florida, where he trafficked in marijuana. In September 1973, Lehder Rivas was arrested in Miami for possession of

nearly 200 pounds of marijuana and sentenced to two years in prison. Following his release in 1975, the U.S. government deported Lehder Rivas to Bogota, Colombia.

In Colombia, Lehder Rivas learned to fly, and by 1979 had organized a distribution outfit specializing in aerial drug drops. He operated from the remote Bahamian island called Norman's Cay, where he built a fortress stocked with sensitive radar and aerial surveillance equipment. The DEA filed an indictment against Lehder Rivas in Tampa, Florida, but when the Bahamian police raided Norman's Cay, Lehder Rivas was gone. He had returned to Armenia, Colombia, where he built a lavish Bavarian-style hotel. Lehder Rivas also organized his own political party, the Movimiento Civico Latino Nacional (MCLN).

Following the extradition of four drug traffickers on January 4, 1985, by Colombian president Belisario Betancur Cuartas, Lehder Rivas vowed to spend millions of dollars destroying the Colombian government. He published his own newspaper, *Quindio Libre*, to attack the U.S., labeling America an imperialist government and promoting his candidacy for the Colombian senate. His rhetoric—a mixture of left and right wing fanaticism—however, appealed to few and Lehder Rivas lost the election.

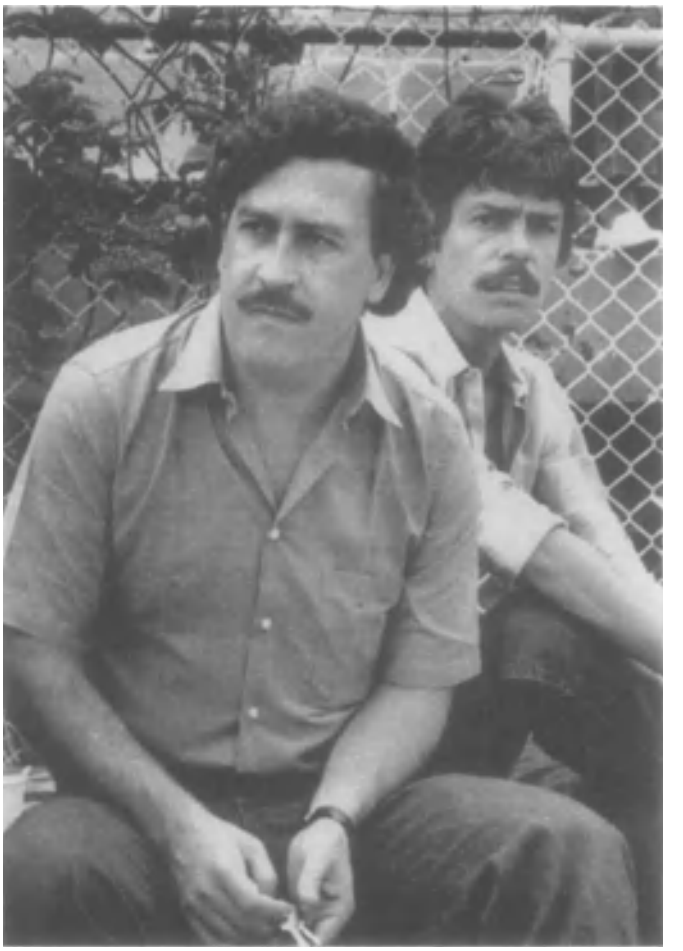
The Colombian drug cartel organized its ranks with strict protocol in November 1981 after the abduction of drug gangster Fabio Ochoa Restrepo's daughter. A cooperative venture known as Muerte a Secuestradores (MAS or Death to Kidnappers) united the previously independent drug lords.

Following his surprise arrest and extradition to the U.S., in 1987, Lehder Rivas' seven-and-a-half-month trial in Florida ended on May 19, 1988, when a jury found him guilty on eleven counts, ranging from possession of cocaine to running a continuing criminal enterprise. In July 1988, Lehder Rivas was sentenced to life imprisonment without parole, plus 135 years and a fine of $350,000.

With Lehder Rivas deposed, Pablo Escobar Gaviria (1949-1993) became the most powerful drug lord on earth. Escobar, a multibillionaire who operated autonomously in Colombia with an army of more than 1,000 hired guns, was tracked down by an elite commando force, Colombia's Bloque de Busqueda (Search Unit), and shot and killed on December 9, 1993. The killing of Escobar, however, made little dent in the billion-dollar illegal drug trade flowing from Colombia to the U.S.

Escobar had become the prototype of the new international gangster, dubbed a "narcoterrorist." He headed the Medellin drug cartel and thousands of deaths were attributed to him. He operated an international drug-smuggling operation that reached into every corner of the U.S. and South America, the cocaine trade in the Western Hemisphere being largely dominated by him. On his orders thousands of competing gangsters, politicians, judges, prosecutors, journalists, police officials, and reformers were summarily murdered. His more than 1,000 killers-for-hire gunned down more than 400 Colombian policemen.

With billions in his coffers, Escobar lived in luxury, building dozens of comfortable hideouts and having several communications systems—phone, fax and computer—that linked him to his lieutenants and allowed him to keep tight control



Pablo Escobar Gaviria, Colombian billionaire drug czar, who was tracked down and killed in 1993.

on his vast operations. He owned a mansion in Miami, Florida, and had a vast ranch that was stocked with giraffes, camels, and kangaroos, the drug kingpin having a taste for exotic animals.

On June 19, 1991, following the passing of a Colombian law that prohibited the extradition of Colombian nationals, Escobar surrendered to authorities. He had been indicted for drug trafficking and murder, but, under the new law, he could not be sent to the U.S. for trial. Following his conviction for drug trafficking, he was sent to a facility especially built for him (he paid the expenses for the construction) in Envigado, Colombia, not far from his massive drug operations in Medellin. His "prison" was more like a posh country retreat than a prison. When later realizing that government officials might overturn the new law and allow his extradition to the U.S., Escobar fled.

On the run from hideout to hideout by early 1993, Escobar was spending lavishly to stay out of the hands of the police, almost $1 million a day in payoffs to officials and police. Many residents in Medillin protected the drug czar, believing he was some sort of Robin Hood, because of the crumbs he gave them. Believing that police and military units would eventually track him down, Escobar thought to protect his family by sending his wife, Victoria Eugenia, his 16-year-old son, Juan Pablo, and his 9-year-old daughter, Manuela, to Germany for safety. The German government, at the urging of

Luis Jorge Ochoa, who took over the declining Medillin drug cartel in Colombia after the death of Pablo Escobar; he bowed to the emerging Cali cartel and retired with his billions.

the U.S. and Colombian governments, denied the family admittance and returned the Escobars to Bogota, where they were used as live bait to entrap the drug lord.

The hunt for Escobar was led by the Bloque de Busqueda, but enormous help was given by American intelligence agencies, including the CIA, DEA, and NSA, the latter actually diverting spy-in-the-sky satellites to fly over Colombia in electronic search for the elusive drug lord. U.S. C-130 reconnaissance planes were sent from Panama to aid in the search. Supporting government commandos were the Cali drug lord brothers, Gilberto and Miguel Rodriguez Orejuela, who had been secretly funding a vigilante organization called Pepes (People Persecuted by Pablo Escobar). This group killed scores of Escobar's gangsters and even blew up the drug lord's touring car, once owned by Al Capone and prized by the drug czar.

On December 8, 1993, Escobar made a phone call to his son, Juan Pablo. The boy blurted: "Dad—hang up, because they will trace you." Escobar called again the next day and this time a police wiretapper was able to trace Escobar to a safe house in Medellin. A wiretapper in a stakeout radio van reported: "I see a man talking on the telephone," and pinpointed the safe house. Escobar himself saw the van in the street, telling his son: "I see something strange. See you later." He hung up and, wearing only pants and a white shirt ran barefooted to the attic.

Minutes later heavily armed members of the Busqueda broke down the door of the house and ran upstairs. By this time Escobar was attempting to escape over the rooftops, but the house was by then surrounded by more than 150 commandos. Escobar opened fire on them and they let loose a hailstorm of bullets, six striking and killing him. Dead, his body tumbled down the slope of the tiled roof to the street. Swarms of commandos gathered about his overweight corpse while an officer radioed the great news to headquarters in Bogota: "Viva Colombia!"

When hearing the news of his father's death, Juan Pablo Escobar shouted, "I'm going to kill all those sons-of-bitches [the commandos]," but the 16-year-old later recanted his remark. Escobar's death, although heralded as a triumph for law enforcement in Colombia and in the U.S., did not slow the cocaine traffic to North America. Indeed, the Cali cartel, which had always preferred to operate diplomatically instead of by sheer violence, benefitted enormously through Escobar's passing, and, from that point onward, the Cali drug cartel and its leaders, the Rodriguez brothers, not the Medellin cartel, became the dominant drug operation in Colombia, controlling 85 percent of the world's illegal cocaine trade.

The Medellin drug cartel, having lost most of its power with the death of Escobar, was taken over by Luis Jorge Ochoa (b.1950). The U.S. had in vain attempted to extradite Ochoa to

the U.S., for trial in 1984. When the drug lord was arrested in 1996, American officials felt positive that Ochoa would be turned over to them. This was not the case. The Columbian government incensed U.S. law enforcement officials when, on July 5, 1996, he was set free.

Ochoa, it was believed, had made a deal with Colombian authorities in collusion with the powerful Cali Cartel, agreeing that he would retire if released. This is exactly what he did, living lavishly on the billions of dollars acquired by the Medillin cartel's manufacturing and distribution of cocaine. A considerable amount of those enormous drug funds were used, it was reported, to bring about his release.

MEXICO'S DRUG LORDS/1990s

Mexico's top drug lord, Juan Garcia Abrego (b.1944), had, for decades, been responsible for smuggling at least one third of the cocaine consumed in the U.S. Garcia Abrego's Gulf Cartel distributed the drug through Texas and other gulf states, as well as California. Through a sophisticated "wash cycle," Garcia Abrego laundered more than $2 billion each year through U.S. and foreign banks, paying off thousands of Mexican judges, law enforcement officers and officials to protect his widespread operations.

Garcia Abrego was the first drug lord to make the FBI's "Most Wanted" list, but apprehending the elusive drug lord proved next to impossible. He was shielded by the corrupt regime of President Carlos Salinas de Gortari and his henchman brother, Raul Salinas de Gortari, who was later imprisoned for his involvement in the 1994 assassination of reform politician, Jose Francisco Ruiz Massieu.

Hundreds of murders were attributed to Garcia Abrego, the victims being those who stood in the way of his well-greased drug cartel, centered in Monterey and Matamoros, Mexico. In addition to the countless grafters on his payroll, Garcia Abrego had as many as 20,000 drug suppliers, growers, traffickers and "mules" (actual carriers who smuggled cocaine, and, to a lesser degree, marijuana, across the U.S. border into Texas). He owned fleets of planes, buses, trucks and cars that were employed in his delivery system. At the top of his kickback roster were the financial agents and bankers, who had streamlined the laundering of Garcia Abrego's millions in U.S. currency.

Cash was collected through Garcia Abrego's cocaine network throughout the U.S., chiefly California, Illinois, New York, Florida and Texas, then funneled back to a warehouse in Houston, Texas. The cash was then bundled and moved by truck to Monterey and Matamoros, where it was placed in a

Mexican drug lord Juan Garcia Abrego, shown in custody in 1996, following an intensive manhunt for him throughout Northern Mexico; he was imprisoned in the U.S.

system of currency exchanges owned by Garcia Abrego. His top agent, Ricardo Aguirre Villagomez (AKA: Kenny Rogers), a former gas station attendant, deposited the cash, mostly in a Monterey currency exchange business.

The cash, under the legitimate cover of the currency exchanges, was then sent by courier to the First City Texas Bank in McAllen, Texas. Aguirre Villagomez then wired the bank-secured funds from First City to Banker's Trust of New York. Antonio Giraldi and Mario Lourdes Reategui, "relationship managers" at Banker's Trust, then sent the money to numbered Swiss accounts or to the accounts of holding companies in the Cayman Islands, all of the accounts and companies being owned by Garcia Abrego.

When FBI agents and other federal officials began to unravel this money-laundering system, Giraldi and Reategui resigned from Banker's Trust and acquired positions at American Express Bank International (AEBI) in Beverly Hills, California. They established another Cayman Island holding company for Aquirre Villagomez and then AEBI made millions in loans to that company, which used its own portfolio in other banks as collateral. This firm then invested in legitimate enterprises for which it made huge bank certificates of deposit in London and Swiss banks. Through these accounts, the firm then bought up auto dealerships, meat-packing plants and computer stores in Mexico. Similar purchases were made in the U.S.

By late 1995, the hunt for the always-moving Garcia Abrego intensified in Mexico, mostly at the hard prodding of U.S. officials and President William Clinton, who had rated Mexico's anti-drug efforts as poor. Other U.S. officials labelled Mexico as a "Narco Nation." Mexico's newly-elected president, Ernesto Zedillo Ponce de Leon, in order to regain the good graces of the U.S., stepped up the search for Garcia Abrego.

On January 14, 1996, an elite group of Mexican anti-drug agents, fifteen in number and all heavily armed, surrounded a walled ranch house outside Villa Juarez, just south of Monterey, Mexico. The agents crouched next to the wall until dusk and then stormed over the wall and into the house, breaking down doors and crashing through windows. Garcia Abrego and two of his bodyguards were taken by surprise. The drug lord made a dash for a side door, escaped into the yard and attempted to dive over the wall, but agents tackled him.

Hustled to Mexico City, Garcia Abrego was smug and confident. He joked with his captors, saying: "You're going to be hearing from me." He believed that once he was imprisoned in Mexico City, it would be only a short time before he was released, by prison escape or other methods that would be arranged through his high-level and heavily bribed government contacts. The drug lord was shocked when arriving in Mexico City to learn that he would not be held in that city at all. He was told that he was being immediately sent to Houston, Texas, where he would be turned over to FBI agents, and thereafter be tried in the U.S. for the many charges against him.

Garcia Abrego lost his air of confidence on the flight to Houston, snarling at his captors: "You are all dead men!" When arriving at Houston, he was taken into custody by armed FBI agents, who took him to a federal detention center. Tried and convicted of drug trafficking, Garcia Abrego was imprisoned. At first his capture was heralded as a significant victory over the drug cartel bosses of Mexico, but critics claimed that President Zedillo had turned over Garcia Abrego as a token gesture to appease President Clinton, who, on March 1, 1996, was to grade or "certify" Mexico for its anti-drug efforts, and that Amado Carrillo Fuentes (1956-1997), Mexico's new top drug lord, had already taken over Garcia Abrego's empire, down to the last grunting "mule" and was, at that very time, preparing to ship seventy-five tons of cocaine into the U.S.

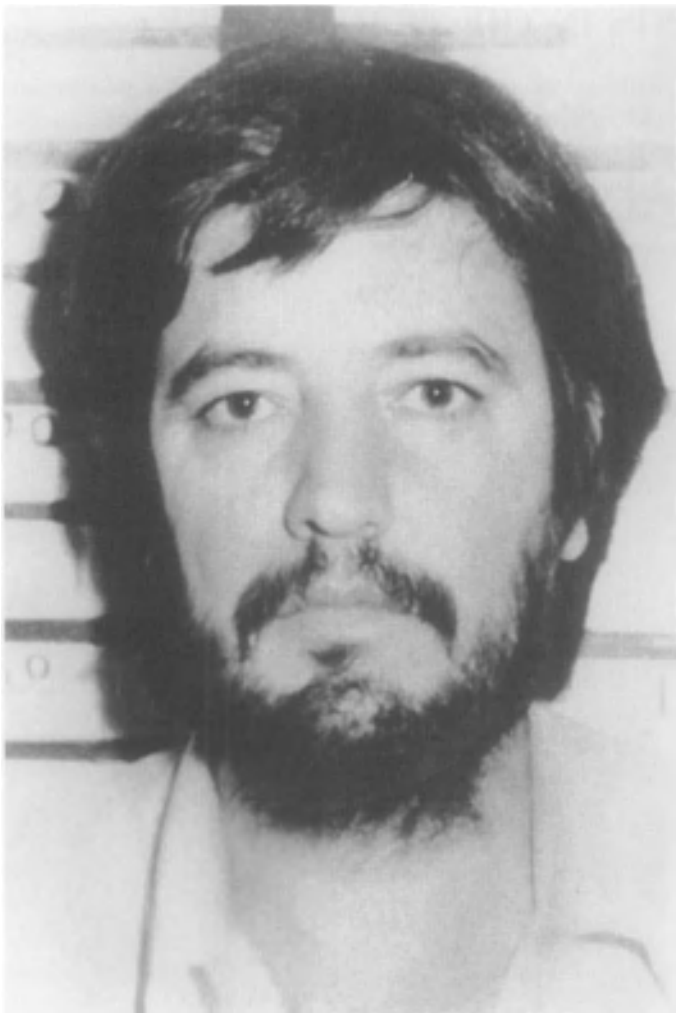
Mexico's new drug lord was an enterprising, clever criminal, who, as a teenager, began his career in the Mexican drug trade as one of the tens of thousands smuggling cocaine and marijuana into the United States. Carrillo Fuentes grew up in poverty and had little formal education, He had few prospects for the future until he entered Mexico's thriving and illegal drug trade at the age of thirteen. He first served as a "mule," a carrier of drugs, sneaking over the U.S. border with packs of cocaine strapped around his body. He next became a subdistributor of drugs and then, while killing off his competitors with devastating alacrity, he took over most of the drug trafficking in northern Mexico.

Sent to prison, Carrillo Fuentes befriended the warden, Adrian Carrera Fuentes, promising him great riches when he was released, if Carrera would aid him in his drug trafficking. This is exactly what happened in the early 1990s. Following Carrillo's release, he met with Carrera, who later became head of the state police. In exchange for millions of dollars in bribes, Carrera allowed Carrillo to operate his drug smuggling without interference and actually provided state police agents to guard the drug trafficker and his drug-smuggling minions.

In addition, Carrera provided protection against local police when shipments were taken to the U.S. border. Within a few years, Carrillo Fuentes had grown fabulously rich. Some estimates had him accumulating as much wealth as Bill Gates of Microsoft, gathering a fortune of more than $25 billion by the mid-1990s. He purchased a huge ranch in his native state of Sinaloa, north of Mexico City. There he played the part of Robin Hood, providing the money to build a new church in his hometown and slaughtering cattle on his ranch at Christmas and giving the meat to the poor. He bought lavish homes and safe houses throughout Mexico and in Cuba and Chile.

Carrillo Fuentes, however, appeared to lose his vast influence with government officials in Mexico late in 1996. Some claimed that he was hoarding his billions and refused to give up larger portions of the spoils to Mexican officials. In January 1997, his ranch was raided by Mexican army troops just as his sister's wedding party was beginning to celebrate at the Carrillo Fuentes ranch in Sinaloa. The raid was apparently a warning to open up his coffers, but Carrillo Fuentes, by then the largest drug cartel boss in Mexico, had decided to quit the racket and leave the country.

In February 1997, Carrillo Fuentes visited Cuba and Chile, making investments that were apparently aimed at establishing residency. He was accompanied by top aides, mostly bodyguards, but one of his "advisers" was Ricardo Reyes Rincon, a surgeon and native of Colombia, who had attended Autonomous University in Guadalajara. It was clear that when Carrillo



The ferocious Mexican drug lord, Amado Carrillo Fuentes, shown while in prison in the early 1990s; he later became a billionaire, controlling most of Mexico's government officials, who were on his staggering payroll.

The badly-scarred face of the dead Carrillo Fuentes; the drug lord attempted to have his appearance changed through plastic surgery, but his doctors botched the job and were reportedly murdered.

Fuentes and his party returned to Mexico, the drug lord had decided to abandon his lucrative but dangerous business and to also completely alter his appearance. He would have plastic surgery performed on his face and his body would be altered by liposuction, wherein all the fat would be sucked from beneath his skin.

Reyes arranged for the surgery with Dr. Ramon Lopez Salcedo, who had been a classmate at medical school. Lopez called in two other specialists, Dr. Jaime Godoy Singh and Dr. Carlos Avila Meigem, to aid Reyes in the surgery. On July 3, 1997, Reyes, Avila and Godoy went to work on Carrillo Fuentes, who had checked into a Mexico City clinic under an assumed name. Godoy began resculpting the drug trafficker's nose, while Avila carried out other facial surgery and performed radical liposuction, drawing many liters of fat from Carrillo's bloated body.

According to reports, the eight-hour operation was a disaster, and the drug czar's face had been mutilated, the tip of his nose snipped off, his eyelids bruised and purple after numerous incisions, the chin sliced away, and the flesh about his mouth drawn so tight that his clenched teeth showed in a fierce, maniacal smile. He looked monstrous. Moreover, so much fat had been liposuctioned away that Carrillo Fuentes' entire body appeared withered. It is not known whether the drug lord died under the knife or survived for a few hours. One story held that he revived, took one look at his hideous face and shrunken body and went berserk, ordering his goons to kill the doctors immediately. Accordingly, all three physicians were taken to the State of Guerrero and murdered, their bodies mutilated, sealed in drums, and left by the side of a road.

Oddly, all three physicians were later charged with murder, Mexican officials stating that the surgeons intentionally killed their patient by giving Carrillo Fuentes anesthetics combined with Dormicum, a sleeping potion. Mariano Herran Salvatti, chief of Mexico's anti-drug agency, stated, "We have concluded that, acting with malice and with the intention of taking his [Carrillo Fuentes'] life, these physicians applied a combination of medicines that resulted in the death of the trafficker."

Though some authorities refused to believe Carrillo Fuentes had died, his own mother, Aurora Fuentes, after viewing the hideous face and limp body in a casket, stated "Yes, it is my son. (Her identification prompted one wag to state that the dead man's countenance was "a face that only a mother could love.") Others claimed that Fuentes was lying to shield her still-alive son, who planned to fake his own death by substituting the disfigured body of another.

Thomas Constantine, head of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency, insisted that fingerprints from the body had been matched to those of Carrillo Fuentes. Mexico's ambassador to Washington, Jesús Silva Herzog, was irked at Constantine's remarks, stating that the DEA chief was a "cretin" and that it was for Mexican authorities to confirm the drug czar's death. This they later did, they said, after conclusively identifying the corpse as that of Carrillo Fuentes through DNA.

OTHER NOTABLE DRUG EVENTS IN THE 20TH CENTURY

January 15, 1900: An Arab medical text prescribed cannabis seeds mixed with bread as a treatment for tuberculosis.

January 10, 1904: The Boston *Globe* reported that the U.S. government was growing cannabis and opium in gardens along the Potomac, to be used later in tests of the drugs' therapeutic potential.

May 12, 1905: Herbert Croker, the son of former Tammany Hall leader, Richard "Boss" Croker (1841-1922), was found dead of a drug overdose in New York City.

April 3, 1908: Five San Francisco pharmacists who had supplied addicts with drugs were arrested on a warrant from the California State Board of Pharmacies.

January 31, 1910: "Vasta Herne," a play chronicling a woman's drug addiction, premiered in New York City.

December 18, 1914: San Francisco police conducted massive raids on opium dens and brothels where narcotics were easily available, arresting scores of prostitutes, who were users and peddlers of drugs.

April 15, 1915: Hundreds of drug addicts flooded New York's public hospitals due to their inability to obtain narcotics under the U.S. Anti-Narcotic Act, which went into effect on March 1, 1915.

September 8, 1915: Henry Goddard Thomas, known as the "King of Cocaine," was arrested in New York on drug charges.

June 26, 1916: After pleading guilty to unlawful possession of narcotics in New York City, Salvatore Charles "Lucky" Luciano (1897-1962) was sentenced to a one-year prison term. He was paroled after six months.

May 8, 1920: The House of Delegates of the AMA vowed to eliminate heroin from all medical preparations.

September 10, 1920: Olive Thomas (Oliveretta Elaine Duffy, 1884-1920), a popular film actress, who had shot to fame after posing nude for a celebrated Vargas painting, and who had appeared in twenty-three films, was found dead from an overdose of drugs in the hotel suite she shared with her husband, actor Jack Pickford (brother of Mary Pickford) in Paris, France, where the couple was honeymooning. One report stated that a hotel valet found Thomas lying on a sable cape, holding a bottle of mercury bichloride tablets. Another report, hushed up by movie moguls, insisted that Thomas, who had a long history of drug abuse, had overdosed herself with an injection of heroin. Still another story held that Jack Pickford found his bride lying in a bathroom, but still alive. A physician was called and the flapper revived briefly, jocularly saying: "Well, doctor. Paris has got me!" Conjectures aside, it was never determined whether Thomas' death was the result of murder, suicide or accidental death. A coroner chose the latter to categorize her demise. Her estate was later auctioned off, with Mabel Normand tenaciously bidding $1,425 to obtain Thomas' gold toilet set; Normand herself would later die from a drug overdose on February 23, 1930.

Silent screen star Olive Thomas, shown with her new husband, Jack Pickford, sailing for a honeymoon in France in 1920; weeks later she died in Paris from a drug overdose.

December 14, 1920: Denver hoodlum, "Big Time Charlie" Allen, was sentenced to five years for drug trafficking.

August 30, 1921: Several thousand dollars worth of opium, being illegally smuggled to prisoners at San Quentin, was intercepted by agents from the California State Board of Pharmacy.

September 8, 1921: Federal agents confiscated opium, heroin and cocaine worth hundreds of thousands of dollars after a wild shootout with the crew of the S.S. *King Alexander*, docked in New York Harbor.

May 26, 1922: Congress passed the Jones-Miller Narcotic Drug Import and Export Act, which controlled the importation of opium and its derivatives for medical uses, and banned the import or export of opium for smoking.

January 2, 1923: John Barker, who ran dope traffic from a fraudulent clinic in Oakland, California, was arrested on federal drug charges.

January 11, 1923: The New York *Times* proclaimed marijuana as the city's "latest habit-forming drug."

January 28, 1923: Boston narcotics agent Ralph A. Fry was convicted for taking bribes from a Portland, Maine, drug ring.

March 29, 1923: The cocaine addiction of film actress Juanita Hansen (1895-1961) was exposed in the national press. Hansen, whose movie career dated back to 1915, began as one of Mack Sennett's "Bathing Beauties," and appeared in many dramatic roles in serials produced by Pathe, Universal and Warner Brothers, earning $1,500 a week in 1918 (then a huge salary). She was known as "The Queen of Thrills," but he career disintegrated in 1921, when her cocaine addiction became so severe that she could no longer perform before the cameras. She attempted to quit the habit and was thought rehabilitated in 1928, when she was being considered for a top role in a Broadway play. At that time she was terribly burned by scalding hot water in a hotel accident in New York and to ease her pain she was given morphine, to which she immediately became addicted, preventing her ability to again perform. In 1934, Hansen appeared at carnivals and in sideshows where she lectured on the evils of drug addiction. In 1941, she attempted suicide by an overdose of sleeping pills. Hansen then abandoned her theatrical career altogether, taking a clerking job for a railroad. She died of a heart attack in 1961.

Silent screen star Juanita Hansen in a scene from the 1916 serial film, *The Secret of the Submarine*; her cocaine addiction ruined her career.

June 5, 1923: Under the alias of "Luciana," heroin-carrying Salvatore Charles "Lucky" Luciano was arrested by New York police. Charges were dropped when he led lawmen to a stash of heroin belonging to enemy gangsters. Luciano, a crafty and devious criminal, would, within fifteen years, become head of the U.S. national crime syndicate and be the most powerful crime boss in America.

January 11, 1926: Famed American sculptor William Ordway Partridge (1861-1930) was discovered to be a drug addict through the medical records of a New York hospital.

September 9, 1926: Jack "Legs" Diamond (1896-1931), a feared bootlegger and gang boss in New York City, was discharged hours after being arrested for smuggling narcotics in Mount Vernon, New York.

June 3, 1927: The Chicago *Tribune* accused the city's Mexican community of bringing marijuana into the city's classrooms.

October 3, 1928: More than $1,500,000 worth of opium was found behind false partitions on the ocean liner *President Harrison*, after it docked in Jersey City, New Jersey. It was the largest opium seizure of its time.

December 8, 1928: More than $5 million worth of heroin was confiscated in coordinated raids on hotel rooms in New York, Chicago and on a passenger train in Buffalo, New York. It was called the biggest narcotics bust of the century to date.

January 18, 1929: The Narcotics Farm Act passed, establishing facilities for the treatment of addicts.

July 10, 1929: The wife of former Chinese consul Yin Kao admitted smuggling more than $600,000 worth of opium into the U.S. "for friends." She was deported later that year.

July 20, 1929: Heiress Dolores Elizabeth Ford claimed her marriage to a black man had taken place while she was under the influence of narcotics.

September 20, 1929: The League of Nations adopted a plan to curtail the world's drug trade.

December 16, 1929: Gambler Arnold Rothstein (1882-1928), alleged to be the largest drug supplier in New York, was murdered in a hotel room after playing poker with a group of sharpers. The homicide was never solved.

February 22-23, 1930: Film actress Mabel Normand (1894-1930), a former Mack Sennett star and one of the most popular movie comediennes of the silent era, died from tuberculosis, complicated by her long addiction to cocaine. Normand, who

was known as the "Queen of Comedy" and the "Female Chaplin," became a cocaine addict before 1920, but her film career continued under protective moguls like Samuel Goldwyn and film director William Desmond Taylor. Taylor, who had been having a long love affair with the actress, tried to end Normand's drug addiction. He was murdered on the evening of February 1, 1922 and it was later learned that Normand had been the last person to see him alive. She and Mary Miles Minter, another popular silent screen actress who had also been seeing Taylor, were both suspects in the killing, one never solved. The scandal resulting from the Taylor killing all but wrecked the careers of both Normand and Minter. Fans by the millions boycotted the films of both actresses and Normand's reputation was further sullied when her chauffeur shot and wounded millionaire Courtland Dines with her pistol on New Year's Eve 1923. She married actor Lew Cody and the couple exhausted their nights in one wild party after another throughout the roaring Twenties. Normand's cocaine addiction became so severe that she was placed in a sanitarium in 1929, where she remained for six months, until her death on February 22-23, 1930.

Screen comedienne Mabel Normand, who became addicted to cocaine, which brought about her premature death in 1930.

July 5, 1930: Following the mysterious disappearance of Reginald Arthur Lee, British acting consul-general in Marseilles, France, there was widespread belief that he was the victim of the drug smugglers he was investigating. Lee's body was never found.

June 8, 1931: Show girl Starr Faithfull (Starr Wyman, 1906-1931), reportedly the mistress of a powerful Boston politician, was found dead on the sandy shoreline of Long Beach, the cause of her death certified as drowning. The coroner stated that she had been rendered unconscious with drugs before she died. Her death was ruled accidental, though most believed the partying flapper had been murdered. John O'Hara's novel and the subsequent 1960 film based on the book, *Butterfield 8*, was wholly drawn from the Faithfull case.

September 23, 1931: Custom officials in Shanghai seized a huge heroin shipment intended for delivery to the U.S. Chinese authorities claimed that the drugs were being smuggled by Japanese members of the Black Dragon Society to raise funds for Japan's war machine.

October 16, 1933: Marijuana use was determined to be a contributing factor when Victor Licata murdered five family members with an ax in Tampa, Florida.

January 24, 1934: A dope ring that included hundreds of prisoners and scores of guards and a deputy warden, was uncovered at Welfare Island Prison in New York.

February 22, 1936: *Melody Maker*, a British music magazine, published an expose on widespread marijuana use by British musicians.

October 28, 1941: M. Elias, Harlem's biggest drug dealer was arrested and charged with drug smuggling. He was not convicted.

November 21, 1945: In Palermo, Italy, the top Mafia dons met to organize their plan for international drug trafficking.

April 8, 1947: Boss of one of the biggest drug smuggling rings in the U.S., Joseph "Pip the Blind" Gagliano hanged himself in Manhattan before being sent to Sing Sing on a narcotics conviction.

May 28, 1947: Blues singer Billie Holiday was convicted for being a drug addict (heroin) and was sentenced to a year and a day in federal prison.

June 15, 1948: Jazz musician Charlie "The Bird" Parker was arrested in Manhattan's Dewey Square Hotel for drug violations.

January 8, 1949: Several importers of a $300,000 cache of opium were arrested by New York City Customs agent Charles E. Wyatt. Wyatt's claim that "Lucky" Luciano was behind the smuggling ring was unsubstantiated.

September 24, 1950: Federal agent Anker M. Bangs was shot to death by John Wong, a suspected drug dealer, during a raid in St. Paul, Minnesota.

April 24, 1951: More than 3,000 heroin tablets were stolen from a London hospital by Kevin Patrick Saunders.

December 25, 1955: Massive drug raids in Houston, Texas, by customs officers snared dozens of dealers and pushers, and collected huge drug caches and millions of dollars in drug money.

June 2, 1958: Leroy Jefferson, reportedly a leading U.S. drug dealer, was arrested in New York City, but was released due to lack of evidence.

December 13, 1958: The Italian Court of Appeals in Rome freed Salvatore Charles "Lucky" Luciano, who had been deported to Italy from the U.S. many years earlier. The Court declared that Luciano had "nothing to do with murder, narcotics, or illegal rackets." Luciano was then ostensibly in retirement, although it was widely known that even in his exile in Italy, he directed drug trafficking in the U.S., remaining one of the directors of the U.S. crime syndicate which he had helped to create more than twenty years earlier. Luciano, who had killed dozens of people in his long crime career, died in 1962.

Charles "Lucky" Luciano, a founder of the U.S. crime cartel, who instituted widespread drug trafficking in America and was deported to Italy, where a court stated that he was not involved in criminal pursuits.

March 10, 1959: West Coast mobster Anthony Marcello was arrested in Los Angeles for drug trafficking.

October 3, 1960: U.S. Narcotic Bureau agents arrested drug trafficker Adolphe Tarditi, Guatemalan Ambassador Muricio Rosal, and an airline steward, confiscating 100 pounds of heroin valued at $20 million, and $26,000 in cash, at a New York City intersection.

March 30, 1961: The United Nations adopted the Single Convention, which allowed each country to adopt its own laws against the cannabis plant.

January 24, 1962: Mafia members Mario Caruso and Salvatore Mamesi, who had operated large drug rings in Europe, were arrested in Madrid, Spain, for narcotics violations and bail-jumping. Each received a fifteen-year prison sentence.

March 22, 1963: Drug trafficker Alvin Beigel was arrested in Queens, New York, in possession of more than $3 million worth of heroin.

March 29, 1963: Rock 'n' Roll singer Jimmy "Baby Face" Lewis was arrested in New York City on drug possession charges. Police later stated that his arrest led to the uncovering of a nationwide narcotics ring.

May 10, 1963: Professional football player, Eugene "Big Daddy" Lipscomb, died from a suspected heroin overdose.

January 21, 1964: On orders of Michael Gargano, a crime syndicate terrorist, Chicago policeman and mob drug pusher Thomas N. Durso killed heroin addict and informant Anthony "Lover" Moschiano.

February 7, 1968: Actor Nick Adams (1931-1968) was found dead from a drug overdose; his death was thought to be suicide, but murder was not ruled out.

February 11, 1969: An all-out war on organized crime was declared by President Richard M. Nixon, who asked Congress for $61 million to combat drug trafficking. Governments of several other nations were asked to cooperate with the U.S. in its war on organized crime and, in particular, the campaign against international drug trafficking.

February 6, 1971: Joaquin Gonzales, chief of air traffic control at Panama's international airport, was arrested in the Canal Zone. He would be convicted and sentenced in Texas for his role in facilitating drug trafficking in his country.

January 9, 1972: A "dope" war erupted in Detroit, Michigan. It claimed more than 200 victims in nine months.

January 28, 1972: Tiring of conflicts between the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs and customs officials, President Nixon established the Office for Drug Abuse Law Enforcement.

February 3, 1972: New York City drug dealer Barry Glen Lipsky began confessing to his crimes to police. His information led to one of the largest roundups of drug dealers in U.S. history.

May 16, 1972: Enrique Barrera was arrested in Manhattan as he attempted to receive a 100 kilogram shipment of heroin. Four months later, U.S. customs agents intercepted several South American couriers in Miami as they tried to bring a large shipment of cocaine into the city. Barrera, who was out on bail, was identified as the intended recipient and arrested again on September 12, 1972.

January 1, 1973: East coast drug lord Frank "Pee Wee" Matthews, who supervised drug processing mills in New York City and widely distributed cocaine and heroin, was arrested in Las Vegas, Nevada.

January 23, 1974: Carmine "The Cigar" Galante was paroled in New York after serving several years in prison for dope smuggling. Galante was a top Mafia kingpin who supervised national distribution of drugs for the U.S. crime syndicate.

November 20, 1974: Indictments were issued in a Brooklyn, New York, federal court, naming fifty-eight suspected heroin and opium smugglers and twenty-five co-conspirators. Stemming from the investigation of a global network led by Wong Shing Kong, the cartel used Scandinavian seamen and Chinese distributors to import drugs into New York, San Francisco and Canada.

January 9, 1976: Teo Hock-Song, a Malaysian stevedore, was sentenced to death in Singapore for morphine smuggling.

April 2, 1976: John Thomas Jova, the son of the U.S. ambassador to Mexico, was sent to prison in Maidstone, England, for two-and-a-half years for drug smuggling.

May 1, 1976: Actress Louise Lasser (b.1939), the first wife of comedian Woody Allen, was arrested on charges of cocaine possession in Beverly Hills, California.

July 18, 1976: DEA agents arrested six members of a drug ring led by Oscar Mancillas, in Joliet, Illinois. The ring was reputed to have imported $12 million worth of heroin a month to the Chicago area.

October 16, 1976: The U.S. Coast Guard intercepted a Panamanian freighter, the *Don Emelio*, off the coast of the Bahamas. Agents reported that the ship carried eighty tons of marijuana and 400 pounds of cocaine. At the time it was the largest seizure of drugs ever recorded.

October 28, 1976: Japanese police arrested 2,489 people in Tokyo in massive drug raids, confiscating large amounts of illegal drugs.

November 19, 1976: Chow Sae Choorachait and Supol Laohavichairat, two Thai citizens, were arrested in Atlanta, Georgia, and were in possession of more than $3 million worth of heroin carried in hollowed-out books.

February 1, 1977: Coast Guard officers apprehended a drug boat, the Night Train, off the coast of Florida, arresting thirteen men, while seizing fifty-four tons of marijuana valued at $21.6 million.

February 20, 1977: Marijuana smuggler Robert Yuckman was murdered by one of his employees at his home in Coconut Creek, Florida.

March 11, 1977: Actress Anjelica Huston (b.1951), the daughter of famed film director John Huston and granddaughter of the great actor Walter Huston, was arrested for cocaine possession in the home of actor Jack Nicholson, while police were

Actress Anjelica Huston, shown with actor Jack Nicholson in the 1985 film, *Prizzi's Honor*; she was arrested for cocaine possession in Nicholson's home, where she maintained a common-law marriage with Nicholson.

searching the house for evidence related to charges that film director Roman Polanski had drugged and raped a 13-year-old girl there the previous night. Huston maintained a common-law marriage with Nicholson from 1973 to 1989. Nicholson was in Europe at the time of the drug bust. Statements about drug use were later attributed to Nicholson, such as: "That the repressive nature of the legalities vis-a-vis drugs are destroying the legal system and corrupting the police system;" and: "The only reason that cocaine is such a rage today is because people are too dumb and too lazy to get themselves together and roll a joint." Huston was quoted as saying: "Of course, drugs were fun. And that's what so stupid about anti-drug campaigns—they don't admit that."

March 23, 1977: Twenty-one people in a heroin-smuggling ring centered in Ypsilanti, Michigan, and headed by Richard Phillips, were arrested at several sites in Cleveland, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh and Washington, D.C.

April 10, 1977: Four members of the Rastafarian cult, a sect which included marijuana smoking in its ritualistic worship, were found murdered in Brooklyn, New York. At least two of the members were known marijuana dealers.

July 3, 1977: Three men were killed during the sale of $60,000 worth of marijuana near Turkey Point, in the Florida Keys.

August 14, 1977: More than $350,000 and assorted narcotics were confiscated by police in Warwick, Rhode Island, after a chain of events unraveled a large drug distribution network headed by Meyer Lansky and Robert Vesco.

November 28, 1977: Sixteen tons of marijuana valued at $8 million was seized and seven people were arrested, including five who were members of the Ethiopian Zion Coptic Church, in a drug raid on Miami's Star Island.

December 20, 1977: As part of Operation Snowbird, a drug "sting" operation, planes used for marijuana smuggling were seized at Pompano Beach and Sebring, Florida. Ten days later, as part of the same operation, a plane containing seventeen tons of marijuana was captured in Florence, South Carolina, while a yacht with two tons of marijuana aboard was captured at Fort Lauderdale, Florida. On January 10, 1978, the same operation snared eight people and 19,000 pounds of marijuana in a drug raid at Charleston, South Carolina.

January 19, 1978: New York drug kingpin Nicky Barnes was sentenced to life imprisonment and fined $125,000 for operating a "continuing criminal enterprise."

March 26, 1978: Drug dealers Carlos Fernando Quesada and Rodolfo Rodriguez were arrested in Miami, where officials seized fifty-five pounds of cocaine valued at $14 million and $900,000 in cash.

June 12, 1978: Police arrested two men and seized $1.2 billion worth of cocaine, after blocking the takeoff of a private plane on Great Exuma Island in the Bahamas.

June 28, 1978: Former TV newsman Jack Kelly was one of five men murdered in Boston after a dispute involving cocaine.

July 19, 1978: Giorgio Giuliano, deputy chief of police in Sicily, who had successfully undermined numerous Mafia drug operations, was murdered in a Palermo café. Casare Terranova, a 58-year-old judge appointed to investigate the Giuliano murder, was himself murdered, shot to death by Mafia motorcyclists in Palermo, on September 26, 1978.

December 14, 1978: Three Iranians were arrested in California while attempting to smuggle 35 pounds of opium concealed in hollowed-out packets of pictures of Ayatollah Khomeini.

January 6, 1980: Gaetano Costa, a Sicilian prosecutor of numerous Mafia drug dealers, was murdered in Palermo, Sicily.

January 17, 1980: Former Beatle Paul McCartney (b.1942) was arrested for marijuana possession and jailed for ten days in Tokyo, Japan. The arrest and imprisonment caused McCartney's spectacular career to go into a nose-dive. He went into seclusion, but, reportedly disdaining drugs, he made a comeback, his status repaired to the point where Queen Elizabeth II knighted him in 1997.

June 3, 1980: Bolivian drug lord Roberto Suarez, Sr. was indicted by a federal grand jury, although he was not then in U.S. custody.

October 7, 1980: Film producer Robert Evans (b.1930), who headed production for Paramount Studios in the early 1970s, pleaded guilty to agreeing to buy $19,000 worth of cocaine in July 1980. He was given a year's probation in New York City for drug possession. Evans later produced an anti-drug TV special called *Get High on Yourself*. In May 2002, he was given a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame.

November 8, 1980: William and Tracy Melton, facing minimum sentences for cocaine and marijuana possession, swallowed cyanide and died in a Rockville, Maryland, courtroom.

February 26, 1981: Isaac Kattan, a Colombian drug financier, known as South Florida's "Al Capone," was arrested in possession of twenty kilos of cocaine at an intersection in Miami.

August 4, 1981: Bolivian President Luis Garcia Meza resigned after his government was charged with human rights violations and cocaine trafficking.

February 20, 1982: Former basketball star James Bradley was killed by members of the syndicate on a Portland, Oregon street. According to police, the drug traffickers feared that Bradley would reveal their identities and operations to avoid a jail term for drug possession.

March 5, 1982: Actor and comedian John Belushi (1949-1982) died after injecting a mixture of cocaine and heroin in a bungalow at the Chateau Marmont, popular celebrity hotel in Los Angeles. Some years later his companion, Cathy Smith, was sentenced to three years in prison for supplying the actor with the drugs. Belushi had taken drugs for some time and became addicted to cocaine about the time of his appearance in the film, *The Blues Brothers* (1980)

Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi are shown in the 1980 film *The Blues Brothers* at the time when Belushi became addicted to cocaine and from which he died from an overdose that was mixed with heroin.

March 9, 1982: Almost two tons of cocaine valued at $1.3 billion, were seized by customs officers at Miami Airport, found mixed in with a clothing shipment from Colombia.

June 30, 1982: Sepala Ekanayaka, who seized a 747 Alitalia jet just after takeoff from New Delhi, was later identified by narcotics officials in Colombia as having been involved in hashish smuggling in Yugoslavia in 1974 and morphine smuggling in 1981.

October 19, 1982: Car manufacturer John Zachary De Lorean (b.1925) was arrested in the Sheraton Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles for trying to buy and sell $24 million worth of cocaine in order to shore up his collapsing financial empire. De Lorean would be charged on December 20. He would be found not guilty on August 16, 1984, the jury mutely following the instructions of Judge Robert Takasugi, who instructed members: "If you find John De Lorean committed the acts charged, but did so as the result of entrapment, you must find him not guilty." Prosecutors were incensed with the judge's wording of his instructions, which, they felt, amounted to an order to the jury to find the car manufacturer innocent. Video tapes made by agents showing De Lorean negotiating with them for the buying and selling of drugs, did not indicate, in the perspective of most, that De Lorean was entrapped.

May 5, 1983: Sheik Juamir, 35-year-old Pakistani "heroin king," was turned over to authorities by tribal elders at the Khyber Pass in Pakistan.

July 9, 1983: In London, Michael Fagin, a drug addict, was found with his hand dripping blood, talking to the Queen in her bedroom at Buckingham Palace. He was arrested for trespassing.

March 10, 1984: Colombian police seized 13.8 tons of cocaine worth $1.2 billion from a jungle complex near the Yari river in Caqueta.

December 24, 1984: Gustavo Jacome Lemus, the second secretary of the Colombian Embassy in Madrid, was arrested on drug smuggling charges.

January 26, 1985: Masahisa Takenaka, the leader of the Yakuza which controlled all drug traffic in Japan, was shot to death, along with two of his bodyguards, in Osaka.

March 6, 1985: The bodies of two DEA agents were found in Guadalajara, Mexico, following their kidnaping by Mexican drug traffickers the previous month.

January 7, 1986: The foreign minister of Mauritius and three other ministers resigned after Mauritian members of parliament were arrested in the Netherlands for smuggling drugs.

December 14, 1986: A police and army drug raid in Karachi, Pakistan, triggered five days of rioting during which at least 180 people were killed.

December 15, 1987: Benjamin Herrera, a Colombian drug smuggler suspected of being the founder of a cartel supplying 80 percent of the cocaine brought into the U.S., was arrested in Davie, Florida.

January 5, 1988: Attorney General Carlos Hoyos of Colombia and two bodyguards were killed by drug traffickers near Medellin. Hoyos had sought to allow the U.S. to extradite members of the Medellin cartel.

February 11, 1988: Officials in Bangkok, Thailand, impounded 1,816 pounds of heroin, the largest cache of this drug ever seized.

October 11, 1988: Nine executives and seventy-six employees of the Luxembourg-based Bank of Credit and Commerce International S.A. were charged by the U.S. government with conspiracy to launder millions of dollars deposited by cocaine dealers.

February 21, 1989: FBI agents in Chicago arrested 70-year-old Joe Wing, a key figure in an international drug ring based in New York's Chinatown. Wing, reputedly the ring's Chicago connection, was tied to Fok Leung Woo, better known in New York as Peter Woo.

March 26, 1989: Richard Wallstrum was convicted as the ringleader of a $33 million cocaine ring which operated between California and South America from 1974 to 1984. Wallstrum and eleven others had been charged with trafficking in December 1987.

April 8, 1989: Mexican officials arrested top cocaine trafficker Miguel Angel Felix Gallardo, 43, and the entire police force of the city in Culiacan, which was the center of the drug ring.

May 2, 1989: Doctors in Chicago, Illinois, performed surgery on Kayode Olujare, 33, to remove 49 packets of 90 percent pure white heroin which he had ingested as a means of smuggling. Olujare had passed 32 more packets, but one packet had burst, putting him in danger of death. He was charged with possession.

September 29, 1989: DEA agents in Sylmar, California, seized 47,554 pounds of cocaine, considered to be the largest cache of drugs ever seized.

October 26, 1989: Kristan Bennett, 20, was arrested with two Turkish men after police in Costa del Sol, Spain, seized 109.2 kilograms of heroin valued at $42 million, this being the largest single heroin seizure in the country's history.

January 10, 1990: Gosie Mbachu was arrested at the Intercontinental Airport in Houston, Texas, by customs agents for drug smuggling after an X-ray showed his stomach contained 42 condoms filled with heroin.

May 19, 1990: Jose Abello Silva, a key figure in the Medellin drug cartel, was convicted on federal drug charges. On May 29, 1990, he was sentenced to 30 years in prison and fined $5 million.

June 4, 1990: Marion Barry's trial on drug charges began. The mayor of Washington, D.C., faced eleven counts involving cocaine use and three felony counts of lying to a grand jury. On June 28, 1990, prosecutors showed a video tape of Barry smoking crack cocaine in a Washington hotel room in January 1990. Defense attorneys claimed that the tape reinforced their claim that Barry had been entrapped. Barry would be found guilty on one count of possessing crack cocaine on August 10, 1990, but a mistrial was declared when the jury deadlocked on 12 other counts. On October 20, 1990, Barry was sentenced to six months in prison and fined $5,000. Federal Judge Thomas Penfield Jackson said that Barry's conviction and sentence set an example for other public officials and that Barry had given "aid, comfort and encouragement to the drug culture at large."

Marion Barry, mayor of Washington, D.C.; sent to prison for drug offenses.

February 16, 1991: Drug trafficking terrorists exploded a bomb, killing twenty-two people and injuring another 140 persons near a bullfighting ring at Medellin, Colombia, in order to intimidate anti-drug officials.

February 19, 1993: Else Christensen, a 79-year-old medical office worker in Levy County, Florida, was found guilty of running marijuana from Texas to Florida. She would be sent to prison.

March 28, 1993: U.S. Department of Justice officials in Washington, D.C., announced that drug trafficking convictions accounted for one fifth of all felony convictions in the U.S., during 1990, up from thirteen percent four years earlier. State courts had convicted 168,000 persons of trafficking in illegal drugs, twice the number of convictions on the same charges in 1986. Another 106,000 persons were convicted in 1990 of possessing illegal drugs. Almost half of the convicted drug traffickers were sent to prison, compared with 37 percent four years earlier.

October 4, 1994: Drug enforcement agents in San Juan, Puerto Rico arrested Charles Galleti in his penthouse apartment, charging him with drug dealing and money laundering. Galleti had reportedly run one of the largest heroin distributing rings in New York City for two decades before "retiring" to a lavish lifestyle in Puerto Rico, where he oversaw several legitimate business ventures. At one point, during his heroin heyday, prosecutors stated, Galleti took $800,000 a month in profits. He lived lavishly, having condos in Manhattan and Puerto Rico. He had a house located at 26 Katherine Court on Staten Island, which boasted five bathrooms, a $100,000 swimming pool with a waterfall and a jacuzzi that could hold twenty people. The day after Galleti was arrested, five of his associates were arrested in New York City.

December 1, 1994: Drug agents arrested a man when he attempted to claim a sheepdog that had been shipped from Colombia to John F. Kennedy International Airport. The dog had been carrying in its belly five pounds of cocaine contained in condoms. The drugs were surgically removed by a veterinarian. (The dog survived, the drug smuggler went to prison.)

June 9, 1995: Colombian Police arrested Cali drug cartel boss Gilberto Rodriguez Orejuela, who, according to U.S. officials, was responsible for smuggling 80 percent of all the cocaine into the U.S.

March 29, 1996: Juan Carlos Ortiz, reportedly a leader of the Cali drug cartel, turned himself in to authorities in Bogota, Colombia, to face a charge of illegally possessing a weapon. The 33-year-old Ortiz had been arrested in 1994 on charges of murder, kidnaping and extortion, but had been released for

undisclosed reasons. Earlier this month, Juan Carlos Ramirez, another young Cali cartel leader, also surrendered to police.

May 2, 1996: Prosecutors ordered the arrest of Attorney General Orlando Vasquez in Colombia, on charges that he took money from the Cali drug cartel, the world's largest illegal drug organization.

August 8, 1996: Herbert Huncke, a notorious drug addict, sometimes dope peddler and burglar, who had spent most of the 1950s in jail and whose vicious drug and crime experiences inspired much of the gutter-life literature of his cronies, Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg (he is credited with coining the tag "Beat Generation"), died of congestive heart failure at age eighty-one. Huncke had the unsavory distinction of giving writer William Burroughs his first drug fix. Jerry Garcia, of the Grateful Dead group, reportedly paid Huncke's rent at New York's Chelsea Hotel.

September 6, 1996: Police in Houston, Texas, seized a shipment of 12-foot steel cylinders used to compress paper from a Colombian registered ship and found, crammed into the hollow steel rollers, more than a ton of cocaine with an estimated street value of $100 million. No arrests were made.

February 6, 1997: General Jesus Gutierrez Rebollo, chief of Mexico's top anti-drug agency, resigned after allegations were made that he had taken huge bribes from the Mexican drug cartels. Gutierrez Rebollo was arrested on February 15, charged with taking bribes from drug cartel boss Amado Carrillo Fuentes. Four days later, U.S. officials reported that Gutierrez Rebollo had been briefed about everything the U.S. knew about Mexican drug trafficking and that Gutierrez Rebollo had passed this information on to Carrillo Fuentes.

February 28, 1997: U.S. President William Clinton certified to Congress that Mexico was cooperating in the fight against drugs and hence was eligible for continued military and economic aid. On the other hand, Colombia, for the second straight year, was denied such certification. Madeleine Albright, U.S. Secretary of State, stated that the influence of the Colombian drug cartels extended to the highest levels of the Colombian government, essentially branding Colombia what it truly was—a Narco nation.

August 26, 1997: Mauricio Guzman, the mayor of Cali, Colombia, was arrested and charged with taking money from the drug cartel that controlled the area. The 42-year-old Guzman was accused of taking $200,000 from a company fronting for the Cali cartel to finance his 1994 election.

April 19, 1998: A small plane flown from Texas and followed by three Customs Service planes, crashed onto a school baseball field in Detroit, Michigan, flipping upside-down and killing the pilot. The plane spilled out large bundles of marijuana and wads of cash. Witnesses said that many persons rushed to the plane, ostensibly to help, but wound up running away with the bundles of drugs and some of the cash.

May 5, 1998: Joseph DiFronzo, a fugitive since he was charged in July 1993 with overseeing the largest indoor marijuana-growing operation in Illinois history, was located in Boca Raton, Florida, and arrested on drug charges. DiFronzo, the brother of Mafia boss John DiFronzo, was identified as a high-ranking member of the U.S. crime syndicate.

May 6, 1998: Pasquale Cuntrera, a Sicilian Mafia boss extradited from Venezuela, who had been convicted of running an international drug trafficking ring between Italy, Canada and Venezuela, was released from an Italian prison pending a second appeals trial. The wheelchair-bound Cuntrera promptly disappeared with embarrassed police and court officials ordering a nation-wide manhunt for the fugitive.

September 29, 1998: Authorities in Chicago, Illinois, seized 1,100 pounds of cocaine having a street value of $62 million, one of the largest drug seizures in the city's history. Five persons were arrested in the seizure of the illegal drugs, and charged with possession of cocaine and conspiracy.

October 5, 1998: Two Amish men, Abner King, 23, and Abner Stoltzfus, 24, pleaded guilty in a Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, court to conspiring to sell cocaine to other Amish members. The men had been purchasing cocaine from the Pagans, a motorcycle gang, and selling it to Amish youth from 1992 to 1997. The plea shocked the 22,000 members of the Old Order Amish.

December 25, 1998: Dutch and British customs ships intercepted a vessel off the Netherlands coast, officials seizing 19 tons of marijuana, while Colombian police seized 17.9 tons of marijuana packed into shipping containers in the Colombian port of Buenaventura, Colombia.

President William Clinton refused to certify Colombia's efforts to combat drug trafficking in 1997.

CHAPTER SIX: FRAUD

Since the beginning of time, man has defrauded his fellow man by every conceivable ploy and device. The more sophisticated man became, the more adept he also became at scamming his neighbor. He has used his considerable wiles to deceive and mislead his victim by ruse and impersonation, by sleight of hand and misrepresentation, by confidence games and financial swindles, by forgery and embezzlement. The grifter has mulcted, cheated and bilked his victims from pennies to millions, branding these myriad dupes as marks, suckers, rubes, and Hoosiers (the latter being anyone from the state of Indiana, these trusting residents considered naive enough to be hoodwinked in the most blatant confidence games practiced by the most inept con artists).

In the U.S., criminal fraud falls into two broad categories. The most common form involves the issuance of a check for which there are not sufficient funds. The other is the confidence game, the success of which is dependent upon the victim's gullibility and, most importantly, greed. Over the years, the exploits of many infamous confidence men and women have become legendary. Many of these enterprising grifters possessed captivating personalities and high intellectual capabilities. Victor "The Count" Lustig taught himself to speak German, Italian and French before embarking on a life in crime in Europe and the U.S. and became one of the world's most spectacular con men, selling the Eiffel Tower in Paris for scrap metal not once, but twice. Chicago con man, Joseph "Yellow Kid" Weil, outwitted bankers and financiers, gleaned more than $8 million from his scams and died a pauper at the age of 101.

In Europe, the criminal statutes also define fraud to include any misunderstanding arising out of normal business transactions. An omission or concealment that allows one party to take advantage of another may also constitute fraud. Similarly, the embezzlement of money or the forging of bank notes or checks are regarded in the same manner. Most persons arrested and convicted of embezzlement committed their crime while employed by a financial institution. Before computerization significantly altered the rules of the game, there were at least two hundred estimated ways to embezzle funds without being immediately detected. Industry executives blame the high incidence of embezzlement on the courts, claiming that the light sentences given for fraud convictions encourages the commission of these crimes.

Sometimes it takes months or even years for an embezzlement to be detected. Even with the advent of sophisticated computer systems, the methods have changed to adapt to those new methods. It is now possible for progammers to divert vast sums of money with a few simple keystrokes. John Rankine of IBM stated: "The data security job will never be done—after all, there will never be a bank that absolutely can't be robbed." The subtle machinations of swindlers have been for centuries in advance of law enforcement, but the age-old techniques of grifters have changed little from ancient times to the present.

Simple fraud was practiced in biblical times as it is today. The Old Testament relates how Isaac's youngest son, Jacob, and his wife Rebekah, defrauded the eldest son Esau out of his father's blessing and inheritance by having Jacob dress up as Esau and fool Isaac, the blind father. In the Third Century B.C., the Greek orator and statesman Demosthenes (384-322 B.C.) at the age of twenty was defrauded of his father's fortune in Athens by three executors of the estate, causing him to sue for repayment. Late in his life, in 324 B.C., the great orator was exiled by the pro-Macedonian party, charged with fraud. English philosopher and scientist Roger Bacon (c.1220-1292), wrote in 1271 that fraud was rampant among merchants and craftsmen, as well as the rest of society in England. It was in England where the first great swindler appeared, a beautiful, clever woman, an actress whose impersonating talents brought her a fortune and a path to the gallows at age thirty-one.

"THE GERMAN PRINCESS"/1663-1673

Mary Moders (1643-73), was born on January 11, 1643, the daughter of a chorister at Canterbury named Moders (or Meders). She lived in obscurity with her humble parents until early womanhood and was by then well read and determined to live an adventurous life. She was inspired by this ambition after avariciously consuming hundreds of books available in the church library, favoring such gothic stories as *Parsimus and Parismenus*, *Don Belianis of Greece*, and especially *Amadis de Gaul*, a book portraying the character of Oriana with whom Moders became obsessed.

As a teenager, Moders began to think of herself as a princess or a highborn lady of quality, a fancy that became so entrenched within her mind that she later convinced herself that she was, indeed, a princess of royal blood. The legends of *Cassandra* and *Cleopatra* were also among Moders' favorite stories, and she adopted the cunning and guile depicted in these characters. The girl's memory was phenomenal. She could recite entire books word for word without error.

As a displaced intellectual, Moders felt that her marriage at an early age to an apprentice shoemaker named Stedman was leagues beneath her. She bore her husband two children, but both were sickly and died in infancy. Stedman's troubles increased as his wife began to demand finery and gifts he could not afford. About this time, Moders began to carry herself as a person born of the blood royal, insisting upon splendors and extravagances she felt to be her birthright.

Moders then suddenly abandoned her husband and fled to Dover, where she encountered a wealthy surgeon named Day. She married the physician and after bleeding him of his life's savings, she fled, but was apprehended and a charge of

Mary Moders, known as "the German Princess," the first great female con artist, shown acting on the British stage in 1663.

bigamy was lodged against her. Tried at Maidstone, Mary Stedman Day, nee Moders, worked her wiles on the court, presenting an eloquent defense. Since the impoverished Stedman could not afford to travel to the trial—Moders was quick to point out his absence—the case was dismissed for lack of evidence. Moders immediately departed for Europe, first going to Holland and then to the free-wheeling city of Cologne, Germany. There, Moders entered a brothel, then politely called "a house of entertainment."

Her exquisite beauty and haughty airs soon earned her own suite of rooms at the bordello. She reigned as would a queen in this house of assignation and she sharply discriminated among the many gentlemen seeking her sexual favors, selecting only those she knew to possess great wealth. One of her most avid clients was an elderly lecher, who owned a wealthy estate near Liege. He showered presents upon the conniving Moders, money, jewels, even his most prized possession, a gold chain with a priceless medal given to him for exceptional services to Gustavus Adolphus, the King of Sweden.

The aging swain lost all reason, his passion for Moders controlling his every move. One contemporary account described how "the foolish, old dotard urged his passion with all the vehemence of a young, vigorous lover, pressing her [Moders] to matrimony, and making her very large promises." At first, Moders pretended disinterest. Then, putting to use her consummate skills as an actress, appeared to relent slowly under his demands that she marry him, giving the old man a lusty sense of triumph with sigh-bloated phrases such as: "You are shattering my will, sir." She finally agreed to marry the old man, while the ancient suitor made feeble love to Moders. Her submission, the doddering swain believed, was brought about by his sexual prowess.

Thus, working the old man's vanity to blend with his lust for her, Moders convinced the suitor that he had won her through a mythical virility. They would be married within three days, Moders said, but she would need money for the preparations, a great deal of money. The old man withdrew most of his savings and gave the gold to Moders, along with all of his jewelry and even his prized medal from the King of Sweden. Moders quickly packed away the gold and jewels and fled to Utrecht, then to Amsterdam, then to Rotterdam and then to England.

Moders arrived at Billingsgate in March 1663, and quickly convinced some young gentlemen that she was a highborn German lady banished by her father for loving an unacceptable man. Moders, of course, had been rehearsing this role since childhood. In vivid detail, she described how her stern father, Lord Henry von Holway, a prince of the German empire, had persecuted her for giving her heart to a lowborn lover.

The young British gentlemen promised to help her, and gave her gold to pay for suitable rooms at an inn owned by a man named Ling. The "German princess" was introduced to Ling's brother-in-law, John Carleton, a man of immense wealth. Within days, the two were married. But Carleton's father received an anonymous letter accusing her of bigamy, and Moders was arrested. Again, no one came forward to testify against her when she was briefly tried at the Old Bailey. Neither Stedman or Day appeared to testify against her.

Upon her release from Newgate Prison, Moders was offered the starring role in a play based upon her exploits and background which she herself had falsely promoted. She accepted the well-paying part and became the theatrical rage of London, appearing in The German Princess. Enormous crowds flocked to see Moders enact her own fanciful past. So popular did Moders become that she enamored businessmen and intellectuals, commoners and noblemen. Moders enacted the role in private showings at the mansions and country homes of some of England's most distinguished bluebloods.

Samuel Pepys, the great British diarist, became one of Moders' most devoted fans, amused and fascinated by this bold creature cavorting upon the stage. In his entry of April 15, 1663, Pepys wrote: "To the Duke's house and there saw *The German Princess* enacted by the woman herself; but never was anything so well done in earnest, worse performed in jest upon the stage." Pepys saw the play again on May 29, 1663, traveling to Creed to see Moders perform at the Gate House, Westminster. On June 7, 1663, he wrote: "My Lady Batten inveighed mightily against the German Princess, and I was high in defence of her wit and spirit; and glad that she is cleared at the Sessions [court]."

Though Moders earned a good deal of money as an actress, her ambitions of great wealth consumed her. Of the

The old Marshalsea Prison, where Mary Moders was imprisoned.

many admirers who appeared backstage after her performances, she selected only the wealthiest beaux. She promptly bilked them of hundreds of pounds, threatening to expose their affairs with her to their wives. One elderly admirer was gutted of his entire fortune by Moders, who, after telling him that he was not fit company for a princess, rifled the man's safe and trunks and stealing his savings, silver plate, gold seals and watches.

Leaving the stage, Moders concentrated on crime, cheating one man after another, sometimes employing a swindle that would later be termed "the badger game." She would entice a wealthy man to her apartment, then have an accomplice pretending to be her husband barge into the room, raging that he would kill them both. Invariably, the compromised suitor paid handsomely to be spared his life. When this practice became too dangerous, Moders spent years bilking merchants of expensive goods, ordering lace, silverware and jewelry under various identities, all being that of a lady of wealth. She had the goods sent to false addresses, where she would receive the goods, give the delivery man a fake check, then depart, leaving the real occupants of the house, who were then on vacation at the time of her scam, to face the wrath of the mulcted merchant.

As the years passed, Moders' once stunning beauty withered, and along with it the money-making ability it had brought her. To make ends meet, she was reduced to stealing silver tankards from the better inns and reselling them. At one time, she was caught stealing a silver tankard from a Covent Garden inn and was arrested as a petty thief. She was jailed at Newgate Prison. No longer a *cause celebre* among the socially prominent, she was now shunned by most of her former admirers. Convicted of robbery, Moders was condemned to death, but through the intercession of an anonymous person of considerable influence, the sentence was commuted to banishment from England, then called "transportation."

Moders was put aboard a ship packed with common criminals, the dregs of the British jails, and sent to Jamaica. Smuggled to her, however, was a small pouch of gold from an old-time admirer, and, within two years, Moders used this gold to secret herself aboard a British merchant ship sailing for England. Upon her arrival, she again took up her criminal pursuits. Accidents and irony were her undoing. A man named Lancaster, who had been a prison jailer, was directed to inspect several London boarding houses in the hopes of discovering some stolen goods. During one such inspection, Lancaster identified Moders as one of his former prisoners. Knowing that she had violated the terms of her transportation, Lancaster arrested her.

She was tried and convicted, then sentenced to death. Moders desperately tried to save her life by "pleading her belly," saying that she was pregnant and that her innocent, unborn child could not be executed under the law. The court appointed several midwives to examine her and they quickly found her to be lying. On January 2, 1673, the once bright star of the British stage, adroit confidence trickster, and highly paid harlot, was driven to Tyburn in an open cart, along with the hangman.

It was her final performance and Mary Moders played it to the hilt. She drank a glass of gin before mounting the scaffold, then turned to a group of female spectators, saying in a clear, calm voice: "Ladies, your failings consist of falling, and mine in filching, yet if you will be so charitable as to forgive me, I will freely forgive you." She gracefully stepped beneath the noose and uttered not one word of remorse as the rope was placed about her neck. After she fell through the trap, her body dangled for an hour and was then placed into a cheap coffin, which was buried at nearby St. Martin's Churchyard. None of the mighty men she had known in her spectacular heyday attended her execution or burial. Her epitaph was chiseled onto an inexpensive stone above her grave, written by a wag whose offbeat wit would haunt the memory of Mary Moders for eternity:

The German Princess, here against her will,
Lies underneath, and yet, oh strange, lies still.

THE MULCTING MEDICAL QUACKS/ 1730s-1780s

The prosaic scams of Mary Moders could not compare to the outlandish money-making schemes enacted by a bevy of medical quacks who prospered a half century after the hanging death of the German Princess. The first of these medical messiahs was Joshua Ward (1685-1761), who proved to be England's first great medical swindler. Ward began his career in politics and was elected to Parliament in 1716, but his name was erased by the House of Commons, when it was learned that he had not received a single vote and had rigged the election.

British quack Joshua Ward.

Ward fled to France, where he promoted a quack medicine known as "White Drop of Ward and the Pill," which, if used in excess, caused permanent liver damage. Ward advertised this noxious medicine as a cure for all diseases. He was spared imprisonment in the Bastille by his friend John Page, and traveled back to England to market the drop and the pill to the public.

King George II became his most devoted patron after he succeeded in "curing" the king's dislocated thumb. The king granted him his own apartment in a government building and there the inventive doctor developed a sprawling practice. He purchased three lavish country houses, and converted them to hospitals for his poor patients, an act of charity inconsistent with the dubious nature of his business. On November 28, 1734, an item appeared in the *Daily Courant* which charged Ward with plotting to introduce "popery" into Protestant England through the dissemination of his drop and pill. There were other attacks against the harmful side effects of the nostrums, but Ward continued marketing his products until the day he died. Of course, Ward's medicine was useless, but it brought him vast amounts of money and he died a rich man.

James Graham, holding a "health meeting" in London, 1779; he used electricity to bilk his victims.

Instead of pills, Dr. James Graham (1754-94) employed electricity to enrich his medical practice. Graham was a doctor in Philadelphia when he became acquainted with the new phenomenon of electricity. His treatment of any ills by immersing patients in a bath and subjecting them to mild electrical shock became the fashion, first in Philadelphia, then in London. In 1779, he expanded his business into a lavishly appointed building he called The Temple of Health, which featured various ways to use electricity on the body, lectures by Graham, and demonstrations by his protege, 16-year-old Emma Lyons, who was called Vestina.

The following year Graham moved his quarters into a mansion in Adelphi Terrace called The Temple of Health and Hymen, at which Graham promised to cure nervous and sexual disorders. The main attraction at the Temple was the "Celestial Bed," a huge canopied couch that played music, gave off exotic scents, and tilted as required to guarantee conception. It was this absurd contraption that enabled Graham to charge £50 for a night's use.

Quack Gustavus Katterfelto, 1783; he claimed a cure for the plague.

The following year, Graham moved his Temple to Pall Mall, but its appeal was broken as it became less exclusive. In addition, the authorities began to view the place as more brothel than hospital. In 1783, with authorities building a case against him on possible charges of prostitution, Graham closed his temple and returned to his native Scotland. His mental instability led him to believe that permanent fasting was the only way to health. He died of starvation at age forty-nine. His one-time protege, Vestina, however, fascinated the British public by eventually becoming Lady Emma Hamilton, mistress to England's greatest military hero, Lord Horatio Nelson.

At the same time Graham's quackery scams were collapsing, Gustavus Katterfelto launched a successful medical swindle. Passing himself off as a worldly philosopher and scientist, Katterfelto swindled Londoners with his sleight of hand tricks and medicine show for nearly three years. In 1782, he claimed to have invented the Solar Microscope, which he used to detect a deadly plague similar to the Black Death. According to Katterfelto, there was only one known cure a "scientifically tested" potion, attributed to a Dr. Batto, and available for five shillings per bottle from none other than Gustavus Katterfelto.

Katterfelto opened a sideshow in Piccadilly and hawked medical wonders to the public and advice to gamblers. At the time, an alarming outbreak of influenza devastated London. During the epidemic, Katterfelto cleared nearly £25,000 by selling his useless potions to desperate citizens. By 1783, this medical scam failed to produce substantial funds, forcing Katterfelto to sell his holdings at a loss. A year later, he introduced his new gimmick: an invention to demonstrate perpetual motion. By this time, however the public had come to know Katterfelto for the humbug he was. Broke and out of favor, he was arrested for vagrancy. Upon his release, Katterfelto retired to Bedale, Yorkshire, where he died in 1799.

ENGLAND'S FIRST GREAT FORGER/1780s

Forger Charles Price, who duplicated Bank of England notes.

Charles Price is shown in one of his many disguises.

Master forger Charles Price (c.1730-86) was the son of a secondhand dealer who conducted his trade on Monmouth Street in London. When Charles was twenty, his father died, reportedly from a broken heart. The elder Price was unable to cope with the larcenous conduct of his son, who, on one occasion, stole some fine gold lace and peddled it to a street vendor. The vendor, in turn, sold it back to Mr. Price. Initially Price was apprenticed to a maker of hosiery on St. James Street, but he swindled the man out of £10 worth of merchandise. At the same time, he stole an expensive suit of clothes from his father before running away to the Netherlands and there became a clerk to a prosperous Dutch merchant. Price promptly seduced the man's daughter, stole a sum of money, and returned to England undetected.

Price spent the next few years engaged in a variety of swindles. He went to work for a small brewery in Gosport, and displayed a surprising aptitude for the business. His employer, impressed with the young man, nearly consented to a marriage between Price and his daughter when the street peddler, who had purchased the stolen lace, alerted the brewer to Price's shady reputation. Undaunted, Price then inveigled British comedian Samuel Foote into a business arrangement. Foote advanced £500 to Price to start up a legitimate brewery, but the money was squandered and the business failed. Not long afterward, Price went back to him for additional monies to start a bakery. "As you have brewed, so you may bake," the comedian replied in an acid tone. "But I'll be cursed if ever you bake as you have brewed."

Price continued his deceptions. Posing as a Methodist preacher he bilked several people out of large amounts of money. He placed advertisements offering to procure wives for men of property; he attempted to open a second brewery at Gray's Inn Lane, before going bankrupt in 1776. Price again fled to the Netherlands, where he engaged in an elaborate smuggling scheme that netted him £300. However, the con man was brought before a magistrate and sentenced to prison.

Returning to England upon completion of his sentence, Price, who now called himself Brant, hit upon what he believed was a foolproof money-making scheme. He began forging notes drawn on the Bank of England, which were passed by an unwitting confederate, who had been hired by Price through a newspaper advertisement. Disguising himself as an elderly, decrepit man, Price was able to avoid detection after the unfortunate confederate went to prison for a year for passing forged bills totaling £1,400. With his ill-gotten loot in hand, Price retired to the country and lived under cover until 1782.

Price reappeared in London that same year to pass some more of his bogus bank notes to an apothecary named Spilsbury, who maintained a shop in Soho Square. Using the alias of "Wilmot," Price easily deceived the merchant. Meeting Spilsbury sometime later in a coffeehouse, Price commiserated with him over his loss. Eventually, Price's forgeries were detected. A London pawnbroker recognized the notes, and acting on his complaint, constables took Price into custody. His trial began on January 14, 1786.

Determined not to let the forger slip away, the Bank of England brought vigorous prosecution against Price. It was estimated that he had stolen or embezzled £100,000 during

Price is shown at left, disguised as an old man while defrauding Spilsbury.

his criminal career, one that flourished only because of his many ingenious disguises. The incriminating counterfeit plates Price had manufactured were found buried in a field near the Tottenham Court Road and ordered destroyed by magistrate Sir Sampson Wright. Price was convicted and sentenced to death, but before the judgment could be carried out the prisoner hanged himself in his cell at the Tothillfields Bridewell Jail. Afterward, the body was quickly buried by the warders, but not until a stake was driven through the heart of the corpse, then a symbol of eternal condemnation for those who chose to exit the world through suicide.

THE MIRACULOUS MAGICIAN/1780s

Among the myriad humbugs who flourished in the flamboyant, fashionably greedy 1780s, was a colossal mountebank, who was known as Count Alessandro di Cagliostro, a title he bestowed upon himself in order to gain entrance to the royal heads of Europe, as well as the royal coffers he intended to loot. Cagliostro (1743-95) was born Joseph Balsamo in Sicily of poor parents. His father, Peter Balsamo, died when he was three and his mother, destitute, was supported by a kindly merchant brother. As a youth, Balsamo lived in the squalor of Palermo, where he associated with the worst thieves and confidence men of the city. These underworld dregs taught the poor but intelligent youth the techniques of pickpocketing and burglary.

Joseph Balsamo, who became Cagliostro, the powerful magician and spectacular swindler.

The boy even stole from his indulgent uncle. An unaccountable curiosity led Balsamo to read, his tastes running to tales of adventure, great wealth, and power. He was also fascinated with mysticism, ancient cults, and supernatural powers. He tired of petty thievery and concluded that he would require a tool, a device by which to make his own great fortune. He chose the most popular of the black arts of that uninformed era, alchemy, a process of treating common metals with chemicals that would, it was claimed, change them into silver and gold.

By the time he was seventeen, Balsamo had, through trickery and guile, gained a considerable reputation as a successful alchemist. No one ever saw him perform the changing of lead into gold but he allegedly produced such minor miracles, or so the best informed gossips had it. The youth could also call forth spirits, it was said, and was reported to be a powerful medium. Of course, the legends the clever youth was building stemmed from sleight-of-hand tricks he had learned and developed since childhood.

There was some substance by then in the clever Balsamo's background. He had sought out Benedictine monks in a mountain monastery and there learned chemistry and medicine. He had also apprenticed as an apothecary, so that by the time he met a greedy goldsmith named Marano he was able to perform some basic chemical experiments that convinced the goldsmith that he could produce gold from common metals. He told Marano that he would require sixty ounces of pure gold to produce several pounds more of the precious metal. When Marano delivered the gold to Balsamo, he immediately fled to Messina, where he adopted the title of Count Alessandro di Cagliostro.

With his stolen gold, Cagliostro purchased an impressive wardrobe and became the sponsor of an ancient mystic named Althotas, who dressed in Oriental robes and was always accompanied by an Albanian greyhound. It was rumored that the greyhound aided Althotas in his performance of black magic, the so-called art of which he slowly taught to Cagliostro. To expand his perception of ancient black arts, Cagliostro toured Africa and Asia with Althotas, his guide into the realms of magic.

In Egypt, Cagliostro studied the pyramids and became knowledgeable in the history of secret sects and their rites. From this he put together a loose brotherhood philosophy, which he labeled Egyptian Masonry. At age twenty-three, Cagliostro sailed to the Mediterranean island of Malta. By this time the soothsayer and clairvoyant Althotas had vanished. Some later claimed that he was murdered and that Cagliostro had had a hand in his violent end, wishing to rid himself of someone who might later expose his feats of black magic and alchemy as nothing more than the tricks of a clever charlatan.

On Malta, Cagliostro managed an introduction to the powerful Pinto, grand master of the Order of the Knights of Malta, an organization that stemmed from the crusaders of 800 years earlier and was now a Masonic sect of great political influence. Pinto was impressed with the erudite and cunning Cagliostro and not only further taught him in the occult arts of alchemy and black magic, but provided him with considerable funds with which to travel to Italy as a sort of Masonic spy in high places, sending back information to his mentor in Malta. In southern Italy, Cagliostro established a lavish resort which was little more than a gambling casino. He traveled for some time, meeting the hypnotist, Franz Antone Mesmer, creator of mesmerism, and learned how to hypnotize even the most sophisticated person. (Mesmer, a charlatan of sorts himself, later denounced Cagliostro as a fraud, a clear-cut case of the pot calling the kettle black.)

In Rome, Cagliostro met a beautiful young girl, Lorenza Feliciani, the daughter of a Calabrian glove maker. They married and she joined him in his fabulous confidence swindles. Establishing themselves in various Italian cities as nobles, where they rented huge villas, Cagliostro and his wife cultivated the company of aristocrats and held seances and demonstrations of his magical alchemy, where he supposedly changed stones into rare gems and rope into strands of priceless silk but, of course, these "miracles" were nothing more than the magic tricks Cagliostro had perfected over the years. To raise money, the charlatan resorted to the old badger game, sending his alluring wife to lure some wealthy aristocrat to her bed and then bursting into her boudoir to shockingly "discover" the sexual betrayal which invariably resulted in

Cagliostro collecting substantial blackmail payments from the aristocrat.

All during his travels through southern Europe, Cagliostro continued to establish branches of his own sect of Egyptian Masonry and these naive groups regularly sent him money to establish new chapters. His ego bloated by his own impossible claims, Cagliostro insisted that he could perform acts of astounding wizardry, such as bringing forth spirits. He claimed that he could heal all manner of illnesses by laying his hands upon sick people and pronouncing secret oaths, and that his alchemy could produce the richest metals seen on earth. He became the social rage of France and was heralded as a great healer, but his so-called miracles were nothing more than demonstrations of common sense.

Cagliostro never accepted real medical challenges and only after Lorenza and other aides determined the causes of an illness, would he deign to perform his healing magic. Invariably, his patients were made up of self-indulgent nobles, who were not really ill, but had convinced themselves that they were suffering from some strange maladies. Before a large crowd assembled in his villa or mansion, Cagliostro would simply approach his subject and state: "It is our will that your body become healthy!" The subject would usually begin to feel better and, when Cagliostro used his own planted shills, some "miracles" were seen to occur. Those imposters, pretending paralyzed limbs or blindness, suddenly stood and walked, astoundingly regained their sight. Cagliostro easily "cured" those aristocratic ladies, who were suffering from malnutrition due to reckless diets by simply telling them to "eat a full dinner and drink one bottle of red wine."

The priceless diamond necklace, ostensibly purchased for Marie Antoinette, involved a dramatic swindle that sent Cagliostro to prison.

Enormous amounts of money began to flow into Cagliostro's coffers—gifts, donations, and outright payments from the nobility for his cures, his seances, his advice on matters of health, hygiene, and even sex. He became the highest-paid oracle on earth. Coupled to this princely income were great gluts of cash he received from the dozens of Masonic sects he had established in Italy, Greece, Spain, and France. The rogue slowly withdrew from his regular private meetings and gatherings, living the life of kingly leisure. He made a great show of giving away money and food to the poor and from them he received his greatest support; in their ignorance the peasants utterly accepted Cagliostro as a true worker of magic and miracles, a man gifted with supernatural powers. His name was spread throughout Europe by the lowly-born as one of the great men of their times.

In 1776, Cagliostro traveled to London, where he was celebrated and feted as the world's greatest alchemist and occultist. He and his wife Lorenza, who now called herself Serafina, lived in regal splendor in a mansion on Whitcomb Street near Leicester Square. Cagliostro's reputation preceded him to London and by the time he moved into his regal rooms, he was inundated with requests from high-born ladies, who begged for audiences with him, seeking his "elixir of youth," or love philtres that were supposed to make them sexually active and alluring, all of these potions widely advertised by Cagliostro's shills before his arrival in London.

Cagliostro continued to claim that he could turn base metal into gold and silver and now added that he had obtained the all-powerful Philosopher's Stone, a few rubbings from which, when mixed with melted brass or copper, would produce pure gold. Those fortunate enough to buy an audience with Cagliostro entered his mansion to behold a stunning array of silk tapestries and drapes, hanging from ceiling to floor and emblazoned with occult designs and mystical symbols. Rare incense hung sweet and thick in the air. Mirrors decorated the walls of most of the larger rooms and Cagliostro often produced ghosts and apparitions in them, or so it appeared.

The great charlatan had by then enriched his lore of the occult by obtaining an obscure manuscript by one George Gaston, which ostensibly claimed to provide answers to the Great Mysteries. Cagliostro used Gaston's gobbledygook phrases to explain the unexplainable. He had also by then studied with the enigmatic occultist and mystic, St. Germain of France and he employed this charlatan's methods to great effect, producing spectacular seances (for staggering fees, of course) which saw spirits from the netherworld invade rooms, float to the ceiling, drift in and out of mirrors, sink into glass goblets, and cry out messages to the living. These were the tricks of master occult frauds and swindlers, which Cagliostro had carefully studied and perfected. He reveled in his riches and in his power, knowing that all feared him, including those who sat on thrones, because of his supposed control of spiritual forces. He was fond of jocularly saying to disbelievers upon first meetings: "Remember, I can afflict as well as heal."

Cagliostro's wife and co-swindler "Countess Serafina," who was sent to a convent to do penance for her crimes.

Like Phineas T. Barnum a century later, Cagliostro gave a great deal of time to appearances, that of his home, his wife, and particularly himself. He strutted about London dressed in bright-colored silk coats, shoes with jeweled buckles, his hair braided and powdered, gold buttons studding his stockings, rings of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires gleaming on his fingers. Across his frilled silk shirt was a large gold chain from which hung a gold watch, and dangling beneath this a huge diamond drop which lay atop his braided waistcoat. He adorned his head with a brilliant musketeer's hat topped with a colorful plume. He was the most sartorial resident of London.

Cagliostro next claimed to foresee the future, claiming impeccable clairvoyant powers and, for great sums of money, he would predict the winning numbers of lotteries, the health and sex of children to be born, and, especially for lustful noble ladies, the amorous intentions of men they admired and desired. When Cagliostro's predictions failed, he had myriad excuses, which were accepted out of fear or shame. The subject had not been worthy of winning, so fates changed the winning lottery number. The subject's conspiratorial thoughts caused a wanted lover to turn away. There was no end to his fantastic apologia. Not everyone accepted Cagliostro's outlandish claims and powers. He quickly made enemies, some of whom broke into his mansion and attempted to destroy the chemicals he used in his feats of alchemy, along with the apparatus he employed to conjure spirits.

The charlatan's Masonic branches in Europe nevertheless flourished and continued to send him considerable funds. Cagliostro's reputation as a leader of this brotherhood impressed the London Freemasons and he was welcomed at their meetings. He agreed to represent and spread the philosophy of the Grand Lodge of England before he and his wife shortly departed for the continent. By then, Cagliostro was glad to leave England, where he was hated by an increasing number of "jealous husbands and frustrated lovers." The great charlatan toured Europe in triumph, visiting the Masonic Lodges in Belgium, Holland, and Germany, being received as a distinguished guest by Frederick II of Prussia and other monarchs. He returned to France, where he became a court favorite of King Louis XVI and his tempestuous, beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette.

In 1785, however, the powerful Cagliostro was undone in the notorious Affair of the Diamond Necklace. He was, at the time, a house guest of the archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Louis de Rohan, who had been duped through some spectacular seances into believing that Cagliostro possessed extraordinary talents, if not mysterious spiritual powers. The cardinal, a capricious sort, gave over an entire wing of his palace to Cagliostro and Lorenza-Serafina and provided him with a huge laboratory in which to practice his alchemy and produce gold for his host.

De Rohan, in return, made sure that every important noble and lady in France met his mystical guest and profited from Cagliostro's astounding wisdom. So lofty had the charlatan become that he was now referred to as the Divine Cagliostro. One of his most devoted sponsors and patrons was the Countess de LaMotte, who intrigued with her husband and a band of sophisticated thieves to use Cardinal de Rohan in a bold swindle which would involve the cardinal and the queen herself, or someone who appeared to be the queen.

LaMotte and his wife knew that the rather naive de Rohan was deeply in love with Marie Antoinette. He was approached by an emissary of LaMotte's, who told him that the queen reciprocated his affections, but was forced to be discreet and not offend her ineffectual and sexually inactive husband, King Louis XVI. The queen, de Rohan was informed, desired a special necklace that had been recently designed, one that boasted a fabulous collection of perfect diamonds that were worth $100,000. Marie Antoinette would be eternally grateful if de Rohan would guarantee purchase of the necklace. The cardinal asked that the queen personally make this request of him.

De Rohan was given a letter reportedly signed by the queen, which requested the delivery of the necklace, a clever forgery of the queen's handwriting and signature. De Rohan told the jeweler that he would guarantee payment for the necklace after it was delivered to him. The necklace was delivered and de Rohan kept a rendezvous with a woman he thought was Marie Antoinette, a night meeting in a dark palace garden, where a woman named Leguet, heavily veiled,

successfully impersonated the queen. The cardinal slavishly presented the necklace to the monarch he loved and she promised to reward him in the future with her "favors." With that the woman departed with the necklace, the diamonds from which were sold one by one outside of France within a few weeks, Count LaMotte and his wife receiving most of the spoils from this swindle.

A short time later, the jeweler presented his bill to the queen, saying that Cardinal de Rohan had guaranteed its payment. Marie Antoinette had no intention of paying for a necklace she had never received. When de Rohan was informed of this by the jeweler, he soon discovered that he had been swindled. Moreover, he was asked by Louis XVI to explain his actions and the embarrassed cardinal told him that he had been the victim of a giant fraud. Oddly, for his indiscretion, de Rohan was thrown briefly into the Bastille for compromising the queen and his prized house guest, Cagliostro, was seized and thrown into an adjoining cell.

Cagliostro, while imprisoned in Italy under orders from Pope Pius VI; he was chained to the floor of his cell, going insane before his death in 1795.

Though he had committed hundreds of crimes for which he deserved imprisonment, Cagliostro was entirely innocent of the diamond necklace swindle, or so it appeared. After a six-month investigation, the great charlatan was proved innocent, as was de Rohan, and both were released. The LaMottes were exposed as the culprits but, Count LaMotte had fled. He was sentenced to the galleys for life in absentia. His wife was sentenced to be branded with a V (for *voleuse*, thief), whipped publicly, and sent to an asylum for life.

Cagliostro at first reveled in his exoneration, but his credibility was seriously undermined by the suggestion that he was suspected of being involved in this swindle. Even the suggestion of being a fraud lent belief to the many accusations that he was, indeed, a fraud. His association with de Rohan also injured him in that Marie Antoinette was livid at the cardinal for dragging her into the Affair of the Diamond Necklace and he was ostracized.

Cagliostro left Paris and continued his travels, but the necklace swindle tainted his image and eroded his carefully-constructed reputation. The swindle caused the French peasantry to further resent the "Austrian" monarch and this incident was one of the first to create the intense hatred for her and her overly-indulgent husband, a hatred that swept through France and eventually brought about a revolution that would end the lives of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI.

In the very year of the French Revolution, 1789, Cagliostro returned to Rome and there purchased a lavish villa, resuming his seances and magical rites. At one of these exhibitions, the main salon teemed with nobles and distinguished visitors eager to see a demonstration of Cagliostro's powers of alchemy. One visitor described the event thusly: "At the end of the salon had been erected a kind of altar, on which were placed skulls, stuffed monkeys, serpents who writhed and coiled as in life, owls, musty parchments, amulets, crucibles, and other strange furniture. Incense was burning before the images of fantastic Chinese and Egyptian idols.

Cagliostro, wrapped in a Chaldean robe, appeared followed by his wife. He passed, or pretended to pass, into a trance, and gave a lively description of the Marriage of Cana of Galilee. (By this time in his life Cagliostro had been telling his patrons that he was thousands of years old and had been a personal friend of Cleopatra and the Queen of Sheba.) He then seized a glass beaker of pure water and crying "Ero sum qui sum" poured therein two drops from a small vial he kept in his bosom, whereupon the liquid seemed to be transformed into a sparkling wine, cups of which were handed to

the guests who pronounced it delicious. Psychometry and crystal-gazing followed..."

These performances were reported to members of the Inquisition and caused Cagliostro and Lorenza, and their chief aide, Fra Francesco, to be arrested on December 27, 1789. Before the tribunal of the Inquisition, Cagliostro denied that he was a heretic and practiced fraud. Lorenza, however, after reported torture, confessed to these crimes and wholly implicated her husband. She was sent to the convent of Santa Appollonia in Trastevere, where she remained a prisoner and died many years later.

Cagliostro was sentenced to death, but Pope Pius VI commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. In the Vatican fortress prison of San Leo, Cagliostro lived miserably in a sparsely furnished cell, chained to the floor. Some reports held that he slowly went insane before dying on August 28, 1795. One account insisted that he was strangled to death by his wardens, who believed that followers of his Egyptian Masonic sect were planning to free him.

ENGLAND'S GREAT IMPOSTER/1866-1874

More than a half century after the miserable demise of Cagliostro in Italy, an equally spectacular character emerged in England. He was the tall, heavyset and well-mannered Arthur Orton (1834-98; AKA: Thomas Castro; The Tichborne Claimant), a fabulous imposter, like Cagliostro, who, with incredible presumption, laid claim to one of England's greatest estates by assuming the identity of a long-missing heir, Sir Roger Doughty Tichborne.

This spoiled aristocrat, whose disappearance sparked one of the costliest, and most infamous episodes in British legal history, was born in Paris on January 5, 1829. He was the son of Henrietta Flicit and James Tichborne, whose family baronetcy dated back to 1135. Roger, who was expected to become the eleventh baronet of Tichborne, was enrolled in the Jesuit College at Stonyhurst. In 1849, he received a military commission in the Sixth Dragoons (or Carbineers). Young Roger eschewed the vulgar mannerisms of the military class. He preferred to associate with gentlemen of fine breeding and young women from titled families.

However, the parents of Roger's first cousin, Katherine Doughty, looked with disfavor upon their daughter's blooming courtship with the Tichborne heir. For one thing, Roger and Katherine were first cousins. Roger's profligate lifestyle was another concern. At last they decided on a three-year waiting period before the young couple exchanged their vows. At the end of that time, if the couple's feelings had not changed, Katherine's parents would consent to the nuptials.

This arrangement was perfectly satisfactory to Roger, who then made hasty preparations to embark on a world tour. The 24-year-old Tichborne sailed for Rio de Janeiro in January 1853. From South America, he continued his sojourn to New York, sailing on the *Bella* on April 20, 1854. The vessel capsized due to an improperly balanced load of coffee, and all forty passengers and crew were thought lost at sea. An empty lifeboat and assorted debris were found floating in the ocean four days later by a passing vessel.

Sir Roger Doughty Tichborne, heir to a fabulous British estate, an adventurous youth, who was lost at sea in 1854.

The news filtered back to England. Lawyers for the Tichborne estate executed Roger's will, which had been filed shortly before he left on the voyage. Katherine, his beloved, married Sir James Radcliffe of Yorkshire. Roger's father was the next in line to inherit the estate, but he died in 1862. Alfred Joseph Tichborne became the next in line to inherit the title and estates, but Lady Henrietta did not like him. Hearing rumors that her son had miraculously survived the ship wreck, Henrietta placed advertisements in English, French, and Spanish newspapers soliciting information from anyone who might have seen Roger alive. She intimated that a large reward would be paid for such information, noting that her son was heir to a sizeable fortune.

The news item was read with great interest by Thomas Castro, a butcher's son, who was then living in a hut in Wagga Wagga, Australia. Castro, by an incredible coincidence, had made the acquaintance of a servant named Bogle, who had served as Sir Edward Doughty's valet for many years. Castro, whose real name was Arthur Orton, was facing financial ruin. He decided on a bold gambit. Through a Melbourne man named Cubitt, Castro-Orton passed himself off as the long-lost Roger Tichborne. Cubitt, anxious to curry the favor of Lady Henrietta, conveyed the happy news back to England. Bogle met Orton at the Metropole Hotel in Sydney,

Arthur Orton (AKA: Thomas Castro), who claimed to be the missing Tichborne, even though he bore no resemblance to the missing heir.

and though he was initially skeptical, he came to believe that Orton was, indeed, the long-lost Roger Tichborne.

Lady Tichborne wired £400 to Australia to pay for her "son's" passage back to England. He arrived on Christmas Day, 1866, and began to familiarize himself with the family estate. Orton sought out the law clerk, who was employed by the family's solicitors, the firm of Dunn & Hopkins. The clerk, whose name was Rous, became convinced that Orton was the missing Roger Tichborne, despite the striking lack of similarity between the two men. Tichborne had been reed-thin and Orton weighed in at over 300 pounds. He also lacked refinement. Yet he succeeded in hoodwinking many individuals connected with the Tichborne estate, including the dowager Lady Henrietta, who happily received her long-lost son in Paris in January 1867.

Lady Tichborne gleefully exclaimed: "This is my son!" and she awarded him a generous allowance of £1000 a year. Although the old lady naively believed that her son had come back from among the dead, the other members of the Tichborne family were not so easily convinced. On May 11, 1871, the matter went before the Court of the Common Pleas. The debate over the "Claimant's" legitimacy was to become one of the longest ordeals in British legal history, dragging on through two trials before ending on February 28, 1874. Hundreds of witnesses appeared before the bench, and the testimony they offered consumed some 10,000 pages.

Sir John Coleridge, who later became Lord Chief Justice, led for the prosecution. His blistering cross-examination quickly discredited Orton and all he was trying to accomplish. "The first sixteen years of his life, he had absolutely forgotten while the few facts he had told the jury were either already proved or would be shown to be absolutely false or fabricated," Coleridge said. "Of his college life he could recollect nothing. About his amusements, his books, his music, his games, he could tell nothing. Not a word of his family, the people with whom he lived, their habits, their persons, their very names. He had forgotten his mother's maiden name; he was ignorant of all particulars of the family estate; he remembered nothing of Stonyhurst; and in military matters he was equally deficient. Roger, born and educated in France, spoke and wrote French like a native and his favorite reading was French literature, but the Claimant [Orton] knew nothing of French."

Lord Bellow, a school chum of Roger Tichborne, was brought to the stand. He testified without reservation that Roger had tattooed the initials "RCT" on his arm. Orton's arm was examined, but there was no trace of a tattoo. Chief Justice Bovell ordered the claimant imprisoned on a charge of perjury, pending bail of £10,000. Nearly a year passed before the second trial convened. Although Orton claimed to have been rescued at sea by the ship *Osprey*, which had taken him to Melbourne, a check of the maritime records showed that no such vessel existed.

The prosecution in the second trial proved that Roger was actually Arthur Orton, that he had been born in Wapping, before traveling to Valparaiso, where he stayed with a family named Castro, the name he used when he lived in Wagga Wagga, Australia. He returned to England in 1851, the prosecution stated, working as a butcher's apprentice under his father. He left the following year for Australia. In 1854, prosecutors pointed out, Orton stopped writing letters to his family. It was in this year that the real Roger Tichborne was lost with the missing *Bella*.

At this point, the prosecution hinted at the fact that the real Roger Tichborne may have somehow survived the shipwreck and had been stranded in Australia, where he actually met Arthur Orton. Testimony pointed out that Tichborne had been identified in Australia and had reportedly sold a ring he was known to have worn. More testimony insisted that the missing heir had been seen in Australia with none other than Arthur Orton in one of the bush country stations. The implication of all this testimony was that Orton had murdered the

Orton arriving at his 1874 trial, where his preposterous claims were disproved and his brazen impersonation exposed.

Orton, convicted of fraud (with walking stick), is shown entering Newgate Prison.

young man after learning from him his family background, preparatory by a decade to impersonating the wealthy heir.

A jury deliberated for only a half hour before returning a guilty verdict against Orton on charges of fraud and perjury. Orton was sentenced to fourteen years in penal servitude. He served just ten years before earning his freedom in 1884. Another decade passed before Orton gave up all pretenses and admitted to the colossal fraud. Driven by poverty he sold his story to *People* Magazine in 1895. Orton died on April 1, 1898, All Fool's Day, and was buried in a coffin that bore the curious inscription (enigmatically allowed by the Tichborne family), which read: "Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne; born 5 January 1829, died 1 April 1898."

THE GREAT BANK OF ENGLAND FORGERY/ 1872-73

Three clever but relatively inexperienced American swindlers undertook one of the most fantastic forgeries in British history, that of the Great Bank of England. By the time the three U.S. con artists had determined to pool their resources to defraud European banks in 1872, each had already experienced limited success. The leader, 33-year-old George Bidwell, had been sentenced to two years imprisonment in July 1865 for defrauding grocers in Wheeling, West Virginia, with his partner, a man using the name Dr. S. Bolivar. Bidwell escaped before completing his sentence. His brother, 25-year-old Austin Bidwell, had cashed £13,000 in stolen U.S. bonds in Europe in 1871, while Bostonian George MacDonnell had learned his criminal trade from the "Terror of Wall Street," master forger George Engel. However, none had undertaken a massive swindle until after their arrival in London in 1872.

The trio's modus operandi was relatively simple. They would visit a bank where one of them would obtain a letter of credit while the others stole the bank's letterhead. These letterheads were used to forge additional letters of introduction, which were then submitted to European banks. George Bidwell used this procedure at the London and Westminster Bank, calling himself Hooker, one of sixteen aliases he used during the endeavor.

As Hooker, the elder Bidwell traveled to Bordeaux, France, and cashed a forged check for 50,000 francs. During the next two days, he cashed forged checks for 62,000 francs in Marseilles, and 60,000 francs in Lyons. Following a relatively unsuccessful venture to a Brazilian bank, where the con still netted £10,000, the three became bold enough to believe that they could successfully defraud the Bank of England.

George Bidwell wired a fourth confederate, Edwin Noyes, in New York and he soon joined the swindlers in London. Noyes acted as the group's delivery man, exchanging the notes obtained from forged checks for U.S. bonds, gold, and cash. Austin Bidwell, using the name of Frederick Albert Warren, met a society tailor named Edward Hamilton Green, whose introduction to the Bank of England provided the swindlers with an outstanding opportunity.

George Bidwell, one of the leading sharpers in the Great Bank of England forgery.

Posing as Warren, Austin Bidwell deposited £1,200 and the con was underway. By November 1872, an additional £8,000 was deposited. From January 21 to February 28, 1873, the foursome forged and cashed ninety-four bills of exchange, totaling £102,217. These funds were transferred to the Continental Bank, and exchanged for

The Old Bailey trial of the Bidwells, MacDonnell and Noyes in 1873.

gold and £65,000 in U.S. bonds. On the last day of February 1873, the fraud was discovered. Until then, the forgers had been meticulous in preparing the forged documents. Because the Bank of England had no safeguards against fraudulent transactions used by the Bidwells, the fraud could only fail if the swindlers themselves made a mistake, and this they did on February 28, 1873.

The transaction of February 28, 1873, failed to show a date of issue, a glaring error easily spotted by a bank clerk. Although the fraud was carried out as usual, the bank contacted the alleged issuer of the worthless note, B.W. Blydenstein, for the missing date, and discovered that the bill had never been issued. The next day, March 1, Noyes was arrested at the Continental Bank, while making another deposit. His confederates fled when they heard the news, destroying all evidence of their illegal trade, except for the blotter upon which the forgeries had been drafted. MacDonnell escaped to New York where he was arrested as he disembarked from his ship. Austin Bidwell was apprehended in Havana, Cuba, and, like MacDonnell, was returned to London. The last to be captured was George Bidwell, who fled first to Ireland, and then to Edinburgh, Scotland, after learning that a reward was offered in Ireland for his capture. A month later he, too, was returned to London after his arrest on April 3, 1873.

During the trial, the judge actually wore a gun, fearing that friends of the defendants might attempt to free their comrades. The blotter, forgotten by the forgers, led to the conviction of all four men. Police were able to detect impressions left on the blotter which matched the gang's forgeries. Also used against the swindlers were the contents of a package, sent to Major George Matthews in New York. The package contained George Bidwell's jewelry and the ill-gotten U.S. bonds. George Bidwell had also boasted, in a letter to MacDonnell, of his dexterity in eluding capture, thus implicating the entire gang. Each of the four was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

George Bidwell, after an aborted suicide attempt and near starvation, was released from Dartmoor Prison on July 18, 1887, because of poor health. Bidwell returned to the U.S., where he wrote his autobiography, *Forging His Chains*. He also made a living touring the country, lecturing on the evils of crime. His younger brother was released in 1892. Together they traveled to Butte, Montana, in March 1899, where Austin Bidwell died on March 7. George Bidwell died on March 25, 1899, found dead in the same bed where his brother had died only two weeks earlier.

NEMESIS OF THE PINKERTONS/1870s

Undetected by British prosecutors in the notorious Bank of England forgery was a sophisticated, handsome man named Walter Cartman Sheridan (1838-90: AKA: John Holcom; Charles H. Keene or Kean; Charles H. Ralston; Walter Stanton, Walter A. Stewart). As events unfolded years later, it was learned that Sheridan had been the criminal inspiration for the forgeries on the Bank of England passed by the Bidwell brothers. He had long known the Bidwells and had reportedly masterminded the system of forgeries they implemented in their gigantic swindle. Although Sheridan was often involved in the armed robberies of banks, he was known as one of America's most dexterous swindlers and was the nemesis of the Pinkerton Detective Agency for nearly three decades.

Sheridan was born in New Orleans to a respectable family and received a liberal education. His foray into crime began while he was still in his teens. In 1858, he was arrested by Missouri authorities for stealing a horse, then a crime often punishable by death. Sheridan was arrested later that same year in Chicago with Joseph Moran, a western outlaw, who helped him plan a bank robbery. This caper resulted in a five-year prison sentence at the penitentiary in Alton, Illinois.

After his release from Alton, the wily Sheridan, along with Charles Hicks and Philip Pearson, planned a daring holdup of the First National Bank of Springfield, Illinois. Hicks and Pearson entered the bank through an open window, while Sheridan held the teller at gunpoint. The robbers then removed $35,000 from the vault and made their way out of the bank without firing a shot. Pearson took his share of the loot and fled to Europe. Hicks was soon arrested and sent to prison at Joliet. Detective William Pinkerton was then assigned to the case by his illustrious father, Allan Pinkerton, who at the moment, was in Washington, where he was engaged as President Lincoln's chief of security. Finding Sheridan proved to be no problem. Holding on to him was another matter.

William Pinkerton arrested Sheridan in Toledo, Ohio, finding $22,000 on his person. He was escorted back to Chicago, but while in transit Sheridan tried to convince his fellow train passengers that he was being held hostage by two kidnappers. When this ploy failed, Sheridan offered $10,000 to the second Pinkerton operative assigned to guard him. William Pinkerton sat out the remainder of the train ride with his sidearm poised to shoot Sheridan or his own assistant, if circumstances warranted it. In Chicago, Sheridan spent the bulk of his $20,000 savings to avoid another prison sentence. He forced the courts into granting him a change of venue to Decatur, Illinois. Then, armed with the best legal minds available to him, Sheridan won an acquittal from jurors he had allegedly bribed.

In the next few years, Sheridan committed a series of robberies in the eastern half of the U.S. Following his acquittal in

The suave Walter Sheridan, who forged railroad bonds worth $2.5 million.

Decatur, Sheridan made off with $120,000 in bonds from the Maryland Fire Insurance Company. He followed this up with the successful holdup of the Merchants' and Mechanics' Bank of Scranton, Pennsylvania. With the help of "Little" George Corson, Sheridan looted $37,000 in bonds from the vault. Next came a $40,000 heist of a Cleveland bank. Sheridan got away, but his confederates, Jesse Allen, Joseph Butts, and James Griffin, were captured. Allen and Griffin were convicted and sentenced to the state prison; Butts was discharged.

One of Sheridan's most notorious frauds involved the father of Supreme Court Justice Samuel Milford Blatchford. The elder Blatchford was accosted by Sheridan near Nassau and Liberty streets in Manhattan one day. During their conversation, Blatchford unthinkingly placed his wallet containing $75,000 worth of bonds on an apple stand. In an instant, the billfold was snatched by one of Sheridan's confederates. Several of these bonds were later found in the possession of Horace S. Corp, a brother-in-law of one of the men working for Sheridan.

In 1872, Sheridan and his gang of confidence men, which included the likes of George Wilkes, Andrew J. Roberts, Frank Gleason, Samuel Perry, George McDonald, Austin Bidwell, and Gottlieb Engels, devised a fabulous scheme to forge notes drawn on the Bank of England.

Before the last hand was played out in that elaborate forgery, Sheridan and company precipitated a near-panic on Wall Street that sent dozens of investors to ruination in Summer 1873 by flooding the market with forged railroad bonds. The London end of the operation was headed by Austin and George Bidwell and McDonald, none of whom could keep the affair to themselves. They spent much of their time drinking and roistering in the pubs in the Argyle and Barnes district of London. When their monies were spent and their criminal intentions revealed, the Bidwells and McDonald evaded arrest by crossing the ocean to hide out in New York.

Meanwhile, Sheridan was forced to make adjustments. The remaining members of the gang began forging false bonds made out in the issue of the New York Central Railroad, the Buffalo and Erie Railroad, the Union and Pacific Railroad, New Jersey Central Railroad, Tobo and Neosho Railroad, the California and Oregon Railroad, and the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. The penman Engels, an artisan in his own right, prepared the bogus securities, whose face value exceeded $2.5 million. Posing as Charles H. Ralston, Sheridan became a member of the New York Produce Exchange and rented an office at 60 Broadway, where he advertised himself as president of the Belgian Stone Company, purveyors of exquisite marble. The forged bonds were placed on the market for astonishingly low prices. A shareholder of the Buffalo and Erie Railroad demanded to know if they were genuine. "Why my dear sir, of course they're genuine," Sheridan replied. "And a surprising bargain at that figure." The man bought $30,000 worth of the bogus bonds.

The forgers obtained $70,000 from the New York Guarantee and Indemnity Company, giving as collateral $102,000 in forged bonds of the Buffalo and Erie Railroad. The following day, Sheridan secured an additional $30,000 using the same worthless securities. The scheme was revealed in September 1873, by which time Sheridan had already escaped to Europe. Pinkerton detectives hired by the U.S. railroads traced his movements through Belgium and across the continent, until Sheridan made the mistake of returning to the U.S. in Fall 1875. The chase continued through Ohio, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, California, and all over the west until Robert Pinkerton, William Pinkerton's brother, received a tip that Sheridan was returning to New York. At 11 p.m. on the night of March 22, 1876, the con man stepped off a ferry at the foot of Desbrosses Street in Manhattan, walking right into the waiting arms of Robert Pinkerton. "Bob, what's this for?" the startled Sheridan asked. When told that the game was up, he shrugged and accompanied Pinkerton to the Twenty-Seventh Precinct Station. He was arraigned at the Court of the General Sessions the next day on eighty-four counts of forgery. With a staggering amount of evidence against him, Sheridan was convicted and sent to prison for five years.

Upon his release he returned to his former haunts to pick up where he left off, though advancing age and declining health began to take their toll. In January 1890, he was arrested by Canadian police for the robbery at La Banque du

Sheridan is arrested by Robert Pinkerton on March 22, 1876, upon his arrival in New York.

Peuple in Montreal. He was sentenced to serve six months in prison, but swore to the judge that he would not live a full week if he were compelled to do hard time. On January 19, 1890, Sheridan proved that he was not bluffing. A warder found him dead in his cell. The coroner ruled that Sheridan's death was brought on by typhoid fever.

THE AMERICAN ROBBER BARONS/ 1810s-1870s

Many of the first great American fortunes were first gleaned by a group of ruthless and utterly corrupt businessmen, who busily deceived each other in one colossal fraud after another. Fraud in all its forms and techniques were freely employed by these enterprising entrepreneurs. They stopped at nothing in their rabid desire to destroy each other's fortunes and in the process consistently brought economic ruin to tens of thousands of investors. These high-rolling swindlers were later termed "robber barons," but they were little more than conniving crooks in beaver hats.

Pioneer con man Daniel Drew; he watered livestock to boost the price of cattle.

One of the earliest of these American sharpers was Daniel Drew (1797-1879). A tall, lean, narrow-eyed illiterate, Drew, with typical pioneer spirit, learned and practiced fraud with the alacrity of an aggressive opportunist. He began as a drover and horse trader who, in 1815, made enough money from a cattle scheme to put his other spectacular frauds into action. In that year, Drew drove a large herd of cattle to the New York pens of Henry Astor, the brother of John Jacob Astor. He was a strange-looking cattleman, wearing a giant floppy hat, baggy pants, prodding his cattle onward with an umbrella, while riding a mule. He thus appeared before Henry Astor, who looked over Drew's livestock and exclaimed: "Drew, that's the finest-looking herd of cattle I've ever seen!"

Astor paid Drew top dollar, but three days later, Astor was amazed to see that this herd had turned into the worst-looking animals on four hooves, all of them sickly and so thin that their ribs almost poked through the flesh. Drew had simply driven his herd without water for three days, mixing salt in the cattle's food and allowing them to drink just before delivery, causing the animals to bloat and look fat, weighing in at almost twice the normal weight.

With his shady profits from Astor, Drew bought a broken-down ferry line which consisted of an ancient paddle-wheeler, *Water Witch*, an old tub that leaked from every board and joint and was wholly unseaworthy. Yet, with a coat of paint and Drew's elaborate plans to build more ships, he convinced Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt that he would soon outstrip Vanderbilt's lucrative steamship services.

Vanderbilt, enormously rich, paid a huge sum to Drew, buying out the line, only to discover that he had bought nothing more than a hulk and some rotting docks. Drew would go on victimizing Vanderbilt for millions of dollars, especially in his enormous stock fraud during the so-called "Erie War," in which his junior partners, James "Big Jim" Fisk and Jay Gould, attempted to take over the Erie Railroad, in which Vanderbilt held considerable stock. Drew employed the same mulcting method on Vanderbilt as he had on Henry Astor, except that he watered stock instead of cattle.

Drew, Fisk, and Gould made it appear that they were going to start buying up all the Erie stock, which caused the greedy Vanderbilt to make such huge purchases of the stock that he believed he had cornered all the stock Erie possessed. But new Erie stock kept appearing on the floor of the then-unregulated stock exchange in New York. Drew, through his henchmen Fisk and Gould, was simply printing up more and more shares and selling these worthless certificates to Vanderbilt. The stock soared to a bloated value of $57 million, until the fraud was discovered when a broker smeared the ink on an Erie certificate with the slight pressure of his thumb and then fainted dead away under the shock. Erie stock plummeted, but by then Drew, Fisk, and Gould had bilked as much as $10 million from the gullible Vanderbilt.

From 1873 to 1876, shrewd, old stock-watering Drew found himself trapped in one exchange panic after another, until he was reduced to the status of near-pauper, having only $500 left of his millions. When he filed for bankruptcy, Drew listed his possessions as "seal-skin coat, watch and chain, bibles and hymn books." Though he died impoverished, Drew is oddly remembered today as a religious benefactor. In 1852, while still flush, Drew had endowed several religious groups with on-going funds that allowed the razing of the Old Brewery, a vile charnal house in New York City, where countless murders had been committed and vice ran rampant.

In 1866, Drew established Drew Theological Seminary in Madison, New Jersey, leaving that institution with permanent funds so that his name would be forever associated with it. Drew's aim, of course, was to establish a good and worthy name to shield his fraudulent activities from public view but never embracing the teachings of the institutions he founded. He died a mean old schemer, having finally learned to read in his old age, but giving this up after having perused only one book, *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Drew's most energetic proteges in stock fraud were James Fisk, Jr. (1835-72; AKA: Jubilee Jim, Prince Erie, Big Jim) and Fisk's erstwhile partner Jay Gould (1836-1892). Of the two, Fisk was the leader, a towering, broad-chested, jovial confidence man, the most spectacular swindler of his era. He was known as Jubilee Jim because of his expansive and expensive style of living. He was also called Prince Erie because of his wild manipulation of the Erie Railroad Stock, which caused a Wall Street panic that became legendary. Many times a millionaire before his murder by Edward "Ned" Stokes in 1872, Fisk began dirt poor and without a formal education. Yet his native intelligence and shrewd judgment was to benefit him time and again in his confrontations with America's super rich. He bested the greediest of America's tycoons and became the

"Commodore" Cornelius Vanderbilt, bilked by Drew in a fake steamship scam and was later swindled out of millions by Drew, Fisk and Gould in a gigantic stock watering scheme.

Big Jim Fisk, flamboyant robber baron; he watered stock offerings to loot millions from investors.

supreme robber baron of his day through nerve and an acute sense of the ridiculous.

Fisk was born in Pownal, Vermont, on September 12, 1835. He was a strapping youth at the age of fourteen and he left his homestead to travel with Van Amburgh's circus, working first as a roustabout, then a barker. He stayed with the circus for eight years. At age fifteen he married circus performer Lucy Moore. He then returned to Pownal to work in his father's peddling business. Fisk was so effective a salesman that he had soon built up the business to make it an attractive purchase by Marsh & Co., a large Boston firm. He went to work for this firm as a salesman, but when the Civil War began Fisk went to Washington, D.C., and obtained huge contracts for blankets to be used by the Union Army, though his supplies for this item did not exist. He then purchased blankets at cut rates from depressed mills and made his first fortune. Fisk was not above bribing Union Army officials to obtain more Army contracts for such supplies and his coffers filled again.

Following the war, Fisk became a hated carpetbagger, traveling through the South, using his war spoils to buy up enormous amounts of confiscated cotton at bargain prices. He then moved to New York, entered the brokerage business and peddled cotton at high rates, gleaning enormous profits. He

Josie Mansfield, Fisk's expensive and cheating mistress.

The New York brownstone Fisk bought for Josie Mansfield.

befriended at this time another entrepreneur, Jay Gould, and together this pair set out to outwit the financial giants of the U.S. Fisk and Gould, in 1867, joined forces with the crafty and unscrupulous Daniel Drew, who had made his fortune years earlier by watering livestock.

Drew had swindled his arch business enemy, Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, years earlier by selling him a steamship line without steamships. Vanderbilt, as greedy as Drew, owned the lucrative New York Central Railroad and cast covetous eyes on Drew's Erie line. Drew made Fisk and Gould directors of the Erie Railroad. Fisk planted newspaper reports that Erie stock was about to be purchased in large amounts by a secret consortium and this prompted Vanderbilt to begin buying up Erie stock in a brazen attempt to take control of the railroad. In that era, little or no regulations governed stock sales so that when Vanderbilt began buying huge blocks of Erie stock, Fisk and Gould simply printed more certificates and flooded the market. Once valued at about $20 million, Erie soared to an inflated value of $57 million.

Vanderbilt bought and bought and still could not corner Erie. Said Fisk to Gould as they stood next to their printing operations where Erie stock was being created: "If this printing press don't break down, I'll be damned if I don't give the old hog [Vanderbilt] all he wants of Erie!" Vanderbilt finally uncovered the watered stock swindle when one of his buyers received new Erie stock certificates and the ink smeared on his fingerprints, causing him to collapse in shock. Fisk, Gould, and Drew, with more than $6 million stuffed in carpetbags, escaped ahead of Vanderbilt's detectives by fleeing to New Jersey on the ferry.

The robber barons took refuge in Jersey City, fortifying a hotel called Taylor's Castle and surrounding the place with more than 100 thugs imported from New York. Vanderbilt's own army of strong-arm men arrived to retrieve the commodore's millions, but they were beaten off, Fisk himself leading his men in a head-bashing attack. Fisk gave interviews to New York reporters from his New Jersey bastion, boldly admitting that he had bested Vanderbilt by floating Erie stock, and saying that he and Gould were nothing more than two enterprising young men who were trying to expand their business interests.

Gould, tight-lipped, refused to meet with the press. He spent days in his room at Taylor's Castle, writing down schemes in which to swindle Vanderbilt out of more millions. Drew told Fisk and Gould that he was disgusted with both of them and resented being an exile in New Jersey. Then Gould, at Fisk's urging, stuffed $1 million into a carpetbag and left in the middle of the night, secretly traveling to Albany, New York, the state's capital.

The next day Helen Josephine "Josie" Mansfield, a ravishing and successful actress, who had become Fisk's mistress, arrived to keep Fisk company in Jersey City. Fisk showered Mansfield with jewels and furs and invited the press to interview her. Newsmen wrote columns about her "buxom beauty" and "dazzling white skin." Meanwhile, Gould met quietly in Albany with William Marcy Tweed, the most corrupt state

Fisk (left) dining with Josie Mansfield and friends; the man at right is Edward S. "Ned Stokes," one-time Fisk friend, who stole Mansfield from Jubilee Jim and later murdered him.

Directors and stockholders of the Erie Railroad are shown breaking into Gould's offices to serve summons; he had already fled.

Fisk is shown with President Grant on board the swindler's yacht, while Fisk's agents tried to corner the gold market.

Rioting investors are shown outside of Gould's office after he and Fisk cornered the gold market.

Swindler Jay Gould (in top hat) flees process servers after his gold market scam collapsed.

senator in the legislature. Tweed would later take over New York's political power base, Tammany Hall and become the country's leading grafter. Gould simply bought the state legislature through Tweed, paying some senators as much as $70,000 and others only $5,000. They voted approval of all existing Erie stock, even legitimatizing another huge block of stock still in the hands of Drew, Fisk, and Gould. Vanderbilt was thusly deprived of legal action in the gigantic Erie swindle.

Vanderbilt nevertheless continued to file lawsuits, but dropped the involved legal actions when Fisk, Gould, and Drew agreed to return $4.5 million of his stolen money. The robber barons kept almost $3 million more they had taken from Vanderbilt. The commodore was willing to split the difference, figuring that he was recouping money he might never see again. With their profits, the ambitious Fisk and Gould made bold plans to corner the gold market in 1869.

To that end, Gould first bribed Abel R. Corbin, brother-in-law of President U.S. Grant, to spy in the White House and learn whether or not the Grant administration intended to keep a lid on releasing gold reserves. When Corbin informed Gould that no gold would be released into the open market for some time, Fisk and Gould began buying up the $15 million in gold then in the marketplace.

To disguise their identities, Fisk and Gould employed purchasing agents to sign gold purchases for them. To keep Grant from knowing of his move, Fisk invited the president on board his resplendent yacht, *The Providence*, and there wined and dined the liquor-loving Grant. Fisk was in his element, elegantly attired in his admiral's uniform and hosting an enormous seaboard fete. Fisk questioned the president about his administration's plans to release gold in the future, but the crafty Grant, suspecting Fisk's intentions, merely puffed on his cigar and gulped down whiskey, while he engaged Fisk in an innocuous and uninformative conversation.

Meanwhile agents for Fisk and Gould bought gold in a frenzy, driving the price up from 133 to 165. When gold reached this peak, Fisk and Gould sold out their enormous holdings and reaped about $10 million each. The sell-off caused a panic which culminated on "Black Friday," September 24, 1869. Thousands of investors were ruined and dozens committed suicide or went insane. Fisk and Gould went on to plan more grand schemes. One of these was the acquisition of a productive oil refinery owned by Edward S. "Ned" Stokes. Fisk and Stokes became fast friends and Fisk introduced Stokes to his mistress, Josie Mansfield. Stokes, who was born in Philadelphia on April 27, 1841, and came from an aristocratic Pennsylvania family, was immediately attracted to Mansfield and the two began to meet secretly.

Fisk began to spend lavishly on Mansfield and himself. He bought Pike's Grand Opera House at Eighth Avenue and 23rd Street, moving into sumptuous offices in this building. He bought a brownstone for Mansfield nearby and he gave lavish parties regularly. Fisk added more mistresses to his roster, at least a dozen, driving around in his huge carriage with no fewer than six beautiful women. He wore a new suit of clothes each day and he glittered with diamonds. He backed musicals in the Opera House and spent most of his time selecting seductive females to appear in his shows, adding these women to his list of mistresses, all of which soon alienated Josie Mansfield and drove her into the arms of Ned Stokes.

Edward S. "Ned" Stokes is shown lurking at the head of the grand stairway at New York's Broadway Central Hotel, where he patiently waited to kill Fisk.

Fisk by then had bought stock in Stokes' oil refinery. When Fisk heard that Stokes was secretly visiting Mansfield, he exploded, swearing out a warrant for Stokes' arrest, claiming that his business partner had embezzled $50,000 from their joint ventures. Stokes was jailed overnight on January 4, 1871, until he could arrange bail. The next day Stokes sued Fisk for slander. Then Fisk, to punish Mansfield for going over to Stokes, charged Mansfield and Stokes with blackmailing him. Josie Mansfield sued her former lover for libel. Stokes was brought to trial on January 6, 1872, where he was humiliated by Fisk's lawyers.

That afternoon, Stokes had a long lunch at Delmonico's, where a messenger informed him that a grand jury had just indicted him for blackmailing Fisk. Enraged, he returned to his hotel and pocketed a four-chamber Colt revolver. He dined with Josie Mansfield that night and learned from her that Fisk would be entertaining out-of-town guests at the Broadway Central Hotel. Stokes went to the hotel and waited in an upstairs hallway, gun in hand, for Fisk to appear. Late that night, Fisk arrived in all his sartorial splendor, wearing a red-lined

Opposite page: Stokes fatally shoots Big Jim Fisk as a hotel employee stands helpless and in shock.

military cloak, a top hat and a gold-headed cane. Fisk began to climb the grand staircase to his suite of rooms, when Stokes appeared at the top of the stairs. He took slow and careful aim at the man he hated. "I've got you at last!" Stokes shouted down to the portly Fisk.

Fisk looked frantically at some hotel employees standing helplessly nearby, crying out: "For God's sake, will no one help me?"

Stokes fired two bullets, one striking Fisk in the arm, the other ploughing into Fisk's ample stomach, a mortal wound. Fisk fell onto the stairs, while Stokes fled through a back exit of the hotel. Jubilee Jim, with the help of some bellboys, stood up and, despite his bleeding wounds, climbed the long stairs to his rooms. He died at 10:45 a.m. the following day.

As he lay bleeding to death, Fisk asked Mansfield to visit him. Her answer was to pack the jewels and furs he had given her and flee the city. Mrs. Lucy Fisk, however, a wife loyal to the end, did arrive to kiss her husband goodbye. A few minutes later, Fisk died and his wife told reporters through sobs: "He was a good boy." Fisk lingered long enough in Room 213 to identify Stokes as the man who had shot him. Inspector Thomas Byrnes brought Stokes before the dying Fisk and Fisk weakly nodded and then said: "He is the man who shot me."

Stokes was promptly arrested and put on trial. He insisted that he encountered his former business partner by accident, that he had been at the Broadway Central to meet friends and that when he saw Fisk coming up the stairs, Fisk reached for a revolver and he shot Fisk in self defense. This was, of course, a brazen lie, but his lawyers managed to confuse the jury to the point where they could not agree. Stokes was tried twice more and, at the conclusion of the third trial, was found guilty and sentenced to six years in Sing Sing. Josie Mansfield, who had testified for him, saw him off at the train station in Manhattan, kissing him goodbye and promising to wait for him.

A few days later, Mansfield hired a theatrical manager who booked a European tour for her. Mansfield left for Paris and began giving lectures about her spectacular love life with Jubilee Jim Fisk and Ned Stokes. She never returned to the arms of Stokes, but remained in Paris where she grew rich. She lived to the age of eighty, dying in 1931, unmarried and alone in a small Left Bank studio. At the end, she reached for two photographs, one of Stokes and one of Fisk.

Jubilee Jim Fisk in his casket, surrounded by mourners; the slain robber baron's mistress, Josie Mansfield, did not attend.

Stokes emerged from prison and used up his considerable fortune in poor investments. He then became manager of the prestigious Hoffman House, one of New York's most resplendent hotels. Stokes acquired some interest in the hotel and again grew rich. He died in his Fifth Avenue mansion in 1901, also unmarried. Next to his bed on a table was the very Colt revolver he had used to murder Fisk, his rival in business and love.

Big Jim's partner, the indefatigable swindler Jay Gould, who was left with considerable stock in the Erie Railroad, eluded all efforts on the part of his millionaire victims to have him jailed for his massive stock frauds. Yet, the shrewd Gould was himself bilked by a refined English gentleman, who confronted him with his high crimes, compelling Gould to make a financial restitution that amounted to no more than a staggering pay-off. This clever English schemer was known as Gordon Gordon (d.1872), who used the bogus title of Lord Glencairn as a social front to cover his fraudulent grifts.

Few nineteenth-century con men matched the exploits of Gordon Gordon (his real name remains a mystery). He was all pluck and sheer gall. A first-rate swindler, Gordon, upon hearing of Big Jim Fisk's untimely murder, set out to swindle one of the last of the great robber barons, Jay Gould. By this time, Gordon was no novice at swindling. He had first appeared in Edinburgh in the winter of 1868, posing as a wealthy nobleman with the title of Lord Glencairn.

Gordon visited the salon of Marshall and Son, one of the city's fashionable jewelers. There he selected several precious jewels and paid for them by check. When the transaction cleared the bank, his credit in the city was established. His next and all following jewel purchases were paid for by credit. By the spring of 1869, when the bills came due, the merchants realized that they were out £25,000. But by then Gordon had vanished.

When next seen, Gordon was selling the local gentry in Minneapolis, Minnesota, on a wild scheme to buy vast tracts of land in the wilderness and build gleaming new cities for the displaced residents of Scotland. As fantastic as the proposal appeared, the residents believed it, especially after Lord Glencairn deposited $40,000 in cash in a local bank. The coming land boom would make Minnesota a financial Mecca, Gordon predicted. The residents lavished Gordon with all the luxuries then available in the Northwest.

The real target of Gordon's swindle was not the small-time businessmen of Minneapolis, but New York City railroad tycoon Jay Gould. The Minnesota adventure was merely an elaborate screen to attract publicity. With great fanfare, the soft-spoken, cultured con man arrived in Manhattan in February 1872, only a month after Net Stokes had shot and killed Gould's partner, Big Jim Fisk. Gordon carried with him forged letters of introduction to Gould and other tycoons. His coming was reported in the local gazettes, and he made a close ally of the editor of the New York *Tribune*, Horace Greeley.

At their first meeting in the Metropolitan Hotel, Gordon told Greeley of his plan to buy up millions of shares of Erie Railroad stock and drive out Gould once and for all. The plan was music to the ears of Greeley, who aspired to the White House and for whom Gould was a major obstacle. "I've heard he's an impossible rascal," Gordon said. Yes, that much was true, the editor conceded. "That simply won't do, will it, Mr. Greeley?" Indeed it wouldn't. Greeley next promptly arranged a meeting between the swindler and his prey.

Gordon came right to the point with Gould and told him that his investors now had majority control of the stock and that he, Gordon Gordon, intended to remove him from the company, unless he came to some sort of understanding about certain necessary changes. Jay Gould was aghast. He sputtered out a promise to implement new policies or tender his resignation if unable to do so. Gordon then demanded securities. After all, he had spent more than $1 million lining up Erie Railroad investors and securing legal help. Gould hedged, but his vanity got the better of him and he promised Gordon a half-million dollars to cover expenses. "This pledge was not to be used by him, but was to be returned to me on carrying out my part of the agreement," Gould later explained.

With the stocks and securities in Gordon's hand, the "sting" was complete. He dumped the stock in Philadelphia, by which time Gould realized that he had been taken for $150,000. Gordon was arrested, but Cornelius Vanderbilt and other financiers, who had been cheated in the Erie stock frauds, paid for Gordon's defense counsel. Free on his own recognizance, Gordon realized that it was only a matter of time before the British authorities supplied the Americans the true facts of his life.

Fisk's fellow robber baron, Jay Gould, who was outwitted by a more inventive swindler, Gordon Gordon, who called himself "Lord Glencairn."

Gordon took a fast train to Fort Garry, Manitoba, where he believed he would be safe. He had not counted on the persistence of Marshall and Sons, his first victims in Edinburgh, who had obtained a warrant for his arrest. Thomas Smith, the clerk of the firm, tried to serve the warrant, but was rebuffed in Fort Garry by people who had come to regard their visitor as a shrewd investor and kind-hearted philanthropist. But in the end, Smith succeeded in getting Gordon to surrender. The night before he was scheduled to depart, a great farewell ball was given in his honor. At three that morning, the handsome and enterprising Lord Glencairn shot himself to death in his room.

AMERICA'S FIRST GREAT CON MEN/ 1850s-1870s

One of the great gambling legends of the old Mississippi riverboats, William "Canada Bill" Jones' specialty was cheating suckers with three card monte. Born in England, Jones (d.1877) migrated with his family to Canada and became an accomplished card cheat at an early age, studying the techniques of a con man named Dick Cady. For years, Jones traveled across Canada, fleecing suckers with three card monte, losing only when he wished to convince gullible players that they could win. He employed the bent card routine in being able to pick the correct card. (Three card monte was a game where three cards, two aces and a queen, were dealt face down. The sucker would then be told to point to the queen in order to win the bet. It appeared easy, and they were permitted to win several hands before Jones so dazzled and confused the suckers with his deft movements of the three cards that he invariably won the escalating stakes.)

American sharper Canada Bill Jones in 1875.

By 1850, Canada Bill Jones was known throughout Canada, and with his game played out, he moved south and began to ply his tricky trade on the Mississippi riverboats. He met another talented sharper, George Devol, and formed a partnership with him, occasionally using other card cheats to back his crooked play. Jones' favorite ruse was to pretend to be a country bumpkin, who attempted to outwit his patrons, but who acted in such a bumbling, idiotic manner that the sucker was easily convinced that *he* could take advantage of Jones. As a card sharp, few could rival the dexterity and delivery of Canada Bill, and as an actor, he had no equal in the world of cheating.

His oft-times partner, George Devol described Canada Bill thusly: "Imagine a medium-sized, chicken-headed, tow-haired sort of a man, with mild blue eyes, and a mouth nearly from ear to ear, who walked with a shuffling, half-apologetic sort of a gait, and who, when his countenance was in repose, resembled an idiot. His clothes were always several size too large, and his face was as smooth as a woman's and never had a hair on it.

"Canada Bill was a slick one. He had a squeaking, boyish voice, and awkward gawky manners, and a way of asking fool questions and putting on a good-natured sort of a grin, that led everybody to believe that he was the rankest kind of sucker, the greenest sort of a jake. Woe to the man who picked him up, though. Canada was, under all his hypocritical appearance, a regular card shark, and could turn monte with the best of them."

Jones and Devol suckered thousands of riverboat gamblers and passengers through the 1850s, but following the Civil War the river trade diminished and the sky-high gamblers and plungers vanished. Canada Bill was not without flaws. He was himself an inveterate gambler, one who insatiably sought action, no matter the risk. This was never better demonstrated than on the occasion when Devol found Jones in a Natchez gambling den, playing faro.

Devol walked up to his partner and said in a startled voice: "Bill, you here! What's the matter with you? Of all people you know this faro game is fixed. It's always been fixed! You can't win!"

Canada Bill Jones disguised a country bumpkin.

"I know, I know," replied Canada Bill, as he delivered the classic gambler's lament, "but it's the only game in town."

The partnership between Jones and Devol dissolved when Canada Bill discovered that Devol was trying to swindle him out of his share of their mutually pooled funds. Taking his enormous earnings, Jones left for Kansas City and there he teamed up with another sharper named Dutch Charley. The pair roped a group of wealthy Kansas City bankers into an investment swindle and realized more than $200,000 before the city big shots learned they had been suckered. By then Canada Bill was long gone from the city, relocating in Omaha. He then took to riding the trains between Omaha and Kansas City, fleecing anyone foolish enough to play three card monte with him. For fifteen years he rode the rails, gleaning a fortune.

Officials of the Union Pacific heard of this one-man confidence plague and they ordered train detectives to eject anyone playing three card monte on their trains. Canada Bill was incensed when he heard this edict and he wrote to the president of the line, complaining how unfair the new rule was. He then offered to pay the Union Pacific $10,000 a year, plus an annual percentage of his take, if he were allowed to have an exclusive franchise of playing three card monte on its trains. Moreover, he promised that he would only swindle wealthy passengers and Methodist ministers. The railroad authorities declined Canada Bill's offer, generous though it may have appeared.

Railroad officials had posters of Canada Bill plastered on the walls of its trains. Every conductor and railroad detective knew him and looked for him. Though he disguised himself, Jones was repeatedly recognized and thrown off the Union Pacific cars. He finally quit the railroads in 1874 and moved to Chicago, where, with gamblers Charles Starr and Jimmy Porter, Jones established four huge gambling dens in the Levee or the Red Light District (Chicago's First Ward). Within six months, Jones had taken in more than $150,000, but he lost almost every dime in crooked casino games and he moved on to Cleveland. Here he was known and shunned, too infamous to convince anyone that he was anyone other than the celebrated Canada Bill. In 1877, Jones appeared in Reading,

Pennsylvania, where he grew ill. He was taken to the Charity Hospital, where he died broke in 1877.

Dozens of gamblers, including Devol, attended Canada Bill's funeral. One sharper bet $100 that "Bill is not in the box," but no one took this jesting wager to heart. Another stepped up and delivered the gambler's eulogy:

O, when I die, just bury me
In a box-back coat and hat
Put a $20 gold piece on my watch chain
To let the Lord know I'm standing pat.

Canada Bill's longtime partner George Devol (1829-1902), outlived Jones by more than two decades, continuing successful con games until almost the day of his death. Devol was basically a card sharp, a cheat, and skilled player of three-card monte during the forty years he spent sailing the great paddlewheel ships that traversed the Mississippi River during the mid-nineteenth century. His partner, Canada Bill Jones, played the role of the gullible dupe, while Devol raked in $2 million by his own estimate.

In his published memoirs entitled *Forty Years a Gambler on the Mississippi,* Devol described himself as "a cabin boy in 1839; could steal cards and cheat the boys at eleven; stack a deck at fourteen...fought more rough and tumble fights than any man in America and was the most daring gambler in the world." Faro, three card monte, and rigged games of poker were his particular specialties. Victims who recognized that they were being cheated would not hesitate to pull a gun or knife. During these tense moments when his life hung in the balance, the gambler would extricate himself from the dilemma by "butting" heads with the swindled victim. Devol's cranium was the envy of the Mississippi con men. He used it many times to cold-cock adversaries, and became known as the man with the "most awesome cranium."

Canada Bill fleecing suckers in a three-card monte con game.

From time to time, Devol would butt heads with circus performers for prize money. He knocked unconscious the famous Billy Carroll of Robinson's Circus, who promoted himself as "the man with the thick skull," or "the great butter." It was a title Carroll was forced to relinquish. "Gentlemen, I have found my papa at last," he said. In 1887, Devol published his memoirs and drifted into semi-retirement. After his death, the Cincinnati *Enquirer* stated that Devol had won and lost more money than any other gambling blackleg in history.

THE BARON OF ARIZONA/1870s-1880s

Where Canada Bill employed the disguise of the raggedy country bumpkin when employing his confidence games, James Addison Reavis (d. 1908; AKA: Baron de Arizonaca, Caballero de los Colorados) donned the robes of aristocracy in an unbelievable forgery that, if upheld, would have given him ownership of all of what is now the state of Arizona and more. Reavis' land swindle was of such monumental proportions and it was so cleverly manufactured that it withstood the close scrutiny of some of the finest legal minds of the American Southwest for nearly a decade before a Spanish scholar and linguist named Mallet Prevost took a closer look. Only then did he discover that James Addison Reavis, the notorious "Baron of Arizona," was not the real-estate mogul he pretended to be. The vast acreages of land he had acquired over the years was the result of an elaborate forgery which took shape in the early 1870s.

James Reavis, who would have otherwise been doomed to a life of obscurity, served in the Confederate army during the Civil War. During this period he discovered his talents as a "penman." Armed with a forged pass, he succeeded in fooling the camp sentries to slip away from his regiment. His ability to duplicate the signatures of his commanding officers kept him away from the front lines for the duration of the Civil War. When the South was defeated and Reavis' military career came to an end, the forger returned to private life in St. Louis, where he found work as a streetcar conductor. This was not to his liking, however, and in time he decided to open a real-estate business that pandered to a somewhat shady clientele.

One of his customers promised a sizable commission if Reavis could come up with a quitclaim on a large parcel of land. The forger put his talents to good use by producing an authentic-looking document that was accepted by the courts without question. Encouraged by the ease with which he had deceived the authorities, Reavis went on to help other St. Louis residents forge property titles. But when the police became aware of certain improprieties, Reavis closed shop and headed west.

By the time he reached Santa Fe, New Mexico, he had squandered the bulk of his small, illegal fortune. He managed to find a job in the records division of a governmental agency which handled the claims of Spanish and Mexican residents, whose lands were ceded to the U.S. at the close of the Mexican War. The U.S. was bound by the terms of the 1848 Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo to restore the rightful land to the owners and to honor all legitimate claims. While toiling over reams of documents, much of it printed in archaic Spanish, Reavis stumbled upon an idea that on the surface seemed so simple one could only wonder why no one had thought of it sooner.

What he decided to do was to forge or alter Mexican and Spanish land documents, some of which had been prepared by religious monks hundreds of years earlier, and then lay claim to existing properties under the name of Miguel de Peralta, a fictional character Reavis invented to lend legitimacy to the

fraud. Reavis carefully went over the quality of the parchment paper, the type of ink the ancient scribes used, going so far as to whittle an identical quill. He attached an identity to the imaginary nobleman, Miguel de Peralta.

According to Reavis' own account the Spanish don was a lineal descendant of King Ferdinand, who had been awarded a princely title, military honors, and fabulous wealth. He went on to say that he was related to the family. His half-brother was Juan de Peralta, an itinerant gambler, who had arrived in Arizona in 1851 to purchase a large tract of land.

Reavis spent years putting it all together. He created generations of Peraltas, awarding Miguel's descendants with ten million acres of prime land in Arizona, which had once been the province of Spain. By 1870, the real estate huckster had traveled through Guadalajara, Lisbon, Madrid, Seville, and Mexico City, where he carefully placed his forged deeds, mortgages, and family wills in all the important libraries, monasteries, and archives, exactly where any investigating lawyers were mostly likely to look.

The great land-grant forger, James Addison Reavis, known as the "Baron of Arizona," shown in prison garb.

At last everything was in place and Reavis was ready to make his outlandish claim on the people of Arizona. He appeared in Prescott, Arizona, some time in the late 1870s, accompanied by an accomplice named Dr. George Willing. Reavis claimed that the doctor had purchased rights to a portion of the Peralta lands in Arizona for $1,000. But then he was poisoned to death (by Reavis, allegedly) and the grant reverted back to the con man for $30,000. The forged documents proved it, of course. In 1881, Reavis went before the surveyor general of the U.S. with certified copies of the falsified papers.

Notices soon appeared in the towns of Silver King, Pinal, Florence, Globe, Casa Grande, and Tempe advising the residents, who owned homes on Reavis property that they were obligated to pay taxes. Not even the Southern Pacific Railroad or the Silver King Mine, which had business interests in this area, were exempt. A battery of lawyers, many of them employed by the railroad and mining concerns, did as Reavis anticipated. They searched through state records and the ancient parchment land grants only to discover to their dismay that Reavis' claim of ownership was valid.

The Southern Pacific was obliged to pay $50,000 as a first down payment for a right-of-way through Arizona and New Mexico. The Silver King Mine contributed $25,000, and thousands of ranchers, homesteaders, and business people were forced to follow suit. Reavis collected his taxes and rental fees with impunity. Overnight he had become one of the wealthiest land entrepreneurs in Arizona. But in the back of his mind, he feared that he may have gone too far. To fool any government people who might be snooping around, he plucked a young Mexican woman off the street, sent her to a finishing school, and then married her. Reavis told his business associates that the woman, Maria Sanchez, was a direct descendant of the Peralta royal line. They had twin boys, who were educated by private tutors and attended to by a battery of servants. The family lived ostentatiously in opulent mansions in New York, Washington, St. Louis, and Mexico. Reavis even took his family to Spain, where they received all the courtesies of the royal house, including an audience before King Alfonso.

In March 1890 the charade ended unceremoniously when the Spanish historian and expert linguist Mallet Prevost took a second look at some of the parchment documents. Through chemical analysis, he determined that while the first few pages of each file were genuine, the succeeding sheets of paper had been produced in a much later period. Mallet further noticed important differences in the script. The writing of the genuine Spanish monks was done in iron ink. Reavis' forgeries were written in common dogwood ink. Important birth register pages had been noticeably altered. The ancient scribes were not likely to change a record after the fact, Prevost pointed out.

With these facts in hand, James Reavis was brought before the Land Grant Court in Santa Fe, where his frauds were exposed. He was charged with forgery and sentenced to serve six years in the Phoenix Penitentiary beginning in April 1890. When he emerged he was a broken, dissolute man without family or friends. Reavis' wife had divorced him years earlier and had taken the children to Denver. The remaining years of his life were spent on the streets of Santa Fe, where Reavis hustled for spare change. He died in 1908 without family, money or the title he most coveted in life.

ADVENTURES IN THE DIAMOND FIELDS/ 1871-1872

In the shady annals of American confidence games, Philip Arnold (1829-73) and John Slack had the distinction of being the only two grifters to ever successfully salt a diamond mine in the U.S., a scam that fleeced the pockets of some of America's richest men. In the summer of 1871, both Arnold and Slack went to the offices of George Roberts, a mining promoter,

Con men Arnold and Slack, who were caricatured as snakes for their audacious "diamond field" swindle.

asking him to store a sack of precious stones—diamonds, emeralds, sapphires and rubies—saying that they had discovered a high plateau in Wyoming, which was loaded with every known rare gem in the world. This occurred, of course, at a time when lapidary experts were extremely limited in their ability to determine the value of true gems.

The jewels left by Arnold and Slack were valued at being worth more than $300,000, even though the con men had spent only $20,000 in buying industrial gems to use as their lure. Arnold and Slack asked the mining promoter if he thought he might be able to put together a financial group to invest in developing the diamond field they had found. They were willing, of course, to give controlling interest in the field to the investors; they were but simple farmers and prospectors who sought only to make a "reasonable profit" from their discovery, Arnold said.

Roberts took little time in contacting more than a dozen multimillionaires, including William C. Ralston, president of the Bank of California; General George H. Dodge, August Belmont, Henry Seligman, General George P. McClellan, General Samuel L. Barlow, and General Benjamin F. Butler. Baron Rothschild got involved through his U.S. representative and London millionaires Asbury Harpending, William Lent, and Alfred Rubery also asked to invest. It was an "insider's" investment, one which would reap untold billions in rare gems.

The con men passed several tests set for them by the investment consortium, taking representatives of the millionaires to the Wyoming field blindfolded for the last part of the trip on muleback, where they were shown a plateau of 6,500 feet, which they had salted with another $50,000 in industrial gems Arnold had purchased in Antwerp. The representative was allowed to fill a sack full of the gems and cart this back to civilization, where such distinguished jewelers as Charles Lewis Tiffany turned them over to their inexpert lapidaries who pronounced them priceless.

Yet, before the millionaire investors bought controlling interest in the fabulous diamond field, they assigned Henry Janin, one of the country's top mining experts, to investigate. Janin was a suspicious, circumspect individual, who vowed to examine every square inch of the field. He, like other mining experts before him, was led blindfolded through narrow canyons and passes, until arriving at the field. He was accompanied by several of the investors, including General Dodge, Lent, Harpending and Rubery.

When Janin beheld the field, he began kicking over anthills, digging with knives and overturning boulders and rocks to find not only great quantities of diamonds, but rubies, emeralds and sapphires. For about eight days the party dug up more than a ton of dirt, their harvest of gems amounting to more than $10,000, according to Janin, who had in the past examined more than six hundred gold and silver mines and had never once been wrong in assaying their worth. Estimating the return from his initial discovery, Janin was convinced that the diamond field was genuine.

Janin told the investors on hand that they and other partners possessed the richest field in mining history, that the area he pinpointed should yield more than $5 million in rare gems per acre, adding that the field was made up of more than 4,000 acres. "With a hundred men and proper machinery," Janin stated emphatically, I would guarantee to send out a million dollars in diamonds every thirty days." This was enough for the investors, who leaped headlong into the investment, attempting to get as many shares available from miners Arnold and Slack, and even buying the 1,000 shares Janin had received for making his appraisal of the diamond field. (Janin was paid $40,000 for his shares which were not recoverable.)

General Benjamin Butler, fleeced by Arnold and Slack.

General Grenville M. Dodge, fleeced by Arnold and Slack.

General George B. McClellan, fleeced by Arnold and Slack.

William C. Ralston, president of the Bank of California, fleeced by Arnold and Slack.

Asbury Harpending unwittingly lured scores of millionaires into the diamond swindle.

Baron Rothschild sent representatives to invest in the nonexistent diamond fields.

The consortium coughed up $100,000 as a down payment to Arnold and Slack and continued to give them similar amounts regularly over the next two years to develop the field, holding a claim on the area. Of course neither Arnold nor Slack developed anything, except their own bank accounts. They pocketed at least $500,000 in payments from the consortium before departing the West. Slack was never seen again, but Arnold boldly returned to his native Elizabethtown, Kentucky, where he bought an estate. When the bilked millionaires discovered that they had been conned, most of them kept quiet, lest the world mock them for their greed and lack of common sense, let alone the shabby business acumen they had displayed.

One of the suckers, William Lent, did admit to having been taken in this preposterous scam and filed suit, which is how the details of the impossible fraud came to light. There was little chance of Lent winning his suit since Arnold would be tried in his home town, where his friends admired him for suckering some of the world's richest men. He nevertheless refunded about $150,000 to Lent to rid himself of the suit. Arnold was still left with about $250,000. This money went to his head, however, and he soon had visions of becoming an international financier himself. To that end, he opened a bank in Elizabethtown, but his financial glory was short-lived. In late 1873, an enraged banking competitor let loose a blast from a shotgun into Arnold's back as he strolled down the street one day, and the con man died a short time later from these wounds, coupled with pneumonia.

IN THE DAYS OF BIG MIKE/1870s-1890s

One of the first crime bosses of Chicago was no strong-armed thug, but an affable, big-hearted character whose criminal domain was dominated by legions of artful sharpers. His minions relied upon their wits to bilk victims, either in rigged gambling or in simple or elaborate confidence games. This was a Chicago where the gambler and con artist were kings and long before the murder gangs took over the city with automatics and submachine guns. The ruler of the this criminal empire was Michael Cassius McDonald (1837-1907: AKA: Big Mike), a tall, robust, good-humored gambler, who appeared in Chicago in 1855.

McDonald first worked in the gambling halls on the near south side and, during the Civil War, recruited for the Union army, which was then paying $300 to each enlistee. McDonald encouraged thousands of recruits to join up, then desert, return to Chicago, and enlist again under a different name each splitting their $300 entrance fee with McDonald. Following the war, McDonald campaigned for mayoral candidate Harvey Colvin. When Colvin took office, he turned over control of virtually all gambling in Chicago to McDonald, who organized all the gambling dens and saloons, demanded and got forty percent of all profits, and then split these considerable funds with Colvin.

Big Mike McDonald, who ruled an army of con men in Chicago for three decades and was betrayed by two wives.

Big Mike's first wife, Mary Noonan, who cheated on him and finally ran off with a priest, but the crime czar forgave her on his deathbed.

Burlesque queen and second wife Dora Feldman, who cheated on McDonald and killed her lover; Big Mike forgave her, too.

From that point on and for the next thirty-five years, Big Mike McDonald was the underworld boss of Chicago. All gambling and prostitution came under his control, along with all other gang activities. Forty percent of all money taken in went directly to McDonald, who, in turn, paid off officials in city hall and the rank and file of Chicago's police force. By the 1880s, Big Mike was a multimillionaire. His rule was law and during his reign Chicago was known as a gambler's paradise. Hundreds of confidence men operated freely in the city, as long as they returned 40 percent of the profits to Big Mike.

These sharpers included Lou Ludlum, Red Adams, Tom and John Wallace, George W. Post, Charley and Fred Gondorf, Snapper Johnny Malloy, Charley Drucker, Kid Miller, Snitzer the Kid, Jim McNally, Red Jimmy Fitzgerald, Dutchy Lehman, Dutch Bill, Boss Ruse, and Tom O'Brien, who was known as "king of the bunco men." Enterprising youths such as Joseph "Yellow Kid" Weil and Fred "Deacon" Buckminster grew up in McDonald's wide-open Chicago, learning the skills of the con man from the dozens of sharpers operating around the clock in McDonald's many gambling dens.

In addition to buying a new mansion and squandering thousands of dollars on diamonds for the many showgirls he squired about, McDonald's fertile brain was forever scheming up new ways in which to earn a dishonest dollar. He preyed upon the city coffers like a hungry vulture. In 1887, Big Mike ordered his bribed alderman to approve of a coat of "preserving fluid" which was applied to City Hall, guaranteed to keep the stately building intact for a hundred years. The bill came to more than $200,000, which was paid in cash the day after the job was completed. Two days later it rained and the "preserving fluid" washed away. There was no refund from Big Mike.

The World's Fair of 1893 in Chicago proved to be a gold mine for McDonald and his host of confidence men. Millions of dollars were gotten from the armies of tourists and spectators flocking to the fair. All manner of gambling flourished and every known confidence trick, from three-card monte to the old shell game, was practiced on each street corner, while the police and fair officials looked the other way. As usual, Big Mike's collection agents, numbering in the dozens during the Fair, arrived each night to collect McDonald's 40-percent take.

By the turn of the century, McDonald went into semi-retirement. His domain was by then being taken over by his hand-picked successors, aldermen Michael "Hinky Dink" Kenna and John "Bathhouse John" Coughlin, who, in turn, were grooming a former street sweeper, James "Big Jim" Colosimo, as the new underworld boss of the city. McDonald's personal life, by 1907, was a disaster.

Though he possessed untold millions, lived in a huge

Webster Guerin, Dora McDonald's young lover, murdered in 1907 after he cheated on Big Mike's adulterous wife.

The stately mansion Big Mike built for his second wife Dora; he died here in bed, disgusted with his cheating wives.

mansion, and was waited on hand and foot by a stream of servants, his love life was a great disappointment to him. His first wife had died of natural causes. His second wife, an attractive showgirl named Mary Noonan, abandoned him. Although McDonald had built an elaborate home on Ashland Boulevard for Mary and gave her what she wanted, she ran off on two separate occasions with two men, the second of whom was a priest. (McDonald himself had arranged to have the priest visit Mary to hear her confession.)

McDonald's third wife was Dora Feldman McDonald (1874-1917), who met McDonald in 1898, when she was dancing in a Chicago burlesque show. McDonald married Dora after bribing her baseball player husband, Sam Barclay, with $30,000 in cash to procure a divorce. It was a union of contrasts. McDonald had been strictly (if hypocritically) Catholic, but converted to Judaism at Dora's request. Dora was thirty-five years younger than McDonald and had been a playmate of the children of his former marriage.

McDonald was even more generous with Dora than he had been with Mary. Although he built her a sumptuous home and provided her with clothes and jewels, she had an affair with a sixteen-year-old neighbor, Webster Guerin for several years. When Guerin finished college, he asked Dora for a large sum of money to start a business, intimating that if she refused he would reveal the affair to McDonald. Dora gave him the money, and Guerin, once set up in business, continued the affair.

Guerin, however, was also seeing a younger woman, whom he intended to marry. After hiring private detectives, Dora confronted Guerin and he promised never to see the woman again. The following day, however, he ran away with her. Dora followed them and Guerin returned to Chicago with her, again promising to be faithful. When Dora heard of his renewal of the other affair, she went, on the morning of February 21, 1907, to Guerin's office where she shot and killed him.

Only upon hearing the news of Guerin's death did McDonald discover the affair. Disillusioned, he fell ill. He took to his sickbed, telling Dora and those about him that he looked forward to dying, stating: "I'm glad to be rid of the whole pack of you!" Before McDonald passed away peacefully in his sleep on August 9, 1907, both of his former wives visited his deathbed. Dora (released on bond provided by her husband) and Mary asked his forgiveness.

The old crime boss, who had reigned from 1873 to 1900, was still devoted to Dora. McDonald showed his nagging affection for her by leaving her a third of his estate. Following Big Mike's demise, Dora was tried for Guerin's murder, and early in 1908, with the help of her husband's lawyers and a $40,000 defense fund, was acquitted on grounds of temporary insanity. By the time she died ten years later, she had spent all of McDonald's sizable bequest.

In 1917, news of Dora Feldman McDonald's death was brought to the then Chicago crime boss, Big Jim Colosimo, who remembered McDonald with fondness. "So the old broad kicked the bucket without a dime left to her by Big Mike," he said. He withdrew a wad of bills and handed these to the messenger, adding: "She was no good, but we gotta do right by Big Mike. Get her a fancy wreath and put her in a good box."

THE FEMALE CON ARTISTS/1860s-1910s

Beginning in the mid-Nineteenth Century, some of the most daring female swindlers made bright names in the world of fraud. They were rare creatures in that most women of their era were home-bound, voteless and without the rights and freedoms enjoyed by men. Yet, these singularly astute and clever ladies outmaneuvered their male counterparts. A few of them even enjoyed their ill-gotten riches in to old age, some dying millionaires. Typical of many women who became con artists, Ellen Peck (1829-1915) was a late bloomer.

Born Nellie Crosby in the quiet village of Woodville, New Hampshire, Peck spent the first half of her life as a law-abiding citizen. She was a schoolteacher in Connecticut before moving to New York City, where she met and married a businessman, Richard W. Peck. They moved to Sparkville, New York, had three children, and lived a quiet life. For unknown reasons, Ellen Peck packed up and left for New York City in 1880. There she met an elderly man, B.T. Babbit, who had made a fortune selling soap. Peck became his confidante, dining with him frequently and visiting his office. On one occasion when Babbit left Peck alone there, she came across a folder on his desk containing $10,000 in negotiable bonds. Without hesitation she concealed them on her person and made off with them. When Babbit discovered the loss and began bemoaning it to Peck, she offered to act as his detective. Delighted not to have to involve the police, Babbit offered to pay her expenses up to and beyond the value of the bonds for the satisfaction of catching the thief.

Peck quickly ran through her first $5,000 retainer while conducting her "investigation." She spent another $5,000 of Babbit's money without turning up a culprit, then disappeared without a trace. Realizing that he had been swindled, Babbit hired some real private detectives, who caught up with Peck four years later in Sparkville. She was indicted for fraud, sentenced to four years in prison, paroled a year later, and continued her criminal career. Her next victim was another elderly man, Dr. Jason Marks, whom she bilked of $20,000 in cash and jewelry. Peck demonstrated her prowess in 1887 by conning robber baron Jay Gould out of an undisclosed sum. She was arrested again when Dr. Marks filed charges against her. She was again convicted and imprisoned.

Peck was released from prison in 1892 and lived with her family in Sparkville until the urge struck her again two years later. Now sixty-five years old, Peck took a suite of rooms at a fancy Brooklyn hotel, where she posed as Mrs. Mary Hansen, wife of Admiral Johann Carll Hansen of the Danish Navy. Hansen, a man of solid reputation, was on an extended vacation at the time, giving Peck plenty of latitude in her swindle. She started borrowing on his name from a number of banks and, before bank investigators caught up with her, she had obtained an estimated $50,000.

Months later, using an alias, Peck rented a New York City brownstone and targeted one of her neighbors, Dr. Christopher Lott, an elderly physician. Peck talked Dr. Lott out of his $10,000 life savings and destroyed his health, reportedly through excessive sexual activity. Peck continued her swindles until 1913 when, at the age of eighty-four, she attempted to bilk a Latin-American businessman on a luxury cruise in Mexico. After engaging him in an affair, she threatened to tell his wife. He gave her title to several valuable coffee plantations for her silence. She was arrested for this last swindle and died two years later with more than a million dollars stashed in various banks across the U.S.

Ellen Peck, who was "compromising" gentlemen while in her eighties.

The most celebrated American con woman of the Nineteenth Century was undoubtedly the ubiquitous Sophie Lyons (1848-1924, AKA: Mary Wilson, Kate Wilson, Fannie Owens). In the 1880s, Lyons was dubbed the "Queen of Crime" by William S. Devery, chief of the New York Police Department. "Sophie Lyons is one of the cleverest criminals that the country has ever produced," Devery told reporters. "She has carried her operations into nearly every quarter of the civilized globe and is known to the

The most celebrated female con artist of the 19th Century, Sophie Lyons, shown in her twenties.

Sophie's notorious husband, Ned Lyons, shown in a prison hospital, recovering from wounds, the only photo ever taken of this arch criminal.

police of every European capitol. She has been arrested hundreds of times since she was first picked up by the police in 1859 at age twelve. And don't you believe that nonsense about her reforming. For her that's impossible."

As it turned out, Devery had his "Queen" pegged wrong. Lyons did reform, but only after she had acquired a vast, illegal fortune along the way. Lyons was born in New York City on December 24, 1848, to Sam Levy and his wife, who used the aliases Julia Keller and Sophie Lyons. Her father was a professional housebreaker, her mother a skilled shoplifter. As a small child Lyons learned how to shoplift and pick pockets. Her first arrest came at age twelve. "All during my childhood I did little but steal and was never sent to school," she recalled years later. "I did not learn to read or write until I was twenty-five years old." Once, when some childhood companions convinced her that stealing was immoral and she tried to quit, her father grabbed her and burned her arm with a hot poker. At sixteen, she married Maury Harris, who boasted of being one of the cleverest pickpockets in America. To Lyons' dismay, Harris was only an amateur, and was quickly arrested and sentenced to two years in prison. She soon forgot him.

After Harris' departure, Lyons met the man who would stay with her for most of her life, the English-born burglar Edward "Ned" Lyons. He had learned his craft from Johnny Hope and was a member of George Leonidas Leslie's gang when they stole $786,879 from the Ocean Bank of New York on June 27, 1869. Ned Lyons also kept company with other noted underworld figures, including, "Banjo" Pete Emerson, Harry Raymond, Abe Coakley, and "Worcester" Sam Perris. With Lyons providing leadership, this gang of career criminals burgled the safe at the Philadelphia Navy Yard of $150,000 in 1870. Ned Lyons was highly respected by the underworld, which the New York *Times* admitted on the occasion of Sophie Lyons' death in 1924. "There is nothing like that world today, but at the time there was a conscious pride about the big crooks, and they married as in a caste and often passed their craft from father to son or from mother to daughter. Sophie, then, was something of a catch. So was Ned Lyons."

The couple married. Unlike his wife's parents, who were dedicated criminals, Lyons wanted Sophie to quit criminal activities. He purchased a home on Long Island for her, and stocked it with servants, imported china, rugs, and furniture. Sophie Lyons, however, was not prepared to live the pastoral life. When her husband was away, she slipped into Manhattan to shoplift and pickpocket, and turned the proceeds over to Fredricka "Marm" Mandelbaum, known as the "millionaire fence." In 1871 Sophie Lyons was arrested and sent to Blackwell's Island for six months after stealing a cache of diamonds in a New York jewelry store. Shortly afterward her husband was imprisoned for looting a bank safe of $150,000. Ned Lyons was sentenced to serve seven years in Sing Sing. Determined to help him escape at all costs, Lyons allowed herself to be arrested on a charge of grand larceny and joined her husband in Sing Sing on a five-year sentence.

Sophie Lyons during her heyday as top lady grifter.

Within a few weeks of her arrival at the prison, Lyons befriended the head matron. She was permitted to stroll the grounds with the matron's small children, and was even allowed outside the walls. During one such walk, Lyons made contact with John "Red" Leary, a member of her husband's gang, and with him planned her husband's escape. Leary, posing as a lawyer, was given a pass to visit his "client," Ned Lyons. When it was time to return the pass, Leary claimed to have lost it somewhere, but he had cleverly concealed it in the roof of his mouth. A duplicate pass was forged in New York and passed along to Ned Lyons, along with a change of

clothes and a wig. A day after receiving these items he merely walked out of prison.

Ned Lyons freed his wife in much the same manner, except that he smuggled a piece of wax into the prison, which she used to make an impression of the key that opened the main door. On a snowy night, December 19, 1872, Lyons used the key made from the impression to exit the gates of Sing Sing, then climbed into an awaiting sleigh. Lyons and her husband went to Canada, where they lived as fugitives. At this time Lyons begged her husband to give up the criminal life, or so she later claimed, but he refused to listen. They quarreled bitterly for the next few years before agreeing to separate.

Returning to the U.S., Sophie and Ned Lyons went their separate ways, but were reunited in 1876, when the Long Island Fair, according to Ned Lyons' enthusiastic estimate, offered "thousands of suckers waiting to be plucked." Their hasty plans to mulct these visitors went awry; Lyons and her husband were arrested on October 26, 1876, and returned to Sing Sing to finish their sentences. Lyons had time in jail to reflect on what direction she wanted her life to take. She decided to become a blackmailer, bank thief, and confidence woman on her own. "My early training, under such expert bank robbers as Ned Lyons, Max Shinborn, and Harry Raymond made me extraordinarily successful in this variety of crime," she later wrote.

Upon her release from Sing Sing, Lyons joined with a new accomplice, Billy Burke. They followed the circuses for several months. While the small-town spectators watched the elephants and clowns, Lyons and Burke would remove cash from the local bank under the noses of tellers and guards preoccupied with the parade. Another favorite ploy was the carriage trick, in which Lyons would portray a society woman. An expensive carriage carrying Lyons would stop outside a small town bank during lunch time, when there was likely to be only one clerk on duty. Burke would explain to the clerk that his wealthy employer desired to open an account, but could not leave the coach due to a physical impairment. The clerk would have to come to the street in order to do business with the rich woman, and of course Burke withdrew all the cash from the teller's drawer while the clerk talked to Lyons.

These con games were only the beginning. The Queen of Crime sailed to Europe in the 1880s and pulled off a number of successful capers there. She bought a villa on the Riviera and became friendly with the wealthy Americans living in Paris. She was frequently seen at the European homes of the Vanderbilts, the Whitneys, and the Ryersons, posing as the daughter of a gold prospector who had struck it rich in the U.S. While in Paris she stole the jewels of Mrs. Herbert Lorillard, who was staying at the same hotel. Her technique, she explained later, was quite simple. "Mrs. Lorillard picked out the particular pieces of jewelry she wanted to wear at the reception and closed up the bags, turning them over to the maid to place in the safe. The maid came out of the apartment with the two bags and I met her in the hall and began to ask her some trivial questions. She stopped to talk with me and laid down the bags. While I kept her engaged in conversation a comrade of mine crept up, substituted another bag for one of the jewelry receptacles and slipped off. I continued to talk a little longer, and then the girl and I parted." Lyons fenced the Lorillard jewels, which netted her well over $250,000.

After she returned to the U.S., Lyons resumed her marriage with Ned Lyons, bearing him three more children. (Their first son George went on to become a career criminal. He died in prison.) Their marriage ended, after which Sophie Lyons blackmailed a score of wealthy men who had indiscreetly solicited her sexual favors. Typical of such scams, a married Boston merchant was locked in the closet of Sophie's hotel room and told that he could not come out until he had written a check and slipped it under the door. After threats of notifying his wife, the man promptly wrote a check for $5,000.

Lyons' career began to wane by the early 1890s. No longer attractive, she became addicted to opium. According to one police report from that period: "Of late years, she has had little opportunity for plundering, for her face is so well known in all the large cities of America and Europe that she is constantly watched for, if she is not arrested on sight." Her last great caper was aimed at swindling members of her own sex. With a partner, Carrie Mouse, Lyons opened the New York Women's Investment and Banking Company, which purported to return 15 to 20 percent on investments by "widows and other women of means." Before the fraud was exposed it took in $200,000, but much of it was taken by Carrie Mouse. "If you can't trust your fellow crooks, it's time to get out of the profession," Sophie said. Proving to be a woman of her word, Sophie vowed to go straight.

By 1897 she was well known as a gossip columnist for the New York *World*. Trading on her past association with the rich, Lyons reported all the "inside" news of the society world to her readers. She frequently traveled to Europe to dine and

Sophie Lyons as a distinguished newspaper columnist; she preached reform, but was ironically murdered by burglars in 1924.

socialize with, among others, the Prince of Wales. At the same time she preached against the evils and folly of crime. "Tread on the past as you would a doormat," she cautioned. She grew rich from her column and spent a large portion of her money funding prison libraries and halfway houses for the children of career criminals. Then she married her one-time partner in crime, Billy Burke, who also reformed. Sophie Lyons explained her reformation in 1910. "Twenty years ago I heard the voice calling. I now own forty houses, but I want something more than property. I want the respect of good people."

The life of the famous criminal turned gossip columnist ended tragically on May 8, 1924, when three Detroit hoodlums entered her house. Believing that there were valuables in the house, they bludgeoned her before escaping. Sophie Lyons died that night from a massive brain hemorrhage. Her estate was found to be worth at least $750,000. but to her daughter Esther, who had openly expressed shame over her mother's criminal past, Lyons left only "$100, and a silver purse to keep it in." Few female criminals equaled the audacity of Sophie Lyons. One of these exceptions was Constance Cassandra Chadwick (1859-1907; Elizabeth Bigley; AKA: Lydia de Vere Cassie; Lydia Springsteen; Lydia D. Scott).

Born in Strathroy, Ontario, Canada, the daughter of a railway section hand, this clever con artist was able to dupe scores of gullible suckers in swindles both simple and elaborate. Her most infamous fraud was her most daring, one that briefly netted her a fortune and involved none other than one of the world's richest men, Andrew Carnegie.

Clever Cassie Chadwick perpetrated a bold fraud that ruined leading banks in Ohio.

At the age of sixteen, Cassie, as she was usually called, tried to cash a forged check in the amount of $5,000. She was released by the court, which found her temporarily insane. But, as her future conduct revealed, such actions were normal for this adventuress. Traveling to San Francisco, Cassie gave herself the grand-sounding name of Lydia de Vere, claiming to be a clairvoyant.

Billionaire Andrew Carnegie, who was used in Chadwick's fantastic flimflam.

The beautiful young con lady insisted that she was a powerful hypnotist, who could make a fortune for those willing to pay the high price for her seeress services, or that she could cure any illness. After several clients found themselves still afflicted by the same deformities and maladies, their savings depleted through high payments to Cassie, the con artist fled to the Midwest.

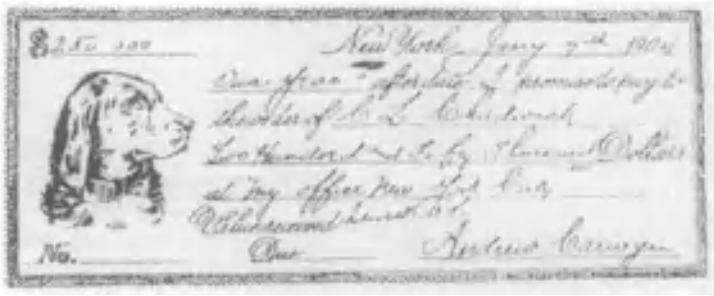
There Cassie practiced the badger game, compromising wealthy married men with an accomplice ready to reveal extramarital scandals unless paid considerable cash. Cassie thus enriched herself for some years. She later began to assume the role of a wealthy society matron, who would arrive in a large town and pretend to be related to socially prominent persons, renting mansions and running up huge debts on credit. She was so extravagant and acted with such authority that most of her creditors believed her to be a true member of the wealthy class, eccentric as most rich persons were expected to be.

At one point, Cassie purchased twenty-seven grand pianos on credit (selling these off to fences). She entertained with the style of a Renaissance princess, hiring full orchestras to play in the ballrooms of her rented mansions, ordering table-glutted banquets from the best catering services. Members of the social set in each city were quickly convinced that Cassie was a genuine member of America's 400 and she, in turn, used these new and influential acquaintances to secure more and more credit, hundreds of thousands of dollars worth. When her creditors began to demand payment, Cassie simply sold off her rented furniture and left town to assume a new identity at another location.

Cassie married several times, wedding well-to-do men and milking them of their fortunes. These included Dr. John Springsteen and Dr. William Scott. By the early 1890s, Cassie was in Toledo, again practicing her clairvoyant scams, which had become more sophisticated than those she had practiced in San Francisco a decade earlier. Here she hired private detectives to learn all they could about her intended victims, mostly information about their tainted pasts and, after revealing these hidden scandals to shocked clients gathered about her crystal ball, she levied heavy fees for her silence, a form of blackmail that netted Cassie an average of $50,000 a year. Finally, one angry client of her spiritualist racket threatened to take her to court, and Cassie closed her clairvoyant operation. She next obtained $20,000 in forged bills from a bank employee she compromised, but she was caught, convicted of fraud and forg-

ery, and given a nine-year sentence in 1894. She was paroled in 1897 and immediately went to Cleveland, where she met and married another naive elderly man, Dr. Leroy Chadwick.

As Mrs. Chadwick, Cassie traveled to New York, where she rented an expensive suite of rooms in the Holland House, a hotel that catered to the social elite. Here she "accidentally" met James Dillon, a Cleveland lawyer, who represented several Cleveland banks. In fact, she had chronicled Dillon's movements and knew he would be in New York on business, staying at the Holland House, which is why she went to New York in the first place. She had met Dillon briefly in Cleveland and he was pleased to see her in New York. Chadwick then off-handedly asked if Dillon would accompany her on a small trip, she then being without a proper escort. Dillon agreed and both took a carriage, at Chadwick's instructions, to a Fifth Avenue. address To Dillon's amazement, the carriage stopped in front of Andrew Carnegie's enormous residence, one recognized by anyone who moved in banking circles.



One of the bogus Carnegie bank drafts used by Chadwick to gain fabulous credit.

Dillon then watched Chadwick go into Carnegie's residence. At the entrance Chadwick asked the footman to see the butler and once inside the first foyer of the sprawling mansion, she asked the butler to see Carnegie's housekeeper and the woman appeared, not knowing who she was. Chadwick pretended to be a wealthy socialite, who was about to hire a domestic who had given Carnegie as a former employer on her reference sheet. The housekeeper was puzzled; no such person ever worked for Carnegie, Chadwick was told. But she had the application, Chadwick said, and held out a letter from the supposed job applicant. Could it be that the

Chadwick's dining room; her Cleveland mansion was purchased with bogus credit.

woman had been employed at another of Carnegie's many residences?

The housekeeper asked Chadwick to wait, she would check in her files. It was some time before the housekeeper returned to inform Chadwick that the job applicant was an imposter, that she had never worked for Carnegie. Chadwick took back the letter and thanked the housekeeper for her time and effort, saying that the housekeeper had done her a great service in revealing an untrustworthy domestic. The housekeeper was glad to be of help, she said. With that, Chadwick left the Carnegie mansion. She had been inside using up time, almost a half hour, a stall which was also part of her plan.

Upon returning to the carriage, where Dillon waited, Chadwick climbed inside and purposely dropped a piece of paper which the lawyer retrieved. He could not help notice with gaping mouth that it was a promissory note made out to Cassie Chadwick for $2 million and it was signed by none other than Andrew Carnegie. Dillon handed this to Mrs. Chadwick, who looked embarrassed, and then, as they rode back toward the Holland House, she revealed her family secret. She was accustomed to receiving such payments from Carnegie, she said with hesitant embarrassment, since she was his illegitimate daughter. Of course, Dillon and the rest of the world knew that Carnegie had never married and was a confirmed bachelor. He was a celibate who would, one could easily imagine, do everything in his power to cover up the existence of an illegitimate child to protect his sterling reputation.

Chadwick sighed and said that the $2 million note was her father's way of taking care of her, that she had many more such notes in her Cleveland home, more than $7 million worth of such notes. Dillon was stunned, telling Chadwick that such notes belonged in a safe deposit box, certainly in one of the banks he represented. She shrugged and asked if he could arrange for such business when they both returned to Cleveland. Dillon, delighted at the prospect of gaining such an affluent new client, happily agreed to make such arrangements.

When both returned to Cleveland, Chadwick gave Dillon the notes and these were taken to a local bank. Dillon explained the delicacy of Chadwick's position to his employer, that in no way could she be challenged lest her illegitimate status be made public. In that sorry event, Carnegie himself would be scandalized and his legal wrath might be visited upon the bank, or Cleveland as a whole, for that matter. The banker, thrilled at the prospect of increasing the assets of his bank, vowed to keep Chadwick's secret and then issued a receipt for more than $7 million to Chadwick, which Dillon slavishly delivered to Mrs. Chadwick. The Carnegie notes, of course, were forged, but the banker never bothered to examine these documents, taking Dillon's word for their authenticity.

After receiving the bank receipt, Cassie Chadwick became the biggest spender in Cleveland, buying jewelry, carriages, hiring a bevy of servants, purchasing a mansion and filling it with priceless tapestries and paintings. Meanwhile, the greedy bankers of Cleveland vied with each other in advancing hundreds of thousands of dollars to Mrs. Chadwick, all on the strength of her forged Carnegie notes. The reputation of Chadwick's wealth spread through the social elite and even a Cleveland millionaire, Henry Newton, was glad to advance her $500,000, collecting enormous interest, of course, as were the banks. But unlike the patient bankers, who happily watched the interest leap upward on Chadwick's loans, Newton demanded payment of the interest due him.

Chadwick became hysterical, telling Newton that she had more than $10 million in securities in Cleveland's Wade National Bank. Instead of merely accepting her word and that of her bankers, Newton insisted on inspecting these notes. The documents were judged forgeries. Andrew Carnegie was contacted and indignantly denied ever having had a child and stating emphatically that he "knew no one named Mrs. Chadwick." The glorious ruse was exposed and Chadwick was arrested.

Police found Cassie Chadwick in a suite of rooms in New York's Holland House on December 7, 1904. She was in bed, shouting at officers who had to lift her bodily from her four-poster. A policewoman at the station house searched Chadwick and found a money belt tied tightly about her waist. It contained more than $100,000 in cash. She was taken under guard by train back to Cleveland, where thousands of curious citizens turned out to greet her in shocked silence. Chadwick brazened her way through the crowds, telling one and all that she was innocent and was being victimized, because she was "a member of the upper class." Her aloof airs evaporated once she appeared in court and, following a quick trial in March 1905, where evidence of her guilt was overwhelming, she was convicted on six charges of fraud and sentenced to ten years in the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus. There, alone, dreaming of her grand schemes and former opulence, Cassie Chadwick died on October 10, 1907.

A young fan shakes the hand of Cassie Chadwick, shown in custody in New York before returning to Cleveland to stand trial.

BALFOUR AND BOTTOMLEY/1880s-1910s

Of the myriad swindlers who plagued England in the Nineteenth Century, the most spectacular were two glib characters, who engineered widespread scams by appealing to the patriotism of their fellow citizens, while promoting themselves as national heroes coming to the rescue of Britain's failing economy. The first of these was Jabez Spencer Balfour (1843-1912). Balfour's parents were moderately successful people, who provided an above-average education for their son and a way of life that was at the edge of the upper crust, one that gave him a sense of superiority and opulence. His father was a minor official for the Ways and Means Office of the House of Commons and his mother was an author of some repute, writing two popular purple-prosed works entitled *Women of Scripture* and *Moral Heroism*. She was able, from the sales of these works, to give her son an education in France and Germany. While in his early twenties, Balfour became an agent for Parliament members and soon rose to become the director of Lands Allotment Ltd., an appointment, which he later admitted "took me quite by surprise."

Mouthing idealism, Balfour became a self-appointed champion of the little man in England, vowing that he would bring financially depressed people better housing and a brighter future. These lofty promises got him elected as a Liberal representative to Parliament. This occurred during a period when the small property owner made advances in acquisitions and, as head of the Balfour Group, the enterprising Balfour encouraged investments in Lands Allotment Ltd. and the Liberator Building Society which, under his leadership, increased its holdings from £15,000 in 1867 to £750,000 in 1888. Hotels and homes were built by the firm, but profits were largely on paper only and few dividends ever declared, most of the money going into Balfour's own pockets. Balfour showed profits through the sale of land and buildings from one company to another, all of which he controlled or owned, a sort of Peter-to-Paul swindle, which was made complicated and almost impenetrable through a labyrinth of documents and deeds.

A financial panic in 1892 caused investors to make universal withdrawals against the Liberator Building Society, demands the firm could not meet since it held mostly paper assets. The Society collapsed and more than 25,000 people were financially ruined, the very constituents Balfour represented in Parliament. Instead of attempting to explain his position, Balfour fled to Argentina and successfully avoided extradition for three years. During this period, the government assigned a small army of accountants and land experts to examine the miasmic records of the Balfour Group, and by the time Balfour was returned to England in 1895, enough evidence was at hand to convict him of fraud on November 28, 1895. He was sentenced to fourteen years in prison and there drew upon his family talent of writing, producing an excellent record of his incarceration entitled *My Prison Life*, which produced enough sales to make Balfour somewhat comfortable in his old age.

Like Balfour, Horatio William Bottomley (1860-1933) proved to be one of England's colossal frauds and also like Balfour, was elected to Parliament and used his lofty political position to proliferate his myriad swindles. Unlike Balfour, Bottomley saw an extended run, blithely bilking tens of thousands of gullible investors over several decades.

British swindler Jabez Balfour, caricatured as Napoleon, championed and victimized "the little man."

Bottomley was clever enough to avoid being ruined by his own fast-crumbling confidence games for almost forty years. And when it all caught up to him in old age, the wily sharper, acting as his own lawyer, called on the jury's patriotism and God to prevent his imprisonment, a plea that was properly answered with a stiff jail sentence.

Before his long, nefarious career ended, Bottomley had made millions, lived like a king, and was even elected to Parliament. From the beginning, Bottomley thought of himself as larger than life or, at least, equal to the tremendous financial schemes he enacted. He came to believe that he was a brilliant lawyer, a financial genius, and a national hero. That was his public pose. In private, Bottomley was a flagrant spendthrift, a libertine, an alcoholic, and an unconscionable flimflammer who gutted the savings of hundreds of thousands of gullible investors.

Bottomley's background was as empty as any worthless share of stock he ever peddled. His father, William King Bottomley, was a tailor's assistant, although Bottomley, no doubt hating his father for the poverty that placed him as a boy in an orphanage, later insisted that he was the illegitimate son of the famous atheist, Charles Bradlaugh, whom he came to amazingly resemble in later years. The idea for this claim may have come to Bottomley after discovering that his mother, Elizabeth Holyoake, was the sister of Jacob Holyoake, an investment broker and also a pronounced atheist like Bradlaugh.

Horatio Bottomley as a young man and at the time he began his spectacular swindling career.

The boy's parents lived so mean a life that they could not afford to keep their son, and placed him in an orphanage at age five. William Bottomley would shortly thereafter commit suicide. Young Bottomley lived for a while with an uncle, George Holyoake, but the uncle put the boy back into the orphanage at age ten. Four years later, Bottomley escaped the Sir Joseph Mason Orphanage at Edgbaston, fleeing to London.

A fast learner, Bottomley got a job as an errand boy, and while making deliveries, he studied the offices of solicitors and lawyers, realizing that good money could be made in these occupations. He applied for a job as a lawyer's clerk and got it. Bottomley befriended a female legal reporter and, mixing romance with ambition, dated her and induced her to teach him legal shorthand. Within a few years the industrious youth was earning his living as a legal reporter with a reputation for his lightning ability to capture words on paper. It was a short step for Bottomley to start his own small newspaper in 1884, the *Hackney Hansard,* which reported political activities in Parliament.

For a short time Bottomley prospered, mostly from advertisements for companies with whom Bottomley was familiar. As a court reporter, he had learned much inside information about these firms and their dubious practices. He now solicited advertising from these firms; their managers felt compelled to advertise lest Bottomley publish details about their less than honest operations. To some, this was nothing more than journalistic blackmail, but to Bottomley it was just another way of making a good living.

From the newspaper, Bottomley expanded into printing, establishing two companies, one a publishing operation, the other a printing firm, going to his newspaper advertisers first, then the public, to sell stock in these shaky ventures. He pocketed most of the money and began to live high, returning nothing to his investors. In 1893, the shallow companies went into receivership and Bottomley was charged with conspiracy to defraud. His ego (not to mention the money he would save by not hiring a lawyer) demanded that he defend himself. During his defense, Bottomley proved that he was a brilliant orator, one who could move a jury to his side as easily as he had convinced investors to give him money for useless stock. He won his own acquittal. Inflated with confidence, Bottomley felt he could sell anything to anyone, regardless of its worth, and never face legal consequences.

In the following year, Bottomley capitalized on the public craze to invest in newly discovered Australian gold deposits. He set up public meetings in town halls, church basements, and the backs of pubs, exhorting those who flocked to his meetings to buy his gold certificates in Australian firms, and convincing thousands to hand over lifetime savings. He made an estimated £3 million without ever returning one pound to his investors. Whenever investors complained about not receiving any return on their money, Bottomley merely shrugged and reported that the gold mine had not panned out. Those who were angry enough to file complaints found Bottomley defending himself vigorously in court and with such eloquence (as well as well-placed bribes to jurors) that the con man escaped conviction time and again.

Bottomley was now fabulously rich and he purchased a huge country estate in Sussex, a luxury flat in London, and a villa on the French Riviera. Further, his love of horses caused him to buy a sprawling horse stable in Ostend, Belgium. He began a lifelong habit of drinking champagne for breakfast, and drinking glass after glass until retiring each night. He bought the best champagne available, hundreds of cases every few months, storing these in his Sussex estate where he gave lavish parties.

In London, Bottomley also ingratiated himself with high society by giving sumptuous fetes. With phenomenal ease, Bottomley began one new company after another, selling stock in the almost nonexistent firm (usually a secretary in a single office and a set of books that would confuse the most astute accountant) and then collapsing the company a short time later. Dozens of these shell companies were started and went nowhere. Before stunned investors learned of these failed companies, Bottomley filed bankruptcy. Dozens of complaints and charges of fraud were filed against him, but he evaded conviction year after year. Nothing could be made of his books and no concrete evidence proving fraud could be found.

Fame as well as fortune beckoned to Bottomley, and he soon sought public recognition to go hand-in-hand with his personal fortune. He ran for Parliament in 1905 and was elected as Liberal MP from South Hackney. Now, Horatio William Bottomley had truly arrived. He glad-handed his fellow members in Parliament, who thought him an affable fellow, although a few refused to shake his hand, knowing of his unsa-

vory reputation. To further ingratiate himself with his peers, Bottomley posed as a wealthy philanthropist, giving money to various charities, especially to orphanages, and making sure that he received heavy newspaper coverage for these charitable acts in his newly established weekly, *John Bull.*

Juggling his many firms became confusing even for Bottomley, and he fell behind in organizing their planned collapses. Too many of these firms shattered in one year, 1909, and his entire fortune was depleted. Bottomley declared personal bankruptcy for the second time and was compelled to resign his seat in Parliament. He soon created a new fortune by organizing sweepstakes and lotteries which brought more charges of fraud, but Bottomley managed to escape conviction once again. His name was becoming synonymous with stock swindles but, astoundingly enough, there never ceased to be a supply of suckers racing to his townhall type meetings to be mesmerized by his oratory and invest in his schemes.

When World War I began, Bottomley seemed to have a change of heart. He was suddenly instilled with patriotic fever. He announced to his friends that he was going to overcome his "sordid past" by helping England in her time of need. Bottomley volunteered to recruit men for the services and was suddenly seen everywhere at public rallies, church meetings, recruiting stations, and particularly at bond rallies, where he bounced across stages, waving his arms, smashing a fist into the palm of his hand, and shouting to the enthralled crowds that England needed men and money to destroy the kaiser's legions. He was well paid for his patriotic efforts, receiving £50 to £100 every time he opened his mouth for England. Bottomley howled his patriotic propaganda in the pages of *John Bull,* which became immensely popular during the war. His speeches were so popular that large daily newspapers paid him a great deal of money to reprint them. This led to a series of long articles by Bottomley, which appeared regularly in such publications as the *Sunday Pictorial.* For more than four years, the hustler financed himself with his war propaganda, earning almost £30,000.

So popular had Bottomley become that he was able to run for Parliament once again in 1918, winning back his old South Hackney seat, but this time as an Independent. Shortly after his election, Bottomley developed his all-time money-making scheme, an idea that he borrowed from the British government. When the government announced the sale of Victory Bonds in 1918, Bottomley seized upon the gigantic scam that would eventually land him in prison. Victory Bonds were sold at less than £5 per bond, but could be redeemed later for larger amounts.

Bottomley announced that he would buy these bonds in large numbers and allow the "little people," as he called his suckers, the opportunity of purchasing these bonds for even less than the purchase price, promising that he would return top value on the bonds. Tens of thousands of patriotic citizens bought these Victory Bonds through Bottomley, or at least they thought they were buying bonds. They sent their money directly to Bottomley, who had established the Victory Bond Club which ostensibly bought the government bonds in large quantities and received additional interest because of such huge purchases. These revenues were later to be disbursed to the club members.

Bottomley exhorting crowds in Trafalgar Square at a World War I recruitment rally in 1915.

Of course, Bottomley bought no bonds and pocketed almost every pound he received, living higher than ever before. He did make some token bond payments to the Treasury. It appeared that the great stock swindler had invented yet another scheme that would make him unlimited millions. Yet Bottomley's own tight-wad mentality proved to be his undoing. He had never paid his associates much beyond an initial retainer and they, like his investors, were usually left holding the bag. One of these, Reuben Bigland, who was involved in Bottomley's Victory Bond Club, went public when Bottomley reneged on paying Bigland his fees. Bigland published a pamphlet exposing how Bottomley fleeced the public, stating that the Victory Bond Club was the con man's "latest and greatest swindle," and that Bottomley never had any intention of returning profits on the investments, let alone return the original money.

Bottomley immediately denounced the pamphlet as defamatory and filed a suit of criminal libel against Bigland. Realizing that his appearance in court could open his muddled books to public inspection, Bottomley reconsidered and then dropped his suit against Bigland. The government, however, was urged to act by a public aroused by Bigland's widely read expose. At first the courts were disinclined to go after Bottomley, who was still an MP, but public pressure soon compelled the government to bring fraud charges against the great swindler.

Mindful that their quarry was still a respected member of Parliament, the government of David Lloyd George dragged its feet, having the distinguished Horace Avory and Richard Muir prosecute, but not until the redoubtable criminal counsel, Sir Travers Humphreys, who declined to prosecute, went over the swindler's labyrinthine books. Using a bevy of accountants, Humphreys and his people spent months sifting

through every shady, complicated transaction dealing with the Victory Bond Club. They finally emerged, like lost travelers out of the swamps, with what they felt would be enough evidence to convict the grand con man. Bottomley was brought to trial in 1922, acting, as usual, in his own defense. The prosecution did not minimize its opponent's ability to act as his own counsel, knowing full well how Bottomley's brilliant orations had convinced hardhearted juries in the past, and how he had escaped conviction time and time again. He was a spellbinder that could confuse, twist and alter any logical facts, reasonable conclusions, and sound arguments against him.

Before Bottomley went to trial, however, he gave indications that his days as a shrewd legal opponent were over. He asked the court if he could take an early lunch break, at 11:30 a.m. each day, since he was "required" to have his daily portion of champagne (he referred to the bubbly as his "medicine") at that time lest he go into convulsions. He was, as his opponents then described him, "a champagne addict," drinking as much as three or four bottles during the day and an equal number at night before retiring. His appearance bespoke his alcoholic addiction. Bottomley's face was puffy, sagging everywhere. Bags of flesh squeezed his eyes into slits. Heavy jowls sagged over Bottomley's high, starched collar. He was a physical, besotted wreck at sixty-two. He was also concerned about a female friend whose name appeared in one of the accounts Humphreys was inspecting. He practically begged Humphreys and the court not to mention the lady's name, admitting that he had deposited large amounts of money in her name and did not wish to "compromise" her in any way. He insisted that this obvious paramour knew nothing of his business operations and was perfectly innocent of any wrongdoings the court might determine.

Chivalry was not dead in England. The court agreed to keep the woman's name out of the proceedings if Bottomley would admit that the account in her name was his own. Bottomley grinned and said he would claim the account. Then he added: "And what about my medicine?" The court understood that problem and informed the anxious drunk that the presiding judge would recess the court early and allow Bottomley to get to his bottle before noon. Pleased, the old sharper girded his considerable loins for battle. Humphreys took on the burden of attack just before the trial, agreeing to represent the government. The trial took place at the Old Bailey before Justice Salter. Humphreys' opening address to the jury detailed how Bottomley juggled and doubled his books to funnel huge amounts from the Victory Bond Club into his personal accounts. In one instance, it was shown how the club paid a company £20,000 for services that really did not exist, that the firm was really Horatio Bottomley under a different name. In another instance, it was shown how the sharper paid out enormous sums from club funds for the upkeep of his Belgium racing stables.

Bit by accounting bit, the prosecution mounted a damning case against the swindler, who sat glum at the defense table, slumped forward, staring straight ahead as if in a daze (or alcoholic stupor, some who were present later claimed). The prosecution brought some witnesses to the stand, who claimed that Bottomley had not returned profits or even their original investments when requested by them to do so. This brought the old man jumping to his feet. He asked Judge Salter if he could bring 100,000 witnesses—all of those who had purchased bonds through his club to refute such claims. All of these 100,000, thundered Bottomley, had not only received a return on their money, but had enjoyed profits galore. The judge declined to allow a parade of 100,000 witnesses to the stand, which would have taken, certainly, several decades to cross-examine. He set aside his ruling on the matter and told Bottomley that the court would consider any *reasonable* evidence he could provide. It was obvious that Bottomley was bluffing; he did not have a single satisfied customer to bolster his fast-fading, self-projected image of honest businessman, the working man's friend, the ally of the "little fellow," as Bottomley was forever calling his victims.

What undoubtedly hurt Bottomley more than any of the exacting paper-chase details which pinned him down as a fraud was the prosecution's questioning of his patriotic image. It was shown that he had been paid handsomely for his war lectures and bond rally appearances, so much so that he appeared to be earning money from the boys who did the fighting and dying for England in the trenches of France. This hard evidence was obviously much on his mind when he burst forth with his histrionic summation, an explosive fight for his public life as well as his private business transactions. Bottomley stormed about the courtroom, his massive body seeming to tilt treacherously forward as if he were about to topple onto

Bottomley, center, under indictment, leaves the Bow Street court; the alcoholic swindler conducted his own flamboyant defense, lacing his oratory with liquor.

his face. He raised his arms akimbo, as if asking for divine intervention, and the flab of his face turned bright crimson in anger at being portrayed as one who exploited the heroic dead and the brave veterans who had given him the wages of their bloody battles.

To the jury Bottomley fulminated: "You may have entertained a great opinion of me and thought that, whatever my faults in days gone by, I have endeavored to do my duty to my king and country. Now you are asked to change your opinion, and to say that all the time I was an errant humbug and scoundrel." He reminded the jury that his patriotic honor was not on trial and that his peers must only decide whether or not he had defrauded the members of the Victory Bond Club. "You have

got to find that I had the intention to steal the money of poor devils such as ex-soldiers who subscribed to the Club. You have got to find that Horatio Bottomley, editor of *John Bull*, member of Parliament, the man who wrote and spoke throughout the war with the sole object of inspiring the troops and keeping up the morale of the country, who went out to the front to do his best to cheer the lads, you have got to find that that man intended to steal their money! God forbid! I swear before God that I have never fraudulently converted a penny of the club's money."

His anger gushed through a torrent of words, mounting in volume until Bottomley was delivering a cannonade. He charged about the courtroom as if he were a national legend unfairly defiled, posturing shock at the mere suggestion that he, Horatio Bottomley, England's greatest hero, no doubt, since Wellington and Nelson, could be profiled as a villain. His summation to the jury was almost a threat. Should his peers find him guilty of fraud they would face God's own wrath: "You will not convict me! The jury is not yet born that would convict me on these charges. It is unthinkable!" There was a long sword hanging on a wall behind the judge's bench and Bottomley, who had been studying this gleaming blade for days as he heard his sins recited, suddenly wheeled about and pointed to it, saying: "That sword of justice will drop from its scabbard if you give a verdict of guilty against me. I say it with a clean conscience. I say it without one thought of fear or misgiving. I know my country and my country's people, and knowing you, and knowing myself, and knowing the truth about this matter, without one atom of hesitation, one atom of fear...I know by the mercy of God and the spirit of justice you will liberate me from this ordeal!" With that, the heavy-breathing Bottomley buried his head in large, hoary hands and openly wept, his sobs sent directly toward the jury.

In the end, the jury disbelieved the fiery orator, who had relied upon a style of delivery that had long gone out of fashion. He was a man of bombast and hortatory exclamations. His rhetoric creaked of ancient ploys and devices that were all too obvious, even to the most unsophisticated. He tried, as in his court appearances of decades earlier, to shape the jury, to bend its collective will to his own. His roaring rage against the attacks on his image, his dignity, rang hollow and untrue. In the end, the prosecution ground the old campaigner down with the overwhelming weight of its evidence and even he, at his nadir, had to admit that he had falsely advertised his club when claiming that it possessed £500,000. In a half hour's deliberation, the jury returned to find the defendant guilty on all counts but one. The sword on the wall behind Judge Salter never moved an inch.

Bottomley stood mute in the dock as the court handed down its sentence. The judge delivered an unusually scathing summary of the jury's conclusions: "Horatio Bottomley, you have been rightly convicted by the jury of a long series of heartless frauds. These poor people trusted you and you robbed them of £150,000 in ten months. The crime is aggravated by your high position, by the number and poverty of your victims, by the trust which they reposed in you. It is aggravated by the magnitude of your frauds and by the callous effrontery by which your frauds were committed." The arch swindler was given, despite the rancor from the bench, a fairly light sentence, seven years in prison.

Bottomley could only scowl and frown, indignant to the last for being put upon by what he thought to be the judge's gratuitous remarks. He asked if it were not customary for a convicted person to render some remarks before being sentenced. Judge Salter reminded him that that was the case only for capital offenses. Sneered Bottomley: "Had it been so, my Lord, I should have had something rather offensive to say about your summing up!" A short time later the great fraud was shown to his cell at Wormwood Scrubs Prison. He was formally expelled from the House of Commons a few days later.

Bottomley, shown after his prison release in 1927.

Five years later, in 1927, Bottomley was released, broken in health, ignominious, a pauper, but not for long. If he could no longer sell bogus stock, Horatio Bottomley could at least sell the story of the man who sold the bogus stock. He arranged to write a series of articles about his prison days, for which a daily newspaper paid him the then-staggering sum of £12,500. Bottomley showed himself unrepentant in the series of articles, which was entitled "I Have Paid...But I Did Not Owe the Debt." He contacted old partners, loan sharks for the most part, and persuaded them to invest in another newspaper he established overnight, a publication he called *John Blunt*. (Some claimed that these investors willingly came to Bottomley's financial rescue rather than risk exposure of their past sins by Bottomley, a man who knew well their dark deeds.)

There would be no meteoric rise from the ashes this time. The new publication quickly failed and Bottomley now lost everything. His wife died and he was compelled to sell his country estate, his racing stables, even the furnishings of his London apartment. Flat broke in 1930, he applied for an old-age pension, but this was denied him. The old sharper grew ill, but he found refuge through a one-time musical comedy star, Peggy Primrose, who gave him a home. (Bottomley had backed several of her hit shows during his palmy days.) Some of Ms. Primrose's friends thought to put Bottomley to work by exploiting himself and they arranged for him to make stage appearances. Half tipsy with cheap champagne and dressed in soiled evening clothes, the old fraud shuffled before the footlights to talk about his sinful past. He would pathetically blather about how he had been wrongly pilloried and imprisoned for trying to make money for the "little people." The "little people" in the audience only hooted and jeered in response.

Some days later, in May 1933, Horatio Bottomley was leaving the stage, the roaring ridicule of the audience in his ears. He stopped, heaved a great sigh, and his heavy body crashed to the floor. He died on May 26, 1933 in Middlesex Hospital and was placed in a common grave, an end that the determined orphan boy of the previous century could never have envisioned.

THE PETER-TO-PAUL SWINDLERS/ 1890s-1920s

The scheme of taking money from early investors and paying them off at exorbitant interest rates within a short period of time with money from later-arriving investors in the same investment was an old scam practiced as early as the seventeenth century. It was called Peter-to-Paul (as in borrowing money from Peter to pay Paul), or "the discretionary game," one which allows a large margin of profit between payments. The first American hustlers to make a huge but brief success at this swindle were two New York sharpers, Robert A. Ammon, who used the military title of "colonel," and a youthful con artist named William Franklin Miller (b.1879), who came to be known as "500% Miller."

The brazen con man Charles Ponzi at the time he launched his Peter-to-Paul swindle; he was deemed a "financial idiot," but still gleaned millions.

Miller was a clerk in a Wall Street firm, who was looking to improve his lot in 1899. He hatched a scheme that would net him and his partner, Robert A. Ammon, more than $430,000 within a few months, a grift so simple that no one but those who disbelieved in the "it's too good to be true," credo would put money behind it. Yet, thousands did, losing their life savings in record time.

The 20-year-old Miller worked as a clerk at a New York brokerage firm in 1899. Starting with some young men with whom he had read the Bible for years, he offered, for an investment of only $10, a weekly interest payment of $1 for ten weeks, plus the return of the original $10. As others have done, however, he used the money to get others to invest, whose money he used to pay the first group. His investors believed that Miller could pay such high returns because he had inside market tips.

So successful was this scheme, that Miller expanded, renting a suite of offices on Floyd Street in Brooklyn, in February 1899. He printed handbills and circulars soliciting funds for investment. Promising inside information on hot stock tips, the sham business grew and prospered. The Franklin Syndicate, as Miller called the firm, attracted investors from across the United States and Canada.

Miller soon launched a major advertising campaign. He deposited the huge amounts of cash he received in many different personal accounts, though he did pay up to fifty clerks to handle the $80,000 a day investors sent to The Franklin Syndicate. The new investors, who lined up at one window in Miller's grubby office, could see earlier investors collecting their dividends at another window. Mailmen and express drivers, who delivered at the offices in New York and Boston, were so impressed that they also invested.

Miller regularly sent interest checks to the out-of-towners to ensure their continued support. When the Franklin Syndicate grew too large for Miller to handle by himself, he hired two business agents, Rudolph Guenther and Edward Schlessinger, who in turn introduced him to a New York investment lawyer, the self-styled "Colonel" Robert Adams Ammon.

When newspaperman E.L. Blake warned the public about Miller's "discretionary game," Miller called him "a blackmailer." Miller, worried for the first time by the slander suit Blake brought against him, called in Ammon. Though an attorney, Ammon was really a sharper by trade, one who had for years run bucket shops and boiler room operations where he high-pressured customers into investments. Ammon was able to stop a run on the syndicate's funds by worried investors, who had responded to Blake's attack.

Next, Ammon took charge. He incorporated the business and placed $100,000 in a certificate of deposit with Wells Fargo. By this time there were more reports that Miller was running a green goods game, and that the Franklin Syndicate was little more than an elaborate swindle. This was true, of course, but Ammon hotly denied the allegations and demanded retractions from the papers making these statements.

At the Boston office, investors staged a run on the bank, taking home $28,000 in Franklin Syndicate cash. In New York, the police were closing in. Ammon advised Schlessinger, the Boston manager, to flee to Canada, while he cleverly tucked

Ponzi in early 1920, raking in millions from his investor scam; he stuffed money into desk drawers, closets and waste paper baskets.

away $30,500 with Wells Fargo under his own name. (Schlessinger packed away $150,000 and fled to Europe instead of Canada.) Ammon pointed out to Miller that before the state could prosecute, it had to prove that the money placed in several bank accounts under his and Ammon's names was the same money Miller stole from his customers. This would be next to impossible to prove, Ammon claimed, since most of the investors turned over cash to the Franklin Syndicate.

Nevertheless, Miller himself began to panic. He suddenly disappeared, fleeing to Canada and taking hundreds of thousands of dollars (some reports claimed it was upwards of $2 million) and leaving Ammon to care for his family. That same day, a Friday, investors continued to support Miller, aware of the strict rule that only those funds invested by the close of business on Friday would get interest the following week. However, on the following Monday, Miller did not reappear, and the courts stepped in. The enterprise had lasted eleven months.

When Kings County authorities insisted that Ammon appear before the grand jury, Ammon urgently sent for Miller, who came home, stood trial for fraud, and was prosecuted by Kings County District Attorney John Clark. He was convicted, largely on Ammon's testimony, and sent to Sing Sing for ten years. Ammon was very stingy in his payments to Miller's family, and Miller himself soon became ill in prison, so he chose to testify against Ammon.

Ammon argued in his own trial that he had acted only as Miller's counsel and was therefore immune to prosecution, an argument that failed to convince the jury. He was disbarred, convicted of receiving stolen money, and sentenced to four years at hard labor. In return for his testimony against Ammon, Miller was pardoned in 1905, by Governor Wayland Higgins, having served only half his prison term. Ammon received no such pardon and served out his full sentence, although he used his stolen money and influence to gain privileged treatment.

Schlessinger, the Boston manager of the collapsed Franklin Syndicate, was never apprehended. He remained in Europe and reportedly lived comfortably on the stolen investment money he had taken with him. Fifteen years later, Miller was identified as operating a grocery store on Long Island. He refused to tell reporters what had happened to the stolen cash he took to Canada. Newsmen who asked local residents about Miller's reputation were told that Miller's nickname was "Honest Bill."

Where Miller and Ammon convinced their investor victims that they could turn enormous profits in short order simply on "hot market tips," acquired by Miller, Charles Ponzi (1878-1949) said that he had found a legal loophole in the reply coupons from the International Postal Union that would provide investors fabulous returns. In theory, he was right. In practice, the scheme was impossible. Nevertheless, twenty years after Miller and Ammon went to prison for their Peter-to-Paul scheme, the affable and charismatic Charlie Ponzi did the same thing, but on a grand and lavish scale.

Charles Ponzi was an Italian immigrant who arrived in New York in 1893. He believed that the streets of America were, indeed, paved not with gold, but with suckers eager to

Ponzi's $100,000 mansion outside Boston, bought with swindled funds; the garage was packed with cash.

give up their hard-earned savings to anyone with a get-rich-quick scheme. But several years passed before Ponzi came up with the right scheme, and when he did, it made the five-foot-two-inch sharper an overnight millionaire, a stellar U.S. businessman, a genius of finance, until his colossal fraud was discovered. When first arriving in New York, Ponzi took a job as a waiter, but was fired because he was constantly badgering customers with investment schemes.

With two dollars to his name, Ponzi emigrated from the U.S. to Canada, but he was arrested within weeks of his arrival for forging a check. Ponzi went to jail for six months. Upon release, he traveled back to the U.S., and went to Atlanta, where he inveigled leaders of the Italian community into a wild immigration scheme. He would, said Ponzi, bring tens of thousands of Italians to the U.S. without any interference from immigration authorities. Certain Italian leaders in Atlanta advanced Ponzi considerable sums to finance the proposal. The dapper little man sneaked a few illegals into the country before being jailed.

In 1914, Ponzi appeared in Boston, where he charmed the daughter of a wholesale grocer in the Italian community. They were soon married and Ponzi took over his father-in-law's business. He was a miserable businessman and the firm soon went under. "The market just fell out," was Ponzi's lame excuse to his wife, Rose. He then took a job as a translator for J.P. Poole, earning $16 a week.

Ponzi sat at his desk most of the day working up schemes to fleece the gullible, but he discarded these ideas almost as fast as he thought them up, realizing that all were impractical. Then, in June 1919, Charles Ponzi hit upon an idea that would make him rich. He called it "The Ponzi Plan," but it was nothing more than the old Peter-to-Paul swindle. Ponzi had undoubtedly read and researched this kind of swindle as it had been practiced by William Franklin Miller.

At first the Ponzi Plan involved reply coupons issued by the International Postal Union. These coupons, Ponzi realized, were issued for cheap prices in certain countries, where the economy was depressed, but could be redeemed in other countries where rates for the coupons were higher. One could purchase an International Postal Union coupon in Germany, for instance, for a penny, and redeem the same coupon in the U.S. for 54. He quit his job and borrowed money, which he sent to relatives abroad to buy postal coupons. This done, Ponzi received the coupons, but when he tried to redeem them, he sank into a quicksand of red tape. His scheme collapsed. But even though it was impractical, the *idea* of the scheme was salable.

Ponzi went to his friends and relatives and showed them the stacks of coupons he had purchased in Italy and other foreign countries. He told them he was about to exchange these coupons for a 500 percent profit. Now was the time for them to get in on the action, he insisted. They would all be millionaires within a few months. The concept was fuzzy and unappealing to those Ponzi approached, but they nevertheless gambled with him, giving Ponzi $1,250. To their amazement, within ninety days, little Charley reappeared, returning $750 interest on the investment. The investors were shocked. "Reinvest and tell your friends," Ponzi told his investors. They did and within a few weeks, the little Boston office Ponzi maintained was overrun with hundreds of eager, money-waving investors.

Taking in hundreds of thousands of dollars, Ponzi quickly rented new offices for his Financial Exchange Company on School Street, which was in the heart of Boston's financial district. Ponzi spent most of his time trying to hire people to count the money he was taking in. But the cash flow was so heavy that he merely began stuffing the money in empty desk drawers, boxes, filing cabinets, suitcases, and wastebaskets. Hundreds of clamoring investors mostly from the Italian community in Boston, clogged Ponzi's offices every day. He recorded each investor's amount, and amazingly, within ninety days, he returned 50 percent interest on the money. Everyone reinvested, and they were further startled to see a return within forty-five days. This incredible repay-

Ponzi and some of his many relatives; all unwittingly worked for him during his widespread swindle.

ment system went on for more than a year, with an average of $200,000 in reinvestments a day taken in by Ponzi.

His clerks were Italians, who spoke little English, mostly his wife's relatives, and they had no idea how to handle finances. They merely wrote down the investor's name and the amount invested and the day the investment was made. This was the limit of their banking ability. Ponzi then stuffed the money into hiding places and began to live like a millionaire. He purchased limousines, a huge mansion for his family, and diamonds for his wife. Ponzi even bought the Poole firm where he had once worked just so he could fire his former employer, whom he disliked.

Day of reckoning: Ponzi investors are shown swarming into the swindler's offices; all demanded the return of their money, but the con artist was $5 million short.

Little Charley was a clothes horse who loved nothing better than to dress in the finest tailor-made clothes. He purchased 200 suits and 100 pairs of shoes. He bought two dozen diamond stickpins, a dozen malacca canes with solid gold handles, and 100 $5 ties. When Ponzi walked into a store, he began buying everything in sight. He carried huge amounts of cash on his person and hired armed bodyguards to follow him around. In mid-1920, Ponzi appeared at the Hanover Trust Company with two suitcases packed with $3 million in cash. He bought controlling interest in the financial institution.

Continuing to pay his skyrocketing interest rates, more money than ever poured into Ponzi's mysterious coffers. He began to give interviews to the press, telling financial reporters very little, except to point out repeatedly that he was one of the greatest financial wizards of the era. Certain journalists, however, began to question Ponzi's procedures, pointing out to readers that even the "Great Ponzi" could not legitimately return huge amounts of interest on investments in so short a time. Then the Boston *Globe* asked for an interview. Ponzi suddenly became shy, cautious. He hired publicity man William McMasters to front for his firm, but McMasters became suspicious about the oddball Ponzi operation.

After a few days of working with Ponzi, McMasters shook his head and walked out, going to state authorities to report the obvious swindle. "The man is a complete financial idiot," McMasters said of Ponzi. "He can hardly add. There is money stuffed into every conceivable place in his offices. He sits around with his feet on the desk smoking expensive cigars in a diamond holder and talking complete gibberish about postal coupons."

Because of McMaster's statements, Ponzi was called before state authorities and ordered to bring his books, showing all financial transactions. Arriving at the State House in Boston on July 10, 1920, Ponzi brought along stacks of musty, crumbling ledgers. Outside the building, scores of his admirers cheered Ponzi, one screaming hysterically: "You're the greatest Italian of them all!"

Ponzi shook his head and said modestly: "Oh, no, Columbus and Marconi. Columbus discovered America. Marconi discovered the wireless."

"Sure," someone else responded in the crowd, "but *you* discovered money!"

The ledgers were examined thoroughly, dozens of financial experts and state auditors studying them. They reported that the books reflected a maze of misinformation. There were investors listed without the amounts of their investments, and there were huge sums of money recorded but no names of investors entered next to these amounts. Ponzi's employees were questioned, but they only blinked at questions, which any junior accountant could have answered.

They knew nothing about banking or financial procedures and they had no idea how the amazing Charles Ponzi invested the staggering sums he took in each day. Nor did they have any idea what Ponzi actually did in his office, other than to sit about, smoke cigars and pontificate about the complicated world of big business. It became clear that Ponzi was simply taking in money from one investor on a ninety-day return on interest and remitting a portion of that money to another investor on a forty-five day return on interest.

Then the Boston *Globe* published a stinging expose of Ponzi, the result of its investigative reporters' long research into the mysterious affairs of Ponzi. His criminal arrests for forgery and smuggling were cited in the story. The result was a near riot on August 13, 1920, as thousands of Ponzi's inves-

Shown upon his release from prison, Ponzi greets newsmen in 1934, vowing to fight deportation back to Italy.

tors converged upon his small offices, all demanding the return of their money, with or without interest. Ponzi was impervious to it all, arrogantly telling his harassed and troubled clerks to "pay everybody off!" But this was easier said than done. Although Ponzi had taken in more than $20 million within eight months, the clerks ran out of money after paying back $15 million. Only then did Ponzi stir himself, running about the offices. Frantic, he yanked open empty file and desk drawers, muttering: "There's more money around here somewhere. There's got to be more money. Hurry, find it!" But there was no more money to find.

Two days earlier, Ponzi had packed $2 million in a suitcase and had driven to Saratoga Springs to gamble at the tables of the largest casino. He had hoped to win millions and thus shore up his crumbling financial institution, but he was as miserable a gambler as he was a businessman. He lost every penny. A week later Charles Ponzi was arrested by federal agents at his twenty-room mansion in Lexington, charged with using the mails to defraud. While being tried, Ponzi, undaunted, was still sending out letters to his investors, urging them to reinvest. None did. Ponzi was convicted of mail fraud, a federal offense, and sent to Plymouth Prison to serve four years.

Upon his release in 1925, he was again arrested for the same swindle, charged by the state of Massachusetts and convicted of fraud. He received another nine-year term. While free on bond, pending appeal, Ponzi fled to Florida, where he attempted to swindle thousands in a non-existent real estate scam during the fantastic land boom then engulfing Florida (and one successfully manipulated by the clever brothers, Addison and Wilson Mizner).

Ponzi was arrested in Florida, convicted, and sent to prison for a year. When released, Massachusetts authorities were waiting for him. He was again taken to prison in Massachusetts where he served out his nine-year state term, being released in

Deported, Ponzi sits in a Rome park in August 1935; he bilked Benito Mussolini before fleeing to South America.

1934. He was then deported to Italy. Just before he sailed, Charles Ponzi held his last interview. His suit was old and shabby and his shoes were unpolished and run down at the heels. His wife Rose had divorced him, and he sadly stated that he was returning to his native land without a dime. "I bear no grudges," he said. "I hope the world forgives me."

But the swindler had not lost his touch. After only a few months in Italy, Ponzi was hired by Italian dictator Benito Mussolini, given a lofty position connected with the fascist treasury. Within weeks, however, Mussolini's ministers reported that Charles Ponzi was a "financial idiot" who knew nothing of international banking. Before Mussolini could fire him, Ponzi stuffed two trunks full of money and slipped out of the country on a tramp steamer headed for South America. A newspaper account related how Charles Ponzi, one-time multi-millionaire swindler, had died in a Rio de Janeiro charity ward. According to some estimates, there was still $3 million missing from Ponzi's wild Peter-to-Paul scheme. It was never located.

MASTERS OF THE STING/1890s-1930s

Fred and Charley Gondorf were super con men who operated throughout the U.S. in the late 1890s through the 1900s. For a period of fifteen years, these two sharping brothers, headquartered in New York City, operated a string of big store games that became so celebrated that they were called the "Gondorf Games." Fred and Charley were expert poker players, and often established a small, but swanky gambling den peopled with what appeared to be high society patrons. Dressed in tuxedos, the Gondorfs would arrive with a wealthy sucker and sit down to play poker with a count or an oil baron, all ringers impersonating famous people. In the course of a rigged game, they would fleece the mark for a small fortune. In 1899, the brothers swindled a rich St. Louis pawnbroker out of $200,000 in a big store poker game.

The brothers also specialized in the wire, a con game where a posh but phony betting parlor was established, replete with hustling patrons and employees, who seemed overworked in having to handle the heavy betting that went on in the parlor. A sucker was brought into this busy gambling den, believing that the Gondorfs had a system whereby they could intercept racing results before the wire services flashed the winners to the bookie joints throughout the country. The sucker, thinking the fix was in, would bet enormous sums on what he thought was a sure winner. Adding to the sucker's confidence, the Gondorfs would bet even greater sums on the same horse.

When the true winner was announced, the Gondorfs would shout that they had been betrayed by their "inside man," and demand their money back. Of course, they were refused refunds, along with their mark who believed that he *and* his gambling friends, the Gondorfs, had been taken and would thus not suspect his hosts of victimizing him. By 1917, the Gondorf luck ran out and both brothers drew long prison terms in Sing Sing for fraud. When they were released, they were too old for the kind of energetic confidence games they had so long practiced. They retired and died in obscurity but relative comfort, using the spoils from their innumerable con games. The 1973 film, *The Sting*, was largely based on the type of operation conducted by the energetic Gondorf brothers. In fact, the name of the leading player (Paul Newman) is Henry *Gondorff*.

Confidence kings Fred and Charley Gondorf, masters of the Big Store game.

The female counterparts to the Gondorf brothers were the Poillon sisters, Charlotte and Katherine. Charlotte Poillon and her sister, Katherine Poillon, could match any man pound for pound. Charlotte, who occasionally boxed professionally, weighed 210 pounds, with Katherine a brawny 200. Together they perpetrated a series of lonely hearts swindles against unsuspecting New York men at the turn of the century. In 1903, for example, Katherine filed a breach-of-promise suit against William G. Brokaw for $250,000. The embarrassed financier settled out of court for $17,500 just to keep his name out of the papers.

In 1907, the Poillons were arrested and fined $10 on a drunk-and-disorderly charge after they tossed a hotel manager down a flight of stairs. The brawling antics of the Poillons in some of Manhattan's most fashionable hotels were legendary. In 1908, they were sentenced to jail for three months for defrauding the Hotel Bristol out of $135. In court, they accused a judge named Barlow of not paying the hotel bill after spending the night with them in a riotous orgy. In 1909, six house detectives at the Hotel Willard forcibly ejected the Poillons for creating a disturbance, no easy task since Charlotte had once gone four rounds with prizefighter Gentleman Jim Corbett.

Con artist Charlotte Poillon; dressed as a man, she became a wrestler.

Katherine Poillon, who specialized in "compromising" old men in the Badger Game.

Rector's Cafe tangled with the Poillons in 1912 after Charlotte had to be carried from the dining room in a murderous rage. She filed a $25,000 lawsuit, but the court threw out the case after it was learned that Charlotte had been wearing gentleman's attire, and the waiters had made an honest mistake. In 1923, the sisters were in court again. Charles Dusenbury, a 73-year-old laundry-chain store owner, accused the Poillons of swindling him out of $3,000. In court the sisters showed a complete lack of interest by clipping paper dolls out of a newspaper. On the witness stand, Dusenbury admitted that the $3,000 was a "gift" and the case was dismissed.

Several months later, W.N. Edelstein accused the Poillons of perpetrating a $23,338 fraud. These charges were more serious, and their position more tenuous. The Poillons hired William Fallon, New York's most famous criminal attorney, better known as the "Great Mouthpiece," who admired the spunk of the sisters and appreciated their eccentricity. But not even the great Fallon, who defended them successfully, could remain in their good graces for long. On one occasion the lawyer asked the sisters for a loan when he was short on cash. "You loafer!" Charlotte screamed. "Where do you think we'd get any money! I have half a mind to clean you up!"

By the late 1920s the exploits of the Poillon sisters disappeared from the newspapers. Charlotte surfaced briefly in 1929 when she replaced a department store boxer demonstrating athletic equipment. After slugging the bag for three weeks, Charlotte grew tired of the job and walked off, never to be heard from again.

At the time the ingenious Gondorf brothers began operating in New York, a bulbous-nosed bartender named Lou Blonger began to run a series of successful con games in Denver, Colorado, so successful that he began supervising dozens of such games and eventually a vast army of confidence artists who invaded the city and dominated its criminal operations for several decades. A French-Canadian, Louis Blonger migrated to Denver, Colorado, where he and his brother Sam opened a rowdy saloon in 1880. Blonger offered gambling of all sorts and platoons of strumpets to service customers. When Denver cleaned up its gambling dens and bordellos, Blonger concentrated on confidence games of all kinds, becoming the bunco king of the Rocky Mountain states.

Blonger was assisted by Adolph W. Duff, a wily sharper known as Kid Duffy. Blonger made substantial payoffs to the corrupt Denver Police Department and, by the turn of the century, most of the force, including the chief of police, was on his payroll. Blonger, by that time, was the most powerful man in the city, king of the Denver underworld, with direct phone lines from his office to that of the mayor and the chief of police. There was nothing Blonger could not fix in the city. If any con man in his phalanx of swindlers was caught red-handed, Blonger would simply make a call and the man would be put on a train, returning to Denver when it was safe to do so.

Rules established by Blonger were strictly obeyed by his men. No swindler could pull a "Big Store" game unless Blonger gave his approval and no violence was tolerated. Prominent Denver citizens were to be left alone and visitors to the city were the only suckers his men were allowed to victimize, and these marks could be chosen only after they had been cleared with Blonger and the police department.

Blonger spent a good deal of time on the phone with Police Chief Mike Delaney, discussing what victims were or were not suitable to be fleeced. Whenever one of Blonger's men violated any of his dictates, he was fined or even banished from the city. After Dick Turner, a deputy sheriff from a small town near Denver, was fleeced in a short con while visiting the city, Blonger upbraided the con man for not getting approval to "take the mark." Then the con man was banished forever from the precincts of Denver.

Blonger's reputation as the top con man of the West was known nationwide in the underworld and hundreds of the most

Famed criminal lawyer William J. Fallon, shown standing in court; known as the "Great Mouthpiece," he represented and was often threatened by his clients, the Poillon sisters.

daring and notorious con men in the country flocked to his banners, including the celebrated Joe Furey, Reno Hamlin, Charles Gerber, and the legendary Jefferson Randolph "Soapy" Smith, who had fleeced gold-seeking suckers in Alaska a decade earlier. Furey, who ran a gang of con men of his own, made the mistake in 1920 of fleecing a Texas cattleman and one-time sheriff, J. Frank Norfleet, bilking $45,000 from Norfleet in an investment scheme. When Norfleet discovered that he had been mulcted, he exploded and tracked down every member of the con ring. The classic manhunt eventually caused Blonger's downfall. Because of Norfleet's persistent campaign against the Denver Ring, Blonger, Duff, and dozens of their top con men were rounded up, tried, and sent to prison.

Lou Blonger, the Denver "fixer" and head of the largest con ring in America; he bossed the mayor.

Adolph W. Duff, known as "Kid Duffy," who managed Blonger's massive confidence ring in Denver.

One of Blonger's most accomplished sharpers was William Elmer Mead, a con man who preferred to work chiefly alone or with a few trusted shills and practice games of his own invention. Some of them became classic confidence swindles. Born in Springfield, Illinois in 1875, Mead was orphaned at the age of two and then adopted by a farming couple, rigid fundamentalists. Mead had little schooling and worked in the fields until he was fifteen, before running away and never returning.

Yet, Mead retained the deep religious beliefs instilled in him by his step-parents, who read the Bible with him every night of his young life on the farm. This background undoubtedly caused him to forsake liquor, smoking, chewing tobacco and even swearing. Throughout his long criminal career, Mead always attended church on Sunday. His pretentious piety earned him the paradoxical moniker, "The Christian Kid," or "The Christ Kid."

By 1910, Mead established himself as one of the most skilled flim-flam men in the business, a master of the traditional "Wallet Drop," and his unique "Country Send." But his real talent lay in swindling country people of their wagering money in fixed foot races. Mead and his confederates first contacted the local sheriff one known to take money on the sly and offer two bribes, one to allow the race to be held and another to fake a police raid to arrest illegal bettors.

Next he would carefully select his victims, the local sports who enjoyed a game of chance and rarely passed up an opportunity to lay down a bet on the side. Mead, acting as the official "backer" for the foot race, would convince the victim that the smart money was on the favorite. Then on the day of the race, Elmer Mead and his cappers would express great concern over the likelihood of a police raid. But the race would proceed according to schedule with the favorite bolting out to an early lead. The townsman who had followed Mead's advice and placed money on the "sure thing" was ecstatic as the man pulled ahead by twenty, even thirty paces. The gulled sportsman believed that he was about to pocket $50,000 for the $10,000 he had put up.

At the moment victory was certain, the favorite suddenly dropped in his tracks, faking an epileptic seizure. As he gasped for breath the other runners streamed by him to the finish line. While the victim stared at the prone runner, Mead would jostle the man back to reality. "My God, run! It's the sheriff and his boys!" Elmer would assist the sucker to the local train station, assuring him that they would meet again in the next town, a lie of course. Grateful to have avoided the scandal of arrest and imprisonment, the duped bettor temporarily forgot about his losses. Later, Mead would send a telegram ahead to the next town informing the mark that the stricken racer had died from his seizure. "All is lost. Keep on going." Not wanting to be implicated in a possible murder, let alone illegal gambling, he usually did.

Mead's unofficial headquarters was Denver, Colorado, home to an army of bunco men, con artists, and green goods practitioners. It was known in those days as the "Big Store," the place where Ben Marks made his name in the 1860s, sponsoring rigged horse and foot races that no doubt inspired Mead to pursue this line of work. He had worked in California, but with bad luck. He fleeced a sucker in San Francisco in 1897, and was convicted of grand larceny and sent to San Quentin for three years.

Working short cons for years, Mead accumulated considerable savings and he thought to retire, until reading about

Blonger's Denver office; the upright phone on the desk had a direct line to Police Chief Mike Delaney, who was on the fixer's payroll.

Former Texas sheriff J. Frank Norfleet, who smashed the Blonger ring after being bilked out of $45,000.

the most spectacular event of the decade, the return of Halley's Comet in 1910, a phenomenon that caused widespread wonder, fright and alarm. Mead thought to capitalize on this astronomical event by meeting with a rich contractor in Cleveland, where Mead posed as a retired judge.

At lunch, Mead pointed to an object beneath the chair of the contractor. The businessman reached down to find a wallet thick with cash and important papers that indicated the owner was the proprietor of many baseball parks and sporting arenas. (This was Mead's own confidence game, one he called "The Magic Wallet," a device that led the sucker into a broader, more expensive con game.)

By chance, the owner of the wallet appeared and the contractor returned it to him. The magnate (a Mead associate) sat down and offered to pay for lunch in gratitude for the return of his wallet. The owner of the baseball parks, when learning the contractor's business, suddenly proposed that the contractor "give me an estimate on the largest sports stadium ever built in America. It's going to be built anyway. Why shouldn't you build it? After all, you're honest. I could trust you. You proved that when you returned my wallet and saved some very precious documents."

Before the arena mogul and the contractor could discuss the details of the advance on the building of the largest sports arena in the country, the mogul suddenly leaned forward to register an inspired thought: "Wait a minute! How silly of me! There's an important factor I've almost overlooked. While you're estimating such a gigantic job, you'll require considerable funds. I was just thinking of how to arrange that..." The mogul was silent for a moment and then blurted: "I have it! With the baseball season over, my parks are empty. For a small stipend, let's say ten thousand dollars, I would be willing to lease every park and arena across the country to you."

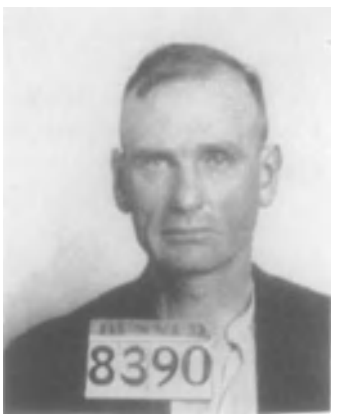
The contractor was stunned. "But, what for?"

The mogul withdrew a newspaper that blared the coming of Halley's Comet and told of the thousands of religious sects about to gather on Judgment Day, when the comet might collide with the earth. He dropped the paper in front of the contractor, saying: "Why, for the end of the world! Think of it! The greatest spectacle in the history of mankind! Don't you read the papers?"

The contractor nodded and stared at the doomsday warnings in the newspaper spread before him.

"He's right!" Mead exclaimed. "Why, you would fill those grandstands with tens of thousands of people!"

The concept was so bizarre that it immediately appealed to the duped contractor. He reasoned that the contract he was getting from the sports arena mogul would certainly cover any serious loss in leasing the parks. He signed the contract to build America's largest sports stadium and then gave the mogul his check for $10,000. After lunch, Mead and the mogul went their separate ways, while the contractor went to his office to prepare promotion pieces that would invite millions of terrified residents to watch the end of the world in comfortable baseball park seats. The profits would be enormous, the contractor believed, especially the purchases of refreshments. Spectators would want to buy beer, soda pop, hot dogs and popcorn while watching Halley's Comet hurtle toward them. He believed, as most reports had it, that the Comet would not actually strike the earth, but the widespread fear of such an occurence was an assurance of millions in profit.

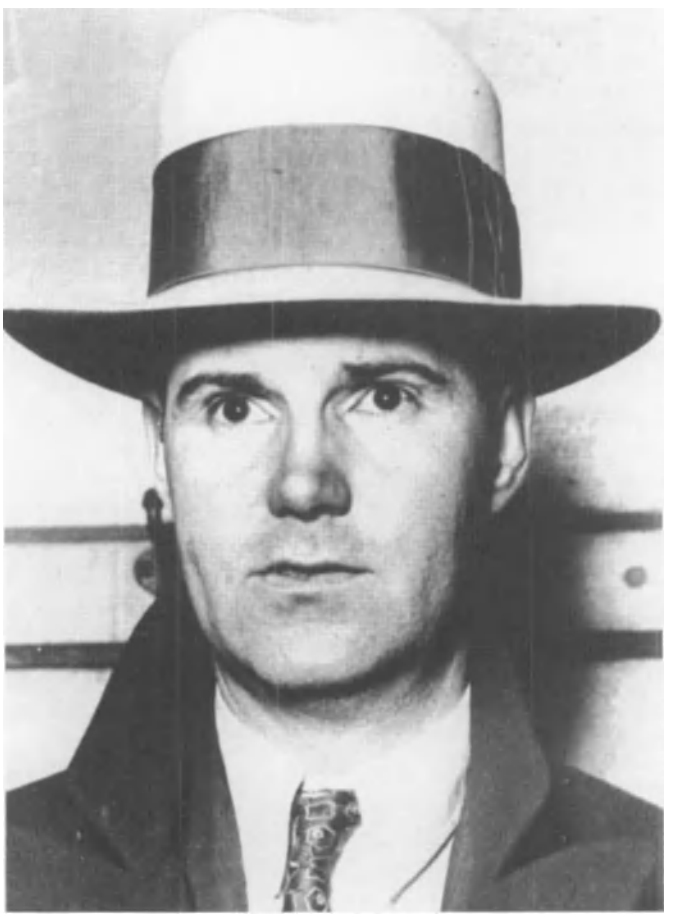


Denver police photo of William Elmer Mead, when he worked as a bunco artist for Blonger.

Meanwhile, Mead and the mogul, who was most probably Joe Furey, Mead's favorite sideman, by that time, had cashed the contractor's check and had departed Cleveland, off to another city, another mark and another fabulous confidence game tied to Elmer's "Magic Wallet." In 1917, while pretending to buy up horses for the army during World War I, Mead used the gimmick to swindle $35,000 from a wealthy female rancher in Cheyenne, Wyoming. The ploy worked for decades. As late as 1932, Mead used the "Magic Wallet" routine to rope a sucker in Missouri, taking him for $200,000, the largest score of his life and an astronomical sum during the days of the Great Depression.

Finally caught in 1936, Mead was charged with postal fraud. Convicted, he was sent to prison for two years at the age of sixty-three. When he was released, he appeared to be a broken man, his spirit gone. Moreover, he was faced with charges of tax evasion based on $60,000 taken in by Mead for a period of eight years, 1921-1928. He was convicted and again went behind bars, this time for life, saying in his cell to a Leavenworth guard: "Somebody talked. I should have fig-

Confidence trickster William Elmer Mead, master of the "Country Send," and inventor of the "Magic Wallet" scam.



Con man Alvin Clarence Thomas, known as "Titanic Thompson," who specialized in scamming golfers while posing as an inept duffer.

ured it out so I could have done it all alone. Partners! It's disgusting!"

Two years after Mead was conning marks in his Halley's Comet scam, an enterprising sharper, Alvin Clarence Thomas (AKA: Titanic Thompson), turned a quick profit on the sinking of the great liner, *Titanic*, while the ship made its fatal maiden voyage from England to New York. Thomas, an expert cardsharp, was on board the *Titanic* to fleece passengers when the luxury liner made its ill-fated voyage in April 1912. When the ship struck the iceberg, Thomas, and his fellow hustlers, the Hashhouse Kid, Hoosier Harry, and Indiana Harry got into lifeboats. The con men survived and arrived in New York a day or two later. Thomas and his associates immediately filed exorbitant claims for reimbursement of lost luggage and valuables not only for themselves, but for items belonging to the many hundreds of passengers who died. They were paid handsomely.

In the 1920s "Titanic" Thompson, as he was popularly known, associated with New York gambler Arnold "Big Bankroll" Rothstein. He sat in on the last poker game Rothstein played before he was gunned down in 1928. Thompson also defrauded people on the golf course, where he swindled dozens of amateur players. He reportedly collected $250,000 annually in bets with wealthy golfers. His victims thought he was strictly second rate, but actually Thompson hit well, with his left hand or right. After trouncing his opponent while playing right-handed, he would offer his partner a chance to recoup his losses by playing left-handed. Thompson then doubled his earnings, for he was a natural lefty.

ADVENTURES OF THE "YELLOW KID"/ 1890s-1960s

No other confidence man in the U.S. ever approached the audacity and ingenuity of Joseph "Yellow Kid" Weil (1875-1976). Weil lived for 101 years and was known in his chosen field of crime as "King Con," the most successful American confidence man of the twentieth century. He claimed to have swindled more than $12 million from greedy, wealthy suckers, but his take was more likely $8 million. He lived like a rajah, headquartering in Chicago, owning hotels and racetracks, and having myriad mistresses. Yet, he died in a nursing home and was buried in a pauper's grave.

Weil was born on June 30, 1875, in Chicago. His parents were immigrants, his mother French, his father German. His father, Joseph Weil, operated a saloon in the vice-ridden First Ward, known as the Levee and later managed "The French Village," an exhibit at the 1893 world's fair in Chicago. During the 1890s, his son, Joseph Weil, sold patent medicines and shilled for racetrack touts. He later graduated to the sale of fake stocks, rigged horse races, and the "salting" of worthless mines. Always inventive, Weil developed many unique confidence games of his own.

He traveled through rural areas of the Midwest, selling a patent medicine of his own creation, Meriwether's Elixir, one he claimed would kill tapeworms. He also worked the spectacles-and-magazine short con. He had several pages of a magazine reset in large type and inserted them in the publication. When stopping at a farm where the proprietor had

Joseph "Yellow Kid" Weil, greatest of all con men, shown in 1905; he created elaborated Big Store routines to bilk wealthy, greedy suckers.

poor eyesight, Weil sold him the Elixir and then asked if the farmer had lost an expensive pair of spectacles. As he talked, Weil turned the pages of the magazine and encouraged the farmer to try on the glasses. Just as the farmer put on the spectacles, Weil turned to the pages of enlarged type and the farmer thought his vision suddenly had been vastly improved by the glasses. The glasses, which had gold rims, appeared expensive, but the rims were actually painted. The farmer gladly paid $3 or $4 for the spectacles, promising to return them to the owner if he encountered him. The glasses cost Weil no more than fifteen cents each and he bought them by the gross.

"I never cheated an honest man, only rascals," Weil was fond of saying. Of his victims he stated: "They may have been respectable, but they were never any good. They wanted something for nothing. I gave them nothing for something." Weil not only fleeced his customers, he convinced them that *they* were cheating *him*. Weil appeared to be a wealthy dandy. His attire was sartorial, complete with spats, white winged collars, silk cravats, diamond stickpin, and tailored, three-piece suits. By the late 1890s, he had acquired his fanciful sobriquet. While lounging in the Chicago saloon owned by Alderman John "Bathhouse John" Coughlin, he discovered a cartoon strip drawn by Ocault, one that featured a character named "The Yellow Kid," an adventurous ne'er-do-well.

Coughlin noticed Weil chuckling over the antics of this character and boomed: "You know, Joe, you're just like that character in that cartoon strip you're always reading, just like that guy, always pulling capers on people. That's you all over, just like the Yellow Kid. That's what I'm calling you from now on, the Yellow Kid." The name stuck and became part of Weil's image as a conniving, cunning con man who never really met his match, although there were some artful swindlers who occasionally worked as his partners, such as Fred "The Deacon" Buckminster.

The meeting of these two men was classic. At the turn of the century, Buckminster was a member of the Chicago Police Department, a detective working in the bunco squad. He trailed Weil about for a few days and saw him work some short cons. He arrested Weil on State Street, telling him he was going to run him in for practicing confidence games. The two men strolled toward a precinct station. At the corner, Weil reached into his pocket and pulled out a wad of money, all in large bills. Without a word he placed the money into Buckminster's hand.

"What's this?" Buckminster asked, staring incredulously at about $8,000.

"That?" asked Weil. "That's just walkabout money. I made that in two hours this morning."

"In two hours?"

"Yes, and so can you. I can use a guy like you, one who knows the ropes. Put that in your pocket." Weil stood staring straight ahead as he talked to Buckminster. "Go ahead, it's chicken feed to me. You can see that kind of dough every day if you throw in with me."

Buckminster clutched the money, then took his badge from his vest and looked at both the money and the badge. He pocketed both and shook Weil's hand. He quit the police force then and there and joined Weil.

Weil and Buckminster then worked the pedigree dog swindle with alacrity and for tens of thousands of dollars each year. Selecting a wealthy bar owner, Weil would saunter into a saloon, dressed elegantly and walking a finely groomed, richly-scented dog that pranced at the end of an expensive-looking leash. Weil would tie the dog to the bar rail and then order a drink.

In the course of his conversation with the bar owner, Weil proudly showed pedigree papers for the hound, along with several blue ribbon prizes the dog had won. He would then take out his solid gold watch and then exclaim: "Great Scott! I'm late for an urgent business meeting!" He would then tell the bar owner: "I can't take Rex into the bank where I have my meeting. Will you be kind enough to watch my

Fred "Deacon" Buckminster (shown in 1910), former Chicago cop, who became the lifetime confidence partner of the Yellow Kid.

dog until my meeting is over?" Weil would slip a $10 bill on the bar, an unheard of tip, cautioning the bar owner: "This dog is priceless so please watch him closely." He would then dash from the bar to keep his appointment.

A few minutes after Weil's departure, Fred Buckminster appeared in the bar. He stood next to the dog, ordered a drink, and then looked at the animal. He spit out some beer in excitement and sputtered: "Oh, my Lord! I've been looking for this breed of dog for five years!" He quickly rummaged through his wallet and took out $50, shoving the money toward the bar owner, begging him to sell the dog to him.

"I can't do that, sir," came the usual response. "This dog belongs to a fellow who only left him until his meeting is over. He'll be back in an hour."

"Okay, okay," Buckminster would say, "so you want more. Just say so. The animal is worth more. I'll make it $100!" He then placed $100 on the bar, offering the money to the owner.

"I told you, sir, the animal is not mine to sell."

"All right, no more bickering. I'll make it three hundred!" He then pulled out more money, but the startled bartender would refuse, again telling Buckminster that the animal was not his to sell. Buckminster would not be denied. He put $50 on the bar and told the owner the name of the hotel where he was staying, adding: "Call me as soon as you can persuade the owner to sell. I'll have the other two hundred and fifty waiting for you." Buckminster then gave a maudlin display of affection for the animal and departed.

A half hour elapsed before Weil reappeared. His demeanor was completely changed. He was no longer the confident, ebullient boulevardier. He was crestfallen as he slowly walked to the bar, almost oblivious to the dog.

"What's the matter, sir?" the solicitous bar owner asked, "you look like you've lost your best friend."

Weil shook his head sadly and then explained that his business deal had collapsed and that he was facing financial ruin. "I've been wiped out, emptied, nearly destroyed."

The bar owner seized the opportunity, offering to buy the dog for $200. Weil pretended shock: "Sell Rex, the grand champion for only $200!"

After doing some quick mathematics, the bar owner invariably raised the offer by $25 or $50. He thought that since he already had Weil's $10 tip and Buckminster's $50 down payment, he would clear between $110 and $135 once the dog was delivered and Buckminster paid him the balance of $250. Weil reluctantly took the purchase price from the bar owner and weeping, took his leave of the dog.

When the bar owner appeared at the hotel, where Buckminster was to be contacted, dog in hand, he quickly learned that no such person was registered. Buckminster and Weil then pocketed between $165 and $190 for an investment of $60. They then returned to their own kennel, where dogs from the street or from pounds were being groomed for the next sucker. On a good day, Weil and Buckminster sold ten dogs, making as much as $5,000 a week.

Many of Weil's other schemes, such as his use of an empty bank building in Muncie, Indiana, were much more elaborate. After reading that the Merchants National Bank of Muncie was moving to a new location, Weil went to Muncie and rented the old bank building. With Buckminster handling the details, the old bank building underwent quick renovations. In the lease, Weil stipulated that all the tellers' cages and other banking accouterments remain intact. Weil then secretly established his own bank. He printed deposit and withdrawal slips and put them into desk slots in the foyer. Streetcar conductors were hired as bank guards and tellers and other bank officials were culled from the ranks of some of Chicago's most notorious confidence men and women.

All of these preparations were done for a single day's business: the bank operation was only a ruse to inveigle a multimillionaire sucker into another scheme. When all was ready, a Chicago investor worth millions was escorted by train to Muncie, where he was met by a chauffeur-driven car and taken to Weil's "bank". Buckminister acted as the shill. He had groomed the sucker for months by telling him that the president of the bogus bank, Weil, was one of the shrewdest money men in the Midwest and that when most other banks were having difficulties in this Depression period, his bank was thriving. Buckminister had told the sucker that the bank president had gained control of rich government lands that could be purchased for a quarter of their value and that buyers were waiting to pay twice that much to obtain the federal lands.

The president of the bank, Buckminister stated, would only deal in cash, however. The sucker arrived in Muncie with a large briefcase filled with money, an estimated $500,000. When he entered the bank he was amazed to see the furious business the bank was doing. The place was packed with customers lined up at tellers' cages, thrusting wads of greenbacks at tellers as deposits. Bank officials were dragging sacks of money into a huge vault that appeared to be brimming with money. The customers were all prostitutes, racetrack touts, and gamblers whom Buckminster and Weil had hired for the day. The sucker was overwhelmed by the booming success of the Muncie bank.

He was kept waiting for almost an hour so he could witness the bustling business. He heard clerks complaining to superiors that they could not handle the traffic and that more guards had to be added to protect the burgeoning millions the bank was storing. Then the sucker was finally shown into Weil's offices and was met by Weil, who acted the part of a disinterested tycoon. Yes, he admitted, he had federal land leases in Indiana and out West where oil was in great abundance. He showed bogus leases and oil surveys that supported his claims. The sucker opened his briefcase, prepared to buy all the land he could obtain. The nerveless, cool-

Buckminster and Weil under arrest in 1928; they were released.

Buckminster in 1938; he wound up teaching mathematics in Michigan State Prison.

Yellow Kid Weil in 1951, talking his way out of court.

headed Weil then offered the sucker the *convincer*, telling him he could not have all of the lands promised to him by Buckminster.

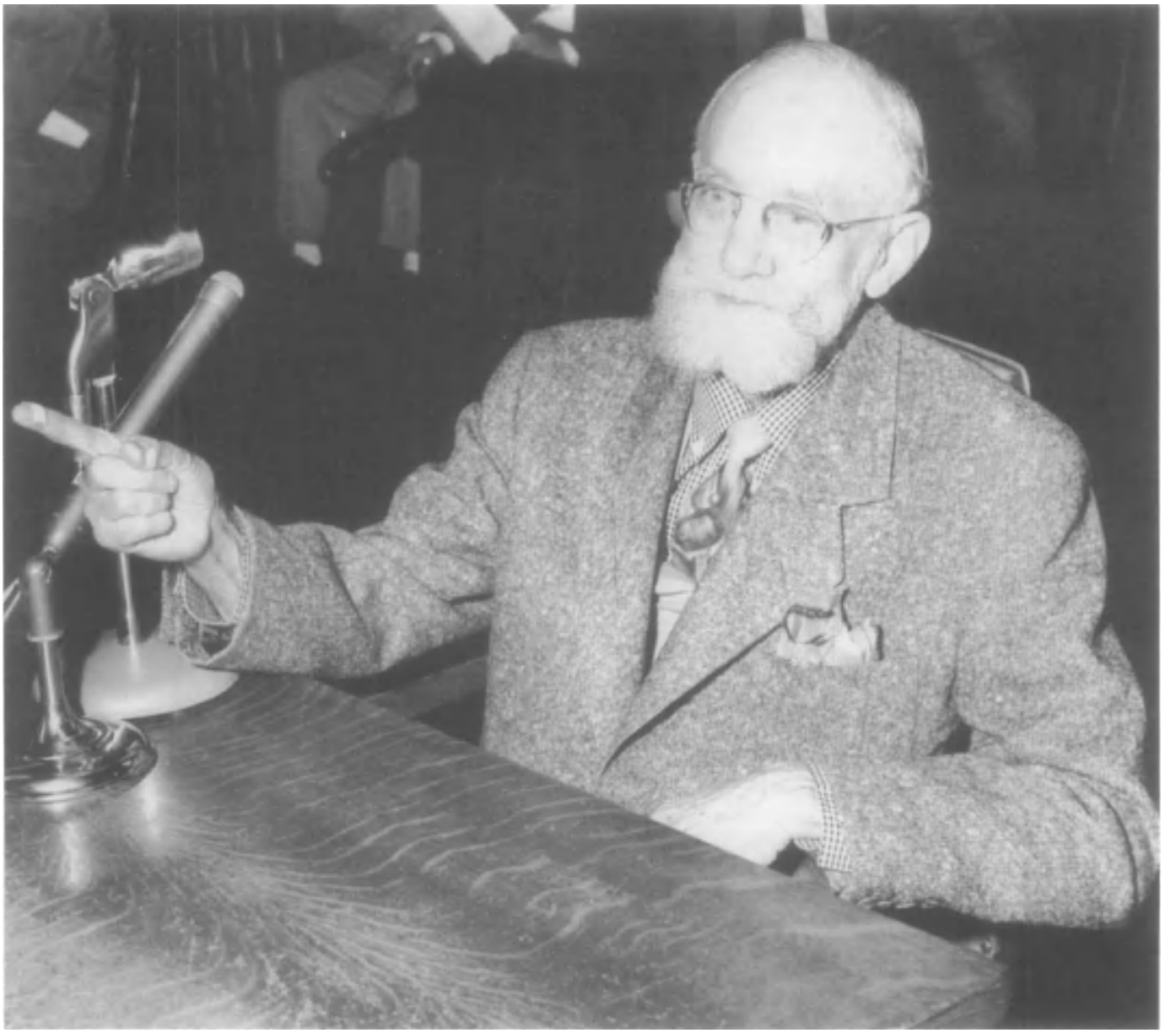
"I've got a lot of friends here in Indiana to take care of," Weil explained. "You're an outsider and if it weren't for my good friend Harry here," Weil said, motioning to Buckminster, "I wouldn't be talking to you at all." At this point, the sucker's greed, which Weil was an expert at manipulating, got the better of him. He began to argue with Weil for all that Buckminster had promised him. But Weil was adamant, even while calmly glancing at the stacks of money in the open briefcase, telling the sucker that he could not have all he expected. Weil reportedly took only $400,000 from the sucker in the land deal and watched with steel nerves as the briefcase closed on the remaining $100,000. "Never be greedier than the mark," was Weil's lifelong credo and in this instance, he proved his words. By allowing the mark to retain a portion of his money, Weil knew, the sucker would be absolutely convinced that he had participated in a crooked deal and that he had gotten the best deal possible for himself.

After the sucker had been given signed deeds to lands that did not exist, he was driven to the depot and escorted to Chicago by Buckminister. By the time the train left the depot, Weil had paid his army of swindlers and closed the bank. The whole operation cost him $50,000 and he and Buckminster had made $350,000 on the deal. This kind of money was average for Joe Weil, who spent lavishly and lived high. He bought a small hotel on the North Side of Chicago and then a string of race horses. He preferred to keep company with tall, voluptuous blondes selected from the chorus lines of Chicago nightclubs and he showered furs and jewels upon these women.

Weil squandered great sums on gambling, bad investments, and women. Moreover, every time he was sent to prison (he served about ten years in prison out of 101 years of life) his brother, a Chicago bailiff, seized his property. Each time Weil was released, he had to start building his fortune again. The few times he ventured away from the world of confidence games, he ran afoul of the law. In 1924, Weil agreed to fence some of the money taken in the Roundout Mail Robbery that had occurred north of Chicago. He was caught exchanging the "hot" money and sent to the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth to serve six years.

During his term at Leavenworth, Weil met such arch criminals as Frank Nash, Earl Thayer, Thomas Holden, Francis Keating, and George "Machine Gun" Kelly, bankrobbers all. At one point, while walking in the exercise yard, Kelly approached Weil and said: "You know, Kid, I've been thinking about you. I just don't understand how a guy like you operates. I mean, you go right up to people, make friends with them, and take them for their money. You spend a lot of time with them and they know who you are and they can bring the law right to your doorstep."

"Really, George," Weil replied. "Well, if you knew anything about the con, you'd know that the sucker can't bring the law to my doorstep because they would also have to admit to the police that he was involved in a shady deal, too. I only do shady deals, George, so the sucker is convinced that he is going to make a ton of money, more than he would



The Yellow Kid testifying before the Kefauver Committee in 1956 and he had a lot to say.

make in a legitimate operation. You, on the other hand, George, go into banks armed to the teeth, shoot up the place and maybe clip some poor people who have no business being hurt and then run like crazy with police shooting at you. What kind of a criminal are you, anyway?"

"I'm not a sap who pals around with my victims like you," snorted Kelly.

"You're not a sap, huh?" Weil smirked. "How much time are you doing here, George?"

"Twenty years."

"For what?

"Bank robbery."

"And how much did you get out of the bank?"

"About three thousand."

"Three thousand and twenty years," Weil hummed. "Well, I'm finishing up a six-year stretch. I'm going out next month with time off for good behavior. Five years for a caper that netted me almost a quarter of a million. And you'll still be in this tank doing fourteen more years for three thousand. Who's the sap, George?"

When Weil got out, he embarked on a new series of confidence games he had concocted while serving his time in Leavenworth. He sold fake copper mine stock and pills that he claimed would turn water into gasoline. He even took a trip to Italy where he convinced dictator Benito Mussolini that he was a U.S. mining engineer and government official, selling Il Duce the rights to rich mining lands in Colorado. By the time Mussolini's secret police uncovered this scam, the elusive Weil had already sailed with a reported $2 million in cash from Mussolini's coffers.

Returning to his old haunts in Chicago, Weil began to suffer one setback after another. Fred Buckminister was arrested for a federal offense and sent to prison. Many of Weil's other associates were also sent to jail and he found his reputation preceded him wherever he went. On February 3, 1934, Weil was arrested in a Peoria, Illinois, hotel room. Police had heard that

he was in town and about to put across another swindle. They found two suitcases in his room filled with newspaper cut to the size of money, banded together in piles and marked "$200,000." Since the arrest was premature, Peoria Police Chief Walter Williams could only hold Weil for a short time. "I know you're up to something, Kid," Williams told Weil.

"Give me proof that I've broken the law," Weil challenged Williams.

"I can't," said the disgusted police chief, "so I have to turn you loose. You get on a train and get out of town. If you ever come back to Peoria, we'll throw you in jail on suspicion."

Weil left town, realizing that his infamy was his undoing. He went into semi-retirement. He lived off his swindled fortunes for some years and then wrote his memoirs in 1948. Still, Weil pulled a short con or two in his dotage merely to keep busy. The author met Weil in the early 1960s, when Weil was in his eighties and knew him until his death in 1976 at the age of 101. At one point the author spotted Weil standing at a corner on the North Side of Chicago. He was not wearing his customary elegant attire, but was startlingly dressed in threadbare clothes that verged on being rags. He was unshaven and dirty.

Weil staunchly declined an offer of money to see him through this period of financial reversal, and after continuously asking the author to "get out of here," he became angry and finally blurted: "Go away, dammit, can't you see I'm *working*!" He had been interrupted during one of his short cons, while awaiting the arrival of the traditional sucker. Weil finally retired to a North Side nursing home, where the author regularly visited him. At one point he was asked: "If you could get out of that wheel chair and get to the street, would you attempt to pull off another scam?"

Joseph "Yellow Kid" Weil did not hesitate for a moment, replying: "Does a hungry dog like food?" He died a few days later and was buried in Archer Woods on the South Side of Chicago, interred in a pauper's grave.

Author Jay Robert Nash with Joseph "Yellow Kid" Weil on his 100th birthday, 1975; the Kid was still smoking and drinking champagne.

THE MAN WHO SOLD EVERYTHING/ 1910s-1930s

Victor "The Count" Lustig, who sold the Eiffel Tower (inset) to scrap dealers *twice*, convincing them that they were getting "the deal of a lifetime."

One of the world's most clever confidence men, Victor "The Count" Lustig (1890-1947), was born in Hostinee, Czechoslovakia, a town located on the Elbe River and presided over by Lustig's father, the mayor. Lustig was an exceptionally bright student. By the time he graduated from high school, he was able to speak French, English, Czech, German, and Italian fluently. He was a great reader of history and sociology, but he was not interested in attending college. He was more interested in swindling his fellow man.

In 1908, Lustig was arrested in Prague for petty theft and served two months in jail. He was arrested several more times and served short jail terms for various cons in Vienna in 1909, in Klagenfurt in 1910, in Vienna again in 1911, and in Zurich in 1912. Finally, Lustig settled in Paris and lived the life of a Bohemian on the Left Bank. He studied bridge and poker and became so adept at these card games that he supported himself in style through gambling. He also became an expert billiards player, which brought him more profits from substantial wagers.

Lustig played cards so well that he began to travel the trans-Atlantic liners, inveigling wealthy passengers into high-stakes bridge and poker games and gleaning fortunes. One of his suckers was a tall, handsome man, as well-dressed and polished in manners as Lustig himself. Lustig, who by this time referred to himself as a count, played poker with this

Swindler and card sharp Nicky Arnstein (Jules W. Arndt Stein), who was married to singer and comedienne Fanny Brice; he was "cleaned" in poker by Lustig on board a transatlantic liner.

passenger and others for almost twelve hours, finally cleaning out his wily opponent.

The victim was amazed that he could be bested, and he complimented Lustig on his card-playing ability and introduced himself, Jules W. "Nicky" Arnstein, one of the sharpest gamblers and thieves in the U.S. Arnstein later became celebrated for marrying star comedienne Fanny Brice and infamous for engineering a million-dollar bond theft on Wall Street in collusion with New York gambler and crime boss Arnold Rothstein. Through Arnstein, Lustig would later establish important underworld contacts that would serve him well.

Following World War I, the count quit his ocean-going card playing and concentrated on bigger game in Paris, the town he most admired. It was here, in 1922, that Lustig got one of his most inspired ideas. He was sitting at a sidewalk cafe one day when he read in one of the Paris newspapers that several engineers had recently inspected the city's most celebrated monument, the Eiffel Tower. The engineers stated that the lofty structure needed repair. One spokesman even ventured to state that if the huge iron structure could not be repaired, serious thought should be given to its being dismantled. Lustig stared at this statement for a long time and then snapped his fingers. He would sell the Eiffel Tower!

Lustig went to work creating forged credentials that showed him to be a high-ranking member of the French government. He then contacted several top scrap dealers in Paris and called them to a meeting in a hotel suite. He explained in confidence that the reason why they had not met in the Ministry of the Interior was because the meeting was top secret. Lustig pointed to the articles in the press concerned with the needed repairs to the Eiffel Tower and then said that the government had, indeed, decided to bring the Tower down. It was unsafe and if its topmost structure gave way, scores of deaths might result when the tower and tourists crashed. Since the Tower was a cherished monument, Lustig explained, the government chose to operate in secret. If it announced the dismantling of the Tower, there would be a great uproar, even riots and bloodshed.

The government had decided to take down the Eiffel Tower, selling off its great iron girders, all before the public was aware of the decision. Lustig then told the scrap dealers that he would take bids on the structure and whichever firm was awarded the job would have to maintain strict secrecy. Its workers would suddenly appear one day and begin dismantling the Tower. The public would be faced with a *fait accompli* and be helpless to prevent the necessary dismantlement. The scrap dealers were overwhelmed with the possibility of obtaining the enormous amount of iron from the Tower and greedily bid on the structure. Lustig made a great show of accepting only sealed bids and he took his time contacting the highest bidder.

Lustig knew that he had to convince the winning bidder that he, indeed, was a genuine government employee. When meeting with the dealer, Lustig hemmed and hawed before making the award, stating that he was a poorly paid government servant and he complained about the high cost of living and the bills plaguing his large family. The dealer smiled. He was used to this kind of talk from government officials. He had been dealing with them all his life and understood immediately that Lustig was asking to be bribed.

The dealer was prepared for this customary payoff. He had brought along a tidy sum for just that purpose and he slipped a large wad of bills into Lustig's hand. Lustig then awarded the man the contract to destroy the Tower, and the dealer wrote out a check to Lustig, addressing this to the alias Lustig was then using. Lustig had earlier explained that payment must be made in this way so as not to alert talkative bankers to the deal. The funds would be transferred from his account to government accounts later. The reported amount paid to Lustig exceeded $50,000.

Lustig cashed the check and fled to Vienna to live in luxury for some time. The scrap dealer showed up at the Eiffel Tower some days later with a large crew. Tower guards asked him what he wanted. The dealer whispered conspiratorially to the guards that he and his men were there to dismantle the Tower. He showed the guards his fake documents from Lustig. These were examined and then the scrap dealer was told, to his surprise, that he had been swindled. The French Government had no intention of taking down one of the prized monuments of France. The scrap dealer was sent on his way, cursing and fuming. It was reported years later that Lustig so enjoyed work-

Chicago crime czar Al Capone, who gave Lustig $50,000 to invest and was amazed at the outcome, never realizing that the Count had conned him.

ing this confidence game that he returned to Paris in the early 1930s and swindled a new group of scrap dealers with the same scam and made even more money on the absurd swindle, about $75,000.

Lustig was in the U.S. during the late 1920s, working sophisticated confidence swindles in New York. He noticed that the most written about gangster of that era was Al Capone of Chicago, whose name appeared almost daily in the New York papers that reported his millions from illegal bootlegging operations. Lustig was by then known in the underworld as one of the world's top con men and his reputation had reached Capone's board room. Knowing this, Lustig traveled to Chicago and conferred with the crime czar, stating that he had a wonderful investment opportunity. He stated that he was going to put up $50,000 of his own money for the scheme and he asked Capone to match this sum, telling the wary crime lord that he would double Capone's money within sixty days.

Capone had no need to invest money to make money. He was earning an estimated $50 million gross a year through his enormous rackets, but he enjoyed action and he counted out fifty one thousand dollar bills, handing this to Lustig and saying: "Okay, Count, double my money in sixty days."

With that Lustig nodded and left. Sixty days later he returned to Chicago and was shown into Capone's large office. Capone sat at a big desk drumming fat fingers on its glass top. "You said you'd double that $50,000 of mine," Capone said to Lustig in a low voice. "What about it?"

Lustig fumbled about and then blurted: "Please accept my profound regrets, Mr. Capone. The plan failed. I failed."

Capone's face reddened and his fingers drew together into tight fists. He leaned forward menacingly and began: "Why, you—"

Quickly Lustig reached into his pocket and withdrew $50,000, placing this before Capone and saying apologetically: "Here, sir, is your money, to the penny. Again, my sincere apologies. This is most embarrassing. Things did not work out the way I thought they would. I would have loved to have doubled your money for you and myself—Lord knows I need it—but the plan just did not materialize. I'm sorry."

Capone sat open mouthed, startled that he had gotten back his money. "I expected $100,000 or nothing," Capone said in shock, "but this—"

Lustig stood up, bowed and apologized once more. He started to leave, but Capone called him back, saying: "By God, you're honest!" He counted out $5,000 and handed this to Lustig. "If you're on the spot, here's five to help you along." Lustig thanked the crime boss and left. He had gotten exactly what he wanted from Capone. Lustig had used Capone's money to buy short-term, no risk bonds with high interest yield and by the time he returned Capone's money, he had already made a handsome profit. He also knew that Capone was generous to those who worked for him. He had expected the bonus of $5,000 he had received from Capone.

Con man on horseback, Robert Arthur Tourbillon (AKA: Dapper Dan Collins), a cultured con man of the 1920s-1930, who partnered with Lustig.

Lustig remained in the Midwest for some time. He dressed in stylish tailor-made Bond Street suits, wore a diamond stickpin, and was attended by servants while driving about in a chauffeur-driven limousine. He appeared in this fashion in Salina, Kansas, where he put up government bonds as collateral for a $25,000 loan made to him by Tormut Green, president of the American Savings Bank of Salina. The bonds, the loan, and Lustig disappeared a few days later. He next appeared in Florida where he mulcted $35,000 from an equipment manufacturer, selling him a large interest in a Broadway show that did not exist.

Victor "The Count" Lustig under arrest in 1934 for counterfeiting; he was convicted, but escaped.

By the late 1920s, the fabulous Victor "the Count" Lustig was living in Palm Beach, Florida, residing in a mansion with pool, servants, and liveried chauffeur to drive his Rolls Royce. He had conned his way to an estimated fortune of $2 million. But Lustig, like so many others, invested his ill-gotten loot in the Stock Market, and like so many others, was financially wiped out when the Stock Market crashed in 1929. Lustig was forced back into the confidence game business, not that he was ever out of it for long. He had a predilection to scamming his fellow man, once remarking: "Everything turns gray when I don't have at least one mark on the horizon. Life then seems empty and depressing. I can not stand honest men. They lead desperate lives, full of boredom."

In the early 1930s, Lustig turned to the green goods game or the green goods box routine. He constructed a handsome lacquered box that he claimed contained apparatus that could duplicate money in $20 denominations. One had to feed a $20 bill into a slot in the machine while feeding a blank piece of paper through the other end. By turning the handle, the original bill would emerge at the other end, and the blank piece of paper would traverse the box and emerge at the other end, appearing as a crisp, brand new $20 bill. Lustig so impressed Herman Loller, an automobile manufacturer, that Loller bought the box for $40,000. Once Lustig was out of sight, of course, the box failed to reproduce money. He had placed just enough $20 bills inside the box to make his point. Lustig went on selling his green boxes for some time until the swindle was too widely publicized to employ further.

Lustig next turned to counterfeiting. He, Robert Arthur Tourbillon, who was known as Dapper Dan Collins, and William Watts, an expert forger and plate maker, began printing quality counterfeit $10 and $20 bills. They flooded the country with these bills in 1934, which caused the Secret Service to assign several squads of men to track down Lustig's ring. Lustig and Watts were arrested and brought to the federal detention center in New York. Tourbillon vanished and was not heard from again. At the federal detention center, Lustig, pretending to be a window washer, let himself out of a third-story window, down to the pavement below, and freedom. After a wild chase, he was arrested in the Midwest and returned for trial.

On December 4, 1935, Watts turned state's evidence and testified against Lustig, who had passed more than $1.3 million in bogus currency. "He was the best distributor of queer [fake money] that I ever saw," Watts said, giving his partner an

Lustig (right) is shown in custody, 1934, after Treasury Agents recaptured him;he was sent to Alcatraz, where he died in 1947.

offhanded compliment that led to Lustig's conviction and twenty-year sentence in Alcatraz. Lustig took ill on the Rock and died of pneumonia in 1947. Next to Joseph "Yellow Kid" Weil, Lustig was considered the greatest confidence man in Europe and the U.S. in the twentieth century, gleaning an estimated $10 million through his many cons. And, like the Yellow Kid, Victor "The Count" Lustig was buried in a pauper's grave.

THE INCREDIBLE GASTON MEANS/ 1910s-1930s

Arch swindler, forger, detective, and author, Gaston Bullock Means (1879-1938) was many things to many people. To FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover he was the "greatest faker of all time." A conniving detective, he always seemed to be embroiled in trouble or at the center of a controversy. Means was an inveterate liar whose fabrications were never less than fantastic, but he presented his case so convincingly that he was believed by his gullible victims, who financially backed him again and again.

Means was the fourth of seven children born to William Gaston and Corrallie Bullock, wealthy landowners from Blackwelder's Spring, North Carolina. Raised in the nearby village of Concord, Gaston left the University of North Carolina in 1898, a year shy of receiving his degree. In 1904, he landed a job with the Cannon Mills Company of Concord, a leading textile firm. Means spent the next decade as a traveling salesman (or drummer) for the firm, canvassing the lucrative New York and Chicago markets. His extensive knowledge of the industry convinced the editors of the *New York Journal of Commerce* to hire him as a "stringer" to report on the latest goings-on in the textile markets.

In 1910, Means quit the business to pursue the far more glamourous career of private detective for the William J. Burns agency. In the course of proving his worth to Burns, who later called him "the greatest natural detective ever known," Means made the acquaintance of Captain Karl Boy-Ed, the naval attache to the German embassy, and when the European war began in August 1914 Means made a deal with Boy-Ed to supply the embassy with sensitive data about allied shipping. For this he was paid a weekly salary estimated to be between $700 and $1,000. Means also volunteered his services to transport top-secret documents for the allies. The money he earned from these ventures enabled Means to furnish an elaborate apartment, where he entertained society friends.

It was about this time that Means accepted his most lucrative assignment: safeguarding the interests of Maude King, widow of millionaire lumber baron James C. King, who had left the bulk of his fortune to his young and vivacious wife. King thumbed her nose at the social mores of the age. She led a riotous life in the capitals of Europe, squandering her deceased husband's fortune. Deciding that he should become the beneficiary of her extravagance, Means wormed his way into King's good graces by faking a holdup in which he saved the lady's honor and purse through an act of gallantry. After that she made him her closest confidant and financial manager.

Gaston Bullock Means, center, former FBI agent, claimed that Mrs. Harding poisoned the president, spied on congressmen, and died in prison.

William J. Burns, who took over the Bureau of Investigation and made Means an agent, calling him "the greatest natural detective ever known."

By July 1917, Means had bilked more than $150,000 from King by managing her estate. That August, King became concerned about the manner in which her finances were being handled. Means reassured her that everything was in order and suggested that perhaps what King really needed was a short vacation to put her mind at ease. He invited her to Concord for a hunting trip in the woods. Maude King was certainly not the outdoors type. She and Means nevertheless went hunting together, but Means returned from a dense woods alone and in a state of agonized grief. He claimed that King, while playing with his gun, shot herself in the head. "Mrs. King, poor soul, was very lightheaded," he said. There were no other witnesses to the tragedy.

A youthful J. Edgar Hoover, just before he took over the FBI from William J. Burns; Hoover hated Means, calling him the "greatest faker of all time."

King relatives and authorities became so suspicious of this "accident" that Means was indicted for murder, but his trial was held in Concord, where the sympathy of the town and his father's name and reputation weighed in his favor. Means was acquitted despite the testimony of ballistics experts, who explained that the shot could not have been fired by Maude King's own hand. In 1918, with his wartime adventures over, and King's ashes scattered to the wind, Means rejoined the Burns Detective Agency. He busied himself with hunting down anarchists and political malcontents during the 1919-1920 "Red Menace" scare, but produced little or no results. It appeared that he would fade into the obscurity of Washington's bureaucratic backwash, but all that changed with the coming of a new political administration, one that proved to be the most venal in American history, controlled by outlandish freebooters in the exact mold of Gaston Bullock Means.

Warren G. Harding of Ohio became the nation's twenty-ninth president in 1921. His administration established new lows in bureaucratic inefficiency and corruption, as he filled sensitive federal offices with some of the greediest politicians the U.S. had ever seen. Means became one of

Harding's key players. It took several months of behind-the-scenes "negotiations," but Means secured an appointment to head up the Bureau of Investigation, forerunner of the modern FBI, for his employer, Burns. Burns had ordered Means to come up with letters of recommendation from key congressmen, who might be persuaded to intervene with the president on his behalf, but Means took a more circuitous route. He found the skeletons in the legislators' closet and used them as a bargaining tool.

Burns was appointed to head the agency in October 1921. He rewarded Means for his stellar work by naming him special investigator, much to the chagrin of J. Edgar Hoover, then a low-ranking department functionary. In the few months that Means occupied this office, he spent much of his time conniving with Ohio political boss Jess Smith, who occupied offices at the Department of Justice. Hoover complained to Burns about Means' unethical operations, but not much was done until the press became interested.

Means had recently been implicated in the forgery of a will and had brought a fraudulent claim against the Southeastern Express Company less than a year earlier. The unfavorable publicity this caused the administration led to a public clamor that resulted in Attorney General Harry M. Dougherty suspending Means on February 8, 1922. Means, however, remained on the payroll as an informant. On May 30, 1923, Jess Smith committed suicide amid rumors about wholesale corruption and graft within the "Ohio Gang," a group of Harding cronies who had been illegally selling off oil-rich government lands near Teapot, Wyoming to oil tycoons like Harry Sinclair. The "Teapot Dome" scandal rocked and all but destroyed the Harding administration.

Although he had been a contact man for in the oil scandal, Means emerged unscathed. He involved himself in a variety of shady deals in the next few years and was indicted in October 1923 for the illegal withdrawal of government liquor from federal warehouses, while using Andrew Mellon's signature on a forged document. Then, in March 1924, he was charged with extorting $65,000 from some stock promoters after promising them he would rid them of pending indictments on charges of mail fraud. Before the trial began, he revealed to a Senate investigating committee that key government officials were receiving graft payments.

Heiress Maude King, bilked and possibly murdered by the conniving Means in 1917; King went on a hunting trip with the gregarious Gaston Means, even though she never fired a rifle in her life; she did not survive the excursion.

Heiress Evalyn Walsh McLean, wearing the "cursed" Hope Diamond, was swindled out of $104,000 by Means, who promised to find and return the kidnaped Lindbergh baby in 1932, a scam that sent grifter Means to prison for life.

Means produced two large bundles of supposed "hour by hour" accounts of his investigative work, but then this evidence mysteriously disappeared. Means claimed that the records were now in the hands of Senator Smith W. Brookhart and produced a signed note from the senator, but the document was later proven to be a forgery. Means was indicted on a charge of forgery, but the case never went to trial. However, he was convicted on two earlier charges in April 1925 and was sentenced to spend two years at the federal penitentiary in Atlanta.

While occupying a cell at that institution, Means concocted his biggest scam to date. He persuaded Mrs. May Dixon Thacker, a minister's wife involved in prison reform, to help him write a sensational expose about Warren Harding. In it he accused the president's wife of poisoning her husband during their fateful West Coast trip in 1923. Mrs. Harding had done this, Means alleged, because of his affair with Nan Britton, an ingenue who supposedly gave birth to the president's child out of wedlock. *The Strange Death of President Harding* appeared in 1930 and was a runaway best seller, with some eighty thousand copies snatched up by the American public, but Thacker expressed her misgivings about the book, when Means failed to produce documentary evidence to support his wild allegations. Writing in the November 7, 1931 issue of *Liberty,* Thacker completely repudiated the work, calling it pure fiction.

In March 1932, Gaston Means stepped into the criminal limelight for the final time with his most insidious swindle. He agreed to locate the kidnaped Lindbergh baby for Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, a Washington, socialite. McLean agreed to supply Means with $104,000 in ransom money. Working with an accomplice, one Norman T. Whitaker, Means staged two imaginary rendezvous with the so-called kidnappers at Aiken, South Carolina, and El Paso, Texas. He sent news back to Mrs. McLean that an additional $35,000 was required.

At this point the woman notified the police, who promptly ordered Means arrested. He was convicted of grand larceny and sentenced to fifteen years at the Leavenworth Penitentiary. The $104,000 was never recovered, and Means refused to reveal where it was hidden. His remaining years were spent trying to regain his freedom. Means approached the FBI with an offer to help them solve a backlog of unsolved cases in exchange for his freedom, but Hoover was not interested. Gaston Means died at the Medical Center for federal prisoners in Springfield, Missouri, on December 12, 1938.

SWINDLING THROUGH THE FAMOUS/ 1910s-1950s

Where Gaston Means employed his authority as a detective with the Bureau of Identification to bilk victims, a number of con men possessing great acting talents used the authority of famous persons to advance their swindles. Not the least of these was Michael Alexandrovitch Dimitry Obelensky Romanoff (1892-1971; Harry F. Gerguson). As befits a first-class con man, little is known about Michael Romanoff's background. The man who spent a lifetime claiming to be the sole surviving child of Czar Nicholas II of Russia was born in Russia, New York, Ohio, or Illinois, depending on which account one accepts. What is known is that Romanoff, born Harry F. Gerguson (or Gaygusson), was an orphan and lived as a foster child first in the home of a New York banker, F.L. McDavid, and later with Texas congressman Gordon Russell. Precisely how Romanoff managed to get himself placed with two such wealthy and influential families is less clear.

When Czar Nicholas and the Russian imperial family were executed in 1918, Romanoff apparently saw a seed of opportunity in the real Romanovs' misfortune. Soon thereafter he began publicly declaring himself Prince Michael, the sole surviving member of the family. He made so compelling a prince that he was able to perpetuate any number of frauds using this identity. At one point he actually succeeded in persuading several U.S. museums and galleries to give him title to art works, which had been the property of the Romanovs, before the Russian Revolution.

Michael Romanoff (Harry F. Gerguson) bilked his way to fame by impersonation.

Romanoff, however, was a man of many faces. On two occasions he successfully posed as a university professor, once at Harvard University where he convinced the school's administration that he was an eminent Russian scholar whose credentials had been destroyed in the revolution. Romanoff also posed at various times as a European film director, a politician, and the famous illustrator Rockwell Kent. Whatever false identity he employed, Romanoff's scams were usually clever, always bold and often lucrative.

By 1939, however, Romanoff's notoriety had rendered most of his schemes ineffectual. Some of his Hollywood friends, including Humphrey Bogart and Robert Benchley, persuaded him to give up his frauds and run an elegant Hollywood restaurant. The restaurant, Romanoff's, a watering hole for the

rich and famous of the film industry, made its owner a tremendous financial success and a celebrity. He even made brief appearances in several Hollywood films including *The Arch of Triumph* and *A Guide for the Married Man.* Despite this success on his own, Romanoff never surrendered his claim to the Russian throne. On his deathbed, he insisted that he was the last survivor of the doomed Romanovs, but he uttered this oft-repeated claim with a smile curling his lips.

Where Romanoff impersonated the role of a famous person to gain his riches, the artful Maundy Gregory, sold famous identities in the form of titles. Arthur John Peter Michael Maundy Gregory (1877-1941) earned the sobriquet "The Great Swindler" through his highly accurate perception of what vanities people will pay for and precisely how much they will pay. Gregory was born poor, the son of a Hampshire clergyman. His father's occupation provided him a good education and some exposure to genteel society. After failing at a theatrical venture, Gregory discovered his life work, a lucrative con game in which he convinced people that he could secure for them a title in the British peerage, but for a price, of course.

Maundy Gregory, a British swindler who grew rich by arranging to sell British titles he never arranged.

Gregory claimed to be able to arrange anything from a knighthood, for £10,000, to a peerage, for £100,000. He dressed and acted the part of an important gentleman and kept lavish offices on Parliament Street in Whitehall, between the Old Scotland Yard and the prime minister's home on Downing Street. No one actually knew who Gregory was, thanks in large part to his own efforts to obscure his identity. His manner and apparent wealth convinced many that he held a high position in the foreign office or the secret service.

Gregory's scam worked because he obtained the names of people actually being considered for a title. He then asked around to determine which of the candidates was particularly eager for such an honor. Often the candidates paid Gregory his fee, received the title, and never knew that they would have gotten it anyway without his expensive help. Gregory's reputation grew, and he enhanced it at every opportunity. Eventually, he drew suspicion.

Victor Grayson, a socialist politician and former member of parliament, denounced Gregory. One evening in 1920, Grayson left a hotel bar in London after having a drink with friends and disappeared. Although nothing was ever proved, a number of people suspected that Gregory had arranged the disappearance. Gregory's name was also mentioned in connection with the sudden and mysterious death of Mrs. Edith Rosse, who left him nearly £20,000. In 1925, perhaps in direct response to Gregory's swindling activities, the Honours (Prevention of Abuses) Act, was passed.

In 1933, Gregory offered to arrange a knighthood for Edward Leake, a retired naval man. Leake agreed to Gregory's price, but really intended to turn him in. Leake alerted Scotland Yard to Gregory's offer, and in February 1934, Gregory was brought to court on charges of "Endeavouring to Procure the Grant of a Title or Honour Contrary to the Honours Act." Gregory wisely pleaded guilty and was fined £50 and sentenced to two months in prison. Upon his release, Gregory filed for bankruptcy and went to live in Paris. He failed to return for his bankruptcy hearing, which showed that he had liabilities of £15,000. Gregory remained in France until the German occupation of June 1940, when he was arrested as an alien. He refused repatriation and died in a Paris hospital the following year.

Where Maundy Gregory sold titles, American con man Frederick Emerson Peters (1885-1959) enacted the roles of famous U.S. figures to pull off his scams. A likable, small-time con man, Peters, first made a living by defrauding expensive stores. The well-dressed Peters would enter a shop and purchase a major item, ostensibly a gift, and ask that it be delivered. He chatted casually to the clerk, bringing in low key references to important people he knew and places he had been. Peters would then ask to cash a check for somewhat more than the cost of the item and most of the clerks obliged. The gift, sent to an incorrect or nonexistent address, ended up back at the store.

In 1915, Peters was arrested for grand larceny and sent to federal prison for ten years. He was released in 1920, when the secretary of war, Newton D. Baker, a friend of Peters' father, obtained a pardon for him from President Woodrow Wilson. The five years he spent behind bars gave Peters time to nurture the idea of famous people and how their reputation not only preceded them, but so dazzled and impressed those who met them that the gullible were grateful to aid them in their need of ready cash. Upon his prison release, Peters went right back to work, but now with the additional ability to impersonate famous people, such as Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Philip Wylie, Booth Tarkington, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. While posing as these personalities, Peters would ask for short-term loans, claiming the loss of a wallet or checkbook, and would invariably receive substantial cash. He was, however, once again caught in just such a scam and was returned to prison.

Lacking reading material with which he had previously enriched his fraud, he obtained a library for the federal prison at McNeil Island where he was a prisoner and the chief librarian. Peters wrote to U.S. publishers, asking for books. The prison library received some 15,000 new books, which Peters avidly read until he was released in 1931. His impersonations were now more refined, and the attempted frauds much grander. Although Peters was periodically caught and returned to prison, he continued his impersonations. Finally, in 1952, at the age of sixty-seven, he was caught in Washington, D.C., by a detective who had been following his career for years. Peters' only comment was, "It's been a lot of fun, hasn't it?" He died in 1959, registered at a Connecticut hotel under someone else's name.

Frederick Emerson Peters, who posed as Franklin Roosevelt, among other famous persons, to swindle suckers in short cons.

THE GREAT ART FORGER/1930s-1940s

Hailed as the greatest art forger of all time, Han van Meegeren (1889-1947) was born in Deventer, Netherlands. His father, Henricus van Meegeren, was a schoolmaster who did not encourage his son's ambitions to become a painter. When Meegeren was twelve, his severe parents looked over his sketches and then tore them to shreds, telling their disheartened son he had no artistic abilities whatever. Meegeren was allowed, however, to enter the Delft University to study architecture. He failed his examinations and left the university. Meegeren, against the wishes of his father and discouraged by other relatives and friends, stubbornly embarked on a career as a painter. He exhibited his work for the first time in 1916 and was well-received by the critics and the public alike. Success in his chosen profession seemed assured.

Throughout the early 1920s, Meegeren enjoyed continued success. His shows were largely organized and promoted by his wife, Anna. At one show, however, the artist met Johanna Oerlemans, the beautiful and sophisticated wife of a leading art critic. She became his mistress. This affair caused Meegeren's divorce in 1923. He continued his affair with Oerlemans, who, in turn, was also divorced. They married in 1929. By then Meegeren's career began a downslide, his popularity dropping off and critics becoming disinterested in his work. He was in financial difficulties in the early 1930s, and angered at being ignored as an artist, decided to mock the critics and make an enormous amount of money by faking works by long-dead masters.

This was not an original idea. Meegeren's friend Theo Wijngaarden another painter, who had suffered due to Holland's greatest critic, Dr. Abraham Bredius, took his vengeance by faking a work of Rembrandt. Wijngaarden had discovered a painting he believed to be a genuine Frans Hals. It was pronounced authentic by the art critic de Groot, but when Dr. Bredius inspected the work, he called it a fake.

To embarrass Bredius, Wijngaarden painted a work that he brought to the art critic, claiming it to be a Rembrandt. The pompous Bredius inspected it carefully, then pronounced it genuine. At that moment, Wijngaarden produced a long knife and slashed the canvas to pieces as Bredius and others stepped back in shock and horror. Wijngaarden announced that he had painted the work and that Bredius was a fool. Meegeren resolved to perform the same feat, but go even further, creating fake de Hooths and Vermeers and collecting enormous sums for these "discoveries." He would, like his friend Wijngaarden, then tear up the check in front of those whom he intended to dupe.

Meegeren spent more than four years seeking to duplicate works of Jan Vermeer, a noted sixteenth-century painter with whom he was familiar, having paid particular attention to Vermeer in his art studies as a youth. For years, Meegeren worked with pigments and other materials. The painter baked his canvases so that they would appear to have aged by hundreds of years, and he ground earth and stone by hand into his pigments to provide the proper irregular look to them. Thus, if experts examined them under a microscope, they would be convinced the paintings had been produced by ancient methods rather than pigments produced mechanically.

To authenticate the age of his fake paintings further, Meegeren discovered that he could strip down a canvas that was three hundred years old and the "crackle," the tiny cracks that appeared over the decades when the oil dried on the canvas, would remain. When he painted over these canvases the crackle of the first layer of paint still appeared on the newly painted canvas, thus making the new painting appear ancient. Living on the Riviera, Meegeren supported himself by painting portraits of tourists while continuing his research.

He bought chairs, pots, and other items of the seventeenth century so these trappings would appear as genuine in his fake Vermeers. But it was with the oil paint that Meegeren took the most care. Vermeer had been famous for his ultramarine blue, but Meegeren found this almost impossible to duplicate. The oldest available paint coming close to this color had a different chemical make-up, one which was not created until 1802, 127 years after Vermeer's death. Meegeren solved this problem by locating a firm that produced powdered lapis lazuli, which is what Vermeer used to create his ultramarine blue. Meegeren bought all the powdered lapis lazuli the firm had on hand.

Meegeren then mixed his oil paints with lilac oil and phenol resin, which produced the proper viscosity and drying properties. However, Meegeren also knew that the oil paints

Han van Meegeren, the great art forger, stands before one of his own creations, a huge painting entitled *The Young Christ*, demonstrating to police officials how he easily forged the paintings of the old masters.

used by the old masters often took decades to dry thoroughly, so he sped up the drying process by baking his canvases in an electric oven at 105-degree centigrade for about two hours. He then coated the canvas with a light coat of varnish and, when the crackles broke through to the new surface of paint, brushed India ink over it. Next, he wiped away the ink, which rode inside the crackles, making it appear that three centuries of dirt clung to the canvas. A final coat of yellow-colored varnish was lightly added to the entire canvas to give it a natural yellowing look, the result of aging. He would then roll the canvas to create a few more crackles. As a final touch, Meegeren would purposely damage a small portion of the canvas and then "restore" this portion.

The human figures Meegeren chose for his subjects were based on those appearing in genuine Vermeers. He used live models, but carefully selected persons who bore a resemblance to Vermeer's subjects. Since Vermeer's work was mostly of a religious nature, Meegeren opted for the same genre. His first fake Vermeer, produced in 1936 or 1937, he titled *Christ at Emmaus*. He used himself as the model for Christ, painting himself as reflected in a full-length mirror. When he finished, Meegeren called a lawyer from Amsterdam, telling him that he had acquired the painting and other items from a noble French family that had fallen on hard times and did not wish their identities known. The lawyer saw the signature of Vermeer and took the painting to the art critic Bredius, who excitedly pronounced the work genuine. The painting was then purchased by Dr. D.G. van Beuningen for about $450,000. Dr. Beuningen then presented the work to the Boymans Museum in Rotterdam, where it was accepted as an authentic Vermeer.

Meegeren painted more fake Vermeers, including *Isaac Blessing Jacob*, *The Last Supper*, *The Washing of Christ's Feet*, and *Christ and the Adulteress*. He also passed off a fake de Hoogh titled *Interior with Drinkers*. These paintings, completed between 1937 and 1943, brought millions in payment and were marketed by Dutch art dealer Rienstra van Strijvesande. Meegeren grew rich, buying a large house in Holland, then more and more properties. He frequented nightclubs and even bought one of these clubs. Many beautiful women became his mistresses and he indulged himself in heavy doses of morphine until he was addicted to the drug. To explain his new-found riches, Meegeren claimed that he had inherited a small fortune from a distant relative. He then claimed that he had won a lottery, then two more lotteries.

Meegeren's masterful forgeries might never have been discovered had it not been for the treasure-acquiring habits of Nazi Field Marshal Hermann Goering. Following the war, Meegeren's *Christ and the Adulteress* was discovered in a salt mine near Salzburg, Austria, part of the art treasures looted and later hidden by Goering at the close of the war. Dutch

A Vermeer showing Christ with apostles.

Meergeren's *Christ of Emmaus*.

authorities learned that Goering had paid $1.25 million for this painting, acquiring it from Aloys Miedel, a German banker. Miedel had gotten the painting from a Dr. Hofer, who had secured hundreds of art treasures for leading Nazis during the war. Hofer, in turn, had acquired the fake Vermeer from the Dutch art dealer Strijvesande, who told Dutch authorities that he had gotten the painting from Meegeren.

Meegeren was visited by police and he claimed that the Vermeer had been obtained through "an old Italian family." This was a mistake. Dutch officials believed that Meegeren had been acquiring art treasures from the Italian fascists and selling them through his contacts to the Nazis. He was arrested and charged with selling national art treasures and being a collaborator. He was interrogated for several weeks, but he refused to identify the source of the painting. Finally, exhausted, he blurted: "You are fools like the rest of them! I sold no great national treasure! I painted it myself!" To prove his claim, Meegeren said that if he were allowed to return to his studio and left undisturbed (provided he was given enough morphine), he could create another Vermeer.

Vermeer's *Woman in Blue*.

Meegeren's *Woman Reading Music*.

Meegeren in court on charges of art forgery; he was convicted.

The court agreed. The painter went to work on another brilliant fake, which he completed within two months, while two members of the Dutch security police watched his every move. The charges of collaboration were dropped, but new charges of forgery and fraud were substituted. Eight faked Vermeers and de Hooths were studied by the best art experts in the Netherlands and finally proclaimed bogus after being subjected to x-ray examinations. Meegeren was found guilty of art forgery and sentenced to one year in prison, but he was by then ill and was confined in a hospital. His lawyers appealed to Queen Wilhelmina to grant a pardon, and after prosecutors agreed to this, the painter was granted his freedom. It was too late. Han van Meegeren, master art forger, died on December 29, 1947, in Amsterdam's Valerium Clinic. Following his death, several more fake Vermeers created by Meegeren appeared in the art world, but these works, ironically, though known as fakes, brought enormous prices

from collectors, who finally appreciated the artwork of the brilliant Meegeren.

THE HOWARD HUGHES FORGERY/1970-1972

Clifford Irving (b.1930), a hustling hack writer with a three-book contract with McGraw-Hill Publishers of New York, picked up a copy of *Newsweek* in December 1970 and read an article which displayed the actual signatures of Howard Hughes and of Hughes' aides, Chester David and Bill Gay. Knowing Hughes was a fanatical recluse, who had not made a public appearance in years, Irving decided to fake an "authorized" biography of the hermit-like tycoon. He spent considerable time developing phony correspondence between himself and Hughes, duplicating Hughes' handwriting from the samples appearing in *Newsweek*. In one of the fake letters, Hughes agreed to "tell all" to Irving in the only authorized version of his fabulous and secretive life.

Irving presented the idea to his publishers, McGraw-Hill, offering the fake correspondence to authenticate his relationship with Hughes. McGraw-Hill hesitated, especially when Irving demanded a $750,000 advance for the priceless biography. Editors wanted to know how the relatively unknown Irving had met one of the world's most elusive men. Irving was evasive, hiding behind the commonly accepted notions that Hughes was eccentric, occasionally befriended strangers, and lived and operated in near complete secrecy. In the end, McGraw-Hill seized the opportunity to publish a book they believed would make millions.

Irving went to work faking the biography, piecing together Hughes' life from various other books written by those who had known the recluse. Some time earlier he had been asked to work on a book about Hughes by a friend, Stanley Myers, who assembled considerable research from the investigations of James Phelan, a newsman, and Noah Dietrich, once a top executive for Hughes. Myers sent this research to the unscrupulous Irving who copied and then returned it, saying he was not interested. He then used the insider research for his own faked book on Hughes.

When McGraw-Hill announced the book's publication in December 1971, spokesmen for Rosemont Enterprises, Inc., a Hughes firm, loudly denounced the book. Rosemont had been established by Hughes to prevent anyone from ever using his name. McGraw-Hill confronted Irving, who brazenly shrugged off the Rosemont statements, saying that Hughes was so secretive that he had undoubtedly failed to inform his own people that he had authorized the Irving biography. Then Irving told McGraw-Hill that Hughes, despite the fact that he was a billionaire, wanted more money. He persuaded McGraw-Hill to write a check for $275,000 in the name of H.R. Hughes, and another for $25,000 made out to himself.

Even though many began to publicly state that the Irving book was a fake, McGraw-Hill was convinced of its genuineness and advanced another $325,000 to Irving, mostly in checks made out to H.R. Hughes. These checks were deposited in a Swiss numbered bank account with Credit Suisse by Irving's collusive wife, Edith, under the name Helga Rosencrantz Hughes. More denials from Hughes' executives were made, but Irving continued to insist that Hughes was paranoid and would not tell anyone of his private arrangements with him. Irving was convinced that not even the most outrageous claims could prompt Hughes into making a public appearance to quash the swindle. In this he completely miscalculated.

Literary swindlers Clifford and Edith Irving.

Hughes did come forth, in January 1972, holding a phone interview with several newsmen who had known him well over the years and convinced them that he had never met Irving or had dealings with him. Still, Irving stuck to his story, insisting that he would soon reveal his inside contact to Howard Hughes. Meanwhile, his wife busied herself with flying to Switzerland and withdrawing all the money from the H.R. Hughes bank account. In March 1972, a reporter from *Time* magazine, thinking Irving was getting his information from John Meier, a Hughes executive, called Irving and left a message on his answering machine. "We know all about Meier," the reporter stated, testing the waters. Irving thought the reporter meant Stanley Meyer, the man from whom he had stolen his research. He then admitted his swindle, stating that his Hughes biography was a hoax.

Both Irving and his wife Edith were brought to trial and convicted of fraud. Edith Irving was tried in Switzerland and received a two-year sentence, of which she served fourteen months. Irving received a two-and-a-half-year sentence and was released after seventeen months. When he emerged he wrote a book about the Hughes swindle for which he received a much smaller ad-

Billionaire Howard Hughes stepped from seclusion to expose the Irving fraud.

vance than the one he had conned from McGraw-Hill. His marriage had gone to pieces and his credibility as an author was utterly destroyed. Irving, who at first was thought clever by more venal readers, has since been aptly labeled a thief and a liar.

LOOTING THE LOVELORN/1940s-1950s

Preying upon lonely hearts victims has long been a swindle practiced by con artists, both male and female. One of the most notorious of these sharpers was Mildred Hill (b.1881), who operated a matrimonial scam out of her Washington, D.C., home for several years in the early 1940s, recruiting her most attractive daughter, one of ten children she sired, to pose as a prospective bride for lonely bachelors. A photograph of the girl was circulated along with a love letter written by Hill promising marriage.

Mildred Hill ran a mail-order marriage scam, peddling her "daughter" as a lure.

Hill would meet with prospective husbands, introducing herself as her daughter's mother, about the only real fact in her scam. She would milk the sucker for as much money as he might have, saying that before her daughter could wed, she, an ailing and destitute mother, needed a life-saving operation. After bilking the victim out of as much money as she could, Hill would tell the man that her daughter had suddenly eloped with a stranger, a car salesman typically, and there was little to be done.

So successful was Hill's swindle that she took to using a mimeograph to copy the hundreds of letters she mailed to potential marks. This was her undoing. In 1945 the postal authorities caught up with the swindler. Hill was sentenced to five years in prison for using the postal system for fraudulent purposes.

Another such con artist also used Washington, D.C. as his base of operations. Maurice Paul Holsinger, who had been a con artist since his teens, preyed upon the lovelorn. He placed ads in lonely hearts columns in East Coast newspapers, claiming to be any number of rich, handsome men. He would send photos of attractive men to lonely, wealthy women, stating that he could put them in touch with these bachelors for a small service fee. Enormous amounts of money poured into his Washington, D.C., offices, about $2,000 each day. Of course, Holsinger never responded to any female once she had sent her his "Cupid's Fee." Holsinger, a crafty fellow, moved his offices regularly, knowing complaints from customers would put postal investigators on his trial.

By the time Washington detectives got a line on Holsinger, he had left town, settling in Philadelphia, where he started his lovelorn racket all over again. He made $12,000 in about ten days and then, with postal inspectors hot on his trail, closed up shop. Holsinger moved west, bilking thousands of lonely ladies, and moving almost each week to stay ahead of pursuing officers. They finally caught up with him at the Des Moines, Iowa, airport.

One of the detectives stared at a strange-looking middle-aged woman about to board an airplane, who walked with the stride of a longshoreman and had beard stubble on a prominent jaw. He approached the woman, who resisted him, screaming: "You brute!" The detective reached forward and grabbed the woman's hair, and a wig of curly black hair fell into his hands. The bald Holsinger was taken into custody and his matrimonial scam came to an end. He was convicted of using the mails to defraud and given a long prison term.

Maurice Paul Holsinger, matrimonial con artist, dressed as a woman to evade arrest.

Holsinger at a police station after his capture, his cheap wig and fur coat removed.

SCHEMES OF COOK AND COX/1890s-1920s

Bogus explorer Frederick A. Cook, sent to prison for fraud.

Oil stock swindler Seymour E. J. Cox, shown with his wife.

When Dr. Frederick A. Cook (c.1865-1940) was sentenced to prison, Federal Judge John M. Killits said angrily: "Cook, this deal of yours is so damnably rotten that it seems to me your attorneys must have been forced to hold their handkerchiefs to their noses to have represented you. It stinks to high heaven. You should not be allowed to run at large." The defendant said nothing, accepting his fate and realizing that his desperate dreams of fame and fortune had brought him to disgrace and prison.

Cook was a physician who instead had sought worldwide recognition as an explorer. He did some sincere exploration of the arctic regions, but felt that what he had actually done was ineffective. Initially he simply claimed that he had climbed Alaska's Mt. McKinley. Under photographs of him and some friends supposedly at the summit, he wrote: "The soul-stirring task was crowned with victory; the top of the continent was under our feet." It wasn't until the great peak was actually climbed, in 1913, that it was discovered that the scenery shown in Cook's pictures was far below the summit.

In 1891, Cook went to Greenland and spent the winter with Robert Peary and six others, exploring that vast, unknown island. Two years later, he spent a winter locked in a boat in the Antarctic, keeping Roald Amundsen and the crew alive through a scurvy epidemic. On another Antarctic trip in 1899, Cook prepared, from someone else's manuscript, a grammar and dictionary of a Patagonian language. His plagiarism was detected before the work could be published, and his academic reputation was ruined.

In 1909, after his friend Peary had reached the North Pole, Cook claimed that *he* had previously achieved the feat with two Eskimos. He submitted a journal to the University of Copenhagen, but professors inspecting his documents did not accept his proof. They suspected that he had spent the winter in an Eskimo village. However, he went through the rest of his life claiming the honor.

Dr. Cook became involved with a confidence artist named Cox, who had been in the fraud business since he was fifteen. Seymour Ernest J. Cox was one of the most blatant sellers of phony stock during the 1920s, when America was enamored of Wall Street. He was a dapper, smooth-talking character who specialized in oil stock promotions. Cox, who was called "the arch pirate" of oil speculations, began his criminal career in Illinois where he was sent to jail at age fifteen for forgery. Upon his release, Cox went to Michigan where, in 1911, he was again convicted of fraud and sent to prison. In 1914, Cox served time after being convicted of using the mails to defraud. Upon his release, Cox went to Oklahoma and Texas, where he began to sell fake potash and oil stocks, bilking more than 16,000 purchasers out of an estimated $7 million, all before 1920.

This inventive hustler was, perhaps, the first con man to use an airplane in promoting his stock swindles. Cox rented a plane to fly over oil fields that were "off limits" to the public. He would take notes about those locations, where he could see intense activity and large numbers of oil drilling crews, reasoning that "gushers" were soon expected. He filed reports on these oil preparations to his stockholders, telling them that his companies owned portions of these oil operations. When official reports were released on the productivity of these new wells, Cox would sell his customers even more shares of phony stock in these operations, oil wells in which Cox had no business interests at all.

Cox was clever, challenging his prospective victims by writing them letters in which he would ask: "Are you sure that you would like to own an oil well? Are you absolutely certain you care to assume the responsibilities of becoming a millionaire?" Then Cox would send follow-up letters to prospects, knowing they were holders of worthless oil stock, convincing them to exchange their certificates for equally valueless stock he would issue in firms that ostensibly were beginning new oil fields, but which, in reality, had no field operations whatsoever. This was known in the parlance of con men as "stock reloading."

In 1923, Cox contacted Frederick Cook, knowing the bogus explorer was down-and-out and that he would readily lend his name to any scheme in exchange for some cash. Cox used Cook's famous name to entice investors into an oil stock swindle. This "stock reloading" swindle produced great quantities of cash for Cox and his partners, but the swindle exploded when some investors brought suit. Cox, Cook and ten others were convicted of stock swindling. Cox was fined $8,000 and sent to prison for eight years. Cook, the most famous of the group, was fined $12,000 and sent to prison for fourteen years and nine months. When Cook emerged from prison, he was a broken and forgotten man, dying in the obscurity he hated in 1940.

"HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW"/1910s-1920s

Where the notorious Seymour Cox never performed on the sale of any of his bogus stock, a diminutive stock investment broker did produce sound profits for his clients, until he decided that he should be the beneficiary of *all* the profits from illegal stock sales he manufactured. Leo Koretz (d.1925; AKA: Arthur Gibson, Lew Keyte) was a successful stockbroker working in Chicago. He had a comfortable, if not luxurious, home and a wife and child. He was a respected and well-known businessman who represented some of the wealthiest families in the Midwest. Over the years, his stock purchases on behalf of these millionaires proved to be sound and profitable.

Koretz had the appearance of a dull investment broker. He had a middle-aged paunch, a round, flabby face, and large eyes with drooping lids that were magnified by thick-lensed glasses. Koretz may have looked like an uninspired financial adviser brokering his way through life, but he harbored the secret dream of becoming a multi-millionaire like his clients. A scheme slowly took shape in his conniving brain. He would swindle his own clients out of their inherited millions.

In 1916, Koretz began talking confidentially to a few intimate friends, some of his best investors, that he had taken a bit of a gamble and bought more than five million acres of land in Panama, which encompassed the Bayano River. He had followed a wild impulse, he said, and bought the land "blind" because he was able to buy it at a bargain basement price. He then became tight-lipped about his adventuresome investment until a few months later when he informed a few people that he was leaving for Panama to inspect his Panama holdings. With that, Leo Koretz went on a three-month vacation. He visited New York, New Orleans, and other cities, where he was not known. He never went near Panama.

Chicago investment swindler Leo Koretz, 1918, during his Panamanian oil and lumber scam.

When Koretz returned to Chicago, he began to improve his lifestyle drastically. He bought a 21-room mansion and moved his family into it. He purchased a lavish summer place on Lake Michigan and suddenly appeared at his office in a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce. To inquiring friends, Koretz merely shrugged and said that he had "a bit of good luck, that's all, nothing to talk about." The more Koretz refused to talk about his Panamanian investment, the more his investors insisted knowing about it. Finally, Koretz visited his club, pretended to get a bit tipsy, and then grew uncharacteristically chatty, gushing forth his story of the Bayano lands.

"The mahogany trees are thick as wheat fields," he blathered to some of his clients. "I've got six hundred men cutting them down in three shifts. They work at night, even, by torchlight. We are shipping so many tons of mahogany out of the jungles there that we cannot find enough boats to take them to the major ports. And now my manager down there, Arthur Gibson, an oil expert, tells me there's black crude bubbling out of the holes left by the trees we're uprooting. He's never seen so much oil!" With that he showed a cable from Panama, signed by an Arthur Gibson, which read: "700 tons of mahogany shipments stored along riverbank. Need more tree-cutting crews for mahogany and new rigging for oil derricks. Return on mahogany and oil easily twenty-to-one."

So this then, Koretz's friends and investors quickly con-

cluded, was the source of his new wealth. They clamored to invest in his properties, practically fighting to have him take their money to further develop the mahogany forests and establish the Panamanian oil fields on Koretz's fabulous Bayano real estate. He permitted a few close friends to participate, then a few more, until dozens of the tycoons he brokered stock for over the years were investing in *his* firm, the Bayano Timber & Oil Company. And investors were more than pleased with their returns. They did get as much as 50 percent on their money almost every year. Koretz was hailed as a real estate and financial genius.

Messages glowing with incredible timber and oil production and shipments continued to flood Koretz's new posh offices. The little man with the thick glasses sat behind a huge mahogany desk on which a brass plaque read: "Made from the first log cut at Bayano, January 23, 1917." As investors continued to rush into Koretz's offices, they would stare at this plaque and the little man behind the ten-foot slab of mahogany, and foist enormous amounts of money upon him. He accepted their checks seemingly reluctantly, selling shares at $10,000 each. As time went on, he increased this to $50,000 a share, then $100,000 a share and still the investors littered his desk with huge checks.

The switchboard in Koretz's outer offices was constantly receiving calls from Panama. These calls were put through to Koretz as he sat with investors. He would straighten in his chair and beam, saying into the phone: "Arthur, are you saying that we are doubling our production on timber? How many tons were shipped? Four thousand a day? Excellent! What about the oil? Two more derricks went up yesterday? Production is up to 40,000 barrels a week? Wonderful." He would then hang up and the investors would begin writing checks.

Leo Koretz at his 1924 trial; following his conviction, he committed one of the strangest suicides on record.

Of course, there was no Panamanian manager running the Bayano Timber & Oil Co. Leo Koretz was the industrious Arthur Gibson, an alias he employed when setting up his long distance phone calls from Panama. He simply placed calls to various hotels and businesses in Panama, making inquiries and asking to be called back. He received these calls from total strangers talking in Spanish, and he would pretend to be getting more good news from the mythical Arthur Gibson. Koretz managed to return huge profits to his investors by simply employing the old Peter-to-Paul routine, paying earlier investors with the money later investors made in his firm, while retaining enormous amounts for his own use. This was the same technique used by many other highbinders such as William "500%" Miller" and the spectacular Charles Ponzi of Boston.

It was rumored that even the redoubtable William Randolph Hearst was an investor in Koretz's fabulous enterprises. This, no doubt, came about when Hearst's right-hand editorial director and fellow newspaper tycoon, Arthur Brisbane, invested heavily in the Bayano Timber & Oil Co. Brisbane went further. He gave an enormous banquet in honor of Koretz and invited more than 50 fellow millionaires to attend in praise of Leo Koretz. The fete was held in the main ballroom of Chicago's Congress Hotel. During the festivities, a horde of newspaper boys suddenly raced into the ball room, waving extras and shouting: "Extry! Extry! Read all about it! Leo Koretz oil swindle! Con man Koretz exposed! Millions lost in swindle!" The guests were stunned into silence and several fell back in their chairs on the verge of collapse. Before anyone suffered an apoplectic attack or stroke, Brisbane quickly rose smiling, the grinning Koretz at his side.

Brisbane announced that the whole thing was a party joke. "It's a lark!" announced Brisbane, guffawing. "Mr. Koretz is a great and honorable financier!" Brisbane went on to explain that he had printed the fake extras "exposing" Koretz and that Koretz himself had helped in writing the details of the story, pointing out how his own investors had been hoodwinked. Of course, none of it was true, Brisbane assured one and all.

And to make sure that "lovable Leo Koretz" was appreciated for all he had done for his investors, Brisbane again arose and, holding a spoon aloft, led the hundreds of suckers in singing the praise of the man who was, at that moment, bilking them. Koretz stood next to Brisbane and, through a pudgy smile, listened to his victims sing "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow" and then bowed when he was engulfed with thunderous applause.

The party jest, however, proved all too real. It put suspicion in the minds of some of the investors who, in late 1923, sent representatives to Panama to check on Koretz's operations. They reported back that the Bayano Timber & Oil Co. simply did not exist. Neither did Arthur Gibson. And no one in Panama had ever heard of Leo Koretz. Real newspaper extras then announced the bold multi-million-dollar swindle. When police arrived to arrest Koretz in his sumptuous offices, they found the arch confidence man gone. He had fled the country with one of his many show girl friends. For months the police of several states searched for Koretz. He was finally tracked down in Halifax, Nova Scotia, living like a rajah in the company of several women.

Koretz was extradited to Illinois, tried in Chicago, and convicted of stock fraud in December 1924. Koretz was sentenced to ten years in prison. "I'll never serve a day in Joliet State Prison," he said confidently from his cell in the Cook County Jail. He did not. One of his obliging girlfriends brought him a five-pound box of candy. Koretz sat down on his prison bunk, ate the entire box of candy in one sitting, and then keeled over dead. Leo Koretz had escaped prison through one of the most bizarre suicides on record. He was an acute diabetic and the massive ingestion of sugar killed him, as he knew it would.

BACK TO AFRICA!/1920s

Just as Koretz played upon the greed of his fellow millionaires, black con man Marcus Aurelius Garvey (1887-1940), preyed upon his fellow blacks, promising that he would lead all seven million Negroes in the U.S. in the early 1920s back to Africa where he would set up an independent state that provided everyone a life of ease. This would, of course, cost money, and Garvey charged all those who wished to accompany him to the promised land, a place he called the African Republic, a country that did not exist.

This was not a new ploy. A Chicago dentist, one Howard Givin, had promised fellow blacks the same thing a few years before Garvey launched his scam. Givin said he would ship all the blacks in America on Cunard liners in thousand-person contingents, but he changed his mind and suddenly decided to march all the blacks in the Midwest to the sea, where he would commandeer all the ships in eastern ports. As Chicago police attempted to disband Givin's group on Archer Avenue, where the march began, the dentist, who by then had dubbed himself "Prince Ephraim," drew a sword and pistol and charged the officers on horseback, killing two of their number. Givin was later hanged for these murders.

Garvey had a different plan, less lethal but just as prosaic. Garvey, who had immigrated to the U.S. from England in 1914, settled in New York's Harlem, was well educated and took advantage of illiterate, gullible blacks in one swindle after another. His migratory swindle, however, gleaned him millions. He bestowed upon himself a bevy of distinguished-sounding titles, including the "Provisional President of the African Republic," "Admiral of the Black Star Line," "President General of the Universal Negro Movement Association and African Community League," "Commander of the Nobles of the Sublime Order of the Nile," "Knight of the Distinguished Service Order of Ethiopia," and "Representative of the Black People of the World."

This title-burdened hustler preferred the role of admiral, and donned a garish uniform replete with medals, ribbons, golden epaulets, buttons, and chevrons. He wore a plumed commodore's hat on most occasions when selling his fellow blacks stock certificates in his Black Star Line. It was this shipping firm, Garvey pointed out through advertising and countless meetings, that would provide transportation for America's black community "back to the promised land." More than 40,000 mostly uneducated blacks purchased stock in Garvey's nonexistent line.

To thwart any government move to charge him with fraud, Garvey purchased an unseaworthy excursion boat tied to a Hudson River pier. It never went to sea. (If it had, in all probability it would have sunk immediately.) Garvey held torchlight meetings three or four times a week on the boat, his fund-collecting speeches accompanied by blaring jazz bands. To this swindle, which netted the con man about a half a million dollars over a six-year period, Garvey added the scheme of the Negro Improvement Association. Members, almost four million of them, forked over dues of thirty-five cents a month. In return, Garvey promised to set up a "lusterious [sic] black kingdom" in Africa. Of each monthly due received, Garvey pocketed ten cents, a staggering $400,000 a month.

The millionaire's lifestyle became as expansive as his titles. Garvey purchased several mansions, dozens of open-air carriages, a hundred elegantly groomed horses to pull them, more than a thousand tailor-made uniforms aglitter with gold braid. He bought newspapers and magazines, which he used to spread his scam ever wider and deeper into the black communities across the face of the land. When he needed more money for his blossoming enterprises, Garvey imperiously announced an additional $1 across-the-board charge per annum for members. Those who did not pay promptly would be eliminated from the rolls of future ship sailings to Africa. The suckers happily sent in their dollars.

The power Garvey wielded on behalf of American Negroes was so awesome that, in 1921, he was invited to speak before the League of Nations, and this the hustler did with great flair, full of demands for his future African "republic." While Garvey wowed the European capitals with his global plans for blacks, investigators for the U.S. Post Office began to

American swindler Marcus Garvey in 1921, dressed in his admiral's uniform; he swindled millions from tens of thousands of blacks on his promise to take them back to Africa.

prepare a mail-fraud case against him. Their work was rewarded in 1924, when the sharper was indicted and tried. He acted as his own lawyer in a carnival-like trial, which resulted in his conviction on charges of mail fraud and a five-year prison sentence in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia.

Before surrendering to federal custody, Garvey, free on a massive bail, hustled up enormous "appeal" funds at his elaborately planned Fourth Annual International Congress of Negro Peoples of the World (the first three had never occurred). He regaled a cheering throng with promises of riches to come and took in tens of thousands of dollars from marks he ceremoniously appointed "dukes, duchesses, knights and ladies of the Black Republic."

In Atlanta, Garvey was all but forgotten for two years. His publishing and steamship empires, hollow as they were of assets, collapsed. His associations disbanded. Upon his 1927 release, the "Admiral" was deported to Jamaica, the land of his birth, where he spent his time in lonely splendor—he had stashed several million dollars away for just such a fate.

At this time, it suddenly occurred to Garvey that European blacks had been neglected in his long crusade to bring Negroes to the promised land. They, too, needed a savior and he was soon off on a heavily financed tour of the Continent, capping his campaign with a windy speech at London's Albert Hall, which he expected 10,000 persons to attend. But, like similar reactions throughout Europe, the lecture was a fizzling flop. Only a few hundred people showed up to see the colorful Garvey. At the end of his fulminating speech, no thunderous applause hammered into the "Admiral's" ears. One spectator loudly demanded his money refunded and shouted to the stage: "You're as crazy as a loon!" It was all over for Marcus Aurelius Garvey, the most enterprising black flimflammer on record.

THE DRAKE INHERITANCE SCAM/ 1600s-1930s

Where Garvey successfully milked blacks eager to have a new identity in Africa, the shrewd manipulators of the Drake Inheritance scam sought to bilk those who might be enriched with another identity—as a rightful heir to the fabulous fortune of Sir Francis Drake. Within months of the death of British privateer Sir Francis Drake on January 28, 1596, Elizabethan con men were collecting money from "shareholders" convinced that part of an immense fortune left by Drake would be theirs. The con made its way to the U.S. around 1835. Even people with last names other than Drake were told that for a small contribution toward the legal fees necessary to straighten out the estate they, too, could share in this great windfall.

Mastermind behind the long-running Drake Inheritance swindle, Oscar Hartzell (center), in custody, 1933; he went to prison.

Oscar's dopey, loyal brother, Canfield Hartzell, who fronted for the Drake swindlers in the U.S.

In 1919, two Drake Inheritance con artists, Sudie Whiteaker and Milo F. Lewis, confronted a Madison County, Iowa, farm woman. Mrs. Hartzell listened to the pitch and decided to invest her life savings, $6,000 in cash. The con artists took her money, thanked her, and left. Their pitch, however, had been heard by Mrs. Hartzell's two sons, Oscar and Canfield. Oscar Merril Hartzell's interest and innate criminal sensibilities were piqued by the scheme, and, after researching Drake in the nearest library, he tracked Whiteaker and Lewis to Des Moines where he confronted them with their swindle. The two admitted to having made $65,000 in Iowa in the previous two months. Oscar informed them that they had underestimated the scheme's potential and needed to make it legitimate by opening an office.

Within a week, the three had formed a partnership they called the Sir Francis Drake Association. Initially they covered Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri, contacting only people with the last name of Drake. Eventually, however, they widened their market and accepted investments from virtually anyone. For two years, Oscar and his partners covered these three states. Oscar understood the laws regarding mail fraud and studiously avoided ever personally having anything to do with the mails. Eventually, he recruited a larger staff, which included Harry Osborne, A.L. Cochran, C.A. Storla, C.C. Biddle, his brother Canfield, and Otto G. Yant. Yant was a former bank cashier and provided the Drake Association with lists of people with large bank accounts. The group's venture continued to thrive. In Quincy, Illinois, they signed up every adult in the city with the full endorsement of the chamber of commerce.

In 1924, Oscar decided to travel to London. He told his investors this was to take charge of freeing the Drake estate from the bureaucracy of the British government. Once there, he lived as if he were Drake himself. His extravagant lifestyle

Iowa banker Otto Yant in custody; he provided Hartzell with rich sucker lists in the Drake scam.

was supported by weekly payments of $2,500 gathered and forwarded to him by his brother. During his sojourn abroad, Oscar tried to keep up his investors' interest and keep them contributing by alternately threatening to drop delinquent payers from the rolls, or enticing new suckers with estimates of the size of the estate, which he alternately estimated to be between $22 billion and $400 billion.

By 1927, many of the investors were getting nervous. In response, Hartzell stepped up the optimism in the telegrams he regularly sent home, claiming a settlement was almost within sight. Finally, however, word of the fraud reached postal authorities in the U.S. Their attempts to investigate the swindle were severely hampered by the fact that people, who had invested everything they owned (in some case even taking out second mortgages on their homes to stay in Hartzell's good graces) refused to discuss it for fear of losing out. Iowa's attorney general publicly denounced the scheme and immediately received thousands of letters demanding his silence so the deal would not be ruined.

In January 1933, the U.S. State Department arranged to have Hartzell deported from England as an undesirable alien. Upon his arrival in New York, he was arrested and taken to Iowa City to stand trial for postal fraud. The state presented an elaborately researched and documented case, but Hartzell thought he would go free because he had never personally sent a letter pertaining to the Drake fraud or received one. He was, however, convicted for causing others to commit postal fraud and was sentenced to ten years in jail. His hold on his investors was so strong that even with his conviction many still believed in him. His bail and defense fund was provided by his loyal supporters. Hartzell encouraged their loyalty by alluding to a political conspiracy of enormous proportions that was behind his trial and conviction.

Hartzell finally entered Leavenworth in November 1933. When a group of his fellow con men who had continued to operate even after he had gone to prison was arrested, Hartzell was made to stand trial for a second round of postal fraud charges. He was convicted again and returned to Leavenworth to serve out his full sentence of ten years behind bars. In December 1936 prison officials ordered a psychiatric examination for Hartzell, who had deteriorated mentally since his incarceration. He was adjudged incompetent and sent to the U.S. Medical Center in Springfield, Missouri., where he died on August 27, 1943, only a few months before his prison time would have been completely served. It was estimated that Oscar Hartzell and his minions had bilked 70,000 Midwesterners out of an estimated $14 million.

Those persons named Drake were not the only suckers enveloped in an inheritance scam. Many others having the last names of long-deceased millionaires have been mulcted of their money in identical swindles The Baker Estate con was one of these, begun in Ontario, Canada in 1866, and claiming to settle with all the heirs of Colonel Jacob Baker, who died in Philadelphia in 1839, and who owned property at that time estimated to be more than a quarter of the entire city. Anyone named Baker stood to inherit more than 2,000 acres of land, this scam insisted, including most of downtown Philadelphia.

Unlike Hartzell's any and all gullery, those swindled in the Baker Inheritance scheme had to be named Baker, Becker or Barker, but there were enough of the above-named for operators to rake in millions. The most serious outbreaks of the Baker Inheritance con occurred in 1902 and in 1936. In the 1936 scam, postal authorities unearthed three Baker Inheritance rings in Altoona, Johnstown, and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, snaring all of those involved, including the leading flimflammer, William Cameron Morrow Smith, who scammed millions on this grift over a thirty-year period, bilking more than 3,000 victims. He went to prison at age seventy. A similar inheritance scheme was perpetrated for decades that involved the heirs of Robert Edwards, a colonial merchant, who left in his will sixty-five acres of Manhattan Island in the middle of which towered the Woolworth Building. Thousands of dupes named Edwards paid sharpers $26 a year in annual dues to settle the estate, one that was never settled.

William Cameron Morrow Smith, at age 70; he bilked 3,000 suckers in his Jacob Baker estate con.

THE DRUG WORLD WIZARD/1920s-1930s

According to the 1938 *Who's Who In America,* the financial wizard of the drug world, "F. Donald Coster," was born in Washington, D.C., and held a doctorate from Heidelberg. But the distinguished-looking man who had purchased the 105-year-old drug firm of McKesson and Robbins for $1 million in 1926 was not what he claimed. His financial speculations nearly sent the vaunted drug firm into bankruptcy. The $18 million he removed from company assets was used to pay for his extravagant lifestyle. When the bubble burst, F. Donald Coster, who was really Philip Musica (1877-1938; AKA: George Dietrich), retreated to his bathroom and put a gun to his head.

Musica's saga began on the Lower East Side of New York City in 1883, when his immigrant father, Antonio, opened a barbershop in the tenements. Determined to "be somebody," Philip helped his father branch out. Together they started up a small food importing company. The business prospered through the son's astute management. The Musicas made so much money peddling their wine and cheese in Little Italy that they were soon able to afford more lavish quarters.

F. Donald Coster (Philip Musica), who looted $18 million from the drug firm, McKesson and Robbins.

The Musicas moved into the fashionable Bayridge section of Brooklyn and began to mingle with opera stars and leaders of the Italian community in New York. In 1909, the business suffered a sudden reversal. when Philip was convicted of bribing customs officials to mark down the weights of imported cheeses, the resulting lower prices permitting the Musicas to undercut their competition. Philip stoically accepted the blame and was sentenced to the Elmira Reformatory for a year. Impressed by the loyalty he had shown his father, President William Howard Taft pardoned him after serving six months.

Con artist Louise Musica, 1912, bloodied after battling police; her brother, Philip, would perpetrate million-dollar frauds.

Released in 1910, Musica started a new business, the United States Hair Company, which sold genuine human hair pieces to the society ladies of New York. A year later, the company fell apart after Musica borrowed $1 million on invoices signed by his "branch offices" in Paris, Naples, and London. When detectives dropped by his home in Bayridge, they discovered that Philip had fled. He was tracked down in New Orleans on board a boat about to cast off for Honduras. "I am disgraced!" cried the elderly Antonio, who was a party to the scheme. Philip was extradited to New York and sentenced to three years in the Tombs. Released in 1916 with a suspended sentence, he worked for a time as an informant in the employ of District Attorney Charles S. Whitman, who was arresting German spies in the U.S.

Prohibition provided Musica with new opportunities. With his new partner, Sicilian gangster Joseph Brandino, the wily con man began manufacturing hair tonic in Mount Vernon, New York, under the name of Girard & Company. The government sold Musica large amounts of raw alcohol, believing the business to be legitimate. But there was no hair tonic called "Dandrofuge." It existed only in Musica's imagination and in a few sample bottles adorning his desk. The government alcohol was being converted to a cheap Scotch, which was then sold to New York's bootleg gangs at a fabulous profit. When Brandino short-changed him, Musica had him reported to the district attorney as someone who had "misused" government permits. Brandino went to prison as a result.

At about this time, Musica began calling himself F. Donald Coster, a name that lent an air of respectability to the firm. In

The resplendent Fairfield, Connecticut, home of high finance hustler Philip Musica, who committed suicide here rather than face charges of bilking McKesson and Robbins of millions.

1925, he was introduced to Julian F. Thompson, employed by the investment firm of Bond & Goodman, Inc. Thompson looked over the books of Girard & Company and found them to be in good order. His findings were supported by the auditing firm of Dun & Company (later Dun & Bradstreet), which reported Girard's annual profits to be $250,000. Thompson personally extended Musica-Coster's credit and arranged for a substantial loan to help him purchase McKesson and Robbins, a transaction completed in 1926.

Musica-Coster soon became rich selling his bootlegged liquor through the McKesson and Robbins front. In 1928, the firm showed a $600,000 profit under his direction. A syndicate of underwriters floated a $10 million stock issue and with that money Musica-Coster built a nationwide distribution network. A year later, the stock market crash put an end to wild speculation on Wall Street. But Musica-Coster came through it surprisingly unscathed. He had swindled the crude drugs division out of $640,000 and then covered his tracks by "reinvesting" it back into nonexistent inventory. The company survived the worst of the Depression in remarkably good shape. But in 1937, the board of directors ordered Musica-Coster to convert $2 million of the crude drugs into cash to bolster sagging profits during an unexpected downturn in business conditions. Musica-Coster balked at this, demanding that the directors obtain a $3 million loan for improvements instead.

At this point, Thompson became suspicious and ordered an investigation. Thompson determined that the Dun report was a forgery and the W.W. Smith & Company name Musica-Coster had been using as his "distributor" was a fiction. The matter was reported to officials of the New York Stock Exchange. Coster was identified as Musica by a former employee from photographs published in New York newspapers.

When police arrived at the family home in Brooklyn, they found company official George Vernard (actually Arthur

Musica (AKA: F. Donald Coster, left, sitting) poses with his attorney, Samuel Rich (right, sitting) and George Dietrich, assistant treasurer of McKesson and Robbins. The trio posed in Musica's home after police arrived to make arrests.

The body of Philip Musica/F. Donald Coster, the day following his suicide; he was buried in style.

Musica, Philip's brother) hastily packing up the family car for a vacation. Under questioning he admitted his true identity. U.S. marshals arrived on December 16, 1938. They found Philip Musica, his cover already blown by the newspapers, lying dead in his bathtub. He had shot himself in such a way that his blood would not stain the imported carpet on the floor.

THE MATCH KING/1900s-1930s

Though the stock and company scams of Philip Musica-F. Donald Coster were staggering, few corporate swindlers approached the magnitude of Swedish flimflammer Ivar Kreuger. His pyramid of bogus stocks and companies spanned the European continent and the financial collapse of his vast but empty empire brought ruin to millions of investors around the world. It was an empire based upon the simple match. The practical, innocuous little invention had already gained widespread acceptance among smokers by the time its greatest promoter, Ivar Kreuger (1880-1932; AKA: The Match King), was born in the rustic town of Kalmar, Sweden, in 1880. The man destined to become the "Match King" of the world embarked on an entirely different career path early in life. He had little time for such a "commonplace unexciting object" though his father was busily engaged in running a small, successful match business in Southern Sweden.

Following his graduation from the Royal Technical Institute in Stockholm, Kreuger decided to seek his fortune in the U.S. With less than a hundred dollars, Kreuger arrived in New York in 1900. He continued to Chicago, but found the Midwestern city spiritless and backward compared to Manhattan. Following an extended trek through Colorado, the Southwest, and Mexico, the enterprising young engineer returned to New York in 1902, going to work for the Fuller Construction Company. He helped build the Plaza Hotel, the R.H. Macy Building, Flatiron Building and the Metropolitan Life Building, all architectural marvels of the age, before sailing to South Africa.

Unsatisfactory wages, and the remoteness of Johannesburg drove the nomadic young businessman back to the U.S. in 1906. After working for a contracting firm that did extensive work in the Buffalo, New York, area, Kreuger returned to Manhattan, where he became manager and vice-president of the Consolidated Engineering Company. He supervised the construction of Archibald Stadium and several other buildings on the campus of Syracuse University. Kreuger was greatly impressed by a new kind of iron implanted in the foundations of the structures. The process was invented and patented by Julius Kahn, a Detroit construction mogul who convinced Kreuger he should go back to Europe and sell the concept to local industry. It was timely advice for Kreuger, who had become disenchanted with the "American outlook." He returned to Sweden in 1907 "bursting with ideas."

On May 18, 1908, Kreuger entered into a partnership with Paul Toll, a 25-year-old engineer, who shared his enthu-

Ivar Kreuger, early in his spectacular career and before he became the Swedish Match King.

Kreuger with Ingeborg Hassler, one of his many mistresses.

siasm for the Kahn method. The two entrepreneurs hung out a shingle bearing the inscription: "The Trussed Concrete Steel Co." Within the next year they had their first important commission: an electrical plant in the small Swedish town of Gullspang. Later that year, the partners went to work on the nation's first steel-reinforced "skyscraper," a six-story department store. Kreuger demonstrated his shrewd business acumen by agreeing to pay $1,200 a day in fines for each extra day beyond the allotted four-month deadline to complete the structure.

If Kreuger and Toll were to finish ahead of schedule, however, the engineers stipulated that they should receive the same amount for every day saved. To meet these ends, Kreuger ordered his men to work around the clock. A Stockholm newspaper commented unfavorably on Kreuger's methods: "If this American method of building catches on, the Stockholmer will never have a quiet night again." Kreuger and Toll paid no attention to the criticism and collected a tidy bonus of $70,000 after finishing the project in a record time of two months.

In the next three years the partners established themselves as the premier building contractors of Sweden. In 1913, they decided to diversify and enter the match business. Kreuger and Toll quickly bought up and consolidated seven of the independents before setting their sights on the Jankping-Vulcan combine. The merger was completed in 1917, and for the first time the match-making industry of Sweden was monopolized by one man: Ivar Kreuger and his Svenska Tndsticksaktiebolaget (Swedish Match Company). That same year, the partnership was split into two separate entities. Paul Toll retained control of the contracting enterprise, while Kreuger increasingly concerned himself with Swedish Match.

An intensely private man, Kreuger nevertheless entertained lofty ambitions. In 1919, he approached the Scandinavian Credit Bank and the Swedish Commerce Bank for a loan of sixty million kroner to expand the business overseas. Kreuger was given the working capital he needed, because by this time he was a highly respected and accomplished entrepreneur, but chiefly because he provided collateral in the form of Italian bonds worth $100 million. These bonds, placed in Kreuger's own safe deposit box, were forgeries, which Kreuger himself had manufactured. They were "reviewed" by Swedish bankers, but not closely examined, as Kreuger knew would be the case. He reportedly added more Italian bonds as additional security, bonds he later claimed he secretly received from Italy's dictator Benito Mussolini.

Kreuger counted among his employees many down-and-out noblemen, whose titles meant very little in the face of financial ruin. The Match King delighted in ordering these once-privileged employees about like servants. Yet his Stockholm offices were strangely silent, certainly not like any bustling, prosperous corporation. "The entire home staff of the huge match organization consists of 150 persons including secretaries," Isaac Marcosson of the *Saturday Evening Post* reported. "You scarcely ever see anyone as you move through the halls and never hear a sound." And within that ghostly silence surrounding the world's then richest man was an unbelievable swindle.

Kreuger was a chain smoker. Curiously though, he never carried a match. When asked about this he replied that it was "a petty superstition." It is commonly believed that it was Ivar Kreuger who invented the "three on a match" superstition, which at the very least helped promote business. Further, Kreuger's personality was described as "ice-like," and nothing ever seemed to bother him. No matter what calamity arose, he was always calm. One report held that Kreuger could

The luxuriously appointed board room at Kreuger's headquarters, where "silence" was foremost in the Match King's work code.

The courtyard of Kreuger's palace in Stockholm; the building had 125 rooms and thirty servants.

not feel physical pain. One account stated that "dentists could work for hours on the most sensitive nerves in his mouth without giving him Novocain."

Kreuger did not give interviews, but he allowed Marcosson a few minutes of his time, telling the journalist: "Whatever success I have had may perhaps be attributable to three things: One is silence, the second is more silence, while the third is still more silence." He took Marcosson into his inner sanctum, a long room, richly-appointed with priceless tapestries. Above his office door was a large carving of a torch, "symbolic of the match that lighted the world." He displayed his collection of matchboxes which had been collected from around the world. His favorite were those from Africa. "Do you know," Kreuger said with pride, "that in many savage countries my matches, like salt and copper, are legal tender."

Ivar Kreuger's intention was to monopolize the world market. Although by 1924 he controlled nearly 70 percent of industrial production of matches, he was not satisfied. The hundreds of millions of dollars that flowed into his firms initially came from bullish American stock buyers, who invested by 1929 more than $250 million, placing their orders through esteemed firms such as Manhattan's Lee, Higginson Co. (which floated on its own Kreuger bonds worth $60 million).

Kreuger used the bulk of his fortune to bolster the sagging economies of Western Europe and South America, nations devastated by World War I, shoring up deficiencies in crop failures, and the chaos brought on by the Depression. In 1925, he loaned the government of Spain $12 million in return for a promise from King Alfonso that he would receive 16 percent in interest each year. He gave Greece a million pounds in 1926. A year later Kreuger told his investors of a similar transaction completed with Poland (for $6 million) before borrowing money from French and American banks. "Mind you, not a word of this to the Stock Exchange," he warned. "If anything was leaked out then it would mean the end of Spain, the fall of Poland. In fact it would probably bring about war!"

More huge loans to government were made: $75 million to France in 1927; $2 million to Ecuador in 1928 and $1 million to the same country the following year; $36 million to Hungary in 1929; $22 million to Yugoslavia in 1929; $6 million to Latvia in 1929; $30 million to Rumania in 1929. Even when the American stock market crashed in late 1929, Kreuger continued doling out enormous amounts of money to financially distressed governments: In 1930, he gave Lithuania $6 million; Danzig, $1 million; Germany, $125 million; Guatemala, $2.5 million; Turkey, $10 million; and Poland again, with $32 million. Ivar Kreuger alone, it appeared, was supporting half the world and was called by financial writer T. G. Barman: "The greatest constructive financial genius of our generation."

American billionaire banker J. P. Morgan—bilked of $11 million by Kreuger–hired a detective to follow the Match King on board the French liner, *Ile de France*, thinking Kreuger might jump overboard.

The scheme was deceptively simple. Kreuger issued forged shares, debenture certificates, and securities. In effect, he borrowed money from one nation to lend to another, a sophisticated version of the old "borrowing from Peter to pay Paul" swindle. The original debt was never repaid, for Kreuger simply altered the bank statements and balance sheets. "I will gain control by foul means or fair if I have to," he told his associates. "Do not ask to see my books. There are none except for those I keep in my head." During this time

Kreuger & Toll paid 30 percent in dividends through its 125 subsidiaries.

After the disastrous stock market crash of 1929, the Kreuger empire began to teeter. In November 1931, repayment on $100 million of the forged Italian treasury bonds came due. Four months later, his American creditors were demanding payment on a $2 million loan that had been made to Swedish Match months earlier, but Kreuger's resources were virtually depleted. In desperation, the "Savior of Europe," as he liked to think of himself, returned to the U.S. in an attempt to obtain a loan to bail out the financially strapped conglomerate. The American bankers, squeezed by the Depression themselves, proved unresponsive.

In March 1932, Kreuger boarded the *Ile de France* for the trip home, aware that he was being shadowed by a private detective employed by J.P. Morgan. The American financier, who was personally owed $11 million from a fake transaction involving Kreuger, advised Detective John C. Brown that Kreuger just might slip over the rail of the promenade deck one night. "He's not the sort to do it with a razor or gun," Morgan said. "'Kreuger Vanishes at Sea' is more to his taste than 'Kreuger Shoots Himself.'" By the time the ship reached Southampton, the Match King was in a desperate quandary. He could turn himself over to the Swedish authorities, or he could gamble one more time.

From the *Ile de France*, Kreuger wired his second-in-command, Krister Littorin, to call a meeting of all of Kreuger's board members at the Hotel Meurice in Paris on March 11, 1932. The collection of businessmen and bankers, who sat at this board meeting listened as Kreuger asked for additional credit.

Sigurd Hennig asked him to explain where he got the Italian bonds that he had originally used to begin his empire. Kreuger replied that they had come from fascist dictator Benito Mussolini. "He gave them to me as payment for a secret loan," Kreuger explained. But Krister Littorin knew better. The loan never went through, according to an earlier conversation he had had with Mussolini. "He also says that if you have any bills they must be forged. Is that true?"

Kreuger emphatically denied the charge, and then adjourned the meeting. He slipped out of the hotel and proceeded to a gun maker's shop on the Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, where the store owner sold him a small handgun and several rounds of ammunition. The following day, March 12, 1932, the Match King shot himself in the chest and died. He left behind a short note of apology to Littorin. Another report held that Kreuger sat in his posh Paris apartment for some time while contemplating his end. He ate a light dinner before stepping out to the terrace that overlooked the shimmering nightscape of the City of Light and then fired the bullet that would end his spectacular life.

When news of Kreuger's suicide reached the Swedish Riksdag, the ministers hastily convened a meeting to discuss how to stabilize the kroner before the European stock exchanges opened the next day. Soon there were reports of other suicides. In Estonia, a top-ranking official of the State Match company shot himself behind closed doors. But the real panic came two days later on March 14, when the par value of the Kreuger stock fell through the floor. An audit conducted by the accounting firm of Price, Waterhouse & Co. determined that the evidence of wrongdoing dated all the way back to 1917. In his heyday Kreuger had bilked the public out of $560 million and various banks in excess of $164 million.

Price, Waterhouse concluded that the success of the scam had everything to do with the perception of the man himself. "The perpetration of frauds on so large a scale and over so long a period would have been impossible but for (1) the

Kreuger was unable to refinance his crumbling empire and knew officials were investigating Italian bonds he had forged; he is shown in 1932, sailing on the *Ile de France* for Europe and financial destruction.

The body of Ivar Kreuger is removed from his apartment in Paris, en route to Sweden, following his suicide; he had filched more than $750 million from investors.

confidence which Kreuger succeeded in inspiring, (2) the acceptance of his claim that complete secrecy in relation to vitally important transactions was essential to the success of the projects, (3) the autocratic powers which were conferred upon him, and (4) the loyalty or unquestioning obedience of officials, who were evidently selected with great care."

Ironically, the Kreuger debacle affected the economy of Sweden the least. Since most of the Match King's business was conducted abroad, the Swedish people suffered few hardships, though a number of middle-class investors were wiped out. Swedish Match declared a moratorium on its debts, and set up a large reserve fund to offset the writing down of assets. In time the company re-organized and again became the dominant match making concern Kreuger envisioned in 1917.

Kreuger's end was oddly mourned by one of his chief victims, a powerful European financier, who, when hearing the news of the Match King's death, broke down and openly wept. "Kreuger has ruined me and my banks," he sobbed. "But I can not hate him. I still think he was a charming and lovable personality. As a delightful companion, I shall miss him until the end of my days." This gentleman was among a very small minority.

THE STAVISKY AFFAIR/1930s

A colossal swindle perpetrated by Serge Alexandre Stavisky (c.1886-1934; AKA: Sacha) brought scandal and ruin down on the heads of some of France's most esteemed government leaders in the years preceding the outbreak of World War II. "L'Affaire Stavisky" filled reams of official court transcripts as prosecutors attempted to sift through conflicting evidence to learn how it was possible for a Russian-born swindler operating out of a government-supervised pawn shop to cause so much chaos in the marketplace. As the court pondered, hordes of angry citizens standing outside the Chamber of Deputies chanted, "Assassins! Thieves! Staviskys!" A new word had entered the French lexicon of popular slang. Who was this character who seemed to anticipate the techniques of the notorious American swindler Charles Ponzi?

Serge Stavisky was born in Kiev to Russian-Jewish parents. Nicknamed "Sacha," his first encounter with the law occurred in 1908 with his arrest for fraud. After a short stretch in prison, he resumed his career on the streets. In 1912, Stavisky was arrested a second time, and the disgrace brought on his family contributed to his father's suicide. Shortly before World War I, Stavisky left his home to settle in Paris where he acquired residential status. Stavisky carved out a living trafficking in drugs and women, small-time crime when weighed against the skill and dexterity he later showed in passing stolen bonds and securities.

Stavisky spent the war years and the early 1920s running a casting bureau and a medical clinic, where he promised women an accurate diagnosis of pregnancy. He called his bogus examining device a "matrascope." The clinic brought Stavisky into close personal contact with the wives of leading political figures of the Republic, invaluable contacts he would later exploit. He became a wealthy man overnight. For a time

The French flimflammer Serge Alexandre Stavisky, who scammed millions in bogus pawnshop securities and toppled government officials.

January 8, 1934: The body of Serge Stavisky in the mountaintop retreat at Chamonix; his death was ruled a suicide, but later investigations proved that the swindler had been murdered.

he spied for the Surete Generale, informing on the riff-raff of the French underworld. During the 1920s, Stavisky was often seen in the company of some of France's most glamourous women. He later married Arlette Simon, a dress model for the house of Chanel, after promising her he would "go straight."

In 1926, Stavisky went back on his word; the arch-swindler was imprisoned for bilking two clients out of seven million francs in a crooked stock deal. He was housed in the Sante Prison in Paris for eighteen months, awaiting a trial that never occurred. In 1927, Stavisky was given his freedom by shame-faced French authorities, who were unable to sort out the tangled network he had so carefully built. One reason for Stavisky's early release was his business dealings with men in public life who did not wish to be embarrassed by revelations of wrongdoing. The chief prosecutor of Paris, Georges Pressard, a brother-in-law of Premier Camille Chautemps, obstructed and postponed Stavisky's trial nineteen times. Joseph Garat, the mayor of Bayonne and a deputy of France, helped the con man set up the municipal pawnshop in his town, which became a "clearing house" for a gigantic swindle that bilked the country out of millions of francs.

Stavisky paid out in excess of $3 million in bribes to French business leaders and politicians over a six-year period. Their names were entered into a ledger listing the monies paid as "stock dividends." Stavisky then had himself named as the agent for the municipal bonds floated by several French cities, his collateral was a cache of stolen jewels. The bonds would then be discounted at a well-known bank and the money in turn would be invested in one of the swindler's companies.

Premier Chautemps, leader of the left-wing coalition, approved of the government's investment in pawnshop securities. (The pawnbrokers had been carefully regulated by the state dating to the time of King Louis XVI. A Cerdite Municipal, or local council as it was known, could not be organized without permission of the premier.) Using the fake jewelry as backing for the Bayonne pawnshop, Stavisky and Mayor Garat issued fraudulent bonds in the sum of 239 million francs.

The swindle went undetected until Christmas Eve, 1933,

Judge Albert Prince, suspected of receiving bribes from Stavisky, was murdered at the Dijon railroad station just before he was to testify before a committee probing the Stavisky Affair and only a few weeks after Stavisky himself had been killed.

when police not on Stavisky's payroll arrested a party to the scheme, who told all. Warrants were issued for the arrest of the members of the ring, including two chamber deputies and editors Albert DuBarry of the right-wing *La Volant* newspaper and Camille Aymard of *Liberte,* a leftist journal. DuBarry acted as intermediary between Stavisky and the corrupt politicians, passing on 1,000 franc notes as bribe money. (Stavisky cleverly cultivated the support of both of France's political factions to ensure the success of his scheme.)

The newspaper *L'Action Francaise* exposed Albert Dalimier, France's Minister of Colonies, as the party responsible for persuading the insurance companies to invest in the worthless municipal bonds issued out of Bayonne. Dalimier was forced to resign from the cabinet. The full-blown scandal came to a head on January 8, 1934, when police found Stavisky lying dead in a mountain cottage at Chamonix. They listed his death as a suicide, but a pistol was found in his left hand when there were entry wounds above the right temple.

The mystery deepened when Appellate Judge Albert Prince was murdered a day before his scheduled appearance before the Parliamentary Committee investigating the scandal. Prince was lured to the Dijon railroad station one night in February 1934, and tied to the railroad track by his assailant. Railway police found his mangled body several hours later. When questioned about the matter, two eyewitnesses swore that they had seen Stavisky's former secretary, Gilbert Romanigo, lurking about Prince's apartment several days before his murder.

The public outcry was immediate and far-reaching. Suspecting a sinister government cover-up, Royalist sympathizers took to the streets against the embattled leftists. The country teetered nervously toward civil war as the most serious rioting since the 1871 Commune was reported in the neighborhoods of Paris. Unable to hold the government together, Premier Chautemps turned over the reins first to Edouard Deladier. After a brief premiership, Deladier gave control to Gaston Doumergue, who was brought out of retirement from his home in Southern France. To pacify the mobs the new premier forged a bipartisan cabinet and promised sweeping reforms. The remains of Stavisky were exhumed from his mountain grave and an official inquiry was launched. It was conceded that the shooting had been "somewhat forced," an ambiguous explanation that failed to placate hard-liners, who believed his execution was carried out by the French Secret Police.

Twenty people, including Arlette Stavisky, were tried at the Palace of Justice in November 1935 for the swindle that looted French coffers of $18 million. "To be able to go away

Arlette Stavisky leaves the Palace of Justice in Paris on January 23, 1936, acquitted in the Stavisky Affair. She accepted an eight-week booking at a New York nightclub, where her singing career began and ended.

and forget all this by migrating with my children to America!" Arlette cried. "To bring up my children to love me and respect the memory of their father! That is all I ask!" The eleven-week trial ended with the conviction of just nine of the original defendants.

Seven-year prison sentences were doled out to Gustave Tissier, Stavisky's right-hand man and manager of the Municipal Pawnshop in Bayonne, and to Henri Hayotte, erudite manager of the Empire Theatre of Paris, where, in former days, the arrogant Stavisky was known to entertain lavishly. Editor DuBarry and the grieving widow were acquitted, but three other defendants received lesser sentences, including General Joseph Bardi de Fourtou (two years), whose name appeared on the phony stock prospectus, and Deputy Gaston Bonnaure, who was sent to prison for one year. The Stavisky murder was never solved.

HORATIO ALGER GOES WRONG/1929-1934

The high rollers of high finance of the 1920s, from Harry Sinclair to Ivar Kreuger, were wheeler-dealers who dared any adventure for gain and flirted with arrest and imprisonment for the power that money could bring them. Many a tycoon saw the inside of a prison cell while others, insulated with their fortunes against such indignities, blithely ignored the law and skipped from country to country, like the elusive Robert Vesco two generations later, to avoid prosecution.

The first financial powerhouse to employ this evasive action, albeit a forlorn procedure in his case, was Samuel Insull (1859-1938), whose Horatio Alger image exploded in scandal when his utilities empire collapsed during the Depression, leaving tens of thousands of investors with useless stocks. Insull, born in London, boasted no aristocratic background. In fact, he came from a dirt-poor family whose economic position was so dire that Insull was compelled to quit school and go to work at age fourteen as an office boy, taking home $1.25 a week.

Insull later became a clerk for Thomas A. Edison's representative in London and so impressed the boss with his diligence that he was recommended as an assistant to Edison himself. The great inventor hired Insull, sight unseen, and Insull, at age twenty-one in 1881, immigrated to the United States where he became the inventor's personal secretary, setting up Edison's various companies.

Sent to Chicago to manage the vast utility firm there, Insull proved himself such a company wizard that he became president of the Chicago Edison firm in 1902. Five years later the empire builder had amalgamated all the power and light firms in the area into the enormous Commonwealth Edison Company.

The position Insull held already assured him of a vast fortune, yet he was obsessed with gathering every utility in the Midwest under his spreading umbrella, and by the end of the 1920s, the light and power czar was president of eleven companies, the director of eighty-five other firms, and was the board chairman of sixty-five additional companies. More than 75,000 employees worked for Insull, and his empire encompassed the Midwest, reaching down the Mississippi Valley and eastward into New England.

Utilities magnate Samuel Insull, being interviewed while a fugitive on board the steamer, *Exilona*, in 1934.

When the stock market crashed in 1929, Insull, like many other self-centered tycoons, made the mistake of thinking he was bigger than any panic and hurled his $100 million personal fortune into the abyss in a desperate gamble, to keep up the level of his own stocks. After going through his own money, Insull borrowed heavily from friends and family and managed to salvage most of his firms. Just when he thought he had saved the day, however, he was challenged in a head-to-head power play by Cyrus Eaton, a multimillionaire from Cleveland.

With reckless abandon for his own shaky fortune, Eaton attempted to purchase the controlling stock interest in all of the Insull companies, most of which had huge blocks of stock available at depressed values. When Insull discovered what Eaton was doing, he dove into the open market in an incredible battle to buy up enough of his own stock to keep control, an effort that used up another $60 million, depleting Insull's coffers and gutting many of his firms.

Depleted of capital, the magnate could not withstand another financial crisis. As the Insull firms began to collapse in the summer of 1932 under the onslaught of the grinding Depression, investors in those firms were wiped out. Losses to stockholders soared to more than $750 million and Samuel Insull, one-time titan of American utilities, was nearly penniless. Disgraced and humiliated, the ex-tycoon sailed for Paris, where he intended to retire. But the loss of his fortune was not his only problem. Within months, tens of thousands of irate investors sued Insull. His creditors also brought suit in the millions. More serious were charges against him for embezzlement and mail fraud. It was claimed that he had looted the funds of his companies illegally in his wild stock battle with Eaton.

Extradition of the broken czar was laboriously arranged between France and the U.S., but before Insull could be returned to the U.S., the 72-year-old man, ill and harassed, hurriedly collected the money from his $21,000-a-year pensions (from three of his surviving companies) and fled to Greece, where he was given a year's sanctuary. Upon arriving in Athens, Insull went into seclusion, while every U.S. correspondent throughout the Continent hunted him for interviews. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., then a correspondent for *Liberty* magazine, received a tip which gave him Insull's address in Athens, and he flew to that city, amazed to discover that Insull was staying at a maternity home. Vanderbilt found Insull, formally dressed in a morning coat, sitting in a courtyard, and reading an article that described his flight in an English newspaper published in Rome.

Samuel Insull is shown entering Chicago's Cook County Jail, charged with fraud; he attempted to shore up his failing company's stock by gutting other firms he controlled.

Vanderbilt introduced himself as a *Liberty* correspondent and asked that the old man tell him the story of his life. Insull, taking off his pince-nez, betrayed his desperation for cash by immediately inquiring: "Do you people intend to pay me, or am I to give you my story free?" He went on to ask for $100,000, and when Vanderbilt stated that his magazine would be disinclined to remit such a staggering amount (for those days), the old man shook his white-haired head and stroked his white mustache. He then began dickering with Vanderbilt, who said that *Liberty* might pay as much as $20,000 for the full story. Insull replied he would think about it; that he would get back to Vanderbilt. He never did.

U.S. demands for Insull's extradition forced the Greek government to close in on the ex-tycoon in 1934. Using almost his last dime, Insull chartered a leaking steamer and sailed aimlessly about the Mediterranean for almost two weeks. Running out of provisions, the tramp ship made port in Istanbul, where Turkish authorities immediately seized the old man and sent him back to face trial with his brother, Martin Insull, who was already under arrest.

Insull's arrival in New York on the *Exilona* was a sensation. The press flocked to the dock in the hundreds. Still photographers and newsreel cameramen mobbed the old man as he resolutely marched down the gangplank where his son, Samuel Insull, Jr., managed to wedge through the crowd and slip a piece of paper into his father's hand. Reporters punched and shoved one another to get close to the old man, shouting and screaming questions at him. Many of them *ordered* Insull to answer their queries, treating him as if he were already a convicted felon, the embezzler several Chicago indictments claimed him to be. Incensed, Samuel Insull suddenly regained his old firebrand personality for the moment. He whipped off his hat to show his snow-white hair and jutted his jaw, shouting back at reporters: "Keep quiet! There is plenty of time for taking pictures, but this is my mug and I have a proprietary interest in it."

The old man then looked briefly down at the piece of paper his son had handed him, a statement he had never seen until that moment. Trusting his son's judgment, Insull announced: "I have a statement for the gentlemen of the press...I have erred, but my greatest error was in underestimating the effect of the financial panic on American securities and particularly on the companies I was working so hard to build. I worked with all my energies to save those companies. I made mistakes, but they were honest mistakes. They were errors in judgment, but not dishonest manipulations." The old man then reminded the press that "...you only know the charges of the prosecution. Not one word has been argued in even feeble defense of me, and it must be obvious that there is also my side of the story. When it is told in court, my judgment may be discredited, but certainly my honesty will be vindicated."

Insull had read this written speech without error and without pause, but upon finishing, he turned to his son and asked in a low voice: "Where in the hell did that statement come from?" His son told him that a brilliant publicist the firm had hired, Steve Hannagan, had written it. Hannagan, Insull was informed, would continue to direct the old man's public posture. Minutes later, federal agents seized Insull and he was led to a waiting car and taken to New Jersey (to prevent New York authorities from claiming the old man for charges pending there, it was later alleged). In New Jersey, Insull was put aboard a westbound train to Chicago.

Publicist Hannagan became Insull's adviser once the old man arrived in Chicago, insisting that he not pay the $200,000 bail demanded, which his family and friends could have easily raised, but instead spend time in the Cook County Jail. Insull meekly agreed to follow the publicity plan to earn sympathy from the public. He was photographed while being booked as a common felon. Photographers delighted in taking his picture as he stood, small and ancient, in his cell, no longer the decisive tycoon. After a few days of subjecting Insull to these indignities, Hannagan decided that the old man had gleaned enough pity. The bail, then reduced, was paid, and the old man moved into a $4-a-day room at the less-than-posh Seneca Hotel, although he could just as easily have moved into his son's Gold Coast apartment. Again, this was Hannagan's plan to glean more sympathy for Insull.

The Chicago press flooded readers with Insull's plight, describing how he had sold off his $9 million Hawthorn estate for a mere $780,000 while trying to shore up sagging stocks; he was portrayed as a heroic U.S. businessman risking his own fortune to save the stock of his "little man" investors. Chicagoans were also reminded that it was Insull who had built the Civic Opera House building.

Insull awaiting trial for fraud, October 1934; he was acquitted, but his reputation was ruined.

All of this, of course, stemmed from the fertile brain of publicity wizard Hannagan, who made sure that Insull was followed about Chicago while awaiting trial, shown entering movie theaters like any common man and pictured giving up his seat to a woman on a streetcar. He was even photographed smelling flowers he bought from a street vendor, ostensibly spending his last dollar.

The public attitude toward Insull began to radically change. The "man in the street," even those who had lost their life savings in his stock purchases, began to express sympathy for the "hounded" old man. But there were others, hundreds, who sent anonymous letters to authorities and to the Insull family, threatening to shoot, stab, or bomb the Insulls out of existence. With that, the old man was guarded twenty-four hours a day by dozens of hired men. He moved to better quarters and traveled to and from court in a bullet-proof limousine.

On October 2, 1934, Insull went on trial before federal judge James H. Wilkerson for using the mail to defraud in the sale of stock of the Corporation Securities Company of Chicago. His lawyer, Floyd Thompson, a one-time judge, shrewdly placed his client on the stand immediately and asked him to tell his rags-to-riches story and of his close relationship with Thomas Edison, who was an American institution. The saga so enthralled Judge Wilkerson that by the time prosecutor Dwight H. Green objected, the judge overruled him. Day after day, Insull continued his charismatic tale, winning the judge and jury. On November 24, 1934, he was acquitted. But who got the money? Answered Thompson: "Old Man Depression." The spendthrift era of the 1920s was blamed for the loss of countless millions, not Samuel Insull.

Immediate accusations were made that the jury had been bribed. The press at large felt that the old man had glibly talked himself out of a conviction. Columnist Franklin P. Adams wrote: "The public is a masochist at heart, and not only likes to be cheated, but has admiration for those who deceive and defraud it." The *Nation* was even more adamant in its belief that Insull was guilty as charged, stating that the acquittal "illustrates once more the difficulty of sending a rich man to jail, no matter how flagrant his crime." Two more trials awaited Insull. He faced charges of embezzlement, along with his brother, Martin, on March 12, 1935, and on June 11, 1935, with his son, to face charges of illegally transferring funds before declaring bankruptcy in one of their companies.

The scattered debris of the Insull paper empire was so vast, so complicated, that the government could find no concrete evidence that Insull or his brother and son had indeed embezzled or hidden funds. Hundreds of his minions had handled the actual transference of money into stock purchases in a web of accounting so intricate that the best government experts were nonplused to figure out the system. The same held true for the mail fraud charges, and finally the old man, by then a wreck, was set free. He sailed back to Paris to live out his days and, on July 16, 1938, at seventy-nine, died in a Paris subway of a heart attack. He left an estate of less than $1,000 to his wife Gladys, an 1890s actress, and more than $14 million in personal debts. At the moment of Samuel Insull's death, he was wearing monogrammed underwear and had 854 in his pockets.

"I DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE"/1937

Richard Whitney (1889-1974) was no grassroots hustler. He was deeply rooted in the American past, and he looked like it, a tall, ruddy-faced (thanks to his fondness for bonded whiskey), lantern-jawed man who dressed and spoke impeccably, a man of wealth and tradition who was thought to be the very image of America's super rich and super intelligent businessman. In reality, he was, after two decades of the most horrendous frauds and swindles, discovered to be as crooked as the cheapest mugger absconding with a bag lady's purse. Yet even when he went behind bars he insisted upon the courtesies extended to any high-born gentleman.

Whitney's ancestors were easily traced back to Plymouth Rock, coming from England on the *Arabelle* in 1630, ten years after the arrival of the *Mayflower.* Born in 1889, the son of a Boston banker, Whitney attended Groton, an exclusive boy's preparatory school, where he established himself as a resolute leader, becoming captain of the football and baseball teams. At Harvard, where he became an important man on campus, he was an oarsman helping to triumph over other ivy-league boat racers in 1909. He exemplified the well-dressed, well-groomed, well-educated Bostonian, who could be counted on to become a captain of finance. His brother George, who attended the same schools, however, was nothing like his outgoing, limelight-loving brother. George Whitney was a serious and stellar student, who spent his time in the library and not on the gridiron or pursuing popular college activities. George Whitney would die a multi-millionaire partner in the omnipotent firm of J.P. Morgan, while his dashing and suave brother would end up struggling to pay his laundry bills.

At twenty-seven, Richard Whitney decided to marry well, wedding Mrs. Gertrude Sheldon Sands in 1916. She was a widow of one of the Vanderbilts. Also in that year, Richard placed himself on the New York Stock Exchange, buying a seat with money loaned to him by a relative. Through his father-in-law, George Sheldon, who was head of the Union League Club and treasurer of the Republican National Committee, Whitney came to meet what few members of New York's 400 he had not already met through his own family connections. These members of the social elite would not only be-

come well-paying customers paying staggering commissions, but, later on, individuals from whom Richard Whitney would borrow hundreds of thousands of dollars.

As a broker, Whitney soon earned a reputation as a hard-driving, keen-minded businessman of short words and an occasional acid tongue which could whiplash any subordinate into frenzied duties. He was equally short with his peers, who respected but never as a whole liked the man. He was a good organizer, so good that he was soon a member of the governing committee at the exchange, becoming its chairman. He sat in judgment of members accused of misconduct, an ironic role considering Whitney's later transgressions. Whitney's rise was meteoric at the exchange. He was 39-years-old in 1928, when he was elected vice-president and forty-one in 1930, when he became the exchange's president, the youngest man to hold that post in the history of the securities exchange.

In addition to the prestige these Olympian positions brought Whitney, he became *the* Morgan broker. Orders placed by J.P. Morgan and Company earned Whitney more than $50,000 in commissions alone from this account each year. (The Morgan orders actually came through Whitney's brother George, who was a high-ranking company official and later a Morgan partner.) Yet these handsome profits proved to be inadequate for Whitney, whose tastes ran to the sublimely expensive.

Whitney and his wife maintained a 495-acre estate at Far Hills, New Jersey, and a Manhattan townhouse. He owned a fleet of eight expensive cars and a yacht. An army of servants slaved to meet his needs—butlers, maids, cooks, and at the country estate gardeners, herdsmen for his dogs and foxes (he rode with the hounds regularly), and jockeys for his private stable of horses, which cost him thousands each month. His wardrobe was vast with over fifty newly tailored suits hanging in his closets. His wine cellar was always stocked with magnums of champagne and vintage imported wines. He also maintained elegant, fifteen-room offices on Broad Street.

All of these enormous costs caused Richard Whitney to look about frantically for capital. He began borrowing from his brother George during the mid-1920s, as much as $575,000 to purchase fertilizer and mineral stocks, which proved worthless. The man who was thought to be the most astute securities analyst in the country knew nothing about stocks and repeatedly plunged into foolhardy, even bizarre investments that spiraled his debts into the millions. Whitney used as collateral more than $100,000 in stocks, which belonged to the account of his dead father-in-law to cover one loan from the Corn Exchange Bank, where he was director and later president, the first of his criminal acts of embezzlement and fraud.

He continued plunging in useless stocks for which he became the chief purchaser and using securities and stocks of others he was holding as collateral for loans that soared into the millions, loans so large that he could not even afford to pay the interest on them, a maddening, round-robin routine that would have caused any normal man to crack, but Richard Whitney was a nerveless type and raced forward in his wild schemes, confident that he would eventually make a killing that would pay off all his debts. A great deal of his courage undoubtedly stemmed from his knowledge that his brother George was always available for a vital bailout.

For a brief moment in the Great Crash of 1929, this misfit of finance became a hero in the eyes of the world. On October 24, 1929, Black Thursday, when stocks were crashing downward across the board, Whitney, who was then vice-president of the exchange and the ranking officer present (with exchange president Edward H. H. Simon in Europe) went to the rescue of the market. Actually, he had been selected to represent J. P. Morgan and Company and the pool of great investors Morgan had gathered to shore up the sinking stock market.

As panic gripped the floor of the exchange and brokers burst blood vessels in desperation to sell off stock, Whitney, calm and stoic, appeared at 1:30 p.m. The hundreds of fear-frenzied men on the floor became, in the instant of his appearance, a stone-silent crowd, staring at him as he moved resolutely to Post Two. He said in a loud clear voice which he obviously intended the entire floor to hear, (directing his question to Oliver Bridgeman): "What was the last bid you received for Steel?"

"One-ninety-five," replied Bridgeman.

In an even louder voice, like that of a rescuing god, Richard Whitney boomed: "Ten thousand at two hundred and five!" This was ten points above the last bid and the price of the last sale. In that second, Whitney had tossed more than $2 million of the Morgan pool into the market to stem the downward tide. The act was electric and caused the brokers to shout out roaring cheers. Whitney, the hero of the hour, his finest moment in life, in fact, then marched like an avenging angel against fear and panic, to several more posts placing upward of $30 million in purchase orders of fifteen or twenty important stocks in blocks of 10,000 shares.

As the Morgan people estimated, the clear movement by their moneyed clan to back up the market caused a brisk rally that sent the stock market upward again, dizzily so. But the downward trend had been gnawing away at the underpinnings of the synthetic market for many months, and the move by Whitney, representing Morgan and his people, really came too late. The selling panic resumed the next day and the following week, on Black Tuesday, October 29, 1929, the market all but collapsed. The pandemonium was ear-shattering as supposedly solid stocks fell $40, $50, even $60 a share, more than sixteen million shares being sold. It was, as the New York *World* termed it, "a financial nightmare, comparable to nothing ever before experienced in Wall Street."

Bedlam ruled the exchange floor that day. Said one stock exchange guard who witnessed the financial collapse: "They [the brokers] roared like a lot of lions and tigers. They hollered and screamed, they clawed at one another's collars. It was

Opposite page: Nervous investors gather on Wall Street after seeing stocks plummet in 1929.

like a bunch of crazy men. Every once in a while, when Radio or Steel or Auburn would take another tumble, you'd see some poor devil collapse and fall to the floor."

Whitney did not appear on the floor that fatal day. He had made his bold play the week before and Morgan's people, seeing that their millions had not stemmed the tide, refused to pour more millions down the drain. Whitney and other high-ranking exchange members sat in a smoking room beneath the floor puffing on cigarettes, helpless. Whitney later remembered how the "panic was raging overhead on the floor. Every few minutes the latest prices were announced, with quotations moving swiftly and irresistibly downward. The feeling of those present was revealed by their habit of continually lighting cigarettes, taking a puff or two, putting them out and lighting a new one, a practice that soon made the narrow room blue with smoke and extremely stuffy."

Richard Whitney in 1929; he attempted to rescue the failing stock market on behalf of Morgan's "pool."

When many of his ruined peers later blew out their brains or stuffed their heads into gas stoves or leaped from high office windows, Whitney merely shrugged. He would survive and did, but his methods had nothing to do with the business practices his exchange committee insisted be followed. In Summer 1930, Whitney was given charge of the New York Yacht Club's securities, worth more than $100,000; he was then president of the club. Whitney, instead of locking these in his vault, used them to negotiate personal loans at thirteen separate banks. Moreover, he walked into the Corn Exchange Bank, where he was a director, and demanded and got, without any securities, another $300,000 loan. When another nervous director asked timidly what the dynamic stock exchange president (he would serve four terms in that lofty office) was putting up as collateral, Whitney replied archly with his favorite line: "I am taking the loan on my face."

By 1934, Whitney's incredible loans, which totaled in the millions, cost him $250,000 a year in interest, and to cover this, he took out more loans using as collateral more securities belonging to others and entrusted to his care. He shamelessly borrowed $2 million from his brother George, but this gave him only momentary relief from his debts. (George Whitney was never repaid for the many enormous loans made to his brother, and these amounts later became nothing more than very costly gifts.)

When Prohibition was repealed, Whitney thought that the shrewdest investment he could make would be to buy the controlling stock in Distilled Liquors Corporation, which was about to turn out millions of gallons of alcoholic applejack. First he bought 15,000 shares at $15 each and was pleased to see the stock shoot to $45. He did not, however, sell out and take his handsome profits, which would have helped to set his ledgers right. He stayed with the stock, which began to plunge when consumers opted for beer and wine and hard liquor. Still, he continued to buy more and more of DLC stock, pouring hundreds of thousands of dollars into the losing proposition, good money after bad, again and again. He took out more loans, borrowed more money. He never had enough.

In 1937, another windfall presented itself to the drowning broker. The stock exchange entrusted to his care its Gratuity Fund of more than $2 million in cash and bonds, sums taxed from exchange members and intended for widows and orphans of deceased members. Whitney promptly used the bonds as collateral for new loans and used the cash to pay off interest on old loans.

At a meeting of trustees for the fund, it was voted that $175,000 in bonds be sold and that these bonds be turned back by Whitney. He was asked politely five times by George W. Lutes, clerk of the trustees group, to return the bonds for sale, but Whitney stalled him. Finally the trustees gave Whitney a deadline to return the bonds.

The casual broker was unruffled. He went to millionaire Bernard Smith, a powerful stockbroker he barely knew and boldly asked Smith to loan him $250,000.

"On what collateral?" asked Smith.

"On my face," replied Whitney with his favorite line.

"I don't like your face," snorted Smith and closed the discussion.

Whitney went back to brother George who, along with other Morgan partners, agreed to cover the losses to save the face of J.P. Morgan and Company. But the self-destructive, money-hungry Richard Whitney went on as before and within the next twelve months took out staggering loans that exceeded $27 million. There was really no hope of ever paying off the interest on this amount, let alone the principal. Finally, after being compelled to submit to the exchange a routine financial statement, it was obvious to executive board members that Whitney's firm existed only on paper and had been gutted by its director. He was asked to withdraw from the exchange, despite pleas he made to Averell Harriman, a partner in Brown Brothers, Harriman and Company, to bail him out.

Brother George could no longer help. Other Morgan partners felt that they could no longer spend millions to support Richard Whitney's wastrel ways. When the broker's firm was removed from the exchange, it became apparent that he had

Richard Whitney testifying; he was tried and convicted of embezzling his investors' funds and was sent to Sing Sing.

at least mismanaged funds, and this brought about an investigation into his incredible affairs by New York's energetic District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey.

All of Whitney's many years of fraud were slowly revealed, and he was arrested and charged with embezzling his father-in-law's estate. His trial was brief and he was quickly convicted, sentenced to five years in Sing Sing. When Richard Whitney went to prison, his conduct was as formal as if he were entering one of his private clubs. He was more than $6 million in personal debt, not including the almost $3 million his brother had given him. His townhouse and country estates, his horses, cars, and even his wardrobe had been sold to pay creditors.

Yet the stolid, gray-faced man insisted upon personal dignity and was strangely accorded high respect by fellow convicts in Sing Sing. They tipped their hats to him, as did the guards. When he first arrived in prison, a turnkey stated: "All men who came in Saturday and Mr. Whitney please step out of their cells." He was addressed as "Mr. Whitney" by convicts and guards alike through his three-year stay at Sing Sing, being paroled in 1941.

The fact that Whitney had stolen millions and had only received a minimum five-year sentence rankled many citizens, and, in particular, a St. Louis judge. The judge was to sentence a youth who had stolen $2 from a gas station. One report stated: "Taking pencil and paper, he made elaborate computations and then announced his decision. 'Richard Whitney got five years for stealing $225,000,' he said. 'That would be $45,000 a year, $120 a day, $5 an hour. You stole $2. That would be twenty-four minutes and that is your sentence!'"

When Whitney emerged from prison, he returned to his heavily mortgaged estate and his wife Gertrude. His brother George saw to it that Richard could live out his life in the comfort to which he was accustomed, irrespective of the blatant corruption with which he had stained the Whitney name. On December 5, 1974, Richard Whitney died in comfort at the age of eighty-six. Whitney is not remembered with ill will by members of the New York Stock Exchange. He is not remembered at all. In the elegant Board of Governors room at the exchange hang huge oil paintings of past presidents of the exchange, all except one—Richard Whitney.

"THE ARMORED TRUCK IS ON THE WAY"/ 1951-1955

Patrick Henry Lennon (AKA: Packy; Harry Hoffman) headed a confidence ring in Manhattan as early as 1926. Lennon's cohorts included Leo F. Hampton, Harold P. Odom, and George V. Arlen. They specialized in large-scale stock frauds, and their schemes were so notorious that in 1930 the New York *Evening Journal* published Lennon's photo with the caption: "Don't let him sell you any stock." Lennon earned this notoriety for his fraudulent manipulation of InterCity Radio and Telegraph Corporation stock.

Lennon's primary victim in the InterCity swindle was Rochester, New York, industrialist Augustine Joseph Cunningham, who, over a three-year period, invested more than $100,000 before the stock proved worthless in 1929. Lennon and other members of his ring served prison terms for the InterCity fraud, but that did not obscure the fact that Cunningham had been a remarkably gullible target. He had inherited most of his fortune from his grandfather, James Cunningham, who had been successful in the manufacture of horse carriages. After the turn of the century, his firm, James Cunningham Son & Company, moved into automobile manufacturing; during World War II, it produced tanks and planes.

Apparently Lennon and his gang spent some of their long hours in prison thinking up new ways to tap the remainder of A.J. Cunningham's sizable reserves because in 1951 they approached him again. In February of that year, a member of Lennon's gang showed up at Cunningham's home in Rochester, claiming to be a friend of a Harry Hoffman, who had also supposedly suffered tremendous losses when InterCity failed in 1929.

The advance man told Cunningham that he had learned that InterCity's head, Dr. Randolph Parker, had died and had bequeathed his patents to InterCity's three largest investors, Cunningham, Hoffman, and J. Driscoll. Cunningham's visitor let him look at the purported will, then explained that the patents in which he now shared a 33 percent interest had become quite valuable. The motion picture industry was a primary user of the patented items, and several Hollywood tycoons, who had been infringing on them wanted to settle out of court to avoid bad publicity.

The advance man claimed that the expected settlement would be in the neighborhood of $60 million. Cunningham wanted more details, so the con man promised to get back to him shortly. Several days later, he returned with Lennon,

masquerading as Hoffman. The twenty-one years that had passed since Cunningham's last contact with Lennon had apparently erased all memory of the man who had swindled him out of $100,000.

Cunningham not only failed to recognize Lennon, but he took an immediate liking to him and joined him in commiserating over their losses in the 1929 debacle. Cunningham's secretiveness cinched Lennon's hold on him. Feeling that this "windfall" concerned no one else, Cunningham had not contacted either his attorney or his banker to investigate the bogus Parker legacy. Even the most superficial probe would have revealed that neither Parker, Hoffman, Driscoll, or the will ever existed.

With Cunningham solidly in his grasp, Lennon laid out the rest of the con. He explained that there might be some snags before they could collect their millions. Other investors in the InterCity deal would be likely to file claims and would have to be paid off before the money could be disbursed. Cunningham agreed to pay his share of these claims as they arose.

Two months after their conversation, Lennon called to say that an InterCity investor had surfaced and was demanding a settlement of $3,200. When Cunningham sent off a check for his share in the amount, $1,600, he doubtless did not suspect that he would write eighty-three more checks before the con was discovered. As soon as Cunningham had been tapped the first time, a regular courier service between Rochester and Manhattan was established. Various Lennon cohorts, including George Arlen and Harold Odom, took turns picking up the "settlement" checks that Lennon directed Cunningham to write. Gradually the payments increased. Lennon explained that Hollywood lawyers were intentionally holding up settlement of the case and would have to be paid off to get them out of the way. When Cunningham had paid out $50,000, he began to resist any further outlay of cash, so Lennon contrived a meeting between Cunningham and Driscoll, the mysterious third legatee named in Parker's will.

Cunningham apparently was not suspicious about the fact that Lennon happened to be in town from Oklahoma. He agreed to go with Lennon to the Fifth Avenue Hotel to meet Driscoll, who was played by another con man by the name of Knowles. Before Cunningham could begin to complain about his outlay of cash, Driscoll bitterly decried the "holdup artists" in Hollywood to whom he claimed he had already paid several hundred thousand dollars. The meeting ended with all three of the participants writing out more checks to pay off the Hollywood hucksters. Of course, only Cunningham's check was genuine.

Over the next year, Lennon bilked Cunningham out of approximately $50,000 by promising that a partial payment of at least $2 million was right around the corner. When the $2 million did not appear, Lennon claimed it was because Driscoll had been killed in an automobile accident and his widow was demanding immediate payment. Cunningham responded as requested by writing out a check for $15,000.

Stock swindler Patrick "Packy" Lennon, who bilked the same millionaire twice.

Next Lennon sent con man Leo Hampton to see Cunningham. Hampton, claiming to have purchased an interest in Hoffman's share, got away with another $35,000 of Cunningham's money. Throughout 1953, Lennon took Cunningham for another $200,000. By the time the Cunningham well began to dry up, even the couriers who took Cunningham's money from Rochester to New York City had begun to bilk him on their own.

Early in 1954, Lennon informed Cunningham that he would be on the road typing up loose ends, and that the paperwork on the deal would now be handled by a William Ryan. Ryan was actually Harold Odom, another of Lennon's accomplished con artists. Odom continued to get more money out of Cunningham for the next few weeks. Finally, Lennon called to announce that the battle had finally been won, and that Cunningham's share, $28 million, was on its way to him in an armored truck. "The armored truck is on the way," promised Lennon. "Watch for it from your front window. It'll pull up into your driveway late this afternoon. We had to send extra guards, six of them, to carry all the money into your home." When the truck did not arrive as expected, Lennon called to say that it had been stopped by Canadian customs officials and the money impounded. Cunningham sent off yet another check for legal expenses to cover the fees of attorneys, who would bring about the release of the money shipment.

After another six months, Lennon asked Cunningham for another $30,000 to pay off a stubborn customs official. At first Cunningham would give Lennon only $600. When he agreed to get another $10,000, his bank refused the loan because they had already put up more than $325,000 for this highly secretive deal. Cunningham's bankers finally convinced him to have the affair investigated, and postal inspectors were soon on Lennon's trail. Between 1951 and 1955, Lennon and his crew had taken Cunningham for $423,771. They had also taken seven other wealthy men for another $300,000 during that same period.

Lennon, Odom, Arlen, and Hampton were arrested and brought to trial in 1956. All four were convicted. Lennon received five years, the longest sentence of the four. Before going behind bars, Packy Lennon told newsmen: "I couldn't help myself. Cunningham was the greatest sucker of a lifetime. He was a slot machine that paid off every time I pulled the lever."

FLYING DOWN TO RIO/1950s

Poor from his birth in Wilson, New York, on February 5, 1907, Lowell McAfee Birrell possessed a brilliant mind that saw him at the head of his class at Syracuse University and the University of Michigan Law School. He obtained his doctorate of law at the unheard of age of twenty-one, and went on to become the most successful lawyer at the esteemed firm of Cadwalader, Wickersham and Taft. During the 1930s, Birrell became one of New York's most celebrated lawyers and businessmen. After Prohibition's repeal, he put together a chain of small breweries into one firm, the Greater New York Breweries, and made a fortune. He appeared to have everything, lavish living quarters, a burgeoning bank account, and the high regard of his peers. Yet, lurking deep in Lowell Birrell was the desire to acquire more. His insatiable greed led him into white collar fraud on a giant scale.

Cecil B. Stewart, millionaire broker and insurance underwriter, thought he was about to die in 1944. Birrell, who had met Stewart at a social gathering, told him to consult one of his own doctors, who could "shrivel up" Stewart's cancer. Following some consultations, Stewart became convinced that Birrell's physician had eliminated the cancer and gratefully named Birrell as head of his many far-flung companies. A few months later, Stewart promptly died of cancer and Birrell went on a swindling rampage.

Using the sound Stewart companies as collateral, Birrell engineered huge loans to buy other firms and then gutted the coffers of those firms, later merging them with healthy companies to hide their hollow shells. Birrell created a fantastic corporate maze that utterly confounded investigators of the Securities and Exchange Commission. The corporate con man established interlocking directorates, foreign agents as company registrants, and these led to even more foreign agents who, in Birrell's name, set up anonymous bank accounts in foreign countries, all of them controlled by Birrell.

A typical Birrell operation was the acquisition of Swan-Finch Oil, a much-respected firm. After Birrell got control of this company he increased its shares from 43,000 to three million, moving its assets to other firms he directed that were about to collapse, thus shoring up his shaky empire. Birrell would boost his stock in the weaker companies by having agents buy up shares of these failing firms near the close of the day, creating a small upward trend the following day. When the stock of one of these empty firms rose to the breaking point, Birrell would quickly sell his stock, reap great profits, and leave his investors taking the loss. With his profits, Birrell lived like a rajah.

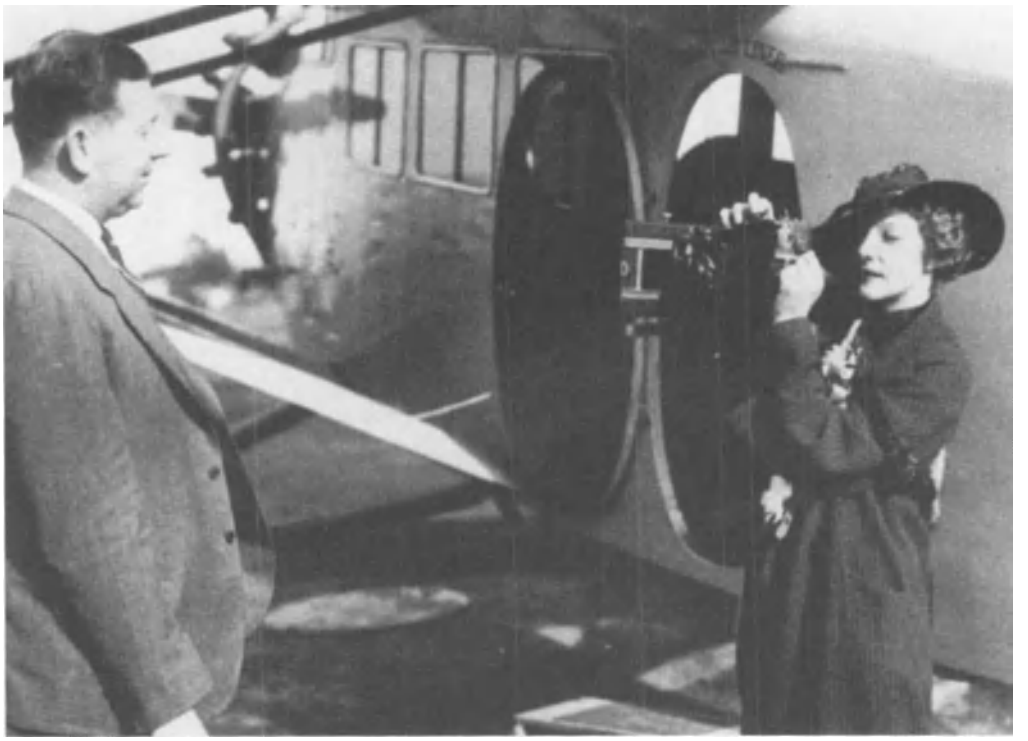
Birrell never seemed to sleep, giving round-the-clock parties on a lavish scale in his Manhattan apartment or at his palatial Bucks County, Pennsylvania, estate. The cream of New York society attended these extravagant fetes, including such fellow stock swindlers as Serge Rubinstein, who would be mysteriously murdered in his own posh Manhattan apartment in 1955. Birrell was also a notorious womanizer, patronizing attractive call girls, including the notorious Pat Ward, at $500 a night, this expensive flesh supplied by socialite whoremaster Mickey Jelke.

Birrell's illicit success attracted other slick sharpers to his side, including Virgil Dardi and Alexander Guterma who became directors of one of Birrell's once-healthy firms, United Dye and Chemical Corporation. They looted this firm on behalf of Birrell, and Dardi later went to jail for his illegal efforts. Birrell, however, always seemed to escape indictment since he made sure there was no direct trail of documents that would lead to him and provide evidence to convict him. He swaggered about New York nightclubs actually bragging that he was one of the most astute swindlers of his era. One evening a wealthy attorney meeting Birrell in a night spot informed him that he had just invested large sums in one of his firms. Birrell, tipsy on champagne, a blonde under each arm, laughed uproariously and boomed: "You put money into one of my companies? That was a mistake, sir! Nobody makes any money in any of my companies except me!"

Lowell McAfee Birrell fled to Rio de Janeiro to escape imprisonment for fraud, saying: "no one makes any money in my companies."

New York District Attorney Frank Hogan worked long years assembling enough evidence to convict the bold swindler, and Birrell finally received a subpoena to answer questions about one of his bogus firms in October 1957. He hurriedly packed $3 million in cash (out of the $14 million Hogan later estimated he looted from his firms) and fled to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, a country then having no extradition agreement with the U.S. Birrell's records were seized, such as they were, and government accountants spent years trying to figure them out. Meanwhile, the high-living Birrell basked in the warm sun of Rio from a mountaintop retreat, vowing never to return to the U.S. But, inexplicably, he returned in 1963 to face charges of swindling upward of $25 million from gullible investors.

Birrell was confident, however, that he would be exonerated, and his subsequent trial soon revealed why he had returned without fear of punishment for his flagrant acts. Judge Inzer B. Wyatt ruled that all the Birrell records that had been taken by government agents had been illegally seized and were therefore inadmissible. The original search warrant issued for these records was so ambiguous as to be meaningless in a court of law, according to Judge Wyatt, a conclusion Birrell's lawyers had already reached when they urged their client to return to the U.S. without fear of conviction.



Businessman turned hustler Virgil Dardi was ensnared in Birrell's schemes and went to jail; he is shown having his picture taken by movie star Elissa Landi in 1935.

Birrell associate Alexander Guterma, who went to prison for fraud.

Youthful swindler Earl Belle fled to Rio after scamming millions from investors.

Birrell smiled broadly through pudgy cheeks as he walked from court, exclaiming to reporters: "The Constitution still prevails!" But government agents did not give up on the swindler and continued their investigations, dragging Birrell through a seven-year nightmare of interrogations, depositions, and court appearances, until they had proved he had illegally used some stock certificates in obtaining a paltry $5,000 loan from the First National Bank of Cincinnati.

Convicted of stock fraud, Birrell was given a two-year sentence. His many appeals failed, including that with the U.S. Supreme Court, and Birrell went behind bars on January 11, 1972. It took fifteen years of dedicated work on the part of government officials, not to mention millions of dollars in costs, to finally take Lowell McAfee Birrell out of the American business community where he had wreaked financial havoc and wrecked the fortunes of countless investors.

Long before Birrell was brought to justice, one of his most influential associates, Alexander L. Guterma (1915-1977) was firmly embraced by the long arm of the law. Guterma was born on April 29, 1915, in Irkutsk, Russia. He illegally entered the United States via China in 1935. In 1951 he was president of the American Kenaf Corporation and gained public attention for selling $2 million of Kenaf fibers, a jute substitute, to the Commodity Credit Corporation.

In 1959, two years after Birrell had fled to Brazil, Guterma was found guilty of stock fraud and served five years in prison. In 1977, Guterma and five members of his family were killed when their private plane crashed in the Bronx. At one time, his multi-million-dollar empire included holdings in the United Hotels Corporation, F.L. Jacobs Company, the Western Financial Corporation, McGrath Securities, and the United Dye and Chemical Company.

Though Earl Belle (b.1932) never had any connections with Lowell Birrell, he was considered, like Birrell, a corporate genius and, also like Birrell, he collateralized huge bank loans with firms he later gutted. Also, like Birrell, he fled to Rio de Janeiro when authorities closed in on him. A native of Pittsburgh, Pa., the 26-year-old, baby-faced Belle was considered at one time the boy wonder of high finance. After establishing his Cornucopia Gold Mines company, Belle's profits soared out of sight, and he was briefly hailed as one of the most brilliant young businessmen in America.

Interviewed by Mike Wallace, Belle spewed forth a credo worthy of Horatio Alger: "If you claw your way up to success, you never have to ask anyone for anything," he said. Belle's clawing, it was later revealed, consisted of taking out one enormous bank loan after

another, the last to cover the first and so on, and then, with the participation of a partner, draining the assets of the company. With more than $2 million thus stolen from his own firms, Earl Belle, wizard of American finance, then beat a hasty departure for Rio de Janeiro, Brazil in 1958, only one year after Lowell Birrell had fled to that non-extraditable country.

There Belle resided, successfully resisting all attempts at extradition. Belle later confessed from his posh living quarters in Rio that the records of his firm, Cornucopia Gold Mines, were "falsified and quite incomplete." He added that he was "deeply sorry for all the people who have been misled and all the wrongs done." When asked whether or not he deserved to be punished for his swindle, Belle shrugged, smiled and said: "I imagine a permanent exile is punishment enough."

THE COMMODITIES CON ARTISTS/ 1950s-1970s

During the 1960s and 1970s, two brazen swindlers made millions by collateralizing vast commodity holdings in exchange for huge loans and government subsidies, holdings that existed for the most part only on paper. The first of these two strutting grifters was Anthony "Tino" DeAngelis. In a colossal fraud dealing with salad oil tanks, DeAngelis was able to bilk banks and investors out of $219 million. DeAngelis claimed to have many salad oil tanks throughout the U.S. containing vast amounts of oil. His tanks, however, had false or hollow bottoms with only a portion of the tank filled with salad oil. Suspicious officials not taken in by this ruse were bribed into giving DeAngelis phony receipts showing full tanks.

Anthony DeAngelis, who perpetrated the Great Salad Oil Swindle.

The swindler then used these receipts to borrow millions of dollars which he used in an attempt to corner the cottonseed and soybean markets on the commodities exchange, thinking that once he had made his "killing," he would convert the hollow salad oil tanks to full capacity. His fake receipts, however, were scrutinized by officials who examined the tanks and discovered the truth. DeAngelis was charged with fraud in 1965, convicted, and given a twenty-year prison sentence. All but $1 million from the so-called Great Salad Oil Swindle was recovered.

Billie Sol Estes (b.1925), used the same techniques as DeAngelis in his broad-based frauds, but his swindles were much more ambitious and far-reaching than those of DeAngelis. By his own admission, Estes was able to conduct his multi-million-dollar swindles with the collusion of high-ranking politicians and that one of his secret partners could be found in the Oval Office in Washington, D.C. The crooked machinations of Billie Sol Estes were performed in the garb of a checked suit, ten-gallon hat, and ornate cowboy boots coated with fertilizer.

Estes was the first, but certainly not the last, of the "good old boys" from Texas who managed to build a huge fortune based upon the gullibility of finance firms, government allotments, and high-level contacts within the federal government. Before he was thirty, Estes, the son of a country preacher from Clyde, Texas, was named by the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce as one of America's ten outstanding young men of the year. In accepting his award, Estes told one and all that the reason for his success was good living. He explained that he did not drink, smoke, or dance and that, most importantly, he followed the dictates of the Lord.

But the dictates Estes truly followed were his own inner voices of deceit and greed. He had, in the late 1950s, acquired thousands of acres of land in and about Pecos, Texas, calling himself a cotton farmer. He *appeared* to be as rich as the oil barons of his native state. He shared his wealth, spending freely, giving lavish gifts to local bigwigs, and contributing mightily to the political campaigns of those who might someday overlook the rough corners of his landed empire. This included Senator Ralph Yarborough and Congressman J.T. Rutherford, who represented the Pecos area.

When John Fitzgerald Kennedy became president, Estes, who thought of himself as a pioneer, moved in on the New Frontier. He purchased $6,000 worth of tickets, at $100 a ticket, to the presidential birthday party celebrating the New Frontier in 1962 and made a beeline for Washington. His aim, really, was not the office of the presidency, but the Department of Agriculture, which, through clever manipulation of crop allotments and a few gifts to officials, he had managed to con into naming him as a board member to the National Cotton Advisory Committee, although he had little or no cotton.

What Estes did have was a monopoly on grain storage. He had bought up a great number of grain storage elevators during the mid-1950s, on credit, of course, after realizing that the government paid handsome subsidies for grain storage. For three years alone, 1959-1961, he collected $8 million in storage payments from the federal government for storing more than fifty million bushels of grain. This lucrative enterprise did not appease the entrepreneur's greed, however, and he hit upon a scheme to further enrich himself, knowing that government subsidies in cotton were ridiculously high.

The government had set high prices for cotton allotments, but these allotments applied to only long-established cotton acreage. Estes' Texas land, however, was mostly barren of cotton; he had never grown the crop and was therefore not entitled to allotments. The Texas promoter decided that he would merely go out and buy land that did have allotments for cotton crops. This proved to be somewhat difficult, but Estes solved the problem or, to nervous government inspectors, appeared to have solved it. He and his agents roamed through Georgia, Alabama, Oklahoma, and Texas, locating farmers who were about to lose their lands to the government.

Texas commodities swindler Billie Sol Estes, handcuffed and in custody; he gleaned millions through bogus storage tanks.

The proposition was simple. Estes found more than 3,000 acres that had existing allotments, and went to the farmers about to lose this land. Under a special proviso, the government would allow the transferring of allotments by farmers who bought new land. They could transfer the cotton crop allotment to new tracts of land from old acreage having the existing allotment. Estes said that he would sell them *his* land so that the allotments could be transferred to that acreage.

Through his financial contact, he would arrange for mortgages to be taken out for them so that they could ostensibly acquire his property, but they would have to agree to default on the mortgage payments so that the Estes land would revert to its original owner, Estes, who would then have his original land *and* the federal allotments transferred to it. Of course, the Texas boy wonder paid the farmers under the table for their trouble.

The scheme worked well. Even though certain government officials in the Department of Agriculture going over these deals found them suspicious and wrote unflattering reports about Estes' methods—reports that were filed in the offices of Under-Secretary Murphy's minions—the under-secretary steadfastly approved of the allotments to Estes, saying that Estes was an upstanding citizen who was greatly helping the economy to flourish.

While the allotment scheme was flowering, Estes embarked on a new adventure in economic swindling, a strange and bizarre scheme dealing with simple fertilizer. Anhydrous ammonia, a liquid fertilizer which was easily applied to crops and proved to increase crop production almost overnight, was much in demand by farmers throughout Texas. Estes, knowing this, approached hundreds of farmers and offered to sell them the fertilizer at between $40 and $60 a ton, which was $50 less per ton than the going retail rate. They leaped at his purchase price which was, of course, designed to corner the anhydrous ammonia market. He would lose great sums, but in the end he would reap new fortunes when complete control of the product was his. He made up the losses through the income generated by his grain storage business.

There was one big problem—the fertilizer had to be stored in expensively manufactured tanks. Estes sold these tanks through a labyrinthine mortgage system to farmers and businessmen in West Texas, assuring them that he would take full responsibility for any problems with the tanks. The profits from such an investment, Estes demonstrated on paper, would be enormous. Thousands of mortgages were taken out for the tanks, and Estes took these to finance companies who bought them at a discount.

Estes' bank accounts swelled. He was suddenly the king of the grain storage business, reaping fortunes on cotton crop allotments, and had moved into the fertilizer business so successfully that he appeared to have gotten complete control of the market. Though there were murmurs about his odd techniques by bureaucrats in far-off Washington, Texas authorities greeted the success of their native son with backslapping pride.

Doubts about Estes did form in the minds of some local Pecos businessmen, who went to Oscar Griffin, the young editor of the tiny Pecos *Independent & Enterprise*. The newspaper editor listened to the suspicions cast upon Estes' methods and was astounded to learn that he had, within months, cornered the anhydrous ammonia market.

Griffin began a tedious investigation into Estes' fertilizer scheme, a probe that would later earn him a Pulitzer Prize. His research provided eye-popping figures. The Texas wonder boy had sold, through a series of involved mortgage arrangements, more than 33,000 storage tanks, which were listed as being located throughout West Texas. The editor, after consulting with fertilizer experts, quickly learned that such a vast number of tanks could not possibly dot the broad stretches of land around Pecos.

The large financial institutions in New York and Los Angeles, which had arranged for millions of dollars in mortgages for the 33,000 storage tanks were contacted, but representatives of these institutions were cautious. Estes was a V.I.P. client with powerful friends in Washington, D.C. His business involved vast amounts of money, and they did not intend to annoy the Texas genius. Investigators were sent out to make polite inquiries about the storage tanks.

Initially, investigators thought the whole procedure was senselessly repetitive. They had already checked a number of Estes' storage tanks, and had checked the serial numbers on the tanks built by the Superior Manufacturing Company of Amarillo, Texas. Dutifully, the investigators went about their work, going first to Estes' office where the affable tycoon went over lists of storage tanks and their locations and corresponding serial numbers. The investigators then drove to the sites, checked the serial numbers, and reported back to the home offices that everything was in order. One investigator, however, Frank Cain, a lawyer for the Pacific Finance Company in Los Angeles, which had invested heavily in buying up the storage tank mortgages, did not go to Estes' office first.

The lawyer, working out of Dallas, went to Pecos, Texas, unannounced and conducted a private investigation. He could not locate a single storage tank bearing the firm's corresponding serial numbers. Next, he went to Amarillo and inspected the premises of the Superior Manufacturing Company, which constructed the tanks. He learned that two of Estes' close friends operated this firm. Moreover, he quickly realized that this company could not have produced 33,000 storage tanks with its limited facilities. As it turned out, the firm had not manufactured more than a few hundred tanks.

What the Amarillo firm had produced was thousands of plates with serial numbers on them, more than 33,000, in fact. Normally, such plates were welded onto a tank, but those used by Estes were interchangeable, and could be slipped into brackets so that the switching of plates was a simple matter. And this is exactly what Estes had been doing. Whenever an investigator appeared, he would direct him to the location of a storage tank but send ahead of the investigator a crew of men who would switch the serial number plates so that they corresponded to those on the investigator's list. The system was so streamlined that Estes would supervise the operation via short-wave radios installed in his office and in the jeeps being driven by his plate-switching crews.

When the finance companies learned, to their great dismay, that they had been gulled in one of the oldest Peter-to-Paul scams, a full-scale state inquiry ensued. Those involved in Estes' storage tank scheme began to talk. J.S. Wheeler, who operated a Pecos fertilizing company, told Texas officials that he saw through the Estes scheme early on and had confronted Estes, who merely laughed and told him that the finance firms were easily hoodwinked. "They'll never catch up with you," Estes had chuckled. "These people are stupid."

It was all a clever game to Estes, who then went on to tell Wheeler how ranchers had employed the same technique in falsifying assets when getting huge loans on their ranches. They would merely put up their cattle as collateral, then drive the banker around and around on their vast tracts of land so that he could get a general count of the livestock available. The easily fooled banker would really be counting the same cattle over and over again, but from a different vantage point on the same ranch. "It's the same thing with the tanks," Estes told Wheeler reassuringly. "We'll starve them to death looking for equipment."

Cain's investigation proved out-and-out fraud; it was the end of the Texas Tycoon. Following the storage tank revela-

According to swindler Billie Sol Estes, Lyndon Johnson, shown with President John F. Kennedy, was behind Kennedy's assassination.

tions, the federal government inspected the allotments given Estes for his cotton lands. It was learned that Under-Secretary Murphy and other officials had visited Estes in Texas and had been taken to swanky stores, such as Neiman-Marcus, where expensive wardrobes and other items were bestowed upon them. Murphy and the others were asked to resign their posts, which they did. The cotton allotments were revoked.

Estes himself blithely faced prosecution, perhaps never believing until it was too late that he would actually be convicted for his schemes. His attitude did not change, even when Frank Cain first confronted him with the truth and told him: "You realize that you are subject to criminal penalties?"

At that moment, Estes shrugged and lamely admitted that the millions he had scammed through the storage tank scheme was "penitentiary money." Estes' unshakable belief in his own immunity seemed, at first, to be justified. Although a Texas court convicted him of fraud and sentenced him to eight years in prison, the U.S. Supreme Court overturned this ruling and sentence, stating that Estes' trial had been televised and, because of the press coverage, Estes had been denied due process of law.

Jubilant in this decision, Estes made plans to go back to his bilking operations, but was shocked to find himself again on trial, this time for mail fraud. A U.S. District Court found him guilty and he received a fifteen-year sentence. The Supreme Court did not overturn this conviction, and the swaggering Estes went to prison, his crazy dreams of empire shattering with the clank of his cell door.

Yet, for years thereafter in West Texas, the sharper was still held in high regard by some residents who thought of the Estes schemes as merely shrewd business moves. Of course these admirers lost no money in Estes' $22 million storage tank scam. Said one during the trial of the Texas wonder boy: "Hell, the man was only trying to make a living!"

Estes served six years on the mail fraud conviction, entering prison in 1965 and emerging in 1971. Promising to stick to the straight and narrow, Estes took a job as a truck dispatcher for a petroleum firm in Abilene, Texas, and regularly reported to his parole officer. He pointed out to his parole officer that he had learned his lesson and that nothing was then beneath him, including manual labor, where he "even washed trucks and fixed flats." To make a few extra dollars, Estes explained, he worked as a straw boss on his brother's cattle ranch.

But the habitual criminal in Billie Sol Estes was hard at work on yet another swindle. This time, Estes' scheme involved the purchasing and leasing of nonexistent steam-cleaning machines used to wash equipment in the oil fields. Knowing the hustler's old techniques of claiming equipment that did not exist, officials inspected the Estes operation and quickly proved fraud. This time, Estes was allowed to plead guilty to one charge only, tax evasion. He went back to prison in 1979 to serve a five-year term. Estes was released in 1983, and again he claimed that he would follow only the honest path and that his name would never again be involved with crime.

Yet the world heard from the hustler once more in the following year, when he came forward to clear up an old murder as a favor to a U.S. Marshal, Clint Peoples. Before entering prison in 1979, Estes had promised Peoples that he would solve the death of Henry Marshall, who was found shot and poisoned on his small West Texas ranch in 1961, and whose death had been originally labeled a suicide. Estes, in 1984, went before a grand jury and claimed that Marshall had gotten on to his cotton swindles and, as an official of the Department of Agriculture, was about to expose Estes' far-flung operations.

The hustler then met with Lyndon Baines Johnson, who was linked to Estes' cotton swindles along with some Johnson aides, according to Estes. Following a meeting, where Johnson concluded that Marshall would ruin them all, Estes claimed, the newly inaugurated vice president ordered Malcolm Wallace, a family friend (who had once been convicted of killing a man), to execute the troublesome Marshall, which he did. Estes went even further, stating that the ubiquitous Wallace was Johnson's lifetime "hitman," and who had disposed of several of Johnson's political enemies in the past, and that he occupied an unmarked office in the U.S. Department of Agriculture, a post secured for him by Johnson. It was from this office, Estes claimed, that Wallace obtained information about on-going investigations into the Johnson-Estes schemes and was thus in a position to obstruct or thwart them. Estes capped this fantastic tale by intimating that Wallace, a sharpshooter, was the actual shootist positioned behind the fence atop the grassy knoll, who fired the fatal bullet into President John F. Kennedy on November 22, 1963, a killing performed at the behest of the power-mad Lyndon Johnson. Most authorities utterly dismissed this Estes tale, although the grand jury Estes addressed on the matter, along with a judge hearing the old case, ordered that the Marshall death be changed in the records from a suicide to a homicide.

THE DRAGON LADY'S SCAM/1920s-1960s

Before her 1964 conviction on charges of bank embezzlement, Chang Hor-gee (whose Americanized name was Dorothy "Dolly" Gee, 1897-1978), was one of the most respected business figures in San Francisco's Chinatown. She was regarded as a shrewd executive who had gained control of the Bank of America's Chinatown branch. It was later estimated that she had embezzled $300,000 over five decades.

The eldest of nine children, Gee was the daughter of Charlie Gee, who had immigrated to San Francisco in 1901. Gee opened a shoe store in Chinatown, where he saved thousands of dollars sent to him by relatives overseas, who dreamed of coming to the U.S. In 1906, an earthquake destroyed the shoe store and forced Charlie Gee to move his business across the Bay into Oakland. Overcoming their prejudice against the Chinese, Charlie Gee convinced executives of the French-American Bank to allow him to deposit $1 million. He was given a job at the bank and hundreds of Chinese, unable to deal with the bank directly, gave him their money and he deposited the money at the bank in his account.

Only Gee could understand the calculations entered into his logbook in Chinese characters. With the workload becoming too much to handle, Gee brought his daughter into the business in 1914 and she recruited new depositors. By 1919,

Dolly Gee, who embezzled funds from the branch of the Bank of America she managed in San Francisco's Chinatown.

in control of nearly $2 million in accounts, Charlie Gee sailed to Hong Kong, where he opened the China Specie Bank, with branches in Canton and Shanghai. Returning to the U.S., he convinced many of his countrymen to allow him to deposit their money in his foreign banks.

In 1923, Charlie Gee's empire crumbled when the Hong Kong branch in China failed, a fact he did not know for three weeks since news traveled by steamship. During the interim, Gee sent an additional $80,000 in client money to the failed bank, money that was permanently lost. To avoid embarrassment, Charlie Gee began altering the books. He set up a fake account in San Francisco and embezzled money over a period of time to allay suspicions (or, at least, this is the story his daughter later promoted).

In 1927, the Bank of America absorbed the Chinatown Bank and two years later Dorothy Gee became its manager. Only then did she discover her father's crimes, or this is what she later claimed. "We talked all night," Dorothy Gee said. "The question for me was whether I would betray my father. But I couldn't go down and betray him. And once I made that decision I just stuck with him for more than thirty years."

Under her inspired leadership the Bank of America branch flourished. She lived ostentatiously, gambling at clubs and consuming large amounts of Scotch, which scandalized the traditionalists in the Chinese-American community. In 1962, six years after her father died, she remodeled the bank to resemble a Chinese pagoda, and during the dedication ceremonies she became a U.S. citizen.

Ready to retire in 1963, Dolly decided to confess. She told Bank of America president Rudolph Peterson the startling news of her fifty-year deception. On Christmas Eve, FBI agents arrested her. She was sentenced to five years at Terminal Island, but her sentence was later reduced to sixteen months. Following her brief incarceration Gee returned to Chinatown to live until her death in 1978.

Speculation continued long after her death about her hidden wealth. Some alleged that the Gees used the embezzled funds to finance a smuggling operation that brought Chinese immigrants into the U.S. Others maintained that the money was spent at the gaming tables in Las Vegas.

THE $10 MILLION COMPUTER BANK SCAM/ 1978

When Stanley Mark Rifkin (b.1946) arrived at the Metropolitan Correctional Center in San Diego, Calif., to await a decision on bail, many of the inmates who had eagerly anticipated his arrival were disappointed with the pudgy, balding, 32-year-old man who appeared. He did not suit the image of the criminal mastermind who stole $10.2 million from a major bank without being detected. But it was Rifkin, self-employed computer expert, who, in October 1978, convinced the wire transfer room of the Security Pacific National Bank of Los Angeles to transfer $10.2 million first to the Irving Trust Company in New York and from there to a Swiss bank.

Rifkin began planning his crime early in 1978, when he was first hired to work on Security Pacific's computers. While he was becoming a familiar face around the bank, Rifkin was also laying the groundwork for the theft. He approached Lou Stein, a reputable diamond dealer in Los Angeles, California, and claimed to represent a legitimate company named Coast Diamond Distributors. Stein placed Rifkin's order for millions of dollars in diamonds with Russalmaz, a Soviet diamond trading company with offices in Geneva. On October 14, a man calling himself Mr. Nelson contacted Russalmaz's office and confirmed that Stein was a representative of Coast Diamond and that the company had the financial resources to close the deal. A few days later, Nelson called to say that Stein would arrive in Geneva on October 26, to inspect the diamonds.

Stanley Mark Rifkin, who swindled millions in bank funds by computer.

The key to Rifkin's scheme was a small, but important flaw in the bank's operation. Security National, like most banks, used a nationwide electronic wire network operated by the Federal

Reserve Board to transfer funds to other banks in the U.S. and abroad. These transfers, which for Security Pacific averaged about $20 billion per week, were made from a special room on Level D of the bank, and required a special code that was changed daily. The limited access to the wire transfer room and the authorization code were, however, the only security measures protecting the vast sums of money. Trading on the fact that he was recognizable to bank employees, Rifkin gained access to the wire transfer room. Once inside, he simply memorized the code for the day which was, surprisingly, posted on the wall. Later that day, Rifkin called the transfer room and, using the fictitious name of Mike Hansen, whom he identified as being an employee of the bank's international division, requested that $10.2 million be transferred to an account at the Irving Trust Company of New York. The order, one of many that day, went through without question.

On October 26, as scheduled, a man who identified himself as Lou Stein showed up at Russalmaz in Geneva and spent the day selecting diamonds. The next day he returned with a man who has not been identified and agreed to pay $8.1 million for the 43,200 carats of diamonds. After these funds were paid, Rifkin either smuggled the diamonds back into the U.S. himself or had them brought in by courier. Five days after the robbery, Rifkin sold twelve diamonds to a Beverly Hills jeweler for $12,000. He next flew to Rochester, New York, to negotiate the sale of more of the diamonds. His intended buyer, however, tipped off the FBI, who trailed Rifkin to a friend's home. Agents arrested him on November 5, 1978. Rifkin surrendered easily, and gave the federal agents a suitcase containing $12,000 in cash and about forty packets of diamonds.

While Rifkin was waiting in jail for his attorneys to negotiate a bail somewhat lower than the $4 million originally ordered, one of the inmates encouraged him to pull off another robbery only this time to "do it right." The prisoner, who offered to help Rifkin convert the $50 million they intended to steal into drugs, was actually an informant working for the federal Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA). It seems the DEA wanted to get the informant released so he could infiltrate organized crime for them.

When the San Diego County district attorney's office refused to cooperate in his release, the DEA conceived of the plan to have the informant implicate Rifkin again, hoping the district attorney's office would be convinced of the informant's usefulness and willingness to cooperate by his work with Rifkin. The prisoner-informant succeeded in gaining Rifkin's ear. Once Rifkin was free on bail, the informant continued to advise Rifkin via phone calls and letters from prison as the Rifkin went about setting up the Union Bank of Los Angeles for a theft of $50 million using exactly the same method he used at Security Pacific.

On February 13, 1979, the FBI arrested Rifkin again. This time they also arrested an accomplice, Patricia Ferguson. Rifkin pleaded guilty to two counts of wire fraud. He was convicted and sentenced to eight years in prison, two years less than the maximum sentence. The judge declined Rifkin's request to be placed on probation, so he could teach bank officials how to prevent computer fraud. Ferguson was convicted of three conspiracy charges in June 1979. The only winner in the whole matter was the Security Pacific Bank. Although the theft had gone unnoticed by the bank until the FBI informed them of it, they recouped some $2 million in cash and were able to sell the diamonds for $13 million, resulting in a $5 million profit.

LEONA HELMSLEY: "WE DON'T PAY TAXES"/1980s

For much of the summer of 1989, Americans were fascinated by a rare glimpse inside the opulent lifestyle of hotel magnates Leona (b.1920) and Harry Helmsley (1910-1997) as the wealthy couple stood trial on fraud and tax evasion charges. Following their marriage in 1972, the Helmsleys, owners of thirty-three Manhattan properties and hundreds of other buildings spread across the five boroughs, bought a twenty-eight-room $11 million mansion in Greenwich, Connecticut, which they turned into a showplace. Leona also entertained lavishly at her Park Lane duplex.

Beside her ostentatious lifestyle, Leona Helmsley developed a reputation as an unbending taskmaster. To her former housekeeper, Elizabeth Baum, Helmsley once remarked, "We don't pay taxes; the little people pay taxes." On another occasion she complained to an employee that the telephone in her bedroom was ringing "ding-dick" instead of "ding dong." When he entered the bedroom to try to fix it, Leona flew into an uncontrollable rage and fired him for entering her private quarters.

In 1982, Helmsley's only child, Jay Panzirer, died of a heart attack in Florida at the age of 40. Helmsley had the coffin flown back to New York and then billed her daughter-in-law, Mimi, for shipping expenses. When Helmsley noticed the obituary in the New York *Times*, she became enraged with the paper for listing her son's age in the account, thus making her appear "old." New York mayor Edward Koch described her as the "wicked witch" of New York. Real estate mogul Donald Trump called Helmsley a "sick woman."

In 1989 the government filed federal tax fraud charges against the Helmsleys, charging them with evading $1.2 million in taxes between 1983 and 1985. The Helmsleys were big-time cheats, according to Internal Revenue Service agent John Dennehy, who exhibited a seven-by-ten foot chart in the courtroom of District Court Judge John M. Walker, Jr., depicting the extent of their deceptions. Virtually every household expense incurred at the luxurious Dunnellen Hall estate was charged to the nineteen separate companies that comprised the Helmsley hotel and real estate conglomerate.

A jade water buffalo valued at $210,000 was listed as a "rare and important Federal carved mahogany card table" to be placed in the Park Lane Hotel. The $130,000 indoor-outdoor stereo system installed at the Connecticut mansion became a security system for the Helmsley Building in Manhattan. In return, the companies received false tax deductions through their vice president and business manager Frank J. Turco (b.1943), of Lutz, Florida, who was fired by Helmsley in 1986. Turco agreed to a plea-bargaining arrangement with State Attorney General Robert Abrams, who promised him a sentence concurrent with a pending federal sentence. In return, he admitted on the witness stand that he helped his employers file false personal and corporate tax returns between 1982 and 1985.

The dominating, arrogant hotel tycoon, Leona Helmsley, who went to prison for tax fraud in 1989.

Attorney Gerald A. Feffer countered the prosecution's arguments by claiming that the Helmsleys were actually owed $681,000 in tax refunds for the period in question. His contention was based on two outside audits that reviewed the Helmsley partnership from 1983 to 1985, concluding that they had actually overpaid their taxes. U.S. Attorney James R. DeVita summoned forty-four witnesses, who testified to Helmsley's vindictiveness. Two liquor salesmen told how they were required to pay back $16,200 in their personal commissions or risk losing their account with the Harley-Helmsley hotel chain.

At one point during the trial, Judge Walker scolded Helmsley for her "arrogant belief that she was above the law." On August 30, 1989, a largely blue-collar jury found her guilty on thirty-three counts of tax and mail fraud and conspiracy to defraud the government. Also convicted were Frank Turco and another former executive, Joseph V. Licari (b.1936), chief financial officer of Helmsley Enterprises, Inc.

Helmsley was acquitted on one count of conspiracy to commit extortion and seven counts of mail fraud in connection with a scheme to defraud the stockholders in her Realesco Equities Corp. The verdict was announced in a packed, but quiet courtroom at the federal courthouse in Foley Square. Earlier, Harry Helmsley was declared unfit to stand trial by Judge Walker, who cited the defendant's frequent memory lapses and inability to reason.

Leona Helmsley was sentenced to serve four years in a federal prison and was assessed a $7.1 million fine by Judge Walker on December 12, 1989. In addition, Helmsley was required to complete 750 hours of community service at the Hale House in Harlem, a facility for infants born with a drug addiction. Before the judge passed sentence, Helmsley tearfully pleaded for mercy. Judge Walker was unmoved. He described her crimes as a product of "naked greed."

Joseph Licari was sentenced to thirty months in prison, three years of probation, and was fined $75,000. Frank Turco was ordered to serve twenty-four months in prison, three years of probation, and was fined $50,000. The message for would-be tax cheats, according to Judge Walker was clear, "If you do it and you're caught, you will go to prison."

Leona Helmsley suffered little from her tax transgressions. She served only eighteen months of her four-year prison sentence, and, when released, retreated back into her luxury and enormous wealth. Her real estate tycoon husband, Harry Helmsley, who was ruled mentally unfit to be tried along with his wife for tax fraud, died of pneumonia at age eighty-seven on January 4, 1997. Leona ordered the floodlights on the Empire State Building, then the crown jewel in the Helmsley holdings, dimmed in honor of her deceased spouse. She and her husband had been the landlords of more than 50,000 apartments and twenty-seven hotels across the country.

THE JUNK BOND KING/1980s

The 1980s, typified by Leona Helmsley, have been labeled an age of greed, an era in which colossal financial swindles occurred, although this period of time may have been no more greedy in nature than any other decade, particularly the 1990s, when greed became a virtue on Wall Street and at the stock market. It was just that more corporate and stock manipulating con artists were caught during the 1980s.

One of the biggest frauds of that era was Michael R. Milken (b.1947), a crafty financial operator who is credited with inventing the junk bond. Milken was a bond trader at Drexel Burnham Lambert, a New York securities house. His specialty was leveraging buyouts of financially solid companies and then quickly gutting them of their assets to glean a personal fortune. Invariably, stockholders and employees were left with the ruins.

The "junk bond" was a securities issue made by an industry giant with financial woes. If enough of these bonds were sold, it was thought, the firm could improve its financial standing with the new influx of money. Milken seized upon this shaky remedy to inflate the importance of small to mid-sized companies that, he argued, would become much more profitable if they received large amounts of cash through junk bond sales, money these firms could not otherwise borrow.

Michael Milken, the brazen millionaire inventor of the junk bond, is shown in 1989, when he was indicted for stock fraud; thousands lost their jobs in the foul dust of his wake.

By aiding small companies to sell off their debts to creditors, Milken ushered in the age of corporate raiding. Super-rich traders could buy a firm's debts, then use the stock leverage they gained to take over the firm. In some rare cases, this system actually led to newly-invigorated business. For the most part, the firms were abused, their profits scooped up, and no new financing provided. The firms died and thousands of workers were either laid off or fired.

Milken's personal fortune grew by enormous leaps. In one transaction alone, he was able to add $500 million to his coffers. In 1989, however, the Milken gravy train was derailed. In that year he was indicted on ninety-eight counts of securities violations and brought into federal court. Milken was implicated in the national Savings and Loan scandal. His records were subpoenaed by the Congressional House Banking Committee and he was linked to land deals involving the Lincoln Savings and Loan Association in Irvine, California, headed by Charles Keating, Jr., another high-flying financier, who later went to prison for fraud.

Though he denied any deliberate swindle, Milken, in 1990, pleaded guilty to six counts of "technical" violations. He was sentenced by Judge Kimba M. Wood to ten years in prison. Judge Wood later stated that she intended to have Milken's jail term to be less than half his sentenceC-five yearsC-with the assumption that he would qualify for parole much earlier than the sentence normally required. Judge Wood recommended Milken for just such a parole.

In early March 1991, Milken reported to the minimum-security Federal Correctional Institution at Pleasanton, California, becoming prisoner 16126-054. He was appointed camp tutor for inmates seeking high school equivalency diplomas. He busied himself by creating educational puzzles for the children of inmates, reorganizing the library, and laboring over legal briefs in which he sought to settle hundreds of millions of dollars in civil suits brought against him by irate investors who had lost everything in his leveraged buyout schemes.

The settlements and penalties were staggering. Milken reportedly repaid, or attempted to repay, approximately $900 million with Drexel Burnham Lambert adding another $300 million, and insurers another $100 million. Throughout this period, the federal government aggressively pursued other financial flimflammers such as Keating.

One of those brought to trial was Alan E. Rosenthal, a former colleague of Milken's. In June 1992, Milken was asked to testify against Rosenthal, who was charged with federal

Milken is shown upon his release from prison in January 1993, free to enjoy millions he looted.

conspiracy in New York. He did, although Securities and Exchange Commission officials believed that Milken's testimony did not strongly help the prosecution's case against Rosenthal. Two months later, on the strength of that testimony, Judge Wood commuted Milken's sentence.

In early January 1993, Milken was released from the Correctional Institution in Pleasanton and sent to a halfway house in Los Angeles. He had served less than two years in prison. A final portion of Milken's sentence was still to be served—1,800 hours of unspecified community service. The disbarred trader opted to teach mathematical skills to children in impoverished districts of Los Angeles, California.

To many of Milken's friends, the federal government had simply made the junk bond king a scapegoat. They pointed to Milken's "honor," in that part of his plea bargain with the government was that all charges against his brother, who also worked at Drexel Burnham Lambert, be dropped. Drexel itself was no more by the time Milken was released from prison, having gone out of business after paying out settlements.

Milken's lawyers also touted the swindler's generosity, stating that during his heyday in the 1980s he had lavished more than $360 million on various charities. Charity for Michael Milken, however, began at home. Though he was barred from securities trading for life, he left prison with a personal fortune of a half billion dollars. His probation ended on March 1, 1998. In spite of the fact that Milken was a convicted felon, some firms found his inflated reputation as a financial wizard appealing and hired him as a consultant. He appeared on network TV to talk about his prostate cancer and a career more cancerous than the illness that plagued him.

THE LINCOLN SAVINGS & LOAN SCANDAL/ 1980s

In the late 1980s, no one better symbolized the snatch-and-grab attitude of finance than Charles H. Keating, Jr. (b.1924). He came under immediate federal scrutiny when his financial institution, the Lincoln Savings and Loan of Irvine, California, utterly collapsed, leaving thousands of depositors destitute. Keating was the target of a federal civil suit involving violations of the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act (RICO). Keating, along with several of his top executives of American Continental Corp. was charged with purchasing the troubled savings and loan operation in Irvine so that he and his associates could channel its funds to themselves through "illegal, fraudulent and imprudent acts." Federal regulators who filed the suit charged that, in addition to the original charges, Keating and others had concealed illegal cash payments, forged documents and had made false and misleading statements to U.S. authorities.

Almost immediately after the suit was filed, it was revealed that Keating had made substantial contributions to the campaigns of five U.S. senators and that these men had apparently lobbied federal regulators not to pursue a close investigation of Lincoln Savings and Loan. The politicians included Dennis DeConcini and John McCain of Arizona, John Glenn of Ohio, Donald Riegle of Michigan, and Alan Cranston of California. Although all five would be cleared of any collusion, their association with the S&L scandal in which they were dubbed by the press as the "Keating Five," clouded their political futures.

In November 1989, Keating's woes escalated when dozens of federal agents swarmed into two luxury hotels he owned in Phoenix, ArizonaC-the centerpieces of his financial empireC-and seized them. Agents more or less told the world that Keating was through as a financial power in America, when they padlocked his offices and announced that he could no longer function as the president of the hotel management firm.

A week later a congressional committee looking into Lincoln's collapse, subpoenaed Keating to testify, but his response was less than rewarding. Taciturn and uncooperative, Keating took the Fifth Amendment, stating, "On the advice of counsel I respectfully exercise my constitutional prerogative and privilege and decline to answer questions here today." The ten-hour House Banking Committee session came to a dead-end.

Also testifying that day was Danny Wall, director of the federal Office of Thrift Supervision. He admitted that he and other federal regulators had made mistakes in not having pinpointed illegal activities at Lincoln earlier, but he blamed the institution's officers for having misled them with false statements. Wall then went on the attack, naming the "Keating Five" and stating that political pressure from these senators had not deterred the federal investigation of Lincoln. The hearing, however, had backfired somewhat against Wall and his colleagues, who became the investigative subject of the hearing rather than Keating and company, a twist of the screw turned by Keating himself.

Congressman Jim Leach of Iowa, an astute member of the Banking Committee, reviewed the labyrinthine case and con-

Swindler Charles Keating, who went to prison in 1992 for his illegal operations in the Lincoln Savings and Loan.

cluded that "Keating is at fault because he is a bank robber, but we in Washington made it, in part, a legal bank robbery." His reference was to the deregulation of savings and loans that allowed Keating and friends to play fast and loose with depositor monies.

Such apologia did not help Keating, who was indicted on charges of criminal fraud in Los Angeles on September 18, 1990. The magnitude of his fraud was emphasized by the amount of bail set for himC-$5 million. Indicted along with Keating were Judy Wischer, 42, one-time president of American Continental; Charles Ray Fidel, 32, former president of Lincoln; and Robin Scott Symes, 37, formerly chief executive officer of Lincoln. Reporters pointed out that all of Keating's co-defendants were a generation younger than he was, a symbol of the era of greed that permeated younger executives.

In November 1990, Keating's group seemed encouraged, when twenty-two of the forty-two charges against them were dropped as being "too vague." The trial nevertheless went forward in 1991 and it became evident that Keating and his henchmen were still struggling against serious charges. In addition to other violations, Keating was also charged with selling "junk bonds," high risk but potentially high yield securities, suggesting the possibility of enormous profits for investors, but keeping the profits himself.

Fireworks accompanied the first day of the trial on August 2, 1991. A Lincoln investor well over the age of 90 and standing under five feet, completely lost her control and began screaming at the six-foot-five-inch Keating. She grabbed the lapels of his imported suit and tugged at them, demanding he return her money. Bailiffs rushed forward to restrain the little woman, but before they did so, she punched Wischer's attorney, Abe Lowell, in the stomach.

Superior Court Judge Lance A. Ito, who was to preside at the notorious O.J. Simpson trial in 1994, stated that he was considering an order that everyone in the court from that point on be searched. Demonstrators outside the courtroom marched up and down with placards condemning Keating and shouting, "Mr. Cheating, where's our money?" and "pay it back, Charlie!"

Keating did not respond to the hecklers, maintaining his usual aloof posture. He also did not take the witness stand and the defense called no witnesses. The defense, quite simply, had little or no case and Keating was convicted on seventeen counts of fraud. In December 1991, Keating was again indicted and charged with conspiracy to operate an illegal financial scheme. Indicted with Keating were his son, Charles H. Keating III, 36; Wischer; Robert M. Wurzelbacher, 37; and Andrew F. Liggett, 34, all being former American Continental officers.

The second trial went to court in Tucson, Ariz. in March 1992. Again, Keating took the Fifth Amendment and again he was convicted. Before he was sentenced, the judge in this trial received 120 letters from people asking that the financial swindler receive clemency. One of those letters came from Mother Teresa, who praised Keating's generosity in supporting her charitable works in Calcutta, India.

Judge Ito was having none of it. On April 10, 1992, he sentenced the 68-year-old Keating to ten years in prison and fined him a quarter of a million dollars. Ito explained that he had meted out the maximum sentence to the colossal swindler because of the great number of victims involved in his gigantic frauds, pointing out that more than 17,000 persons had been left almost penniless after losing an estimated $250 million.

Keating went back to court one more time the following winter, when a federal jury in Los Angeles convicted him of seventy-three counts of racketeering, conspiracy, fraud, and transporting stolen property. His son was convicted of sixty-four counts. Keating spoke little to the press throughout his three trials and had less to say about his convictions. He consistently denied any wrongdoing. As far as he was concerned, federal regulators were all to blame in pursuing a personal vendetta against him, his family, and his associates.

One juror responded to this by saying, "I don't want to hurt his feelings, but we all felt that we would have liked to have one of those fake expanding noses that grows longer and longer. We just didn't think any of it [Keating's arguments] was valid."

THE ELUSIVE ROBERT LEE VESCO/1970s-1990s

The top financial swindler of modern times, Robert Lee Vesco (b.1935) masterminded insider trading and established a Wall Street stock empire in the 1970s, fleeing the U.S. after he was charged with embezzling more than $224 million from stockholders in November 1972. Vesco's ties extended from the

board rooms of corporate America to the Nixon White House. Even while in exile, this former "boy wonder" of international finance seemed to enjoy the protection of the government at the very highest level.

The son of a Detroit auto worker, Vesco dropped out of high school at sixteen to work as an apprentice in an auto body shop. Later in his career, while working as an automotive engineer, Vesco designed the one-piece aluminum grille, an innovation roundly criticized by consumers and insurance adjusters, because, according to its inventor: "You had to pull the whole damn thing out to put in a whole new one and it ran you three times as much money!"

In 1957, Vesco left Detroit to accept a position as an administrative assistant to a New York-based engineering and chemical company. Vesco gained a toehold in the investment world when he bought up two New Jersey manufacturing companies in the 1960s. By the middle of the decade, he had merged them into a major consortium known as International Controls Corporation (ICC). Vesco's October 1967 buy out of Fairfield Aviation was the first of many mergers and acquisitions that established ICC as a major player in world markets. Within three years, company profits climbed from $1.3 million to more than $100 million.

Robert Lee Vesco, who embezzled $224 million from investors in companies he managed; he fled from one country to another, until imprisoned for a scam in Cuba in 1996.

In 1971, Vesco assumed control of Investor's Overseas Services Ltd (IOSLtd), a Geneva-based international mutual fund empire headed up by the enigmatic Bernard Cornfield, himself a target of a Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) probe. Vesco's tactics also left him open to the scrutiny of the SEC. As early as 1971, White House counsel John Dean warned President Richard Nixon about the "potential embarrassment" it might cause the administration if the press were to make an issue about the fact that the president's nephew was employed by Vesco. Dean's concerns were not unfounded.

Vesco and two associates were jailed in Switzerland in 1971 on charges of misusing an IOS Ltd. shareholder's stock. At that time, Vesco's people contacted attorney Harry Sears, who was the New Jersey State Senate majority leader, and chairman of the local committee to reelect Richard Nixon. Sears then contacted Attorney General John Mitchell, who placed a discreet call to the U.S. Embassy in Berne, Switzerland. Further, Richard Vine of the diplomatic corps worked through a CIA operative in Berne, who negotiated with Swiss intelligence officers to do something on Vesco's behalf.

Vesco was released on a $125,000 bail and left Geneva the next day. The grateful Vesco paid Sears a $10,000 "legal fee," and then offered $500,000 in up-front money to Maurice H. Stans, the chief fundraiser for Nixon's 1972 reelection campaign. Stans accepted only $250,000, part of which went to the Watergate "plumbers" as payment for their covert raid on Democratic campaign headquarters in June 1972. Stans and Mitchell were indicted for their roles in the affair, but were acquitted in 1974.

Meanwhile, Vesco was facing more legal problems. In November 1972, the SEC charged him with embezzling $224 million in cash from the overseas mutual funds belonging to investors of IOS Ltd. On the heels of the SEC investigation, the U.S. Department of Justice indicted Vesco for making illegal campaign contributions to Stans and the Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon, on a charge of bribery in order to influence a favorable outcome of the government probe into his financial affairs. Facing the possibility of a lengthy jail sentence, Vesco fled the country. He settled in San Jose, Costa Rica, where he remained a fugitive from justice for the next five years, despite persistent State Department efforts to have him extradited.

A month before Vesco was scheduled to become eligible for citizenship, a Costa Rican national named Gerardo Wenceslao Villalobos positioned himself in front of the millionaire's posh suburban home and randomly fired a clip of bullets through the windows. "You do not pay taxes!" Villalobos screamed. "You are corrupting my country!" Vesco survived the attack, but a week later, on June 9, 1977, President Daniel Oduber Quiros ordered him to leave Costa Rica.

The fugitive financier headed for the Bahamas, where he was reportedly reunited with a vast, secret fortune estimated at $50 million he had secreted in Bahamian banks. Vesco remained in the Bahamas for five years, secretly traveling abroad to pursue other lucrative ventures, accruing another fortune through the illegal sale of international arms to third-world countries, especially Libya, a terrorist-sponsored nation headed by Muammar Qaddafi.

The pressure from U.S. officials against Bahamian authorities caused Vesco to move to Cuba, where, in 1982, he was protected by the Communist dictatorship of Fidel Castro, reportedly paying off Castro with millions for the state-sponsored sanctuary. Vesco continued to live in splendor, even in poverty-ridden Cuba. He and his Cuban-born wife, Lidia Alfonsa Lauger, lived in an elegantly furnished villa, maintaining a lavish yacht and a private airplane. Instead of living out his life in comfort, however, the fugitive could not resist the urge to swindle. With the help of some Cuban lab researchers, Vesco developed a drug called TX. He attempted to market the drug abroad, claiming that it would eliminate AIDS.

In May 1995, Vesco and his wife were arrested and charged with crimes against the Cuban state, specifically fraud and illicit economic activities. At his August 1996 trial, Vesco

gave a long and rambling account of his marketing activities involving TX, denying any guilt, as did his wife. Both were convicted on August 26, 1996. Vesco was sentenced to thirteen years in prison and his wife Lidia received a nine-year sentence.

THE ADM SCANDAL/1990s

In June 1995, Mark Whitacre, an executive at Archer Daniels Midland (ADM), became one of the most celebrated whistle-blowers in the U.S. by serving as an FBI mole, providing evidence that the agri-business giant firm practiced wholesale price-fixing. Whitacre later described Terrance Wilson, ADM's president of its corn-processing division, as saying: "The competitor is our friend, and the customer is our enemy."

The FBI was initially called by ADM CEO Dwayne Andreas to investigate the company on suspicion that a saboteur was contaminating batches of lysine, which was used in ADM's fermenting process. Lysine, a biochemical feed additive that saw enormous sales through Whitacre's management, took over more than half the world market. Whitacre, believing that the FBI might think he was part of that price-fixing, went to a Bureau agent and offered his services as an informer. He wore a wire and taped countless meetings in which price-fixing was a hallmark of conversation.

On June 27, 1995, the FBI raided ADM's Decatur, Illinois corporate offices and began to interview its top executives, including Whitacre, to make it appear that its mole was no different from the other executives and was also under investigation. Whitacre, against FBI advice, used an ADM attorney who reportedly discovered his undercover activities and exposed him to the ADM hierarchy two days later on June 29.

By 1996, the FBI had built a solid case against ADM, which had the previous year enjoyed $12.7 billion in sales. In a plea-bargaining agreement, ADM, on October 15, 1996, agreed to pay a $100 million fine, the largest ever on record, and an additional $90 million to settle civil suits. As part of the bargain and in exchange for immunity, ADM executives agreed to become witnesses against other firms under investigation for conspiring to rig prices with ADM in the $1.3 billion citric-acid market.

ADM had no problem in paying the fines from on-hand funds of $1.3 billion. Joel Klein, the acting Assistant Attorney General for antitrust, characterized ADM's flagrant price-fixing as "greed, simple greed [which] replaced any sense of corporate decency or integrity." Wall Street wallowed in that greed. At the news of the penalty, ADM's stock rose $1.13 per share to $21.75C-investors had anticipated a much greater fine and upon hearing that ADM would lose only $190 million, the avaricious bolted to buy and buy.

Still, the government was not done with ADM. On January 15, 1997, criminal conspiracy charges were brought against Michael Andreas, the heir-apparent to the CEO throne of ADM, and executives Terrance Wilson and the FBI's own informant, Mark Whitacre. James Griffin, heading the Chicago office of the Department of Justice's antitrust division, described the defendants and their competitors as "people who are supposed to be competing with each other ... They're sitting there divvying up the market. They're sitting there fixing prices. It happens so matter-of-factly."

Michael Andreas leaves a Chicago courtroom on September 17, 1998, after he was convicted of price fixing, along with two other executives of ADM (Archer Daniels Midland).

By the time of this trial, Whitacre had been convicted of embezzling millions of dollars from ADM, and was already serving a nine-year prison sentence. Whitacre, who had at one time after being exposed as an FBI mole attempted to commit suicide, also claimed that $2.5 million of the $9 million his former employer accused him of stealing had been given to him as a secret bonus. He nevertheless pleaded guilty to thirty-seven counts of fraud, money laundering and tax evasion and went to prison.

Other ADM executives also fell from grace. ADM official Reinhard Richter pleaded guilty to conspiring with Whitacre to defraud the company on October 28, 1997, helping to send Whitacre back to prison on March 4, 1998, with an additional sentence. Sidney Hulse, another ADM executive, who had been indicted in 1997 with Whitacre, was sentenced to ten months in prison for fraud and income tax evasion.

After the seven-week 1998 trial, a jury sifted through the complex evidence, tapes and testimony for five days. Jurors had apparently been impressed with the testimony of Kanji Mimoto of Anjinomoto Co., who stated how he fixed prices with ADM executives. They listened to the many tapes secretly recorded by Whitacre. Then, on September 17, 1998, the jury returned a guilty verdict against the 49-year-old Andreas, the 60-year-old Wilson and the 41-year-old Whitacre. Oddly, Andreas and Wilson received slap-on-the-wrist prison sentences, which amounted to only a few months behind bars. Whitacre, however, the cooperative FBI informant, was sentenced to nine years in prison. The ADM scandal was but the forerunner of devastating corporate corruption found in the rotting infrastructures of Enron and Arthur Anderson in 2001-2003.

CHAPTER SEVEN:
GANGS, GANGSTERS AND ORGANIZED CRIME

Criminal gangs existed throughout the world from the time of recorded history, but, other than murder cults such as the Thugs of India, these gangs consisted of small, isolated bands of robbers. In the United States, the origins of organized crime can be found in the 19th Century gangs that controlled the city of New York, from the fearsome Dead Rabbits to the dreaded Whyos (inaccurately depicted in Martin Scorsese's senseless bloodbath film, *Gangs of New York*, 2002). These gangs instituted the first techniques and operations of organized crime, from extortion to bribery, from control of territorial domains through murder and purchasing government sanctions through political influence, to the national distribution of illegal liquor in the 1920s and the insidious, explosive drug trade of the present day (see Chapter Six, Drugs).

Not until the 1920s, when city gangs across America became all-powerful through millions of dollars gleaned from bootlegging, did the concept of a national crime cartel or syndicate come into existence. This occurred in 1929, when all important city gang bosses were called to a gangster enclave in Atlantic City by Johnny Torrio and Al Capone, then the boss of Chicago. The initial aim of this cartel was to organize a national wire service running through every major city, connecting all bookie parlors and operations with racetrack results. This information was subsequently funneled by wire through the National News Service, owned by Moses L. Annenberg and funded by Capone.

By the early 1930s, a national crime board had been established, which was headed by New York gangsters Charles "Lucky" Luciano, Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, Meyer Lansky, Joe Adonis, Frank Costello and other young gangsters who shared Torrio's concept of a well-organized crime syndicate. This organization, Torrio said prophetically, would control all rackets and produce not millions but billions of dollars, an organization that would even have its own secret police force to keep peace between the city gangs and enforce the edicts of the syndicate's board of directors.

This lethal police force would be known as Murder, Inc., created by Buchalter and led by Albert Anastasia. This group of syndicate killers received "contracts" (murder assignments) for "hits" (killings), which were cold-bloodedly performed against those who challenged the syndicate's authority. Among the many thousands of such killings was the 1935 syndicate execution of New York gangster Dutch Schultz, who had insisted upon killing New York District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey, defying a syndicate edict to the contrary.

Initially, profits from bootlegging, gambling and prostitution were shared by members of the syndicate, but greater profits emerged when the crime cartel expanded its gambling operations following World War II. It established lavish gambling casinos in Havana, Cuba, a "foreign" investment created by the crafty Meyer Lansky and with the approval of Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista, who received enormous payoffs for allowing these gambling spas to flourish in Havana.

Lansky's protege, the unpredictable Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel, next created America's gambling center in Las Vegas, Nevada, when he established the first lavish casino, The Flamingo, calling the place after the nickname of his mistress and syndicate bag-girl, Virginia Hill. Prostitution was handled in a similar manner, with thousands of women transported across state lines to fill syndicate brothels in dozens of cities, an operation initially overlorded by Luciano.

The old city gangsters either conformed to syndicate rules and worked their territories and rackets as instructed, kicking back as much as fifty percent of the spoils to the syndicate, or they were simply executed, or run out of business. Thus was the fate of New York gangsters Jack "Legs" Diamond, Owney "The Killer" Madden and Chicago mob boss George "Bugs" Moran, who led the last significant rival gang against Capone. Through subsequent decades, the syndicate purged its ranks of its truculent and recalcitrant members, or those suspected of informing against the organization.

Protection for the syndicate came from politicians bribed with millions on the local, state and federal level, and from many instances from crooked police on the syndicate payroll. Worse, the normally "untouchable" Federal Bureau of Investigation was controlled for more than forty years (1924-1972) by Director J. Edgar Hoover, who consistently denied—despite overwhelming evidence to the contrary—that a national crime syndicate in the U.S. ever existed.

It can be safely assumed that Hoover refused to admit to the cartel's presence simply because he knew that his agency was limited in manpower and funds in closing down syndicate operations. By recognizing the national crime syndicate, Hoover would have to wage an all-out war against the cartel, a war he knew he could not completely win, especially since the cartel was supported and abetted by countless powerful politicians. Because of Hoover's truculent, wrong-headed stand throughout his four decades of dictatorial authority, the syndicate was, for the most part, allowed to grow unmolested.

By the late 1980s, the syndicate was no longer dominated by the old Mafia leaders and became a polyglot organization into whose ranks any nationality or race was admitted (although the hierarchy today has remained white and chiefly of Italian-Sicilian background). Blacks, for instance, began to retake rackets they had originated in New York's Harlem in the 1920s, such as policy (numbers).

Mexican and South American crime lords, with the expansion of drug trafficking from those areas from the 1960s onward (see Chapter Five: Drugs), came into great power, so that the U.S. syndicate was forced to share in the supply and distribution of drugs and their huge profits with such foreign syndicate operations as the Medellin drug cartel and other foreign organizations in France, Sicily (the mother country of the Mafia), China (the Triads) and Japan (Yakuza).

NEW YORK'S FIRST MODERN-DAY BOSS/ 1900s-1920s

Paul Kelly (Paulo Antonio Vaccarelli, 1876-1936) became the first modern-day underworld boss in New York, taking over the Five Points Gang at the turn of the 20th Century, a gang which was to spawn Johnny Torrio, Al Capone and a host of other lethal and later celebrated gangster bosses. Kelly, with his close political ties to the corrupt Tammany Hall political machine, controlled with absolute power the Five Points and neighboring districts, exacting tribute on all illegal activities.

This clever criminal became a bantam prizefighter at an early age in the 1890s, changing his name from Vaccarelli to Paul Kelly. Assuming an Irish name for the ring was then the custom. With his prize money, Kelly invested in several whorehouses east of the Bowery in the squalid Italian District. From his bordello proceeds, he then set up various "athletic clubs" which were fronts for youthful gangs, which came under his direct control. Having this army of thugs at his disposal, Kelly approached Tammany sachem Big Tim Sullivan to offer his political services in the frantic 1901 campaign for the Second Assembly District.

The hotly contested primary race was between Paddy Divver, an old-time saloon keeper and incumbent Tammany leader, and Tom Foley, who had Sullivan's undivided support. The issue was simple. Divver's banners stretched across all the streets of his area. They read: "Don't let the Red Lights into the old Fourth Ward." Paul Kelly knew all about the Red Lights, and they meant money. He went to Sullivan and told him that his hordes of "repeaters" could put the primary into Foley's pocket. Sullivan enlisted Kelly and his minions on the spot, thus establishing the first powerhouse connection between organized crime and politics in America.

On September 17, 1901, the primary proved to be the most savage in the history of the city, and the Second Assembly District was turned into a madhouse of mayhem and brutality. Kelly's thugs, numbering more than 1,500 men, swarmed into the area. Divver men were blackjacked openly in the street, held off from the polls by gun-wielding gangsters, driven down the streets by crowds of club smashing Five Pointers. Kelly's men filed into the polling places repeating their votes time and again. "I got in fifty-three votes," one thug smilingly exclaimed to a Kelly lieutenant.

Kelly was thoughtful enough to provide mobile commissaries at the polling places, where his hard-working repeaters were given breakfast and luncheon, whiskey and cigars, and even benches to sit on while awaiting their next turn to vote. Dozens of police squads stood by while the travesty went on and did nothing. Foley won the primary, three to one, and subsequently the election. The Red Lights moved into the district, and most of them belonged to Paul Kelly. The prostitution concession for the area was given over wholly to Kelly by Sullivan and Foley. The always enterprising Kelly instituted a cheaper way for men to enjoy quick pleasure. He imported more than 1,000 women, most of them destitute Italian girls in their teens from the Five Points and elsewhere and peopled the Second Assembly District with streetwalkers. None of these girls worked in Kelly's regular brothels, but stood in the doorways of rickety residences and sold their bodies for fifty cents a trick; half of this income went directly to Kelly.

Five Points gang leader Paul Kelly, New York's first big boss, shown in a 1905 sketch.

His fortunes rising and his position of power in the underworld unchallenged, it was a wonder to everyone when Paul Kelly was suddenly arrested for assaulting and robbing a man in the street. Not until years later was it learned that Kelly's act was not for self-gain, but that he was merely exercising his leadership in that he periodically had to perform a criminal act to prove his worthiness as gang chieftain, a ritual Kelly himself instituted.

The police, working under Big Tim's orders, so changed the charges of the arrest, that Kelly received, instead of the expected ten to twenty years in jail, a mere nine-month term. An enraged New York judge, John Goff, who sentenced him, exploded: "The conduct of the police in this case was shameful. They discharged the defendant in the face of all the facts. It shows an absence of honesty and good faith on the part of the police. It was not until you [Kelly] had committed another assault that they were shamed into making an arrest. You should have been convicted of highway robbery. Instead, you were convicted of assault only."

Kelly did his nine-month stint, and upon his release Big Tim and Kelly's phalanxes of gangsters welcomed him with open arms. Kelly immediately launched his Paul Kelly Association, his old athletic clubs gimmick, to enlist apprentice hoodlums, pimps, pickpockets, strong-arm thugs, and, chiefly, repeaters for hire on election day. The price for the latter was prostitution and gambling monopolies in the districts his men delivered.

Headquartering in his sprawling cafe and dance hall, the New Brighton, termed "a vile saloon" by authorities and squatting just west of the Bowery on Great Jones Street, Kelly ruled his criminal fiefdom adorned in a tuxedo and black tie, greeting socialites who loved to go slumming in his dive. By 1905, this slight, well-groomed gangster practiced all the graces of good company. He spoke Italian, French, and Spanish fluently. His manners were seemingly faultless, and his conversation reflected education and sophistication. All the while, his killer legions spread throughout Manhattan and even into New Jersey.

Kelly's lieutenants aped their boss in dress and conduct, but they were awkward imitations. There was Richie Fitzpatrick, Max "Kid Twist" Zwerbach, Johnny Spanish (Joseph Wyler), Razor Riley, and the hulking James T. "Biff" Ellison. Many of Kelly's men had been recruited from other gangs and some of them, like Ellison and Riley, later became disenchanted with their subservient roles.

A 1903 police photo of Lower East Side gang leader Edward "Monk" Eastman, Kelly's nemesis.

Eastman (Edward Osterman), shown in a 1902 sketch, commanded more than 1,200 thugs.

Kelly's top enforcer, Maxwell "Kid Twist" Zwerbach, who took over Eastman's rackets in 1904.

Kid Twist was killed on Kelly's orders after he defied the crime boss, shot in 1908.

Kid Twist Zwerbach and Johnny Spanish worked only briefly in the Kelly ranks. Zwerbach soon joined Kelly's arch rival, Edward Monk Eastman, who controlled the vast Lower East Side of New York. Kid Twist was an expert shot and killed on orders, which pleased Eastman no end, so that soon Zwerbach was Eastman's chief lieutenant. Following Eastman's imprisonment in 1904, Zwerbach would battle for control of the Eastman empire with Richie Fitzpatrick, who also left Kelly's employ to join the Eastman gang. Spanish also left Kelly's forces to operate as a lone wolf holdup man and extortionist, preying on the gangsters themselves, a tactic that brought about his death at the hands of Nathan "Kid Dropper" Kaplan, a rising gangster of the 1920s.

It was Monk Eastman who caused most of Kelly's headaches. The wild ex-bouncer turned mob boss controlled for twenty years the sprawling Lower East Side and a gangster force estimated at one time to be more than 2,000 gun-carrying killers. Kelly's Five Pointers, fierce as they were, could not match such overwhelming numbers. Moreover, Kelly found it impossible to reason with Monk, a man who would rather club a person on the head rather than say hello. Eastman was an old-fashioned crime boss, a thug through-and-through, and he had no use for the cultured Kelly, sneering at the fact that Kelly spoke four languages, read books, and appreciated fine art and classical music.

Eastman proved to be his own undoing. He ignored the dictates of Tammany, which controlled both the Eastman and Kelly forces, and raided indiscriminately into Five Points territory. Unlike the modern crime boss, who gave orders and remained aloof from criminal activities, Eastman felt compelled, except for an occasional job, to prove his mettle. He was forever joining his men in the street to help them in committing the crimes he orchestrated. No caper was beneath him, even though he was close to being a millionaire. (All of his lieutenants, Zwerbach, Spanish, Fitzpatrick, left considerable estates following their bloody deaths. Zwerbach's estimated to be almost $250,000.) It was Eastman's proclivity for committing common thievery that ended his career as a crime boss. He robbed a wealthy young man one night and was caught. Monk was surprised to learn that his normal Tammany protection had disappeared. The politicians warned Eastman to keep a low profile. He ignored that caution and his bosses allowed him to be convicted and sent to Sing Sing.

With the imprisonment of Eastman, Paul Kelly's criminal empire went unmolested for several years. Then, in November 1908, Biff Ellison and Razor Riley made their move to unseat their boss. Ellison, an expert with a blackjack who had, years before with Chuck Connors, built up the protection rackets from terrified shopkeepers around Chatham Square, was angry with Kelly for not having made him the bouncer of the New Brighton Cafe after Kelly's chief bouncer "Eat 'Em-Up" Jack McManus had been killed. Razor Riley was incensed when Kelly personally threw him out of his cafe for creating a disturbance.

Both Ellison and Riley decided to simply walk into the gang chief's headquarters and shoot him. Kelly was seated near the dance floor on that fatal night and was deep in conversation with his bodyguards, Bill Harrington and Rough House Hogan. Harrington's girlfriend, Goldie the Blonde, was just serving the trio drinks, when Ellison and Riley ran into the cafe. When both killers were not more than ten feet away, Harrington spotted them and shouted: "Look out, boss!" He dumped Kelly from his chair. Riley then sent a bullet at Harrington, which crashed through his brain and killed him. Hogan fired off a shot that made Riley dive for cover.

Paul Kelly emerged from beneath the table with a revolver in either hand. He blazed away at Ellison, who returned his fire. Then the lights went out as screaming foxtrotters scrambled for the exits. Gunfire flashed through the New Brighton for five minutes until a squad of police crept inside. Ellison and Riley, both slightly wounded, ran out exit doors and disappeared. Kelly was found with three bullets in him and, before police could arrest him, was spirited to a private hospital. He turned himself in a month later to

police, but, thanks to his political connections, no charges were pressed.

Ellison was finally captured in 1911, sent to prison and, after going insane, died in an asylum some years later. Razor Riley, holed up in a Chinatown basement and died before police could find him. He had contracted pneumonia in his dank hideout. The raid on the New Brighton, which was ordered closed by Police Commissioner William McAdoo, mostly for the protection of slumming socialites, marked the beginning of the end of Paul Kelly's hold on the underworld of New York. Kelly moved into an Italian community in Harlem and opened another night spot called Little Naples, but his power waned and he was reduced to operating strike-breaking squads in labor squabbles. He soon retired and lived to see the last of the roaring gangsters spend their quick lives in bloody battles for the bootleg control of the city. Paul Kelly died in bed on April 3, 1936.

"I WANT ROSENTHAL CROAKED!"/1910s

Of the myriad bribe-taking cops in New York during the late 1890s and early 1900s, none was more venal and corrupt than Charles Becker (1870-1915), who was, at one time or another, on Paul Kelly's payroll. Unlike Kelly, Becker operated on both sides of the law to serve his avaricious ends. The image of the crooked cop without conscience, compassion, or remorse for his ruthless acts was devastatingly summed up in the character of Charles Becker, a lieutenant of the New York Police Department. Becker made a fortune by protecting New York City gamblers, until he decided that one of these sharpers should be killed, and he ordered the murder of Herman Rosenthal.

This blatant slaying by hired killers under Becker's command eventually led Becker to the electric chair, but long before that, a decade before, Becker ruled the gambling empire of New York City. His word was law and to break *his* law was to face unendurable punishment, ruination, and early death. Becker's dark career began in the heart of New York City, or, to be exact, in its Tenderloin, the most exciting, dramatic and vice-ridden area of America at the time. This land of payoff and kickback was far from the green, comfortable hills where Charles Becker was born on July 26, 1870.

NYPD Lieutenant Charles Becker, the crooked cop who ran gambling in New York.

The sixth child of ten, Becker was born in Callicoon Center, New York, a hamlet in the foothills of the Catskills in Sullivan County. He was a large boy and did not shirk fights. At home he was truculent and slow to obey his parents. At school he was even slower to complete assignments. Yet, his honesty was never questioned and he excelled in athletics and manual labor. By the time he was eighteen, he had developed a tall, powerful body with broad shoulders, massive arms, and enormous hands that, when doubled into fists, were like the flat sides of two stonemason hammers.

Becker in uniform, after being promoted to the rank of lieutenant in the NYPD.

At this time Becker bid farewell to his family and rural life, and traveled to New York City to see a German baker, who was a friend of his father's. The baker gave him a job and a room above the bakery, which was in the German section of the city in the old Seventh Ward. To the south was the Bowery and to the north was the wealth of Manhattan which beckoned like a beacon fire to the ambitious Becker. After a brief affair with the baker's daughter, which found Becker confronting the baker and being ordered from his establishment.

Becker, at nineteen, then went to work as a waiter at The Atlantic Gardens, a sprawling beer spa that had once been the pride of the German community, where nickel beer and free lunches were offered. With the ending of the Civil War, this great gathering area was no longer patronized by hard-working middleclass customers, but was overrun with criminals of all types. By 1889, when Becker went to work there, the place was populated at night by gamblers, thugs from the Bowery, and prostitutes plying their trade. The well-built, no-nonsense Becker found himself knocking the heads of thugs, who created disturbances. He soon built a reputation as a man who could best almost any plug-ugly with a mind to starting trouble.

The job of bouncer was offered to Becker, and the 21-year-old accepted, working in another beer garden. Here he became known as a brutal overseer no thug would think to anger. Even the most fierce of the early day New York gangsters such as Edward "Monk" Eastman gave Becker a wide berth. Eastman not only grew to respect the quick-fisted Becker, but he befriended him, taking him to his political sponsor, Timothy "Big Tim" Sullivan, the powerful head of Tammany for the entire East Side of Manhattan. Sullivan used Eastman and his fearsome gang as strikebreakers and political strong-arm thugs, who made sure that every election was a Tammany triumph. Tammany also dictated the politics for the entire city at that time and Sullivan lived like a czar, making appointments to political and police posts at his will and whim. Sullivan sized up Becker as someone above the status of an ordinary thug, a young man with intelligence and street savvy, one, who not only would be loyal to Tammany, but to Sullivan himself.

The police force, Sullivan concluded, was the right spot for Charles Becker. In 1893 Becker paid a $250 fee to Tammany for his appointment to the police force. This was customary and was publicly known and excused, at least by the political sachems who ran things, as a way of assuring the fact that men known to the organization, who were screened as good candidates by Tammany and were not strangers with criminal records, were thus brought onto the force. The screening process cost Tammany money and the applicant was merely paying back the organization's investment. Such money was no small investment. At the time, $250 was one-third the yearly pay of an average cop on the NYPD. The force at that time had more than 5,000 men on the streets, all of them white and most of them, like Becker, Catholic.

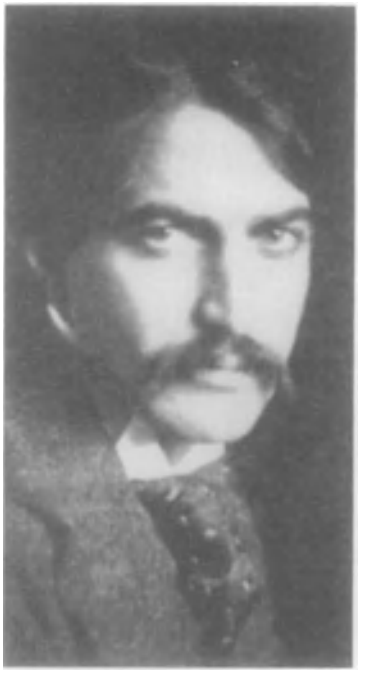
The type of police officer the NYPD then hired and kept on the force was not very much different than the type of thug, who worked for Monk Eastman, except that they wore uniforms and never openly committed theft. Patrolmen were burly, big men who used their long nightsticks to club anyone getting in their way, either innocent citizen or hooligan. To ask a question of the beat cop in those days was to risk being poked in the chest with his stick and hustled down the street for bothering an officer of the law. The man who established and maintained this hardboiled attitude was Inspector Alexander "Clubber" Williams, who was infamous for his brutality and ruthless manner.

It was the grafting Williams who gave the wide-open vice district its name. He had been serving in a West Side precinct in the 1870s and when he was transferred to the choice area, he remarked to a newsman: "I've been living on chuck steak for a long time. Now I'm gonna get me some of the tenderloin." Williams supervised an area that stretched approximately between Twenty-third and Forty-fourth streets and between Third and Seventh Avenues, this being the old Twenty-ninth Precinct. Here could be found the best hotels, the finest theaters and restaurants, as well as hundreds of posh gambling dens, lavish bordellos, and vice dens of all sorts, a plum for grafting policemen such as Williams.

During the Lexow Committee Hearings, which began just about the time Becker joined the force, Inspector Williams was the focal point of an investigation into police graft. Prosecuting counsel John Goff, who, ironically, was to preside over Becker's own first murder trial almost twenty years later, revealed that Williams had more than $250,000 in the bank, owned a mansion and a yacht, and lived like a king. Williams boldly admitted that he took what he liked in the district he controlled and he was later dismissed from the force, though never prosecuted. His was the enduring image that etched itself into the mind of the ambitious Charles Becker. He, too, would someday preside over the Tenderloin and make his own fortune.

Tammany boss Timothy "Big Tim" Sullivan, who protected Becker's extortion rackets.

Long before that time, however, Becker found himself in continuous trouble, so much trouble that he gleaned more press coverage in that day than any other common cop on the force. At first Becker was assigned to the Fulton Street area and later, due to the strings of his mentor, Inspector Williams, moved to the Tenderloin. It was here that he ran headlong into the famous writer, Stephen Crane, who had seen him years earlier on a dark street pounding the face of a helpless prostitute who had failed to pay him off that night.



Writer Stephen Crane (1871-1900) encountered Becker in a beer garden, where he defended a prostitute against the crooked cop's bullying tactics.

Crane had established himself as one of America's finest authors the previous year, in 1895, with the publication of *The Red Badge of Courage*, and was the toast of New York at the age of twenty-four. He disdained the literary parties and salons, preferring the company of Bowery lowlifes, bums, and apprentice hoodlums and their women, mostly prostitutes. He had long taken the view that the beat cop in New York was nothing more than a thug in uniform and had been writing a series of articles exposing their grafting, brutal ways, communicating with the new police commissioner, Theodore Roosevelt. On the night of September 15, 1896, Crane found himself at the Broadway Gardens, assigned by the editors of the New York *Journal* to write about the underworld types who crowded the tables there. With him were two streetwalkers of his acquaintance and they were joined by another prostitute named Dora Clark. At 3 a.m., Crane put one of the girls on a streetcar, and when he returned to the sidewalk, he found the large, lumbering Becker arresting his other two friends for soliciting. Crane stepped forth and said one woman was his wife. Becker, who was later described by Crane as "picturesque as a wolf," then reached out and grabbed the other girl, Dora Clark, arresting only her on charges of prostitution. As he dragged the girl off, Crane protested and Becker smirked, snarling: "You ain't married to both of 'em, are you?"

Rushing to the Tenderloin station house, Crane obtained Becker's name and badge number, then told newsmen that "whatever her character [that of Dora Clark], the arrest was an outrage. The policeman flatly lied!" Crane appeared as a witness for Clark later in court, where Becker insisted that he had

Towering gang leader Big Jack Zelig (William Alberts), who enforced Becker's extortion demands on New York's gamblers and was later murdered before he could testify on Becker's behalf.

seen the woman solicit two men within five minutes. Crane told the presiding magistrate that this was a boldfaced lie, that he had been with the woman for several hours and nothing of the kind had happened.

Dora Clark then testified that she had been persecuted for several months by Becker and other policemen in the area because she had resisted the advances of a cop named Rosenberg. This officer had solicited sex from Dora and she, thinking he was black because of his swarthy complexion, had replied: "How dare you speak to a decent white woman!" Calling the officer black when he was not was thought by fellow officers to be the worst insult their ranks could receive and Dora Clark had been marked for vengeance, or so she said.

After listening to the statements, the magistrate, who had recently received a favorable profile by Crane, shocked Becker and dozens of other officers, who had lent him support, by siding with Crane and accepting his version of the events. Dora Clark was released. Becker had received his first minor setback, but this incident was nothing compared to his next ill-fated news notice. Becker was working the graveyard shift on September 20, 1896, with another officer named Carey when, close to dawn, the two patrolmen saw three men flee from a tobacco shop carrying sacks of loot. They gave chase, shouting for the burglars to halt. Though heavyset, Becker was fast on his feet and he caught up with one of the burglars, bringing him down with one blow from his nightstick. A second burglar outdistanced the officers. Then one of the officers, it was never determined which one, shot the third from some distance. This escapade was played up in the press and Becker was hailed as a hero.

The dead man, Becker insisted, was a notorious second-story man named John O'Brien. There was talk of giving Becker a commendation and an important promotion until, three days later, the relatives of the slain man identified him as 19-year-old John Fay, a plumber's assistant. Fay had accidentally stepped in the line of fire which both Becker and Carey knew, Fay's family claimed, but they assumed no one would inquire about a dead young man they were passing off as a notorious thief. John Fay's reputation had been tarnished, his relatives said, so that a pair of "gun-happy killers" could make the police force look good in the press. Becker and Carey were suspended for a month and were privately warned by their superiors to make sure of their targets in the future.

By the time Becker returned to his post in the Tenderloin, he was surprised to see Commissioner Roosevelt come into the precinct station to review the men there. He singled out Becker, shook his hand, and commended him for his considerable bravery in taking on thieves face to face, but then he turned and told the entire group that they should all be more careful in their treatment of "unfortunate women," that even these fallen angels had the same rights as law-abiding citizens. In this way, without singling Becker out, Roosevelt had subtly upbraided him.

Becker, however, was not a man of subtleties. He proved that when he sought out Dora Clark in October 1896 and beat her until he blackened both her eyes and broke her nose. He was stopped by fellow officers from choking her to death. He left her on the sidewalk, warning her that she would "wind up in the river" if she ever again accused a New York cop of anything. But Dora was stubborn and brought charges against Becker. A police hearing was held, the longest on record up to that time, and Becker got off with a casual reprimand.

It appeared to Becker that his political influence through Big Tim Sullivan was not only intact, but would protect him against any pesky citizen daring to challenge his authority. On one occasion Becker arrested a society woman whom he accused of soliciting. She turned out to be perfectly innocent, having said goodbye to one of her lawyers on the street after a meeting in his office. Becker, confronted with the testimony of the lawyer, gave the man his usual sneer, refusing to back down and stating: "I know a whore when I see one!" He was reprimanded and sent back to the street where, a short time later, he arrested another woman who approached him and asked directions to the subway. He mumbled something to her she did not understand and she questioned him again. Annoyed, Becker grabbed the poor woman and ran her into the station house, booking her as a common drunk.

The woman, however, was the wife of a New Jersey manufacturer. This incident caused Becker's superiors to slavishly apologize to both the woman and her influential husband, and even Becker's political sponsor, Big Tim Sullivan, had to step in and persuade the couple not to sue. Sullivan had a quiet talk with his protege, telling him that he had to be more cautious in the future when arresting women. He had plans for Becker, Sullivan told him, big plans, so it was important that he maintain an unblemished record.

Some time later, however, the easy-to-anger Becker, while on a raid against a gambling house, was shoved by a gambler, who boasted of his political influence. Becker, who was alone

in the room with the man at the time, pulled a pistol and shot the gambler dead, later claiming that the man pulled a gun. No witnesses were present to contradict him, but Becker's superiors again had a quiet talk with him, warning him severely to keep his hand off his gun unless it was absolutely necessary to use it. To make sure that he got the point, Becker was suspended for a month. The hamhock-fisted officer took this time to marry Vivian Atteridge. He had been married briefly in 1905 to a pretty young girl named Mary Mahoney, but she had died nine months later of tuberculosis. The marriage to Atteridge would last only a few months, ending when Becker divorced her. Atteridge would remarry in 1907, wedding Becker's brother John, who was also a member of the NYPD.

Before his excursion into matrimony, Becker came under the direct command of Captain Max Schmittberger in 1901. Schmittberger had been the very man who had exposed the corrupt practices of Inspector Alexander Williams. Though Clubber Williams was no longer on the force, he acted as an adviser to Becker, who had long ago embraced the Clubber's philosophy of brute force. Becker, by then a roundsman (one status above patrolman, similar to the rank of corporal), was known by Schmittberger to be a Williams partisan and, as such, was treated coldly and suspiciously by his superior. Schmittberger was thought of as a squealer and a turncoat, who had exposed his own people to the Lexow Committee and, as such, many high-rankers on the force wanted to see this man disgraced and deposed. It was with this in mind that Commissioner Theodore Bingham and later Commissioner Rhinelander Waldo, who had been told by angry police officials that Schmittberger was corrupt, secretly ordered Becker to dig up evidence that would expose Schmittberger. The police captain knew this, of course, and moved to get rid of Becker by having him transferred to another precinct. After meeting with Williams, Becker filed malfeasance charges against Schmittberger. The enraged captain filed countercharges, but all of these charges were dropped after Commissioner Bingham brought the aggrieved parties together and told them to forget their differences for the sake of the department.

For some time, little was heard of Charles Becker. He may have concluded that the ways of Clubber Williams could do little to advance his career and he maintained a low profile for several years, keeping his record clean. Then, in 1904, Becker suddenly received the department's highest award for heroism, which put his name back into the headlines. He had seen a young man in the Hudson River struggling to stay afloat. Fully clothed and without a moment's hesitation, Becker jumped into the river and pulled the man to safety. He turned out to be an unemployed clerk named James Butler, who blubbered his thanks to a grinning Becker before newsmen who had conveniently been called to the scene.

Butler praised Becker to the newsmen as one of the bravest fellows he had ever seen, explaining that a plank he was walking on gave way and he fell into the River near 10th Street. But it was only a week later that Butler called up the same newsmen and complained that Becker had reneged on his promise. What promise was that, he was asked. Becker, Butler explained, had offered him $15 to jump into the Hudson so that he could jump in after him and appear to be the great hero. But Becker had never paid him the $15 and now Butler was angry at having ruined his only suit for nothing. Becker denied the whole story, laughing at the idea, which he called preposterous. By then he had his medal and a promotion to sergeant.

New York gambler Herman "Beansie" Rosenthal, who refused to pay Becker protection money and was marked for murder by the crooked cop.

A short time later, through his Tammany contacts, Becker was promoted to lieutenant and he began to make his moves against the posh gambling and vice dens of the Tenderloin. One story held that about 1907, Becker made the rounds of all the largest gambling dens and demanded $15 payment a week for himself even though the gamblers explained that they had already paid their "protection" money. After collecting $150, Becker was called into Schmittberger's office and the captain told him to put the money down on his desk, explaining that he knew exactly how much he had collected. Becker tossed the money on the desk and Schmittberger handed him back $15, telling him that that amount was his end, ten per cent, and from that day forward he would be Schmittberger's personal bagman and receive ten percent of everything he collected.

Becker the bagman went to work with a vengeance, becoming rich in the course of the next few years. But in 1911, Police Commissioner Rhinelander Waldo decided to crack down on the Tenderloin gamblers after being goaded by scores of enraged reformers objecting to the blatant vice district. Waldo felt that Schmittberger was at the core of the rotten apple in the Tenderloin. Years earlier he had, as a Deputy Police Commissioner, met with Becker secretly, ordering him to get evidence against Schmittberger, not knowing, of course, that Becker was Schmittberger's bagman and heir apparent to wholesale graft in the precinct. Becker, quite naturally, agreed to the secret investigation, sitting as he was in the catbird's seat, able to provide snippets of information on his captain without ever giving Waldo enough evidence to bring about Schmittberger's removal.

Gambler Arnold Rothstein warned Rosenthal to pay off Becker; Rothstein "fixed" the 1919 World Series and was killed in 1928.

At the same time Becker made himself look good to downtown superiors by appearing to energetically attack the gambling and vice dens by conducting incessant raids against these places. Yet he went on making enormous illicit profits from the gamblers he was protecting, satisfying both Waldo and his protection-paying gambling dens. In 1911 Becker organized and led 203 raids into the Tenderloin, where he and his men made 898 arrests which resulted in 103 convictions, a staggering record that outwardly made Becker look like a law enforcement crusader. But what the record also showed, if one dug deeper, were sentences that amounted to next to nothing.

Most of the convictions ended in suspended sentences or small fines seldom exceeding $50. Waldo blamed the court system and corrupt judges for such leniency, and to some extent he was correct, since many judges were then, as before and after this golden age of kickbacks and payoffs, on the take. Becker, however, was the man who manipulated these judicial decisions. He simply ordered his men, when appearing in court, to have loss of memory as to the particulars of the raids they conducted. They conveniently misplaced or lost vital evidence that would have assured strong sentences. Faced with this type of shallow prosecution, judges were compelled to issue light sentences. The whole system worked both ways for Charles Becker.

"Bald Jack" Rose, a Becker henchman who monitored Rosenthal's gambling profits, and helped to set up the gambler's murder.

Reporter and gambler Herbert Bayard Swope exposed Becker and his gang.

By late 1910, Becker operated autonomously as the head of the gambling squad. Because of the violent manner in which the squad often tore apart gambling dens (those who had been slow to make payoffs), the group was known as "the strong-arm squad." Becker's word was law in the Tenderloin by then and he paid nothing to Schmittberger, who had been neutralized and later ousted by Big Tim Sullivan. Becker, after minor payoffs to his own officers, split his payoffs only with Big Tim and this further enriched his own coffers by tens of thousands of dollars. To keep the gamblers and vice lords in line, Becker, through Big Tim, employed the worst gang of thugs in New York to perform beatings and even murder, chores too messy for his own corrupt policemen.

Gangster Monk Eastman had been sent to prison by then, abandoned by Tammany as uncontrollable and had been replaced by Jacob "Big Jack" Zelig (William Alberts), a towering, fierce thug who had been Eastman's right-hand man, a gangster more cunning than Eastman, one who knew how to keep his organization in line. Zelig and his host of killers worked directly under Becker's orders, going on his payroll, but being directed in their nefarious activities by gamblers who took their orders from Becker.

If any of these gangsters ever disobeyed Becker's dictates, he merely had them arrested for violating the Sullivan Law, a law ironically put on the books by none other than Big Tim when, in 1909, he decided to return to the state senate. A disloyal or disobedient gangster would be dragged into court and charged by Becker's minions with carrying concealed firearms, thus violating the Sullivan Law. This carried with it a mandatory eight-year prison sentence. Of course, when this law went into record, the gangsters never carried firearms, unless on the job. Becker got around this by simply having his men provide "throw-away" guns or spare pistols and automatics which were supplied by police officers in quickly convicting a gangster, who did not cooperate with the system. Herbert Bayard Swope, later the chief journalist covering the Becker-Rosenthal murder, would later write that "Becker *was* the System. Like Caesar, all things were rendered unto Becker in the underworld. Like Briareus, he had a hundred arms...and more power in the Department than the Commissioner."

But Becker was not without competition. A number of other lieutenants under his command lusted for his powerful position and they would do just about anything to come within the good graces of Big Tim Sullivan, the Tammany sachem and real czar of influence and power in New York. Big Tim was many times a millionaire with villas, mansions, yachts, and endless sources of cash. Big Tim had been on the take since Boss Richard Croker abandoned his leadership at Tammany

in 1901, retiring to the French Riviera with his own millions hustled from the city. Yet Big Tim had no ambitions to retire. His greed rooted him to this post, knowing that the Alexandrian philosophy of dividing and controlling his henchmen, Becker included, was the key to the flowing cornucopia of graft. Becker knew this, too, and that Big Tim would quickly replace him at any time if convenient.

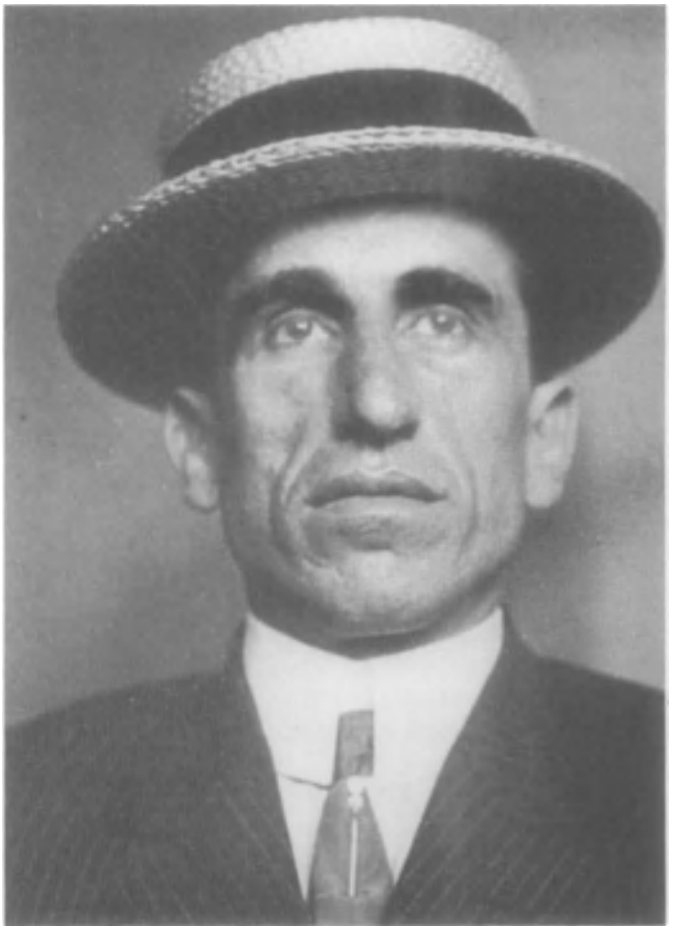
To strengthen his own position, Becker shrewdly began to cultivate certain members of the press as early as 1910, giving crime reporters inside tips on raids and making sure that he and only he received glorification in print. He even went so far as to hire Charles Plitt as his press agent, who made sure that the newspapers were informed of Becker's daily activities, or those that made him look like a police hero to the public.

Thus, for two years up to the Rosenthal killing, Becker overshadowed almost every policeman in the department, except for the commissioner. This caused Becker to undoubtedly become the most disliked member of the department, but he was also the most dangerous. As such, no officer dared to openly criticize or confront him. The specter of Big Tim cast a shadow across every precinct and towering inside that shadow was Charles Becker.

Becker's alliances with the press would later backfire on him, although he reaped numerous benefits for a short time from his liaisons with crime beat reporters. In late 1911, a reporter warned Becker that there was a conspiracy within the department to have him framed as a bagman, and Becker, fearing this report was real, went straight to Commissioner Waldo, asking that he be assigned to another position other than heading the "strong-arm" squad. Perhaps by then he had amassed what he considered to be the fortune that would take him comfortably through retirement. Perhaps his meeting with Waldo was nothing more than a fishing expedition. Waldo assured him that he was not being investigated, that he was doing an excellent job, and that he should keep up the good work. Becker went back to being the czar of the Tenderloin. There was, however, some truth to the reporter's tip. Waldo had been receiving letters from an informant using an alias. One of these letters, received in March 1912, stated: "I would like to have you investigate quietly Lieutenant Becker. He is now collecting more money than Devery [Big Bill Devery, New York's thoroughly corrupt chief of police during the 1890s], and it is well-known to everyone at Police Headquarters. Please do this and you will be surprised at the result."

This letter, incredibly, was sent by Waldo straight to Becker. It was the commissioner's policy, as sort of a naive procedure of fair play, to send such blind accusations to the officers being accused so that they could respond directly. In reality, the officer accused of misconduct was expected to investigate himself and dutifully report on his own wrongdoings. Of course, such officers never found credence in any of these accusations, all of them to the last letter being the work of cranks and malcontents.

Becker shrewdly went one step further and returned this letter to Waldo, saying prudently that he was not in a position to react to such a document and that perhaps it would be better if the commissioner were to send this letter on to another person in the department. He knew that such a straightforward response would all the more readily confirm in Waldo's mind that he, Charles Becker, was beyond reproach and nothing more would come of the accusation, which is exactly what happened. Waldo's decision to simply file this and other letters concerning Becker's wholesale graft as crank mail later caused him much embarrassment.



Harry Vallon, one of Becker's thugs, remained in contact with the murder gang ordered to kill Rosenthal and was present at the Metropole Hotel on the night of the murder.

Becker, unlike the high-living Sullivan and former police bigwigs who had taken payoffs with both hands for years, kept a low profile outside of his police duties. He was a conservative and cautious crook, secreting his illegal loot in so many banks that most of his fortune was never fully tracked down, even years after he was executed. He continued to live in a modest apartment at 159th and Edgecomb Avenue with his third wife, Helen, whom he had married in 1905 after his divorce from Vivian Atteridge. Helen was a schoolteacher, born in 1874 and a dedicated educator who went on teaching slow high school learners at P.S. 90 for $1,820 a year, even in 1912, when her husband had amassed a reported $1 to $2 million. As a couple, they enjoyed simple pleasures such as horseback riding and gardening. They planned to build a modest house in the near future. Helen would later defend her husband with a fierce loyalty that saw her pleading for his life right up to the last second, abandoning her pride to prostrate herself before Governor Charles Seymour Whitman, the very man who had

convicted her husband when he was New York's District Attorney. No matter what evidence was later put before her, Helen Becker refused to believe that her husband, whom she called Charlie-Lover (he called her My Queen), ever committed a single illegal act. Charles Becker was an honest man, Helen insisted, a simple man from a large family; she never tired of saying how she, like her husband, came from a family with ten children.

The one self-indulgence practiced by Becker was taking his grateful wife to the best restaurants in town. They dined with political dynamos and business tycoons, who curried Becker's favor. They feasted upon sumptuous meals at Rector's, Sharkey's, Sherry's, Luchow's, and never picked up a check. When going to dinner or an occasional show, the Beckers rode in chauffeur-driven limousines owned by such people as millionaire broker Henry Sternberger. Although Helen Becker did not know them by profession, scores of other men would table-hop to sit with the Beckers and whisper in her husband's ear before moving away, men glittering with diamonds and mouthing conspiratorial conversations. These were the top Tenderloin gamblers, not the least of whom were young sharpers, who had come under the protective arms of Big Tim Sullivan, chiefly Arnold Rothstein and Herman "Beansie" Rosenthal. Sullivan had mentioned these two gamblers by name to Becker, telling him that he felt "paternal" toward both these two young Jewish sharpers and would like to see their careers blossom.

Gambler and Broadway roustabout Louis "Bridgie" Webber (front, left), who kept track of Rosenthal's whereabouts to mark him for murder.

It was not surprising therefore that Becker went out of his way to befriend the more social of the pair, Rosenthal, when meeting him at an Elks' Club Ball on New Year's Eve 1911. At the time, Becker sent Helen home and stayed to get drunk with the pudgy young gambler, or pretended to be drunk, displaying an inordinate amount of affection toward a man he had just met, throwing his bear-like arms around Rosenthal, kissing him on the cheeks several times and then lumbering onto a table and shouting to all his cronies: "Boys, Herman Rosenthal is my best friend and anything he wants, he gets!" He got down and hugged the gambler once more. "Anything in the world for you, Herman. I'll get up at three o'clock in the morning to do you a favor! You can have anything I've got!" Becker then called three of his top officers over and told them: "This is my best pal and you do anything he wants you to do."

Becker continued to cultivate this strange new friendship by meeting with Rosenthal at the Lafayette Turkish baths, at the Elks' Club, and various restaurants. In the Turkish baths the hulking Becker would sit, towel-wrapped, next to the chubby, flabby Rosenthal and pump him subtly about the strength of Big Tim's support. Rosenthal told him that Big Tim had authorized a new, posh club, which Rosenthal intended to call The Hesper Club, that would be opened shortly. Becker not only promised him protection for this club, but went on to tell the gambler that he was "getting hold of a lot of money" through the easy efforts of his strong-arm squad, and that he might be interested in investing in The Hesper Club. Of course, Becker was making a bid to short-cut Big Tim's own investment in the club, so that he would be on an equal footing with Sullivan at the interest level of many clubs. Becker's ambition was still white-hot and he undoubtedly was thinking of somehow supplanting Big Tim as he had Schmittberger.

Thanks to Providence, Becker did exactly that. In the spring of 1912, Big Tim's dissolute lifestyle caught up with him. He was seized by paresis of the brain, generally caused by long-standing syphilis, and became bedridden, half-conscious most of the time. He was no longer an effective force in New York's system of graft. Becker, without waiting for approval from Tammany, took over Sullivan's role as soon as he heard his political mentor had fallen ill. Becker immediately leveled an enormous duty on all gambling dens and bordellos, sending his men around to obtain the weekly increase. Some of Becker's police goons arrived at the newly opened Hesper Club, where the strong-arm cops were told: "No payoffs here. This is Big Tim's house."

True, Sullivan had fronted a good deal of the money Rosenthal had used to establish this lavish gambling den in a three-story brownstone at 104 West 45th Street, just off Sixth Avenue. The place sported thick carpets and heavy, dark drapes, massive furniture, which were the vogue of the era, and the latest gambling wheels, tables, and devices. But, ironically, Becker himself had also invested in the club, giving Rosenthal $1,500 for twenty percent of the profits, and holding a mort-

gage on all the furniture for his small investment. It was his thinking that, despite the profits Rosenthal paid him, he could still enjoy an additional $500-a-week payoff from The Hesper. Rosenthal, however, balked at this double payoff and refused to give Becker's boys any payoffs.

When Becker heard of this refusal, he met with Big Jack Zelig and ordered the thugmaster to see Rosenthal personally. Zelig went to Rosenthal and told him: "You better pay. Sullivan's out and Becker's the boss now." Rosenthal told Zelig that he was crazy and that he would see Sullivan about it. But Sullivan was dying in bed and Rosenthal found only the boss' politically inept brother Florrie, his nephew Jim, and Frank Farrell lounging in Big Tim's sumptuous office. They had no idea about what he should do. They were trying to figure out Big Tim's secretly organized empire themselves and were getting nowhere. The obstinate Rosenthal left, later telling Zelig that he had no intention of giving Becker anything, including the twenty per cent on the investment.

When Becker heard this, he exploded. He roared at Zelig: "Make him pay!" Zelig and some of his goons, Harry "Gyp the Blood" Horowitz, Whitey Lewis (Jacob Seidenschmer), "Dago Frank" Cirofici and Lefty Louie (Louis Rosenberg), the four men who were to take Rosenthal's life in full view of dozens of stunned witnesses. At first, these thugs grabbed the gambler as he was stepping out of his club one night and beat him unconscious. Still the stubborn Rosenthal refused to pay off. He went back to Big Tim's relatives, who told him: "Make a deal with Becker, that's all we can tell you." Rosenthal was beaten. He called Becker and the two men met. Rosenthal complained that his club was new and not doing as well as he had hoped. He needed more time to pay the additional money Becker was demanding. Becker told him he had a month and to make sure that he got his percentage, installed one of his cronies in Rosenthal's club.

This man was Jack Rose, better known along the Main Stem as "Billiard Ball Jack" because he did not have a human hair on his shining bald head. Rosenthal had always hated the pugnacious Rose and he found the gambler's permanent presence in his club offensive. He brooded about this until his pent-up rage broke loose in diatribes against New York Police Lieutenant Charles Becker. He began to speak to anyone, everyone, about this "crooked cop," until his incessant carping was heard by the crusading district attorney, Charles Seymour Whitman.

Before Whitman acted on the Rosenthal rumors, Commissioner Waldo received another letter which complained about the blatant operations of a gambling den at 104 West 45th Street, Rosenthal's Hesper Club. This was in Becker's Tenderloin and Waldo called the lieutenant into his office. Here he confronted Becker with the letter, his usual custom, informing him: "I can't understand how this could have escaped your attention." Waldo gave Becker a direct order to close The Hesper and keep it closed.

This was one letter Becker did not return to the Commissioner. He had no alternative except to comply with orders. He informed Rosenthal that he had to "close you up for a while." Rosenthal protested, but Becker was firm. Not only was the Hesper Club closed but, to make sure it remained closed, Becker placed a police guard around the clock in the front room on the main floor. The presence of these cops drove Rosenthal nearly crazy since he lived on the premises and he bitterly complained to any and all who would listen that it made him and his poor wife feel like prisoners. It was intolerable. He wouldn't stand for it. He would do *something* to show Becker that he could not treat Herman Rosenthal "like a dog."

Zelig's murder gang at a picnic: The four killers of Rosenthal are shown (top, left to right), Harry "Gyp the Blood" Horowitz, Louis "Lefty Louie" Rosenberg, "Dago Frank" Cirofici, and (seated, left) Jacob "Whitey Lewis" Seidenschmer.

The presence of the police in his home so enraged the beefy gambler that he began to war with the department. He announced that he would lock out these interlopers and, on one occasion, he slammed the doors and bolted them during a changing of shifts. He stood outside and dared the police to break into his place. The answer came in hours when a crew showed up on West 45th Street with a new hydraulic lift which could tear out the entire door frame. Before permanent damage was done Rosenthal capitulated, running across the street and unlocking the door.

As the late Spring brought hot weather, Rosenthal threatened to stoke up the furnaces in his building and "roast those cops out of there," but this proved to be an idle boast. Rosenthal's wife, Dora, a buxom and demonstrative woman, nagged her husband incessantly about policemen roaming her home, and every time the shift would change, she would lean out of her third-story bedroom window and shake her fist at the officers changing the guard, shouting that they were violating her home.

When Rosenthal could no longer bear this continuing indignity, he filed harassment charges against several high-ranking policemen in the department, but oddly never mentioned Becker. Although local judges scoffed at the complaints Rosenthal made, the gambler persistently filed new complaints. All of this got back to Becker. Now the crooked cop felt the kind of pressure only he had administered in the past. He became enraged. How dare this gambler create problems for the police and for him? He would not tolerate such defiance. He had Zelig's goons threaten Rosenthal again, but the gambler refused to back down. Becker decided then and there that only one course of action was left to him.

According to the sensational thirty-eight-page confession later made by Jack Rose, Becker came to him and ordered him to organize the death of Herman "Beansie" Rosenthal. Rose was to employ his fellow gamblers, Harry Vallon (Harry Vallinsky) and Louis "Bridgie" Webber in organizing Rosenthal's death with Zelig's gunsels. Becker was specific in his command to Rose, telling him: "I want Rosenthal croaked! I want him murdered, shot, his throat cut, any way that will take him off the earth!"

Rose told Becker that Zelig and his men might be hesitant to kill a man, who was so much in the public eye, a man whose vendetta against the NYPD had put him on the front pages of the daily newspapers. Becker replied: "If those rats don't go along, I will find out where they hang out and frame every one of them and send them up the river for carrying concealed weapons!" Becker emphasized that nothing would happen to anyone who killed the man he had marked for murder. "All that's necessary," Becker told Rose, "is to walk right up to where he is and blaze away at him and leave the rest to me. Nothing will happen to anybody that does it. Walk up to him and shoot him before a policeman if you want to and nothing will happen!"

Rose reluctantly set about organizing the murder of Rosenthal, but he dragged his feet, as did Webber and Vallon. Becker pursued them like a terrier, at one point shouting that he would frame the gamblers unless they got the job done quickly. "Why isn't he croaked?" Becker would say in his daily phone call to Rose. "Why isn't that man dead yet? You're all a bunch of damned cowards!" He literally hounded the gamblers with threats up to the night when Rosenthal was finally murdered. Only hours before this happened, Becker was on the phone to Rose, saying: "If only that s.o.b. is croaked tonight, how happy I will be, how lovely it will be!"

The problem in getting Becker's gruesome job done lay within the ranks of the gamblers, who worked at cross-purposes. All of them owned interests in various gambling joints and competed with each other, distrusting each other's motives. All of them would have just as readily put each other on the spot if Becker had asked for *their* deaths. None of them, however, had any love for Rosenthal.

Only a few years earlier Rosenthal and Webber had fought over gambling territories that brought out their respective gunmen in open warfare. Rosenthal had actually arranged for Webber's murder in 1909, hiring a notorious thug named Spanish Louie (or Louis) to beat Webber to death. Rosenthal had actually watched from a shadowy doorway while this goon nearly beat Webber to death, but was interrupted by a patrolman who gave chase to the fleeing Louie. With that, Rosenthal sauntered across the street, pretending to be a passerby, and helped Webber to his feet, wiping away the blood pouring from his broken nose with his own handkerchief and telling Webber how awful it was that the streets were no longer safe.

New York *Times* drama critic Alexander Woollcott, who was present at the Metropole on the night of Rosenthal's killing and later gave a grim report of the murder scene.

The next year Spanish Louie was shot to death from a speeding auto by four gangsters in Webber's employ, these being Christian "Boob" Walker, Harry "Gyp the Blood" Horowitz, Lefty Louie and Whitey Lewis. These were Zelig's boys, but the same gunmen were for hire by anyone with money and they often free-lanced for Rosenthal. Still, the gamblers found dozens of excuses for not killing Rosenthal, hoping that Becker would change his mind. Rosenthal didn't aid his own cause by loudly accusing the police of wholesale graft. Not having any success with the local magistrates, who refused to indict anyone on his accusations, Rosenthal went to the press, badgering newsmen to print his story of wholesale corruption in the police force.

Everyone turned a deaf ear, except a reporter for the *World*, Herbert Bayard Swope. Swope had known Rosenthal for some years. A habitue of Tenderloin casinos, he and Rosenthal had been on more than speaking terms, the gambler steering the reporter to the best gambling action in town, often feeding him "inside" tips on various horse races. Swope not only listened to Rosenthal, but decided to print his affidavit in the *World*. The story that Rosenthal gave Swope was nothing like the tale he had brought to the city magistrates. To Swope the gambler described in detail his relationship with Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, from the very first moment they had met at the Elks' Club on New Year's Eve to the many payoffs he had made to the crooked cop, along with all the other payoffs Becker was receiving throughout the Tenderloin.

Rosenthal named every gambler in on the payoffs, all the police collectors and bagmen, all the backup thugs, who did the dirty work for the cops. After the Swope story ran, the most important of his life and the story that would make him into a newspaper magnate, the newsman went after Whitman to make sure the district attorney did his duty. He persuaded Whitman to take Rosenthal's direct statement and bring a grand jury indictment against Becker.

Before Whitman took Rosenthal's deposition, Becker heard of the affidavit in the *World* office and marched to the newspaper with his lawyer. He inspected the document and snarled: "This is a pack of lies!" He turned on his heels and

Harry "Gyp the Blood" Horowitz, leader of the murder gang that brazenly killed Rosenthal; it was Horowitz who lured Rosenthal from the entrance of the Metropole.

went back to badgering Rose to have Rosenthal killed immediately. Meanwhile, Rosenthal was oddly blase about the lethal peril he had created for himself. "I know I'm a marked man," he told a newsman, "and I've probably signed my own death warrant, but I don't care." Despite these words of bravado, Herman Rosenthal cared very much, and he took pains to stay out of his usual haunts, holing up on the third floor of his brownstone. He ventured forth to seek the advice of the rising young gambler, Arnold Rothstein, who offered him money to leave town.

Rosenthal said he would never let himself be run out of New York, but he later returned to Rothstein, asking for the money. Rothstein turned a cold shoulder to his one-time friend Rosenthal and told him it was "too late to do anything." This meeting with Rothstein occurred on the afternoon of July 15, 1912. Rosenthal thought about Rothstein's remark and decided that there was something more to do. He had earlier stated that "this is a fight to the finish. I know that the whole police department will be against me and that all the gamblers, big and little, will fight me, too, because this means a big investigation that will clean up the city."

Late that day and into the evening, Herman Rosenthal talked for five hours to District Attorney Whitman and key staff members, reiterating everything he had revealed to Swope and promising to reveal even more when brought before a grand jury, if he lived that long. Whitman promised that if he stayed in his home, he would be all right. The district attorney was the only key official in New York who had no strings to Tammany, having gotten elected without that organization's help. He was the mortal foe of Tammany Mayor William Jay Gaynor (who had disavowed his Tammany connection once he was in office) and especially eschewed the friendships of such sachems as Big Tim Sullivan. A crusader and a tireless reformer, Whitman vowed to use Rosenthal's accusations to clean up the city. Before leaving Whitman's offices that night, however, Rosenthal gave himself little chance of ever appearing before a grand jury, telling Whitman: "I may not live to do it. You may never see me again alive." His words, undoubtedly couched for dramatic effect, could not have been more prophetic.

That night, at about 10 p.m., Rosenthal received a phone call from someone he considered important enough to meet later. He told his wife that he would be going out to keep an important rendezvous, but he refused to reveal the identity of the man who had called. Dora Rosenthal begged her husband not to go out, reminding him that he was in great danger, but Herman Rosenthal somehow felt confident that no one would dare harm him; that he had become too public, too well-known. Why, he was on every front page of every newspaper in New York. He had attacked the New York Police Department and the police of the city would never dare let anything happen to him now. His indictment against the NYPD was his insurance policy, Rosenthal reasoned. But, he had not reckoned on the ruthless indifference Charles Becker had to such logic.

So confident was Rosenthal that he walked all the way to his meeting place, his favorite hangout, The Metropole Hotel, on 43rd Street, just east of Broadway. The hotel was owned by the Considine Brothers and Big Tim Sullivan, Rosenthal's mentor. The gambler believed that nothing could happen to him there. The place was a favorite after-hours haunt for actors, newsmen, gamblers, racetrack touts, and Broadway characters of every stripe. Its bar and restaurant teemed with the most colorful (and often dangerous) people in town, the kind of place Herman Rosenthal loved.

As Rosenthal neared the hotel he ran into some gamblers he knew. One of them reached out and said: "Herman, it's not safe for you to be out tonight. Go home. Turn around and go home right now." Rosenthal pulled away and laughed off the warning. He intended to keep his appointment at the Metropole. He turned into the hotel lobby shortly before 1 a.m., July 16, 1912, and as he passed the bustling, jam-packed bar, there was a moment of silence, a strange hush as the scores of drinkers paused for a moment as if to acknowledge the passing of a ghost.

Rosenthal sauntered into the dining room and sat down at his favorite table, and here, too, the crowd stared momentarily at him in a strange awe, not expecting him to be there in the flesh, to be alive at all. From the scores of statements made later and over the years it was evident that everyone in the Metropole, everyone "in the know" in Manhattan, knew that Herman "Beansie" Rosenthal was going to die that night, "go on the spot," as Damon Runyon later put it and he later intimated that he was present in the bar that night. The Metropole was teeming with Runyon characters, the very prototypes who would later people his *Guys and Dolls* and other Broadway tales.

Oddly, Rosenthal sat down next to Christian "Boob" Walker, one of the goons who worked for his arch nemesis, Bridgie Webber. Other Webber cronies, Fat Moe Brown and Butch Kitte sat down with the gambler as Rosenthal ordered a steak and a horse's neck (ginger ale and a lemon twist). The Metropole had a number of unique drinks created by its gambler patrons. Billiard Ball Jack Rose, hated by Rosenthal, had created his own drink, which was forever after known as a "Jack Rose," this being a cocktail containing a jigger of applejack, juice of half a lemon, and a half ounce of grenadine, which was all shaken with cracked ice and strained.

When the steak came, Rosenthal wolfed it down, keeping his eye on the door, as if expecting someone to come in at any moment. Boob Walker later stated that "Herman ate as if he could take it with him." Finishing his supper, the gambler excused himself, got up, and shuffled into the lobby, where he

GAMBLER WHO DEFIED POLICE IS SHOT DEAD
BECKER HELD ON MURDER
'DAGO FRANK,' CONFESSING, SAYS VALLON
'GYP' AND 'LOUIE' MURDERED ROSENTHAL
JURY FINDS LIEUT. BECKER GUILTY
GUNMEN DIE
BECKER TELLS HIS OWN STO
ROSE REVEALS BECKER SECRET
BECKER WINS NEW TRIAL
BECKER, ABOUT TO DIE

A newspaper montage and contemporary sketch shows the brutal murder of Herman "Beansie" Rosenthal outside New York's Metropole Hotel in the early hours of July 22, 1912.

bought the latest newspapers. He was on the front pages bigger than ever. He bought a copy of the *World* which blared the headline: "GAMBLER CHARGES POLICE LIEUTENANT WAS HIS PARTNER." He tucked this under his arm and ambled back to his table in the restaurant, which was near one of the large windows that faced the street and still gave Rosenthal a clear view of the front door. He spread the newspaper out in front of him and the other gamblers at his table took one look at the headline and quickly excused themselves. A group of gamblers at the next table stared at him incredulously.

Rosenthal stretched his arms to show his French cuffs blazoned with huge gold links, then shoved his chair back so that his stomach bloated forward over a huge gold belt buckle which featured his initials in large letters reading HR, and smirked at his friends sitting at the next table. "What do you think of the papers lately?" he said in a conspiratorial voice. "You boys aren't sore at me, are you?" Rosenthal asked this question without really expecting an answer. One of the gamblers shook his head and said: "Herman, you're a damned fool." Ignoring this remark, Rosenthal ordered a cup of coffee and began to read the newspaper, dwelling on every word that dealt with his accusations.

Some of the gamblers sitting nearby, who had been whispering among themselves looked up at the entranceway to the dining room and suddenly fell silent. At the doorway was a police detective named William J. File. He glanced about the room and then disappeared into the crowded lobby which, instead of emptying out at that time of the morning, was actually filling up so that standing room was getting scarce. It seemed as if everyone in the know on the Main Stem wanted to be there at the kill, or, at least, that was the image of the thronged Metropole that many writers later created. Other plainclothes NYPD detectives were also on hand that night, and out on the street, no less than six, some eyewitnesses later said, and more than a dozen patrolmen strolled the sidewalk on both sides of the street on the block where the Metropole was located, the bright electric bulbs from its marquee flooding light up and down the street.

The public killing of Herman Rosenthal was undoubtedly an event no one wanted to miss. Someone in front of the Metropole, a man in a dark suit and a straw boater, his voice full of authority, began to order the taxicabs parked there to move on and he continued to have the cabs pull away from the entranceway for twenty minutes, until the front of the hotel was completely clear of parked vehicles right up to the moment Herman Rosenthal stepped outside to meet his terrible fate.

Oblivious to his own impending execution, only a half hour away, Rosenthal went on bathing in his notoriety. He was the talk of the town and he knew it, reveled in it, gloried in the danger he had brought to his own door. He feared nothing, his expression told everyone; he alone would clean up New York. Even when his arch enemy, Bridgie Webber sauntered into the hotel dining room a little after 1:30 a.m., Rosenthal gave him a slight smile. Webber walked casually up to Rosenthal and placed his hand on the pudgy gambler's shoulder, saying affa-

bly: "Hello, Herman, how's everything?" Rosenthal nodded and said: "Fine, everything is just fine. How is it by you?" Webber did not reply, merely stood there for a moment, then he patted Rosenthal's shoulder several times, turned around, and walked quickly out of the hotel. This was the signal to waiting gangsters outside, who could see through the dining room window, and the way in which their victim was identified.

Months later, at Becker's prolonged trial, Webber sat calmly in the witness stand and was asked: "When you went to the Metropole, for what purpose did you look for him [Rosenthal]? Was it for the purpose of having him murdered?" Webber's answer was, quiet and unperturbed: "Yes, sir." Webber's pat on the shoulder was his kiss of death. After making sure that Rosenthal was at the Metropole, Webber went outside to inform the eight men waiting there, four of them gangsters with guns bulging in their pockets, that their victim was almost ready for the slaughter.

It was almost 2 a.m. when a waiter carrying a tray of dishes stopped at Rosenthal's table and told him that "there is a man in the lobby who wants to see you." Rosenthal looked through the dining room door to see Harry Vallon, a Webber henchman with the face of a bloody hatchet. Vallon stood staring at him, impassive, his hands jammed into his coat pockets. Rosenthal got up and slowly walked up to Vallon in the lobby. "Can you come outside for a minute, Herman? There's someone outside who wants to see you." Vallon asked him. The utterly unsuspecting Rosenthal shrugged and followed Vallon outside into the sultry, clammy night. The heavyset gambler followed Vallon outside to the sidewalk, standing under the bright lights of the Metropole, a perfect target.

Vallon suddenly stepped back, out of the light and into the shadows. Several gamblers Rosenthal knew stood nearby, including Dave Mendelsohn, Sigmund Rosenfeld, and Chick Beebe. They stood off in the distance and in the shadows, twenty feet or so from the hotel entrance. Also standing in the shadows talking with cronies was Billiard Ball Jack Rose, talking with another gambling intimate, Sam Schepps. Down the block several uniformed policemen could be seen milling about.

The street was crowded, but no one seemed to take any notice of a huge 1909 Packard that was idling almost in the middle of the street. A dark, swarthy man sat at the wheel. Four other dark, swarthy men (some reports said five men), all described later as short in stature and dressed in dark suits and wearing soft felt hats, stood in front of the car, forming an arc before the hotel entrance.

One of the men shouted: "Over here, Herman!" Rosenthal, who had lit a cigar, when crossing the lobby, squinted into the darkness, unable to identify the man who called out to him with an unfamiliar voice. Rosenthal took a hesitant step forward, saying: "Who's that?" The killers closed in on him, just barely entering the glaring lights from the marquee, and five shots rang out, striking Rosenthal at close range (powder burns were to blacken his face). The bullets struck him in the neck, the nose and two in the head. One wild shot struck the door frame of the hotel. Rosenthal, spouting blood, fell dead in the street, the newspapers he had been carrying flying upward and then settling over his crumpled, prostrate body.

Eyewitnesses later claimed that the chief killer, the fierce Gyp the Blood Horowitz, had stepped forward before the fusillade erupted and hailed his victim with the words "Hello, Herman." After Rosenthal collapsed from his lethal wounds, Horowitz leaned over to make sure the gambler was dead, then stood up, and said, "Goodbye, Herman." He then casually stepped over the body and joined his fellow gangsters, getting into the Packard, which quickly roared down the street. (One witness swore that Gyp the Blood had sneered at his fallen victim and snorted the word "Gotcha!")

Rosenthal's body lay in the street for some minutes, the many witnesses on the sidewalks frozen in a murder scene motif. In a doorway down the street, some later insisted, mob leader Jack Zelig lit a cigar and walked away from the scene. Then the street exploded with shouts and panic. Police came running from everywhere and witnesses raced to patrolmen to give varied descriptions of the killers and several versions of the license plate on the Packard.

One unlikely witness to this gory murder was none other than the esteemed drama critic for the New York *Times*, Alexander Woollcott, who would later become a best-selling author and be well remembered for his radio appearances as the Town Crier. Recalling the Rosenthal murder twenty-two years later, when writing in *While Rome Burns,* Woollcott summed up the livid scene: "I shall always remember the picture of that soft, fat body wilting on the sidewalk with a beer-stained tablecloth serving as its pall. I shall always remember the fish-belly faces of the sibilant crowd which sprung in a twinkling from nowhere, formed like a clot around those clamorous wounds. Just behind me an old timer whispered a comment which I have had more than one occasion to repeat. `From where I stand,' he said, `I can see eight murderers.'"

As evidence and the testimony of several gamblers scrambling to save their necks would later prove, there were four murderers, plus the man who ordered the killing, all of whom would later sit down in the electric chair for the blatant killing. The killers and their driver fled down 43rd Street in the

Gyp the Blood Horowitz (left) and Lefty Louie Rosenberg shown at their trial; both were sentenced to death, going to the electric chair on April 14, 1913.

large Packard sedan. As the car turned onto Broadway with a squeal of tires, Detective File raced from the hotel, his .38-caliber revolver in his hand. He took a look at Rosenthal's body, the left side of the face blown away, and ordered two patrolmen nearby to follow him.

The officers ran along 43rd Street to Broadway, where Police Lieutenant Edward Frye met them. The four officers jumped into a cab and ordered the taxi driver to follow the Packard, which was fast disappearing down Broadway. It soon outdistanced the taxi and disappeared. Fortunately, a young, unemployed cabaret singer, Charles Gallagher, had been walking toward the Metropole, when the shooting occurred and had the presence of mind to write down the license plate of the car as it sped past him. He later had to argue with policemen to give them the number: "NY-41313."

District Attorney Whitman was awakened at home by the indefatigable Swope, who told him that his star witness had just been murdered. Whitman climbed out of his pajamas and into street clothes, going immediately to the 47th Street Precinct Station, where the body of Rosenthal lay on a slab in the back room. Some minutes after the bleary-eyed Whitman arrived at the station, he turned to see Charles Becker enter. Becker later claimed that he, too, had been awakened by a newsman giving him the news of the killing and rushed to his own precinct station to verify the slaying.

Becker took one look at the body and then he met the eyes of Charles Whitman glaring at him. For a moment the hardboiled crooked cop tried to stare down the district attorney but Whitman's eyes narrowed to slits of contempt and Becker, without a word, lowered his eyes and turned around, leaving the station quickly. He later met with Rose, Webber, and Vallon to congratulate them on the killing, telling the gamblers that he had just gone to the station house and how "it was a pleasing sight to me to see the squealing Jew lying there, and, if it had not been for the presence of Whitman, I would have cut out his tongue and hung it on the Times Building as a warning to future squealers." (Becker's anti-Semitic remark was pointedly intended for his listeners, who were all Jews, as a warning.)

An hour later, Whitman returned home, beside himself with anger over the killing of Rosenthal, telling his wife that "I'm going to get Becker if it's the only thing I ever do. New York is supposed to be the greatest city in the world ... But as long as Becker and all those like him are allowed to defy and corrupt every law by which decent people live, New York will never be anything but a human sewer!" He vowed to send the killers, including Becker, to the electric chair. Whitman was greatly aided in his goal by soon receiving word that the license plate of the murder car had been traced to a rental garage.

The killers could not have selected a more conspicuous auto to use in New York's most sensational murder of the decade. The Packard had once belonged to the great fighter, John L. Sullivan, and was easily traced. It had been rented by a number of gamblers and these—Vallon, Rose, and Webber—were soon under arrest. They were housed in the Tombs but refused to admit to anything, until it appeared quite obvious to them that they, not the actual triggermen, would be charged with the killings.

Rose was the first to crack, giving Whitman his famous thirty-eight-page statement in which he liberally quoted Becker's "Croak Rosenthal" decree. Realizing that Rose was saving his own skin, Webber and Vallon soon joined the chorus, corroborating every damning word Rose said, all, of course, with the promise of immunity extended to them. Through the cooperation of the gamblers, the killers, Harry "Gyp the Blood" Horowitz, Lefty Louie (Louis Rosenberg), Whitey Lewis (Jacob Seidenschmer) and "Dago Frank" Cirofici, were all convicted by a jury that took twenty minutes to make up its collective mind on November 19, 1912. All four young killers were electrocuted in Sing Sing on April 14, 1913, a Monday.

The previous day, the three Jewish men, Horowitz, Rosenberg, and Seidenschmer, were fed a Passover Dinner prepared in an Ossining hotel, which consisted of stuffed Hudson River bass, chicken soup and macaroons, roast chicken, mashed turnips, matzos, hardboiled eggs, and peaches. All claimed to be innocent, saying that Vallon was the real killer. Dago Frank Cirofici called for a Catholic priest, then later "confessed" to warders, saying that Vallon and Gyp the Blood had done the killing. He was innocent, he claimed, being at home that night. The men swaggered to their deaths, heroes to the underworld in their own weird code, dying without begging for mercy. Their end came long before that of the man, who had ordered them on

District Attorney Charles Seymour Whitman; Becker's conviction assured his governorship.

Key witness Sam Schepps provided corroboration that Becker ordered Rosenthal murdered.

Judge John W. Goff presided at Becker's trial, washing down his in-chambers lunch with whiskey.

The jury in Becker's second trial was isolated in a guarded hotel, brought to court every day in this open-air omnibus; the swastika on the hood was a company logo long before Hitler appropriated the symbol a decade later in Germany.

their murderous mission. It took three years for the law to run Charles Becker to ground.

Once the gamblers made their confession, District Attorney Whitman allowed them their freedom, provided they would testify against Becker at his trial which was scheduled for October 7, 1912. Whitman took no chances. Knowing that he must have corroboration for all the damning statements made chiefly by Rose, he brought another gambler named Sam Schepps into the picture. Schepps was assured immunity and confessed his part in the Rosenthal killing, which he too claimed was ordered by Lieutenant Becker.

The once-powerful Becker was by then suspended from the NYPD and had been locked in the Tombs to await trial. His attorney, John F. McIntyre, was able and quick-witted, but he was up against an almost predetermined case since the shocking, brutal statements by Rose, which revealed Becker to be nothing more than a bestial and inhuman creature, had been broadly printed in the press. Moreover, Whitman was an eloquent and formidable opponent, who was by now imbued with a messianic crusade to rid the world of police corruption and that particular venality was personified by Charles Becker. To Whitman, Becker was evil incarnate and he had taken it upon himself to personally eradicate this scourge. He was no less inspired in seeking this legal goal than was the mythical Perceval, who had explored the bogs of hell in his search for the Holy Grail.

For his part, Becker exuded confidence from his prison cell. It was all a frame-up, he said. The gamblers had lied to save their own skins, he insisted, and Whitman was using him as a scapegoat in winning the governorship. He told his wife the trial would come to nothing and he would be back on the job before Christmas. What reasonable jury would take the word of such Broadway trash as Vallon, Rose, Webber, and Schepps over that of an upstanding police officer who had received his department's highest commendation for valor? He expected aid from Mayor Gaynor and, of course, his tolerant superior, Commissioner Waldo. Yet, curiously, support from these totemic government officials was absent. Also, no one in the department, other than Becker's brother John, by then a lieutenant on the force, had come forward to lend strong support. There was a silence that befell Becker, ominous and knowing. And all but Becker, his blindly loyal wife, and some close relatives, accepted this man's doom.

A quicker death awaited Becker's gangster chieftain, Big Jack Zelig. One day before Becker's trial began, Zelig, the most feared thug in New York, was murdered by an obscure goon whose motives were as absurd as the manner he chose to rid the city of a crime czar. Zelig was to testify at Becker's trial; he was listed as a defense witness, but Whitman, as he later stated, intended to have the gangster speak on behalf of the prosecution. If this was known by members of the underworld at the time, the conduct of Zelig's killer was not the lone act of

The milling crowd awaiting word outside the courtroom during Becker's second trial; he was convicted (in both trials) and sentenced to death.

an unthinking thug, but a planned killing ordained by the leaders of the system.

Zelig acted in the last moments of his life as if he hadn't a care in the world. On the night of October 5, 1912, Zelig had dropped into Siegel's Coffee House on Second Avenue and there enjoyed the company of a half dozen gangsters under his command. He drank heavily, downing several glasses of gin. He decided to get some air and stepped outside, lit a cigar, and looked about for the two detectives whom he knew had been assigned to watch him since he was now an important witness in the Becker trial and also to gather information on his ongoing illegal activities. Zelig had been off-handedly grateful for this police surveillance since he knew he had been marked for death by a fierce new rival for his underworld territory, Jack Sirocco.

Although he had been expected to return to his men at Siegel's, Zelig inexplicably strolled a block or so and then, seeing a streetcar going uptown, jumped on board, walked to the back of the car, and squeezed his large frame between an old man and a young woman. As the car moved away from the Fifth Street stop, Zelig noticed from his bench seat a young, tall man racing after the car. He took the cigar out of his mouth and encouraged the passenger to catch up with the car, saying, "C'mon, you can make it, old boy!"

The young man reached out, caught the outside handle bar, and swung himself onto the running board of the streetcar. Instead of entering the car, the slightly breathless passenger worked himself behind the last bench on the outside of the car so that he hung from the rear, standing behind Zelig. He reached into his pocket and withdrew a .38-caliber revolver. Zelig and other passengers in the car were facing forward and no one saw the killer place the muzzle of the gun behind Zelig's left ear. He fired one shot. Zelig leaped forward with the impact, his face a mask of blood, crashing to the streetcar floor, where his dying body gave one shuddering spasm and then went limp. Screaming women and shouting men in the car pointed frantically to the sour-faced killer hanging at the end of the trolley.

The killer wasted no time in leaping from the car as it moved on. His jump was ill-chosen for he landed almost at the foot of a startled patrolman, banging into him, the killer's revolver still in hand. The cop raised his nightstick and instinctively began clubbing the killer, until he lay senseless on the sidewalk. He was identified a short time later as 30-year-old Philip "Red Phil" Davidson, who had occasionally worked as a fruit peddler, but had a long criminal record as a narcotics pusher, gambler, and white slaver.

Davidson laconically told police that he had killed Zelig because the gangster had stolen $400 from him earlier that day. Later Davidson changed his story, saying that he had misstated the amount. Zelig had cheated him out of $18 and that is the reason why he felt compelled to murder the man. Of course, it was all nonsense. Zelig was a wealthy man who gave $20 to bootblacks for a mere shine and would not have spent a second bruising his knuckles over such a paltry amount. Davidson, after a brief trial, was given twenty years in prison and was released in twelve.

Whitman made much of Zelig's killing, claiming that the gangster would prove that Rose and the other gamblers had

been telling the truth and that Becker was guilty. McIntyre, for the defense, said that such statements were ridiculous, that Zelig would have proved that Rose, Vallon, and Webber, all sworn enemies of Zelig's, had planned the killing of their worst competitor on their own and had used Zelig's best killers to do it and that Becker had no connection with the Rosenthal murder. It was, however, with Big Jack dead on a morgue slab, a moot issue. Becker's trial went ahead as planned and was over in twelve days.

Judge John Goff, a no-nonsense law-and-order magistrate, argued throughout the trial with defense counsel McIntyre and seemed to show a decided interest in having Becker found guilty. He allowed Whitman every opportunity, and made McIntyre battle himself into illness to make the meagerest point. Goff had long been a conservative foe of political graft and police corruption in New York, challenging the powers of Tammany as early as the 1890s during the Lexow and Mazet hearings. (Goff, during this trial, as was his habit with any other, took his lunch inside his chambers; this consisted exclusively of milk and crackers, which he always washed down with a long swig of Irish whiskey.)

Judge Goff's conduct was much in question and it drove Becker, outwardly calm during the entire course of the trial, to near rage when talking with his attorney in his Tombs cell. At one conference with McIntyre, Becker shouted at his beleaguered attorney: "Between that judge and your inability to stop the DA, I'm going to fry! I could have done better by myself." He insisted on taking the witness stand to clear himself, but McIntyre persuaded him against this, assuring Becker that Goff's high-handed ways would prejudice the case and assure a victory for the defense in the Appeals Court. "It doesn't matter what the jury does," McIntyre told his client "No conviction will ever survive an appeal."

Becker came to believe that the prosecution's case would not hold up, that the jury would reason that a bunch of murderous gamblers were obviously trying to frame a police officer who had justly persecuted them. He became so confident that he would be acquitted that he told his wife to wear her best dress on the last day of the trial. They would go to one of the best restaurants in town to celebrate his release. No one was more shocked when he was found guilty and later sentenced by Goff to reside in Sing Sing, where he would later be executed. McIntyre, however, was proved correct. The Appeals Court overruled the conviction, citing Goff's conduct and other discrepancies in the trial. Becker was tried again, and brought back from Death Row to the Tombs.

Judge Samuel Seabury, who was as famous as Goff in combating New York corruption, presided over Becker's second trial which began on May 2, 1914, Whitman's choice in that he was more even-handed and careful in his supervision of the trial. Whitman did not want another reversal. Becker had to die in the electric chair and that meant that the second trial must end in a conviction that would be upheld at any judicial level.

W. Bourke Cochran, an ex-judge, served as Becker's attorney in the second trial, but he was no match for Whitman, who once more paraded his gamblers before the jury with their inflammatory but utterly damning testimony. Seabury avoided the pitfalls of Judge Goff and was extremely cautious in his instructions to the jury. On May 22, 1914, the jury took one hour and fifty minutes to convict Charles Becker of the murder of Herman Rosenthal. Becker was later sentenced to die in Sing Sing's electric chair on July 6, 1914. But one appeal after another postponed that date with death.

While Becker and his lawyers fought for his life, Whitman ran for the governor's office and, with the Becker conviction as the single most important achievement in his career to bolster support, he was swept into the Albany mansion with a tremendous Republican landslide on November 3, 1914. Now Becker and his attorneys were faced with seeking Whitman's mercy after all other appeals failed. This Becker found intolerable, saying: "My life has been sacrificed on the altar of Whitman." But, as Becker's final date for execution approached, July 30, 1915, the condemned man found himself writing a pleading letter to the very man who convicted him, begging Whitman to commute his sentence. Whitman, through an aide, stated: "The Governor cannot pardon a man he convicted." Whitman himself, just before the execution, after denying Becker's plea for clemency, said: "As far as Becker's conviction is concerned, there was never a criminal case more perfectly proven in the annals of crime. I have never had any doubt about Becker's guilt. If I had any now I would pardon him."

In a dramatic last minute effort, Mrs. Helen Becker went personally to Governor Whitman and begged for an interview. Whitman, through an aide, agreed to see her, but when she appeared at the Governor's mansion in Albany only twelve hours before her husband was to die, she found the governor gone. She learned he was in Peekskill reviewing a military event. She trailed him there only to learn he had gone to Poughkeepsie. She found him at the Nelson House. Here the governor, cornered, as it were, by the desperate wife, who had never given up on her husband or lost a second of belief in his innocence, was forced to face Helen Becker. She implored Whitman to consider her husband's last plea for a review of his case. Whitman only stood in the center of the governor's suite, arms clasped behind his back, saying nothing. Mrs. Becker, understanding his silence to be a final refusal, broke down.

Nothing stopped Becker's execution on July 30, 1915. He entered the death room at Sing Sing and stoically, some reporters later stated "arrogantly," approached the electric chair, sitting down while staring ahead, his chin up, his eyes glaring at the twenty-odd witnesses in the death room. He repeated the litany being said by the prison chaplain, Father James Curry. The convicted killer looked massive and powerful as he sat in the chair, thick, muscular legs that were exposed at the calf where the trousers had been slit for the electrodes, an expand-

Helen Becker vainly sought to get her husband's death sentence commuted.

Charles Becker as he entered Sing Sing; he was executed on July 30, 1915.

ing chest that breathed evenly.

Charles Becker insisted upon his innocence to the end and decided to show himself unafraid. He held a crucifix and when the first jolt of electricity was thrown into him, 1,850 volts of current, his large body of 215 pounds lurched against the straps with such force that the leather creaked and groaned, almost bursting their anchors. In ten seconds the current was shut off, but an examining physician, Dr. Charles Farr, reported that Becker was still alive. Another ten-second jolt was thrown into him. Again his body strained against the straps. The doctor listened again to Becker's heart with his stethoscope and announced that the man was still alive. For a third time the body was given another jolt and this time Dr. Farr, after listening closely for a heartbeat, turned and said: "I pronounce this man dead."

By then the witnesses were exhausted with the shock of Becker's awful death, one that had taken nine minutes and was later considered one of the most "botched" executions in Sing Sing history. The nine minutes had seemed like an eternity to the witnesses, one of whom was a *World* reporter, later writing: "To those who had sat in the gray-walled room and watched and listened to the rasping sound of the wooden switch lever being thrown backward and forward and had seen the greenish-blue blaze at the victim's head and feet, and the grayish smoke curling away from the scorched flesh, it had seemed an hour." To phalanxes of gamblers, police officers and members of the underworld, the news that the "Crookedest Cop in the World" was dead came as a great relief.

BIG JIM OF CHICAGO/1900s-1910s

At about the same time Paul Kelly began consolidating his underworld forces to create New York's first super gang, a burly, towering Italian immigrant named James Colosimo (1877-1920; AKA: Big Jim) organized the Chicago underworld. In 1895, the 17-year-old Colosimo migrated with his family from Consenza, Italy. His father, Luigi Colosimo, had been a farmer and he became a laborer after arriving in Chicago. His son sought honest work, too, at first. James Colosimo worked as a bootblack, sold newspapers, and even slaved as a water boy for the railroad section workers. Through a political contact, Colosimo, at eighteen, wangled a patronage job with the sanitation department, working as a street sweeper in the vice-ridden First Ward, Chicago's notorious red light district which was called The Levee.

Here Colosimo learned the art of pickpocketing and soon became so adept at stealing the wallets of drunks that he was able to quit his broom-pushing job and set himself up as a pimp, offering a string of girls who worked out of cheap cribs in the First Ward. His political sponsors were the most powerful men in Chicago at that time, two colorful, utterly corrupt aldermen, Michael "Hinky Dink" Kenna and John "Bathhouse John" Coughlin. Both represented the First Ward and protected the myriad brothels and gambling dens in that area, deriving enormous kickbacks and percentages of the nightly take from hundreds of vice spots.

The affable, easy-going Colosimo ingratiated himself with the two aldermen and they, in turn, rewarded him with management of first a poolroom, then a saloon. In 1902, Kenna and Coughlin gave "Big Jim" the important post of bagman for all their First Ward rackets. It was his job to make the daily collections from the bordellos, saloons, gambling dens, and opium houses in the district. One of the most successful whorehouses in the area at that time was operated by Victoria Moresco, an obese, decidedly ugly madam in her middle years, whose brothel was located on Armour Avenue.

When Big Jim first appeared at her doorstep to collect the cut of her take for Kenna and Coughlin, Moresco was immediately attracted to the swarthy Colosimo, a man she later described as having "animal magnetism." Colosimo's virility notwithstanding, he was also a street-smart crook who would go places in Madam Moresco's calculations. The brothel keeper meant only one thing to Colosimo, money, and for that reason he married her. Victoria Moresco had made a fortune in her twenty-some years of flesh peddling in The Levee and she would finance, Big Jim knew, his future bordello and gambling operations.

To that end, Colosimo began opening cheap cribs throughout the Levee, one-room affairs where his girls charged $1 and $2 per customer, performing dozens of "tricks" each night. By 1903 Colosimo owned more than 100 of these inexpensive

Big Jim Colosimo, who bossed the Chicago rackets for two decades, but was murdered by his own lieutenant when refusing to go into bootlegging.

whoring operations, as well as two swanky and celebrated bordellos, the Saratoga and the Victoria, the latter brothel named after his wife. Big Jim received $1.20 from every $2 trick performed by his girls, with twenty percent of these revenues going to Kenna and Coughlin for police and political protection.

Next, Colosimo branched out, opening dozens of saloons next to his cheaper bordellos. These were connected to his whorehouses by enclosed passageways so that customers could drink themselves silly, then stagger through a passageway into the next-door brothel without being inconvenienced by inclement weather. Big Jim next established gambling houses, and his profits soared. The gambling houses were also connected by underground tunnels to saloons and brothels he owned so that customers could easily escape occasional police raids. In these instances, Big Jim would be warned by Kenna or Coughlin that the police would be making a "show raid" just to pacify reformers, who were constantly campaigning to have The Levee closed.

The problems connected with Colosimo's prostitution business had nothing to do with the law. He, and scores like him, operated with impunity, as long as they paid off Chicago's crooked politicians. Whores were generally "used up" within five years. The young girls entering this unsavory trade, either willfully or by force through the white slave racket, aged quickly and were usually sent down from the better bordellos to the cheaper ones until they found themselves in the worst whorehouses in the Levee, along Bed Bug Row, or had to take to the streets.

Disease, alcoholism, and drugs usually finished off a working prostitute in about ten years, so that they were nothing more than incoherent, physical hulks, shunned by the seediest customers and their peers. To replenish his always-dwindling supply of attractive young girls, Colosimo joined forces with Maurice Van Bever, a foppish whoremaster, who ran two bordellos on Armour Avenue with his wife, Julia. Van Bever, from 1903 to 1909, imported hundreds of young girls for Colosimo's whorehouses, obtaining these gullible girls, ages sixteen to twenty, from white slavers in New York, Milwaukee, and St. Louis.

These girls usually responded to advertisements offering good-paying, respectable positions. Once they were in the clutches of the white slavers, they were locked in rooms and attacked by "professional" rapists who "broke them in" for the trade. These girls were often held captive for months, forced to sexually serve near-inhuman clients, until they felt that they had been morally compromised and that there was no turning back to a respectable life. They were, in their self-estimation and in the terms of that rigidly moralistic era, "fallen women," and were not worthy of a family or home.

The first notorious practitioner of the white slave racket in Chicago was Mary Hastings, a Chicago brothel-keeper. Like Hastings, Van Bever and his wife forced young girls into prostitution and then sold them to Colosimo or others for as much as $500. Truculent girls or those who were ill, frail, or uncooperative were sold for as little as $50 to the cheaper bordellos. Colosimo and other big-time bordello operators

Powerful Chicago alderman Michael "Hinky-Dink" Kenna (shown in retirement), who protected Big Jim's gambling and prostitution rackets and grew rich from payoffs.

ceased working with the likes of Van Bever in 1910, when Congress passed the Mann Act or White Slavery Act, which made it a federal offense to transport women across a state line for immoral purposes, chiefly prostitution. This law was so vigorously enforced that, within a decade, white slavery was all but stamped out.

By then, Colosimo had an enormous payroll, with hundreds of prostitutes, gamblers, and saloon keepers in his employ. To keep younger, upcoming gangsters in Chicago from cutting into his rackets, Colosimo also hired scores of thugs and gunmen. He had also moved into union racketeering by then, controlling dozens of the most important unions in Chicago and taking a goodly portion of their monthly membership dues. This lucrative racket attracted many independent gangsters, who began to threaten Big Jim with death

Chicago alderman John "Bathhouse John" Coughlin, who worked with Kenna to protect Colosimo's rackets; he conducted his underworld business in public bath houses.

and destruction, most of these threats coming from such accomplished Black Handers as James "Sunny Jim" Cosmano. To combat the nocturnal, lethal creatures, who busied themselves with planting bombs in Colosimo's better saloons and gambling dens, Big Jim sent for his nephew in New York, John Torrio, one of the bosses of the notorious Five Points Gang, and a protege of New York's first modern-day crime boss, Paul Kelly.

At age thirty-one, Johnny Torrio arrived in Chicago in 1909. He was a crafty, brainy gangster, who immediately hired informers to pinpoint the Black Hand operators preying upon his powerful uncle. Three of these men were shot to death after meeting with Torrio and his men near Archer Avenue beneath the Rock Island Railroad overpass. Other Black Handers like Cosmano, quickly ceased their extortion of Chicago's top crime boss, Colosimo. With Torrio now managing his vast criminal empire, Colosimo, in 1910, decided to enjoy life. He opened the most fashionable dining spot in Chicago, Colosimo's Café, at 2126 South Wabash Avenue.

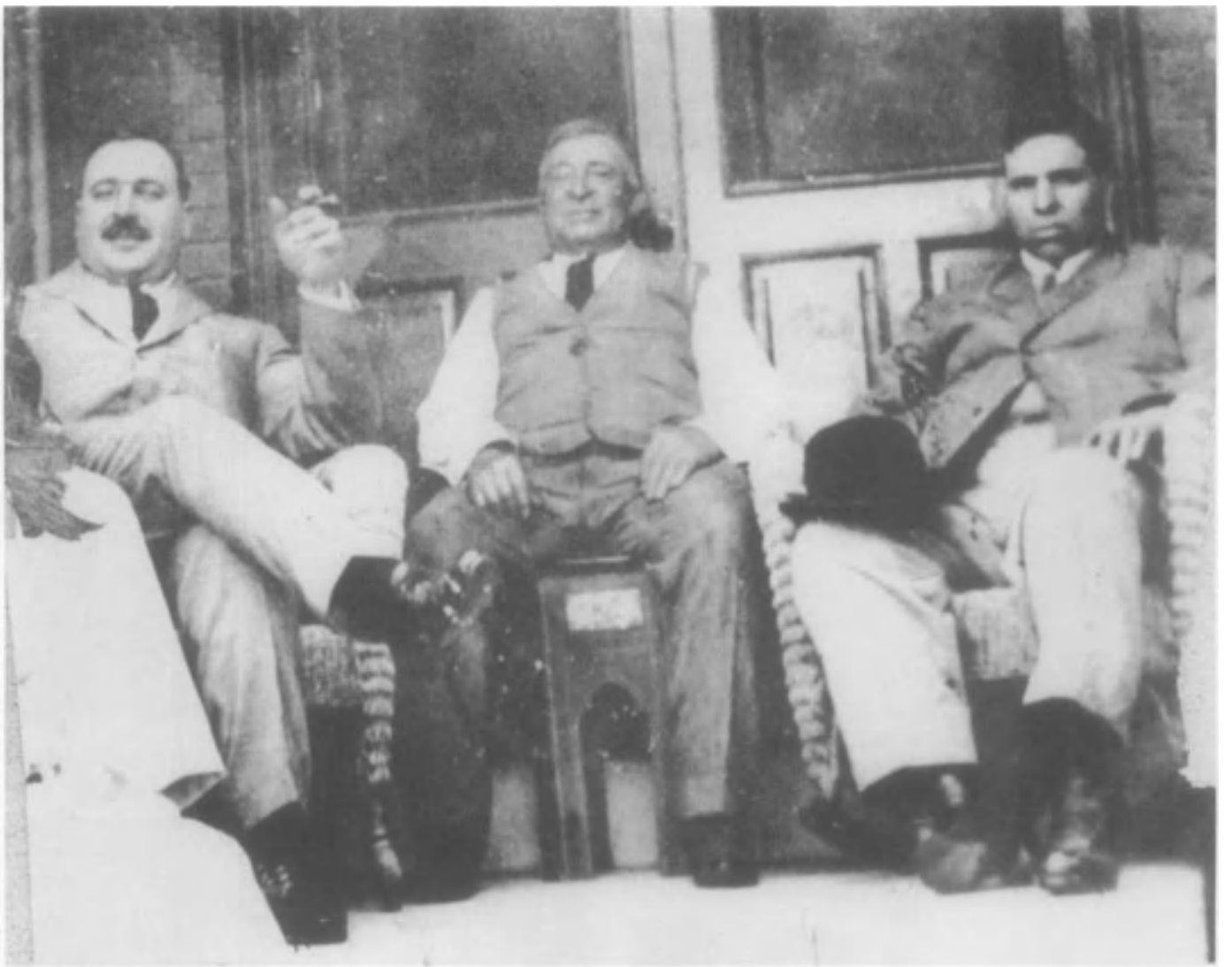
Colosimo's Café was the most lavish nightspot in Chicago, offering a full orchestra, a huge dance floor, and the best cuisine and chefs money could buy. Its talented entertainers were the most expensive headliners of the day, and the place drew the social elite to its tables. Here the Marshall Fields and Potter Palmers dined next to famous actors and actresses. Colosimo was an opera lover, and visiting prima donnas and great tenors were welcomed by him with open arms. It was not uncommon to see the great Italian tenor, Enrico Caruso, dining in Colosimo's Café. One could also see Mary Garden, Luisa Tetrazzini, Titta Ruffo, John McCormack, and Amelita Galli-Curci at the cafe. Broadway entertainers such as Al Jolson, Sophie Tucker, George M. Cohan, and Gallagher and Shean also flocked to Colosimo's Café, when playing the Chicago theaters, as did the hard-drinking John Barrymore and Tyrone Power, Sr.

Seated next to these luminaries would be such reporters as Ring Lardner, Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur, and Carl Sandburg, when they could afford to eat at Colosimo's. And at other tables dined the most notorious gangsters and riffraff of the city such as gamblers Mont Tennes and Julius "Lovin Putty" Annixter, whoremasters Jake and Harry Guzik, Michael "Ike de Pike" Heitler, Charlie "Monkey Face" Genker, Dennis "The Duke" Cooney, and notorious gunmen such as Charles Dion O'Bannion (or O'Banion), Mac Fitzpatrick, Billy Leathers, "Chicken Harry" Gullet, and Joseph "Jew Kid" Grabiner. Most of the gunmen worked for Torrio as Colosimo's strong-arm enforcers, controlling Big Jim's many rackets. Of course, a special table was always reserved for the politicians, who had helped Colosimo make his fortune, Kenna and Coughlin.

In 1912, religious reformers began to swarm into the Levee, demanding that the local administration clean up the red light district, which was now internationally notorious. Politicians, statesmen, aristocrats, and tycoons of business and industry came from around the world to visit the most elegant bordellos in America, most of these being in Chicago, especially the lavish and sprawling bordello operated by the high-minded Everleigh Sisters. Chicago's reputation as a wide-open city rankled reformers such as Gypsy Smith, who railed against the wholesale corruption, leading massive torchlight parades into the district at night and delivering hortatory speeches against the bordello owners and gambling house operators. Pressure began to mount against the administration of Harrison Carter, who finally, in 1913, relented and ordered most of the bordellos and gambling halls in The Levee closed.

Colosimo, through Torrio's clever manipulations, opened up new brothels and gambling halls in suburbs like Burnham without losing a dime. William Hale "Big Bill" Thompson, a Republican and one of the most corrupt officials to hold office in the U.S. at any time, announced his candidacy for mayor in 1915 and he was backed by Colosimo and the other crime bosses. He was swept into office and The Levee resumed operations. The district, however, never again approached its former days of open wickedness and sinful opulence.

Big Jim was nevertheless content to enjoy his illicit millions. He purchased a mansion and moved in with his whore-



Colosimo (left) sits with his father (center) and his new enforcer, a plump Johnny Torrio, who arrived in Chicago from New York in 1909 to kill off the Blackhanders plaguing Big Jim.

house wife. He bought a fleet of chauffeur-driven cars, and adorned himself with diamonds, emulating his friend, Diamond Joe Esposito, crime boss of Chicago's West Side. Colosimo glittered and sparkled like a Christmas tree, when receiving famous guests for dinner at his café, with diamond cufflinks, diamond studs, diamond rings, and diamond clasps on his suspenders. He reveled in his success and spent most of his time finding ways in which to spend his money, while allowing Torrio to run his crime empire.

The methodical Torrio enlarged Colosimo's territory, opening bordellos, gambling houses, and saloons throughout the South and West sides of Chicago. He enforced Big Jim's rules and even directed gun battles against the police, when they dared to interfere with Colosimo's operations. Then, in 1918, Big Jim met the love of his life, Dale Winter, a young singer appearing in a successful musical, *Madame Sherry*. He showered expensive gifts upon her and then went to his wife, Victoria, demanding a divorce. The overweight harridan had little choice but to do as she was asked, accepting a $50,000 settlement not to contest the divorce action. "I raised one husband for another woman and there's nothing to it," she told the press.

Privately, Victoria Moresco vowed revenge, or, at least that was the rumor Johnny Torrio and Al Capone later told to cover up their own assassination of Big Jim Colosimo. Almost as soon as he was divorced, Big Jim married Dale Winter and spent his waking hours seeing to her needs. He hired voice coaches to help improve her singing voice and financially backed shows in which she appeared. He evicted Victoria Moresco from his mansion at 3156 Vernon Avenue and refurbished the place before taking his new bride home. He even asked Dale Winter's mother to live with them, which she did.

While Big Jim played, Johnny Torrio made plans for the future. He had repeatedly beseeched his old-fashioned uncle for approval in putting together an organization that would handle bootlegging since the Volstead Act would go into effect on January 17, 1920. "This will mean millions for us, Uncle Jim," he told Colosimo. "People will have nothing to drink. We'll provide the beer, the liquor. What we can't get from Canada, we'll make ourselves." But Colosimo wanted

Dale Winter became the love of Big Jim's life; he divorced his first wife to marry the young singer.

Big Jim is shown with Dale Winter Colosimo as they inspect the new mansion he built for her.

Big Jim happily poses with his new bride, Dale Winter.

One of the earliest photos taken of Al Capone in Chicago, 1919, when he was imported from New York by Torrio as an enforcer, but with the eventual purpose of murdering Big Jim; the two livid scars on his left cheek can be seen in this photo, one the future crime boss hated, preferring to be photographed full face or at a right-side profile.

The interior of Colosimo's sprawling café, where Big Jim dined with opera stars, politicians, judges, journalists and underworld associates.

nothing to do with this new, unproven racket. He considered it "small potatoes," and "chicken feed," not for the likes of a crime czar. (Within five years bootlegging would provide more than $50 million a year to Torrio and his protege, Capone.)

Big Jim also gave Torrio a tongue-lashing for being so presumptuous as to tell him how to run his rackets. Torrio said nothing. He made a phone call to New York and sent for a strong-arm killer whom he had known since childhood, Al Capone. The beefy Capone arrived in Chicago in 1919, his face mutilated in a gang fight for which he was dubbed "Scarface" by those reckless enough to call him that. Torrio put Capone to work as a bouncer, a saloon manager, and an operator of a lowly whorehouse. Capone's real purpose in Chicago was to kill Big Jim Colosimo, a man whose era was over, or so Johnny Torrio had decided.

On May 11, 1920, Torrio called Big Jim and informed his boss that two truckloads of whiskey, intended for the deep cellars of Colosimo's Café, would be delivered at precisely 4 p.m. Torrio stressed this time and that his uncle should be there to pay more than $50,000 for this important shipment. Colosimo promised that he would be on hand to take delivery at the cafe. Big Jim arrived a few hours early and chatted with some of his employees. Colosimo repeatedly walked through the restaurant from his office to the vestibule where he made several calls in a telephone booth. Inside the restaurant, Frank Camilla, Big Jim's secretary, and Chef Caesarino, were discussing the menu for the evening. The porter went into the vestibule at one point and noticed a heavyset, swarthy stranger there, but when the porter returned, the man had apparently left. This man was Al Capone, who had never met Big Jim Colosimo, and, while working for Torrio had kept out of sight (as it were) for several months, using the alias A. Costa. After entering the vestibule with a gun in his pocket, Capone had stepped into the cloak room and closed the door to a crack, waiting for Colosimo.

Big Jim reentered the vestibule and looked through the glass doors leading to the street, waiting for the liquor delivery. As he did so, Capone stepped from the cloakroom and fired a single bullet into the back of the crime boss' head, which entered the skull behind the right ear. He fired a second shot, but by then Colosimo had dropped to the floor, dead, and the second bullet slammed into a vestibule wall. Capone tore open Big Jim's shirtfront and ripped off Colosimo's money belt, which reportedly contained more than $250,000. This, and the post of second-in-command to Torrio, would be Capone's payoff for executing Colosimo. He then stepped outside and calmly walked down the street to Torrio's Four Deuces, a seedy saloon and brothel, where Capone occasionally worked.

Police arrived a short time later and a rash of arrests followed. Apprehended at one of Chicago's train stations was New York gangster Frankie Yale (Uale, 1893-1928). He was brought in for questioning, as were dozens of others. Yale proved that, at the exact time Colosimo was being shot to death, he was addressing a meeting of the Unione Siciliane. Yale was the president of that organization in New York. He was also present to confer with Torrio following Big Jim's assassination as to the best methods of setting up a New York-to-Chicago liquor distribution chain. Some uninformed crime

The end of Big Jim: Two Chicago policemen stare down at Colosimo's body, prone on the vestibule floor of his café, shot to death on May 11, 1920, reportedly by Capone.

reporters have claimed that Yale was Colosimo's killer, but they have never bothered to research this killing, as well as Yale's whereabouts, nor read the statement given by Colosimo's porter who first "recognized" Capone as the man in the vestibule and later withdrew this claim.

Yale was released and returned to New York. Torrio, a few days later, moved into Big Jim's offices at Colosimo's Café, and next to his desk was placed a smaller desk, one which would be occupied by Al Capone. The day of the old-fashioned gangster in Chicago, one that employed brass knuckles and a club instead of a submachine gun, was over. The Torrio-Capone era began that day with a murder that would eventually lead to a city-wide bloodbath that would last a decade.

TORRIO THE MASTERMIND/1920s-1950s

Born in Osara, Italy, in February 1882, John Torrio (1882-1957; AKA: Johnny; Frank Langley; J. T. McCarthy) immigrated to New York with his mother in 1884. Torrio's father, Thomas Torrio, was a common laborer, who slaved in Italian vineyards for twenty years and saved his earnings so he could some day take his family to the U.S. He died only a short time before his wife and little boy sailed for the U.S. The 2-year-old son Thomas Torrio sent to the U.S. grew to be one of the craftiest killers in organized crime, and a crime lord, who more than anyone else, laid the foundation of the national crime syndicate formed by Charles "Lucky" Luciano and others in the early 1930s.

The five-foot-six-inch, brown-eyed, stocky Torrio began his career in U.S. crime as a street thug and, thanks to his organizational genius, rose to gang boss in New York, then crime overlord in Chicago, and, eventually, to the position of elder statesman of organized crime in the U.S. Torrio was responsible for establishing billion-dollar rackets and, over a fifty-year period, caused the deaths of hundreds of rival gangsters and gamblers. To his nefarious credit, Torrio could take sinister pride in never having been arrested for any major offense.

Secrecy was at the core of the cunning Torrio's character. From the time Torrio was a boy, he kept out of the limelight and the police showups by convincing others to commit the crimes he masterminded. As a teenager, Torrio established his credo among the youths and later the adult gangsters, who obeyed his orders: "No one is *ever* to mention my name. No one!" Others took the risks and received the prison sentences, if caught. Torrio provided the police and legal protection and counted the money.

Though he would die a millionaire, Torrio's arrival in the U.S. was inauspicious. In fact, he appeared a bit ridiculous as he toddled down the gangplank of the ship that brought him to Ellis Island in New York Harbor. He wore a little girl's tattered dress, the only garment his impoverished mother could afford. Upon it was pinned a piece of paper, reading: "John Torrio." Torrio's hardworking mother, Maria Carlucci Torrio, immediately went to work in New York as a seamstress to support herself and her infant son.

Torrio was left alone in a crib much of the day with neighbors occasionally checking on him. His home was a single room of spartan furniture in the disease-ridden Lower East Side of New York. In 1886, Maria Torrio married Salvatore Caputo, the owner of a small grocery store on James Street. Caputo operated an illegal bar behind the grocery store and while a teenager, Johnny Torrio went to work as a swamper, cleaning the floors of the saloon.

Johnny Torrio, 1925, a cloth covering a gunshot wound he received in an attempt on his life by George "Bugs" Moran and others.

Although Torrio joined the James Street Gang at an early age, this was more a matter of self-protection than an actively sought role. To avoid being beaten up regularly by gang members, the diminutive Torrio became one of the gang. He avoided committing crimes with other gang members, preferring to perform his thefts and burglaries alone. He reasoned that in this way, he could never be turned in by other gang members seeking to avoid a conviction. Thus, no police arrests of Torrio were ever made during this time.

In 1904, using money accumulated from his various robberies and burglaries, Torrio, using the alias of J.T. McCarthy, opened a large saloon at James and Walker streets. He rented the upper floors of the building and the building next door where he installed about twenty prostitutes. This was Torrio's first bordello. He was to go on making money from prostitutes until his forced retirement from the rackets in 1925. To protect the saloon and brothel operations, Torrio hired a dozen of the toughest gunmen from the old James Street Gang. He expanded his rackets to include several gambling dens. As he prospered,

Anna Jacobs, Torrio's loyal wife, who urged him to quit the rackets after witnessing her husband's near assassination.

Torrio also came to the attention of other established gangsters, chiefly Paul Kelly (Paolo Vaccarelli), then the most powerful gang lord in New York. Kelly persuaded Torrio to join him in his Manhattan rackets, and by 1905, Torrio was Kelly's top lieutenant in the Five Points Gang.

While Torrio looked after Kelly's brothels in Manhattan, he found time to act the part of Fagin by teaching youngsters the black arts of pickpocketing and burglary. These youthful thieves, some as young as ten, brought their stolen items to Torrio who fenced them, keeping the lion's share for himself. Several graduates of this gang, such as Frankie Yale and Al Capone (who became a Torrio-trained thief at the age of nine), later joined the adult Five Points Gang as labor sluggers assigned to break up picketing strikers.

By the time he reached his early twenties, Torrio was a wealthy man. He dressed in conservative three-piece suits, wore a derby and disdained anything garish. His ties were always black and the only bit of color in his daily ensemble was a blood red handkerchief poking from the breast pocket of his suit coat. In his attire, Torrio aped his boss, Paul Kelly. He also imitated Kelly's mannerisms. He spoke slowly and softly and forced himself to discard the stereotypical Italian habit of gesturing with the hands to emphasize what he said.

In 1908, a bloody gang war broke out between the factions headed by Kelly and Edward "Monk" Eastman. Political pressure to end this war came from the ruling powers at Tammany Hall. Rather than incur the enmity of political sachems, Torrio bowed out of the Kelly operations, retreating to Brooklyn, where he and Frankie Yale opened a large saloon called the Harvard Inn. This sawdust strewn saloon served as the headquarters of the Torrio-Yale gang which concentrated on Black Hand rackets, preying upon Italian immigrants in Brooklyn. Torrio also continued to expand his brothel operations so that by the end of 1908, he controlled two dozen brothels that realized about $5,000 a week in profits.

In 1909, Torrio received a letter from Chicago crime lord, James "Big Jim" Colosimo, asking him to come to the Windy City and become his right-hand man in charge of all brothel and gambling operations. Colosimo had married a Chicago brothel madam, Victoria Moresco, who was Torrio's aunt. The offer came at a propitious moment, in that Torrio's relationship with Kelly had soured and he was receiving considerable pressure from the police to kick back a larger share of the spoils from his Brooklyn whorehouse operations.

Selling his share in the Harvard Inn to Frankie Yale, Torrio packed his bags and took the next train to Chicago. At the time, Chicago was a wide-open city, its red light district, the Levee, operating around the clock. This area and points north and west were controlled by aldermen Michael "Hinky Dink" Kenna and John "Bathhouse John" Coughlin, who were Colosimo's front men, political protectors, and partners in crime. Kenna and Coughlin had grown rich receiving payoffs and kickbacks from the myriad brothels and gambling halls operated by Colosimo.

Colosimo had also grown enormously rich, but was being preyed upon by Black Handers who threatened to beat up his prostitutes and customers, as well as burn down his gambling dens and saloons unless they were given a large portion of Colosimo's weekly take. When Torrio arrived he was immediately given the chore of ridding Colosimo of these costly extortionists.

Torrio first took over Colosimo's flagship brothel, the Saratoga, acting as a male madam. Next, he collected the best of Colosimo's gunmen and went after the Black Handers. Torrio arranged a meeting with three of the top extortionists, telling them that he would personally give them the first installment of the $50,000-a-week extortion they were demanding. The boss Black Hander in Chicago at that time was James "Sunny Jim" Cosmano and it was Cosmano who had been behind the extortion of Colosimo. Cosmano sent his three top lieutenants to collect from Torrio at the appointed meeting which was to be held beneath the elevated train tracks near Grand Avenue.

Instead of delivering money, however, Torrio and his men pulled guns and shot the three Black Handers dead. Torrio then sent word to Cosmano that if Colosimo ever received another Black Hand demand from *anybody*, he, Torrio, would personally kill Cosmano. Cosmano quickly went into retirement. The triple killing performed by the New York gangster quickly established Torrio as a fierce, unyielding gangster, one who would protect Colosimo's rackets with bullets. Torrio's dark star rose over Chicago. Colosimo's crime empire

Charles Dion "Deanie" O'Bannion, one-time choir boy and charismatic gang leader of Chicago's North Side, is shown with his wife on his wedding day.

embraced, for the most part, scores of brothels and gambling dens, and Torrio was made the manager of these nefarious enterprises. His job was to make sure that Colosimo bagmen collected the correct amount of money in kickbacks and percentages from each and every operation, including such prestigious brothels as the Everleigh Club, operated by the celebrated, sophisticated sisters, Ada and Minna Everleigh, who later retired to New York with millions.

By 1912, Torrio married Anna Jacobs, a Jewish woman, and leased an expensive apartment on Chicago's South Side. He also established his own headquarters at 2222 South Wabash, a dive he called The Four Deuces. This establishment was not far from Colosimo's Café, a famous nightclub and restaurant, which drew celebrities from around the world. Torrio's headquarters at the Four Deuces consisted of a cheap bar on the main floor and, two floors for gambling and a bordello on the fourth floor. The gang leader had a small office in the rear of the bar from, where he managed Colosimo's many rackets, as well as his legitimate operations.

For several years, Torrio faced little or no opposition from rival gangsters as he expanded Colosimo's brothel and gambling operations north and south in the city. In late 1918, Torrio learned that one of his own bodyguards had been paid to kill him. He personally murdered this thug and then sent for one of his New York proteges, the hulking Al Capone, his erstwhile sneak-thief student. Capone arrived in Chicago in 1919 and received orders to protect Johnny Torrio at all times. He slavishly followed Torrio about, wearing two guns beneath the coat of his cheap suit.

Al Capone in 1924, at the time he sent three killers to murder O'Bannion on Torrio's orders.

Capone had been anxious to flee New York. When he received Torrio's offer, he was suspected of murdering one of Torrio's Brooklyn prostitutes after a dispute concerning the money she made, and was also about to be charged in the murder of a rival gangster. Although he began as a $35-a-week bouncer in the Four Deuces, within a year Capone had become Torrio's top enforcer and manager of the Colosimo brothel empire. He was a shrewd, street-smart thug, who instantly saw the possibilities of a million-dollar racket through bootlegging when the Volstead Act went into effect on January 16, 1920. Prohibition offered enormous opportunities as Torrio also knew. But Big Jim Colosimo, who had grown fat and lazy with success, wanted nothing to do with this new racket. "Stick to the girls and the gambling," he told Torrio after his lieutenant urged him to throw his entire operation into bootlegging.

Torrio however realized that the smaller Chicago gangs would seize the Colosimo territory, which encompassed much of the Loop and the South Side, as their own bootlegging fiefdoms, if he did not act promptly. On May 11, 1920, Colosimo was contacted by Torrio, who told him that a liquor distributor was about to deliver a truckload of bonded whiskey to his cafe so that he would have plenty of stock for his customers during Prohibition. Colosimo thought Prohibition was only an "experiment" and would not last but a few months. With $50,000 in his pockets (and perhaps as much as $250,000 in his money belt) and wearing $50,000 in diamonds (on his cufflinks, rings, stickpin, and belt buckle), Colosimo went to his cafe to take delivery. The cafe was not open for business at that time and only a few employees were about and none in the foyer, where the crime boss waited for the liquor delivery.

Colosimo was looking out the small window of the front door when his killer crept up behind him. The killer placed a .38-caliber revolver to Colosimo's head, pulled the trigger and blew away part of his skull, instantly killing the crime lord, who crashed heavily to the floor. The killer, Capone by best reports, then rifled Colosimo's pockets, took his money belt and stripped him of some of his diamonds before fleeing through the front door. Though Torrio has always been depicted by crime historians as utterly loyal to his uncle, it is certain that he arranged to have Big Jim murdered and specifi-

The interior of Schofield's flower shop on North State Street in which O'Bannion owned a controlling interest and where he conducted his underworld operations and subsequently died at the hands of Capone killers.

An artist's sketch recreating the "handshake murder" of O'Bannion; the tall man (center), who held O'Bannion's hand in a vise-like grip, was reportedly Frankie Yale, with gunmen Scalise and Anselmi flanking him.

cally by Capone, who was not known to Colosimo and had been imported from New York by Torrio for that purpose.

Following Colosimo's death, Torrio took over Big Jim's empire and Capone became his right-hand man. Torrio carved up the city, taking the South Side for himself, allocating the North Side to Charles Dion O'Bannion and his powerful gang. Many mobs worked under Torrio's command. Ragen's Colts and Ralph Sheldon's gang on the South Side distributed Torrio beer at $45 a barrel to saloons. This beer was made by federally closed breweries that operated clandestinely for Torrio, the largest of which was the Stenson Brewery. A series of breweries across the state line in northern Indiana also provided brew for Torrio distributors. By the end of 1922, Torrio and Capone had built up a network of hundreds of small breweries which produced beer at a cost of $5 a barrel.

Many satellite gangs received Torrio's beer and homemade liquor, including Claude Maddox of the Circus Gang, the Marty Guifoyle gang and the Druggan-Lake mob known as the Valley Gang. But several truculent Chicago gangsters bristled at being told by Torrio in which territories they could operate. The first gang to rise against Torrio was the South Side O'Donnell mob led by Edward "Spike" O'Donnell. From 1923 to 1925, Torrio's gunmen, directed by Capone, battled the O'Donnells. Capone killers Frank "Sunny" Dunn; Walter Stevens, assisted by Frank McErlane of the Saltis-McErlane Gang; Jack "Machine Gun Jack" McGurn; Sam "Golf Bag" Hunt, who carried a shotgun in a golf bag; and William "Three-Fingered Jack" White blasted the O'Donnell gang to pieces, killing a dozen of their number before Spike O'Donnell quit the rackets.

Trouble was also stirring in Torrio's own ranks, or, at least, in the ranks of gangs, who had sworn loyalty to him, particularly the unruly Genna Brothers, who controlled the near West Side and Little Italy. In the heart of this unpoliced area, the Gennas, six brothers whose lethal guns spat out death at the slightest provocation, reigned supreme. The Gennas, Sicilian to the core, controlled the Unione Siciliane, a brotherhood linked to the rackets in the U.S. The Gennas also operated thousands of stills which produced a raw, rotgut alcohol that passed for liquor of all kinds, from whiskey to gin. None of it was comparable to bonded whiskey produced by legitimate distilleries, but the demand for liquor was so intense that whatever the Gennas produced, Torrio's distributors had no trouble selling to thousands of saloons and thirsty customers.

The Gennas constantly demanded additional territory for their own bootlegging racket, particularly the lucrative North Side, but Torrio knew that to grant this expansion into O'Bannion's territory would mean total gang warfare. Also, the West Side O'Donnell Brothers gang, unrelated to the South Side O'Donnells, informed Torrio that their territory was too confining, and they, too, demanded more space in which to peddle their booze. The worst of Torrio's problems came from the North Side and the unpredictable O'Bannion.

Although O'Bannion, who controlled several north side breweries, had a better supply of beer than any bootlegger in Chicago, his men regularly hijacked bonded Canadian whiskey being shipped to Torrio from the Purple Gang in Detroit. In 1923, O'Bannion expanded his bootlegging operations into Cicero, a western suburb, which Torrio and Capone had already selected as their new headquarters during the reign of reform mayor, William E. Dever. To assure an easy takeover of Cicero, Sheriff Peter Hoffman of Cook County, who was on Torrio's payroll, unleashed massive raids against the local gang operations in Cicero, gathering up hundreds of slot machines and closing down brothels and bookie parlors. The local gangs submitted to Torrio's rule immediately.

Meanwhile, Capone consistently urged Torrio to eliminate the pesky North Siders, especially O'Bannion and his top lieutenants, George "Bugs" Moran, Earl "Hymie" Weiss, and Vincent "The Schemer" Drucci. Torrio, however, prided him-

self on his diplomatic skills and, instead of instituting gang warfare, called meeting after meeting with O'Bannion and his men. At these meetings, the wily O'Bannion always promised to abide by earlier agreements in which he and his gang would remain within the provinces assigned to them. But after each of these conferences, O'Bannion would sneer at Torrio's edicts and order his men to continue encroaching upon Torrio-Capone territories.

O'Bannion challenged the Genna Brothers, labeling them "spaghetti benders." Angelo Genna went to Torrio and begged him to allow the Gennas to murder O'Bannion. Torrio told him to wait. O'Bannion then insulted Capone, calling him a "dago pimp" and had several of Capone's top gunmen killed. Capone insisted that O'Bannion be murdered, but Torrio said no, for that would lead to a bloody war. In May 1924, O'Bannion came to Torrio with a proposition. He, Torrio, and Capone had joint ownership in a huge gambling resort called The Ship. O'Bannion wanted to sell his interest in the operation to Torrio. Moreover, he offered to sell Torrio his ownership of the finest brewery on the North Side, Sieben's Mid-City Brewery.

"I'm gonna retire, Johnny," O'Bannion told Torrio. "The rackets are wearing me out. The Gennas are invading my territory and the bodies are piling up. I'm gonna buy some nice ranch land near Louis Alterie's spread in Colorado and live out a life of ease. No more guns, no more street fights. I want to unload The Ship and Sieben's."

New York gangster Frankie Yale (Uale), who was imported to Chicago by Torrio to kill O'Bannion.

Despite Capone's insistence that O'Bannion could not be trusted, Torrio agreed to the deal, reportedly delivering $500,000 in cash to the Irish gang leader a few days later. On May 19, 1924, Torrio arrived at Sieben's to inspect his new property. O'Bannion and his most devoted follower, Earl "Hymie" Weiss, were there to greet him and showed him through the sprawling brewery. Suddenly, they heard two loud buzzing noises. A foreman at the brewery later reported the following conversation between the gangsters:

"What's that?" Torrio asked.

O'Bannion turned to Weiss with a smile on his face. "How many you count, Hymie?"

"Two." Weiss had a wide grin on his long face.

"My count's the same." O'Bannion turned to Torrio and said with a wide smile: "You know something, J. T. When you have two, that's the cops."

In a second Torrio knew that he had been set up by O'Bannion. He reached for a telephone and then said to the party at the other end: "Mid-City. A pinch."

Within a few minutes the place was swarming with policemen. The raid was personally led by Morgan A. Collins, Mayor Dever's new chief of police. O'Bannion, Weiss, and Torrio were promptly arrested and taken to police headquarters. This was the first time O'Bannion and Weiss had been arrested for violating the Volstead Act, which meant a fine. Torrio, however, had been arrested in June 1923 for violating the Prohibition law, and a second arrest, as O'Bannion well knew, meant a prison term for Torrio.

A bond of $7,500 was set for each man. Ike Roderick appeared to post bond for Torrio, but the South Side mob boss refused to provide bond for O'Bannion and Weiss. He stormed out of the holding cell, listening to O'Bannion and Weiss laugh at his departure. The North Siders were bailed out a short time later by their own bondsman, William Skidmore.

Torrio seethed at being set up. Then Capone repeated a remark to Torrio supposedly passed by the gloating O'Bannion upon his release: "I clipped the pimp for $500,000 and then dumped him in the can." Torrio decided to act. He enlisted the aid of the Gennas, who provided two men O'Bannion did not know, Albert Anselmi and John Scalise, professional killers who dipped their bullets in garlic, believing that if the wounds they inflicted were not fatal the garlic would infect the victim and cause death. A third man, Frankie Yale, Torrio's old Brooklyn partner, was summoned from New York. These three gunmen visited O'Bannion's North State Street flower shop on November 10, 1924.

Mike Merlo, president of the Unione Siciliane, had recently died of natural causes and his funeral was to be a big event. All the Italian mobs ordered their floral wreaths from O'Bannion, including Torrio and Capone. Yale called O'Bannion a few hours before his visit to the shop to see when Torrio's wreath would be ready. O'Bannion told him at noon. Shortly before that time Yale, Anselmi, and Scalise arrived at the shop, and while Yale shook O'Bannion's hand and held it

George "Bugs" Moran (center), shown at a court arraignment, sought revenge for O'Bannion's death by leading the murder attempt on Torrio's life on January 24, 1925.

in a vise-like grip, Anselmi and Scalise shot the Irish gang leader to death. O'Bannion never got the chance to reach for one of the three guns he was carrying under his linen duster. This attack was known as the "Handshake Murder." The killers fled and were never brought to justice, although their identities were well known. A porter, who worked for the flower shop and who was in the back room, witnessed the entire shooting.

Torrio had had his revenge, but at a cost he knew in advance he would have to pay. The O'Bannion killing touched off the bloodiest gang war in Chicago history. A short time later, Torrio received a $2,500 fine and a nine-month prison sentence as a result of the Mid-City raid. While his lawyers appealed, Torrio began to collect his bootleg millions, depositing enormous amounts of money in New York and European banks. On January 24, 1925, after returning from a Loop shopping trip, Torrio and his wife, Anna, stepped from their chauffeur-driven limousine in front of their South Shore apartment building. Torrio, loaded with packages, was following his wife into the building, when a black Cadillac containing four men pulled to the curb across the street.

Moran and Weiss, armed with automatics, leaped from the car and ran across the street firing at Torrio. He was hit four times, one bullet striking him in the chest, another in the neck. He fell to the pavement as his chauffeur, Robert Barton, pulled a gun and fired at the attackers. The other two men in the Cadillac, Drucci and Frank Gusenberg, began to fire at Barton with shotguns. Barton was struck in the leg with a load of buckshot and slipped down on the seat of the limousine.

Moran stood over the fallen Torrio. He leaned close to the gang leader, placing his automatic next to Torrio's head and shouted: "This is for Deanie O'Bannion, you dago bastard!" He pulled the trigger and nothing happened. The automatic was empty. Frantically, Moran started to load another clip into the weapon, but Drucci, behind the wheel of the Cadillac began to beep the horn wildly, the signal that police were arriving. Cursing his luck, Moran, accompanied by Weiss, ran back to the Cadillac, and jumped inside. The car roared away.

Torrio began crawling toward the entrance to the apartment house, leaving a long trail of blood behind him. His wife ran from the building, hysterically calling for help as she dragged her wounded husband inside the building's foyer. A police ambulance arrived a short time later and rushed the little gangster to Jackson Park Hospital. En route, Torrio, believing his attackers had dipped their bullets in garlic as did his own killers, screamed to hospital attendants: "Cauterize it! Cauterize it!"

After a lengthy operation, Torrio miraculously survived, although the bullet wound in his neck left a permanent scar. Torrio met the press some days later, a scarf drawn around his neck. "Sure, I know all four men," he told newspaper reporters. "I'll never tell their names."

On February 9, 1925, Torrio stood before federal Judge Adam Cliffe and was officially sentenced to serve nine months

Torrio (center), 1936, under arrest for income tax evasion; he is flanked by federal agents who took him into custody in White Plains, New York.

in the Waukegan County Jail, a site requested by Torrio's lawyers, who explained that Torrio's wounds would require a jail, where he could receive proper medical attention. The real reason for requesting the Waukegan jail was that the warden was friendly to Torrio's organization and that Capone's gunmen would be better able to protect the boss.

The warden of Waukegan Jail, Sheriff Edwin Ahlstrom, fitted the windows of Torrio's cell with bullet-proof plating. Extra deputies guarded the cell and the corridors day and night. Stuffed chairs, throw rugs, and a large bed were placed in the largest cell in the jail. Torrio spent his nine months in considerable comfort, dining on catered meals in his cell and on home cooking from the Sheriff's home outside the jail. He spent long hours sitting on Ahlstrom's front porch.

Torrio had much to think about during this period. He could look back to his days in New York and how he had survived gang wars as a member of the James Street Gang and the Five Points Gang. He had survived the early gang wars of Chicago and even his execution at the hands of Moran and Weiss. Through his organizational abilities, he had established the largest and most lucrative bootlegging empire in the U.S., accumulating a personal fortune estimated to be $75 million. Torrio, always practical, came to the realization that the North Siders had marked him for death. They would stop at nothing to avenge their fallen leader, O'Bannion. Torrio had no stomach for such gang vendettas. He summoned Capone, who arrived in Waukegan with lawyers the next day.

The gang overlord startled his 25-year-old protege by telling him that he was quitting the rackets and turning over everything—the gambling dens, the hundreds of brothels and saloons, the bootlegging enterprises, the dozens of legitimate businesses he had insisted upon buying as fronts for the mob and sources of considerable revenues—to Capone. "I'm through," he told Capone. "It's all yours, Al. I'm going back to Italy...if I can get out of this city alive."

"I'll see to that," promised Capone, jubilant that he was now the supreme gang lord in Chicago and inheritor of a $100 million-a-year crime empire. Only the brutal Capone would embrace this opportunity that went hand-in-hand with a five-year bloodbath that claimed the lives of hundreds of gangsters and innocent people. He not only inherited Torrio's crime kingdom, but all the attending liabilities.

Upon his jail release, Torrio and his wife were escorted to safety by Capone in his armor-plated limousine, which took the retired gang lord to an Indiana train station and an eastbound train. A caravan of cars jammed with armed men accompanied the Torrios and Capone. Two dozen additional Capone gangsters patrolled the Gary, Indiana, depot, marching up and down on the platform with submachine guns cradled in their arms as the Torrios waited for their train. When the Twentieth Century Ltd. pulled into the station, Capone escorted Torrio and his wife to their stateroom, placing his best bodyguards in compartments on either side. "Nobody bothers the boss," Capone told his men. Then he turned to Torrio and embraced him, saying: "So long, Johnny Papa. You come back when you feel better."

"Me?" replied Torrio. "I'll *never* be back here again!" Torrio kept his word. Though little evidence supports the claim, some reports allege that the attack on Torrio by the North Side gangsters was arranged by the devious Capone himself in a scheme to rid himself of his boss, following the same formula that Torrio employed in ridding himself of Big Jim Colosimo. Torrio's movements in Chicago were always shrouded in secrecy, and on the day he was gunned down on the street, only Al Capone knew that Torrio would be taking a shopping trip into the Loop and when he would be returning home, details that Capone reportedly passed along through a third party to Weiss and Moran. Torrio's subsequent behavior in turning over a fabulously lucrative crime empire to the youthful Capone could only mean that he at least suspected his protege of arranging for his execution and to remain in Chicago would invite certain death at the hands of his ostensibly loyal lieutenant.

When arriving in New York, the Torrios immediately took a train to Florida, but Weiss' gunmen trailed them and they booked passage to Italy, sailing to Naples, where they rented a

Johnny Torrio in 1956, a year before his death at age seventy-five.

luxurious villa and lived for three years. Bored, Torrio longed for the U.S. and something to do. He and his wife sailed for New York, where they moved into a luxury apartment. The self-exiled gang leader made the city his permanent home.

Torrio had another reason for leaving Italy in 1928. The country's dictator. Benito Mussolini, who had been waging war with the Mafia in Sicily, had publicly threatened Italian-American gangsters, who had returned to Italy, either to avoid prosecution for crimes in the U.S. or to establish new rackets in Italy. Mussolini had boldly stated that he intended to sweep Italy clean of such "vermin," and after his state police had collected all of these U.S. gangsters, he would have them placed in cages and paraded through the streets of Rome. This threat from Il Duce, more than anything else, caused Torrio to depart his native land and return to the U.S.

In New York, Torrio spent large amounts of money buying real estate, apartment and office buildings. He also formed a partnership with Charles "Lucky" Luciano, Abner "Longy" Zwillman, and Meyer Lansky establishing a liquor distribution system that stretched from New York to Florida. Torrio supervised warehousing of all liquor and maintenance of inventory. He saw that shipments were made on time, proper records were kept, and that all the bills were paid. This proved to be a multi-million dollar business that later served as a front.

Moreover, Torrio was accorded great respect by the eastern gangsters who formed the national crime cartel in the early 1930s, acting as an adviser to the board members of the crime syndicate begun by Luciano, Lansky, Joe Adonis, Frank Costello, Louis Buchalter, and others. Torrio was credited with organizing the procedures and policies that the national crime syndicate would later endorse and enforce. Torrio prospered in the real estate business and when Repeal went into effect, his liquor distribution operations became even more successful.

The authorities, however, had not overlooked Johnny Torrio. On April 22, 1936, he was arrested for income tax evasion. His bail was set at $100,000. Anna Torrio appeared hours later, and to the amazement of federal officials, delivered the bail in crisp $1,000 bills that were wrapped in a newspaper. Following a lengthy trial, conviction, and many appeals, Torrio finally paid $86,000 in back taxes and received a two-and-a-half year sentence, that he began serving in 1939 in the Leavenworth federal penitentiary.

Paroled on April 14, 1941, Torrio went into semi-retirement. He busied his days with long walks and he and his wife, childless, spent their time in their apartment, occasionally dining out. The former gang lord read newspapers and books most of the day and was seldom seen with other gangsters. Though gang wars in New York raged about him, Johnny Torrio remained aloof and remote. On April 16, 1957, Torrio entered a New York barbershop, as he had each day for years. A hot towel was placed about his bullet-scarred neck. He suddenly twitched in the chair and moaned, then slipped downward, the victim of a heart attack. He died six hours later in Cumberland Hospital, his wife at his side.

Thus passed Chicago's first modern gang lord and one of the architects of the national crime syndicate. His funeral, unlike many of his friends' and enemies' in Chicago, was unspectacular. Only a dozen or so people attended his funeral in Greenwood Cemetery. Even in death, Torrio's credo of silence was observed. His widow made no public announcement of Torrio's passing, and the press did not discover his death until three weeks after his burial. His death did not create headlines, even in the Chicago papers, where one veteran newsman wrote of him: "He could dish it out, but he couldn't take it."

SCARFACE RUNS CHICAGO/1920s-1930s

No other American gangster rose to the international reputation of Al Capone (Alphonse Caponi, 1899-1947; AKA: Scarface; Al Brown; Alfred Caponi; A. Costa), whose historical image is a curious blend of ruthless gangster and a distorted Horatio Alger hero who went from rags to riches to jail. Ruthless he was, hero never, not even to those with whom he robbed, racketeered, and murdered. Capone was a murderous thug without remorse. Street smart, clever, ingenious when it came to crime, Capone was also a near-illiterate who acquired countless millions and knew not where to spend a dime of it.

Al Capone, the most powerful gang lord in Chicago in the 1920s, controlling most judges and police officials and gleaning $50 million each year from his far-flung rackets.

Capone killed without compunction and at the whims of a mercurial and murderous temperament. He killed his enemies and his friends. He killed his employers and his own henchmen. He was responsible for, perhaps, as many as one thousand or more murders, certainly hundreds. Worse, for a decade the city of Chicago embraced this bragging, boasting, strutting killer, its slavish newspapers paying homage to him

Joe Adonis, shown in 1937, almost twenty years after he weaned Capone on crime in the basement of his Adonis Club.

and quoting his every cretinous statement, its citizens—as least a goodly portion of the population—nodding tolerantly, if not approvingly, in his direction.

Scarface spent money lavishly on himself and those about him, projecting the image of generosity, of a philanthropist to the common man. Old-timers in Chicago still pay his bloody memory off-hand compliments about the so-called soup kitchens Capone established in Chicago during the Depression to feed the hungry, little realizing that the crime boss did this at the suggestion of attorneys attempting to improve his horrible reputation when he was being tried for income tax evasion. For decades after his death, this inhuman beast received perverse recognition from show business and film personalities who boasted of meeting Capone, of being ordered to perform for him at the Hawthorne Inn, his fortress-like headquarters in Cicero, or his Chicago bases, the Lexington and Metropole hotels, as if such performances were similar to a command performance before a czar or a president.

What was Capone? He was an ignorant strong-arm thug who oozed out of New York's worst mob, The Five Points gang, graduated to flesh-peddling and more strong-arm work in Chicago, and became a millionaire through bootlegging in the 1920s. He was also, in his early years, a whoremaster who slept with his own diseased employees so regularly that he contracted syphilis which later, in the form of paresis of the brain, turned him into a raving lunatic and killed him at age forty-eight.

Unlike his Italian peers, Capone was forever proud of the fact that he was born in the U.S., not Naples, Italy, as has been claimed, and whenever he was designated as an Italian immigrant, he would roar the correction: "I'm not Italian! I was born in Brooklyn." Capone's parents, Gabriel and Teresa Caponi, emigrated from Naples, Italy, in 1893, poor, speaking no English. His father plied the same trade he had in Italy; he was a barber. The Capone shop was at 69 Park Avenue, a few doors from his home, located in Brooklyn's poverty-stricken navy yard district called Williamsburg.

The Caponis (both parents naturalized in 1906) produced nine children, born in a seedy four-room flat: Vincenzo (renamed James), Ralph (later nicknamed Bottles), Salvatore (renamed Frank), Alphonse, Amadeo Ermino (renamed John, nicknamed Mimi), Umberto (renamed Albert John), Matthew Nicholas, Rose, and Mafalda. This large family was the norm for Italians of the day, who had resettled in America, naively trading, for the most part, the slums of southern Italy for the slums of New York, Chicago, New Orleans, and, to some degree, San Francisco. Alphonse Capone was born on January 17, 1899. His childhood was like any other in his world, one of littered streets, crowded with pushcarts and peddlers and laborers, one where the Italian immigrant was denied proper education (60 percent of Italian children born in the U.S. at that time grew up illiterate) and, because of the lack of hygiene and proper medical attention, one where newborn Italian babies died at an alarming rate, double that of all others in New York, from diarrhea, diphtheria, and respiratory diseases.

By the time he was eleven, Capone was a member of a juvenile gang, which was also part of the traditional environment of this wretched community. In that year, 1910, Italians made up eleven percent of the total foreign-born population, but only seven percent of all foreign-born professional criminals, according to one survey, were Italian. Yet, it was the tradition of the first American-born generation, to either accept the menial occupations with their miserable wages and hopeless futures or, in the worst social environments, improve oneself through first petty, then serious crime. The concept of America as a land of opportunity to the then down-trodden Italian-American was translated to mean a land, where the

Capone's boyhood friend and fellow apprentice gangster in the Five Points Gang, Charles "Lucky" Luciano.

Johnny Torrio, who imported Capone from New York to be his enforcer in Chicago; Torrio would preside over the first U.S. crime cartel conference in Atlantic City in 1929, a meeting arranged by Capone.

illegal was nothing more than a business adventure. Opportunity meant that one might quickly enrich oneself by ignoring laws meant for people, who could afford to obey them. Authority in the form of the police was equated with the authority of ancient, unjust, and socially distant European monarchs.

Al Capone learned all this in basic terms while in his teens. He was influenced by older boys, who taught him the bloody techniques of knife fighting and the use of a revolver. One of these was Johnny Torrio, one of the tough, intelligent sub-bosses of the far-reaching Five Points gang, headed by crime czar Paul Kelly. Torrio, seventeen years older than Capone, ran myriad illegal operations out of his saloon on James Street; he was a streetsmart hoodlum who had small feet, delicate hands and facial features, and a small, chubby body. He never fought battles in the streets, but sent others to perform such bloody chores.

Torrio was a criminal mastermind who took over sections of Williamsburg block by block, store by store, organizing extortion through Black Hand techniques. Gambling and prostitution were his specialties. He also paid off police to ignore his rackets and, realizing the power of politics, funded political candidates for office, particularly those who would do his bidding in the future. This racketeer opened up an office at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Union Street, which he called The John Torrio Association, a front for his many rackets.

Capone passed Torrio's headquarters every day on his way to school, where he maintained good grades until he was upbraided for his increased truancy in the sixth grade. By then Capone was a large, beefy street brawler, and he found the public chastisement unbearable. He struck the female teacher, knocking her down. The principal rushed into the classroom and thrashed young Capone. He never returned to school, taking odd jobs as a pinsetter in a bowling alley and a clerk in a candy store. He became a pool shark, champion eight-ball shooter of the neighborhood. By then Capone was known by members of his street gang as an expert knife-fighter, and he participated in many bloody battles.

Chicago's corrupt Mayor William Hale Thompson, whose motto was "Chicago—a wide open city," and who protected the widespread rackets of Torrio and Capone.

The gang to which Capone first swore allegiance was the Bim Booms, which also counted as a member Charles Lucania, later known as Charles "Lucky" Luciano, who had briefly attended school with Capone and befriended him. Both boys later graduated to the Five Pointers, the gang headed by Paul Kelly and Johnny Torrio. This was the most powerful gang in New York (replacing the old Whyos at the turn of the century), exceeding 1,500 thugs, all adept at burglary, extortion, robbery, assault, murder. It was while working as a strong-arm enforcer for Torrio that Capone learned all the lethal tricks of his criminal trade. He would be forever grateful to Torrio, later stating: "I looked on Johnny like my adviser and father and the party who made it possible for me to get my start."

Torrio started Capone as a goon, who beat up loan-shark victims behind on their payments, then a pimp, beating up girls who were suspected of holding back part of their nightly take. He then got him a "posh" job as a bouncer in the Harvard Inn, a notorious dive Torrio owned in partnership with his Sicilian gangster friend, Frankie Yale. Capone was by then a

vicious, tenacious fighter with fists and knives. He was also an expert marksman with a revolver or automatic. He practiced shooting beer bottles for years in the basement of the Adonis Social Club, run by future crime boss, Joe Adonis.

Capone was later promoted to bartender at the Club, and it was at this time that he acquired the livid scars that would disfigure the left side of his face for life and earn him the sobriquet he hated most: Scarface. Many stories were later told as to how Capone received these scars. He liked to lie to reporters later by claiming that he had received them in World War I, saying that he had been wounded by shrapnel while serving with the legendary "Lost Battalion" of the Seventy-seventh Division.

Another story has it that Capone, who now worked for Sicilians like Yale, wanted to have the special duck-tailed Sicilian-Mafia haircut then popular with thugs. He walked into a Sicilian barbershop one day, the tale goes, and asked for this type of haircut, but the barber, a devout Sicilian Mafioso, refused, knowing Capone was from Neapolitan parents. This caused Capone to go berserk, attacking the barber, who had been shaving a customer. The barber slashed out wildly at the 225-pound, five foot-ten-inch Capone, cutting him deeply on the left cheek and jaw. Another account, more believable, has Capone insulting the female companion of a Sicilian hoodlum in the Harvard Inn and the hoodlum carving Capone's face in retaliation.

Regardless of his scarred face, an Irish girl, Mae Coughlin, from a good family, was attracted to Capone, and when he proposed to her in 1918, she accepted. Capone and his bride were wed on December 18, 1918, the bride being twenty-one, Capone nineteen. A short time later, a son, Albert Francis Capone, nicknamed Sonny, was born to the couple. Capone continued at the Harvard Inn and later became a union slugger for Yale and Torrio, but his prospects for the future appeared dim after he was indicted for two murders. He was released when witnesses lost their memories and evidence disappeared.

By this time, Torrio had moved most of his operations to Chicago, where his uncle, James "Big Jim" Colosimo, was the crime boss of the Levee, the red light district. Torrio still maintained contact with his rackets in New York, but was gradually withdrawing control of these operations, which Joe Adonis, Lucky Luciano, and Ciro "The Artichoke King" Terranova took over.

Torrio had relocated to Chicago as early as 1909 at Colosimo's request, to help the crime boss subdue the Black Handers and rival gangsters plaguing Colosimo, as well as to put Big Jim's sprawling prostitution and gambling rackets in order. In 1919, Capone got into another fight and killed a man. Rather than wait to be indicted, Scarface called "Johnny Papa" Torrio, and received an invitation to join him in Chicago. Capone packed up his wife and child and took the next train West. (Another reliable report held that Torrio called Capone, asking him to become one of his Chicago enforcers, with the eventual purpose of having Capone kill Big Jim so that Torrio could take over Colosimo's underworld empire.)

Arriving in Chicago, Capone immediately installed his wife and child in a small South Side apartment, rented for him

Charles Dion O'Bannion, leader of the North Side gang, mortal enemy of Torrio and Capone, killed in his flower shop in the infamous "handshake murder" of 1924.

Earl "Hymie" Weiss, who took over the O'Bannion mob, tried to kill Capone in a machine gun attack on his Cicero headquarters, murdered by Capone killers in 1926.

George "Bugs" Moran, O'Bannion's loyal lieutenant, who took control of the North Side gang after the murder of Hymie Weiss and survived Chicago's gang wars.

Samuel J. "Nails" Morton, World War I hero and O'Bannion aide; he was kicked to death by a horse on May 13, 1923, after being thrown while riding on a bridle path.

Vincent "The Schemer" Drucci, deadly O'Bannion gunman, killed in 1927, while resisting arrest; Detective Danny Healy, who shot Drucci, was lauded as a hero.

"Three-Gun" Louis Alterie, Colorado cowboy and O'Bannion gang member; he shot the horse that killed his pal Morton and was murdered by Capone gunmen in 1935.

Edward "Spike" O'Donnell, who, with his three brothers, ran a bootlegging gang on the far South Side of Chicago in the early 1920s; he once boasted: "I can whip this bird Capone if he'll only come out into the open!" By the late 1920s, the South Side O'Donnell gang was no more, its gang members either killed or driven from the city, including Spike.

by one of Torrio's men. That same day, Capone reported to Torrio at his newly-established Four Deuces at 2222 South Wabash. This four-story brick building contained a saloon on the first floor with Torrio's office in the rear, the two areas separated by a sliding steel door. The second and third floors offered gambling rooms, and the fourth floor was a brothel. That night Torrio welcomed Capone and made him his bodyguard and chauffeur, at $100 a week.

There was nothing lofty about Capone's additional duties at the Four Deuces. He was a bartender on occasion and a bouncer. In the latter capacity, Capone used his hulking body and powerful upper body strength to evict drunks and troublemakers, often beating up customers so severely that they were hospitalized with broken arms and legs, skull fractures, and, on one occasion, blood poisoning after Capone bit into a man's arm, severing an artery with his teeth. He was repeatedly arrested for assault. but released without prosecution, thanks to Torrio's political and police connections.

Capone also worked as a shill for the Four Deuce's brothel, standing outside the place and hawking the fleshy wares available in the miserable cribs on the building's fourth floor. Crime writer Courtney Riley Cooper was later to state: "I saw him there a dozen times, coat collar turned up on winter nights, hands deep in his pockets as he fell in step with a passerby and mumbled: `Got some nice-looking girls inside.'" The ruthless, bestial Capone was also used by Torrio for more sinister purposes, like murder. Torrio had on his payroll hundreds of gangsters who ran far-flung rackets for the overall crime boss of the city, Big Jim Colosimo, and those who cheated on their weekly payments to the bosses, those who went into business for themselves, and those who worked for Colosimo-Torrio and secretly for rival gangs at the same time, were brought to the Four Deuces and punished, invariably by the savage Capone.

Capone and other goons would drag these men into the basement of the saloon and there question them while applying various tortures. When the victims had provided the information or confessions demanded, they were summarily murdered. Capone strangled at least a dozen of these disobedient racketeers to death with his hands, according to one account. The bodies were dragged through a small tunnel and brought up at the rear of the building through a trapdoor and then into an alley, where a waiting car sped away with the corpses, which were later dumped on lonely country roads.

The Chicago Capone entered was, in many respects, as volatile and cunning as he was, a political cesspool, where half the city council was on the take, and aldermen received heavy bribes to protect the many red light districts, particularly the Levee on the near South Side, Colosimo's domain, glutted with gambling dens, whorehouses, and seamy saloons. The machine politicians controlling this area, and in league with Colosimo for more than a decade, were John "Bathhouse John" Coughlin and Michael "Hinky Dink" Kenna.

These two aldermen received enormous payoffs to make sure the district went unmolested by police raids. And they, in turn, passed on staggering amounts of money to the then mayor of Chicago, William Hale Thompson, the most venal chief executive in the city's history. Thompson not only aided the gangsters and crooked aldermen, but encouraged the expansion of the vice districts, later adopting as his blatant campaign slogan: "Chicago—a wide open city!"

In the underworld at that time, Big Jim Colosimo's word was life and death law. He was a gregarious, large man, bedecked with glinting diamonds. He was flashy and ostentatious, ruling his kingdom from his lavish restaurant, Colosimo's Café, which was only a block from the Four Deuces. Colosimo had started as a pimp and then a manager of several bordellos. After forming an alliance with Kenna and Coughlin, he began to take over other bordellos, gambling dens, and then all the rackets in the Levee until he was the supreme crime overlord in Chicago. He was a flamboyant character, a lover of Italian opera, and he reveled in the opera stars, like Enrico Caruso, who dined in his restaurant. By 1909, Colosimo's empire had become so vast that he needed the organizational abilities of his nephew in New York, so he sent for Torrio.

By 1919, Torrio had ideas of becoming the supreme boss

in Chicago and he sent for his most loyal assassin, Al Capone. The real reason Capone moved to Chicago was not to evade an arrest for murder in New York. He was protected there through his gang affiliations and would have, no doubt, been released, as he had been on two former occasions when charged with murder in New York. When Capone arrived in Chicago he was assigned menial jobs by Torrio as a smokescreen to disguise the real purpose of his presence—to murder Big Jim Colosimo.

Al Capone (right) in 1925, after taking control from the exiled Johnny Torrio; he—with the help of crooked Chicago politicians and corrupt police officials—would control almost all underworld operations within five years, becoming a dark icon to gullible citizens for generations to come, people who never witnessed the hundreds of murders Scarface decreed.

Colosimo was an old-fashioned gangster who contentedly counted his millions from the illegal rackets he controlled. Torrio, a long-range planner, immediately saw the millions to be made from the Volstead Act, which would become law in 1920, prohibiting the manufacture, distribution, and sale of liquor. Torrio had for some time pleaded with his uncle Colosimo to set up illegal stills, to buy breweries and run them clandestinely in the future, and to establish a distribution arm which would provide beer and liquor to the thousands of saloons in Chicago.

Colosimo's response was always a firm "no." He was not interested in developing this new racket, which he felt would "never amount to anything." He would leave bootlegging to the other gangs. He had enough: his lavish mansion at 3156 Vernon Avenue; his fabulous cafe; a new wife, singer Dale Winter, pretty and young, for whom he had divorced his first wife, an aging brothel operator; and his old gambling and whorehouse rackets were producing more money than he could spend. He had no intention of bringing his organization into a new and untried racket. His rejection of the Torrio proposal sealed his fate. Torrio marked Colosimo for death, and then ordered Capone to kill him on May 11, 1920.

Torrio called Colosimo in the early afternoon of that day to tell him to expect two truckloads of the best whiskey available, and that it was important for Colosimo to stock up on this now-precious commodity, which would be sorely needed for the cafe. The shipment would be delivered at 4 p.m., Torrio told Colosimo. He told Big Jim to be precise in taking the shipment at that time. Colosimo promised that he would be on hand at the cafe to take the delivery, and he arrived at the restaurant at about 3 p.m. He arrived by limousine, telling his chauffeur, Wolfson, to return to the mansion and to take his wife and her mother shopping. He strolled about the cafe, talking to employees before going to his office. A waiter noticed a dark-featured, heavyset stranger enter the vestibule of the cafe, which was closed, but then the stranger disappeared and the waiter thought that he had left, when he realized that the restaurant was not yet open.

Big Jim left his office about 4:25 p.m., walking the length of the cafe, through two large rooms, then went into the vestibule, an area closed off by glass doors. A moment later two shots were heard and Frank Camilla, Colosimo's private secretary, ran to the vestibule to find his employer face down on the tile floor, blood gushing from a bullet wound behind his ear. Big Jim was dead, his murderer having fled out the front door of the cafe. Camilla dashed to the sidewalk and saw no one suspicious in sight.

Camilla next called Colosimo's good friend, Chief of Police John J. Garrity, who arrived a short time later with Chief of Detectives Mooney and a bevy of plainclothes officers. When they rolled Big Jim over, they marveled at the diamond shirt studs and cufflinks blazing before them. The red rose in his lapel was crushed. Inside a coat pocket they found a .38-caliber pearl handled revolver, but not a dime in his pockets, even though Big Jim was reported to have carried with him that day more than $50,000 in cash, all big bills, to pay for the whiskey delivery. Colosimo's shirt had been pulled from his pants and it was obvious to investigators that the moneybelt Big Jim always wore was now missing and with it, perhaps, the $250,000 in cash he always carried.

Capone, by best reports, had killed Colosimo with one bullet, then fired a second bullet through the window behind the cashier's box in the vestibule. He had entered the vestibule and was seen by the waiter, but had hidden in the cloak room, and when Colosimo entered the vestibule to go to the

Jake "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, a onetime resort owner, who kept Capone's books; he remained loyal to the crime boss even after Scarface went insane.

street to check the whiskey delivery, he stepped up behind the gang boss and shot him in the head. He then took enough time to rifle the dead man's pockets and remove the considerable cash he carried, his payment for the murder, then dashed through the front door, hurriedly walked a block south to the Four Deuces, and went to the fourth floor, where he climbed into bed with one of Torrio's whores.

Scarface and Torrio were quickly pulled into police headquarters for questioning, but both provided unshakable alibis. "Big Jim and me were like brothers," Torrio told police detectives, his eyes filling with tears. Capone shook his head sadly and said to officers: "Mr. Colosimo and me both loved opera. He was a grand guy." Both Torrio and Capone sent enormous floral wreaths to Colosimo's funeral, which was the first big gangster burial in Chicago, attended by hundreds of dignitaries, a lavish and gaudy display of mourning by thousands who followed the funeral cortege. Capone observed the old Italian custom of not shaving during the three days between Colosimo's death and funeral.

Immediately following Big Jim's interment, Torrio met with aldermen Coughlin and Kenna and announced that he would be running things. They agreed, and Capone was named Torrio's right-hand man, his chief lieutenant and underboss. Up to that time, Capone went by the alias Al Brown and had a seedy used furniture store as his business front. Suddenly, from bouncer, bartender, and whorehouse shill, Capone shot to a lofty position of underworld authority, the place next to Torrio's throne, a post that was also his reward for killing the truculent, traditional Colosimo. Capone would employ the same kind of cunning violence in getting rid of his mentor and sponsor, Johnny Torrio, four years later.

Politically, Torrio's position as Chicago's new underworld boss was secure. He was backed by greedy, wholly amoral aldermen and a criminally-bent mayor, Thompson. Beyond Chicago, the state of Illinois was governed by crooked Governor Len Small, who was indicted in 1921 for embezzling $600,000 while state treasurer. But, through the help of Chicago labor gangster Walter Stevens and extortionist Benjamin "Jew Ben" Newmark, Small was acquitted. Stevens and Newmark simply bribed and threatened the jurors at Small's trial. In return, Small granted pardons to all important gangsters convicted of any kind of crime, from bootlegging to murder.

Stevens was on the Torrio-Capone payroll, as were the whoremaster brothers, Jake and Harry Guzik, also friends of Small's. More than 1,000 felons, mostly mobsters working for Torrio and Capone, were pardoned by Small in his first three years in office. But not all the politicians in Chicago were in Torrio's pocket. Those aldermen who represented the North Side of Chicago, the most lucrative bootlegging territory, belonged firmly to Charles Dion "Deanie" O'Bannion, the undisputed boss of the area.

It was with O'Bannion and his fierce lieutenants that the Torrio-Capone gang would have the most trouble. The gang was large, powerful, and lethal. Its members were of Irish and Polish descent, and made a show of practicing the Catholic religion, going to church on Sunday and on the same night hijacking booze trucks, and slugging and killing rival gangsters. The leader, O'Bannion, had been a choir boy and an altar boy at Holy Name Cathedral on State Street, across from which sat Schofield's flower shop. O'Bannion, who loved flowers, had bought a half interest in the shop, which served as his front. O'Bannion loved flowers, and spent much of his time in this shop, creating floral arrangements for weddings and funerals. He wore three guns at all times, carried in specially made pockets in his pants. Earl "Hymie" Weiss, his fierce first lieutenant, was also a dedicated killer who went to church regularly, wore a gold cross around his neck, and carried a rosary in a vest pocket, close to the shoulder holster of his gun. George "Bugs" Moran; Vincent "The Schemer" Drucci; the savage brothers Frank and Pete Gusenberg; Louis "Two Gun" Alterie, also called "The Cowboy" because he owned a ranch in Colorado; Samuel J. "Nails" Morton, a Jewish gangster who had served with distinction in World War I, won medals and returned to Chicago to become one of the most successful and celebrated gangsters of the early 1920s; Willie Marks, Ted Newbury, and a host of other loyal gunmen made up this formidable gang, whose members considered Torrio and Capone lowlife vipers without hope of redemption.

Before Prohibition, the Italian gangsters had centered their activities on gambling and prostitution, but O'Bannion and his men would have nothing to do with bordellos. There were some independently operated brothels on the North Side, to be sure, but these were not controlled by the O'Bannionites. According to O'Bannion, Weiss, and the others, this particular criminal profession was "against the Holy Mother, the Church," and they considered Torrio and Capone, in the words of O'Bannion, "dago pimps, making their money from diseased women." Such insults reached the ears of Capone and jarred his pride, but Torrio, ever the diplomat, ignored these remarks and sought to settle differences between the gangs through non-violent agreements. He called a meeting in 1920, which was attended by almost all the top gang leaders in the city.

A fearsome lot attended that strange meeting. O'Bannion, Weiss, and Moran represented the North Side. From the West Side came the terrible Genna Brothers, six of them, all killers, Sicilians aligned with Torrio and Capone, and also from the West Side the O'Donnell brothers, Bernard, Myles and William, who was called "Klondike." The O'Donnells had thrown in their lot with Torrio. Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake, who controlled the Valley Gang on the Southwest Side, were fence straddlers, waiting to see who would emerge as the top crime boss. On the Northwest Side, Claude Maddox, head of the

The body of "Ragtime Joe" Howard lies on the floor of a Chicago speakeasy on May 8, 1924; Capone personally shot Howard to death in front of witnesses for assaulting his bookkeeper, Jake Guzik—the witnesses disappeared or had a loss of memory.

Circus Gang, and Marty Guifoyle, who led another gang in the same area, were Torrio vassals. Joseph "Pollack Joe" Saltis, who headed a large gang of bootleggers on the Southwest Side, was decidedly against Torrio and Capone and refused to attend Torrio's meeting, as did Edward "Spike" O'Donnell, who headed the large all Irish O'Donnell gang of the far South Side, this O'Donnell gang being unrelated to the West Side O'Donnells.

Torrio played mediator and pacifier to the arguing crime bosses during this conference and managed to get everyone to agree to stay in their territories and restrain their minions. "There are millions in booze, plenty for everyone," he told the gangster enclave. "All we gotta do is respect the other guy's territory and we'll make money." With that, Torrio produced a map and literally split up Chicago into sections, drawing lines on the map which gave the North Side to O'Bannion, the South Side to himself and Capone, and smaller territories to the other gangs. The two largest gangs, that of Torrio-Capone and O'Bannion, were to be separated by Madison Street. This was the "dividing line" and, other than social visits, no competing gangsters were to enter the other's territory.

At first this was an agreement all followed, but then, in 1922, Capone began encroachments. Though Torrio was well-known to government leaders and the public alike, Capone at this time was all but anonymous, known under his aliases Al Brown and A. Costa, names under which he had been booked for assault in the past when acting as a lowly bouncer for Torrio's Four Deuces. But in 1922, Capone came to the attention of the city's newsmen and the public under a variation of his own name. Scarface was drunk, racing his large roadster down Wabash Avenue at 60 m.p.h., his car filled with three heavily-armed bodyguards and four of his most sought-after prostitutes. Losing control of the roadster, Capone crashed his car into a taxicab. The driver, Fred Drause, holding his head, staggered from the cab and yelled at Capone: "You crazy son-of-a-bitch! You almost killed me! Are you crazy?"

Capone jumped from his car, pulled a gun, and put it to the head of the cabbie. Cursing the driver, Capone shouted: "Don't talk that way to *me!*"

"Wait a minute, fella, how come you're pulling a gun on me?" said Drause.

The hulking gangster was silent for a moment. He then

State's Attorney William McSwiggin, who was killed by Capone when the crime boss leaned from the window of a speeding car and fired a submachine gun on the night of April 27, 1926.

produced a deputy sheriff's badge and announced: "I'm a law officer." Capone's associates, watching this charade and shocked by Capone's blatant impersonation and murderous temper, fled the scene, leaving the gang boss to face several policemen, who promptly arrived in a squad car. Drause was taken away to a hospital to have his head bandaged, while Scarface was arrested for assault and impersonating a police officer. He was booked under the name of "Alfred Caponi," but he was soon released when a police captain on Torrio's payroll received a phone call at home and rushed to the precinct station, where he ordered the gang chief set free. This was to happen again and again, with Capone's political connections assuring his freedom, no matter what kind of crime he committed, including murder.

By 1924, Capone, at age twenty-five, was a multi-millionaire. In 1920, Torrio had cemented his partnership with Capone by giving him 25 percent of all profits from prostitution and 50 percent from all bootlegging operations. In the first year of this arrangement, Capone made $25,000 a month from the brothels and ten times that amount from bootlegging. Yet he lived with his wife and child in a modest two-story brick building at 7244 South Prairie Avenue, a building which was guarded night and day by Capone gunmen sitting in cars on the street and in the alleyway.

Where Torrio minded business and then retreated in the evening to his home, Capone craved nightlife and prowled through his clubs, gambling dens, and bordellos. His estimated five thousand cribs and bordellos were overseen by whoremaster Jake "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, who had become Scarface's chief accountant and bookkeeper, a short, squat little man with a florid, flabby face. On the night of May 8, 1924, Guzik stopped at a saloon operated by Heinie Jacobs on South Wabash to talk business with some associates. As he was leaving the place, "Ragtime" Joe Howard, an aging gangster, barred Guzik's path.

The drunken Howard had been regaling Jacobs at the bar with stories of the old days in Chicago, when knives and guns were unnecessary. Howard had bragged that "brass knuckles to the jaw is good enough. Them wop beerboys fold up like old newspaper after one chop." Now he stood in front of Guzik, shouting to a nervous Jacobs: "This is one of them wop workers." He slapped Guzik in the face and then kicked him several times in the shins. Guzik merely let out a yelp and then meekly walked from the bar. Guzik was no gunman and he avoided violence at all costs. There were others to perform those chores. He nevertheless demanded the kind of respect reserved for those in the hierarchy of the Torrio-Capone mob, and the humiliation he had suffered at the hands of the old-fashioned thug, Howard, was intolerable. He went to Capone, who exploded and then rushed to Jacobs' saloon.

When Capone entered the bar, accompanied by several bodyguards, he walked up to Howard, who smiled affably and held out his hand, saying, "Hello, Al." Capone grabbed him by the lapel, pulling him close, snarling: "Why did you kick Jake around, Joe?"

Howard pushed Capone away, replying: "Aww, go back to your girls, you dago pimp!"

Capone drew an automatic, put it to Howard's temple and rapidly fired all six shots, which blew off the top of Joe Howard's head. Capone then turned and left the bar. Heinie Jacobs and two customers stood staring after him, and by the time police arrived were still shaking with fear. The two patrons, George Bilton and David Runelsbeck, both swore that Capone had killed Howard and said they would so testify in court. The story broke the next day, May 9, 1924, in the Chicago *Tribune*, which also ran a photo of Capone being booked for homicide, the first newspaper photo published of the gangster in Chicago, whose face the citizens of the city would see in their newspapers more often than that of the mayor or the president of the United States. Scarface would be the subject of countless newspaper stories dealing with highjackings, beatings, gang fights and murders. His would be the recognized world of the "cement overcoat," and "the one-way ride."

Though he knew he was wanted for the Howard killing, Capone hid for almost a month and then, on June 11, 1924, strolled into the Cottage Grove Avenue precinct station, saying: "I hear the police have been looking for me. What for?" Captain James McMahon put him under arrest and immediately took him to the Criminal Courts building, where he was grilled by William H. McSwiggin, an energetic assistant state's attorney.

Capone denied being in Jacobs' saloon on the night of Howard's death and told McSwiggin that he was a used furniture salesman and that he knew no gangsters. He was informed that, of the witnesses to the killing in the bar that night, Bilton had disappeared (frightened off by Capone killers), but

Five of Capone's deadliest gunmen during the 1920s (left to right as they appeared in a police lineup): William "Klondike" O'Donnell (no relationship to the South Side O'Donnell gang), William "Three-Fingered Jack" White; Murray "The Camel" Humphreys; Marcus Looney, and Charles Fischetti, who was Capone's cousin.

Runelsbeck and Jacobs were being held as accessories after the fact and that they would swear Capone killed Howard. Scarface sneered and shrugged. "Let them," he said, "I ain't got nothing to worry about. I wasn't even there."

When the official inquest was held, Jacobs and Runelsbeck were brought before the court, but both men, visibly shaking in fright as they nervously glanced about the court, were obviously terrified. Jacobs denied ever seeing the shooting, insisting that he went into the back room of his saloon before the shooting occurred. Runelsbeck said that he did not see the killer, that he ducked under a table at the first sound of gunfire. Capone sat smugly with his expensive attorneys, later to hear the coroner's verdict that "Joseph Howard was killed by one or more unknown white male persons."

Capone left the inquest smiling, returning to his bastion in Cicero, the Hawthorne Inn. By then Torrio and Capone had relocated their headquarters to Cicero to avoid harassment from Chicago's new reform mayor, William E. Dever. Capone, seeking to make a strong alliance with the Unione Siciliane (a trade union which was really a Sicilian brotherhood with strong ties to the Mafia), paid a nostalgic visit to New York in December 1925. He met with Frankie Yale, president of the New York branch of the Unione Siciliane. He also met with Joe Adonis and frequented the Adonis Social Club in south Brooklyn.

Here, on the night of December 26, 1925, Richard "Peg Leg" Lonergan and other members of his White Hand Gang picked a fight with Capone, not knowing who he was, and began insulting the almost all Italian clientele with words like "dagoes, wops, and ginzos," remarks that must have convinced Capone and his many bodyguards that Lonergan was either drunk or suicidal. When two Italian youths entered the saloon with Irish girls on their arms, Lonergan and two of his Irish friends chased the girls from the bar, shouting after them: "Come back with white men!" At 2 a.m., the lights in the Adonis Club went out and gunfire lit up the place. A short time later, police found Lonergan and two of his men dead on the floor. The killer was presumed to be Al Capone, but he had fled back to Chicago, or more specifically, Cicero, where he felt that he would be safe from lunatics, a notion soon to be disproved.

The takeover of Cicero, the sprawling blue-collar suburb west of Chicago, was accomplished with relative ease. Torrio and Capone simply ordered their satellites, the West Side O'Donnells, to instruct the local government there that they would be running their Chicago operations from the Hawthorne Inn, a popular Cicero hotel. Those rival gangsters and saloon owners who objected were quickly beaten into submission. Those who still proved truculent, like prizefighter-turned-bootlegger Eddie Tancl, were shot to death on Cicero streets.

State's Attorney McSwiggin was incensed at Capone's intimidation of witnesses in the Howard killing, and he resolved to convict the gangster and send him to prison.

McSwiggin began to conduct investigations into Capone's activities in Cicero, and even aligned himself with rival gangsters in order to gather evidence against Scarface, or so one story held. Two of these, Tom "Red" Duffy and James J. Doherty, along with the West Side O'Donnell Brothers, Bernard, Klondyke and Myles, had been boyhood friends of the 26-year-old McSwiggin, who had a strange and unpredictable relationship with these bootleggers. He had unsuccessfully prosecuted Doherty for the murder of Eddie Tancl, and then went on seeing Doherty socially. He also met with Capone on April 17, 1926, at the Hawthorne Inn, but the nature of the discussion between mob chief and state's attorney was never disclosed. To the public, McSwiggin appeared to be a relentless fighter for justice, but to insiders, questions were raised as to his chummy relationship with Capone, the man he was supposed to be prosecuting for innumerable crimes.

Capone (center, sitting) is surrounded by eight of his bodyguards at a gangster picnic in 1927; those wearing jackets on this hot day were carrying guns; the little girl is the daughter of one of Capone's relatives.

Scarface at Wrigley Field; Gabby Hartnett signs a ball for Capone's son, Sonny; the men in hats sitting behind Capone are his bodyguards, all heavily armed.

On the evening of April 27, 1926, as McSwiggin left a saloon on West Roosevelt Road in Cicero, a car shot down the street with a machine gunner hanging out the window and spraying the street, cutting down and killing McSwiggin, Doherty, and Duffy. All were dead before passersby reached them. A dozen persons on the street clearly saw the killer and identified him to police as Al Capone. Wild speculation about the killing was entertained by newsmen throughout Chicago, most concluding that Capone would never intentionally murder a cop, let alone a state's attorney. He had mistaken McSwiggin for a rival gangster he had personally sworn to murder, it was said, and that man was Earl "Hymie" Weiss.

This, of course, was mere conjecture, and bad guessing at that, since Weiss was the sworn gang enemy of the West Side O'Donnells, whose allegiance was to Capone. The witnesses to the McSwiggin murder vanished, lost their memories, or changed their minds when it came to identifying Capone as the killer. In the end, the gangster had the last lying word, telling a newsman: "Of course I didn't kill him. Why should I? I liked the kid. Only the day before he got killed he was up to my place and when he went home I gave him a bottle of Scotch for his old man. I paid McSwiggin and I paid him plenty, and I got what I was paying for." Scarface never specified what he was buying from the assistant state's attorney.

Capone's top henchman, Frank "The Enforcer" Nitti, who committed suicide in 1943, when facing income tax evasion charges.

Bodyguard Frank Rio saved Scarface's life by pushing him to the floor of the Hawthorn Hotel restaurant, riddled by Weiss' machine gunners on September 20, 1926.

McSwiggin's murder was never solved, which led to an oft-repeated phrase, "Who Killed McSwiggin?", a line now classic in Chicago underworld parlance and one historically equal to "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Authorities knew that Capone was the killer, for whatever reason, but there was no evidence to convict him. It was the same story with the murder of Charles Dion O'Bannion, the fierce leader of the North Side Gang. O'Bannion's death, too, has gone down in the annals of crime as a first, one known as "the handshake murder."

Following the establishment of Madison Street as the "dividing line" in 1920, the gangsters acknowledged this border for a few years before their greedy encroachments once again caused violent confrontations. The South Side O'Donnell gang was selected by Capone as the first rival bootleg gang to be eliminated. Edward "Spike" O'Donnell and his brothers were isolated on the far South Side of the city, and Capone simply ordered his top enforcers to kill off these pesky bootleggers. Capone gunners Frank McErlane, who had been an ally of Pollack Joe Saltis before enlisting in Capone's ranks, and Danny McFall, led contingents of Capone hoodlums into the O'Donnell fiefdom, using for the first time the weapon that would later be synonymous with bootlegging, the Thompson submachine gun, a deadly, wasp-like rapid-fire gun that could cut down and kill dozens of men at close range.

The weapon was so effective that only gangleader Spike O'Donnell remained to defy Capone, saying bitterly: "I can whip this bird Capone with my bare fists any time he wants to step out into the open and fight like a man." But Capone's techniques were the ambush, the knife and the bullet in the back, a fast-moving car loaded with gangsters, firing at helpless victims on sidewalks. Capone favored the latter approach; he had used a submachine gun on McSwiggin, firing the gun from a fast-moving car. In two or three bursts from the submachine gun's chambers, he had eliminated a man whom he believed was only pretending to be a corrupt official in order to gather evidence against him.

The submachine gun had been developed by Brigadier General John T. Thompson, chief of federal arsenals. Thompson intended this weapon for use in World War I, as a way of killing heavily entrenched enemy troops *en masse*. Thompson called this terrible weapon a "trench broom." The gun was completed in 1920, too late for military use, and tens of thousands stood idle in racks until sold off to commercial wholesalers to recoup government manufacturing losses. When Capone was first shown the weapon (reportedly by "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn), he marveled at its functions. At 500 yards it could penetrate a three-inch-thick pine board, and it fired 1,000 rounds of .45-caliber ammunition per minute. Capone, McGurn, McErlane, and others took the first shipment of Thompson submachine guns to a country retreat in 1923 and there practiced with it, firing at two-foot-thick trees and cutting them in half.

The government turned over the sale of the submachine gun to Auto Ordnance, a New York corporation, intending its open market sale to state and city police departments, but this plan met with little success. Police departments universally rejected the idea of arming its officers with such a deadly weapon, believing it to be hazardous to innocent bystanders. Capone had no such compunctions. He was the first to order several truckloads of these guns, equipping his 300 gunmen with them. (Capone's army of gunmen, enforcers and goon squads swelled to more than 1,000 by the end of the 1920s.) The Thompson submachine gun was used with such alacrity in Chicago that it was soon called the "Chicago typewriter," or a "Chicago piano." Other coinage, mostly from creative newsmen, labeled the weapon a "chopper," and a "tommy gun."Capone had no monopoly on the use of the submachine gun. Almost every important criminal gang purchased huge numbers of these weapons for the bootleg wars in New York, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, and points South and West. But to O'Bannion, whose men were used to revolvers and shotguns, traditional gangster weapons by the turn of the 1920s, the submachine gun was a necessary tool that had to be used with prudence. His top killer, Hymie Weiss, however, became proficient with the gun and taught his men its intricacies with childish glee. Weiss would later use the submachine gun to devastating effect when raiding Capone's Cicero stronghold in 1926.

When Capone killed off and eliminated the South Side O'Donnell gang, close allies of O'Bannion's, the North Side gang leader called his lieutenants together to tell them that it was not Torrio, but Capone who was causing all the trouble, that Torrio was a gentleman who abided by agreements, but that Capone was nothing more than a mentally retarded goon with too much power and money, a gangster who would kill anyone in his way. O'Bannion pointed out that, despite the "dividing line" agreement, Capone had established, through vassals, dozens of whorehouses on the North Side, and that Capone's staunchest allies, the six terrible Genna Brothers, had been terrorizing and beating up North Side saloon owners to make them buy cheap home-made Genna liquor.

O'Bannion mourned for the dead members of the

Capone, 1926, in the office of CPD Captain John Stege, one of the few incorruptible cops; Scarface was being questioned about the murder of rival gangster Earl Weiss.

O'Donnell gang, all friends. "Those killings weren't Torrio's orders," he told Weiss, Moran, Drucci, Alterie and others. "They were all done by that dirty atheistic dago! Did you see poor Jerry O'Connor's face in the funeral home? It was all blown off. Nothing left to it. And Walt O'Donnell, too, and all those other lads. That Capone kills like a beast in the jungle!"

O'Bannion and Weiss later met Frank McErlane, one of Capone's top gunmen, as he was strolling along a North Side street, in O'Bannion territory. They stopped McErlane and reminded him of the "dividing line," and that he was north of Madison Street. McErlane smiled and said he was merely visiting a friend. Weiss then stepped close to McErlane, credited with first using the submachine gun in gang warfare, on the O'Donnell brothers. "We know it was you and some others who knocked off the O'Donnells, Frank," said Weiss. "You can tell Capone this for me. That if he ever pulls anything like that on us, I'm gonna get him, if I have to kill everybody in front of him to do it. You can tell him that, and if I see him, I'll tell him myself!" McErlane did report this conversation to his boss.

Gang leader "Polack Joe" Saltis, who aligned himself with Moran, then later switched sides to Capone; he bought a small town in Wisconsin, which was named Saltisville.

Capone, for once in his violent career, paused, and then ordered the insidious infiltration of bordello and bootleg operations into the North Side to cease, at least, for a short time. He realized that the powerful North Side gang was a potent force, a large, well-organized gang with political connections equal to Torrio's. O'Bannion was no common street thug. He controlled the 42nd and 43rd wards of the city and points north, the lucrative Near North Side with its exclusive shops and swanky restaurants, the booming Rush Street area, the Gold Coast and the upper-middle class neighborhoods spreading west and north from there.

O'Bannion's gang numbered in the dozens, mostly Irish and Polish-Americans, with a smattering of Italian gangsters like Drucci, church-going Catholics, but killers all, fiercely loyal to their leader, O'Bannion, who was himself considered by Police Chief Morgan Collins to be "Chicago's arch criminal who has killed or seen to the killing of at least twenty-five men." O'Bannion was also as crafty and devious as his gang rivals on the South Side. By 1923, O'Bannion and Torrio had several confrontations that caused O'Bannion to rethink his association with the South Side boss.

During the Cicero elections, O'Bannion had loaned Torrio dozens of his best terrorists to make sure that Torrio-Capone candidates won and thereby secured the town for the South Siders. Torrio had never compensated O'Bannion for the use of his men. Moreover, whenever they did business on a partnership basis, the gang bosses disagreed. On one occasion, O'Bannion's men hijacked a truckload of bonded whiskey worth $50,000. Two Chicago cops stopped the truck and demanded a payoff, holding the shipment for ransom, so to speak. O'Bannion's men called their boss for instructions and O'Bannion, in turn, called Torrio.

Their conversation was overheard on a police wiretap.

Five of the six "Terrible Gennas," Capone allies, are shown at a family dinner; the brothers (left to right) are Sam, "Bloody" Angelo, Peter, Antonio, and Jim (Mike "The Devil" Genna is not shown); Mike, Angelo and Tony Genna would all be killed in the gang wars.

"Those cops want $300," O'Bannion said, "and I can bump them off for half that much. To hell with them!" Torrio responded in his usual quiet manner: "Dion, we don't want no trouble. Give them the money. Take it out of my share, if you like, but give the cops the $300." O'Bannion paid the two policemen, but the payoff rankled him.

What made O'Bannion rage was the fact that the Genna Brothers, who provided the Torrio-Capone combine with most of its homemade liquor, were making serious inroads into O'Bannion's territory, selling their beer and liquor to North Side saloon owners under threat of death. O'Bannion's men had had several shootouts with the invading Gennas in 1923. The North Side gang leader concluded that Torrio had given Capone his approval to invade O'Bannion's territory and that their former agreements meant nothing. O'Bannion resolved to teach Torrio a lesson. O'Bannion called for a meeting with Torrio and Capone in May 1924, telling them that he planned to retire from the bootleg business, that he had "all the money in the world" and would be taking his wife out West to live on the sprawling ranch owned by his good friend Louis Alterie.

The lavish gangster funeral of Angelo Genna, following his murder at the hands of Weiss, Moran and Drucci on May 25, 1925; the tuxedo-wearing pallbearers are all Genna gangsters and all wore guns.

O'Bannion wanted to sell out his third interest in the lucrative Sieben's Mid-City Brewery on the North Side. This brewery had produced quality beer before Prohibition, and had been purchased by Torrio, Capone and O'Bannion as a partnership in 1920. The brewery operated at full capacity, while the police on O'Bannion's payroll looked the other way. In fact, officers were assigned to protect the plant from rival gangsters, who might think to raid the place.

Torrio agreed to buy out O'Bannion and gave him $500,000 in cash. A few days later, on May 19, 1924, at O'Bannion's insistence, Torrio drove to the North Side to inspect his new property. Capone was not in attendance, having gone into hiding after killing Joe Howard eleven days earlier. O'Bannion took Torrio on a tour of the large brewery, but they were interrupted by Chief Morgan Collins and dozens of policemen. Collins placed Torrio and O'Bannion under arrest, along with Hymie Weiss and Louis Alterie, who were also in attendance.

More then thirty brewery employees were arrested, including two of O'Bannion's bribed policemen, who had been guarding the place. Chief Collins ripped their badges from their chests on the spot. The prisoners were delivered to the Federal Building, where Collins stated that the bootleggers would be held until tried for violating the federal prohibition law. Torrio realized that he had been betrayed by O'Bannion, set up for an arrest. He had purchased a brewery that was now out of operation and, through his informants, was told while still behind bars that O'Bannion, the man in the next cell, had tipped Collins when to make the raid.

Torrio then took $12,500 from his pocket and paid bail for himself and six of his own men who had been caught in the raid. O'Bannion told him he did not have any cash on him and asked that Torrio provide his bail. The South Side gang chief gave him a withering look and said nothing, leaving the Federal Building in smoldering silence, resolved now to listen to his protege Capone and get rid of O'Bannion. Torrio gave the job to his top killer, Capone.

The occasion Capone selected as the best suited for the murder of O'Bannion was the death of Mike Merlo, president of the Chicago branch of the Unione Siciliane. Merlo, who had been an advocate of nonviolence, was well-liked by all the Chicago gangs, and when huge and expensive floral wreaths for his funeral were ordered by Torrio and Capone, O'Bannion received the business at his State Street flower shop, which he jointly owned with William Schofield. At noon on November 10, 1924, three swarthy men walked into the

Capone gunman Frank McErlane, credited as the first gangster to use a submachine gun; he was also credited with murdering more than a dozen rival gangsters during the Chicago bootleg wars.

A laughing Capone is shown (center) with two women (neither of them his wife) at the race track, his bodyguards sitting in the next box (below).

On the same day that Capone was shown at the race track (previous page), this home, owned by a union leader who had refused to turn over control of his union to Scarface, was blown to pieces by Capone terrorist James "King of the Bombers" Belcastro.

The end of Frankie Yale on July 1, 1927; the New York gangster double-crossed Capone and was raked by machine gun bullets from a passing car, causing Yale's auto to crash into the front porch of a Brooklyn house, his riddled body spilling onto the pavement.

Gangster on ice: The body of Sam Malaga, bodyguard to Capone enemy John "Dingbat" Oberta, is shown floating in the half frozen Little Calumet River, south of Chicago, where he and Oberta were shot to death by Capone killer Frankie McErlane.

John "Dingbat" Oberta, who tried to battle Scarface over bootleg territories and was murdered for his efforts; he is shown with his new wife, widowed weeks later.

Chicago's Lexington Hotel became Capone's headquarters in 1929, patrolled by scores of bodyguards, many of these openly carrying submachine guns in the lobby.

Capone, by 1929, spent more and more time in Florida, relaxing at his multi-million-dollar Palm Island, Florida, estate.

The entrance to Capone's Florida estate, replete with ten servants and always guarded by a dozen heavily-armed gunmen working in three eight-hour shifts.

An aerial view of Scarface's Florida estate, walled on all sides; Capone bought the adjoining lots, which were stripped of trees so that his tower guards, who used searchlights at night, could spot any interlopers approaching the gangster's bastion.

Some of Capone's bodyguards arrive to replace the night shift at the crime czar's Florida estate.

The cigar-chomping Capone is shown fishing from the stern of his yacht, which was anchored off his Palm Island estate, in early 1929, at the time his murder squads were preparing the St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

Top Capone killer, "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn (Vincenzo DeMora), who planned the St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

shop and O'Bannion came out of the back room, where he had been clipping flower stems. His porter, William Crutchfield, went into the back room and heard O'Bannion say to the men: "Hello, boys, you want Merlo's flowers?"

"Yes," the tallest of the three said, and took O'Bannion's outstretched hand to shake it, but he held on with a vise-like grip, swinging the gangster sideways, then jerked him forward and pinioned his arms to prevent him from reaching for one of the three guns he had in his specially-built pockets. The other two men drew revolvers and fired almost point blank at O'Bannion. Six bullets were fired into him, two entering his chest, two through his larynx as he was falling, one through his right cheek and, after O'Bannion was on the floor, the man who had been holding him released his grip and pulled his own revolver, firing a *coup de grace* bullet into the gangster's head from such close range that powder burns scorched the skin. The three killers then dashed from the shop, raced across the street and jumped into a blue Jewett car, which sped north on State Street. O'Bannion was dead before he fell to the floor of his shop, landing in the middle of his own flowers, staining them red with his own blood, the victim of what was forever known as "the handshake murder."

Though his killers were never officially identified, the close descriptions of the three visitors by the porter, Crutchfield, fit those of Frankie Yale, the crime boss of Brooklyn, the man who held O'Bannion's hand, and Capone's two top killers, Albert Anselmi and John Scalise. Yale, a friend of Capone's from Scarface's days in the New York mobs, was brought in for the murder since O'Bannion did not know him. He also was not familiar with Scalise and Anselmi and was therefore not on guard when these three entered his shop.

When Earl "Hymie" Weiss heard that his boss had been killed, he exploded with rage. According to one newsman, "Hymie became a raving lunatic when he heard the news of Dion's murder. He took a solemn oath to kill Capone and Torrio and everyone else in the syndicate he could find." In a bizarre scene, Weiss, Moran, Drucci, and the rest of the North Side gangsters faced Torrio and Capone at O'Bannion's lavish funeral, both Scarface and Torrio sending huge floral wreaths, Capone's having a large, red ribbon reading: "From Al." Weiss glared at Capone during the brief ceremonies (and again Capone showed blue stubble on his florid face, not shaving as a sign of mourning).

Torrio knew that Weiss, now the boss of the North Siders, had marked him for death. He fled the city, traveling about the country with his wife, while Capone ran things, and then returned to plead guilty to violating the Volstead Act on January 23, 1925, a charge still standing from his arrest in connection with the Mid-City Brewery arrest the previous year. Torrio believed that the safest place for him would be in a federal prison.

Judge Adam Cliffe allowed Torrio five days to take care of his business before passing sentence, and the next day the crime boss took his wife shopping. The Torrios arrived in front of their apartment building at 7011 Clyde Avenue, where they occupied the third floor, and as Ann Torrio walked toward the entrance, a Cadillac touring car moved slowly next to the Torrio limousine and stopped. Torrio was just getting out of the limousine, driven by chauffeur-bodyguard, Robert Barton, when four men in the Cadillac, holding revolvers and shotguns, began blasting away at him.

The four gangsters were Weiss, Moran, Drucci, and Alterie. Weiss and Moran jumped from the Cadillac and ran toward Torrio, who turned toward them, packages in his arms. He was shot several times, falling to the ground; one bullet smashed his jaw, another went into his chest, another into his groin, another into his right arm. Meanwhile, Alterie and Drucci peppered Torrio's limousine with shotgun pellets, which dissolved the windows and blew off the headlights and fenders. Barton, the chauffeur-bodyguard, was struck in the legs and disabled.

Moran, who held two revolvers and had been firing them rapidly as he ran toward Torrio, leaned over the squirming, blood-spouting gang boss and put a revolver to Torrio's head to administer the same kind of *coup de grace* given his former boss, O'Bannion. He pulled the trigger and nothing happened. The chambers of his revolvers were empty. He started to reload, but Drucci, at the wheel of the Cadillac, gave two long blasts on the horn, the signal that police were coming, and Moran and Weiss ran back and leaped inside the Cadillac, which roared away.

When police officers arrived, they found Torrio on the sidewalk, moaning to them: "bullets...tipped with garlic." He was more concerned with garlic tipped bullets that might cause gangrene than with receiving a fatal wound. (The legend of garlic-tipped bullets began with Capone killers Anselmi and Scalise, who rubbed garlic on their bullets, believing that this would cause a lethal infection even if they failed to strike a vital organ, a mistaken belief.)

One report stated that Torrio had been set up, that his time schedule detailing his daily activities in the five days before he was to begin serving his nine-month prison sentence had been given to Hymie Weiss, and that the man who had delivered this schedule through an anonymous courier was none other than Al Capone. Scarface, the report pointed out, wanted the cautious nonviolent Torrio out of the way, so that he could deal with his gang enemies in a way he believed to be most effective—all-out warfare. He was also tired of taking orders from Torrio and coveted his underworld empire.

By some sort of miracle, Torrio survived. He refused to name his assailants. "Sure," he told newsmen from a bed in the Jackson Park Hospital, "I know all four men, but I will never tell their names." Moran was the only one of the four gunmen later identified by the doorman at Torrio's building, and he was indicted for attempted murder, but the case against him was later dropped when Torrio refused to cooperate with authorities. Capone arrived and stationed four armed guards on the third floor, close to Torrio's private room. Torrio told a weeping Capone that he had made a mistake about O'Bannion. He had never realized just how loyal O'Bannion's men were to their fallen chief and how they would undertake a war of vendetta against him.

On February 9, 1925, with bandages wrapped about his jaw, Torrio, surrounded by Capone's gunmen, went down a back fire escape and then to court, where Judge Cliffe fined him $5,000 and sentenced him to nine months in jail, a sentence which he gladly accepted. He was, for his own safety,

Capone/Genna killers John Scalise and Albert Anselmi, who were part of the four-man execution squad that committed the St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

Fred Goetz, AKA: "Shotgun Ziegler," who was one of the two phony policemen "arresting" the seven members of the Moran gang; he, like Fred Burke, was not recognized by the hoodwinked victims in the garage. Goetz would be shot to death by four gunmen on a Cicero, Illinois, street on March 20, 1934.

Fred R. "Killer" Burke, the second phony cop; when he learned that bullets from his machinegun were matched to bodies in the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, he fled to Michigan, murdered a cop and received a life sentence, which was his lethal plan to save his life, knowing that Michigan had no death penalty.

sent to the Waukegan Jail, where his cell was specially equipped against assassins, bullet-proof glass put into his cell window and private guards placed before his cell door. He ate catered meals as he served out his time and received Capone, his lawyers and other business associates at all hours.

During this reflective period, Torrio came to the conclusion that it was time for him to retire from the rackets. He had made untold millions in five years of ruling a huge bootleg empire. But with the killing of O'Bannion, he realized that he now faced an organization seriously threatened, and, in most parts of Chicago, under constant attack by the North Siders and their vassal gangs. He was marked for death. It was time to leave Chicago, and he told Capone that he was turning everything over to him. "It's all yours, Al," he was heard to tell his protege. This involved thousands of speakeasies, brothels, breweries, and rackets of all sorts, that brought in an estimated $50 million a year in gross revenues.

Torrio took nothing in return except Capone's undying gratitude and, after serving his time in Waukegan, Johnny Torrio packed up his wife and belongings and resettled first in Italy, then in New York, traveling about the country as an elder statesman of crime, trying to interest gang leaders in organizing a national syndicate, an idea which Capone himself would put into reality in 1929, when calling the first national crime cartel meeting in Atlantic City, a gangster enclave over which Johnny Torrio would preside.

Capone inherited a crime empire that was exploding before his very eyes. He, like Torrio, was marked for death, and lived a furtive life, one where he and his family were guarded night and day. Capone, however, unlike Torrio, understood and accepted the street warfare being waged by Weiss and his men. Scarface surrounded himself with killers devoted to his safety and well-being, marksmen such as Louis "Little New York" Campagna, who slept outside the boss' hotel suite, when he was away from his southside home; Samuel McPherson "Golf Bag" Hunt, who earned his moniker after police found him carrying a shotgun in a golf bag in his car; William "Three Fingered Jack" White, a deadly marksman who had lost two fingers on his right hand in a boyhood accident; Phil D'Andrea, Capone's favorite bodyguard, deadly with a revolver; and "Machinegun Jack" McGurn (Vincenzo DeMora), the man who would later plan the end of the Weiss-Moran gang.

Scarface at first tried some crude diplomacy, contacting Weiss and promising him that the old Madison Street "dividing line" would be respected. Weiss' response was to tell Capone that he would make peace, but only if O'Bannion's killers, Anselmi and Scalise, were turned over to him. "What?" roared Scarface, "I wouldn't do that to a yellow dog!" He then slammed down the phone and told Louis Campagna: "Hymie's crazy. He's gotta go. Figure out something."

Weiss, however, was quickly planning to wipe out Capone's closest allies, the Gennas. Systematically, Weiss, Moran and others ran down Angelo, Mike, and Tony Genna, killing them and scattering their forces throughout 1925, taking over the Genna territories and moving southward, deep into Capone territory. They expanded into the Northwest Side, making an alliance with Pollack Joe Saltis, who invaded the Sheldon gang territory. Saltis and Frank "Lefty" Koncil shot John "Mitters" Foley to death, eradicating one of the top Sheldon gunman. Capone himself was unsuccessfully attacked on two occasions.

The second and most serious attempt by Moran, Weiss, Drucci, and others took place in early August 1926, when the North Siders trailed Capone's car from his Prairie Avenue home to the Four Deuces. When Capone alighted from the car, the North Siders opened fire with revolvers and shotguns, killing his driver, Tony Ross, but missing Capone, who literally dove through the front door of the Four Deuces, slugs slamming into the door behind him. On August 10, 1926, Capone's men struck back, a carload of Scarface's gunners catching Weiss and Drucci on Michigan Avenue as they walked toward the Standard Oil Building, where they were to have a meeting with 20th ward political boss, Morris Eller.

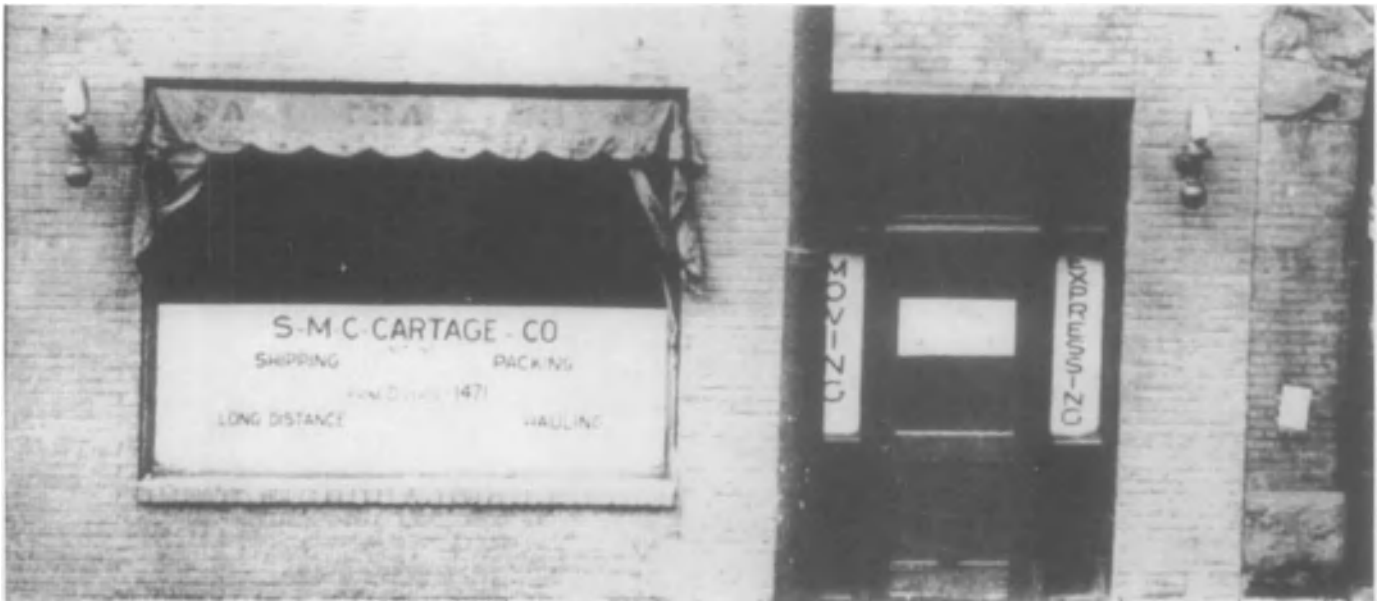
When Capone's men opened fire, the street was teeming with passersby, thousands of them, and people ran for cover at the first sound of gunfire, a sound with which Chicago was becoming all too familiar. Weiss and Drucci both pulled revolvers from their shoulder holsters, jumped behind a parked car and began returning fire. For several minutes, the most heavily trafficked street in the Midwest was turned into a scene out of the old Wild West, with gunmen firing at each other and through the crowds.

Miraculously, only one passerby, a clerk, was slightly wounded, nicked in the thigh. The Capone men had stopped their car and stood on the street, firing into buildings, heavy plate glass windows, in an effort to pick off the dodging Weiss and Drucci. Then a police car, its alarm gonging, sped toward the scene and the Caponites raced to their car and fled, leaving behind one gunman, Louis Barko, one of Capone's top killers.

Barko, along with Weiss and Drucci, were taken to a precinct station, but they told police that they did not know each other. Drucci, who had been carrying $13,500 in cash (a payoff to Eller, newsmen later speculated), claimed that the gunmen, who had fled were thieves: "It was a stickup, that's all. They were after my roll." Five days later, on August 15, 1926, Weiss and Moran were walking down Michigan Avenue when a carload of Capone gunmen opened fire on them, almost at the same spot where the previous gunfight had taken place. This time the North Siders chose not to shoot it out, but drew revolvers and fired as they ran into the Standard Oil Building. In New York, reading about these two shootings, crime boss Lucky Luciano, an advocate of assassination and murder, thought Capone excessive and told associates that Chicago was "a damned crazy place! Nobody's safe in the streets!"

This was made terrifyingly evident to Chicago residents and Capone himself on September 20, 1926, when the so-called "Bootleg Battle of the Marne" exploded into the wildest gunplay ever seen in modern gang warfare, occurring outside the Hawthorne Inn, Capone's Cicero headquarters. After being shot at twice, Weiss decided that it was time to track Scarface down in his lair and kill him, keeping his promise after O'Bannion's murder to kill anyone and everyone who got in his way.

Capone was having lunch that day in the rear of the Hawthorne Coffee Shop before going to the nearby Hawthorne



The entrance to Bugs Moran's Chicago headquarters on North Clark Street, the S-M-G Cartage Co.; the killers entered this front door on February 14, 1929, to line up seven members of the Moran gang against a brick wall of the back garage before shooting them all dead.

George "Bugs" Moran; he narrowly escaped the massacre.

Peter Gusenberg, Moran gunman, killed in the massacre.

Frank Gusenberg, Moran gunman, who was mortally wounded.

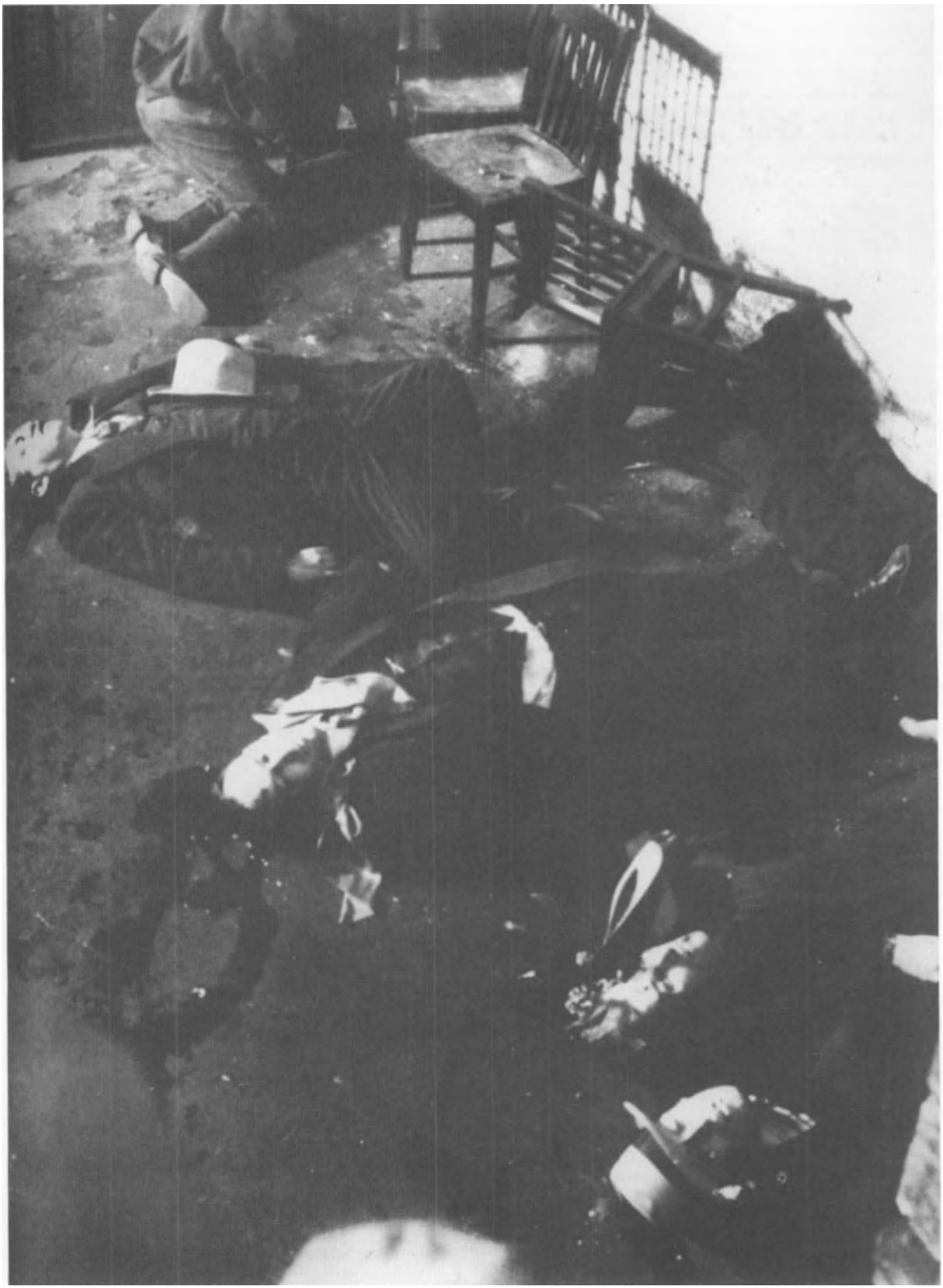
James Clark, Moran gunman, killed in the massacre.

Adam Heyer, Moran's accountant, killed in the massacre.

Al Weinshank, Moran's beer distributor, killed in the massacre.

John May, garage mechanic, killed in the massacre.

Dr. Rheinhardt Schwimmer, hanger-on, killed in the massacre.



Race Track for an idling afternoon. With him sat Frank Rio, one of his most dedicated bodyguards and a street-smart hoodlum who had survived many a gunfight. The coffee shop was crowded with lunchtime patrons and the place was noisy, but the ever-alert Rio heard the distant sound of a "chopper." The crowd in the restaurant fell silent, petrified, as a car went by, a man hanging from a window firing a submachine gun straight at the coffee shop's windows. But no windows were shattered and not a bullet mark etched into the building. Rio realized why. When Capone got up and began to walk toward the front of the shop, intending to step outside to investigate, the bodyguard ran up behind him and knocked him down, lying on top of him. "It's a decoy, boss, to draw you out."

Rio was right. The machine gunner in the first car had been firing blanks, intending to draw Capone and all his gunmen to the street so that they would be able to rake the lot of them, killing off the nucleus of the Capone mob. Ten cars, filled with Weiss' best men, at least fifty of them, all bristling with submachine guns, shotguns, rifles and revolvers, followed the advance car at a distance of a block, driving slowly and in single file past the hotel.

As the caravan reached the building, each car stopped and its occupants let loose a hellish and withering fusillade that blew away the windows of the coffee shop and most of the windows in the adjacent Hawthorne Inn. The gunners raked the building from left to right, then right to left, then up and down, to cover the three floors of the building. Louis Barko, the man who had tried to kill Weiss and Drucci earlier, was wounded in the shoulder as he was entering the lobby of the hotel when the first of the ten cars firing real bullets appeared.

Also shattered were the dozens of cars parked along the street in front of the Hawthorne Inn and its coffee shop. Inside one was Louisiana resident, Clyde Freeman, who had arrived in Cicero on vacation. Next to him sat his 5-year-old son and his wife. The family crouched inside the car when the invaders opened fire. Their car was riddled, a bullet going through Freeman's hat, one grazing his son's knee, and another ploughing into Mrs. Freeman's arm. The front window of the car was exploded by bullets and shards flew into Mrs. Freeman's right eye.

Finally, the last car in the murder caravan arrived before the shot-up hotel and Pete Gusenberg, one of the most daring of Weiss' gunmen, casually got out of the car carrying a submachine gun. He knelt before the entranceway and fired directly into the lobby, raking the place in about ten seconds with more than 100 .45-caliber bullets from the drum of the weapon, firing long bursts of fire that shattered chandeliers, tore apart furniture, and ripped into walls. With that, Gusenberg strolled to the car, got in, and, as a klaxon horn let out three blasts—a signal to leave—the caravan got under way and rolled down Twenty-second Street toward Chicago.

Scarface stood up moments later to survey the damage. More than 5,000 bullets had been fired by the invading gangsters. The coffee shop was a wreck, its tables, chairs, dishes, walls, and ceiling looking like a giant sieve. Incredibly, the dozens of lunch patrons escaped injury, all lying on the floor during the ten-minute attack. Capone's eyes darted about frantically, his lips twitched and his hands trembled. The visibly shaken crime czar now realized that open war had been declared against him. The Hawthorne Inn was a shambles, but fortunately there were no fatalities.

Capone made a show of paying for all the damage and even paying for more than $10,000 in hospital expenses and

Opposite Page: St. Valentine's Day, February 14, 1929: Seven members of the Moran gang were found shot to pieces.

"Machine Gun" Jack McGurn is shown only days after the St. Valentine's Day Massacre with Louise Rolfe, the so-called "blonde alibi," who insisted that McGurn was in bed with her at the Stevens Hotel on the day the Moran gang was wiped out.

Revenge: The bodies of John Scalise, Joseph "Hop Toad" Guinta and Albert Anselmi, shown in the morgue; all three sought to kill Capone and take over his empire and all three were personally beaten to death by Scarface with a baseball bat on the night of May 7, 1929, after hosting a banquet in their "honor" at his Cicero fortress, the Hawthorn Inn. Scalise and Anselmi, who had murdered an estimated 50 to 100 persons, tipped their bullets in garlic, wrongly believing that this would assure the death of any victim only wounded in their attacks.

operations performed on Mrs. Freeman, which saved her eyesight. For the first time in his violence-strewn life, Al Capone was frightened. Earl "Hymie" Weiss had reached into the heart of Capone's stronghold, a place where he felt secure, and obliterated a half block of real estate in an attempt to murder him.

But where Weiss was a lethal gangster who preferred direct attacks, Capone was the master of the ambush, and this was how he planned to end the life of his chief antagonist. He consulted with his best executioners, who advised killing Weiss on his own ground, right next to his headquarters located in the second-story rooms above O'Bannion's flower shop, Schofield's, across from Holy Name Cathedral on State Street. Next to the flower shop was an apartment building at 740 North State Street, which was operated by Mrs. Anna Rotariu.

Early in October 1926, a young man named Oscar Langdon or Lundin, rented a room in this building, asking for a room that faced State Street. None were available until October 8, 1926, when a second-story room was vacated and Langdon took occupancy. On the same day, an attractive blonde, who gave her name as Mrs. Theodore Schultz, rented a second-floor room on the front of 1 Superior Street, at the southwest corner of State and Superior streets, just south of Schofield's. This room faced north, giving a clear view from a bay window of State Street and Holy Name Cathedral. Both Mrs. Schultz and Oscar Langdon vanished after occupying their rooms for one night, both re-

Revenge: The well-dressed corpse of "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn, found in a Chicago bowling alley on the night of February 14, 1936, seven years after McGurn masterminded the Moran gang massacre; McGurn's killers (thought to be Moran gunmen) had pressed a nickel into McGurn's dead hand to indicate that he was a "nickel and dimer." Into the other hand, McGurn's killers placed a comic Valentine reading: "You've lost your job/You've lost your dough/Your jewels and handsome houses/But things could be worse, you know/You haven't lost your trousers."

placed in each of the rooms by two swarthy men thought to be Italians, according to the managers of both buildings.

A week later, on October 11, 1926, Hymie Weiss attended the trial of his friend Joe Saltis, who had been charged with the murder of John "Mitters" Foley. Weiss had promised Saltis his support if he eliminated Capone allies, and he was on hand to confer with Saltis' defense attorney, William W. O'Brien, a celebrated underworld lawyer, who had been shot in a Chicago saloon and then upheld the underworld code of silence by refusing to name his assailant. O'Brien had almost been disbarred after being accused of bribing two state's attorneys.

Weiss had in his pocket a list of veniremen in the Saltis trial, and it would be learned later that he had spread $100,000 in bribes to assure an acquittal for Saltis. Weiss left the courthouse with Sam Peller, his chauffeur-bodyguard; Paddy Murray, another bodyguard and one of Weiss' sub-bosses in charge of beer distribution; Benny Jacobs, a private legal investigator; and Saltis' lawyer, O'Brien. The five men drove up State Street, with Peller parking the Cadillac in front of Holy Name Cathedral at 4 p.m.

The five men began to cross the street to Schofield's shop and Weiss' headquarters. At that moment the two men in the second-story apartment next to the flower shop and two more men in the second-story room at 1 Superior threw up the shades covering the windows and began firing submachine guns and shotguns. The cross-fire was devastating, cutting down Weiss instantly, killing him with ten bullets. Murray was killed with fifteen bullets in him.

Moses Annenberg accompanied Capone to the first U.S. crime cartel meeting in May 1929, held in Atlantic City, New Jersey, to set up a national wire service to report racetrack results for country-wide bookies, a service that made the crime bosses and Annenberg untold millions.

Capone accountant Jack Zuta switched allegiance to Moran and was murdered on August 1, 1930; Zuta's name became synonymous with gangland execution and when Scarface learned that Joey Aiello had placed a $50,000 bounty on his life, Capone shouted: "Nobody's gonna Zuta me!"

The gunfire lasted only about thirty seconds but the fusillade was so intense that it blew away several words in the cornerstone of the Cathedral. When police arrived a few minutes later, the gunmen had fled the rooms in which they had waited for days to ambush Weiss. These killers were never identified, but they were reported by various sources to be Sam "Golf Bag" Hunt, William "Three-Fingered Jack" White, "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn, and Anthony "Joe Batters" Accardo, who later became head of the Chicago mob.

O'Brien, Peller, and Jacobs were all seriously wounded, but later recovered and, at first, it appeared that Scarface had eliminated his last serious gang rival in Chicago. Again, the underworld prepared for a lavish funeral and again there would be an enormous wreath with a red ribbon on it reading: "From Al." To the press, Capone lamented the passing of his dear old friend Weiss. "That was butchery," he clucked to newsmen, when talking about the attack on Weiss and the four other men. He sat amidst a large throng of reporters in his office suite at the Hawthorne Inn. Cigars and drinks were passed to the reporters.

As cigar smoke curled about him, Capone sadly told reporters how "Hymie was a good kid. He could have got out long ago and taken his and been alive today. When we were in business together in the old days I got to know him well and used to go to his room often for a friendly visit. Torrio and me made Weiss and O'Bannion. When they broke away and went into business for themselves, that was all right with us. We let 'em go and forgot about 'em. But they began to get nasty. We sent 'em word to stay in their own back yard. But they had the swell head and thought they were bigger than we were. Then O'Bannion got killed. Right after Torrio was shot and I knew who shot him.

"I had a talk with Weiss. `What do you want to do, get yourself killed before you're thirty?', I asked him...He could still have got along with me. But he wouldn't listen to me. Forty times I tried to arrange things so we would have peace and life would be worth living. Who wants to be tagged around night and day by guards? I don't for one. There was, and there is, plenty of business for us all and competition needn't be a matter of murder, anyway. But Weiss couldn't be told anything. I suppose you couldn't have told him a week ago that he'd be dead today."

Capone continued his rambling interview, obliquely sending a message to George "Bugs" Moran, who had assumed leadership of the North Side gang. "There are some reasonable fellows in his [Weiss'] outfit, and if they want peace, I am for it now, as I have always been. I'm sorry Hymie was killed, but I didn't have anything to do with it. I phoned the detective bureau that I'd come in if they wanted me, but they told me they didn't want me. I knew I'd be blamed for it. There's enough business for all of us without killing each other like animals in the street. I don't want to end up in the gutter punctured by machine gun slugs, so why should I kill Weiss?"

Chicago *Tribune* reporter Jake Lingle, who got rich by feeding Scarface information on police activities and impending raids against his rackets and who switched his allegiance to the Moran gang, which resulted in his murder on June 30, 1930, at the hands of a Capone assassin.

Chicago Police Commissioner William Russell, Lingle's close friend, who provided the crooked reporter with inside information that warned Capone of police raids and surveillance against Scarface's rackets; when this liaison was revealed following Lingle's murder, Russell's career ended.

To that last statement, Chief of Detectives William "Old Shoes" Schoemaker replied: "He knows *why*, and so does everyone else. He had them killed." But there was no way the police could arrest Capone. They had no evidence linking him to the Weiss killing. Capone's statements about his friend Weiss would make it appear that he had known the North Side gang leader for decades and that he was reflecting on "old days" that went back scores of years. He had known Hymie Weiss for six years. Weiss died at the age of twenty-eight.

Capone was then twenty-seven. He looked much older. High living had turned him into a lumbering, overweight gang boss of 220 pounds. His face was flabby and the fat rippled in rolls around his thick neck. Capone's hair was falling out so rapidly that he was almost bald. His conversation, lavished upon a press that had made him into an underworld icon, was identical to his appearance—expansive, flashy, overconfident. He was netting $5 million a year or more from his bootleg empire alone, and he was now the supreme power in Chicago.

Moran did read Capone's lengthy interview and concluded that a truce was necessary until he regrouped the North Side Gang. On October 21, 1926, he, Drucci, and other members of his gang met with Capone, Jake Guzik, Tony Lombardo, who was head of the Unione Siciliane, and others in a suite at the Hotel Sherman. Capone proposed that all grievances and feuds be ended and forgotten, and that the North Siders would continue to control the posh 42nd and 43rd wards. No one would encroach against another's territory, and all of Capone's old territory seized by Weiss would be returned. He would split up other territories for the smaller gangs. Moran agreed, and Capone later boasted to the press that he had had a conference with "all the boys" and had brought peace to Chicago. He was specifically asked about Bugs Moran and his men, and Capone replied: "They stay on the North Side and I stay in Cicero and if we meet on the street, we say `hello' and shake hands. Better, ain't it?"

Capone had more important things on his mind. His handpicked candidate, William Hale Thompson, who had been replaced by Mayor Dever, was again in the running for the mayoralty in the 1926 fall primary. Capone needed every goon in his ranks to fix the election, and this was one of the reasons he made peace with Moran. Capone planned to exterminate the North Siders later, when it was convenient. The primary in which Thompson was selected by the Republicans to run for the office of mayor went down in Chicago history as "the pineapple primary;" one permeated with bombs and grenades thrown into shops and homes of Thompson opponents. Voters were beaten up by Capone's goon squads, and some were even shot. When Frank Capone, Scarface's older brother, threat-

Lingle's body lying on the pavement of the Illinois Central underpass; he was shot by a Capone "hitman" while going to a train that would take him to a racetrack, where he always made heavy bets.

A crowd numbering in the tens of thousands gather outside the church where funeral services were held for Lingle; the Chicago *Tribune* offered a reward for the capture of his killer before it learned that its slain reporter had been on Capone's payroll.

ened some voting judges with a submachine gun, officers interrupted him and he was killed in the resulting gun battle.

Thompson, with enormous funds provided by Capone, won the general election on the slogan of "a wide open city," an oblique statement that he would tolerate any kind of vice and corruption, a return of the good old days. When he was swept into office, Capone returned to the city, making his headquarters in the Metropole Hotel and later moving to the Lexington, just south of the Loop. From here, Capone reorganized his forces and began to spend millions in buying up legitimate businesses, first as fronts, then as paying concerns.

Like his mentor and sponsor Torrio, Capone, too, thought of early retirement, but first he thought to amass many more millions. He bought a lavish, large estate on Palm Island, Florida, and departed Chicago during its brutal winters to fish and swim in warm waters that lapped the white sands of his private beach. But all was not tranquil in Chicago. Moran had not for a moment trusted Capone when agreeing to the 1926 truce. Capone gunners consistently hunted down his men and killed them, and he fought back in the form of raids on Capone speakeasies and gambling joints and by hijacking Capone beer and liquor trucks.

After a series of killings, Moran joined with Joseph Aiello in trying to get rid of Capone, even bribing Capone's chef to put prussic acid in his soup. Then Moran-Aiello gangsters attempted to take over the Unione Siciliane, not only in Chicago, but in New York. Aiello gangsters trained to New York and, on July 2, 1928, shot Frankie Yale to death as he drove home, an Aiello vassal taking over the Unione Siciliane there. The Chicago Unione chief, Tony Lombardo, was shot to death on September 7, 1928, as he and two bodyguards, Joseph Lolordo and Tony Ferraro, were walking at the corner of Dearborn and Madison streets, the world's then-busiest corner. The killers, believed to be Moran gunmen, escaped in the dense crowds.

Lombardo's death was a great blow to Capone since Lombardo was not only a close ally, but a close friend. Another Capone friend, Pasquale Lolordo, assumed the command of the Unione Siciliane, but he, too, was murdered on January 2, 1929, by four men—Aiello, Moran, and the brothers, Frank and Pete Gusenberg, who met with Lolordo at his home. Mrs. Lolordo served the men whiskey and wine and left the parlor. A few minutes later she heard shots and ran into the parlor to see her husband lying on the floor, bleeding from a bullet wound in his head.

Mrs. Lolordo saw Joey Aiello going out the door, putting on his hat and tossing a revolver casually onto the floor. None of these men were arrested, and Capone vowed to get rid of his enemies once and for all. He summoned top killer, Frank "The Enforcer" Nitti, who had been waging war with the North Siders for two years, ordering Nitti to plan an operation which would eradicate the North Side gang, as well as Joseph Aiello, who had ultimately reached his goal, becoming president of the Unione Siciliane following Lolordo's murder.

Nitti and Machine Gun Jack McGurn planned to raid Moran's headquarters, the S-M-C Cartage Company at 2122 N. Clark Street. They picked St. Valentine's Day to deliver their message from Capone. Five men were chosen for the slaughter, three being Capone's top gunners: Jack McGurn, John Scalise, and Albert Anselmi. They would arrive in a car fixed up to look like a CPD detective car. Two more men, dressed as policemen, would enter the garage and line up Moran and his men. These two men had to be free-lance killers, who would not be recognized. They were Fred "Killer" Burke and Fred Goetz, also known as Shotgun Ziegler. Capone then went to Florida to lie on the sands and await word that his worst enemies had been killed.

On February 14, 1929, the fake detective car pulled up before the Moran headquarters and the two phony policemen—Burke and GoetzBwalked inside and lined up seven men they found inside the garage, pretending to arrest them. The seven were the deadly Gusenberg brothers, Pete and Frank; Adam Heyer (alias John Snyder), Moran's accountant; gunman James Clark; John May, a garage mechanic and getaway driver; Albert Weinshank, Moran's brother-in-law and beer distributor; and Dr. Rheinhardt H. Schwimmer, who had no real connection with the gang other than the fact that he enjoyed playing cards with its members. He was strangely attracted to gangsters, a fascination that would bring about his death.

Capone lookouts had watched all seven men enter the garage from windows in a rooming house across the street. When they spotted Weinshank they mistook him for Moran and made the call to McGurn that the boss of the North Side gang was inside the garage. Moran, however, was late getting to the garage that day. He and two bodyguards, Willie Marks and Ted Newbury, saw the detective car outside the garage and slipped into a coffee shop until the police raid was over, never thinking for a moment that Capone's killers were busy slaughtering their fellow gang members. Once the phony cops, Burke and Goetz, had lined up the seven men in the garage facing a brick wall, they motioned for Scalise and Anselmi to enter the rear of the garage. Both killers stepped inside and drew submachine guns from beneath their long coats.

Burke and Goetz put away their police revolvers and each also produced a submachine gun and a shotgun. Then all four Capone gunmen let loose a savage burst of gunfire that ripped through the bodies of the unsuspecting Moran gang members, cutting them in half and sending them to the floor. The killers continued to spray the bodies back and forth until their traumatized, quivering forms were still. Only the sound of a German shepherd, chained to a truck axle, could be heard as the animal began to howl. Putting the submachine guns beneath their coats, Scalise and Anselmi, dressed in civilian clothes, were marched at gunpoint to the detective car outside, as if they had been arrested by the uniformed officers. The four men got into the car and, McGurn, at the wheel, roared southward down Clark Street. The killers were never completely identified, except for Burke, who fled to Michigan where he was later tried for another murder and imprisoned for life.

Neighbors heard the dog howling inside the garage and went inside to discover the horror before them—seven men slaughtered, their bodies riddled with dozens of bullets, two of them with their heads blown away, their brains spilling onto the floor, these wounds administered by Goetz with his shotgun, the inevitable *coup de grace*. But one man, Frank

Gusenberg, still lived. Wounded many times, he was rushed to a nearby hospital, but despite pleas from friends and police, he refused to identify the killers, most likely because he did not know them. He died a short time later.

Newsmen later found George "Bugs" Moran hiding out in a hospital, his bed flanked by bodyguards Marks and Newbury. He was asked about the men in the garage, his men. He denied even knowing the victims. "I didn't know those guys," he said. Who could have done such a heinous deed, he was asked. "Only Capone kills like that!" he blurted, a remark widely printed.

When Capone was confronted with this statement by newsmen in Florida, he laughed and said: "They don't call that guy `Bugs' for nothin'." He then added: "Only Moran kills like that," in a feeble effort to shift the blame for the mass murder onto his arch enemy, but no one could believe that Moran would have his own gang members shot to pieces. The mass killing, forever after known as The St. Valentine's Day Massacre, caused an enormous public uproar and authorities were pressured into cleaning the mobsters out of Chicago.

President Herbert Hoover was constantly asking his top law enforcement officials in Washington: "Have you gotten rid of that fellow Capone yet?" Federal authorities began a night-and-day campaign to put Capone behind bars, but this was no easy task. He always had a strong alibi for every killing placed at his door. When Joseph Aiello left a friend's home at 15 North Kolmar Avenue on the night of October 23, 1930, he was cut in half by bullets from machine guns set up inside two nearby apartment buildings, the same method used by Capone killers in slaying Hymie Weiss.

Following Aiello's death, all substantial gang resistence to Capone ceased. He was the supreme gang lord of Chicago, but his days were numbered. The federal government was closing in on his operations as its agents probed his elaborate business ventures, confiscating books and ledgers and studying his income. Meanwhile, even his most trusted aides planned to eliminate him. Before the murder of Joseph Aiello, Frank Rio came to Capone and told him that Anselmi and Scalise, in collusion with Joseph "Hop Toad" Guinta, the new Unione Sicilione president, had planned to murder him and were in league with Aiello.

Capone summoned all three men to the banquet room of the Hawthorne Inn where he gave a party in their honor. At the end of a sumptuous dinner and many speeches, Capone stepped up behind the three gunmen and denounced them as traitors. He then wielded a metal bat above their heads, bringing this down repeatedly on their skulls, killing them. The bodies were then dragged to a back room, stripped and mutilated before being taken by car to a lonely road where they were dumped into a ditch outside the city limits.

While the federal government concentrated its forces in preparing a case against Capone, Scarface made plans to enhance his underworld profits. In May 1929, Capone, accompanied by Jake Guzik, Frank Nitti, and Moses Annenberg, went to Atlantic City where Capone held the first national crime cartel conference with all the important crime bosses of the East Coast, including Charles "Lucky" Luciano, Joe Adonis, Frank Costello and Albert Anastasia, men who would go

Contract killer Leo Vincent Brothers (left), known in the underworld as "Buster," is shown during his murder trial; he was convicted of slaying Lingle and given a prison sentence of only fourteen years.

Following the Lingle killing, Chicago police officers began conducting around-the-clock surveillance on Capone; police cars were permanently parked outside of Capone's Chicago home at 7244 Prairie Avenue; Scarface was seldom there.

Chicago brothel owner Mike "de Pike" Heitler, who turned informer, describing Scarface's involvement in the Lingle murder; he was murdered on April 30, 1931.

Treasury Agent Frank Wilson assembled evidence that convicted Capone of tax evasion.

Judge James H. Wilkerson presided at Capone's trial.

Flanked by his attorneys, Capone was confident at this tax evasion trial that he would be acquitted, knowing that several jurors had been bribed.

A glum-faced Capone leaves the court building, following his conviction; Judge Wilkerson had switched the bribed jury for another.

Capone is shown playing cards with a federal marshal on board a train taking him to the federal penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia, December 17, 1932; he would be released in late 1939, by then afflicted with paresis of the brain and judged insane.

Capone's wife, Mae, hiding her face when visiting the crime boss at Alcatraz; she was strip-searched by female guards.

on to develop the crime syndicate as the most powerful organization in America next to the federal government. Presiding at this conference was Capone's old mentor, Johnny Torrio.

The purpose of the Atlantic City gathering was to introduce Moses Annenberg to the other crime bosses and to have them place his wire service into their nation-wide bookmaking operations so that the crime cartel would control all racing results in the U.S., a plan that would make Annenberg and the crime bosses untold millions. Later that month, Capone, hearing that Moran had placed a $50,000 reward on his head, arranged to have himself arrested, along with his ever-loyal bodyguard, Frank Rio, as they emerged from a movie theater in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on May 17, 1929. Both were carrying weapons and admitted that they were breaking the law.

They confessed their guilt and both men were convicted of carrying concealed weapons, each sentenced to serve a year in prison by Judge John E. Walsh. Capone and Rio were sent to Philadelphia's Holmsburg County Prison. Both men were later transferred to the Eastern Penitentiary after news about Capone's easy life at Holmsburg was publicized. Capone and Rio were released on March 17, 1930, with two months taken off their sentences for good behavior. Capone's willingness to go to jail was obvious; he felt it was the only place where he would be safe from Moran gunmen.

By the time he returned to Chicago, Scarface soon realized that he was now a pariah with his political supporters. High level politicians and police officials, long on his payroll, shunned him. His closest associate with the press, Jake Lingle, street reporter for the Chicago *Tribune,* whose connections with Police Chief William Russell, formed the conduit of high level information Capone needed, deserted him for the Moran gang, and Capone had him killed by Leo Vincent Brothers as he was going to the racetrack on June 30, 1930. Brothers, through Capone's connections and a jury that was later reported to be bribed, received a fourteen-year term and served only eight years. Then one of Capone's most trusted business associates, Edward J. O'Hare, secretly defected, providing IRS investigators with vital information needed in preparing its case against the crime czar.

Meanwhile, President Hoover plagued Secretary of Treasury Andrew Mellon daily with the same nagging question: "Have you got that fellow Capone, yet? Remember, I want that man Capone in jail." The man who got Capone was a mild-mannered tax investigator, Elmer L. Irey, chief of the IRS's Enforcement Branch. Irey and his investigators spent three years compiling evidence against Ralph Capone, Al's brother. He failed to pay about $4,000 on $70,000 declared income for the years 1922-25 and Irey managed to bring a successful case against him. Stunned, Ralph Capone was convicted of income tax evasion, fined $10,000, and sent to prison for three years. Next, Irey went after a bigger fish, Scarface himself. Edward J. O'Hare was one of the key men in providing information to Irey's agents, chiefly to Secret Service agent

Frank J. Wilson. "On the inside of the [Capone] gang," Wilson later said, "I had one of the best undercover men I have ever known: Eddie O'Hare."

O'Hare was unlike any of Capone's other associates. He was cultured, well-read, a gentleman devoted to his son Butch, who would later become a World War II pilot and national hero. O'Hare had started as a gentleman bootlegger in St. Louis and then moved to Chicago, where he became a lawyer and then one of Capone's business agents, overseeing Scarface's dog and horse racing tracks, a lucrative job that made O'Hare a millionaire. (He later became president of Sportsman's Park.) He informed IRS agents where they could seize books that would reflect Capone's income and this evidence was finally obtained, along with other voluminous ledgers and documents dealing with Capone's myriad rackets and businesses.

By 1931, Irey and his agents had established Capone's income for 1924 to be in excess of $120,000 and that taxes for this amount, about $32,000, had never been paid. For the years of 1925-29, Capone, it was proven, had earned more than $1 million and had paid no taxes on this income either. As Irey and everyone else knew, this $1 million was but a tiny fraction of what Capone had actually taken in, but it was income they could prove on paper. In fact, Capone had never paid any kind of income tax. This was his undoing. When he realized that he might share the same fate as his brother, Capone offered the federal government $400,000 to drop its case against him. This offer was rejected.

Capone's bloody revenge: Edward J. O'Hare, the man who provided the evidence to federal prosecutors that sent Capone to prison, is shown shot to death in his car on November 8, 1939, only eleven days before Capone was released from prison.

He was tried before federal Judge James H. Wilkerson, a jurist who could not be intimidated or bought. The jury was another matter. O'Hare informed Irey's agents that Phil D'Andrea had obtained a list of all the jury members in the case and these were to be bribed or, if they did not find Scarface innocent, killed. Wilkerson was given this list. He first had bailiffs pull D'Andrea from his seat in the spectator's gallery and searched. A weapon was found on him and he was sent to prison for six months for carrying a concealed weapon. Then, distrusting his jury, Wilkinson had the jury in the Capone case switched completely with a jury hearing another case only a few minutes before Capone's trial began.

In short order, Capone was convicted of tax evasion and Judge Wilkinson gave him the maximum sentence, a fine of $50,000, an order to pay court costs of $30,000 and eleven years in jail. Moreover, all his assets and that of his wife's were seized by the government. Much of these holdings, however, were in the names of others and dummy corporations, such as Capone's Florida estate, so they remained within the family.

Capone was stunned by the sentence and, for the first time in years, had only a few mumbling words for the press as he was hustled to jail by U.S. marshals. Judge Wilkinson had denied any form of bail while Capone's lawyers filed their expected appeals. As he was being led from the courtroom, newspaper photographers began taking pictures of the defeated crime boss. Capone sneered and then said: "Get enough boys, you won't be seeing me for a long time." He had limply accepted his fate. Capone was sent to the federal penitentiary in Atlanta, but he was treated with such deference there, creating his own fiefdom, that he was transferred in 1934 to Alcatraz as part of the first group of Public Enemies to be sent to the forlorn Rock.

At Alcatraz, Capone proved to be a cooperative prisoner, although he was attacked a few times by younger men trying to make a reputation for themselves or by members of the old Chicago mobs he had once fought against. On February 5, 1938, Capone entered the prison mess hall and wandered about like a man half conscious. Spittle drooled from his lips, and he seemed not to know where he was. He was taken to the prison hospital and tests revealed that he was in the advanced stages of syphilis and paresis of the brain had begun to turn his mind into jelly. This deadly venereal infection had been contracted almost two decades ago when Capone visited the diseased harlots who worked in his own infested brothels.

Capone (right) with a bodyguard in 1941, in Florida, his mind already gone; the ruthless Scarface would die on January 25, 1947.

Partly paralyzed, Capone was released from Alcatraz on January 6, 1939, and removed to the Federal Correctional Institution at Terminal Island outside of Los Angeles. He was later taken to the medical center at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, where he was adjudged insane and released to the care of his family on November 19, 1939. Eleven days earlier, unknown gunmen in Chicago sought out Edward J. O'Hare, the man who had secretly provided the IRS with information that helped send Capone to prison, and shot him to death as he was driving back from Sportsman's Park.

Capone was taken to his Florida resort and here, for almost a decade, Scarface sat idly about, barking orders to bodyguards, who largely ignored or placated him. His mind kept drifting back to his Chicago days, and he often woke in the middle of the night screaming that rival gangsters were outside his bedroom door, coming to kill him. His empire continued to flourish under the direction of Frank Nitti, then Paul "the Waiter" Ricca, then Anthony Accardo, then others. Members of the old mob, however, continued to visit Capone up to the time of his death, pretending that he was still in charge of Chicago operations, giving him fake, often ludicrous reports on his rackets and the millions they were producing on his behalf.

This chore usually fell to Jake "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, who was in semi-retirement, but he played out the charade almost every month. After one such visit to Florida, newsmen cornered Guzik upon his return to Chicago and asked him about the state of Capone's health. "Al?" replied the laconic Guzik. "He's as nutty as a fruitcake."

On January 25, 1947, Capone, who was suffering from pneumonia, underwent a massive brain hemorrhage and died. In the words of one of his gang members at the deathbed: "Al's brain just exploded." His body was removed from the Palm Island estate and sent back to the scene of his underworld triumphs and disasters, Chicago. The city of Chicago would keep Scarface in special memory, particularly by naive generations to come. Those who were unfamiliar with his mass murders and ruthless racketeering looked briefly upon his huge and tarnished image and construed him to be some sort of subculture folk hero. In 1989, an amateur historian idiotically proposed to the National Park Service that Capone's home at 7244 S. Prairie Avenue be designated an historic landmark, complete with a bronze plaque announcing it to be the former residence of one of America's most notorious gangsters.

This proposal was seriously entertained by federal officials until a storm of protest erupted in the Chicago newspa-

pers and, especially, from Italian-American groups registering complaints that such a move would honor and glorify a contemptible murderer. Such a move, said a spokesman for the Sons of Italy, "would assist in the stereotyping and defamation of all Italian-Americans." This sentiment was echoed by the Joint Civic Committee of Italian-Americans. The request seeking landmark status for the Capone home was withdrawn.

Immediately upon arrival in Chicago by train, the corpse of the dead crime czar was met by armed guards, who escorted it to Mount Olivet Cemetery. Even in death, Capone commanded gunmen to protect him against unseen enemies, in this case ghouls. At Mount Olivet, the family held a quiet, unpublicized ceremony but, fearing graverobbers would abduct the corpse, the Capone family later had the body reburied in a secret plot in Mount Carmel Cemetery. Mae Capone was later offered $50,000 by a publisher for the story of her life with Scarface, but she rejected the offer, saying: "The public has one idea of my husband. I have another. I will treasure my memory and I will always love him."

George "Bugs" Moran had no love for Al Capone, and said so with his dying gasp. Following the destruction of his gang in the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, Moran fell on bad times. He lost control of the North Side and was reduced to committing robberies. He was convicted of bank robbery and sent to Leavenworth, where he died of lung cancer in February 1957, ten years after Scarface passed from the earth. From his deathbed, Moran weakly whispered to a prison hospital attendant: "Well, I outlasted that murdering rat, Capone. He went to hell ten years ago."

A Catholic priest gave Moran the Last Rites. Following Moran's burial outside the walls of Leavenworth in a $35 pine box, carried by six convicts and attended by no mourners, the priest wrote Judge John H. Lyle, who had known Moran and Capone, telling Lyle: "I'm sure that God in His mercy was very kind to him in his judgment." There was, however, no assurance, that George "Bugs" Moran, would not meet with the same eternal, terrible fate Moran envisioned for his mortal enemy, Capone.

"JOE THE BOSS"/1910s-1920s

Like Big Jim Colosimo of Chicago, Joseph "Joe the Boss" Masseria (Giuseppe Masseria; 1879-1931; AKA: Joe the Boss; Don Joe) was an old-fashioned crime czar, a traditional Mafia don, who exercised enormous power for more than a decade in New York. He was the absolute underworld boss of the Lower East Side and head of the Mafia in New York from 1920 to 1931. Born in Sicily, Masseria immigrated to the U.S. in 1903, fleeing a murder charge in Palermo, where he had been a Mafia enforcer. Short and stocky (Joe the Boss stood only five feet, two inches high), Masseria went to work as an enforcer for the Morello Gang of the Lower East Side of New York. This all-Sicilian gang specialized in Black Hand extortion rackets and its top members, Ignazio Saietta (Lupo the Wolf) and Ciro Terranova (The Artichoke King), were the most vicious killers in New York.

For ten years Masseria worked his way up through the ranks of this gang until, in 1913, he decided to take over its

"Joe the Boss" Masseria, an old-fashioned Mafia don who dominated the New York underworld through the late 1920s; executed by four gunmen on April 15, 1931.

leadership. Terranova, by then, had branched out into other rackets, cornering the importation and sale of artichokes in New York and becoming the "Artichoke King." Saietta had been sent to prison, and the rest of the leaders of the Morello gang, including Joe and Nick Morello, had either been killed or were behind bars. Masseria personally led attacks on the headquarters of the Morello gang, shooting Charles Lamonti to death. He shot and killed several others, until every gangster in the Lower East Side had sworn allegiance to him. By 1920, Masseria was the supreme boss of this district, controlling all illegal rackets.

Peter "The Clutching Hand" Morello attempted to retake the Morello empire in 1922, enlisting several top killers to eradicate Masseria and his men. One of these contract killers was Umberto Valenti, who had reportedly murdered twenty or more men in Mafia-related killings. Valenti went after Masseria alone, finding the ganglord walking on a street with two bodyguards. Valenti emptied his two revolvers at the trio, killing the bodyguards.

Masseria fled down the street and dashed into a millinery shop. Valenti reloaded his two revolvers and calmly walked into the shop. There he fired more than ten shots at Masseria, who kept dodging and weaving between the counters. Not one of Valenti's bullets hit the gang boss and the would-be killer finally fled at the sound of a police gong from a detective car. Masseria was known thereafter as the "man who dodges bullets."

NYPD photos of Ignazio Saietta, also known as Lupo the Wolf, a murderous Black Hander who extorted money from his fellow Italians in the Lower East Side; he was credited with murdering more than 100 persons, burying many of these victims in his own secreted cemetery behind a livery stable.

Masseria controlled all bootlegging operations in the Lower East Side and he made millions. He hired more and more men to run and protect his rackets, including such Brooklyn gunmen as Charles "Lucky" Luciano and Joe Adonis, two up-and-coming gangsters. It was to these two men that Masseria assigned the murder of Umberto Valenti. Luciano and Adonis notified Valenti that Masseria wanted to meet with him to sign a truce. Valenti kept the rendezvous, appearing in a restaurant on East 12th Street with three heavily armed goons. Luciano and Adonis got up from a table and opened fire on the four men, shooting down the three bodyuards. Valenti ran outside and hopped on the running board of a passing auto, firing at Luciano and Adonis, who had run into the street after him. They traded several shots and Valenti was fatally struck. He toppled from the moving car and crashed dead into the gutter.

Most of the young New York gangsters, who were later to form the national crime syndicate in the early 1930s joined the powerful Masseria, including Frank Costello, Albert Anastasia, Vito Genovese, Carlo Gambino, and Thomas "Three-Finger Brown" Lucchese. These men worked under the direction of Luciano, who was Masseria's top lieutenant. Masseria was a tough man to work for, these men discovered. He hated Jews and ordered Luciano to stop affiliating himself with Jewish gangs headed by Louis Buchalter, Meyer Lansky and Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel of the Bug and Meyer Mob, a directive Luciano ignored.

Costello (Francesco Castiglia, 1891-1973), who served as Masseria's pay-off man with New York politicians and police, also received regular tongue-lashings from Masseria for his large bribes. Masseria did not believe in sharing the profits from his illegal operations, only occasional pay-offs. All seemed secure in the world of Masseria until the late 1920s, when Salvatore Maranzano, a Sicilian Mafia chieftain, arrived from Palermo, financed by Sicilian Mafia chief Don Vito Casio Ferro. It was Maranzano's goal to eliminate Masseria, take over his empire, and expand operations to include all of New York. Maranzano announced to his growing army of thugs that he, not Masseria, would be the "boss of bosses" in New York. To that end he ordered his thugs to kill, not Masseria, but Luciano, the tough young enforcer for Joe the Boss.

On October 17, 1929, Luciano was abducted by Maranzano's gunmen. He was beaten and slashed about the neck and face, then thrown out of a moving car on Hylan Boulevard in Staten Island and left for dead. He survived, requiring fifty-five stitches to his face. From a hospital bed, Luciano refused to tell police anything, except that he would "take care of those guys in my own way." But others in the Masseria organization were not as loyal to the boss, including

Masseria's long-time ally, Gaetano Reina (1889-1930), who decided to join forces with Maranzano. When Masseria learned of this treachery, he ordered Reina killed, sending his fat killer, Joseph Pinzolo, to do the job. Pinzolo followed Reina to the Bronx on February 26, 1930, where Reina visited a friend. When Reina left the house of his friend, Pinzolo merely walked up to him with a shotgun and blew off the top of his head. Pinzolo was rewarded for this murder by being given Reina's rackets by Masseria.

Ciro Terranova, known as "The Artichoke King"; his rackets were taken over by Joe Masseria.

Reina's men, however, rebelled against their new boss; these men, Lucchese, Domi-nick "The Gap" Petrilli, and Tom Gagliano, went to Luciano and urged him to get rid of Masseria. Luciano, Adonis, Costello, and others had been meeting regularly by this time to plan the elimination of *both* Maranzano and Masseria, so that they could take over all the Italian and Sicilian rackets in New York. Luciano told Lucchese to first eliminate the fat gunman, Pinzolo.

Lucchese asked Pinzolo to a meeting at the Brokaw Building on Broadway. When Pinzolo walked into the offices of the California Dry Fruit Importers, a Mafia front, he was met by Lucchese's top killer, Bobby Doyle, whose real name was Girolamo Santucci, a former prizefighter turned mob killer. Doyle leveled a shotgun at Pinzolo, the same kind of weapon Pinzolo had used on Reina, and killed him with a double barrel blast.

Gagliano took over the Reina gang and secretly met with Maranzano, promising him that the Reina gangsters would fight on his side in what later became known as the Castellammarese War. These men helped to kill Peter Morello, who had made peace with Masseria years earlier and had become Masseria's top executioner. Maranzano gunmen, including Joe Valachi, Joseph Profaci, Nick Capuzi, and Doyle, waited for weeks near the apartment of another Masseria lieutenant, Steve Ferrigno, for the appearance of Masseria. When Masseria failed to arrive, on November 5, 1930, the Maranzano men saw Ferrigno and Al Mineo emerge from Ferrigno's apartment. They raced forward, firing shotguns, killing both Ferrigno and Mineo. The Mafia war went on for months. Then, in Spring 1931, Luciano made his move, asking to meet Maranzano.

Maranzano arrived at the rendezvous surrounded by a dozen killers. Luciano proposed to kill Masseria himself, but only if Maranzano allowed him to take over Masseria's rackets and work as an underboss to Maranzano and if Maranzano would take no vengeance upon any of Masseria's men. Maranzano

The body of New York gang boss Joe Morello, murdered by Masseria when Joe the Boss seized the rackets in the Lower East Side.

agreed to this proposition and Luciano then planned to kill his boss. He knew that invading Masseria's stronghold on Second Avenue was futile. It was a veritable fortress with dozens of armed men on each floor and in the halls of this office building. Luciano decided to lure Masseria to his favorite restaurant, the Nuova Villa Tammaro in Coney Island. The owner of the restaurant, Gerado Scarpato, was an old friend of Masseria's and Masseria would be unguarded in such a friendly atmosphere.

Mafia boss of bosses Salvatore Maranzano, who launched a war against Masseria and was himself murdered in 1931.

Both men arrived at the restaurant on the afternoon of April 15, 1931. Scarpato, told of Masseria's arrival by Luciano, had prepared a feast for the gluttonous Masseria. Joe the Boss was served antipasto, linguine with white clam sauce, lobster, and pastries stuffed with rich cream. He gorged himself, swilling down a bottle of chianti as he ate. Luciano ate sparingly, eyeing his boss. As the restaurant emptied of the afternoon crowd, Luciano ordered a pot of coffee and a deck of cards. Both men began to play pinochle. Then Luciano excused himself, going to the men's room.

Except for a few employees, the restaurant was deserted. Only Masseria sat in the middle of the dining room, drinking coffee. Four men then entered the restaurant—Vito Genovese, Albert Anastasia, Joe Adonis, and one of Luciano's close non-Italian friends, Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel, top killer for Meyer Lansky's Bug and Meyer Mob. The car in which these murderers arrived sat outside the restaurant with Ciro Terranova (1889-1938) behind the wheel. (Terranova was known as "The Artichoke King," in that he had a virtual monopoly on the distribution of artichokes in New York, a delicacy dear to Italians.) This murder squad was made up of members from separate gangs, an international murder squad, so to speak, which Luciano had devised to show Maranzano that all factions had contributed to the death of Masseria in order to keep the peace.

The four men walked wordlessly to Masseria's table, ringing him as he blinked at them, puzzled. They all produced revolvers and began shooting at Masseria, who, this time, dodged no bullets. Six shots proved to be fatal and the squat little gangland boss fell forward, his head crashing onto the table, its white linen cloth turning crimson. Anastasia then walked behind Masseria and fired a shot into the back of his head, the *coup de grace*. The four killers then walked outside, got into their car, and drove back to Manhattan.

Luciano left the men's room and walked into the dining area to see his boss dead. He called the police and when officers arrived Luciano explained that he had been in the washroom at the time Masseria was shot. "As soon as I finished drying my hands, I hurried out and walked back to see what it was all about," he told detectives. Luciano told unbelieving officers he had no idea who would want to kill his employer. Masseria's murder was listed as unsolved. Luciano would next eliminate Maranzano and then begin to organize the powerful national crime cartel that would be known as the syndicate.

LUCKY TAKES OVER/1930s-1950s

By arranging for the murder of his employer, Joe the Boss, Luciano's underworld status soared. He quickly began to consolidate his forces, nurturing the wild ambition of taking over all the rackets in New York. To achieve this challenging end, the shrewd Luciano would judiciously select from his peers the most ruthless young gangsters in the city, those who shared his dream of a crime syndicate that would not only embrace New York, but the entire country. No New York gangster in the 20th Century was more sinister, crafty, or powerful than the secretive Charles "Lucky" Luciano (Salvatore Lucania; 1897-1962; AKA: Lucky; Charlie Lucky; Charles Ross; Charles Lane; "Three-Twelve").

Among those selected by Luciano to share national underworld power with him—particularly those who would never challenge his position as the "chairman" of the syndicate—was Meyer Lansky, a brilliant criminal with a gift for business

Charles "Lucky" Luciano, who became head of the newly-formed crime syndicate in 1931-32; his drooping right eye was caused by a near-death gangster attack in 1929.

Police photo of Luciano, taken in 1936, five years after he and others established the U.S. national crime syndicate.

and finance; Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, who had taken control of New York's trade unions and, with Joe Adonis and Albert Anastasia, would establish the syndicate's own police force, Murder, Inc.; and Frank Costello, who, with Lansky would organize nationwide gambling, their controlling tentacles reaching into offshore islands like Cuba. Costello would also be the syndicate's liaison and payoff man to hundreds of high-level politicians, judges and police officials protecting the syndicate's myriad operations.

The architect of the syndicate, a malignant, far-reaching underworld force that continues to flourish to this day, had inauspicious beginnings. Luciano was born Salvatore Lucania on November 24, 1897, the third child and second son of Antonio and Rosalie (Capporelli) Lucania, in the Sicilian village of Lercara Friddi, near the city of Palermo. In 1906, the family immigrated to the U.S., resettling in the Lower East Side of New York below Fourteenth Street. It was here in this sprawling, teeming district that Luciano grew up, mixing with the Italian-Sicilian gangs and learning how to steal from pushcarts and stores before he was in his teens.

In 1907, a few months after his arrival, Luciano was arrested for shoplifting. He was arrested for theft many times after that up to 1915. In that year, Luciano was arrested for peddling narcotics and was sentenced to a year in prison. At that time, Luciano was a messenger for a member of the Five Points Gang known only as Cherry Nose. He later claimed that he had been given a package by Cherry Nose and told to deliver it to a man in a Bowery saloon. Here he was stopped by an off-duty policeman and the package was inspected. It contained heroin. At his brief trial, Luciano was offered a deal by the prosecuting attorney. If he would identify other members of the dope ring, he would be released. He refused and served his time. For maintaining the Mafia code of *omerta* (silence), he was made a full-fledged member of the powerful Five Points Gang, when he was released.

Luciano would later change his name from Lucania to Luciano to avoid embarrassing his family, when his name appeared in the newspapers connected with various crimes. As a member of the Five Points Gang, bossed by the "refined" Paul Kelly, Luciano was given an icepick, bat, and gun and came under the direction of Johnny Torrio, who soon left for Chicago to run the rackets overlorded by his uncle, "Big Jim" Colosimo. While Luciano served in the ranks of the Five Points Gang, he met and befriended young thugs like Frankie Yale, Al Capone, and Ciro Terranova. All of these ruthless killers would later rise to prominence in the gangs of the 1920s, Capone becoming the crime czar of Chicago, an unthinkable concept to Luciano at that time since he thought Capone was nothing more than a hulking killer with little intelligence.

The new Five Pointer, proved himself in dozens of gang battles with the rival Monk Eastman gang. He was charged with killing a number of Eastman gunmen, but Luciano always managed to go free for lack of evidence. He spent most of his spare time gambling, his favorite hobby. Whenever he was arrested, Luciano usually gave his profession as "gambler." On other occasions, the gangster said he was a fruit peddler, chauffeur, or salesman. He was usually a winner at cards and craps, so much so that his fellow goons took to calling him "Lucky," a nickname that became permanent. At least, this was one story. Another tale insisted that Luciano acquired this nickname after miraculously surviving a knife attack that almost took his life.

With the considerable money he earned from gambling and through his Five Points activities, Luciano was able to establish his own gang and a new racket by 1920. He extorted

Joe Adonis, Luciano's close associate and fellow board member of the crime syndicate.

Frank Costello, Luciano aide and crime syndicate board member, shown in 1936 NYPD photos.

regular payments from bordellos by offering them protection from himself and his goons, of course. At first brothel owners refused to pay Luciano's men *and* the police, but Luciano's strong-arm squads, led by David "Little Davy" Bertillo and Jimmy Frederico, broke up the whorehouses and bruised the madams and their girls. The bordello owners began to pay. Within five years, Luciano was the top mobster in the prostitution racket, controlling vice in Manhattan. Any whoremaster, who refused to pay tribute to Luciano was murdered. This was the fate of Pete Harris who told Luciano's thugs to "go to hell and take that greasy pimp boss of yours with you." Harris was found stabbed to death a few nights later, his body punctured by more than a hundred icepick wounds.

In the mid-1920s, Luciano actually took over the bordellos himself, one after another, until he controlled the nightly activities of more than 5,000 prostitutes. He offered showgirls only as escorts at varying rates, from $20 to $75 for a night on the town. Attractive call girls were available for all-night assignations for $100. Luciano also offered girls for as cheap as $2 for a half hour's sexual service. He became a millionaire before 1930.

Moving into the Barbizon Plaza, Luciano took a suite of rooms under the name of Charles Lane. He ordered dozens of tailor-made double-breasted suits to drape his five-foot, eight-inch frame. He bought jewelry for his favorite women and gold watches and belt buckles for himself. He later moved to a lavish suite of rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria, where he called himself Charles Ross.

By 1927, Luciano's income was in excess of $1 million a year after expenses but, unlike Al Capone (who later went to prison for income tax evasion), Luciano was careful to file tax returns each year. His stated income never varied from year to year. Each year he claimed to have made $22,500 on wagers and he paid taxes on this amount. Prior to this time, Luciano aligned himself with a labor racket gang headed by Jacob "Little Augie" Orgen. Through this gang he met such up-and-coming gangsters as Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, Jack "Legs" Diamond, and Waxey Gordon and also renewed his acquaintance with Meyer Lansky.

Years earlier, when Luciano was pimping low-class whores on the Lower East Side, he had found one of his girls in a deserted building giving her services for free to a young hoodlum, Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel. He attacked the whore and began beating up Siegel. He was interrupted by a feisty little laborer, who hit him with a monkey wrench. This was a youthful Meyer Lansky, who later teamed up with Siegel to form the Bug and Meyer Mob. It was to Lansky that Luciano first outlined his great plans to some day establish a national crime cartel, an organization that would control all the gangs in all the cities and eliminate constant gang battles. Everyone would benefit, Luciano told Lansky, from the lowliest gunmen or "soldiers," as Luciano termed them, to the directors of the board. Lansky, Frank Costello, Luciano's closest boyhood friend, Joe Adonis, and Buchalter supported this idea. But first, Luciano pointed out, the wild, uncontrollable gangsters like Jack "Legs" Diamond, and Dutch Schultz had to be eliminated.

Jacob "Little Augie" Orgen, who briefly aligned himself with Luciano in taking control of New York unions; he was murdered on October 15, 1927.

At that time, Luciano went to work for Joe "The Boss" Masseria, an old-fashioned Mafia boss, who still practiced the ancient Black Hand racket, although he, like the rest of the crime bosses of New York, had grown enormously wealthy through bootlegging during Prohibition. Masseria appointed Luciano as his top lieutenant in the late 1920s, and he supervised bootlegging, narcotics smuggling, and gambling operations for Joe the Boss.

On October 17, 1929, Luciano was inspecting a load of heroin that had been smuggled off a boat anchored in the Hudson River docks when four men dragged him off a wharf and threw him into a car. The thugs drove slowly through Brooklyn while four men hit Luciano repeatedly with their fists, reducing his face to a bloody pulp. His mouth was then taped and he was thrown to the floor. A goon reached down with a sharp knife and cut his cheeks and throat, barely missing the jugular vein. Another gangster drove an icepick several times into Luciano's back until his expensive suit was rented with holes seeping blood. The car drove to Huguenot Beach on Staten Island, where Luciano was dumped and left for dead. Somehow he survived. A beat cop found him and rushed him to a hospital, where detectives grilled him, asking him to name his assailants. Luciano said he would deal with his attackers without police help.

Luciano explained his kidnaping and attack (without mentioning the heroin shipment), but said he could not identify those who had tried to kill him. "Look, I'm pals with everybody," he stated through a crooked grin. "Nobody's after me. Everybody likes me." In a 1953 interview, Luciano

Jack "Legs" Diamond (Moran, 1897-1931), one-time Luciano associate and later mortal enemy.

stated that the beating and near-murder was done by policemen, but one report stated that the gangsters who almost killed Luciano were members of the Jack "Legs" Diamond gang. Diamond, who had worked with Luciano in the early 1920s, tried to take over Luciano's prostitution racket and was killed by two unknown gangsters on December 18, 1931, shot to pieces while he was sleeping off a drunk in a cheap Albany, New York, boarding house.

The Diamond killing was attributed to thugs working for Dutch Schultz. The Dutchman had been warring with Diamond, but some later insisted that Luciano's own men had sought out Diamond to avenge the attack on Luci-ano three years earlier. The truth was that Luciano was attacked by gangsters working for Salvatore Maranzano, who was then warring with Luciano's employer, Joe the Boss Masseria, in what exploded into what was called the Castellammarese War the following year.

In 1930-31, the Castellammarese war broke out in New York in full scale, promoted by Sicilian gang boss Maranzano, who insisted that he be recognized as the Boss of Bosses. Masseria refused to become a vassal to Maranzano and he and Maranzano launched their gangs against each other in a bloody war that took dozens of lives. Luciano was then aligned with Masseria, but he realized that the slaughter had to come to an end before he could put his plan in motion to unify the gangs under his banner of a national crime cartel. He met secretly with Maranzano and agreed to kill Masseria, if Maranzano would call off the war. Maranzano agreed but, as Luciano knew he would, marked the dangerous Luciano for death after he eliminated his own crime boss.

On April 15, 1931, Luciano invited Masseria to his favorite restaurant in Coney Island. After a rich meal and while the restaurant was emptying out, Luciano suggested they play cards. After an hour of card-playing, making sure that the place was empty of customers, Luciano excused himself and went to the washroom. While he waited inside the men's room, four killers, Albert Anastasia, Vito Genovese, Joe Adonis, and Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel, entered the restaurant and shot the startled Masseria to death as he sat at the table. Only hours later Luciano was making peace with Maranzano, but he knew this tough old Mafia boss would not rest until he also killed Luciano and his top aides. Luciano struck first, sending a troop of his own killers to Maranzano's Manhattan offices, where the so-called Boss of Bosses was stabbed and shot to death on September 10, 1931. This killing ended the Castellammarese War.

Luciano then busied himself with consolidating the

New York's upscale Waldorf-Astoria, between 49 and 50th Streets, where Luciano occupied a suite of rooms; he made millions by overlording national prostitution

forces of both Maranzano and Masseria, along with the non-Italian gangs in New York. He quickly divided up the rackets. Buchalter was given control of the garment industry and many unions. Lansky was made overlord of gambling. Luciano, of course, held on to prostitution. Others, such as Dutch Schultz, were allowed to hold on to their bootlegging territories, but when Schultz, in 1935, against the dictates of the syndicate, decided to murder District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey, who was probing into the Dutchman's affairs, Luciano, Lansky, Buchalter, Costello, and other board members of the syndicate voted to have Schultz murdered. The Dutchman was shot to death along with several of his henchmen in a New Jersey restaurant, purged by a crime orga-

Gay Orlova, one of Luciano's women.

Luciano (second from right) on trial for prostitution in 1936; a number of his disgruntled prostitutes testified against him, describing how he controlled bordellos in many major cities.

Humphrey Bogart is a prosecutor and Bette Davis a fallen "hostess" in the 1937 film *Marked Woman*, a movie based upon Luciano's rackets.

nization that would no longer tolerate independent gangsters who jeopardized their syndicate operations.

By the time Dutch Schultz was killed, Luciano had emerged as the Boss of Bosses, the top syndicate leader in the U.S., wielding more power than any man before him. He lived like a prince at the Waldorf, bought a string of racehorses, and traveled about in chauffeur-driven limousines. There was always a steady stream of women visiting Luciano's Waldorf suite, and these included singer-dancer Gay Orlova (Luciano called her "Gay All Over"), call girl Nancy Presser, and a worn-out prostitute named Cokey Flo, whose real name was Florence Brown. He paid these women hundreds of dollars for their visits and then sent them back to work at the bordellos he owned and operated. Luciano enjoyed New York's night life, visiting the Cotton Club, the Villanova on Sixth Avenue, Dave's Blue Room on Seventh, the Paradise, and the Hollywood off Broadway. He was treated like royalty and his every whim was indulged.

Though police and federal agents knew that Luciano was the top crime boss in New York, they could not prove his involvement in the many rackets he controlled. He seldom left his suite at the Waldorf, where he was visited many times by Albert Anastasia, who operated Murder, Inc., the syndicate's enforcement arm; Buchalter, who directed the garment indus-

Joseph "Socks" Lanza controlled New York's waterfront, preventing sabotage during World War II, a deal that brought about Luciano's prison release.

Luciano (center) is shown under arrest in Havana in 1947; he was deported back to Italy, having secretly smuggled himself into Cuba for a top level crime syndicate meeting, where he clashed with Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel.

Siegel defied Luciano and was marked for murder.

try rackets and bossed Anastasia and his troop of professional killers; and Meyer Lansky, who had become the syndicate's banker, cleverly washing millions from its illegal rackets through foreign banks and overseeing national gambling operations with Frank Costello.

Whenever Luciano wanted to send a message to anyone in his far-flung operations, he strolled from his suite, careful not to use phones he rightly believed were tapped, and walked to a nearby drugstore at Forty-Ninth and Seventh streets, where he spoke briefly to owner Moe Ducore, who, in turn, passed along Luciano's orders. When Luciano felt compelled to use his Waldorf phone, he used an elaborate code system in relaying his directives, identifying himself as simply "Three-Twelve," numbers that corresponded to the letters in the alphabet that were his initials.

Following the murder of Dutch Schultz on October 23, 1935, District Attorney Dewey turned his full attention to Luciano. He probed the vice king's rackets and caused Luciano to flee to Hot Springs, Arkansas. As the hunt went on for the crime boss, Dewey told the press that Lucky Luciano was "Public Enemy Number One in New York and the man who succeeded Al Capone in the West." Police brought in Nancy Presser, Florence Brown, and other women, who knew about Luciano's prostitution empire. They were an embittered lot, having paid off the "King of the Pimps" for almost a decade. They began to talk, providing enough evidence for a grand jury to indict Luciano on ninety counts of extortion and direction of harlotry. After a tough legal fight, Dewey was able to extradite Luciano from Arkansas and place him on trial. All of Luciano's millions could not prevent his conviction. He was sent to Clinton Prison at Dannemora to serve from thirty to fifty years.

Luciano was the first of the board of directors of the syndicate to fall. Buchalter would be next, going to the electric chair for murder in 1944. By that time Luciano had applied twice for parole—in 1938 and again in 1942—his appeals denied on both occasions. Then the huge luxury liner *Normandie* blew up at a Hudson pier in 1942 as it was being refitted as a troop ship. Officers for the U.S. Navy Intelligence worked furiously to increase waterfront security. They went to Joseph "Socks" Lanza, Mafia union boss of the waterfront, but he refused to cooperate. He mentioned Luciano's name, simply stating: "See Lucky." The Navy men then visited Luciano in prison, where he was overlording his rackets from his prison cell.

Luciano told them that he would "send out the word" to Lanza to prevent sabotage on the waterfront and stabilize conditions there. He reportedly did, and the following year, Navy officers went back to Clinton Prison to visit Luciano once more, asking him to contact the Mafia dons of Sicily and ask them to cooperate with the impending Allied invasion of that island, or so the story goes. Luciano, in turn, sent word to Mafia don Calogero Vizzini in Palermo, asking him to help U.S. and British forces once they had invaded Sicily. According to later reports, Vizzini's men guided Allied forces through mountain passes and across dangerous rivers, as well as informing intelligence agents on the locations of enemy troops and fortified positions.

As part of a so-called deal between Luciano and the U.S. military, the syndicate boss was to be released in exchange for this cooperation during World War II. Luciano was released from prison by the New York State Prison Parole Board in 1945. He was set free, but only on the condition that he accept

The exiled Luciano dancing with an unknown woman at a party in Rome in 1949; he was still in control of the U.S. crime syndicate.

Homebody Luciano, shown with his mistress, Igea Lissoni and dog, relaxing in his home in Naples, Italy on November 27, 1954.

January 26, 1962: The body of Lucky Luciano—known as "King of the Pimps," is removed from the Naples Airport, where he died of a heart attack, while greeting a film producer who hoped to make a film about him. A federal agent commented at the time: "He was nothing but a murderous whoremaster."

deportation to Italy. Luciano boarded the Liberty Ship *Laura Keane* on February 10, 1946, and sailed to Naples. Frank Costello and Meyer Lansky saw him off at the dock, promising that his interests in the U.S. would be protected and he would go on receiving his enormous share of the profits from the crime syndicate he had created a decade earlier. Upon his arrival in Italy, Luciano moved to Rome, where he occupied a posh suite in the regal Quirinale Hotel. Here he was entertained by a bevy of beautiful women and was waited on hand and foot by private servants. It was alleged that Luciano had secreted millions in Italy before the war and he now spent this money freely in his forced retirement.

Exile rankled Luciano, and he soon slipped out of Italy, flying to Havana, Cuba, in February 1947. There he met with Lansky, Siegel, Costello, and many other high-ranking syndicate leaders, who all came to pay him homage. Havana was a safe city, where Lansky controlled all the gambling casinos, splitting the profits with the corrupt Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista. Luciano's meeting with Bugsy Siegel was a stormy one. Luciano told Siegel that the new casino Siegel had constructed in Las Vegas had cost him and his partners too much money and he wanted to know when he and his associates would be repaid. Siegel, always emotional and mercurial, told Luciano that he would be paid when Siegel was "damned good and ready" to pay him. Luciano and Siegel began shouting at each other and Siegel marched out of Luciano's swanky Havana hotel suite. Despite the pleas of Siegel's mentor, Meyer Lansky, "Bugsy" was murdered on Luciano's orders a few months later.

A reporter from Havana's daily newspaper *Tiempo de Cuba* noticed the stream of gangsters going to Luciano's suite and broke the story that the crime czar was in Cuba, despite U.S. orders that he was never again to appear in the western hemisphere. Washington officials soon pressured Batista into forcing Luciano back to Italy. The irate and insulted gangster was hustled aboard a steamer, *Bakir,* and sailed slowly away, traveling to Brazil and Venezuela. Both these South American countries refused Luciano entry visas and he was ordered back to Italy. He returned to Italy to be told by government officials that he had embarrassed Italy by flying illegally to Cuba. The government was also alarmed over the fact that Luciano had already set up a crime syndicate in Rome. He was barred from that city for life and ordered to remain in Naples.

Luciano remained in Naples, a retired prince of crime. He spent his days reading newspapers and going for long walks, then dining in the city's best restaurants. In the late 1950s and early 1960s, he took to giving interviews to curious newsmen. He even threatened to write his memoirs. He even thought he might marry his devoted mistress, Igea Lissoni, who was often photographed with the once-powerful Mafia boss. He remained in considerable power in the U.S., however, through the auspices of Costello and Lansky, despite the efforts of Vito Genovese to usurp Luciano's long-distance authority in the early 1960s.

There was little for the gang boss to do. He helped new syndicate bosses establish a drug smuggling network that stretched into Lebanon and he talked about an epic movie that would be made of his life, a life he now looked back upon as noble and heroic, when it was truly little more than six decades filled with unspeakable murders, torture, and vile racketeering. Luciano began corresponding with a Hollywood film producer to discuss the possibilities of making a movie about his life.

On January 26, 1962, Luciano went to Capodichino Airport in Naples to greet the film producer, who had flown from the U.S. to confer with him. Lucky Luciano stepped from his limousine and began walking across the runway toward the producer, his arm outstretched for a handshake, a wide smile on his puffy face. His features were suddenly twisted in a painful expression. Luciano grabbed his shirtfront and he then fell to the paved runway, dead of a heart attack.

DUTCH SCHULTZ GOES "ON THE SPOT"/ 1935

At the time Luciano was assembling the gang leaders of New York for his crime syndicate in the early 1930s, he apprehensively appointed a volatile and wholly unpredictable gang leader named Dutch Schultz to his board of directors. The cool-headed and usually reserved Luciano had deep concerns about Schultz from the beginning, knowing that of all the leading members of the new crime cartel, Schultz would be the most unmanageable. He was not a German, as his criminal nickname suggested, but a stubborn-headed Jewish gangster, who possessed just as much cunning and guile as Luciano and his Sicilian cohorts. He was also an impulsive killer, who murdered anyone challenging his authority or encroached upon his widespread rackets.

Luciano had difficulty with Schultz right from the beginning and the problems between them increased until Luciano, Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, Meyer Lansky, Frank Costello and other syndicate board members decided that Schultz threatened the very existence of their infant cartel. In one of the strangest maneuvers ever exercised by members of organized crime in America, the board members voted to have Schultz killed in order to save the life of a man dedicated to their destruction.

This murder-marked man was, indeed, one of their own, brought up in the same crime-ridden streets that had nurtured them all, and who had slugged and killed his way to power, as had his fellow syndicate board members. Unlike his peers, however, Dutch Schultz gave only lip service instead of loyalty to the new crime syndicate and put himself above the authority of the syndicate's board, defying its edicts and sealing his early death at age thirty-two.

Born Arthur Flegenheimer (or Fleggenheimer) on August 6, 1902, to Emma and Herman Flegenheimer, Dutch Schultz (1902-1935) grew up in the Bronx and attended public school through the fourth grade and then dropped out. He joined the Bergen Gang of pickpockets and store thieves and was soon looting the pockets of the unsuspecting and the counters of small shops. Schultz's father deserted the family when Schultz was fourteen. His mother, doting and kindly, took in washing to keep her son in good clothes and

Millionaire bootlegger Dutch Schultz (center), a stubborn gangster who vowed to kill New York District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey.

pocket money. She lectured him about returning to school, and even had the local principal visit him. The principal, Dr. J. F. Condon, could not persuade him to leave the streets. Condon, ironically, became a player in one of the greatest crimes of the century, serving as a go-between in the sensational Lindbergh kidnaping of 1932.

Schultz was a hopeless case. Instead of picking up his school books, he began carrying a set of burglar's tools, and he briefly worked as a printer to establish a cover for his illegal activities. For three years, Schultz committed many holdups and burglaries. The blue-eyed, five-foot-nine-inch Schultz, at age seventeen, was arrested for burglary in 1919. Convicted, he was sent to prison for fifteen months. He served the full time and emerged an even tougher hoodlum, one who had acquired a bloodlust and an ambition that would lead him into many gang wars, a personal fortune of millions of dollars, and a premature, bullet-ridden death.

A few months after his release from prison, Schultz purchased a sprawling Bronx saloon with the loot of several recent robberies. He announced that he was to be called Dutch Schultz, the name of a once-feared gangster who had led the Frog Hollow Gang in the Bronx before the turn of the century. Schultz began to put together a gang of some of the toughest criminals in the Bronx, including Joey Rao, George and Abe "Bo" Weinberg, Julie Martin, Abe Landau, and Lulu Rosencranz. At the beginning of Prohibition, Schultz quickly realized that a fortune awaited those who peddled beer and liquor. He opened several more saloons and supplied them with hijacked whiskey, smuggled liquor from Canada and Europe, and his homemade brew, which was considered to be the worst needle beer in the Bronx.

A homebody, Schultz married a quiet, unassuming woman. His wife, Frances Flegenheimer, proved to be a tolerant spouse, who never interfered with her husband's illegal and lethal business. As Schultz's bootleg empire spread throughout the Bronx and into Manhattan, many rival gang members were eliminated by Schultz gunmen, including the Shapiro Brothers and the Amberg Brothers. During the late 1920s, Schultz branched out into other rackets, especially after he discovered that the numbers racket, also called policy, was reaping millions in Harlem and elsewhere. Schultz and his men approached Stephanie St. Clair, the queen of numbers in Harlem, and told her that she had to either turn over her operations to them, or be killed. St. Clair capitulated, causing all the other Harlem policy kings to fall into the Schultz camp.

By 1930, Schultz was reaping millions from his vast bootlegging activities and the Harlem numbers game. Everyone played every day, spending nickels and dimes on the chance that their number might come up. Next Schultz went into the slot machine business with Frank Costello and Joey Rao. The Schultz gang, by then numbering in the scores, distributed slot machines throughout New York City, and more millions poured into the Schultz coffers. To protect his sprawling underworld kingdom, Schultz hired top gunmen like Jack "Legs" Diamond (1897-1931) and Vincent Coll. Diamond had a gang of his own and a large slice of the best Manhattan territory for

Schultz (left) with his slavish criminal defense attorney, Julius Richard "Dixie" Davis, who reportedly helped the Dutchman organize his vast underworld empire.

Stephanie St. Clair, the numbers queen of Harlem; Schultz killed her runners, stole her million-dollar racket, and gave her a small share to maintain operations.

his bootlegging operations, but he and his men worked in liaison with Schultz. Coll and a group of younger hoodlums began as errand boys and soon were delivering Schultz beer and liquor to hundreds of speakeasies.

By 1930, Schultz began to have serious trouble with Diamond. Schultz's beer trucks began to disappear with alarming regularity, and Schultz learned that Diamond, who had quit some time earlier, was behind the hijackings. A gang war erupted, and several members of the Schultz and Diamond gangs were taken for the traditional one-way rides, their bodies dumped throughout Manhattan and the Bronx. The war finally ended with Diamond's demise.

Diamond, the wiry gang leader, had been shot so many times that the press had dubbed him "the Clay Pigeon of the Underworld." After surviving many attempts on his life, Diamond's luck ran out on December 18, 1931. Diamond had recently been acquitted of a kidnaping charge and had celebrated most of the evening with his wife and relatives, and later, his showgirl mistress, Marion "Kiki" Roberts. He arrived drunk at his Albany, New York, rooming house and collapsed into bed. Abe "Bo" Weinberg and Julie Martin reportedly trailed Diamond that night and followed him to his room. The two Schultz gunmen kicked open the door to Diamond's bedroom and fired fourteen shots, killing him. When the press caught up with Schultz to ask him about the demise of his long-standing enemy, the gang lord barked: "Diamond was just another punk with his hands in my pockets." (Another report insisted that Diamond had been killed on orders of Lucky Luciano and by Luciano's own men, in retaliation for a knife attack by Diamond thugs that almost took Luciano's life three years earlier.)

Schultz boasted over the years that he paid his men well and cut them in on many of his rackets. He could therefore not abide any of their stealing from him. His position was emphasized by his lickspittle lawyer, Julius Richard "Dixie" Davis, who once stated: "You can insult Arthur's girl, spit in his face, push him around and he'll laugh. But don't steal a dollar from his accounts. If you do, you're dead."

In 1931, Vincent Coll, his brother, Peter Coll, and others, attempted to do just that. They began beating up speakeasy owners, who bought Schultz beer and liquor, and Coll ordered them to take his own booze and beer. Coll invaded Schultz's numbers rackets and then boasted that he intended to take over Schultz's entire $20 million-a-year empire. Though hopelessly outnumbered, Coll and his gang of about ten men began killing Schultz's top lieutenants. While trying to machine-gun Joey Rao to death on a crowded Manhattan street on June 28, 1931, Coll and others fired hundreds of rounds at the fleeing Schultz gunman. They wounded several passersby and killed a child, 5-year-old Michael Vengalli, a senseless slaying that earned Coll the sobriquet "Mad Dog."

In June 1931, Schultz, accompanied by his bodyguard, Danny Iamascia, spotted two figures lurking in the shadows of

Trusted Schultz gunman Abe "Bo" Weinberg, who betrayed his boss and was killed by the Dutchman.

Trusted Schultz gunman Jules Martin, who also betrayed Schultz and was shot to death by the Dutchman.

an alley as he walked along a Manhattan street. Schultz thought the men were the Coll Brothers, and he and Iamascia drew their guns and began firing at the two men, who also drew guns and returned the fire. The men in the alley proved to be two NYPD detectives, Steve DiRosa and Julius Salke, who had been tailing the booze baron. Iamascia fell mortally wounded. Schultz, realizing that he was alone and that his adversaries were advancing upon him, threw away his gun and raced down the street. DiRosa ran after him, tackling him in an alley.

When DiRosa identified himself to Schultz as a police detective, the gang leader yanked $18,600 from his pocket and offered it to DiRosa to let him go free. "Here, take it all!" Schultz told him.

DiRosa exploded: "You miserable bum! I'll shove that dough down your throat!" He knocked Schultz to the pavement and leaped on him. When Detective Sergeant Salke rushed up, he found DiRosa attempting to jam the wad of money into Schultz's mouth. Schultz was later booked for attempted murder, resisting arrest, and carrying a concealed weapon, but the reliable Dixie Davis soon had him released on bail and through one of the dozens of judges on Schultz's payroll, he was later released.

The cause of Schultz's apprehensions, Vincent "Mad Dog" Coll, for whom he mistook Detective DiRosa, continued to plague Schultz. So Schultz devised a clever murder plan to rid himself of "the Mick," as Schultz often called Coll. In 1932, one of Schultz's men trailed Coll for weeks and discovered that Coll made most of his business calls from a phone booth inside a drugstore on West Twenty-Third Street. Coll was busy blackmailing and extorting Owney "The Killer" Madden, kidnaping Big Frenchy DeMange, Madden's partner, and dealing on the drugstore phone for the ransom money.

During one of these kidnaping calls, Schultz's man spotted Coll in the phone booth and immediately called Abe "Bo" and George Weinberg. The two gunmen brothers, accompanied by two other men, drove up to the drugstore and parked at the curb. The Weinberg brothers entered the drugstore. As George herded the clerk behind the counter and two patrons

Bootlegger Jack "Legs" Diamond (center), under arrest in 1929, became a Schultz rival and was reportedly murdered in 1931 by the Dutchman's gunmen.

into a back room, Abe pulled a submachine gun from beneath his long coat and opened up on the phone booth, sending ribbons of fire through it. Dozens of steel-jacketed .45-caliber bullets smashed the glass door and riddled Coll, who crumpled dead inside the booth.

No sooner had Schultz eliminated this last rival than he was faced with income tax evasion. The state of New York claimed he owed millions in back taxes. Dixie Davis, Schultz's lawyer, managed to get a change of venue to a small town in upstate New York. Next, Schultz hired a public relations firm that made a great show of giving large donations from Schultz to local charities. Frances joined her husband, and the two played the part of the happily married couple, attending small town dances, bingo parties, and currying the favor of local authorities. Within a week, Schultz was known in town as a "nice guy."

One admirer asked Schultz why he was wearing such cheap suits, a man of his wealth. Why did he not wear tailor-made pin-stripe suits and silk shirts. "Such displays are vulgar," Schultz said, pretending to be the down-home type. "Personally I think only queers wear silk shirts....I never bought one in my life. A guy's a sucker to spend $15 or $20 on a shirt. Hell, a guy can get a good one for two bucks." The gullible rural jury that sat in judgment of Schultz pronounced him not guilty of tax evasion, and he quickly returned to his rackets.

By then there were fewer rackets left in his control. Charles "Lucky" Luciano and Vito Genovese, who had long coveted

Vincent "Mad Dog" Coll, who first worked for Schultz, then became his gang rival.

British-born bootlegger Owen "Owney" Madden, paid $50,000 for the safe return of his aide, DeMange.

Big Frenchy DeMange, lieutenant of gang leader Owney Madden, who was kidnapped by Coll and held for ransom.

"Mad Dog" Coll (right) celebrated his payoff from Madden for the DeMange kidnapping by posing on a Coney Island set with members of his gang (left to right), Arthur Palumbo, brother Peter Coll and gun moll Lottie Kreisberger.

Schultz's numbers rackets among other enterprises, had moved in while he was battling against a conviction in upstate New York, and seized many of his operations. Schultz Lieutenant Abe "Bo" Weinberg had been a willing pawn in the hands of Luciano, helping the Italians to take over a good portion of the Schultz empire. Weinberg had been apprehensive over this takeover. "What if Schultz comes back?" he had reportedly asked Luciano.

"That loudmouth is never coming back," Luciano told Weinberg, but Schultz, to everyone's surprise, was soon back in Manhattan bragging about his acquittal and how he had hoodwinked a small town jury. When he discovered that Luciano and Genovese had siphoned off a large section of his numbers racket, he ordered his most trusted aide exterminated. Abe "Bo" Weinberg was stabbed to death, his body thrown in a river.

Rather than go to war with the powerful forces of Luciano and Genovese, Schultz relocated his headquarters from the Bronx to Newark, New Jersey. He began to rebuild his rackets and beef up his underworld legions. By this time, the national crime syndicate had been born, with Luciano, Genovese, Costello, Meyer Lansky, Albert Anastasia, Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, and others controlling nationwide rackets. Schultz was too powerful a figure to ignore, even in decline, so he was made a member of the board of directors. He was argumentative and truculent, ignoring the common good of the syndicate in favor of his own rackets.

By 1935, Schultz's underworld operations were being scrutinized by New York District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey, who, with the backing of New York's colorful mayor, Fiorello LaGuardia, systematically destroyed Schultz's slot machine empire. These machines were gathered up by the hundreds by raiding police squads, then dumped onto barges docked in the East River, where, in a great show of civic responsibility, they were smashed with sledgehammers. Mayor LaGuardia himself took great pleasure in being photographed, while swinging a sledgehammer at these machines. So devastating was Dewey's attack on Schultz's slot machine operations that Schultz's partners, Frank Costello and Phillip "Dandy Phil" Kastel, moved their entire organization to Louisiana, shipping thousands of slot machines from New York to New Orleans, where the corrupt dictator of the state, Huey Long, shared with them the enormous spoils produced by the "one-armed bandits."

The destruction of his slot-machine empire enraged Schultz, who began making plans to murder Dewey. He brought the matter before the crime syndicate board. Elder statesman Johnny Torrio told Schultz that his plan was insane. "You

Coll shakes hands with his famous criminal attorney, Samuel Leibowitz (1893-1978, who later became a judge), after being acquitted of killing a little boy, while attempting to gun down a rival gangster.

Police carry the body of "Mad Dog" Coll from a New York drugstore; the gangster was shot to pieces by Schultz gunmen while inside a phone booth in 1932.

Schultz (right) shakes hands with his attorney after being acquitted of income tax evasion in Malone, New York; the Dutchman played the common man during his trial, going to church and donating to local charities.

Lulu Rosencrantz, Schultz gunman, who would be killed with his boss in 1935.

Abe Landau, Schultz gunman; he, too, would die with Schultz in 1935.

can't go around bumping off big shots like him, Schultz," Torrio said.

"It will bring down the heat on all of us," Luciano added. Luciano, however, had thought seriously about doing the same thing. Dewey had been probing Luciano's far flung prostitution operations and was building a case against him that would later result in a conviction and a long prison term. But at the time, Luciano preferred a subtler approach. Joe Adonis, who had taken over many of Schultz's rackets in the Bronx, told Schultz the syndicate would not approve of his killing Dewey. One by one the board members lined up with Torrio, Luciano, and Adonis. Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, who controlled the powerful trade unions and whose status on the board was that of co-chairman with Luciano, explicitly told Schultz to "forget that crazy idea. Bumping Dewey would be like setting fire to everything we have."

Mrs. Arthur Flegenheimer, who told the press that her homebody husband, Schultz, was "a good man, who never hurt anyone."

Schultz exploded, reportedly shouting at these powerful underworld bosses: "You guys stole my rackets and now you're feeding me to the law! Dewey's gotta go! He's my nemesis! He's gotta go! I'm hitting him myself and in forty-eight hours!" With that Dutch Schultz stormed out of the meeting.

The syndicate board was stunned. Their edict had been ignored, and their authority had been challenged by the maverick Schultz. Albert Anastasia, the newly appointed head of Murder, Inc., was quickly consulted. Murder, Inc., was the enforcement arm of the syndicate, its job being to liquidate any unruly member, who went against syndicate decisions. The board voted to kill Schultz, to preserve its rackets and avoid a law-and-order crusade that would see the infant syndicate's destruction, which would undoubtedly occur if Dewey were killed. Here was one of the great ironies in the history of American organized crime, that its leaders voted to save the life of one of its sworn enemies and take the life of one of its own crime czars. Anastasia promised the board that Schultz would be dead that night, October 23, 1935.

That evening Dutch Schultz and three of his minions gathered in the back room of the Palace Chophouse in Newark, New Jersey. Schultz outlined his plans for killing Dewey to Otto "Abbadabba" Berman, his accountant, a wizard with figures, which explained his unusual sobriquet. Berman was opposed to the murder of Dewey, but Schultz brushed aside his objections. His two top gunmen, Abe Landau and Lulu Rosencranz, listened avidly to their boss' plan to ambush Dewey outside his home. While Schultz was going over the

Brothel owner Polly Adler; Schultz was one of her customers, reading the books of Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway in her library.

Crusading New York District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey (right), with Assistant Prosecutor Murray Gurfein, arrive at the County Court House in 1935 to press more charges against Schultz; he would later go after Luciano and Murder, Inc.

murder plans, a car drove up to the curb outside the chophouse. Inside sat Emmanuel "Mendy" Weiss, Charles "The Bug" Workman, and a man later identified only as Piggy. Because Piggy was not known to Schultz, Weiss and Workman sent him into the restaurant-saloon to see if the Dutchman was present. He returned to the street within a few minutes, saying: "He's in there and he's got some men with him."

Workman, a cold-blooded member of the New Jersey branch of Murder, Inc., turned to Weiss and Piggy and said: "You guys wait here. I'll hit those guys alone." He sauntered into the Chophouse. The bar was deserted, and Workman pulled out two .38-caliber revolvers. He waved the terrified bartender into a side room, then stopped before the men's room. Workman pushed open the door and saw a heavyset man he did not recognize washing his hands, but he took no chances. Workman shot the startled man twice, then wheeled around and raced to the rear of the saloon, firing both revolvers, hitting Landau, Berman, and Rosencranz several times.

Workman, looking over the fallen gangsters, realized that Schultz was not among them. He returned to the washroom to see the man inside slumped to the floor, apparently dead. The Bug rifled his pockets, taking thousands of dollars in cash, and fled the restaurant. Once on the street, Workman saw that both Piggy and Weiss had fled. He began running and did not arrive at his New York hideout until hours later. Weiss later claimed that Piggy had panicked as he sat behind the wheel of the getaway car and had simply driven off. He then went inside and saw the three dying men in the rear of the restaurant and left, not knowing that Workman was inside the washroom, stealing Schultz's bankroll.

Workman later complained to syndicate board members that his fellow killers had deserted him, and he demanded that they be punished. Weiss was exonerated in that he had checked on Workman and then left and, had Workman not stopped to take Schultz's money, he could have left with Weiss. Piggy was another matter. The minor hoodlum was found a week

Some of Schultz's gunmen and policy runners are shown in a paddy wagon, headed for Dewey's office; raids like this enraged the Dutchman, who vowed to kill Dewey, in defiance of the syndicate board members, who then ordered Schultz and his gang massacred.

later and taken to a remote spot in Brownsville, where he was tortured, shot, and his body set afire for betraying the mob. His killers were Murder, Inc. slayers Abe "Kid Twist" Reles, Harry "Pittsburgh Phil" Strauss, and Harry "Happy" Maione.

But thorough as Workman was purported to be, none of his victims died immediately. The mortally wounded Rosencranz, Landau, and Berman, along with Schultz, were rushed to the Newark City Hospital, where they died within hours, one after another. Schultz lingered the longest, raving incoherently with bullets in his back and side. More than 500 cubic centimeters of blood were given to him in massive, useless transfusions. Police officers kept a vigil at his bedside, trying to learn the name of the killer, who had so boldly invaded the Palace Chophouse. Police stenographer F. J. Long wrote down every senseless word Schultz uttered, a fascinating litany of paranoia, power, and fear.

"George, don't make no full moves," raved Schultz. "What have you done with him? Oh mama, mama, mama. Oh, stop it, stop it; oh, oh, oh. Sure, sure mama. Now listen, Phil" [perhaps referring to Dandy Phil Kastel, Schultz's slot machine partner], "fun is fun. Ah, please, papa. What happened to the six-

The interior of the Palace Chop House in Newark, New Jersey, shown a short time after Schultz and gang members were killed on the night of October 23, 1935.

teen? Oh, oh, he done it, please. John, please, oh, did you buy the hotel? You promised a million, sure. Get out! Sure, I wished I knew. Please, make it quick, fast, and furious. Please, fast and furious. Please help me get out. I am getting my wind back, thank God. Please, please, oh please. You will have to please tell him, you got no case. You get ahead with the dot-dash system. Didn't I speak that time last night? Whose number is that in your pocketbook, Phil, 13780. Who was it? Oh, please, please reserve decision! Police, police, Henry and Frankie. Oh, oh, dog biscuits and when he is happy he doesn't get snappy ... please, please. Henry and Frankie, you didn't meet him, you didn't even meet me. The glove will fit what I say..."

At this point Police Sergeant L. Conlon tried to interrogate Schultz in an effort to pinpoint the identity of his killer. "Who shot you?" Conlon asked the crime czar several times.

"The boss himself," replied Schultz.

"He did?"

"Yeah, I dunno."

"What did he shoot you for?"

"I showed him boss. Did you hear me meet him? An appointment. Appeal stuck. All right, mother."

"Was it the boss that shot you?"

"Who shot me? No one."

"We will help you."

"Will you get me up? Okay, I won't be such a big creep. Oh, mama, I can't go through with it. Oh, please, and then he clips me. C'mon, cut that out! We don't owe a nickel. Hold it, instead hold it against him. I am a pretty good pretzler. Winnifred. Department of Justice. I even get it from the department. Sir, please stop. Say, listen last night!"

"Don't holler," Conlon told the dying gangster.

"I don't want to holler."

"What did they shoot you for?"

"I don't know, sir. Honestly, I don't. I don't even know who was with me, honestly. I went to the toilet. I was in the toilet and when I reach the boy came at me."

"The big fellow gave it to you."

"Yes, he gave it to me."

"Do you know who the big fellow was?"

"No." Schultz then slipped back into delirium. "If we wanted to break the ring...I will be checked and double checked and please pull for me. Will you pull? How many good ones and how many bad ones? Please, I had nothing with him. He was a cowboy in one of the seven days a week fight. No business. No hangouts. No friends. Nothing. Just what you pick up and what you need. I don't know who shot me. Don't put anyone near this check...In the olden days they waited and waited. Please give me shot...It is from the factory...I don't want harmony. I want harmony...

"No, no. There are only ten of us. There are ten million fighting somewhere of you, so get your onions up and we will throw up the truce flag...Police are here...Communistic strike...baloney honestly, this is a habit I get. Sometimes I give it and sometimes I don't. Oh, I am still in. That settles it. Are you sure? Please let me get in and eat. Let him harness himself

Opposite Page: Dead in the Palace Chop House: The body of Schultz gunman Lulu Rosencrantz.

The bodies of Schultz aides, Otto "Abbadabba" Berman and (foreground) Abe Landau, shown in the morgue after the shooting at the Chop House.

to you and then bother you.

"Please don't ask me to go there. I don't want to. I still don't want him in the path. It is no use to stage a riot. The sidewalk was in trouble and the bears were in trouble, and I broke it up. Please put me in that room. Please keep him in control. My gilt-edged stuff and those dirty rats have turned in. Please, mother, don't tear, don't rip! That is something that shouldn't be spoken about. Please get me up, my friends. Please look out. The shooting is a bit wild and that kind of shooting saved a man's life!

"No payrolls, no walls, no coupons. That would be entirely out. Pardon me, I forgot. I forgot that I am plaintiff and not defendant. Look out, look out for him, please! He owes me money; he owes everyone money. Why can't he just pull out and give me control? Please, mother, you pick up now. You know me. No, don't scare me. My friends and I think I do a better job. Police are looking for you all over. Be instrumental in letting us know. They are Englishmen" [here Schultz may have been referring to New York gangster Owney "The Killer" Madden, who was born in England]. "They are a type and I don't know who is best, they or us. Oh, sir, get the doll a roofing. You can play jacks and girls do that with a soft ball and do tricks with it. It takes all events into consideration. No! No! And it is no! A boy has never wept nor dashed a thousand kim. [This particular evocative and alliterative remark would fascinate criminologists for generations to come.] Did you hear me?"

Conlon was persistent: "Who shot you?"

"I don't know," Schultz said, coming out of the stupor for a few moments.

"The doctor wants you to lie quiet."

"That is what I want to do."

"How many shots were fired?"

"I don't know."

"How many?"

"Two thousand. Come on, get some money in that treasury! Come on, please, get it. I can't tell you to. That is not

A fatally-wounded Dutch Schultz, a leaking bullet hole in his left side, looks over the damage from the shooting at the Palace Chop House, shot by his killer while in the men's room.

Schultz, shown in that last few minutes of life, raved about his underworld career, mixing threats and pleadings, his fascinating monolog recorded by a police stenographer.

what you have in the book. Oh, please, warden. What am I going to do for the money? Please put me up on my feet at once! You are a hard-boiled man. Did you hear me? I would hear it, the Circuit Court would hear it and the Supreme Court might hear it. If that ain't the payroll. Please crack down on the Chinaman's [Charles "Chink" Sherman, a Schultz gang rival] friends and Hitler's commander. I am sore and I am going up and I am going to give you honey, if I can. Mother is the best bet and don't let Satan draw you too fast."

Conlon doggedly probed Schultz's stupor in an attempt to get the identity of his killer, asking once again: "What did the big fellow shoot you for?"

"Him? John?" [A possible reference to Johnny Torrio]. "Over a million, five million dollars."

"You want to get well, don't you?" Conlon asked the gangster.

"Yes."

"Then lie quiet."

"Yes, I will lie quiet."

"John shot you and we will take care of John," Conlon said, trying to draw out the killer's name.

"That is what caused the trouble. Look out! If you do this, you can go and jump right here in the lake. I know who they are. They are French people" [a possible reference to Big Frenchy DeMange, Owney Madden's partner]. "All right, look out, look out! My memory is gone. A work relief. Police. Who gets it? I don't know and I don't want to know, but look out! It can be traced. He changed for the worse. Please look out. My fortunes have changed and come back and went back since that. I was desperate. I am wobbly. You ain't got nothing on him but we got it on his helper."

"Control yourself," Conlon told him.

"But I am dying," Schultz said, staring into the policeman's eyes.

"No, you are not," Conlon lied.

"Come on, mama. All right, dear. You have to get in."

Schultz's wife entered the room and sat next to her dying husband. He barely recognized her, saying: "Then pull me out. I am half crazy. They dyed my shoes. Give me something. I am so sick. Give me water, the only thing that I want. Open this up and break it so that I can touch you."

"This is Frances, Arthur," Schultz's wife said.

He did not recognize her. "Dannie [Iamascia], please let me get into the car!"

Frances left the hospital room weeping. She was told that her husband would most likely die at any time. Schultz sank deeper into his trauma, babbling as if to keep himself alive with the sound of his own voice, which tumbled forth distorted memory and images, fusing incoherent recollections.

"Who shot you?" Conlon started all over again.

"I don't know. I didn't even get a look. I don't know who could have done it. Anybody. Kindly take my shoes off."

"They are off."

"No, there's a handcuff on them. The baron says these things. I know what I am doing here with my collection of papers. It isn't worth a nickel to two guys like you or me, but to a collector it is worth a fortune. It is priceless. I am going to turn it over to...Turn your back to me please. Henry, I am so sick now. The police are getting many complaints. Look out! I want that G-Note. Look out for Jimmy Valentine for he is an old pal of mine. [Jimmy Valentine was the famous fictional safecracker created by author O. Henry.] Come on, come on, Jim. Okay, okay, I am all through. Can't do another thing.

"Look out, mama. Look out for her. You can't beat him.

The methodical killer, Charles "The Bug" Workman (right), is taken to prison to serve a life term for the Palace Chop House killings; he was paroled twenty years later.

Police, mama, Helen, mother, please, take me out. I will settle the indictment. Shut up! You got a big mouth! Please help me up, Henry. Max, come over here! French-Canadian bean soup. I want to pay. Let them leave me alone!"

These were the last words of Dutch Schultz. He lay in a coma for two more hours, and, at 8:40 p.m., he died. His killer, Charles "The Bug" Workman, was later convicted of his murder and was sent to the New Jersey State Prison to serve a life term. He was paroled some twenty years later. Only hours after the Dutchman died, Luciano and other board members of the syndicate divided and took over Schultz's lucrative rackets in the Bronx. The Dutchman's intended victim, Thomas E. Dewey, was later told the story of how the crime cartel bosses had Schultz killed in order to save his life. "Nonsense," replied Dewey. "They killed him in order to take over his territories in New York, which is exactly what happened."

JUDGE LOUIS GOES TO THE CHAIR/1944

The syndicate crime board member, who "officially" ordered Dutch Schultz killed was the diminutive, hawk-nosed Louis "Lepke" Buchalter. Lepke co-chaired the crime cartel with Luciano and was called "Judge Louis" since he, more than any other syndicate board member, decreed death sentences.

Louis "Lepke" Buchalter controlled national unions, headed Murder, Inc., and was the only syndicate board director to be executed.

Lepke's marble-mouthed lieutenant, Jacob "Gurrah" Shapiro (1900-1947) enforced Buchalter's rackets.

Labor racketeer Benjamin "Dopey Benny" Fein (in 1918) recruited Buchalter and was ousted by Lepke.

Millionaire bootlegger Waxey Gordon (Irving Wexler, 1888-1952), a Lepke associate, who died in Alcatraz.

Gangster Nathan "Kid Dropper" Kaplan, murdered on August 28, 1923, a killing engineered by Lepke.

Lepke was a creature of the New York streets, who began his criminal career, as did Schultz and Luciano, by stealing goods from pushcarts, his first arrest for this petty crime taking place in 1912. The 15-year-old boy collared by a beat cop was Louis Buchalter (Louis Bookhouse; 1897-1944; AKA: Lepke; Judge Louis), and he would become one of the most dreaded figures in American underworld history, establishing a farflung criminal organization that eventually reached into Europe and the Orient.

The illegal rackets under his control would yield more than $50 million each year, and he personally ordered dozens of men murdered—anyone who got in the way of his rackets through the syndicate's enforcement arm, Murder, Inc., controlled by Lepke's loyal henchman, Albert Anastasia. Like his peers, who came to sit with him on the board of the national crime cartel Charles "Lucky" Luciano, Meyer Lansky, Frank Costello, and Joe Adonis, Lepke began as a lowly sneak thief, so poor that at the time of his first arrest, policemen noted, that he was wearing stolen shoes, both for the left foot.

In 1914, Lepke met another youthful thief with the torso of an ape, an apprentice thug like himself, but one who could easily be controlled by the bantamweight Lepke. He was Jacob "Gurrah" Shapiro. Both of them were stealing from the same pushcart when they accidentally ran in the same direction. From that point on, Shapiro was Lepke's strong arm. (Shapiro's odd name stemmed from his marblemouthed articulation; when ordering other sneak thieves out of the Lepke-Shapiro territory, he would snarl "get out of here," but the words tumbled together to sound like "gurrah.")

Under Lepke's guidance, Shapiro terrorized the pushcart peddlers, hundreds of them, in their area of the lower East Side of New York, forcing them to pay weekly protection (against Shapiro and Lepke, of course). Another thug, Jacob "Little Augie" Orgen, one-time bodyguard to early day New York gangster Benjamin "Dopey Benny" Fein, heard of the Lepke-Shapiro combine and recruited them for his gang of labor sluggers, which was then taking over the garment industry. While Lepke kept expanding the pushcart-protection racket, he and Shapiro went to work for Orgen, organizing strike-breaking mobs that broke up union meetings and strikes.

Orgen's gang was a polyglot assortment of Italian, Jewish, and Irish mobsters that included Lucky Luciano, Waxey Gordon, Jack "Legs" Diamond, and his brother Eddie. Orgen worked for the company owners by breaking strikes, but then decided it was more profitable to take over the unions themselves. He and his men terrorized union leaders and, through innumerable beatings and murders, took over one local after another by having gang members named as heads of the unions through rigged elections. From this vantage point, Orgen easily extorted enormous amounts of money from employers under the threat of strikes.

Orgen's gang battled others for the lucrative control of the garment unions, particularly the gang headed by Nathan "Kid Dropper" Kaplan (or Caplin), who was killed on August 28, 1923 by one of Orgen's men, Louis Kushner or Kerzner (also known as Louis Cohen, 1904-1939), after twenty-three known gangsters had been killed in the Orgen-Kaplan gang war. Kushner was sent to prison for the Kaplan killing and was paroled in 1937. Since he knew that Lepke and others had had a hand in the Kaplan murder, his silence was assured when Lepke had Kushner shot to death on a Manhattan street in 1939. Twelve years earlier, however, in 1927, Lepke had risen so high in the union and protection rackets that he decided to get rid of Orgen.

On the night of October 15, 1927, Lepke, Shapiro, and Hyman "Little Hymie" or "Curly" Holtz (a brutal thug who had once worked for Orgen, but who had defected to the cunning Lepke), drove along Delancey and Norfolk streets, the location of Orgen's domain and where Orgen had his headquarters. They spotted Orgen and his then-top bodyguard, Jack "Legs" Diamond. They fired pistols and machine guns from their fast-moving roadster, cutting Little Augie in half

Impressionable Louis Kushner (AKA: Louis Cohen; shown center) held be NYPD Captain Cornelius W. Willemse (left) only minutes after shooting Kaplan to death on Lepke's orders. Kushner was sentenced to twenty years, but released a few years later and was murdered on January 28, 1939, on orders from Lepke.

and severely wounding Diamond. (Diamond would recover and go on to briefly become a top racketeer and bootlegger in New York, wounded so many times in gangster gun battles that he would later be dubbed by the press as "the clay pigeon of the underworld.") Diamond, once recovered, made his peace with Lepke and looked for greener pastures. Lepke was now unchallenged in the union rackets and he quickly consolidated his forces for an all-out takeover of the entire garment industry.

Lepke knew that the small cutter's union of only 1,900 workers was the pivotal labor force that controlled all garment work. Without the cutters no men's suits could be made and this affected more than 50,000 other garment workers. He strong-armed his way into control of this union and then dictated terms to the rest of the unions and the industry. Before long he was czar of this huge U.S. industry, controlling garment unions across the country. Many of the millions that rolled into Lepke's coffers went out to pay off police, judges, and officials, who looked the other way when Lepke's goons went into action. Lepke's direct payroll was enormous; he supported thousands of lowly runners, thugs, and killers. Mobsters by the scores worked under his bloody banner, the most notable being Shapiro, by then a chief lieutenant, Danny Fields, Paul Berger, Mendy Weiss, and Curly Holtz. His men infiltrated the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union, which boasted 400,000 members, and through this organization, dozens of unions in the U.S. fell under Lepke's domination. He next took over control of the Motion Picture Operators Union, and then the trucking unions (which had not yet become the Teamsters).

Kill-crazy Albert Anastasia (in 1929), Lepke's chief enforcer, organized a troop of killers called "Murder, Inc."

To keep his own forces in line, and also to chastise an occasional union leader who resisted his dictates, Lepke, through Brooklyn killer and mob man, Albert Anastasia, organized several strong-arm squads consisting of more than 250 enforcers in New York alone, and double that number throughout the country. These men had but one job, other than the petty rackets that kept them preoccupied. They were to drop all other activities when getting a "contract" (murder assignment) on a "hit," (victim, or a killing). Most effective of these killing squads was Murder, Inc. in Brownsville, a seedy, crime-ridden district of Brooklyn. Here, from the late 1920s, Lepke's murder legions struck out at rival gangsters, disobedient henchmen, and ordinary citizens who had incurred the syndicate's displeasure. No accurate count of the murders committed by Murder, Inc. survives, but the figures certainly reached into the hundreds, perhaps thousands.

Some of the more celebrated victims included Danny Fields, Lepke's contact man with the unions. Fields, who began drinking and talking to the wrong people, was shot to death at Lepke's orders. Curly Holtz, who was in charge of Lepke's newly developed drug-smuggling operations, was also

Gossip columnist Walter Winchell (right), with Mayor James J. Walker (who successfully defended Louis Kushner in the 1923 Kid Dropper killing); Winchell arranged to deliver Lepke to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover in 1939.

A 1939 FBI photo of Lepke Buchalter after he surrendered to J. Edgar Hoover; he attempted to disguise himself with a mustache while he was in hiding.

murdered on orders from the boss for withholding huge shipments of heroin and morphine, which he and Yasha Katzenburg had smuggled into the U.S. from China. (One shipment alone, brought in personally by Holtz, amounted to more than $10 million in street value.) Holtz was stabbed to death and his body, coated with cement, was dumped into the East River.

Lepke was an enigma even to his friends and associates, and these became limited in number as he rose higher in the crime cartel. He early on befriended Lucky Luciano, as did Lepke's friend, Meyer Lansky, knowing that Luciano was the key to keeping the Italian-Sicilian crime bosses from invading his union domain. It was Luciano, Adonis, Costello, and other Italian-Sicilian mob bosses that Lepke aligned himself with in 1931-1932 to form the national crime syndicate, a one-for-all organization that shared power, political protection, and, to some degree, profits from their incredibly lucrative rackets.

When Salvatore Maranzano, one of the last of the old-fashioned Sicilian gangsters, attempted to become the "boss of bosses" in New York, he first tried to take over the money-bloated union rackets from Lepke. Lepke went to Luciano, asking him for his support and telling him that if he fell, Luciano would be next, correctly assuming that Maranzano would respect no gangster, not even those of his own nationality. It was in Luciano's best interests to have Maranzano killed, which is exactly what happened. In return, Lepke gave Luciano huge payments from his rackets and the support of his army of gunmen. He also shared some of the pie with Luciano through the Italian's henchmen, Johnny Dio (John Dioguardi), Jimmy Doyle (James Plumeri), and Dick Terry (Dominick Didato), by allowing these hoodlums to head up the women's garments unions.

Lepke functioned as co-chairman of the board with Luciano for the national crime syndicate, and his word was invariably law. He was known as Judge Louis, and it was he who insisted that Dutch Schultz, who had junior status with the board, be killed when Schultz told board members that

Lepke laughing during his murder trial, convinced that jurors were bribed and never believing he would be convicted.

New York district attorney Thomas E. Dewey, who had been energetically prosecuting Schultz and his rackets, had to be killed.

Rather than allow Schultz to create enormous police pressure, which would harm all the New York racketeers by killing the crusading Dewey, Lepke decreed that Schultz himself was to die. The murder of the Brooklyn and New Jersey crime boss in a Newark restaurant in 1935 was not the work of a single mob, but the execution of syndicate hit men. Not until many years later did Dewey learn that he owed his life to a man whom he would later help send to the electric chair.

Though it was Lepke's lifelong ambition to keep a low profile and let other flashier gangsters hog the limelight and the subsequent police attention, he and Shapiro came under investigation in 1933 and were indicted for labor racketeering and violating anti-trust laws. Both were fined $1,000 and given a year in jail by federal Judge John Knox, who thought this but "a slap on the wrist."

Martin T. Manton, a U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals judge who later proved to be corrupt and on the syndicate payroll, allowed both gangsters bail and reversed the decisions against them. Manton had obligingly done the same for the notorious bootlegger "Big Bill" Dwyer and Frank Costello, who was later known as the "Prime Minister of the Syndicate." Police pressure against Lepke increased, and, by 1937, his life was made miserable by constant police surveillance. His phone lines were tapped and police spies were placed in his offices. He was forced to meet in washrooms of restaurants and on subway platforms with his lieutenants, hurrying his orders in whispers, then furtively moving on whenever he saw someone he suspected of being a detective.

Lepke went into deep hiding, first living in a hideout prepared for him by Anastasia, an apartment above the Oriental Palace, a sleazy Brooklyn dance hall, then moving to Flatbush to an apartment once occupied by Fatty Walsh, a bootlegger, who had worked for Legs Diamond. The apartment had specially built secret rooms, panels leading to hidden corridors and other places where the crime czar could

Lepke smiling to newsmen before the verdict; he was convicted.

hide himself in case of a police raid. Ironically, Lepke used Mrs. Dorothy Walsh as a cover when secretly living here, the widow never realizing that she was playing host to the very man who had, years earlier, ordered her husband murdered.

From this hideout, Lepke sent out scores of murder contracts on those whom he thought might cooperate with police and reveal his widespread operations, as well as the murders he had decreed in the past ten years. He still considered himself to be the top mobster in the country, if not the world. When he heard that Thomas "Three-Finger Brown" Lucchese, a Luciano ally, coveted his garment rackets, Lepke went into a tirade, telling Anastasia and Abe "Kid Twist" Reles, his top Murder, Inc. enforcer: "Nobody moved in on me when I was on the outside and nobody is gonna do it just because I am on the lam. You tell Lucky and Brown that the clothing thing is mine! There is no argument." With the looming threat of Murder, Inc., dominated by Jewish gangsters, Luciano and Lucchese had second thoughts and quickly backed away from seizing the Buchalter garment rackets.

This was but a small delay, however, since the Italian gangsters would use their usual guile and invention in getting what they wanted. Lucchese and other Italian gangsters let it be known that certain Brownsville gangsters would have plenty to say about Lepke and his operations. Several of these thugs were picked up and questioned, small-time crooks informing on others, who held more important positions in the Murder, Inc. framework, until one of its leaders, Abe "Kid Twist" Reles, began to talk nonstop about Lepke, Anastasia, and other crime kingpins. Through Reles, authorities learned of on old labor slammer, Max Rubin, who had important information on Lepke. Rubin later testified that Lepke, Emanuel "Mendy" Weiss (1906-1944), and Louis Capone (1896-1944; no relationship to Al Capone) had murdered one Joseph Rosen.

Lepke had, by that time, thought to outsmart prosecutors by surrendering to the FBI through newspaper columnist Walter Winchell on August 24, 1939. He drew a fourteen-year sentence on narcotics violations and was sent to Leavenworth, anticipating parole in a few years. In this way, Lepke reasoned, he could not be tried locally in New York for murdering Rosen and others. Lepke's surrender was influenced by Albert Anastasia, his top Murder, Inc. enforcer, who told him that the syndicate had "fixed" certain federal authorities. He would draw a minimum federal sentence, then be paroled, and avoid New York prosecution on more serious crimes.

This was really the plan that Lucchese and others had devised in order to finally get rid of Lepke and seize his enor-

Guarded by a submachine gun carrying agent, a glum Louis "Lepke" Buchalter returns from the courtroom on July 20, 1943, after hearing his death sentence; he was executed in Sing's electric chair the following year, the only director on the board of the crime syndicate to meet such punishment.

mous crime empire. He, of course, would be betrayed and eventually be turned over to New York authorities. Lepke, after taking Anastasia's suggestion, chose Walter Winchell to surrender to, having read Winchell's daily column in which the gadfly and gossip-monger regularly wrote to the crime czar, asking that he contact him and turn himself into authorities. Lepke, in dramatic fashion, contacted Winchell and told him that he would meet him on a Manhattan street, which he did.

Winchell got into a cab with the gangster and drove to another location, where an FBI car was waiting. Winchell and Lepke got into this car. In the back seat sat FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover. Winchell was one of Hoover's friends (both of them partied in New York's Stork Club, owned by Sherman Billingsley, who was himself suspected of having murdered a man) and took great pride in serving Hoover in this fashion, as well as getting one of the biggest scoops of the decade. "Mr. Hoover," Winchell said when he and the crime czar got into the car, "meet Lepke."

In 1940, Lepke was brought from federal custody and tried in New York for the Rosen murder. He, Weiss, and Louis Capone were convicted and sentenced to death. While fighting desperately to save his life through a barrage of appeals filed by his lawyers, Lepke, even from his cell, ran his criminal empire and ordered the deaths of those who had betrayed him. Reles was pushed out of a window of the hotel in which he was being guarded in Coney Island in 1942. Moey "Dimples" Wolinsky was shot to death in a Manhattan restaurant in 1943, because he had arranged for Lepke's 1939 surrender to Winchell and Hoover. Lepke's execution date, as well as that of Weiss and Capone, was repeatedly delayed and reset. But finally, on March 4, 1944, Lepke and the two henchmen walked to Sing Sing's electric chair.

The crime czar refused to believe to the last minute that he was actually going to pay with his life for the countless crimes he had committed. He kept telling Weiss and Capone that "the fix is in, you'll see." He had important information

to give to authorities, Lepke told the warden at one point when the end was near, but after he was interviewed, officials learned nothing new about the crime syndicate. Thomas E. Dewey, then governor of New York, refused to grant another stay of execution. On the night of his death, Lepke ordered roast chicken and shoestring potatoes as his last meal. Ever loyal, Weiss and Capone both ordered the same meal. The trio went to the chair as blue ribbon witnesses watched to see if any would crack at the end and reveal the dark secrets they knew.

Capone entered the chamber first, at a little after 11 p.m. He said nothing as he stoically sat down in the electric chair. He was pronounced dead three minutes later. Weiss came next, asking to make a statement. He said: "All I want to say is I'm innocent. I'm here on a framed-up case. Give my love to my family and everything." With that he sat down and the current was switched on. Mendy Weiss, chief bodyguard and killer for Lepke, died inside of two minutes.

The crime boss was saved for last. Lepke ignored the newsmen present and marched quickly to the chair, then turned and almost threw himself into it, a look of contempt on his face. He said nothing. Only the muscles of his face twitched slightly as the electrodes were placed on his head. Sing Sing's warden, William E. Snyder, raised his arm and dropped it without ceremony. More than 2,200 volts of electricity shot through the small body of Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, killing him within two minutes.

Newsmen noted how saliva drooled from Lepke's lips in death, how his skin turned blue and how his 165-pound body twitched and bucked under the jolt of current and then sagged into death. One reporter ended his account with the words: "It is not a pretty sight." Thus died one of the most ruthless mass killers of the twentieth century, the only member of the national crime syndicate to ever be executed, paying with his life for the countless crimes he had personally committed or ordered to be committed. Only days after Lepke's death, Thomas "Three-Finger Brown" Lucchese took over the garment industry rackets.

LANSKY, THE SYNDICATE'S BANKER/ 1930s-1970s

Among the founders of the national crime syndicate, the most enduring was the enigmatic Meyer Lansky. Luciano and Adonis were deported, Dutch Schultz murdered and Buchalter executed. Lansky, however, outlasted and outlived his grim peers, working with their successors to become the cartel's banker, financially supervising in his old age a criminal empire that produced billions. Like his peers, his beginning was humble, in fact, miserable.

Born in Grodno, Poland, on July 2 or 4, 1902, Meyer Lansky (Maier Suchowljansky; 1902-1983; AKA: Morris Lieberman; Meyer Lamansky; Little Meyer; Meyer the Bug; Charlie the Bug; Meyer the Lug) immigrated to the U.S. with his family, settling in the Lower East Side of New York. One of three children, Lansky (the family name being difficult to pronounce was changed early on) attended P.S. 34 and proved to be a bright, witty, and imaginative student, earning high grades. He graduated from eighth grade with honors and became an apprentice tool and die maker.

Little Meyer Lansky (he would never be taller than five feet five or weigh more than 145 pounds) grew up without a blemish on his record, a surprising feat, since his neighborhood was a spawning area for gangsters and thugs. Gangs were everywhere, but somehow Lansky managed to remain a law-abiding citizen, thanks to his hard-working parents, Max and Yetta Lansky.

Meyer Lansky in 1930; he had long earlier befriended Luciano and had made plans with him to establish the national crime syndicate.

An FBI photo taken of Lansky in 1935; he was by then organizing international gambling for the crime cartel.

All this changed on October 24, 1918. Lansky, carrying his metal toolbox, was en route home from work when he heard a woman screaming in a deserted tenement building. He ran inside and discovered a tall, attractive woman, naked, and a dark-haired 14-year-old boy, also naked. A young man with thick black hair was kicking the woman and cursing her. He was her pimp, and he screamed that he would "rip up" her face if she ever took on another non-paying customer. The teenager, incensed at this conduct, slipped on his pants and drew a penknife. He dashed forward and tried to cut the dark-haired young man who hit him repeatedly and threw him to the floor.

Lansky, astounded at the scene, took a monkey wrench from his toolbox and rushed up to the young man. He slammed the wrench against the pimp's head, knocking him to the floor. Just then several police officers rushed into the building and subdued the lot of them. Lansky was charged with felonious assault, when appearing before Judge McAdoo, but was discharged, when the pimp refused to press charges.

As Lansky walked from the court, the pimp introduced himself as Salvatore Lucania. He would later be known as Charles "Lucky" Luciano. The youth whom Lansky had defended was Benjamin Siegel, later known as "Bugsy" Siegel. These three would become close friends over the years and would be at the core of the newly established national crime cartel called the syndicate.

Charles "Lucky" Luciano befriended Lansky and made him the syndicate's banker .

From the moment Lansky intervened to help Siegel, the boy attached himself to Little Meyer. The two became inseparable. Lansky, who had always been fascinated by crap games, suddenly decided to abandon honest pursuits, believing big money could only be gotten through gambling. He and Siegel established a floating crap game, which soon proved so successful that Jacob "Little Augie" Orgen took the pair into his labor racketeering gang. He financed their games and gave them protection from other gangsters, who might raid and rob the crap games. For this protection, Lansky and Siegel gave Orgen 35 percent of their profits.

After about a year of operating several floating crap games, Lansky told Siegel that he would not pay tribute to Orgen in the future. He had hired his own gang of thugs to protect the crap games at a cost considerably less than what they had been paying Orgen. Lansky's goon squad, which was later dubbed the Bug and Meyer Mob, after Bugsy Siegel and Meyer Lansky, was headed up by a hulking thug named Phil "Little Farvel" Kovolick, who was also known as "The Stick" since he often carried a large, nail-studded club.

On August 14, 1920, several goons raided one of the Lansky-Siegel crap games and were confronted by Kovolick and several others. The invading gangsters were badly beaten, some so severely that they were carried to a nearby hospital for treatment. Lansky was present at this brawl, but took no part in the fighting. He was nevertheless arrested and fined $2 for disorderly conduct.

When Lansky was leaving court, he was stopped by a swarthy, well-dressed young man, the very Lucky Luciano he had beaned with a monkey wrench two years earlier. Luciano invited Lansky to an all-night conference held in Joe's Italian Kitchen in Brooklyn, the headquarters of one of Luciano's racketeering partners, Joe Adonis. Lansky, Luciano, and Adonis talked of Luciano's idea about a "combination," one where certain smart young racketeers pooled their interests and contributed money to organize the rackets in New York and eventually the U.S.

He had watched Lansky operate in the last few years, Luciano said, and he had come to admire the way he had organized the floating crap games and the nerve he had shown in defying the "old guys and Mustache Petes" in refusing to turn over his winnings from the crap games. Luciano told Lansky that when they began to establish the "combination" he wanted Meyer Lansky to sit on the board of directors with him, Adonis, and others. Of course, Lansky's large gang of enforcers would be expected to help in establishing the crime cartel.

Meyer Lansky not only accepted this idea but immediately embellished on it, explaining that he and Luciano thought alike. Lansky then outlined his ideas of where the profits from the "combination" should go: into more rackets chiefly gambling and into legitimate enterprises, which would pay salaries to board members and others in the cartel and thus explain the large incomes all expected to make.

Lansky's boyhood friend and fellow gangster, Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel.

Luciano cautioned that the wild bootleggers, who had begun to take over that racket in New York, independent gangsters like Vannie Higgins, Jack "Legs" Diamond, Larry Fay, Big Bill Dwyer; older labor racketeers like Nathan "Kid Dropper" Kaplan and Jacob "Little Augie" Orgen; and the ancient Mafia chiefs like Joe "The Boss" Masseria and the Morello Brothers would all destroy each other in their various gang wars. They would wait and organize and then eliminate all those who had not exterminated each other. This was Luciano's plan and Lansky nodded agreement. The two men quickly became friends as well as partners in crime.

To cement that friendship, Luciano gave the Bug and Meyer Mob considerable business in the early 1920s. He purchased dozens of cars stolen by Lansky's men, who through Lansky's technical know-how, changed the appearance and serial numbers of these cars. Bugsy Siegel and his crew stole the cars, Lansky and his mechanics altered the cars, and these were then sold to unsuspecting citizens or used by gangsters working for Luciano, Adonis, and Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, another man chosen to sit on the future board of directors of the national crime syndicate. Lansky also recruited a new type of gangster, one he hired out as a professional killer to other gangs, as one might hire a maid or a chauffeur.

Lansky offered other gangs the services of these killers so that gang members would not be suspected of killing their rivals, business partners, or those marked for death merely because they had somehow offended a gang boss. This was the start of what later became known as Murder, Inc., a group of ruthless killers, who murdered by contract and were paid considerable sums to kill perfect strangers. Aiding Lansky in establishing this troop of professional killers were Lepke Buchalter, who later became director of Murder, Inc., after Lansky became the international director of syndicate gambling, and Albert Anastasia, Luciano's personal enforcer.

By 1923, Lansky and Siegel had also begun massive raids into fur warehouses. But Siegel discovered that one of their men, John Barrett, withheld a large shipment of furs stolen by him and others under Siegel's command. Lansky summoned Barrett to a tribunal headed by Lepke Buchalter, by then Lansky's close associate. Since Buchalter headed another gang, Lansky reasoned, any judgment handed down

Abner "Longy" Zwillman, long-time Lansky associate and crime boss of New Jersey; he had hosted the 1929 crime conference in Atlantic City, called by Al Capone and Luciano.

would appear to be impartial. Buchalter grilled Barrett, who admitted holding out several expensive furs from a recently stolen shipment. Then Barrett pointed at little Meyer Lansky, who sat silent in a chair, his hands clasped, his head down, his eyes closed, appearing to meditate the matter. "It ain't fair," Barrett carped. "We take all the risks and he gets all the gravy." Bugsy Siegel, always Lansky's champion, snorted: "Bull!"

Buchalter told Barrett to wait in another room until his case was decided. Once the gangster was out of earshot, Buchalter and Lansky agreed that Barrett had committed a major offense in gangland procedure. It was not just a matter of a few furs, but mutiny against a gang boss, and this could not be tolerated. Both men voted to kill Barrett. The rebellious Barrett was then ordered to get into a car. Siegel got behind the wheel. Lansky, his brother Jake (who had joined Meyer in his enterprises), and Sam "Red" Levine also got into the back seat with Barrett. Siegel drove to a remote spot and stopped. Levine was about to shoot Barrett, but Lansky stopped him, whispering that if he killed Barrett in the car the blood would stain the seats. Lansky then turned to Barrett and shouted: "Get out!"

Barrett leaped from the car and sprinted down the dark, deserted street. Siegel raced after him in the car and when it came abreast of the racing gangster, Levine leaned out a window and pumped several bullets into Barrett. Police arrived a few minutes later to find the gangster still alive. He was rushed to a hospital, where he agreed to sign a complaint charging Lansky, Siegel, and Levine with attempted murder. Barrett knew this would mean his eventual death at the hands of the gang. A few days before he was scheduled to be released from the hospital, Barrett was visited by an old friend, Daniel Francis Ahearn. These two had grown up together and Danny Ahearn was one of Barrett's best friends.

Ahearn had brought Barrett one of his favorite dishes, a plate of fresh *chiboni*. Barrett asked Ahearn where he had gotten the food, and his friend told him that he had just picked it up at Joe's Italian Kitchen. Barrett nervously told Ahearn that he was still weak and did not have much of an appetite. Ahearn left the *chiboni* and Barrett told him he would eat it later. After Ahearn left the hospital, Barrett had the food examined and it was discovered to be coated with strychnine. "That's the hand of the Italian, Lansky's friend," Barrett told a police detective. "That's Luciano's way. They kill sneaky, those guys, but to use Danny Ahearn, my best friend to deliver that stuff!"

Barrett was a marked man and knew it. He could either run and know that the gang would pursue him anywhere or he could go back to Lansky and try to make amends. He opted for the latter course. Barrett arrived at Lansky's headquarters, bringing the stolen furs he had withheld. He offered these to Lansky and apologized openly before the gang. He then tore up the copy of his complaint in front of Lansky, saying that he would never say another word about

Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista invited Lansky to open gambling spas in Havana.

Frank Costello aided Lansky in placing slot machines in Louisiana in the 1930s.

being shot by the gang. Siegel, however, already had his gun out and was prepared to kill Barrett on the spot. Lansky stopped him, saying: "No, Ben, Barrett has learned his lesson. From now on, he is going to be one of our most dependable men." With that, Barrett was taken back into the gang and all was forgotten.

The relationship Lansky had with Bugsy Siegel was close, but volatile. Siegel was a hothead, always ready to go for his gun and kill anyone who disagreed with him. Lansky was like an older brother to Siegel, but Siegel often quarreled with the diminutive boss of the gang. On one occasion in 1928, Siegel began shouting at Lansky. Danny Ahearn, the man who had delivered the poisoned food to his friend Barrett at Lansky's direction, felt he would ingratiate himself with the boss by teaching Siegel a lesson. He stepped between Siegel and Lansky and slapped Siegel's face for shouting at Meyer the Boss. Both Lansky and Siegel fell silent and left the room together without a word. Ahearn had seriously misjudged this Damon and Pythias of crime. They might argue violently with each other, but they were emotionally inseparable. If one was endangered, the other ran to his rescue. To insult one was to insult both.

Walking along a deserted street the following night, Ahearn heard a car pull up behind him and screech to a halt at the curb. Jake Lansky was at the wheel and in the back seat sat Barrett, the man he had tried to poison. In the front passenger seat sat Bugsy Siegel who smiled, and then leveled a revolver at him. He fired twice, the bullets striking Ahearn in the face and arm. Ahearn fell to the pavement as the car raced off. Police found the wounded gangster and took him to a hospital. He told detectives that Meyer Lansky had tried to kill him. Ahearn withdrew this statement a short time later after receiving a few phone calls at his hospital bed from unknown persons. Ahearn's good friend Peter Bender, however, boasted that Meyer Lansky would be dead within a week, avenging the horrible wounding of his friend Ahearn. Bender disappeared the next day and was never seen again.

Lansky would tolerate no threats or insubordination; he was also a shrewd businessman, he liked to say in that he allowed his most loyal associates and underlings above-average shares in the profits of his many rackets, from stolen goods to gambling. Though Siegel was his lieutenant, Lansky promoted him to equal status. This was a common practice of the Jewish gangsters of that day. Louis Lepke Buchalter did the same thing, elevating his ever-loyal second-in-command, Jacob "Gurrah" Shapiro, to gang boss status, even though Shapiro was little more than a hulking illiterate. Lansky also shared the wealth with other gangs, who supported his operations, which endeared him to Luciano.

When Luciano told Lansky in 1931 that his boss, "Joe the Boss" Masseria, had to be killed to stop the on-going Italian gang battles of the Castellammarese War and to appease rival gangster Salvatore Maranzano, Lansky agreed to loan Bugsy Siegel to Luciano as a member of the murder squad that shot Masseria to death. This demonstrated the cooperation of the gangs that was to be the hallmark of the new crime syndicate.

Dandy Phil Kastel supervised the slot machine operations in Louisiana.

The crime cartel had already set up inter-city relationships between the gangs, beginning with the national crime convention in Atlantic City, New Jersey, in 1929. At that time, dozens of infamous gangsters attended the Atlantic City conference, including Al Capone, representing Chicago; Charles "King" Solomon from Boston; Abner "Longy" Zwillman from New Jersey; Johnny Lazia from Kansas City; and Frank Costello, Joe Adonis, and Meyer Lansky from New York.

It was Lansky who would organize and define the hierarchy of the syndicate and the various levels of authority beneath it, establishing the syndicate representatives of each city and, most importantly, for its survival and continued expansion, set up the syndicate's international banking system, one which buried millions within hidden trusts and bank accounts and used world banks to launder the millions in cash from syndicate operations in the U.S.

Lansky took the U.S. syndicate into international operations in 1936 by going to Cuba, where he cemented relationships with Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista. In return for the exclusive gambling franchise in Havana, Batista received a large share of the profits from the many posh casinos built and operated by Lansky and his representatives, such as Joseph "Doc" Stacher. (Lansky was the role model for Mario Puzo's character Hyman Roth in the crime novel, *The Godfather*, which wrongly depicts the syndicate move to Cuba in the late 1940s, when, in fact, the move was made a decade earlier; well-written as is this work, it does not deal with the syndicate, but emphasizes the five Mafia families in New York as being all powerful, when, again in fact, they were and are subserviant to the syndicate.)

In the late 1930s, Lansky sent his protege, Siegel, to the West Coast to organize syndicate rackets, chiefly to expand gambling enterprises. Lansky in particular backed Siegel in his development of casino gambling in Las Vegas, Nevada, in the mid-1940s. Lansky also moved in the early 1930s into New Orleans with Frank Costello and Philip "Dandy Phil" Kastel, with the blessing of Huey Long, political dictator of

Corrupt Louisiana political boss Huey Pierce Long allowed Lansky to install thousands of slot machines throughout his state in a phony charity operation and received enormous payoffs. Long would be assassinated in 1935 (see Assassination).

Louisiana. Through the Pelican Novelty Co., thousands of slot machines were distributed to corner cigar stores, pharmacies, restaurants, and nightclubs, all legally operating under a plan Lansky had worked out with Long, wherein certain proceeds from the slot machines would go to charity. In 1934 alone, more than $800,000 was produced from slots in New Orleans. Charities received $600 of this money to qualify the slots for their charter.

Long, Lansky, Costello, and Kastel split the rest, after the syndicate share was banked by Lansky. The loyalty Lansky consistently showed to the syndicate was the reason he outlasted all other board directors. He also played the lickspittle to Italian members of the syndicate. When Louis "Russian Louie" Strauss was caught skimming money from a syndicate-operated Las Vegas casino and was summarily murdered and his body hidden, Lansky said to Chicago mobster Marshall Caifano and California Mafia don Jack I. Dragna: "That's the last time a Jew will cheat a Sicilian in this town."

Lansky was always ready to serve the Italian-Sicilian board members of the syndicate, and for this reason became the one man that Lucky Luciano trusted in the end. Luciano was sent to prison to serve a long sentence for running a national vice and prostitution ring in 1938. In World War II, Lansky arranged for Luciano to cooperate with the U.S. Navy in providing security along the docks of New York.

Lansky also persuaded Luciano, in 1942-43, when Luciano was still in prison, to provide the Navy with Sicilian contacts, who later helped in the Allied invasion of that island, a deal which assured Luciano parole in 1946 on the proviso that Luciano be deported back to his native Naples, Italy. Throughout Luciano's imprisonment, Lansky and Costello looked after Luciano's vast underworld interests, regularly banking Luciano's share of the profits. When Luciano was deported in 1946, Lansky was one of the few syndicate bosses, who boldly saw him off at dockside.

That same year, Lansky's closest friend (or so he later claimed), Bugsy Siegel, began to come apart at the financial seams in Las Vegas. He had invested syndicate millions in the creation of his lavish dream casino, the Flamingo Hotel. But Las Vegas was then an infant gambling center and the profits were not up to syndicate expectations. Moreover, when pressured to produce profits he could not guarantee in his start-up casino, Siegel responded by telling Mafia dons in the East that they should "go to hell!"

The Mafia faction of the syndicate appealed to Lansky, pointing out to him that Siegel was *his* man and that if he did not "straighten him out" Siegel would be eliminated. Lansky reportedly called Siegel and asked him to cooperate with the Sicilian investors in the Flamingo, but Siegel proved truculent. Siegel was executed in the Beverly Hills, California, home

Lansky in 1970, when federal agents began to make his life miserable through constant arrests and tax evasion charges, but the crafty syndicate banker (who had secreted billions in foreign banks) evaded imprisonment.

of his mistress, Virginia Hill, on June 20, 1947. The laconic Lansky remarked: "I had no choice."

The Mafia faction of the syndicate returned loyalty to Lansky, even when it came to Italians or Sicilians, who attempted to muscle into Lansky's gambling domains. By the mid-1950s, Lansky and his chief enforcer and associate, Vincent "Jimmy Blue Eyes" Alo, had established a vast gambling realm in Florida, one that returned millions to their coffers each year, with, of course, the proper syndicate cut being paid. Though several Italian factions fought to gain control of the Lansky operations, Lansky was left in the end to control this lucrative and illegal empire.

In the early 1960s, Lansky organized gambling operations in Bolivia and Venezuela, sending hundreds of trained casino operators to open new gambling dens in the South American countries. Millions more rolled in. Lansky's operations spread to Hong Kong and Haiti. The little syndicate chief traveled to the Far East and often visited France and Italy, spending time in Naples with the deposed Luciano, who continued to have his U.S. interests represented by Lansky right up to his death in 1962.

Lansky was not immune from prosecution, however, and his worst fears were realized when he learned that federal agents were about to charge him with income tax evasion. In 1970, he fled to Israel, where he took up residence in the posh Dan Hotel in Tel Aviv. Pressure from the U.S. forced the Israeli government to cancel Lansky's visa, despite the fact that Lansky offered the Israeli government $1 million if he were allowed to stay in the country.

Desperately seeking asylum, the crime czar then fled to Switzerland, Brazil, Argentina, Paraguay, Bolivia, Peru and Panama, offering the same amount of money (and more as investments in local businesses) to these governments if they allowed him sanctuary. All refused, undoubtedly bowing to pressure from U.S. officials. Finally, Lansky returned to the U.S. to face tax evasion charges. He managed to avoid conviction, however, and it was later claimed that his influence reached to the highest levels of government to keep him out of prison. Lansky, never a flashy gangster, continued to live in a small home in Miami, Florida, with his second wife Thelma (Schwartz), whom he called Teddy. (Lansky divorced his first wife Anna; their union produced three children.)

There were attempts in the early 1980s to deport Lansky back to his birthplace in Poland, but the shrewd little gang chief pointed out that he had become a naturalized American citizen in 1928. The far-flung gambling empire of Meyer Lansky expanded and increased over the years. When his close friend Abner "Longy" Zwillman committed suicide, Lansky and others took over Zwillman's Las Vegas interests. It was reported that Lansky had important "pieces" of the Flamingo, the Stardust, the Sands, the Fremont, and the Desert Inn in Las Vegas. He was careful to pay enough taxes so as not to be charged with income tax evasion in his later years.

Lansky did not enjoy the last decade of his life. He was often in ill-health. In 1973, he underwent open heart surgery and survived, but it left him weak and inactive. Later that year, he went to trial for income tax evasion, but the government failed to prove its case and Lansky once more escaped prison. In the last few years of his life, Lansky acquired rare books and extended his collection of hand-made bow ties. He and his wife (Teddy died in 1997) strolled about Miami, and at such times Lansky could be seen with a solid brass and oak walking stick, given to him by Luciano. The couple bought a high-rise condominium at the Imperial House, in Miami Beach. Lansky then developed ulcers, which caused him continual pain until his death on January 15, 1983 of

cancer at Mount Sinai Hospital in Miami Beach, Florida. He was eighty-one.

Little Meyer Lansky had outlived all of those sinister creatures with whom he had joined forces to form the national syndicate. He had lived to see his monstrous creation become the second most powerful force in America after the federal government and he himself once boasted: "We're bigger than U.S. Steel." (A quote repeated in Puzo's memorable novel.) Lansky's estate was estimated to be more than $400 million at the time of his death, but this great fortune was never located or identified and it is assumed that latter-day syndicate chieftains appropriated the money.

Other tales insist that Lansky had squirreled away ten times that amount on behalf of the syndicate, but had so carefully hidden these funds in unnumbered Swiss bank accounts that the syndicate bosses and even the bankers in this country could not identify the actual owner and the "Lansky billions" are still at large. To the frugal Meyer Lansky such vast amounts of money represented nothing more or less than sums scrolled on hidden ledgers. He seldom spent more than $25 for a dinner and a waiter who received more than a $1 tip from Meyer Lansky was the exception. He was not a man to spend money foolishly.

"WE ONLY KILL EACH OTHER"/1930s-1940s

Lansky's protege, Bugsy Siegel, however, spent money—millions of it—like a drunk on a Homeric bender. The lethal problem was that the money Siegel squandered was not his own, but belonged to syndicate bosses, who, when not repaid and insulted by Siegel in the bargain for having made their investment, ordered his bloody death. Where the shrewd Meyer Lansky was reserved and even contemplative before launching any criminal action, his closest friend, Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel (1906-47; AKA: Harry Rosen) was impetuous and mercurial. Siegel had a murderous temperament and it took little to provoke him to violence. He arrogantly reveled in the image of being a dangerous man. He enjoyed striking fear in others and he loved the evil power he wielded over his minions.

A 1925 NYPD photo of Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel, who was then co-leader (with Lansky) of the Bug and Meyer Mob.

Though he could be affable and pleasing to those from whom he sought favor, he could also turn psychopathic killer in a split second. Bugsy Siegel murdered with a smile on his handsome face.

The Brooklyn-born Sie-gel was one of five children from hard-working but poor Jewish parents. (He had one brother, Maurice, and three sisters, Ethel, Esther, and Bessie.) He attended public school, but quit at an early age to join a street gang on Lafayette Street in New York's teeming Lower East Side. Siegel developed an athletic body, while running through the streets, fleeing from police, after committing one petty theft after another. The blue-eyed, black-haired Siegel was

A 1933 NYPD lineup of New York gangsters arrested in a raid in the Franconia Hotel, where a crime conference was taking place (left to right): Joseph Rosen (AKA: Doc Harris, later murdered on Lepke's orders); Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel; Harry Teitlebaum; Louis "Lepke" Buchalter; Harry Greenberg (AKA: Big Greenie, later murdered by Siegel); Louis Kravitz; Jacob "Gurrah" Shapiro; Philip "Little Farvel" Kovolick; and Hyman "Curly" Holtz.

The body of New York crime boss Joe Amberg (foreground) and the corpse of Amberg's chauffeur, Mannie Kessler, are shown in a garage on the night of September 30, 1935, killed by Siegel and members of Murder, Inc.

Meyer Lansky in 1937, when he sent Siegel to run the rackets in California.

followed everywhere by a diminutive hoodlum, Moe Sedway (Morris Sedwitz), and the pair, in their early teens, soon developed a protection racket.

Siegel would stop at a pushcart and fondle some of the seller's cheap merchandise, telling him: "Gimme a dollar."

When the pushcart vender invariably refused payment, Siegel would snarl: "No? Okay, gimme $5!"

The pushcart vender would become enraged, telling the boys to leave him alone. At this point, Siegel would order Sedway: "Okay, pour the stuff on his junk!" Sedway would then splash kerosene from a small container he was carrying onto the merchant's goods and Siegel would light a match, setting the pushcart afire. The two hoodlums would then race from the scene. After several fires of this kind, pushcart merchants on Lafayette Street succumbed to paying Siegel protection money rather than see their carts go up in flames. While still a teenager, Siegel met and befriended Meyer Lansky, who had a penchant for organizing floating crap games and other gambling activities. The pair formed the Bug & Meyer Mob, concentrating on establishing and operating gambling dens and stealing expensive cars, which they remodeled in their own garages and then resold.

Siegel at this time also acted as a for-hire killer. Lansky, head of the gang, loaned him out to other gang bosses whenever an important killing among mob members was called for. In 1926, however, Siegel was arrested and jailed for rape. Lansky's lawyers managed to have Siegel acquitted. The victim was told by Lansky goons that unless she suddenly lost her memory, her face would be scarred forever with acid. In April of that year, Siegel was arrested in Philadelphia for carrying a concealed weapon, but this charge was dismissed. At the time, according to one report, Siegel had been en route to perform a mob murder.

The Bug & Meyer Mob joined the forces of Charles "Lucky" Luciano in the 1920s, supplying Luciano's men with stolen cars and branching out in Manhattan with new gambling operations and bookmaking establishments. During the Castelammarese War of 1930-1931, when the underworld factions of Salvatore Maranzano and Joe "The Boss" Masseria were battling for control of the New York Mafia, Siegel, with Joe Adonis, Albert Anastasia, and Vito Genovese, shot and killed Masseria on April 15, 1931, in s Coney Island restaurant, while Luciano, who worked for Masseria, hid in the men's room. This was a planned execution created

Bugsy Siegel at the time he arrived in California, embracing the Hollywood lifestyle.

California Mafia boss Jack I. Dragna (1891-1957); his gambling rackets were taken over by Siegel.

Bugsy Siegel with his film star friend George Raft, who introduced the gangster to his Hollywood friends; Raft patterned his acting style after New York gangster Joe Adonis.

Countess Dorothy di Frasso, with film stars Clark Gable and Richard Barthelmess; she fell in love with Siegel, introducing him to Hollywood hierarchy, financing a Siegel treasure hunt to Cocos Island and planning with Siegel the assassination of Italian dictator Benito Mussolini.

Film actress Wendy Barrie, one of Siegel's many Hollywood steady dates.

Film starlet Marie "The Body" McDonald, one of Siegel's Hollywood paramours at the time the gangster thought he might become a film actor and financed his own screen test.

by Luciano to appease Maranzano, enhance his own mob standing, and bring the gang war to an end.

The Masseria murder, committed by four mob bosses, established Siegel as a preeminent gangster in New York. He went on, under Lansky's supervision, to work with Murder, Inc., a troop of Jewish gangsters who served as killers-for-hire and who enforced the newly-born crime syndicate's edicts. Murder, Inc. flourished for more than a decade, under the direction of Louis "Lepke" Buchalter and Albert Anastasia. Siegel, a charming, handsome man who easily ingratiated himself with politicians and important social contacts, was used as a sort of ambassador of the syndicate during the early 1930s, being sent to Philadelphia and Miami to coordinate syndicate takeovers of local mobs and rackets. Those who opposed this arrangement were either killed by Siegel or his troop of Murder, Inc. killers, particularly Siegel's one-time bodyguard, Abe "Kid Twist" Reles.

During this period, Siegel was arrested on minor charges, once in 1932 in Miami, where he was fined $100 for gambling and released, and in the same year in Philadelphia, where he was fined for illegally transporting liquor. At the time, Siegel was accompanying a convoy of trucks carrying bonded whiskey smuggled from Canada and destined for the warehouses of syndicate members in Philadelphia. Siegel was also involved with a half dozen murders of rival gangsters in the war between New York bootleggers Waxey Gordon and Charles "Chink" Sherman.

One of Gordon's top killers, Francis Anthony Fabrizzo, lowered a bomb down the chimney of the Bug and Meyer Mob headquarters on Grand Street in Manhattan in 1934. The resulting explosion injured Siegel and others. After recovering from his wounds, Siegel tracked down Fabrizzo in southwest Brooklyn and shot him to death. The Bug and Meyer Mob then briefly became aligned with the forces of Dutch Schultz. Siegel, Reles, and others shot and killed Brooklyn loan sharks and rival gangsters, Joseph "Joey" Amberg and Louis "Pretty" Amberg.

When Luciano siphoned off Schultz's rackets with the help of Abe "Bo" Weinberg, Schultz's top lieutenant, Siegel personally took vengeance on behalf of Schultz by driving Weinberg to Brooklyn one night in 1935 and clubbing him over the head before stabbing him repeatedly in the stomach and killing him. (Siegel stabbed Weinberg in this fashion so that the stomach would not inflate and bring Weinberg's body to the surface after it was dumped into the East River.) This

The tempestuous Virginia Hill, the mob girl who banked millions for the crime syndicate, fell in love with Siegel and deserted him when she learned that he was to be murdered.

Siegel in 1940, when he began to develop large scale drug smuggling from Mexico.

gruesome murder was particularly ironic because Weinberg had been a boyhood friend of Siegel's in Hell's Kitchen, and Siegel had told Weinberg to turn over some of Schultz's rackets to Luciano while Schultz was being tried for income tax evasion in upstate New York, a trial in which the gang bosses expected the Dutchman to be convicted. When Schultz was acquitted, the Weinberg murder was Luciano's way of apologizing to Schultz for prematurely stealing his rackets, or so one report stated.

By 1937, Siegel was a much-wanted man, a price put on his head by several rival gangsters for various underworld killings he had committed. The national crime cartel, chiefly his mentor, Lansky, decided that Siegel should move west, allowing him to flee the vengeance of other mobsters, and more importantly, to develop syndicate rackets in southern California.

Jack I. Dragna and his brothers controlled most of the gambling operations in that area, and upon Siegel's arrival in Los Angeles, a national wire service was established, hooked up to all of Dragna's gambling dens and bookie parlors. A large portion of the proceeds were funneled back east to syndicate coffers controlled by Lansky, the cartel's banker.

Siegel spent more than $500,000 of syndicate money setting up the national wire service, which was operated by Moses Annenberg, for the mob. But the investment reaped enormous profits. The syndicate, in return for this service, took more than $8 million each year from all West Coast gambling operations. Siegel cut a dashing, handsome figure in the Hollywood scene. He rented a mansion owned by opera singer Lawrence Tibbett and moved his wife Esther (Krakower) and two daughters, Millicent and Barbara, to the Coast, although Siegel was anything but a faithful husband.

He had many affairs and lady friends in Hollywood, including Ketti Gallian, the French ingenue, and, later actresses Wendy Barrie and Marie "The Body" McDonald. One of Siegel's boyhood chums, George Raft, who had once been a bootlegger working for Waxey Gordon and for Siegel in New York before going to Hollywood to become a star in gangster films (and who based his movie persona on the slick appearance and traits of New York crime boss Joe Adonis), introduced Siegel to Hollywood high society.

Through Raft, Siegel met the social lioness of the era, Countess Dorothy Dendice Taylor di Frasso, who fell madly in love with the rugged gangster. The countess, in turn, intro-

Frankie Carbo helped Siegel murder Harry Greenberg in 1939.

Allie Tannenbaum testified against Siegel in the Greenberg murder.

Siegel with attorney Byron Hanna (left) and (shaking hands with) criminal lawyer Jerry Giesler, following his acquittal on charges of murdering Harry Greenberg.

The Flamingo Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas, Nevada, Siegel's fantastic dream and fatal fiasco.

Virginia Hill's mansion at 810 N. Linden Drive, Beverly Hills, where Siegel was murdered, reportedly by Frankie Carbo.

The end of Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel, shot to death, a bullet blowing out his left eye, on the night of June 20, 1947.

duced Siegel to movie stars Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, and dozens of others. Siegel also met movie moguls Jack Warner (who was terrified of him), Harry Cohn, and Louis B. Mayer. Siegel later used these movie mogul contacts to extort millions from studios. Through his mobster stooges, Willie Bioff and George Browne, he threatened to close theaters nationwide by calling their syndicate-controlled projectionist union to strike, unless their payoff demands were met.

Then Siegel met a green-eyed, auburn-haired beauty, Virginia Hill, who had run away from her impoverished Alabama home to Chicago as a teenager and who had become a syndicate courier, carrying huge amounts of money from one collection point to another, and even flying regularly to Europe to make staggering deposits in foreign banks where syndicate millions were secreted. The pair developed a deep but tempestuous love affair and aided each other in various rackets. Virginia Hill traveled to Mexico to establish Siegel's first important contacts with hard drug traffickers, and by 1940, Siegel was smuggling millions of dollars worth of heroin and opium into the U.S. from Mexico. The drugs were then distributed throughout the country by syndicate peddlers.

Hill was also a notorious blackmailer, who gleaned considerable payoffs from Hollywood stars and magnates to keep their private vices secret. The mob woman lived as richly and extravagantly as did Siegel, buying a mansion in Beverly Hills and entertaining the cream of Hollywood society. Siegel referred to his volatile paramour as "the bait," to his "shark." He had many love affairs, but he always returned to Hill, the only woman ever to dominate his emotions.

Siegel's lifestyle in Hollywood was grandiose. He spent $5,000 an evening entertaining stars and local politicians and twice that much each day betting at Santa Anita racetrack, where his long shot wagers always seemed to pay off. Or, at least, on his income tax forms he reported himself as a "sportsman," claiming to earn his living from legitimate gambling. Though he had trysts with many women, Siegel oddly held onto his family, which he kept separate from his affairs. He maintained his residence with his wife and daughters, but was often away, living with Virginia Hill or staying with other women. His sexual appetite was reportedly ravenous.

Siegel, for all his show of being an independent sportsman, remained a tool of the syndicate. Meyer Lansky informed Siegel that Harry "Big Greenie" Greenberg, a one-time Murder, Inc. member, had fled to the West Coast and was about to turn police informer. In a terse phone call, Lansky ordered Siegel to "take care of this guy." A few nights later, on November 22, 1939, Siegel, accompanied by Frankie Carbo, Whitey Krakower, and Allie Tannenbaum, trapped and killed Greenberg on a Los Angeles street. Krakower returned to the East Coast where he, too, had decided to turn informer, according to later reports by Lansky. Siegel flew to New York and hunted Krakower down on a Brooklyn street, shooting him to death on July 31, 1940.

Siegel was later tried for the Greenberg killing, but was ably defended by Hollywood lawyer Jerry Giesler and was acquitted. At the time of his trial, newspapers publicized the gangster as "Bugsy" Siegel, which infuriated him more than the murder indictment. He hated the name "Bugsy," a nickname from his youth, based upon his bursts of lunatic rage and his recklessness in killing gang rivals. Though he admonished all who used the moniker, the name Bugsy clung to Siegel beyond the grave.

Moe Sedway, Siegel's boyhood friend, took over the Flamingo on the night of Bugsy's murder, knowing in advance from Meyer Lansky that Siegel would be killed.

By the mid-1940s, Siegel began to develop an idea for a grand gambling casino in the small desert town of Las Vegas, Nevada. Using $1 million of his own funds and about $5 million of syndicate money advanced by Luciano and Lansky, Siegel began construction of the first super gambling casino and hotel, the lavish Flamingo Hotel ("Flamingo" was Siegel's pet name for Virginia Hill). Siegel commuted between Las Vegas and Los Angeles throughout 1946-1947 while the construction of his dream casino ensued.

More and more Siegel left the day-to-day chores of running syndicate gambling and narcotics operations to his brainless aides, like gun-happy Mickey Cohen. He installed his old friend, Moe Sedway, as manager of the hotel and began spending time in Hollywood watching his friend, George Raft, make movies. Once, while visiting Raft on a movie set, where the star

Virginia Hill (born September 26, 1916), shown with her husband Hans and son Peter in Switzerland, where she lived in exile; she was reportedly haunted by the nightmare of Siegel's murder and, at the age of forty-nine, committed suicide by swallowing twenty-eight sleeping pills while lying on a snowbank in March 1966.

was working, Siegel snorted that he, Benjamin Siegel, could act just as well as Raft before the cameras. In fact, acting had been a lifetime secret ambition of the gangster's. He believed that he could become a movie star if given the right opportunity, but no producer ever stepped forth to offer him a contract.

As Siegel's investment money began to run low, he hurried contractor Del Webb, telling him to finish as soon as possible. Siegel was beginning to feel pressure from Luciano for a return on syndicate money. Webb, on many occasions, overheard Siegel barking orders to have this person "fixed" or that person "taken care of." Noticing the contractor's apprehension one day, Siegel gave Webb his boyish, toothy grin and stated: "Don't worry, Del. We only kill each other," a line that summed up the gangster credo of the U.S.

The opening of the Flamingo did not go well. Most of the Hollywood celebrities Siegel invited to the premiere opening failed to appear, although George Raft and some minor stars were on hand. The public was curious, but failed to appear in the droves Siegel had predicted. He told his eastern syndicate mob bosses that promotion and publicity were needed to establish the reputation of the new gambling center of the U.S. This news angered syndicate bosses in the east, particularly Luciano, who had been deported to his native Italy following World War II, and who had secretly flown to Havana, Cuba, in mid-1947 to confer with his U.S. syndicate associates.

Luciano reportedly phoned Siegel from this meeting and demanded that he immediately return the $5 million syndicate loan with substantial interest. Siegel, who no longer thought of himself as a vassal to the eastern bosses, but a crime czar in his own right, and an equal to the powerful Luciano, told Luciano to "go to hell!" and that he would pay the loans off in his "own good time." He hung up on Luciano, who then met with Meyer Lansky, Siegel's mentor, telling Lansky that "Ben must be hit and there will be no arguments."

Lansky called Lou Rothkopf, a syndicate chief in Cleveland, and told Rothkopf to contact Mickey Cohen and order Cohen to "stay next to Ben night and day" to guard him against the assassins he knew Luciano would send. Lansky also, according to another account, called Siegel and begged him to make peace with Luciano and try to pay off a portion of the syndicate loans. Siegel ignored the plea.

On the night of June 20, 1947, Siegel went to the Beverly Hills home of Virginia Hill with an associate, Allen Smiley. As the two sat in the elegant living room of the mansion, a Luciano killer aimed a 30.30 rifle through the front window of the mansion and sent three bullets into the handsome head of 41-

A gangster out of a job: Mickey Cohen (1913-76), who was Siegel's top lieutenant, was ousted by the crime syndicate; he vainly bragged that he would track down and kill Bugsy's murderer.

year-old Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel, blowing away his left eye, and killing him instantly.

At the time Virginia Hill was conveniently away on a European trip. She did not attend Siegel's funeral, nor did any of his other Hollywood friends, including George Raft, who was suddenly bedridden with an asthma attack. Siegel was buried in an elegant marbled vault reportedly paid for by Meyer Lansky. Siegel's dream of a posh gambling city, Las Vegas, rising out of the desert, became a reality within a decade.

"THE MAD HATTER"/1930s-1950s

The gory 1947 murder of the flamboyant Bugsy Siegel was undoubtedly performed by killers under the direction of Albert Anastasia (Umberto Anastasio; c.1903-1957; AKA: The Mad Hatter; Lord High Executioner; Big Al). It was Anastasia who supervised the syndicate hit squads that had been salvaged and revamped from the ruins of the old Murder, Inc. troops once led by Meyer Lansky and Bugsy Siegel, then Louis "Lepke" Buchalter. When Buchalter was sent to the electric chair in 1944, Anastasia became the head of the syndicate's enforcing arm, a grim post that he relished.

One of the most ruthless killers of American organized crime, Anastasia was the mob's top exterminator. He personally murdered at least fifty or more persons and was responsible, as head of Murder, Inc., the syndicate's execution squad located in Brooklyn, New York, for the killing of hundreds, perhaps thousands of victims for four decades. He was of middle height and carried extra weight that was mostly muscle since he worked out regularly. His hands were enormous and anyone hit with his fists invariably reported broken bones. His face was fleshy. His large, bulbous nose boomed over thin lips and Anastasia's eyes, were usually narrowed to a suspicious squint, darting about wildly when he became excited and this was usually before he ordered someone murdered.

Anastasia was born in Tropea, Italy, on February 26, 1903 (or 1902, records vary; some reports have his birthplace in Calabria). In 1917, shortly before the U.S. entry into World War I, Anastasia and his eight brothers immigrated from Italy to the United States, the 14-year-old Albert slipping onto a Brooklyn dock in the dead of night, without shoes, and hiding with a relative until he could find work.

A strapping boy, Anastasia was given a job on the docks and was a longshoreman by age sixteen, working alongside his brother Anthony. Anastasia was also active in a brutal Brooklyn gang, which preyed on women, robbing and raping them. Early on he decided to change his name from Anastasio to Anastasia to avoid bringing shame upon his family and being identified with them when he was mentioned in newspapers as a gangster, or so the story goes. But his brother Tony kept the original family name and went on to become one of the leading racketeers controlling the Brooklyn docks twenty years later, working under the direction of his bully-boy brother Albert.

Anastasia quickly came under the wing of Brooklyn gang boss, Joe Adonis, and it was through Adonis and his fabulous bootleg wealth that Anastasia was able to set up his own fledgling gang of bootleggers and killers at the dawn of Prohibition. By this time, Anastasia had been credited with killing at least five men in gangland wars over bootleg territories in Brooklyn. He made a mistake, however, when he boldly murdered a fellow longshoreman, one Joe Torino, in 1920, in a dispute over the right to unload ships with precious cargoes.

There were several witnesses to this killing, when the powerful Anastasia stabbed and strangled his victim. He was convicted and sentenced to death. Anastasia lingered on death row in Sing Sing for eighteen months, but he won a new trial, when the witnesses reversed their statements. After the witnesses suddenly vanished, the killer was released. Of course, Anastasia's gang members saw to it that the witnesses disappeared.

Albert Anastasia cherished the life-and-death power he wielded as head of Murder, Inc.

Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, Anastasia's boss, until executed in 1944; Anastasia then took over Murder, Inc.

Abe "Kid Twist" Reles, one of Anastasia's most ruthless executioners; he would later inform on Murder, Inc.

District Attorney William O'Dwyer and assistant Burton B. Turkus, who smashed Murder, Inc. and exposed the grisly operations of the U.S. crime syndicate in 1940, although FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover denied the existence of this organization for the next thirty years.

Upon his release, Anastasia became Adonis' right-hand enforcer, threatening and beating up saloon keepers reluctant to peddle Adonis beer and liquor, extorting money from local shopkeepers for protection, and organizing the longshoremen into unions, which came early under gangster control. In addition, Anastasia and Meyer Lansky put together a group of killers in the late 1920s. These utterly ruthless thugs formed the gang which later became known as Murder, Inc. Anastasia or, most probably the inventive Lansky, invented a whole new vocabulary for these killers so that when they spoke in public or over the phone references to their murders would be misunderstood.

A "contract" was an agreement to murder someone, the victim was a "hit," and members of the killer group belonged to "the troop." Anastasia's killers were the most cold-blooded executioners in the grim annals of American crime. They included Harry "Pittsburgh Phil" Strauss, Harry "Happy" Maione, Abe "Kid Twist" Reles, Frank "The Dasher" Abbandando, Seymour "Blue Jaw" Magoon, Martin "Bugsy" Goldstein, and Allie Tannenbaum. These men were recruited early in their careers as apprentice bootleggers and strong-arm thugs who had small gangs that were later absorbed into the Adonis combine.

Though Anastasia's top bosses in years to come—Adonis, Luciano, Lucchese, ManganoBwere either Sicilian or, like himself, Italian, Anastasia paid his allegiance to Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, the shrewd Jewish gangster who, with Jacob "Gurrah" Shapiro, had taken over the garment workers' unions and who supervised Anastasia's stranglehold on the stevedore unions. Buchalter was also one of the architects for Murder, Inc.

Anastasia was also enamored of other Jewish gangsters, Meyer Lansky and his sleek strong-arm lieutenant, Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel. The Jewish killers in Murder, Inc., Strauss, Tannenbaum, and others were recommended by Lepke, who was Anastasia's nominal boss when it came to the overall operations of the group. Anastasia's loyalty and dedication to Lepke, later caused the Sicilian-Italian faction of the syndicate to consider Anastasia a maverick and untrustworthy as a member of their inner circle.

Anastasia was a key member of the national crime cartel from its inception. He was present at the historic 1929 Atlantic City convention of mobsters, who came from all over the United States. Anastasia was also involved in the deadly Castellammarese War in New York between the gangland factions of Joe "The Boss" Masseria and Salvatore Maranzano. Though he fought with the Masseria side, Anastasia was one of the four gangsters, who killed Joe the Boss in Coney Island in 1931, and it was he that administered the *coup de grace* to Masseria, while his fellow murderers, Bugsy Siegel, Vito Genovese, and Joe Adonis stood by admiringly, the killing performed at Luciano's orders. This display of cold-blooded willingness to murder established, for Anastasia, a fearsome reputation among his own peers, one which implanted respect and apprehension among them.

There was no one Anastasia feared on either side of the law. When Dutch Schultz went before the syndicate board in 1935 and insisted that New York District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey be murdered because of the pressure he was exerting on the Dutchman's illegal enterprises, Anastasia listened intently. He then staked out Dewey's Fifth Avenue apartment for four days, posing as a loving father, walking up and down the block with a small child he borrowed for the job, either pushing the child in a baby carriage or having the small boy peddle next to him on a tricycle, according to varying reports. Anastasia later reported to the syndicate leaders that Dewey was poorly guarded and that he could be murdered "without too much trouble."

It never occurred to the killer that murdering Dewey would bring down incredible heat upon the newly born syndicate. Anastasia approached the idea as merely another job and he had satisfied himself that it could be accomplished. His limited vision proved to be the very reason why he was always held in disdain by the hierarchy of the national crime cartel. Yet he was essential to the syndicate as its chief enforcer and because he wielded such dangerous power through

his control of Murder, Inc., he held syndicate boss status throughout his life. Schultz's plan to kill Dewey did not materialize, however; he himself was murdered on orders of Luciano, Lepke Buchalter, the nominal chairmen of the syndicate board.

Anastasia's devotion to Lepke was almost childlike. He thought Buchalter was an intellectual genius, the cleverest man on the syndicate board, and he took it upon himself to protect the diminutive Lepke at all costs. When both New York and federal officers were searching for Buchalter in the late 1930s, it was Anastasia who provided him with a hidden sanctuary through his Murder, Inc. associates. But it was also Anastasia, who convinced Lepke to turn himself into authorities, telling Buchalter that a deal had been made, where Lepke would serve time in a federal prison and not be turned over to New York to face a murder charge and possible electrocution in Sing Sing, which is exactly what happened to Buchalter in 1944.

It was later claimed that Anastasia had been told by other syndicate leaders, chiefly Luciano, who at the time was in prison, that the prolonged search for Lepke had caused too much police heat on syndicate operations and that Buchalter should be persuaded, by a man he would trust, to turn himself in. That man, of course, was Anastasia, who, some believe, knew that once Buchalter was in federal custody he would be turned over to New York authorities and eventually go to the electric chair, a fate decreed by Luciano who resented Lepke's authority and feared his power through Anastasia.

In 1940, when Brooklyn District Attorney Burton B. Turkus suddenly found several members of Murder, Inc. willing to turn state's evidence, Anastasia, too, went into hiding. Reles and others implicated him in several murders and named him as their boss in their murder-for-profit organization. Albert Tannenbaum stated to Turkus that Anastasia ran afoul of a crusading longshoreman named Peter Pant, who had begun a campaign to clean up the Brooklyn waterfront in 1939, and an enraged Anastasia personally garroted and buried the labor leader in quicklime.

Tannenbaum instructed Turkus where to find the body, which was dug up in Lyndhurst, New Jersey. Tannenbaum's statements were supported by Kid Twist. Reles, however, never lived long enough to testify in court against Anastasia. On November 12, 1941, Reles was pushed to his death from a six-story hotel room (Room 623) window of the Half Moon Hotel in Coney Island, even though he was being "guarded" at that time by a number of New York policemen assigned to

Murder, Inc. killer Frank "The Dasher" Abbandando (Abbundando; 1910-42), executed at Sing.

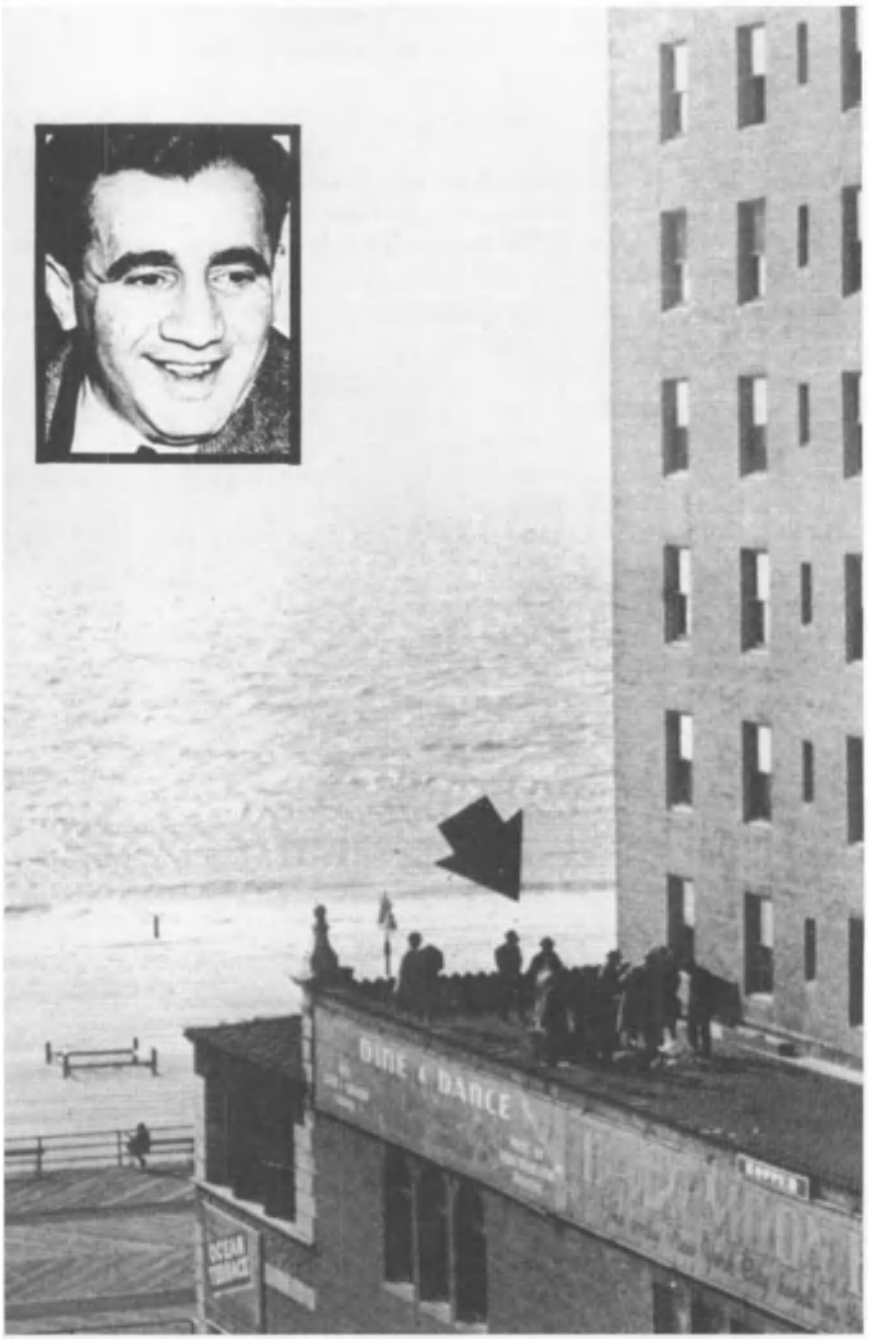
Murder, Inc. killer Harry "Happy" Maione, executed in Sing's electric chair in 1942.

Murder Inc.'s top contract killer, Harry "Pittsburgh Phil" Strauss (1908-41), executed at Sing.

Maione (left) and Abbandando (right) at their murder trial, May 8, 1940, glaring at Abe "Kid Twist" Reles, then testifying against them and detailing their gruesome murders.

Pittsburgh Phil Strauss is shown in a Brooklyn, New York jail cell, awaiting his murder trial, August 7, 1940.

Murder Inc. killer Seymour "Blue Jaw" Magoon.



Revenge: November 12, 1941: Detectives (arrow) stand upon a lower roof of Coney Island's Half Moon Hotel, around the body of Murder, Inc. informer Abe "Kid Twist" Reles (inset), who either jumped or was pushed from his hotel room while supposedly being guarded by a half dozen NYPD cops.

protect the informer. At this time, Albert Anastasia went into even deeper hiding, finding a place where no police official would ever think to look for him, the U.S. Army.

The arch killer enlisted in the army in 1942 both to avoid Turkus' investigators as well as to sidestep any future move to have him deported to his native Italy. Though his criminal record and gangster background was well known, Anastasia was nevertheless accepted by the army and he was attached to the Eighty-Eighth Division at Camp Forrest, Tennessee, where he rose to the rank of sergeant. Because of his army service, Anastasia was allowed to become a naturalized citizen in 1943, thus making sure he could never be sent out of the country. Contrary to gangland myth that Albert Anastasia was sent overseas, where he saw action and became a hero under gunfire, the syndicate boss remained in the United States throughout the duration of the war.

Though his unit went overseas, Anastasia reportedly bribed some minor officials and was allowed to remain be-

Arnold Schuster turned in bank robber Willie "The Actor" Sutton, and was murdered on orders of Anastasia after seeing Schuster interviewed on TV.

hind at Town Gap, Pennsylvania, where he supervised a small army transportation center. Following the war, Anastasia paraded about Brooklyn in his uniform, sporting medals he had purchased in a pawnshop and hinting darkly of the many heroic deeds he had performed on the battlefield. Nothing could be further from the truth. He was, as in civilian life, a coward who was terrified of facing an armed, alert enemy. The myth that Anastasia was a war hero was perpetuated by his henchmen, and even his enemies in the Mafia-syndicate, such as Vito Genovese, came to believe the fabricated war stories.

To create a legitimate front for his dock racketeering, Anastasia had his brother Tony hire him as a foreman in the late 1940s. He made an occasional appearance along the Brooklyn docks to grunt a few orders and then returned to supervising his lucrative gambling, narcotics, and prostitution rackets, which Anastasia had extended into New Jersey, where he would eventually relocate. Much of the crime empire Anastasia ruled, as one of the five Mafia family members in New York, was inherited from Luciano. The broad territories in Manhattan and Brooklyn that Luciano had once overlorded, fell under the authority of Philip and Vincent Mangano after Luciano was deported to Italy in 1946. Frank Costello (1891-1973) was the underboss of this Mafia family, a position Vito Genovese had held in the early 1930s, until he fled to Sicily in 1934 to avoid a murder charge.

Genovese returned to the United States following World War II and schemed to recover his former position, but he had to contend with Anastasia, who looked with a covetous eye on the Mangano domain. First, Anastasia ordered Philip Mangano murdered on April 19, 1951, and when Vincent Mangano disappeared later in that year, Anastasia took over. (He is credited with having abducted Mangano, who was tortured for information about his operations and murdered once he talked.) This was not done without Luciano's approval.

Although Luciano had been deported to his native Italy after World War II, he was still the top member of the American syndicate, ruling from his Italian exile. When Luciano secretly left Italy in 1949 and visited Cuba, a steady stream of American gangsters flew to Havana to pay homage to the boss of bosses. Anastasia appeared and held a secret conference with Luciano, and it was at this time, federal agents believe, that Luciano gave his approval for the elimination of Vincent Mangano. Anastasia would never have eradicated a Mafia family boss without the blessing of the boss of bosses.

As a Mafia don, however, Anastasia displayed an erratic, explosive nature and found it impossible to check his mercurial, murderous temperament. When watching a TV news show

The body of Arnold Schuster, March 8, 1952; Schuster was killed for doing what he thought to be his civic duty by identifying a wanted criminal; he was murdered on a public street at Anastasia's specific order as a warning to others thinking to identify underworld members.

His head bandaged and blood staining his $500 suit, Frank Costello is shown on May 14, 1957, after narrowly missing his own assassination, which had been ordered by Anastasia.

Anastasia (left), shown with his lawyer, only weeks before his murder was scheduled by the retaliating Costello and other syndicate-Mafia leaders, especially Vito Genovese.

Left: Vincent "The Chin" Gigante, who fired the bullet that only grazed the head of crime boss Frank Costello; Gigante, a Greenwich Village thug, later became head one of New York's Mafia families.

one day in 1952, Anastasia saw Arnold Schuster, an amateur sleuth, who had identified the much-wanted bank robber Willie "The Actor" Sutton on a New York subway and informed police, which had led to Sutton' s arrest. While Schuster was being interviewed, Anastasia leaped from his chair and shouted to his goons, "I can't stand squealers! Hit that guy!"

Schuster was murdered, according to the orders of the Mad Hatter, on March 8, 1952. When news of this mob murder reached the ears of Vito Genovese, the calculating Mafia don began to spread the word that Anastasia was unstable, a thug murderer. who did not deserve the high rank he had achieved in the syndicate. Genovese also wooed the loyalties of Carlo Gambino, who served as Anastasia's underboss and Gambino, in turn, persuaded his good friend Joseph Profaci, a Mafia family boss, to oppose Anastasia at every turn, siding with Genovese.

Standing between these factions, however, was Frank Costello, the so-called Prime Minister of Organized Crime. Costello, along with Meyer Lansky, was the financial guardian of Luciano's old rackets and an avowed enemy of the scheming Don Vitone. Genovese spread the word that Anastasia had attempted to bully his way into controlling some of the

Albert Anastasia's body on the floor of the barbershop in New York's Park Sheraton Hotel, October 25, 1957; his death was decreed by syndicate leader Vito Genovese and reportedly carried out by a "hit team" from the Carlo Gambino crime family.

lucrative gambling casinos in Cuba, which were controlled by Meyer Lansky and Frank Costello and who were in league with the then military dictator of the island, Fulgencio Batista. The Mad Hatter had been rebuffed and was now plotting against his former ally, Costello, claimed Genovese.

When on the night of May 14, 1957, Costello was entering his swank Manhattan apartment building when a lumbering, fat young hoodlum, later identified as Vincent "The Chin" Gigante, stood outside the building and shouted at the gang chief from some thirty yards distant: "This is for you, Frank!" With that he fired a single shot and then fled. The bullet only grazed Costello's head and the Prime Minister survived. Gigante was identified by the doorman of the apartment building, but was later tried and acquitted, when Costello refused to identify him as his would-be killer. The word through Mafia enclaves had it that this had been the work of Anastasia; that he had hired Gigante, a Greenwich Village thug, paying him $500 to murder Costello, but that Gigante had botched the job.

Costello himself believed this tale and agreed with Genovese and other Mafia dons that the Mad Hatter had to be eliminated. It was Genovese, of course, who had hired Gigante, instructing him to purposely miss Costello so that the gang chief could legitimately seek and get his vengeance against Anastasia. That vengeance was reaped shortly after 10:15 a.m. on October 25, 1957, when Anastasia walked into the barbershop of New York's Park Sheraton Hotel. He waved at the shop owner, Arthur Grasso, as he sat down in the deep leather of chair four.

Joe Bocchino, who had been cropping Anastasia's short, curly hair for years, covered him with the candy striped barber's cloth and began to clip at the gang boss' hair, while a manicurist sat next to the chair and worked on the Mad Hatter's fingernails. Jimmy, the shoeshine boy, began to slap brown polish on the gangster's wing-tipped shoes. Two short, squat men wearing fedoras and aviator sun glasses then entered the shop and pulled .38-caliber revolvers, waving the shop people away from chair four. As they scattered in fright, both men began to blast at the seated figure.

Anastasia had been dozing in the chair, his eyes closed. They popped open just before the first shot was fired. The gang boss raised his left hand as if to shield his head from the bullet which tore through the palm. Two more bullets smashed his left wrist and entered his hip. Anastasia let out a roar and struggled to get out of the chair, reaching, some reports later said, for a gun that he no longer wore. Bullets crashed into the barber's shelf in front of the chair, splintering bottles of hair tonic. Another bullet struck Anastasia in the back as he stood upright for a moment, the barber's cloth still clinging to him.

Anastasia sank to the floor, and one of the gunmen calmly walked up to the prone figure and fired a bullet into the back of his head, a *coup de grace* identical to the shot Anastasia had fired into the head of Joe "The Boss" Masseria in 1931. Their gruesome task completed, the two gunmen raced for the door and vanished. They were never apprehended, but gangland consensus had it that the murder had been carried out by Larry and Joe Gallo, who had received a "contract" from Don Vitone Genovese. Another report stated that the hit was ordered by Genovese, but that Mafia don Carlo Gambino sanctioned the murder and it was Gambino who directed fellow Mafia don Joe Profaci to provide his top killers, the Gallo brothers, to execute Anastasia.

Carmine Persico, Jr., later a Colombo underboss, bragged that he killed Anastasia. Another tale—and these are endless in the police precinct houses and bars of New York—insists that an assassination team organized by Joseph "Joe the Blonde" Biondo, a Gambino underboss, killed Anastasia, the actual shootist being Stephen Grammauta, alias Stevie Coogan, then a 40-year-old drug pusher for the mob, who was convicted and sent to prison for heroin trafficking in 1955 and who, incredibly, emerged in his eighties as a Gambino capo in the 1990s, according to FBI reports. Accompanying Grammauta into the barbershop to execute Anastasia, this story reports, were two other middle-aged men from Biondo's crew, 57-year-old Stephen Armone and 53-year-old Arnold "Witty" Wittenberg, also drug pushers.

There was no typical mobster funeral for Albert Anastasia, with massive floral wreaths and a long motorcade of limousines packed with black-suited gangsters. The ceremony was simple and was attended by his family members, including his union-mobster brother, Anthony "Tough Tony" Anastasio (1906-1963), who controlled the Brooklyn waterfront from the 1940s and was vice president of the International Longshoremen's Association. Mafia dons feared that Anastasio might launch reprisals for the murder of his brother, but he prudently declined to pursue any vendettas. Anastasio died of a heart attack on March 1, 1963. Anastasia's wife, Elsa, who married the arch killer in 1937 at age nineteen after moving from Canada to New York, refused to believe any of the terrible stories about her wealthy husband. She insisted that he was a good family man, who worked hard to support his family and maintain their lavish home in Fort Lee, New Jersey.

Mrs. Anastasia claimed that her dutiful husband never drank, only smoked cigarettes and that he was usually home by 9 p.m. He often took the children to see movies, she said, and liked to take the family to visit the homes of friends. "I never heard him say a bad word in front of me or the children,"

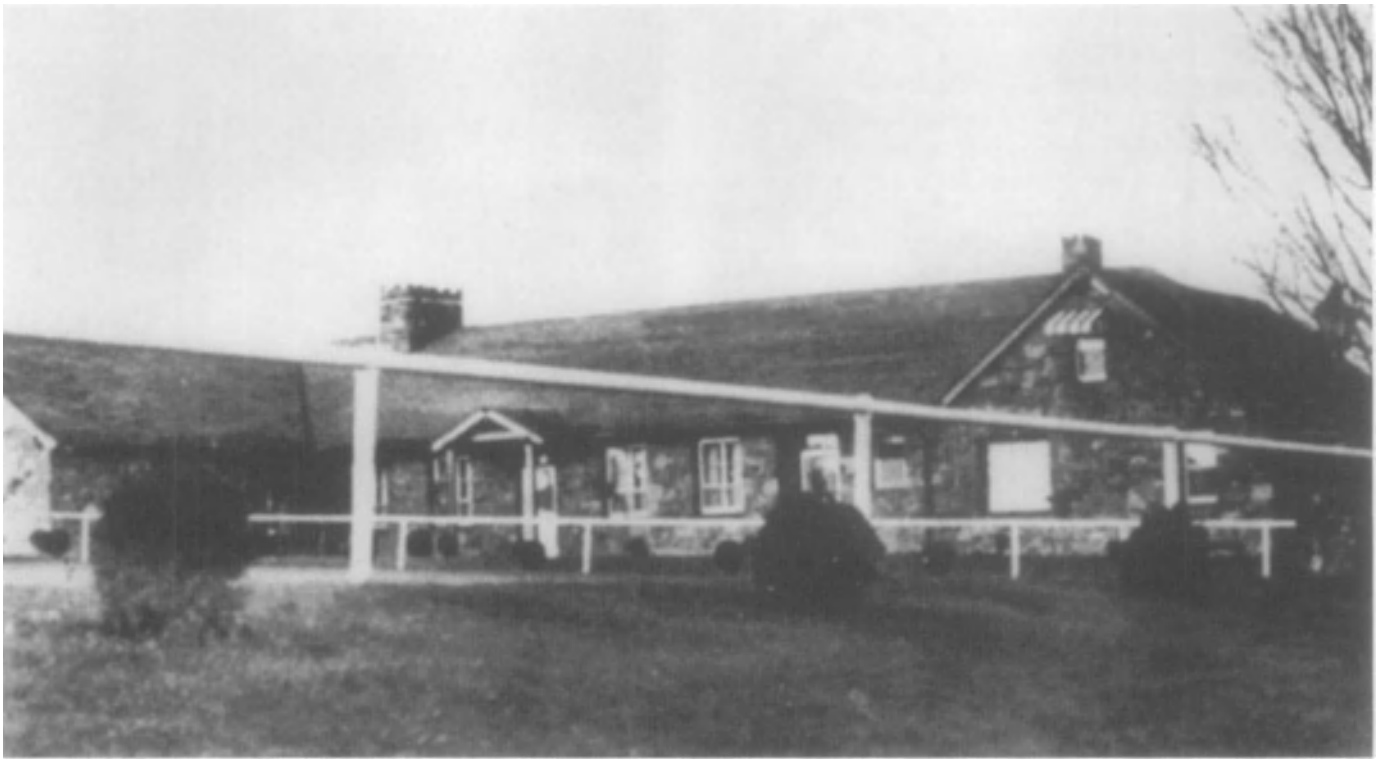
Anastasia's body is removed from the Park Sheraton; his wife later complained that even though her husband made church donations, Catholic prelates refused to consecrate his burial ground.

Elsa Anastasia told one writer. "He never spoke roughly. He used to go to church with me every Sunday. He gave generously to the church. Now he's not even buried in consecrated ground." The Anastasia family sold its U.S. holdings and changed the family name, moving to Canada. The same day Anastasia collapsed into the cuttings of his own hair, Vito Genovese took over the old Luciano Mafia family, through underboss Carlo Gambino, ordering Frank Costello to go into permanent retirement.

THE RUN-FOR-COVER CRIME CONFERENCE/1957

Three weeks after the slaying of Mafia-syndicate kingpin Albert Anastasia, about sixty of the top syndicate leaders from around the U.S. met at the country estate of Joseph M. Barbara near Apalachin, New York. This conference was chiefly called by Vito Genovese, the man who had arranged for Anastasia's death. Barbara, the president of the Canada Dry Bottling Company of Endicott, New York, was born in Castellammare, Sicily, in 1905. He had migrated to the U.S. in 1921 and had been active in the rackets from the mid-1920s. (Unlike some of his rather careless contemporaries, Barbara had had the presence of mind to become a citizen in 1927, thus preventing his deportation back to Sicily in the future.)

Barbara had been a suspect in murder cases in 1932 and 1933 but he was never officially charged. Barbara's only conviction occurred in 1944, when he was convicted of possessing 300,000 pounds of illegal sugar. He had been under surveillance for a number of years, especially after New York State Police had observed several syndicate members visiting



The sprawling estate of Joseph Barbara in Apalachin, New York, where sixty-five top-level Mafia-syndicate leaders met on November 14, 1957, all of them scampering down roads and through woods when police arrived.

Barbara in 1956, the same year in which Barbara held meetings with Joseph Bonanno, John Bonventre, and Frank Garofolo in Binghamton, New York.

When state police learned that Barbara was making reservations for several men in the Apalachin area, two state policemen, Police Sergeant Edgar D. Croswell and Trooper Vincent Vasisko, accompanied by two federal agents of the Alcohol-Tobacco Tax Unit, decided to investigate. These officers drove onto the Barbara estate on November 14, 1957. As soon as the officers were spotted by the mob men in Barbara's large house, they broke for open ground, wildly attempting to escape what they thought would be a mass arrest.

Some of the men ran to cars parked nearby and roared off down several roads leading from the rural estate. Others, dressed in expensively tailored suits, men in their sixties and seventies, ran shakily, wobbly-legged, through the fields and into the woods, tearing their clothes with the underbrush as they ran. Roadblocks were set up and many of the men were stopped in their cars or picked up as they wandered, panting, out of the woods. All of the "conventioneers" (Barbara announced that the meeting was a small Canada Dry convention) carried thick wads of cash, some as much as $10,000, but no wallets, although each driver of every limousine produced a driver's license which they all carried in their shirt pockets.

When the identities of those in attendance were made public, the roster was a shocking who's who of the New York Mafia-syndicate. Barbara's brief guests included Vito Genovese, Carlo Gambino, Joseph Bonanno, Joseph Profaci, Joseph Magliocco, Gerardo (Jerry) Catena, Natale Joseph Evola, Michele Miranda, Carmine Lombardozzi, John Ormento, Joseph Riccobono, Paul Castellano, Alfred Rava.

Some of those present had traveled considerable distances and represented far flung fiefdoms of the syndicate. These included Santo Trafficante, Jr., then running a casino for the mob in Havana, Cuba, and later the crime boss of Florida; Gabriel Mannarino from Pennsylvania; Frank DiSimone, head of the Los Angeles Mafia; James Civello, boss of the Dallas syndicate; James Colletti, Colorado crime boss; Frank Zito, boss of southern Illinois; John Scalish, Cleveland's Mafia overlord; Joseph Ida, crime czar of Philadelphia.

Chicago had been represented by Sam Giancana, but Momo had managed to elude police in the woodlands and somehow escape the dragnet, according to one reliable report. The panic exhibited by these men during the impromptu raid caused Cosa Nostra informant Joseph Valachi to sneeringly remark, "If soldiers [low-level mobsters] got arrested in a meet like that, you can imagine what the bosses would have done. There they are, running through the woods like rabbits, throwing away money so they won't be caught with a lot of cash, and some of them throwing away guns. So who are they kidding when they say we got to respect them?"

Though none of those notorious crime bosses were charged after they had been discovered fleeing the Barbara estate, their names were made public and headlines across the country shouted speculations of the summit meeting of the Mafia. The reasons for the meeting, according to Joe Valachi and others, had to do with the pecking order of the national syndicate, chiefly the restructuring of the five New York families. Carlo Gambino, who had been the underboss to the murdered Albert Anastasia, was to be officially recognized as the head of the Anastasia family.

Gambino (who reportedly was the role model of Vito Corleone in Puzo's Mafia novel, *The Godfather*) had conspired with his lieutenant, Joseph (Joe Bandy) Biondo to have

Joseph Barbara, who hosted the ill-fated crime conference.

Mafia don Vito Genovese ran through woods to escape the police.

Brooklyn Mafia don Joseph Profaci, caught in the police dragnet.

Joseph Magliocco (1898-1963), Profaci underboss, caught by police.

Joseph "Joe Bananas" Bonanno made a running escape into the trees.

Chicago Mafia don Sam "Momo" Giancana, who also ran from police.

Michael (Michele) Miranda arrives at a New York courtroom to answer questions about the Apalachin meeting; he claimed it was a "social" gathering.

Anastasia killed, one account stated, responding to pressure from Vito Genovese who wanted Anastasia out of the way so that he could exercise supreme gang rule in New York. Furthermore, the enclave members were present to anoint Genovese himself as a Mafia family head and absolve him of planning Anastasia's killing, which concerned no one in Apalachin anyway since all present feared or hated the kill-crazy Anastasia.

Anthony Anastasio, the slain Anastasia's brother (the difference in spelling had been intentional by Anastasia, to protect his family's good name, he once claimed), angered over the killing, informed Justice Department officials that the bosses had met in Apalachin to establish a hit list of disobedi-

ent soldiers, as well as a discussion on whether or not to murder several federal narcotics agents who had been making life difficult for the syndicate. Though a vote was never taken before the state police interrupted the procedures it was felt by most of the older Mafia leaders, the majority present in Barbara's home, that drug trafficking was ruining the structure of the long-established crime cartel and bringing federal and local police heat down upon other lucrative rackets that would have been otherwise left alone. Many of the older dons thought to actually outlaw drug traffic and to put out a standing order that anyone in the syndicate peddling drugs would be killed. This report, however, is more in keeping with the mythical Mafia as portrayed in the film *The Godfather* than the money-lusting, conscienceless group that met in Apalachin.

The Apalachin enclave did achieve one dramatic effect. The U.S. public became acutely aware of organized crime, and the impetus of the event caused many governmental committees to be established, which probed into crime cartel activities. American citizens, who had thought that gangsters had disappeared with Prohibition or into Warner Brother mobster films, realized that organized crime was bigger and deadlier than ever. The publicized identities of those involved illustrated and endorsed the 1950-1951 crime hearings conducted by Senator Estes Kefauver, investigations that sought to prove that every major American city was linked to another through a criminal organization that was almost as well financed as the federal government.

THE ENDURING BOSS/1940s-1980s

Among those panting gangsters fleeing the disrupted Apalachin Conference was a hawk-nosed, squinty-eyed Chicago gangster named Sam "Momo" Giancana. His presence at the syndicate enclave was as the representative of Chicago's ruling boss, Tony Accardo, who had been running the rackets in the Windy City for more than a decade. Accardo was a product of the old Al Capone regime, having begun his criminal career in the Roaring Twenties as an enforcer for Scarface. Unlike the flamboyant and erratic Giancana, Accardo shunned the limelight. Also unlike Giancana, this quiet-speaking crime boss tried to avoid syndicate murders. He was once quoted as saying: "Every time there is a killing, there is big-time publicity. Then we have our worst enemy in the ring, the press. That's a fight we can't win."

Anthony "Joe Batters" Accardo in 1927, when he was a Capone enforcer.

Anthony Joseph Accardo (1906-1992; AKA: Batters; Big Tuna; Joe Batters; Joe Batty) began his criminal career as a ruthless gunman for Scarface Capone as early as 1922 at the age of sixteen. By the 1950s, he was co-chairman of the board (with Paul "The Waiter" Ricca) of the Chicago Mafia-syndicate. He exercised supreme authority even after he was in semi-retirement in Palm Springs, California in the late 1980s. Son of a Sicilian shoemaker, Accardo was born in Chicago on March 28, 1906.

At left, Paul "The Waiter" Ricca (Felice de Lucia, 1897-1972) took control of the Chicago "Outfit," following the 1943 suicide of Frank Nitti; he is shown fisting with glee on June 10, 1957, upon his acquittal of income tax evasion charges.

At the age of fifteen Accardo received his first police citation, a traffic violation. The following year he was a runner and errand boy for the Torrio-Capone gang, working alongside another young ambitious gangster named Felice De Lucia, who was later known as Paul "The Waiter" Ricca. Both Accardo and Ricca would, at the death of Frank "The Enforcer" Nitti in 1943, run the Chicago mob together with Ricca as the undisputed boss of bosses, until Ricca's semi-retirement in the mid-1950s.

During the mid-1920s, Accardo earned his fierce sobriquet, Joe Batters, because of his ability to wield a baseball bat on those who displeased his bosses, mostly loan-shark victims, who failed to make their weekly payments, and truculent

Accardo in the late 1940s, when he was the underboss to Paul "The Waiter" Ricca.

bar owners, who did not sell enough of the Torrio-Capone brew during Prohibition. He was also known to use a pistol and machine gun with expert effect.

Accardo was regularly arrested during the 1920s for serious offenses and, throughout his career in organized crime, he ran up a string of twenty-seven arrests for carrying concealed weapons, gambling, extortion, kidnapping, and murder. Witnesses to the various mob murders committed by Accardo, according to police reports, disappeared before the gunman could be prosecuted. By the late 1920s, Accardo had been loaned out to Claude Maddox, who ran the Circus Gang of bootleggers and labor terrorists, a satellite of the Capone gang.

Accardo had become so well known in underworld circles as a loyal and fearless gunman that Capone selected him as one of his personal bodyguards, and he worked under the direction of Frank Nitti and, sometimes, Machine Gun Jack McGurn. It was Accardo's job, as a front-line bodyguard, to stop anyone from invading Capone's headquarters, the Lexington Hotel.

Throughout 1928, Accardo was observed by detectives as he sat in the lobby of this hotel with a machine gun in his lap. No policeman thought to walk up to the gangster and arrest him for displaying such lethal rapid-fire weapons, but Capone, at the time, owned most of Chicago's judges and police. When Capone decided to eliminate the gang led by George "Bugs" Moran on Chicago's north side in 1929, he employed Claude Maddox and Accardo to help set up the St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

The car used by the killers, later disguised as a CPD detective squad car, was rented by a man who gave his name as James Morton and police later speculated that this man had been Accardo. The car was kept in a garage rented by another man who gave an address which was later proved to be owned by Maddox. Though some reports claim that Accardo was one of the machine gun killers at the Massacre, the evidence proves otherwise, although he undoubtedly helped McGurn to plan the killing of Moran's seven men.

As Capone began to settle old scores at the close of the 1920s, he used Accardo more and more as his special enforcer. He was listed as a prime suspect in the murders of Joseph Aiello, Jack Zuta, and Michael "Mike de Pike" Heitler. In 1931, the Chicago Crime Commission named Accardo as one of the top twenty-eight public enemies in the city. When Capone went to prison for income tax evasion, his empire in Chicago was run by his lieutenants: Frank "The Enforcer" Nitti, Jake Guzik, and the Fischetti brothers.

Operating under the orders of these mob leaders was a bevy of enforcers that included Accardo, Ricca, and a young psychopathic killer named Sam "Momo" Giancana. They solidified their own positions by overseeing Capone's many rackets. Accardo concentrated on gambling, supervising Capone-established clubs, but adding more gaming operations which remained in his exclusive, rapidly expanding domain, mostly in Chicago's twenty-eighth ward.

Utilizing Capone's ideas of investing illegal money into legitimate enterprises, Accardo, who had amassed a sizable amount of money from his gambling enterprises, put capital into many honest businesses. He invested in trucking firms, hotels, coal and lumber companies, restaurants, travel agencies, and currency exchanges. As the old guard of the Capone Gang died or went into retirement, the fortunes of Accardo improved, along with that of his friend Ricca.

When Frank Nitti committed suicide in 1943 rather than face a long prison term for tax evasion, Ricca, though in federal prison at the time, assumed leadership of the Chicago Mafia-syndicate. Accardo never shared power with Ricca, as some reports have it. Ricca was always senior in authority to Accardo until the time of Ricca's death in 1972. Accardo always deferred to "The Waiter" on all important decisions, even though Accardo was the nominal boss of Chicago from the mid-1950s.

Chicago gang boss Accardo in 1965, then dubbed "Big Tuna" by a newspaper wag after the don landed a marlin in Florida.

While Paul Ricca was finishing a prison term for tax evasion, Accardo made several trips to Leavenworth to get his marching orders from the boss. On one occasion, in 1945, as revealed by U.S. Senator Estes Kefauver, Accardo accompanied Ricca's tax lawyer, Eugene Bernstein, on a trip to the federal penitentiary. Accardo, using Bernstein as a cover, signed the prison visitor register as Joseph Bulger, a Chicago attorney and one-time president of the Italo-American National Union (Unione Siciliane). Using this alias, Accardo met with Ricca to take orders on mob operations, as well as to make arrangements in paying off the tax debts of Ricca and Louis "Little New York" Campagna, another aging Capone lieutenant, in order to facilitate the release of these two gangsters.

Following Ricca's release, Accardo was rewarded for his loyalty and obedience by being given the Chicago gambling operations, which included all gambling in northern Indiana. In addition to controlling dozens of gambling dens and parlors, Accardo operated a few luxurious dens outright in the 1950s such as a sprawling den on north Clark Street, which Accardo owned with Mel Clark.

The gambling den was a full-fledged wire service operation with direct wires to all of the nation's racetracks giving instant results. Accardo soon ordered Clark to depart for greener pastures, which he did without argument, being replaced by Bernard Korshak, brother of underworld attorney Sidney Korshak. This operation alone, according to one estimate, netted Accardo about $25,000 each day or $7.5 million a year.

By 1950, Accardo was virtual master of all gambling in Chicago, except for the enormous policy racket controlled by Big Jim Martin, who operated in tandem with George D. Kells, alderman of the Twenty-eighth Ward. These men had for years operated a sprawling gambling operation, paying a percentage of the take to the syndicate.

Ricca suddenly decided that the mob should have all the profits and ordered Kells and Martin to go to work for the syndicate as paid employees. Both men balked at the idea and Accardo was ordered by Ricca to get rid of the pair. Accardo, in turn, called in John "Jackie the Lackie" Cerone, one of his most trusted hitmen.

Cerone, on November 15, 1950, went after Big Jim Martin with a shotgun, wounding him. The gunman later complained that the ammunition he had been forced to use in his haste was "old stuff" or he would have certainly accomplished his assignment and killed Martin. The shooting was nevertheless effective. Martin immediately sold everything he had in Chicago and relocated in Los Angeles.

Alderman Kells did not wait for a visit from Cerone. He packed his wife and belongings and drove off to Florida, telling local newsmen that he had to seek warmer climes because his wife was ill. The Ricca-Accardo domain was now unbroken to the city limits in all directions from the lake. Their minions controlled more than 10,000 gambling outlets, chiefly for policy, in newstands, bars, and cigar stores, adding many more millions to the syndicate coffers each year.

The power Ricca and Accardo wielded in the early 1950s was certainly equal to that of Capone in the 1920s. Chicago's fearless Judge John H. Lyle, one of the few magistrates the mob never bought, recalled the deep influence Accardo exercised in Chicago's city government: "Reading a newspaper story in 1951, I felt tempted to glance at the dateline to make sure the calendar had not been turned back to the Prohibition days. Accardo had been picked up for questioning. A lower court judge made a night trip to police headquarters and ordered the gang leader freed after permitting him to sign his own bond ... In court the next day, the judge discharged him. Despite criticism by the Chicago Crime Commission and the Chicago Bar Association, the Democratic organization reslated the judge and as 1960 began he was still on the bench."

As Accardo grew richer, his tastes and ambitions expanded. He no longer wished to live in a confining hotel suite or apart-

Sam "Momo" Giancana briefly took control of the Chicago Outfit, but a flamboyant lifestyle brought about his 1975 murder; he is shown under arrest, his right hand manacled to a chair.

Gus Alex, one of Accardo's most loyal underbosses, shown on July 31, 1958, testifying before a the U.S. Senate Rackets Committee; he took the fifth amendment thirty-eight times, refusing to remove the sun glasses because "the light in here hurts my eyes."

Chicago hit man, Felix "Milwaukee Phil" Alderisio, reportedly killed two dozen people on orders from Outfit bosses.

ment. He longed for the respectability of the suburbs. One of his old associates, the brainy Murray "The Camel" Humphreys, a devout apartment dweller, told Accardo that "smart money doesn't go to the suburbs. You and your family will stick out like a sore thumb and the feds will always know exactly where you are. Bad idea, Tony."

Accardo wanted what most successful American men then desired, a spacious home in a crime-free suburb with verdant lawns and tall trees. He insisted upon it, and what Accardo insisted upon, he got. The gang boss began shopping about, but his inquiries through operatives met with rebuffs from certain real estate agencies when they learned that the notorious Accardo was the real client. Finally, Accardo managed to buy a sprawling estate in River Forest, which he purchased for $150,000 cash and loaded the place with expensive furniture and decorations.

One of Accardo's most treasured possessions was a $10,000 black onyx bathtub in which he could luxuriate as he organized his daily syndicate operations, a stogie in one hand and a pen and pencil in the other, as he scribbled his ciphered orders on a little writing board overhanging the tub. The crime boss added a twenty-room Miami, Florida, mansion to his possessions in 1960, a structure estimated at that time to be worth more than $300,000.

Again, the mob boss spent lavishly on furniture and decorations and, again, his bathrooms were splendors to behold. One visitor to the Miami mansion later expressed surprise to see that the sink in one bathroom was supported by four legs of solid gold. The River Forest home was sold in 1978 for about $480,000, indicating that Accardo was also a shrewd real estate investor, having made more than $300,000 on his original purchase. At that time, new pressure from the FBI was added; in one raid on Accardo's River Forest home, agents discovered $275,000 in cash. Such embarrassing discoveries caused the crime boss to leave the suburb and take up almost permanent residence in his Palm Springs estate.

Accardo millions continued to roll in and the Chicago syndicate had no peers, supported completely by the reigning politicians, particularly the clout-conscious members of the Kelly-Nash political machine. Chicago was a wide-open town for gambling and prostitution, this being an age when drug use was at a minimum and usually confined to the black ghettos, considered at that time by syndicate bosses as a "dirty and dangerous business." Then Accardo fell afoul of the same people who had imprisoned his mentor, Al Capone.

IRS agents began to probe deeply into his fabulous income and he was indicted for tax evasion. In 1960 he was convicted and sentenced to six years in prison and fined $15,000. The conviction, however, was later overturned by the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals sitting in Chicago, because of so-called "prejudicial" newspaper publicity that had occurred during Accardo's trial. He was a free man and could go on to boast that he had never spent a night in jail, even though Accardo came close to imprisonment, when he had been cited

for contempt in the Kefauver Hearings in 1950-51. Accardo was brought before the McClellan Committee investigating U.S. rackets (1957-1963) and in his appearance at one hearing he took the Fifth Amendment 172 times.

Accardo's most serious internal problems evolved out of his tax evasion charges. He began to glean too much publicity for the syndicate at the time, which made Ricca nervous. The Waiter decided that Tony Accardo should step, not down but out, of the limelight in 1956, decreeing that a better day-to-day boss of the syndicate would be Sam "Momo" Giancana, a loudmouthed, tough gunman, who had ruthlessly killed his way to prominence and who had for some years been Ricca's secret, personal enforcer, eliminating those Ricca chose to kill without conferring with Accardo.

It remains unclear exactly how Giancana took over control of the syndicate from Accardo during this confusing period of time, as confusing for the mob as it was for the federal agents who doggedly kept surveillance on Accardo's River Forest home. One story held that Ricca called Accardo and shocked his longtime friend by stating he should step aside for Giancana until the tax evasion charges were settled. Accardo refused. He reportedly told Ricca that he had no intentions of giving up his power. The next night, some time in 1956, Giancana, with Ricca's knowledge and approval, appeared at Accardo's home and fired six bullets from his .45-caliber pistol through the door, then calmly walked to his car and drove away, clearly a message that the next time, the bullets would be inside of Accardo, instead of his front door.

Giancana took over and Accardo stepped aside, concentrating on his tax problems. But Momo Giancana proved to be a serious error in judgment for Paul "The Waiter" Ricca. Giancana was a flashy braggart, who loved to be seen in public with celebrities such as his mistress, Phyllis McGuire, of the singing McGuire Sisters. He snarled threats and brags to newsmen and loved to read about himself as the kingpin of Chicago crime.

Giancana was the archetypal gangster in the shiny sharkskin suit, dark sunglasses and snap-brim hat (although Momo had the persistent bad taste to wear white socks). Tony Accardo must have secretly relished Ricca's mistake in picking Giancana as the front man as he whiled away his time, awaiting appeals to his tax conviction by traveling about the country, buying up real estate in Cali-

Lunch with the boys, 1976; Chicago crime boss (1) Tony Accardo, sits in a Chicago restaurant with his underbosses: (2) Joseph Amato; (3) Joseph "Little Caesar" DiVarco; (4) James Torello; (5) Joseph Lombardo; (6) John "Jackie the Lackey" Cerone; (7) Alfred Pilotto; (8) Vincent Solano; (9) Dominic Di Bella; (10) Joseph Aiuppa (identified in inset above by numbered silhouettes).

fornia, Arizona, Florida, Nevada, and South America.

On one occasion, while fishing in the Florida Keys, Accardo returned in his chartered boat with a huge marlin, next to which he proudly posed at dockside. Chicago newsman Ray Brennan, who had been sent to the Keys to do a story on the idling Accardo, took a photo of Accardo and the marlin and promptly dubbed the exiled crime boss "Big Tuna" Accardo. The name clung to Accardo as it does to this day, absurd as it was, and certainly less apt than Joe Batters. Neither sobriquet was uttered to Accardo's face, even in jest.

Giancana, as the shrewd Ricca had planned, served Accardo well. Federal authorities began to pay more attention to him than Accardo, which was Ricca's scheme from the start. Accardo continued to make all the top-level decisions while, Giancana took the heat. When Accardo's tax conviction was overturned in 1960, he went on playing "dead" as the top don of Chicago, but systematically continued to pull the strings, especially after Ricca "officially" retired in 1968. Ricca would die of natural causes in 1972, leaving Accardo in complete control, although Giancana was the line boss of all Chicago operations.

Federal agents began, by the early 1970s, to follow Giancana everywhere. They parked night and day outside of his home and followed the crime boss wherever he went by car, plane, or rail, down the block or across the country. They photographed him incessantly and bugged restaurants where he met with other gangsters such as Felix "Milwaukee Phil" Alderisio, one of his top enforcers.

The constant surveillance drove the normally hotheaded Giancana into frenzied tirades. To escape his dogged pursuers, Giancana began to travel to both coasts, then to Mexico. He could not, however, escape. Finally, after another trip to Mexico, Giancana returned to Chicago, weary of the constant federal pressure. He acted as if he were still in charge of the syndicate, but his power had waned and most of his trusted aides had been systematically eliminated by Accardo allies. Giancana was a liability to the mob and was murdered in his own home on June 19, 1975, while he was frying sausages for a late-night snack. His killer was never found.

The Chicago mob was then briefly run by Sam "Teets" Battaglia, with enforcer Felix "Milwaukee Phil" Alderisio as his second-in-command. Jackie Cerone then briefly held control and was replaced by aging Joseph Aiuppa. Then Accardo resumed total control of the Chicago syndicate with Joey Aiuppa as his strong second-in-command. (It is safe to assume that Accardo had really been in control of the mob all along and that Giancana and others posed in that capacity to shield Accardo, while appearing to be in charge of the Chicago rackets.)

Other "young turk" mobsters moved up through the ranks during the late 1970s and into the 1980s. There were many aspirants to mob leadership, including the ambitious Tony Spilotro, who was suspected of having killed Giancana to qualify for boss status, but Accardo picked his successor carefully. This proved to be Joseph Ferriola, who died of natural causes on March 11, 1989

By 1989, Big Tuna Accardo had reportedly retired to his estate in Palm Springs, California, leaving in charge Sam Anthony Carlisi, a wily, low-profile mobster, who took charge of all daily syndicate operations. Gus Alex, a longtime Accardo associate, also in semi-retirement at age seventy-three, acted as Carlisi's senior adviser. Second-in-command was John DiFronzo. Aiuppa and Cerone, both exercised from their prison cells considerable influence over operations in the western suburbs of Chicago.

Yet, Accardo was still consulted long distance on all urgent mob matters, remaining chairman of the board. His word was still law in the Chicago underworld, which worked with, but has never been controlled by the national syndicate headed by the five traditional Mafia families in New York. Accardo died of natural causes on May 27, 1992. Carlisi and DiFronzo went to prison in 1993 on separate convictions and Joseph Lombardo took control of the Chicago outfit in 1994, remaining in that post even after DiFronzo was released from prison the following year. According to reliable sources, Lombardo, remained in power through 1999 but was replaced by his cousin, Joseph Andriacci in 2002.

These latter-day Chicago crime bosses learned much from Accardo, who was best remembered by FBI agents as a Chicago crime boss dedicated to avoiding publicity and one who sought to settle problems without bloodshed (although he sanctioned many murders, when other options were not available). Accardo had little regard for the showy crime bosses of the East Coast, particularly such strutting mob dons as John Gotti. Accardo once remarked to an FBI agent: "We're gentlemen here in Chicago. They're savages in New York."

DON VITONE TAKES OVER/1930s-1950s

One of those "savages in New York," to whom Tony Accardo referred was a brutal, insidious crime boss, who never hesitated to murder an opponent or anyone he suspected (and these were in the hundreds) of interference with his scheme to dominate the national crime syndicate.

Vito Genovese (1897-1969; AKA: Don Vitone) proved time and again that he would betray his friends, assassinate business associates, and outwit, for the most part, his most cunning underworld rivals in his murderous climb to become the boss of bosses. He began inauspiciously enough, born of poor parents in Risigliano, Italy, near Naples on November 21, 1897.

Genovese immigrated to the U.S., arriving on May 23, 1913, on board the S.S. *Taormina.* He first lived in the Italian section of New York City's Lower East Side and immediately fell in with several gangs. Genovese preyed on small store owners and pushcart peddlers, selling them protection (against himself, of course), stealing, and extorting. In 1917, he met a thief who was as cunning and crafty as himself, Charles "Lucky" Luciano.

Luciano was seemingly smarter than Genovese, or Genovese let Luciano think so. He became Luciano's lieutenant and together both young men took up armed robbery and burglary. While going to meet Luciano one day in 1917, before committing a planned armed robbery, Genovese was stopped by a suspicious patrolman who frisked him and found

Charles "Lucky" Luciano, flanked by two detectives, is shown entering a court building where, on June 18, 1936, he was sentenced to thirty to fifty years in prison on charges of compulsory prostitution; his position as head of the crime syndicate was taken over by several board members, including Vito Genovese.

Genovese thought to take over the crime syndicate, but fled the U.S. in 1937, after it was learned that he had ordered the murder of Ferdinand "The Shadow" Boccia.

Mrs. Anna Genovese; her first husband was reportedly murdered on orders from Vito Genovese, who then had the killers themselves murdered to eliminate witnesses.

a loaded revolver in his coat. He was arrested and given sixty days in the workhouse for carrying a concealed weapon. Genovese blamed Luciano for this first of arrests, believing either that Luciano had informed on him so that he himself could avoid an impending arrest for fencing stolen goods, or because Luciano did nothing to get Genovese out of the workhouse, even though he had earlier promised his lieutenant to get him a lawyer and pay all fines if he should get into trouble.

At the time, Luciano visited Genovese in the workhouse and pleaded poverty. Genovese served every day of his sentence. Upon his release, however, Genovese went back to work for Luciano. He was arrested in 1918, again for carrying a concealed weapon. This time he paid a $250 fine. He and Luciano were by then thriving with their small-time rackets, as lieutenants of gang boss Jacob "Little Augie" Orgen. At first, Luciano and Genovese, along with Joe Adonis, Albert Anastasia, and others, concentrated on establishing a number of cheap brothels in Brooklyn and later Manhattan. Luciano and Genovese were active in bootlegging during the Prohibition era, but they found flesh peddling and, by the early 1920s, narcotics, were more lucrative. Dope peddling at that time was frowned upon even by the mob bosses. It was considered "unclean," and it was associated almost exclusively with the black underworld.

As Luciano and Genovese branched out, they found more important gangsters controlling large territories in Manhattan, the most lucrative area for rackets. These included bootleggers Big Bill Dwyer, Owney Madden, Larry Fay, Jack "Legs" Diamond, Dutch Schultz, and Nathan "Kid Dropper" Kaplan. Overseeing most of these gangs as the crime overlord of the early 1920s was the millionaire gambler and rackets czar, Arnold Rothstein. It was Rothstein who was interested in expanding the narcotics racket in New York and thus financed the smuggling of drugs into New York through Little Augie Orgen. In turn, Orgen handed over the drug traffic to his lieutenants, Luciano and Genovese. Meanwhile, the Italian crime bosses of the day, Joseph "Joe the Boss" Masseria, and Salvatore Maranzano, continued their old-fashioned rackets.

Michael "Trigger Mike" Coppola (AKA: Michael Russo, 1900-66), at left, took over Genovese's rackets in 1937; Coppola is shown with his wife Doris and her father, both of whom he murdered after Doris Coppola accidentally overheard his plan to kill a New York politician.

Luciano and Genovese became the chief suppliers of heroin in New York, becoming wealthy, but still operating under the commands of Orgen and Rothstein. In 1925, however, they switched their allegiance and major association to Masseria, expanding Masseria's bootlegging operations. By then Luciano and Genovese had allied themselves with many non-Italian gangs and gangsters, particularly the Bug & Meyer Mob, headed by the shrewd Meyer Lansky, a friend of Luciano's since boyhood, and Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel, Lansky's quick-witted protege and enforcer. Other non-Italian gangsters such as Louis "Lepke" Buchalter and his dim-witted lieutenant, Jacob "Gurrah" Shapiro, became Luciano-Genovese allies.

Though he was nominally their boss, Masseria meant little to Luciano and Genovese. He was, in their terminology, an old-fashioned "Mustache Pete," a crime boss who archaically clung to ancient rackets such as Black Handing. He nevertheless commanded the loyalty of most Italian gangsters in New York. Genovese, at this time, used Masseria's Old World connections to establish a front for his rackets, a trading company which imported olive oil and other food products from Italy

Vito Genovese, shown in 1945, after being extradited from Italy to face a murder charge in the 1934 killing of Ferdinand Boccia. Genovese flourished in Italy during World War II by informing on black marketeers to fascist and then later U.S. officials, taking over the black markets in Italy himself and making millions

Witness for the state: Ernest "The Hawk" Rupolo (left, wearing eyepatch) is shown with District Attorney Julius Helfand in 1946, when he told a court that Genovese ordered him and others to murder Ferdinand Boccia in 1934; Rupolo was murdered on Genovese's orders, his mutilated body fished out of Jamaica Bay on August 27, 1964.

and Sicily. This company was used as a front to smuggle hard drugs into the U.S. from the Middle East. Luciano and, in particular, Genovese, kept low profiles in this era. Genovese was a family man. He had married for the first time in 1924, but his wife died in 1929.

Genovese married again in 1932, wedding Anna Petillo Vernotico, a union that produced a daughter, Nancy, and a son, Philip. (He would divorce Anna in 1950.) Genovese spotted the attractive Anna at a social gathering in early 1932. She was married at the time to Gerard Vernotico. Two weeks after Genovese met Anna, her husband was found murdered on March 16, 1932, strangled to death atop a Manhattan building. Next to Vernotico's body was that of Antonio Lonzo, who had also been shot to death. Lonzo had accidentally come upon the killers of Vernotico, while they were strangling their victim to death and he was eliminated as a witness. The killers, identified years later by Joseph Valachi, were Peter Mione and Michael Barrese. Both were killed on Genovese's orders, so that no witnesses could ever link him with the murders.

Unlike most of his peers, Genovese was not a nightclubbing gangster. He went home to his family at night and stayed there, planning his future in the rackets each night for long hours before going to bed. He kept a revolver beneath his pillow, one under the bed and another in the pocket of a coat that always hung on a nearby chair. His apartment, and later all the houses he occupied, were rigged with special alarm systems so that Genovese would know instantly if anyone had entered the pre-

Opposite Page: The body of New Jersey crime boss Willie Moretti, murdered in Joe's Restaurant, Cliffside, New Jersey, October 4, 1951; he was the first of many bosses Genovese ordered killed in his attempt to take over the crime syndicate.

mises. On several occasions, these home-made alarm systems, a series of bells, tin cans hooked to ropes, chimes stretched across windows, went off and Genovese would leap from his bed, grabbing his revolvers, ready to fight to the death.

During the 1920s, Genovese used his weapons often, being arrested a dozen times for assault, robbery, and murder. He reportedly killed at least six men between 1920 and 1930. In 1930, as the Depression deepened over the land, the Mafia went to war with itself in what was later described as the Castellammarese War. This internecine Mafia battle came about when the ambitious Mafia chief Salvatore Maranzano (1868-1931), who was from Castellammare, Sicily, decided that only Mafia members from that area, chiefly himself, were entitled to run the rackets in New York.

Maranzano declared war on his arch rival, Joe the Boss Masseria. The Mafia at that time was an organization of Italians and Sicilians, although the Mafia had originally been an exclusive Sicilian criminal organization. By the mid-1920s, the Camorra, the Italian counterpart of the Mafia, had lost its influence and its forces, especially in the U.S., and had joined the Mafia in one large, but rather disjointed organization. Maranzano, who was a fundamentalist to the core, intended to purge the Mafia of all non-Sicilians.

Albert Anastasia, chief of the syndicate's dreaded Murder, Inc., the man Vito Genovese feared most and ordered killed on October 25, 1957; with Anastasia dead, Don Vitone seized many rackets from the other Mafia families in New York.

Maranzano's gunmen clashed with Masseria's thugs throughout 1930-1931. Dozens of gangsters were shot and stabbed to death in this ruthless war, where no quarter was given. Luciano realized that such a war was futile and only slowed down the development of his dream, a crime cartel that would actually run all the rackets in the U.S. Without Masseria's approval, Luciano went to Maranzano, suing for peace. The old man insisted that there would be no peace, until Masseria was dead. Luciano then decided that he would rid himself of *both* Masseria and Maranzano. Once the "Mustache Petes" were killed off, his national crime syndicate could become a reality. Luciano promised Maranzano that Joe Masseria would come to a quick end. He ordered his trustworthy Vito Genovese to lead a select "international" group of killers, Italians and non-Italians, who would execute Masseria.

On the night of April 15, 1931, Luciano dined with his boss Masseria at Scarpato's Restaurant in Coney Island, a stronghold of Masseria. Luciano got up after finishing his meal and went to the washroom. Masseria was left at the table alone in a restaurant that was suddenly and strangely empty of other customers. Into Scarpato's marched Genovese, two revolvers in his suit pockets. Following him were Joe Adonis, Albert Anastasia, and Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel. The four gangsters calmly walked up to Masseria and emptied their guns into him. Masseria fell forward on the table dead. The killers walked from the restaurant without interference. Police later found Luciano waiting for them. He explained that he was in the washroom at the time of the killing.

Maranzano was initially delighted at this murder. He called off the war and declared himself boss of bosses. Maranzano did not trust Luciano and Genovese, however. He told one of his men, Joseph Valachi, who was later to become the most celebrated informer of the Mafia-Cosa Nostra: "I can't get along with those two guys. We got to get rid of them before we can control anything." Maranzano did not act fast enough. Thomas "Three-Finger Brown" Lucchese, an on-and-off ally of both Maranzano and Luciano, warned Luciano and Genovese of Maranzano's plan to eliminate them. Luciano and Genovese put together their own "hit" squad, sending four men dressed as policemen to Maranzano's Manhattan offices on September 10, 1931. (This use of fake policemen had worked well two years earlier, when Al Capone's killers gained entrance to a Chicago garage to line up seven men of the George "Bugs" Moran gang and machine gun them to death in what was later known as the St. Valentine's Day Massacre.)

The fake cops invading Maranzano's officesBreal estate offices located in the Eagle Building on Park Avenue—were Red Levine, a member of the Bug & Meyer Mob, Bugsy Siegel, Albert Anastasia, and Lucchese, who proved his loyalty to the

new regime by helping kill his former boss, Maranzano. Lucchese would be rewarded by being given the leadership of one of New York's five Mafia families, a position he would retain for decades. When the four bogus cops arrived in the offices, they were met by Maranzano's bodyguard, Girolama "Bobby Doyle" Santucci, who ordered them to leave.

Maranzano, however, always seeking cooperation with the police, emerged from his inner office to affably greet the invaders, who suddenly trained their guns on him. Levine then put his gun away and produced a long knife, advancing on the Boss of Bosses. In a fierce struggle, while the three other assassins stood by laughing, Levine stabbed Maranzano six times, before Maranzano fell to the floor. The killers were about to leave their victim, thinking him dead, but Siegel noticed Maranzano's head move. Anastasia said: "What do you know about that? The bastard is still alive." All four killers then leveled their revolvers at the prone Maranzano and fired a dozen bullets into his quivering body.

The notorious informer Joseph Valachi (testifying before the Senate committee investigating organized crime in the U.S.), who revealed the secrets of "La Cosa Nostra," and, among others, detailed the widespread crimes of Vito Genovese that sent the most powerful Mafia leader in America to prison.

With Maranzano out of the way, Luciano and Genovese moved to establish the national crime syndicate. Genovese did not agree with Luciano's plans to include non-Italians on the board. He was particularly opposed to Lansky and Buchalter. He also disliked the idea of Anastasia, Adonis, and gambler and political fixer, Frank Costello, sitting on the board. But Luciano had his way.

Meanwhile, Genovese and his rackets flourished. He earned from between $200,000 and $500,000 each year while working under the direction of Luciano. While Luciano directly supervised his prostitution empire, which was being expanded from coast to coast, Genovese concentrated on drug smuggling and peddling. One of Genovese's side rackets was fleecing wealthy Italian businessmen in his crooked card games. In September 1934, Genovese took $160,000 from a rich Italian in the back room of a small restaurant owned by one of his henchmen, Ferdinand "The Shadow" Boccia. When Boccia learned of the staggering amount Genovese won in a game that Boccia had helped rig, he demanded $35,000 of the take. Genovese squinted his eyes in subtle shock at his lieutenant's blatant demand and said that he would consider cutting in Boccia on his spoils.

His answer came on September 9, 1934 in the form of five killers: Peter Defeo, George Smurra, Gus Frasca, Mike Mirandi, and Ernest "The Hawk" Rupolo who shot Boccia to death. Willie Gallo, a member of Mirandi's troop, learned of the Boccia killing and Genovese ordered Gallo murdered. The chore fell to Rupolo, who was a friend of Gallo's. He and Gallo attended a movie a few nights later. When they emerged Rupolo pulled a gun and put it to his friend's head, pulling the trigger. Nothing happened.

Gallo turned in surprise and said: "What the hell is this?"

"A joke," said Rupolo. He fumbled about with the weapon, taking out the bullets. Then he held it up to the incredulous Gallo, saying: "Look, the gun isn't loaded." When the pair returned to Gallo's apartment, Rupolo went to the washroom and examined the gun. He oiled the firing pin, reloaded the weapon, then walked into the parlor where he fired a bullet into Gallo. Rupolo's aim, however, was bad and the intended murder victim lived to identify his assailant. Rupolo was sent to prison for twenty years. After brooding about his imprisonment and the fact that Genovese had not lived up to his word in getting adequate legal assistance for him, Rupolo, accompanied by another prisoner, Peter LaTempa, went to prison officials and began talking about Genovese and his involvement in the Boccia murder.

New York's racket-busting district attorney, Thomas E. Dewey, who, with his assistant, Burton B. Turkus, would later be responsible for exposing Murder, Inc. and the existence of the national crime cartel, began looking into the Boccia killing. Genovese did not wait to be arrested. He fled the country, returning to Naples, where he had long ago purchased a comfortable villa. Genovese had prepared for just such an emer-

gency. He had taken many trips to Italy over the years, carrying huge amounts of money, which he secreted in Italian and Swiss banks under aliases. When he departed the U.S. in 1937, Genovese had more than $2 million waiting to keep him in royal comfort. He left the U.S. with several expensive cars shipped ahead of him, and a retinue of servants.

Once in Italy, however, Genovese became active in the Mafia-Camorra and was soon heading up Italy's drug traffic operations. He ingratiated himself to Italian dictator Benito Mussolini through Mussolini's foreign minister and son-in-law, Count Galeazzo Ciano and became Ciano's personal drug supplier, providing Ciano with cocaine and heroin. Though Mussolini had publicly declared war on the Mafia and his secret police energetically battled this crime federation in Italy and Sicily, Mussolini allowed Genovese to operate freely in Naples, knowing full well he was a Mafia chieftain.

Ciano vouched for Genovese, who contributed large amounts of money to Mussolini's personal bank accounts. He also contributed $250,000 to establish a majestic monument to Mussolini at fascist headquarters in Nola, Italy. Meanwhile, Genovese established a distribution system of drugs that trailed from the Middle East, through Italy and Sicily and then to the U.S. where his minions and those of Luciano began to expand drug trafficking in the U.S.

Genovese was reported killed during World War II, apparently bombed to death by Allied planes, while dining on the veranda of his villa. Yet, when U.S. forces occupied Naples, Genovese came forward, offering his services as an interpreter. He did more than that. Genovese informed upon every black marketeer in Naples. After these people were arrested and imprisoned, Genovese was honored by the military. He smiled, accepted the accolades and then took over the black market operations of those he had betrayed. Genovese was later exposed by a sleuthing CID agent, Orange Dickey, who identified Genovese as a wanted felon in the U.S., the same Genovese who had fled in 1937 to avoid being charged with the murder of Ferdinand Boccia.

Dickey personally arrested Genovese and escorted him back to New York, where the arch killer was to stand trial for the Boccia murder. The two men testifying against him, Peter La Tempa and Ernest "The Hawk" Rupolo, however, were to be eliminated. From a jail cell, Genovese ordered the death of La Tempa, who was in a Brooklyn jail in protective custody. La Tempa suffered from gallstones and took pain pills regularly. He was given several tablets on January 15, 1945, and, after taking a few, fell to the floor of his cell, writhing in pain. He died a short time later of massive poisoning. Just who gave La Tempa the poisoned pills was never determined, but authorities were convinced that Genovese was behind the murder. This left only Rupolo to testify against Genovese and, as Genovese well knew, this would not be enough to convict the killer. Under New York law, the corroboration of a second witness was required for conviction. A jury was forced to acquit Genovese.

Judge Samuel Leibowitz, once a brilliant criminal trial lawyer, had Genovese brought before him on June 11, 1946, and said to the smug gang chief: "I cannot speak for the jury, but I believe if there were even a shred of corroborating evidence you would have been condemned to the electric chair. By devious means, among which were the terrorizing of witnesses, kidnaping them, yes, even murdering those who would give evidence against you, you have thwarted justice time and again." Leibowitz then dismissed Genovese who turned silently away from the bench, a smug smile playing about his lips.

Days later, Genovese met with his old lieutenants from the 1930s, Mike Mirandi and Anthony Strollo, alias Tony Bender. He ordered them to build up the narcotics rackets throughout New York and told them that "bit by bit" he would take over the city. Luciano by then had been deported to Italy and no longer exercised direct control of the crime cartel he had helped to create. Genovese was welcomed back to the syndicate board, but he knew he had enemies there and he systematically eliminated his opposition.

Genovese caused the execution of New Jersey Mafia boss, Willie Moretti in 1951, the murder of Costello ally Steven Franse in 1953, and that of the fierce Albert Anastasia in 1957. He then had one of his minions attempt to kill Frank Costello, who was aligned with Meyer Lansky. Genovese wanted Lansky's lucrative gambling rackets in Havana, Cuba, but these operations were protected by Costello. On May 2, 1957, a Genovese goon, Vincent "The Chin" Gigante, fired several shots at Costello, wounding him in the head. Costello retired a short time later.

In 1957, it was Genovese who called the notorious Apalachin Meeting where more than 100 top Mafia-syndicate leaders met to acknowledge him as the boss of bosses, as well as to streamline the syndicate's rackets. The meeting was interrupted by the arrival of local police, causing the gangsters, Genovese included, to run like frightened children across meadows and through thick woods. For several years, Genovese dominated the five Mafia families in New York. Yet, in 1959, this most powerful of Mafia leaders was exposed by several of his own men, including the notorious informer, Joseph Valachi.

The government built a strong drug trafficking case against him and Genovese was convicted and sent to the federal penitentiary in Atlanta to serve fifteen years. Genovese still wielded vast power and he used it to settle old scores. In 1964, while a prisoner in Atlanta, the vengeance-seeking Genovese sent his gunmen to kill Ernest "The Hawk" Rupolo. The informer was unearthed and tortured, before he was killed and his body dumped into New York's Jamaica Bay.

Genovese also ordered the death of Joe Valachi, but Valachi outlived the man he sent to prison. Vito Genovese died in the Springfield (Illinois) Prison hospital of a heart attack on February 14, 1969. Only relatives and a few lower echelon mobsters attended his funeral services. None of the bosses of the national crime syndicate made appearances. When Chicago boss Tony Accardo was asked why he had not attended Genovese's funeral, he replied: "That guy? Hell, I didn't even send a card."

COLOMBO GOES PUBLIC/1960s

In the year Vito Genovese was convicted and sent to prison, an ambitious New York Mafia family boss, Joseph Bonanno (1908-2002), thought to take Don Vitone's place as New York's boss

Vito Genovese, his hands manacled, exits a federal courthouse in New York on February 11, 1960, en route to prison to serve a fifteen-year term on a narcotics conspiracy conviction; he would die of a heart attack in the prison hospital on February 14, 1969.

of bosses. He was assisted in this daunting enterprise by a bright-minded underworld entrepreneur, Joseph Colombo, Sr. (1923-1978), who later thought to strengthen his position in the New York Mafia by publicly unifying the Italian community under his own banner, a move that earned him the disdain of his fellow dons and brought about his near assassination. Colombo began his criminal career as a lowly thief, until absorbed into the Mafia family run by Joseph Bonanno, known as Joe Bananas.

Joseph "Joe Bananas" Bonanno, who headed one of New York's Mafia families and who ordered most of his fellow Mafia dons murdered in 1963.

When Joe Bananas decided to take over all the Mafia families in the early 1960s, he called his underboss, Joseph Magli-occo, giving him one day in late fall of 1963 a devastating "hit" list of the top Mafia-syndicate leaders. Magliocco, in turn, called Colombo, his top enforcer, telling him that he must murder Thomas "Three-Finger Brown" Lucchese (c.1900-1967), Mafia don of New York and New Jersey; Carlo Gambino (1902-1976), Mafia don of Brooklyn; Steven Magaddino (1891-1974), Mafia chief of Buffalo, New York, who was, ironically, Bonanno's cousin; Frank DiSimone, Mafia head of Southern California, and several others. Colombo took one look at this murder list and realized that such an assignment would mean his own death. Magliocco's willingness to obey Bonanno's order and assign Colombo to this task perhaps meant little to him since he was on death's doorstep and knew it, having had several heart attacks; he would die of a heart attack on December 28, 1963.

The self-serving Colombo, however, immediately went to those designated to be killed and informed them of Joe Bananas' insane plan.

On October 21, 1964, Bonanno was himself kidnaped, along with his lawyer, William P. Maloney. The kidnapper was none other than one of his own bodyguards, Mike Zaffarano, and some others, or so the story goes. He was held for nineteen months before being released from the custody of his cousin, Steve Magaddino, or so that story goes, on his promise to retire from the rackets.

Still another report insists that Bonanno faked his own kidnaping in order to steer clear of the Mafia reprisals after he had attempted to have most of the syndicate leaders killed. Both Joe and Bill Bonanno later publicly stated that Magliocco and not his boss Joe Bananas, had decided to "hit" many of the top Mafia family leaders on his own and that this idea was fostered by Magliocco's inflated self-estimation of his position in the syndicate. This worthless claim was laid at the

One-time "boss of bosses" Carlo Gambino (right) is shown under arrest, accompanied by a federal agent in 1970; he was at the top of Bonanno's "hit" list. Gambino had, from the early 1930s diligently acquired deep protection for his rackets by routinely paying off politicians, judges and high-ranking police officials.

Joseph Profaci, who headed a powerful Mafia family, was also marked for murder by Bonanno; Profaci had "adopted" Joseph Colombo, the man designated to arrange the deaths of the dons decreed by Bonanno and who, instead, informed Profaci about his murder assignment, assuring for himself a future high post in the Mafia.

Joseph Bonanno, Sr., and son, Joseph, Jr., going to a federal building in Tucson, Arizona in 1969, where Joe Bananas was about to be indicted by a grand jury; the elder Bonanno was reportedly "kidnapped" in 1964, and held hostage by a fellow don for nineteen months, until he promised to call off his war and retire.

grave of Magliocco, who was by then dead and buried, defenseless from the beyond.

Bonanno, nevertheless, agreed to self-exile, traveling to Haiti and spending almost a year in that clammy nation, but when Mafia leaders ordered his son, Salvatore "Bill" Bonanno, killed (he survived), Joe Bananas launched the Banana War in New York. Colombo appeared to fight on the side of Joe Bananas, but really served as an informant to the other Mafia dons, so that their forces outgunned the Bonanno faction. For his betrayal, Colombo was later named head of the Joseph Profaci Mafia family in New York. Joseph Colombo was not a brilliant crime boss. Like his father, Anthony "Nino" Colombo (1897-1939), he was always a two-bit hoodlum, despite the lofty underworld status he gained. Joe Colombo had, at age sixteen, identified the murdered body of his father on February 6, 1939, after NYPD officers found Anthony Colombo strangled to death, along with his mistress, Christina Oliveri, their corpses found in Colombo's old-model Pontiac.

Anthony Colombo, alias Tony Durante, had been born in Brazil of Italian parents and had immigrated to the U.S. at an early age and throughout the 1920s and 1930s, he lived through robbery and extortion, loaning out his services to any New York mob seeking strong-arm enforcers. The only thing he taught his son, Joseph, was how to steal and survive in

Joseph Colombo, Sr., established the Italian-American Civil Rights League, designed to dictate elections.

Joseph Colombo, Sr. (sitting) and his son, Anthony, in the offices of the Italian-American Civil Rights League, an organization structured after the old brotherhood, Unions Siciliane, headed by Frankie Yale in the 1920s.

Jerome Johnson, the hit man hired by Crazy Joe Gallo to *murder Joseph Colombo on* June 28, 1971.

streetfights by deftly using a stiletto knife. A womanizer, Anthony Colombo chose the wrong woman, Oliveri, for his mistress, as she was the wife of a Mafia member in the family of Joseph Profaci. His death, along with that of his mistress (also strangled), was committed by syndicate hitmen.

Colombo's wife Catherine did not mourn the passing of her errant husband. When police arrived to inform her of her spouse's murder, she said: "I always had trouble with the bum about women. He went out and I went to the movies. That's the last I saw of him. I figured he had been picked up by you guys when he didn't come home." Her son, present at that time, said nothing. Joseph Colombo showed no remorse over his father's death. Years later, his only known remark about his hoodlum father, made to a relative at a family gathering, was: "He shamed himself and my mother. He was no good."

Apparently, the teenage Colombo made similar remarks at the time of his father's death to a member of the Profaci family and upon hearing this, the powerful Mafia don, Joe Profaci (1897-1962), ordered that the destitute young Colombo be "brought under our wings." He was groomed and trained for all manner of criminal pursuits inside the ranks of the Profaci family, which later joined with the Bonanno family, Profaci and Bonanno having been friends since childhood.

Though many times a murderer, Profaci was a devout Catholic, who gave generously to Catholic charities, and even sent funds to the little church in the village of Villabati, outside of Palermo, Sicily, where he was born on October 2, 1897, immigrating from that locale in 1922 to the U.S., along with Gaetano Mangano and his son Vincent, who would later become a New York crime boss. Profaci's charities prompted several misguided Catholic priests to petition Pope Pius XII to grant Profaci knighthood. His petition to become a knight of the Vatican, however, was refused by the Pope, after Pius XII received a letter from Brooklyn district attorney Miles McDonald, in which Profaci's long criminal career was detailed.

It was Profaci's reverential attitude toward motherhood that moved him to shield and nurture the young Joe Colombo, who, like himself, was devoted to his mother and had openly decried his father's adulterous lifestyle. Colombo was also a regular churchgoer, as was Profaci, and, as he attained status in the Profaci Mafia family, he was often seen with other Profaci bodyguards to accompany the Profaci family to church on Sundays, sitting a few pews behind the don and his family, with a loaded gun in his pocket. Colombo was an obedient enforcer and his outgoing personality ingratiated him to Profaci, who continually promoted Colombo to higher status, until he became an underboss to Magliocco, Profaci's brother-in-law.

With the passing of Profaci on June 6, 1962 of cancer (he lingered at the South Side Hospital in Long Island, New York, where Joe Colombo made dutiful visits, flowers in hand), the death of Magliocco in 1963, and the banishment of Joe Bonnano in 1964, Colombo was named the head of the Profaci/Bonanno Mafia family, a position decreed by the then most powerful Mafia don in New York, Carlo Gambino (1902-1976). Colombo, however, was an inept crime boss, incurring anger

Joseph Colombo, bleeding from a head wound from Johnson's near fatal bullet; he would remain in a coma until his death in 1978.

and resentment from his scores of gunmen and racket operators, cutting their salaries and taking from them the profits of petty rackets that had been heretofore their own. When he refused to allow the Gallo brothers a larger share of the take from the rackets they managed for him, Colombo was faced with a full-scale war that cost the lives of many of his men.

In the late 1960s, Colombo again made a serious error in stepping into the limelight by creating an organization he called the Italian-American Civil Rights League. This association was supposedly organized to promote Italian heritage and to combat the image that all Italians or Sicilians were members of organized crime. In effect, Colombo thought to create a smokescreen, wherein his organization would be become so powerful that it would act as a shield to his Mafia-syndicate operations.

It was by then ridiculous, thought the other Mafia dons, to attempt to convince the authorities and the public that the Mafia did not exist, which is essentially what Colombo attempted to do. Against the wishes of Mafia leaders, Colombo called for a giant rally in Columbus Circle on June 29, 1970, one that was sponsored by the Italian-American Civil Rights League. Surprisingly, this event was an enormous success, with more than 50,000 persons attending. Politicians suddenly became aware of Colombo' s organization and many, including Governor Nelson Rockefeller, became honorary members of the group.

Colombo's ambition was to re-establish the kind of fraternal organization that had been typified by the Unione Siciliane, which had been prominent in the U.S. from 1900 through the 1920s, a brotherhood that actually fronted for widespread criminal activities and was controlled by gang leaders in many major U.S. cities. To attack the gang leaders was to attack the Unione Siciliane, which was then a powerful political organization.

Colombo sought to neutralize the authority of the police and politicians combating organized crime by establishing a brotherhood that could eventually dictate elections. He seemed well on his way to achieving this end, but his own tightwad tendencies brought his group and himself to ruin. The Gallo brothers, who had revolted inside Colombo' s Mafia family because Colombo would not share the spoils, intended to murder Colombo at the next Italian-American Civil Rights League rally.

Joey Gallo, better known as Crazy Joe, planned to gun Colombo down at this second Unity Day ceremony, but he knew full well that Colombo's guards would identify him the moment he arrived. (It was later contended that powerful Mafia don Carlo Gambino, who had propelled Colombo into Mafia boss status, actually ordered Gallo to murder Colombo "for endangering this thing of ours," and that other family godfathers agreed, sanctioning the murder.) Gallo had important contacts with leaders of black organized crime in Harlem, and he borrowed one of their professional killers who was assigned to murder Colombo.

In the crowds assembled on June 28, 1971, was Jerome A. Johnson, a black assassin. Johnson wore a newspaper photographer's badge and was allowed to get close to Colombo as he was haranguing the crowd. Johnson was only a few feet from the Mafia boss when he pulled out a pistol and fired three shots which struck Colombo, one bullet entering his head. Before Johnson could flee, Colombo' s bodyguards shot him to death. Colombo was rushed to a hospital where he survived, but suffered permanent brain damage. He lived for another seven years, but he remained in a permanent coma, dying on May 22, 1978.

THE MAVERICK GALLO BROTHERS/ 1960s-1970s

In the 1970s, New York columnist Jimmy Breslin lampooned the Gallo-Profaci war, which had claimed the lives of a number of high-ranking Mafiosi, by publishing a highly satirical book: *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight.* Later made into a movie and premiering in New York, the film did not amuse "Crazy" Joe Gallo. Nor did it amuse his hulking bodyguard Peter "Pete the Greek" Diapoulas, who panned the film, saying: "The whole thing was funny. The Profaci war was just a bunch of laughs. Well, Breslin should have spent one night with us and found out what it would feel like if some Profaci clipped him in the ass."

Joseph "Crazy Joe" Gallo (left) and brother Larry Gallo (right), shown on October 10, 1961, en route to jail after being convicted of carrying deadly weapons.

Joseph Gallo with his new bride, Shina Gallo, shown only a few weeks before Crazy Joe was shot to death.

Crazy Joe Gallo befriended actor Jerry Orbach, who in the film played the fictional Kid Sally Palumbo, a character patterned after the Brooklyn Mafia leader. Orbach discovered to his great surprise that Gallo was a cultured man, who enjoyed conversing about the great writers of the 20th Century such as Ernest Hemingway, Franz Kafka, and Albert Camus. Gallo's rivals in the New York underworld, however, viewed him in different terms.

The Gallo Brothers, Joseph "Crazy" Joe" (1929-1972), Albert "Kid Blast" (dates unknown), and Lawrence (1927-1968), were soldiers in the Brooklyn family of Joseph Profaci. In 1957, Carlo Gambino reportedly assigned Profaci the task of assassinating Albert Anastasia. Profaci in turn, selected the three Gallo brothers to carry out the hit. On the morning of October 25, 1957, Anastasia was relaxing in the barbershop of the Park Sheraton Hotel, with a hot towel draped over his face. Two gunmen burst into the shop, aimed their guns at the crime boss, and fired. Anastasia fell to the floor, hit with five bullets. Following his death, the truculent Joe Gallo demanded a fair share of the Brooklyn action for his family. He was not content

with just running his vending machine rackets. There were bigger fish to fry.

A shooting war was declared by Crazy Joe when Profaci, an olive oil distributor by his own admission, refused to accommodate the "Young Turk" faction. With such syndicate musclemen as Joseph Musumeci and Frank "Punchy" Iliano backing him, Joe Gallo shot it out in the streets of Brooklyn with Profaci gangsters in a war that was to last more than a decade. After Profaci died of natural causes in 1962, Joseph Colombo, Sr. assumed control of the family. When he refused to allow the brothers autonomy in Brooklyn, the war was renewed. On June 28, 1971, Colombo was severely wounded during Italian Unity Day festivities in Columbus Circle. Available evidence suggested that Joey Gallo had hired Jerome A. Johnson, a black hit man, to do the job.

A NYPD photo of Humberto's Clam House in New York City's "Little Italy," where Crazy Joe Gallo was murdered on April 7, 1972, the area roped off while investigators tried to identify Gallo's killers.

While serving a sentence for extortion in the 1960s, Joe had cultivated the friendship of a number of black criminals. He understood the changing urban environment and realized that sooner or later the Mafia would be forced into a position of relinquishing control of inner-city drug trafficking and loansharking. Gallo became good friends with Leroy "Nicky" Barnes, whom he personally groomed to take over the Harlem rackets. A number of other black gunmen found employment in the Gallo family following their release from prison.

When Colombo was permanently crippled in the 1971 shooting, mob watchers logically assumed Gallo was responsible, given his friendship with the black underworld. That same year, 1971, Joe Gallo emerged from prison with a new outlook on life. He was not the same thug who had appeared before Senator Robert Kennedy in 1959, offering the observance that Kennedy's office rug "would be nice for a crap game." Now Joey Gallo was versed in the works of Jean-Paul Sartre and the German writer Hermann Hesse. After befriending actor Jerry Orbach, Gallo began to move in different circles. He was introduced to a number of uptown celebrities and show people and seemed to enjoy his new-found status.

On April 7, 1972, Gallo celebrated his forty-third birthday with the Orbachs, comedian David Steinberg, and columnist Earl Wilson at the Copacabana nightclub. They cel-

Larry Allow at the time he received news that his brother, Joseph, had been murdered; with the death of Crazy Joe, the Gallo gang ceased to be an effective underworld force in New York.

The casket carrying the body of Crazy Joe Gallo is shown outside of St. Charles Church in Brooklyn; his wife, a widow in less than a month from the date of her wedding, is shown above center, wearing dark glasses.

ebrated long into the night until Gallo, Pete the Greek, Gallo's wife, and his sister decided to adjourn to Umberto's Clam House in the Chinatown-Little Italy neighborhoods for a light repast. Gallo, his back to the door, did not notice a lone gunman entering the restaurant.

Armed with a.38-caliber handgun, the assassin opened up on Joe, who scrambled for the door, but the gunman kept firing. Joey Gallo died outside the restaurant. Control of the gang reverted to the last surviving brother, Albert Gallo, who extracted his revenge before the shooting ultimately stopped. At least twenty-seven more people were killed, many of them innocent bystanders. Crazy Joe's sister would later say of him, "He was a good man, a kind man. He changed his image, that's why they did this to him."

THE "TEFLON DON"/1980s-1990s

Following the Profaci-Gallo war, the disabling of limelighting Joe Colombo and the passing of many of the older dons, the five New York Mafia families and the national crime syndicate to which they belonged was in disarray. In 1976, an ailing Carlo Gambino, the leading don in New York, looked about the thin ranks of his criminal hierarchy for a successor. It was thought that Gambino would give the nod to his long-time and popular underboss Aniello "Neil" Dellacroce (1914-1985; AKA: The Hat), but blood was always thicker in the Mafia and the old man selected his younger cousin, Paul "Uncle Paul" Castellano (1915-1985) to assume control of the Gambino family.

Born in Brooklyn, New York, on June 26, 1915, Castellano was positioned early-on for high Mafia office. His older sister, Catherine, married Carlo Gambino while Castellano was a teenager. He was weened under the broad umbrella of the Gambino family, and later became a butcher, then a meat distributor, eventually taking control of the meat and poultry industry, continuing to control this lucrative business to the moment of his bloody death. Castellano was essentially a shrewd businessman, having deep knowledge and expertise on national labor unions and displaying sharp acumen in negotiating multi-million-dollar business contracts, of course, with the threat of the Mafia family he controlled.

Castellano tried to avoid mob murders and family wars, but found it difficult to control several of his upstart "soldiers," especially Roy Albert DeMeo (1941-1983), who, in the mid-1970s, following the destruction of the Gallo brothers, became one of the most feared gunmen in New York. DeMeo began by stealing and selling cars, then graduated to drug trafficking. He operated out of a seedy club called the Gemini Lounge, located in Brooklyn's Flatlands.

To this place DeMeo lured his enemies and even some members of his own Mafia family, shooting and stabbing them to death, reportedly with the help of his most trusted henchmen, Anthony Senter and Joseph Testa. These killers routinely murdered as many as 200 victims, sawing their bodies into pieces and then dumping the remains in garbage cans throughout the neighborhood. DeMeo once bragged that he enjoyed killing people, that such heinous acts gave him "the power of God...deciding who lives, who dies."

Local police and federal agents began to probe DeMeo's drug trafficking operations in the early 1980s, and when Castellano heard about these investigations, he became apprehensive that DeMeo might turn informer and he reportedly ordered his underboss killed on January 10, 1983. DeMeo was shot to death at the hands of his most trusted lieutenants, Senter and Testa, according to police reports, and then dumped into his Cadillac where the decomposing remains were discovered eight days later.

Castellano told aides that he wanted the Gambino family purged of such thugs. Underbosses like DeMeo endangered "the whole setup," he said. The last thing he wanted was a killing, because that brought on publicity from a dogged press. "Those bastards never give up," he once complained to Dellacroce. "They're like terriers—you can cut off the head

All in the family: A 1976 gathering following a theatrical production in New York that includes (left to right, standing), Paul "Big Paul" Castellano, who later became the boss of the Gambino family; Greg DePalma; singer Frank Sinatra, who was identified as having strong ties to the Mafia-syndicate through this photo; Tom Marson; Carlo Gambino, boss of bosses, Sinatra's "godfather," and who was the role model for the godfather in Mario Puzo's classic Mafia novel; (sitting, left to right) Joseph Gambino and Richie Fusco.

but the teeth will still be buried in your flesh." He said the same thing about federal agents, whom he feared the most. The crime boss shunned publicity at all costs, meeting with his top capos at meeting places that were always changed to avoid police and federal surveillance. Castellano eschewed the New York nightlife, going home to his Staten Island mansion every evening to stay with his family.

No sooner had Castellano rid himself of DeMeo than he began to have similar notions about another tough upstart in his crime family, John Gotti (1940-2002), who had been making trouble for him for some time. Gotti, born in the Bronx, New York, on October 27, 1940, began like almost all Mafia members, as a street tough, especially after his family moved to a crime-ridden area in Brooklyn.

Gotti was involved in petty crimes and in the mid-1960s practiced extortion and truck hijacking, stealing freight from Kennedy Airport. He was a "made man" with the Gambino family in 1966 and two years later he had risen to the rank of lieutenant. He was named a capo or underboss in 1971, a position he would hold for fourteen years. Prior to that time, in 1969, Gotti was arrested for hijacking and was sent to prison for three years, being promoted to the rank of capo upon his release.

Although Gotti supervised a number of rackets for the Gambino family as a lieutenant (his capo being the aged, almost retired Carmine Fatico), he concentrated on the trafficking of heroin and cocaine, his crew—made up of Angelo and Sal Ruggiero; Gotti's brother, Gene Gotti; John Carneglia; and Anthony Rampino—operated out of two small restaurants, the Fish Social Club and Bergin Hunt Club. In those days and the decades to come, Gotti reveled in his public image of a powerful gangster.

Every Fourth of July, he supervised a huge, illegal fireworks display in his neighborhood (with local police paid to ignore the violation), and afterward his goons conducted street barbeques, grilling hot dogs and hamburgers which were dis-

Paul Castellano (center, bottom) leaves a Brooklyn funeral home in 1976, following services for Carlo Gambino; Castellon would be murdered on December 16, 1985, on orders from John Gotti.

Gambino underboss Aniello Dellacroce sponsored John Gotti, promoting him to Mafia prominence; Gotti exploded when Castellano was named the new Gambino chief, instead of Dellacroce.

tributed without charge to residents, children given all the ice cream they could eat and soda they could drink. Gotti became a local hero.

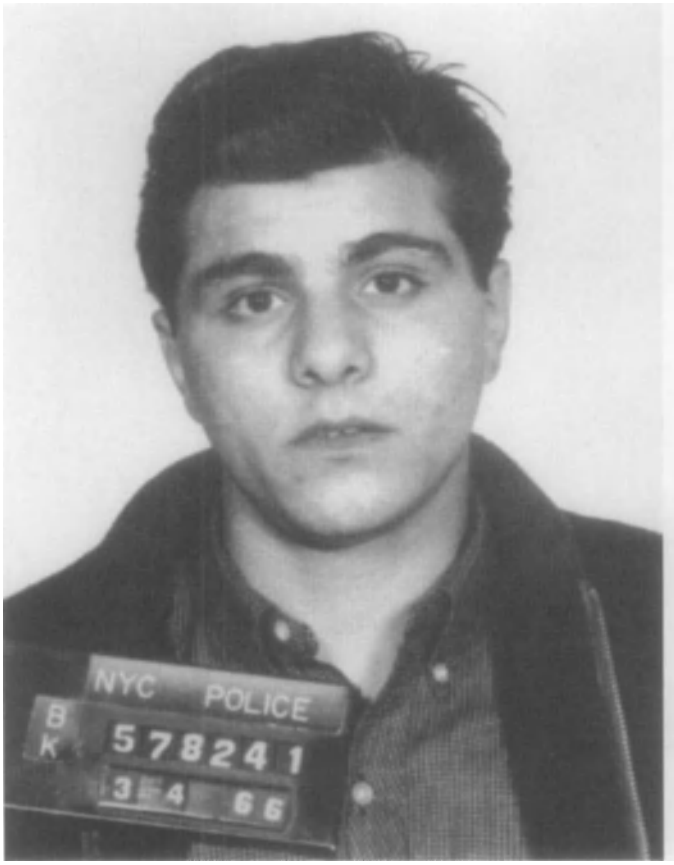
In 1973, Gotti received a murder contract, reportedly from Carlo Gambino himself, one that called for the extermination of James McBratney, who had allegedly murdered one of the Mafia don's nephews. Gotti dutifully performed the killing and was later charged with the murder. His attorneys managed to have the charge reduced to second-degree manslaughter and Gotti was again sent to prison, serving a two-year sentence. Upon his release, Gotti, who had earlier befriended the

A NYPD photo of future don, John Gotti, in 1968, the same year he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in the Gambino family.

aging Gambino underboss, Neil Dellacroce, became incensed when hearing that Carlo Gambino had picked Castellano as his successor instead of Dellacroce. A traditionalist, Gotti thought Castellano weak and indecisive, lacking all the loyalties and dedication of the old Mafia dons and their underbosses, such as Dellacroce.

Busying himself with drug trafficking, Gotti grew rich enough to purchase a comfortable Cape Cod-style home in the Howard Beach section of Queens. In 1980, however, his young son, Frank, was run down and killed by a neighbor in a car accident. The neighbor, John Favara, was told to flee for his life and that Gotti would have him killed, but he waved such notions away, saying that such gangster reprisals could be found only in the movies. Favara later disappeared and was never seen again.

Some time in 1984, Angelo Ruggiero reportedly went to his boss, Gotti, warning him about family chief Paul Castellano. The mob boss intended to have Gotti and Dellacroce killed, Ruggiero told Gotti, fearing that both were conspiring to murder him and take over the old Gambino family. This talk was thinly supported in fact, but it was most likely true that Castellano was consumed by paranoid apprehensions about his minions, believing that they were plotting to depose and destroy him, a gnawing fear commonly shared by his peers and predecessors. Gotti did not disguise his dis-



A NYPD photo of street punk Gene Gotti, taken in 1966, before he rose to prominence through his brother's ruthless climb to power.

A NYPD photo of Gotti's long-time enforcer, Angelo Ruggiero, who told Gotti in 1984 that Castellon intended to have him killed.

like for Castellano and continuously made remarks about his being a "poor boss," and a "gutless leader," and that "the Gambinos should have a better man on top."

Gotti said he "would not wait to be whacked," and moved first. A short time after Dellacroce died—he had struggled to make peace between Castellano and Gotti—Gotti sent a murder crew to kill his boss on the night of December 16, 1985. On that night, four men waited outside of Sparks Steak House on 46th Street in Manhattan and when Castellano and one-time chauffeur promoted to new underboss, Tommy Bilotti, stepped from a limousine in front of the restaurant, they were met by a hail of bullets that killed them on the spot. Sammy "The Bull" Gravano, who later turned informant and testified against Gotti, stated that he sat in Gotti's Lincoln car across the street from the murder scene with Gotti, witnessing Castellano's murder.

The killing of Paul Castellano shocked the other Mafia dons in New York, but they said nothing after Gotti assumed control of the old Gambino family. A few days after the Castellano killing, Gotti appeared in one of his $2,000 tailored suits for a court appearance, his expensive attire later earning for him the sobriquet of "the Dapper Don", and, by later apparently besting federal authorities, receiving the additional title of "the Teflon Don." He was asked if he was now the head of the Gambino crime family, now that Castellano was dead.

Gotti gave a broad smile to the cameras and replied: "I am the boss of my family—my wife and kids at home." Unlike Castellano, Gotti willingly became a public figure, bathing in the attention he received from the press as he was brought to trial one time after another in the mid-1980s and early 1990s. The more publicity Gotti received, the more he liked it. The press catered to his public posture, perversely showing him to be a criminal icon, a sub-culture hero. Typically, Andy Warhol did a portrait of the killer, which Time Magazine reproduced in 1986. The gangster put the cover into a frame that was placed on the wall of his office. He had arrived.

Also arriving was plenty of trouble for "the Teflon Don" in the form of criminal charges and trials. In May 1986, John O'Connor, vice president and business manager for the Carpenter's Union of New York City, offended Gotti, when he ordered a group of thugs to vandalize a restaurant controlled by the Gambino Mafia family. O'Connor was one of New York's most powerful labor leaders, an imposing figure, who was capable of shutting down virtually any construction project in the city unless union men were on the job. He was also reputed to be notoriously corrupt, and would allow a job to go through if a significant bribe was paid up front.

The restaurant in question, Bankers and Brokers in Lower Manhattan, was run by Philip "Philly" Modica, an alleged associate of the Gotti mob. To work on the restaurant, Modica hired a construction crew that did not belong to the local

The body of James McBratney, killed in 1973 in a Staten Island bar, murdered by John Gotti and others in front of many witnesses; Gotti went to prison for only two years after a manslaughter conviction.

FBI surveillance photo of Gotti headquarters in Queens (left building): The Bergin Hunt and Fish Club in Ozone Park; the man at the entrance is Gotti henchman, Anthony "Tony Roach" Rampino.

Another Gotti headquarters, the Ravenite Social Club in lower Manhattan, where John Gotti planned operations, following his 1985 murder of Castellano and takeover of the Gambino family.

Gotti shown in a FBI surveillance photo outside the Ravenite Social Club, talking with his mentor, Dellacroce.

union. In the early months of 1986, O'Connor reportedly visited the restaurant and was offered a $5,000 payoff in return for his guarantee of non-interference. O'Connor apparently decided that $5,000 was insufficient. A gang of labor union thugs descended on the restaurant and caused $30,000 worth of damage in less than an hour.

After hearing of this, John Gotti was believed to have met with his top lieutenant, Angelo Ruggiero, in Ozone Park, Queens, and ordered reprisals against O'Connor. A hidden microphone, placed there by the New York Organized Crime Task Force, captured Gotti's statements on tapes, which were introduced as evidence in his December 1989 trial for conspiracy and assault. "We're gonna bust him up!" Gotti allegedly said. Angelo Ruggiero followed Gotti's orders and hired four gunmen from the Westies, a violent Irish street gang, to carry out the assassination of O'Connor.

The murder attempt was unsuccessful and O'Connor sustained bullet wounds in the buttocks and legs. After a month in the hospital, the union leader was back on the streets. Gotti dropped the matter and went on to consolidate his empire and expand operations into New Jersey. During this time, Manhattan District Attorney Robert M. Morgenthau reviewed hours of secretly recorded conversations between Gotti and his henchmen taken at Gotti's restaurants in Ozone Park. Since Gotti had two felony convictions on his record already, under state law a third conviction would certainly mean twenty-five years in the state prison. Morgenthau carefully built his case against Gotti.

Morgenthau induced two of the Westies allegedly involved in the murder plot against O'Connor, Francis "Mickey" Featherstone and James "Studs" McEloy, to become informants. The two claimed that they decided to shoot O'Connor as a "favor" for the "greaseballs." Featherstone wore a concealed microphone in prison and secretly recorded conversations with other gang members that Morgenthau hoped to introduce in court.

Armed with an impressive array of evidence, the Manhattan District Attorney's office had the 49-year-old Gotti arrested outside a restaurant in Little Italy on January 24, 1989. Indictments were returned against Angelo Ruggiero, 48 (who died before the trial began), Anthony Guerrieri, 60, and Gotti, charging all three men with conspiracy. "I'll give you three-to-one odds I'll beat this case," Gotti boasted in a hidden taped recording. At issue was the admissibility of 28,000 taped conversations recorded between March 1985 and May 1986—the period in which Gotti was believed to have risen to preeminence in the New York underworld. Defense attorney Bruce Cutler argued that the tapes should not be admitted because the provision barring indiscriminate invasions of privacy did not seem to apply to Gotti.

After months of pretrial wrangling, Acting State Supreme Court Justice Jeffrey Atlas decided that the tapes could be used. The trial began in the Manhattan branch of the State Supreme Court on January 20, 1990. Gotti and Guerrieri pleaded not guilty. The jury heard taped conversations that portrayed Gotti as the undisputed "boss" of the Gambino outfit, New York's largest organized crime family, taking charge of the Gambinos following the slaying of Castellano.

In a 1986 telephone conversation a mob associate described Gotti as "God's gift to the underworld." Attorney Cutler, who had successfully defended Gotti in two other cases, derided Morgenthau as an opportunist and dismissed the FBI tapes as unimportant. "These supposed tapes show him doing nothing more than carrying on normal conversations with his friends," Cutler said to the jury. "You'll hear some rough language and some threats that are meaningless."

The jury retired February 5, 1990, to consider its verdict. Four days later they returned a verdict of not guilty against Gotti and Guerrieri. Attorney Cutler was jubilant. "The jury was able to see through a created case," he said. When interviewed by reporters, the jurors expressed mixed feelings about the tapes. Said one, "You couldn't take anything in that tape by itself. You have to place it in context." The credibility of Westie James McEloy was another issue. "The Westies were undisciplined," one juror said. "They were wild. They didn't need anybody's permission to kill anybody."

Ronald Goldstock, director of the state's Organized Crime Task Force, said, "It's only a battle, not the war." The govern-

Gotti in 1990 during his trial on charges of conspiracy; he was acquitted through the clever arguments of criminal attorney Bruce Cutler.

ment went after Gotti once again in 1992. This time a federal jury convicted him of five murders (including the Castellano killing), and numerous racketeering (RICO) charges, on April 2, 1992, along with fellow defendant, Frank LoCascio. On June 23, 1992, both men were sentenced to life imprisonment. Gotti's conviction was largely brought about by the testimony of Gotti's enforcer and chief capo, Salvatore "Sammy the Bull" Gravano, who had turned state's evidence.

In exchange for protection and imprisonment, Gravano bragged to the court how he had "whacked" as many as nineteen persons and described all of Gotti's many crimes in detail. The overweight killer (who had once ballooned to almost 500 pounds), had become angered at Gotti, when he was told that the crime boss had made fun of him to other henchmen, saying that Gravano wet his bed and was addicted to watching cartoon shows on TV. Gravano served five years in prison for his killings and was released and sent into the Witness Protection Program. He authored a book with Peter Maas, promoted his own dismal music records and, in 2001, was arrested in Arizona for drug violations.

By then Gotti was residing in Marion Federal Penitentiary in Marion, Illinois. He continued to posture and gesture for occasional interviewers, but he no longer held power in the old Gambino family, being replaced by Nicholas "Little Nick" Corozzo, who was imprisoned, his place taken by none other than John Gotti, Jr., who, unlike his father, preferred a low profile. His father had taken ill while in prison after being attacked by an inmate in July 1996, and suffered from cancer of the head and neck, stemming from the injuries Gotti sustained in the 1996 attack, an ailment that finally killed him on June 10, 2002. The body of the "Teflon Don" was returned to New York, where it was buried two days later in the St. John's Cemetery at Maspeth, Queens.

Sammy "The Bull" Gravano, one-time underboss to Gotti, turned informer, giving evidence that sent Gotti to prison for life; Gravano served only five years for his many murders.

April 22, 1992: A stunned Gotti hears a jury pronounce him guilty, convicting him of five murders; he was sent to prison for life, where he died of cancer on June 10, 2002.

CHAPTER EIGHT:

KIDNAPPING

Kidnapping for ransom has been practiced by kings and common criminals since recorded time. The earliest and most famous kidnapping in the ancient world occurred in the 12th Century B.C., when Theseus kidnapped Helen, the legendary Greek beauty, as a child in Sparta, an abduction which sparked the attritional Trojan War. In 78 B.C., Julius Caesar was kidnapped and held for ransom by pirates. After a month, the Roman leader was released, but he quickly took revenge, gathering a small fleet and sailing to the pirate's lair, where he captured and crucified his former kidnappers.

Pirates practiced kidnapping for ransom for many centuries. Irish corsairs abducted St. Patrick in 405 A.D., holding him prisoner for six years on the island for which he would become the patron saint. A youthful Vincent de Paul (1581-1660) was abducted by Barbary pirates in 1605, sold into slavery and released two years later. He would be canonized in 1737 as a Catholic saint. Albanian buccaneers kidnapped Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616) on September 26, 1575, selling him into slavery in Algiers. He was purchased by a Greek merchant who mistreated him, until Cervantes was released for ransom in 1580. (He would go on to fame as the author of *Don Quixote*, published twenty-five years later.)

Richard I (Coeur de Lion or Lion-Heart) of England, who was kidnapped in Austria and held for a ransom of 150,000 marks in 1192, a payment not made until two years later.

The rulers of ancient and modern kingdoms routinely conducted kidnappings or abductions of their fellow princes to remove them from the arena of political threat or to raise huge ransoms, as was the case of Richard I (Coeur de Lion or Lion-Hearted, 1157-1199) of England. In 1192, Richard I, while returning from the Third Crusade, was kidnapped in Austria by the forces of Duke Leopold, on orders of Emperor Henry VI (emperor of the Holy Roman Empire and the king of Germany). While Richard was kept a prisoner in a fortress on the Danube, Henry demanded a ransom payment of 150,000 marks (about $15 million in today's money) for the English king's return.

Richard's scheming brother, John, to whom the demand had been made, stalled in making the ransom payment, seeing the situation as an opportunity to usurp Richard's throne. When John's purpose was made clear to the English public, members of the merchant class raised the ransom and paid it to Henry VI. After almost two years of imprisonment, Richard was released in 1194.

Often enough, national leaders were abducted and held for political or military purposes. In 1519, Montezuma II (1466-1520), the Aztec ruler of Mexico, attempted to prevent Spanish conqueror Hernando Cortes from traveling to Mexico City and was abducted and taken hostage by Cortes. When the Aztecs attacked the Spanish forces, Montezuma was fatally injured while he was being held captive (some claimed he was murdered). A similar fate befell the Inca king, Atahualpa, of Peru, who, in 1532, was kidnapped by soldiers under the command of Spanish conquistador Francisco Pizarro, who demanded an enormous ransom of gold and silver. The Incas raised this ransom, but their king was nevertheless killed.

One of the earliest abductions that could be actually applied to the term "kidnapping" (the abduction of females for sexual purposes), involved the taking of two wealthy teenage girls, Ann and Catherine Kennedy, on April 14, 1779, in Ireland, by two poor men Garret Byrne and James Strange, who forced the girls to marry them, both abductors thinking that the unions would establish them within the insulated ranks of the wealthy class. No such thing occurred.

The girls were rescued and their kidnappers were promptly hanged after being convicted of stealing "property." A similar abduction occurred on March 4, 1822, when Honora Gould, a teenage girl from a wealthy family in Glangurt, Ireland, was kidnapped by the White Boys. The girl was raped and released three weeks later. Walter Fitzmaurice and William Costello were tracked down and tried, both sentenced to death. Costello was hanged, but Fitzmaurice was reprieved.

For centuries, the navies of many nations routinely conducted widespread kidnappings among the lower classes, roving "press gangs" seizing youths and pressing them into naval service. British press gangs kidnapped most to the seamen who served on board the ill-fated *Bounty*, a merchant ship commanded by the stern Captain William Bligh (1754-1817),

William Bligh, the severe captain of the British ship *Bounty*; most of his crew that mutinied in 1789 had been officially kidnapped ("pressed") and forced to serve on the ill-fated ship. Flogged for minor offenses and given poor rations, these "captive" seamen finally rebelled in a classic mutiny.

these disgruntled and maltreated sailors, led by Fletcher Christian, mutinied in 1789, casting Bligh and eighteen men adrift in an open boat. Bligh survived in a spectacular voyage of 4,000 miles and eventually conducted an unsuccessful hunt for the mutineers.

In the process, official inquiries largely criticized the practice of press gangs in kidnapping English sailors, a practice that largely contributed to the rebellion. The mutiny was vividly portrayed in three novels by Charles Bernard Nordhoff and James Norman Hall in *Mutiny on the Bounty*, 1932; *Men Against the Sea*, 1934; and *Pitcairn's Island*, 1934. Several films were later based upon the mutiny, the best of these being the 1935 production directed by Frank Lloyd and starring Clark Gable as Christian and Charles Laughton (in a memorable performance) as Bligh.

Just after the turn of the 19th Century, the British Navy began stopping U.S. merchant ships on the high seas and forcing American sailors into British duty against their will. These flagrant impressments became one of the major issues leading to the War of 1812. This practice, called "shanghaiing," was also conducted by American ship captains, sending waterfront thugs to saloons, where collusive bar owners drugged able-bodied seamen, who were then carried unconscious to waiting ships, unwillingly serving on board ships bound for the Orient.

The most notorious kidnapper of seamen in San Francisco was "Calico Jim" Reuben, who, with his gang of thugs, coerced or drugged scores of sailors into sea duty aboard merchant ships bound for Southeast Asia and China, especially the port of Shanghai. It was Reuben who coined the phrase "shanghaiing." He later fled to Chile, with a dogged San Francisco detective on his trail and was shot dead in a fierce fight by the officer in Santiago.

By the 1850s, this brutal practice had become well-established in San Francisco and New York and lingered long through successive decades. These kidnappings were depicted in many narratives, particularly the compassionate and stirring accounts of Richard Henry Dana, Jr. (*Two Years Before the Mast*, 1840) and Jack London (*The Sea Wolf*, 1904), both of these works being made into excellent films.

A decade later, in 1861, the Chiricahua Apache chief, Cochise (1812?-1874), was taken into custody for abducting a settler's child. He escaped from a fort prison, abducted several persons and held them hostage, later murdering them. Cochise was captured ten years later, but he had by then established a practice of kidnapping by the Apaches for the purpose of holding hostages to later negotiate land treaties.

Kidnapping for ransom came back into prominence when, on April 11, 1870, Lord and Lady Muncaster of England and other tourists, were abducted in Greece by Takos Arvanitakis and his Greek outlaws, who demanded one million dracmas for the return of the English captives. Four of the victims were murdered and the others returned before Takos escaped from pursuing government forces.

Four years later, on July 1, 1874, Americans were shocked to learn that Charles B. Ross, the small son of a wealthy family in Germantown, Pennsylvania, had been kidnapped and held for a $20,000 ransom, this being the first sensational ransom kidnapping in the U.S. The child was never located. The alleged kidnappers, William Mosher and Joseph Douglass, were shot dead during a burglary and William Westervelt was sent to prison for the crime.

The U.S. saw only minor kidnappings until the 1890s, beginning on March 20, 1891, when a wealthy bachelor from Detroit was abducted and $15,000 was demanded. The captive was released and the ransom never paid. In March 1892, Ward Waterbury, the child of a well-to-do farmer, was kidnapped from his home in Longridge, New York, by his cousin and two others, who demanded a ransom of $6,000. No money was paid, the child was freed, and the three culprits were captured, tried and sent to prison.

In August 1897, John Conway, the child of a train dispatcher in Albany, New York, was kidnapped by his uncle and two others. Like the Waterbury case, the child was released, no money was paid, and the culprits were tracked down and sent to prison. On May 21, 1899, Marion Clarke, the child of a wealthy New York City family, was abducted by the child's nurse, Bella Anderson, aided by George and Addie Barrow, who planned to demand $300 ransom, but the child was quickly rescued and the kidnappers sent to prison.

The kidnapping of Ion Perdicaris, a wealthy Greek-American businessman on May 18, 1904, became an international incident laced with heavy-handed political repercussions. A nomadic bandit named Raisuli and members of his tribe had abducted Perdicaris and his stepson from Perdicaris' lavish villa in Tangier, Morocco. Raisuli sent his demands to the sultan of Morocco, seeking cash and several political conces-

sions, including the release of many of his imprisoned men. President Theodore Roosevelt, always a man of action, sent the sultan of Morocco a blunt message: "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead."

The sultan began to negotiate the kidnapper's demands, but when the bandit made additional demands, negotiations came to a standstill. Roosevelt would not wait and dispatched several warships of the American "Great White Fleet," to the waters off Morocco. His intent was clear: If Perdicaris was not released, the U.S. was perfectly willing to go to war with Morocco. One editorial blared the American attitude of that saber-rattling era: "Teddy will go to war over the kidnapping of a lone American—bully for him!"

War was not necessary. Roosevelt's show of force was enough to compel the sultan to quickly negotiate the release of Perdicaris and his stepson on June 24, 1904. The 1975 film, *The Wind and the Lion*, starring Sean Connery as Raisuli and Brian Keith (in a great performance) as Theodore Roosevelt, largely fictionalized the Perdicaris kidnapping.

At the turn of the 20th Century, widespread kidnappings were conducted among female immigrants arriving in the U.S. These hapless girls were seized by thugs and taken to cheap brothels, where they were sold into prostitution, then called White Slavery. The forcible abduction of young women for immoral purposes became an issue of national concern. The passing of the Mann Act in 1910, and the eventual suppression of the "red light" districts in major American cities effectively ended the White Slavery scourge.

Kidnapping in Italy at this time increased, but this had been a problem in that country for a century, with Black Handers routinely abducting children and holding them until Italian merchants agreed to pay extortion money. The organized criminal brotherhood, the Mafia, kidnapped children in order to dictate political or law enforcement policies or procedures.

Typical abductions in the mid 1900s in Italy included the kidnapping of the son of Francesco de Martino, a socialist politician in Italy, who had been crusading against the Mafia (Sicily) and its mainland counterpart, the Camorra. Sometimes huge ransoms were paid. Black Handers seized Vincenzo Guida, baby of a wealthy family, demanding $300,000 for the return of the child. In Milan, also in this period, Nicolletta di Nardi, child of a diamond merchant, was kidnapped and 2 billion lire was paid.

Ransom kidnapping in the U.S., increased in the 1910s and through the 1920s, but became an epidemic during America's Great Depression of the early 1930s, when roving gangs seized wealthy citizens and held them for huge ransoms. The large and murderous bank-robbing Barker gang (see Robbery) kidnapped several wealthy persons in the early 1930s, demanding and receiving enormous ransoms.

Rival gangs in major American cities began kidnapping high-ranking members of opposing gangs and holding them for ransom. This was the case with George J. "Frenchy" DeMange, who was kidnapped on June 15, 1931, by Vincent "Mad Dog" Coll, who received a $35,000 ransom from DeMange's senior mob partner, Owney Madden, for the safe release of Big Frenchy (see Gangs and Organized Crime).

A contemporary sketch of Theodore Roosevelt (backed by an approving Uncle Sam), who built the Panama Canal, fought the trusts, crushed child labor and the sweat shops and became the most popular U.S. president to that time. Wielding his "Big Stick," Teddy sent the American Great White Fleet to Tangier, Morocco, threatening war in 1904, if American businessman Ion Perdicaris, who had been kidnapped by Berber bandit Raisuli, was not released. "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," was Roosevelt's wired ultimatum to the Moroccan sultan. The victim was released.

The most sensational kidnapping at this time and one called "the crime of the century," was the 1932 abduction of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., the infant son of America's greatest hero, the aviator, Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr. A large ransom was paid, but the child was later found dead. Bruno Richard Hauptmann, a Brooklyn carpenter and illegal German immigrant, was later convicted of the kidnapping-murder and sent to the electric chair in New Jersey.

This sensational case, which obsessed the nation for years, largely brought about the passing of new, tough anti-kidnapping statutes. It became a federal crime punishable by death to transport a kidnap victim across state lines, and, for the first time, the FBI became involved in the investigation of such crimes.

Though sensational kidnappings occurred in the succeeding decades, such abductions were relatively sporadic, until the 1960s-1970s, when widespread kidnappings occurred and a new phenomenon, skyjacking, became almost routine, with scores of planes and their passengers abducted by disgruntled employees, drunks and terrorists. In the U.S., most of these myriad skyjackings were aimed at a single destination, Communist Cuba. Dictator Fidel Castro mostly welcomed these kidnappers with open arms, giving them political sanctuary. (Many of these abductors became unhappy with their miserable lifestyles in poverty-stricken Cuba and later opted to return to the U.S. or Canada to face imprisonment.)

The first American skyjacking took place on August 3, 1961, when Leon Bearden, who had a long criminal record, and his 16-year-old son, Cody, boarded Continental Airlines Flight 54, a Boeing 707 jetliner carrying sixty-one passengers in Phoenix, Arizona. Once airborne, the Beardens got into the cockpit and, brandishing guns, ordered the pilot, Captain Byron D. Rickards (who, ironically, had been involved in the first recorded skyjacking in Peru in February 1931) to alter his course for Cuba. Rickards told Bearden that the plane did not have enough fuel to fly all the way to Cuba, so it was agreed that Rickards would first stop at El Paso, Texas, for refueling.

Upon arriving at El Paso, Leon Bearden released a few of the passengers. When refueled, Rickards prepared the take off, but as the plane taxied down the runway, a motorcade of FBI agents suddenly appeared, the agents firing submachine guns at the undercarriage of the plane, flattening its tires and knocking out an engine. FBI Agent Francis Crosby then boarded the plane and tried to negotiate with Bearden.

The skyjacker shouted that he would kill a hostage, himself and his own son, before he surrendered. Crosby, standing close to Bearden, then punched the skyjacker in the face so hard that he knocked him out. Cody Bearden meekly surrendered. The boy was sent to a correctional facility, to be released at the age of twenty-one in 1965. His father got a life sentence, later reduced on appeal to concurrent terms of five and twenty years.

The most notorious skyjacking in America occurred ten years later on November 24, 1971, when a passenger using the alias of "D. B. Cooper" boarded Northwest Airlines Flight 305, a 727 Trijet, at Portland, Oregon. The flight was en route to Seattle, Washington, when Cooper showed an attendant a "bomb" hidden in his briefcase. He said that unless his demands were met, he would explode the device and kill all forty-two passengers and crew. Cooper handed the attendant a note that demanded $200,000 in unmarked $20 bills to be packed into a knapsack and four parachutes.

A police sketch of the elusive skyjacker D. B. Cooper, who parachuted from a jet plane in 1971, with $200,000 in ransom money.

Upon receiving the ransom and parachutes in Seattle, Washington, Cooper released all the passengers and two crew members, then ordered the pilot to fly to Reno, Nevada, adding that his ultimate destination was Mexico. While the plane was cruising at an altitude of 10,000 feet and traveling at 197 miles per hour, Cooper straddled two parachutes, strapped the knapsack on his back and, going to the rear of the plane and lowering the stairs beneath the tail, jumped into space, wearing only his business suit in his freefall. He was never seen again.

Police in several states aided FBI agents in an exhaustive search for the kidnapper, especially in the state of Washington, where, in February 1980, they located several thousand dollars of the ransom money, partly buried on the north bank of the Colombia River near Vancouver, Washington. It was assumed that the kidnapper either planted the money there or that it washed down the river from the unknown point where the skyjacker had landed (dead or alive).

Thousands of persons were investigated in the Cooper skyjacking. One of was Jack Coffelt, a burglar and one-time con man from Missouri, but Coffelt died in 1976, and this identification, like all the others over the last thirty plus years, was never confirmed. In August 2000, a Florida newspaper stated that Jo Weber, a 60-year-old Pensacola resident, claimed to know the identity of D. B. Cooper, that he was none other than her deceased husband, Duane Weber.

Photos of Weber seemed to match the police sketch drawn at the time of the 1971 skyjacking, but FBI officials were skeptical, saying that Weber was just another person in the more than 1,100 suspects pinpointed by the Bureau in their tireless search for the phantom kidnapper.

FBI officials concluded that in all probability Cooper was killed, when he attempted to parachute through the heavy rainstorm and high winds surrounding him at the time of his jump. He remains, however, a criminal enigma and a curious folk hero to some. An annual celebration is held in Cooper's dubious honor each year by the scoffing residents of Ariel, Washington, a town festival entitled "Cooper Caper Sunday," one that features a cook-out and sky-diving exhibitions.

From the time Cooper made his incredible leap into space, skyjacking and kidnapping increased with alarming alacrity. In Italy and France individual financial gain motivated the kidnapping of children of wealthy businessmen. In the Middle East, however, political and religious motives were behind the countless kidnappings, abductions and hijackings conducted by Muslim Shiite terrorist groups, who demanded concessions from the U.S., Israel and its European allies, ever-widening crimes that continue to this day (see Terrorism).

LITTLE CHARLEY ROSS IS TAKEN/ July 1, 1874

Not until the sensational abduction of a little boy, Charles Brewster Ross, in 1874, did ransom-kidnapping become a reality in the U.S. In the years that followed there were dozens of copycat abductions in which children were abducted, often under the watchful eyes of their parents. What made the Ross kidnapping unique was the fact that the men responsible for the outrage were identified, but that the little boy was never found, although he was presumed by one and all to be dead.

Charley Ross and his brother Walter were playing in front of their house on East Washington Lane, in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia, on the hot, steamy afternoon of July 1, 1874. They were interrupted by two men riding in a horse-drawn carriage that pulled to the front curb. Walter Ross later recalled that these same two men had come by the house the previous week and had offered them some candy. This time the bait was far more tempting. The men said they could take the boys to a place that distributed firecrackers. With the Fourth of July holiday looming, the offer was almost too good to be true, so they climbed in the carriage, which went northward down the street. Charley asked the men if they could stop to buy some candy. Near Palmer and Richmond streets, the driver of the rig stopped, gave Walter a quarter, and told him to go into a confectionery store and buy whatever he pleased. Unaware of the men's intentions, Walter meandered up and down the aisles of the store for about fifteen minutes, unable to make up his mind. By the time he made his selection and went back to rejoin his brother, the rig had long since vanished. A passerby, Henry Peacock, took pity on the frantic, screaming

Abducted in 1874, 4-year-old Charley Ross was reportedly the first victim kidnapped for ransom in the U.S.; he was never seen again.

Charley's older brother, Walter, was also abducted, but was released.

The kidnappers are shown luring the two Ross boys from outside the mansion of their wealthy parents in Germantown, Pennsylvania, on July 1, 1874. The was a carefully planned abduction by professional criminals.

The abductors placed the Ross boys in a carriage after promising to take them to a store to buy candy.

little boy and asked him who his father was. Walter said his father was Christian K. Ross, a modestly wealthy retail merchant. Walter was returned to his home by 8 p.m.

The search for Charley began with neither the police nor the father suspecting that the boy had met with foul play. They chose to believe instead that he had gotten lost somewhere in the city and would soon return home. Charley's mother was vacationing in Atlantic City. Christian Ross, not wanting to unduly upset his wife, placed a discreet notice in a local newspaper, in which no names were mentioned.

On July 3, Mr. Ross received the first in a series of nearly unintelligible letters from the kidnappers. It was postmarked in Philadelphia. It read:

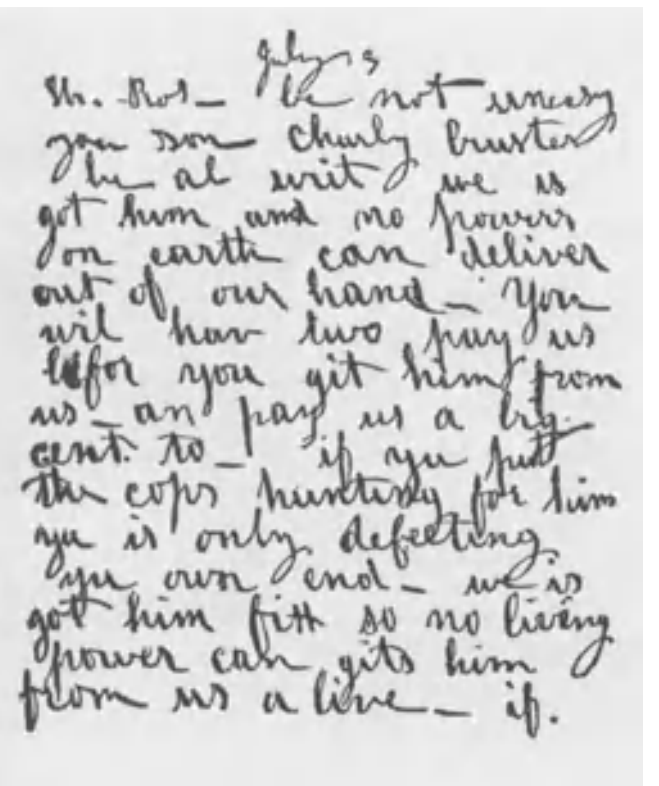
> Be not uneasy you son Charlie be all writ we is got him an no powers on earth can deliver out of our hand. you will have to pay us befor you git him from us, and pay us a big cent to if you regard his lif puts no one in search for him you mony can fech him out alive an no other existin powers.you here from us in a few days.

By now, the boy's mother had returned from Atlantic City. The story had leaked out to the press, which created an uproar in the city. Nervous parents kept their children locked inside their homes, while police commenced a house-to-house search.

On July 6, the kidnappers sent a second note outlining their ransom demand. They wanted $20,000, and warned of dire consequences if their demands were not met: "If you love money more than child yu be its murderer not us ... if we get yu money yu get him live if no money you get him ded."

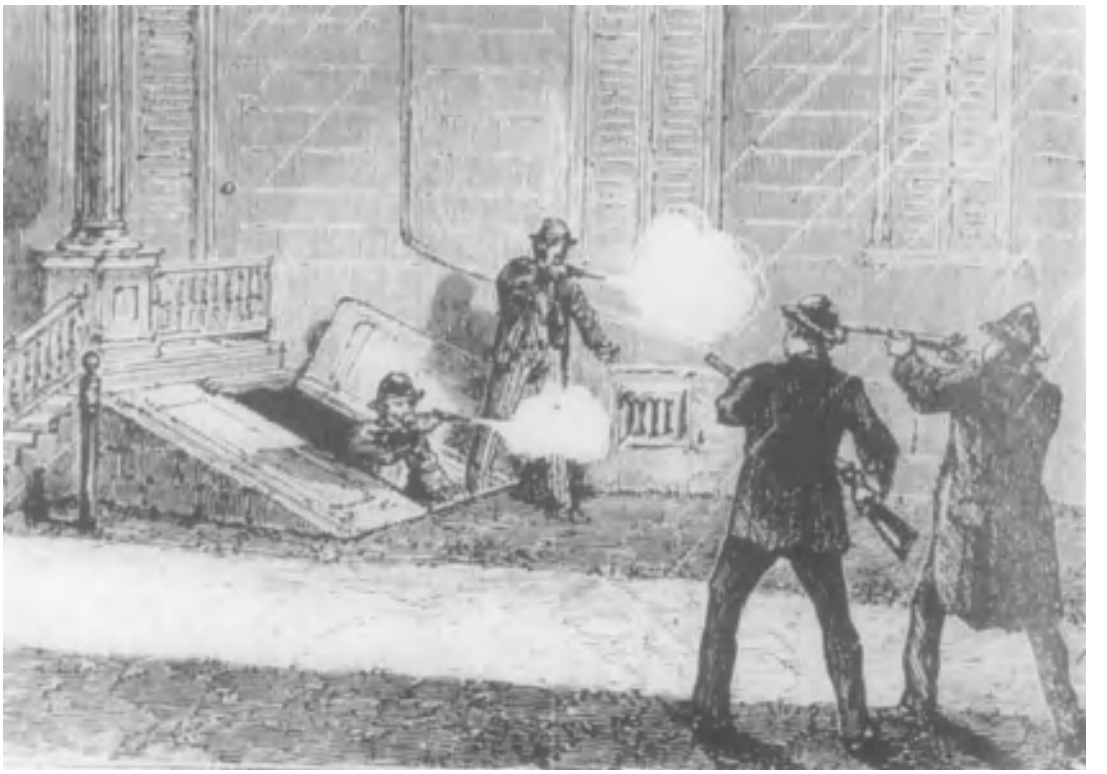
Mr. Ross did as he was told. He placed an item in a local newspaper to notify the kidnappers that he was ready to come to terms. But little Charley's captors were not the illiterates their poorly worded messages seemed to indicate. The police believed that the kidnappers disguised their writing because simple words were often misspelled in one letter but correct in the next. They suggested that their best hope of tracking down the offenders was through an on-going dialogue. They coached Ross to be slightly evasive in his replies to necessitate further correspondence. On July 9 the kidnappers, recognizing signs of delay, warned Ross about the imminent peril his son faced.

On July 22, Philadelphia Mayor Stokley posted a $20,000 reward on behalf of the city for the arrest of the kidnappers.



One of the ransom notes received by merchant Christian K. Ross; the kidnappers demanded $20,000 for the return of his son, Charley.

That same day, Christian Ross sent a notice to the gang that he was prepared to comply with their demands in every way. Eight days later, on July 30, the kidnappers advised Ross to pack $20,000 in small bills and take it with him to New York City. Then he was to change trains for Albany, New York, standing on the rear platform of the last car of the train and waiting for a signal along the way—a white flag on the ground.



Police are shown firing on two burglars attempting to escape a home they invaded in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn, on December 14, 1874; they proved to be two of Ross' kidnappers.

Ross' valise contained no money, though, just a note demanding to see the child before the exchange was made. There was no white flag signal either. Ross dejectedly returned home to Pennsylvania to find a letter from the kidnappers scolding him for not keeping the appointment. A newspaper had mistakenly reported that Ross had gone to the police in pursuit of another clue, and not on the train as he was instructed.

The first real break in the case occurred on August 2, when New York Police Chief George Walling asked the Philadelphia authorities to provide him with the original ransom letters. He had received a tip from a reliable informant that pointed to two men, William Mosher and Joseph Douglass, who had criminal records dating back to 1857. The tipster said that in April 1874 these two men had tried to persuade him to join them in kidnapping one of the Vanderbilt children at the family estate in Throgsneck, Long Island, New York. Walter Ross later verified the physical description the man provided. The writing on the ransom note was identified as Mosher's.

Mosher was a boat builder who had been arrested for burglary in 1871. He had escaped before the trial and was still a fugitive from justice at the time of the Ross abduction. Douglass was an amateur inventor who had manufactured a moth repellent, which he dubbed "Mothee." Neither man was able to provide for himself or his family due to the economic recession then sweeping the country. They had formulated the final plans for kidnapping Charley Ross in New York. Twenty-three letters had changed hands by November 6, 1874. Despite the efforts of several police departments and the Pinkerton Detective Agency, the suspects remained at large. Christian Ross followed up on the final communication sent by the kidnappers on November 15. A notice placed in the New York *Herald* told them where to go: "Saul of Tarsus: Fifth Avenue Hotel, Wednesday, eighteenth, all day." Mrs. Ross' brother and nephew left with a satchel of money on the seventeenth, but their effort was in vain. Mosher and Douglass were keenly aware of the presence of policemen and would not show themselves and claim the $20,000 ransom, even though both were going hungry.

Nothing more happened in the Ross case until December 14, when two burglars broke into the summer residence of Judge Van Brunt in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn. The judge was away at the time, but his brother, who occupied the house next door, heard the burglar alarm and summoned two of the hired men to go with him and investigate. Van Brunt cornered the intruders and ordered them to halt. When the burglars answered with a pistol shot, Van Brunt emptied his

John Douglass told police before he died that he and his accomplice, William Mosher, had kidnapped Ross.

Burglar William Mosher, killed by police, was named as one of the Ross kidnappers by his accomplice, Douglass.

A third member in the Ross kidnapping, William Westervelt, an ex-NYPD officer (shown shooting a detective before his apprehension), went to prison in 1875 for seven years, but refused to disclose the whereabouts of the missing Charley Ross.

shotgun into one of the men, who staggered outside mortally wounded. Van Brunt's men dropped the second in his tracks in a fusillade of bullets. He was dead.

Van Brunt spoke with the wounded man lying in the mud outside the house. "Men, I won't lie to you," he said. "My name is Joseph Douglass and the man over there is William Mosher. He lives in New York and I have no home. I am a single man and have no relatives except a brother and sister whom I have not seen for twelve years. Mosher is married and has four children. I have forty dollars in my pocket that I made honestly. Bury me with that. Men, I am dying now and it's no use lying. Mosher and I stole Charley Ross." Van Brunt demanded to know why, and Douglass answered, "To make money." He asked where the child was now. "Mosher knows all about the boy, ask him." But they had killed Mosher. They dragged his lifeless body over to Douglass so he could have a better look. "Chief Walling knows all about us and was after us, and now he has us," Douglass gasped. "The child will be returned home safe and sound in a few days." Douglass died an hour later without saying anything more about the kidnapping.

Walter Ross was brought in to view the remains of the two men. He confirmed that this was the same pair who had offered him and his brother candy months earlier. Mosher's widow could shed no light on the whereabouts of the missing Charley Ross, though she confessed to having knowledge of the crime. Suspicion fell on Mosher's brother-in-law, a New York policeman named William Westervelt, who had assisted in the kidnapping. Chief Walling insisted that he had conclusive evidence that would prove Westervelt's guilt. The ex-policeman was convicted on charges of conspiracy and extortion in 1875 and was sentenced to prison for seven years. He could not (or would not), however, direct the police to the boy's location.

Westervelt, shown upon his prison release, reportedly drowned Ross in New York's East River after learning that police were on his trail.

Christian Ross posted a $5,000 reward with no questions asked, but there were no takers. Though the grieving father expanded the search, Little Charley Ross had simply vanished. Christian Ross traveled through Michigan, New York, Connecticut, Vermont, and Pennsylvania following up on every possible clue. By February 1878 he had interviewed 573 homeless boys, but none of them matched Charley's physical appearance. The showman P.T. Barnum offered a $10,000 reward, but Ross respectfully declined the offer. The story took a cruel twist on November 7, 1883, when the New York *Times* reported that a young man purporting to be Charles Ross was appearing at the Windsor Museum in the Bowery next to the other carnival sideshow freaks. Christian Ross went to the museum to discover that the young man was not his son.

Christian Ross went to his grave in 1897. His wife died in 1912. To the very last day, she held out hope that Charley might be returned to her, but it was not to be. The famous Ross kidnapping case remained an enigma and an open file in the Philadelphia police reports, a case that would be argued for generations to come.

"FROM YOUR OLD KIDNAPPER"/ December 18, 1900

Patrick Crowe was a disgruntled employee of the Cudahy Meatpacking Company of Omaha, Nebraska. Having lost his job, he decided to take revenge on his former employer by kidnapping his boss' son, 15-year-old Edward Cudahy, Jr. On the evening of December 18, 1900, Cudahy was returning from a doctor's office after having delivered second-hand magazines his father no longer wanted. Barring his path, wearing masks and wielding revolvers, were Crowe and accomplice James Callahan. "We're detectives," Crowe announced to the boy, "and you're a robber named McGee. We've been after you, McGee, and now we've got you. Come along with us."

Cudahy pushed away a revolver pointed at him and shouted: "You're crazy!" Ignoring the boy's protests, the kidnappers hustled him into a buggy, tied his arms and feet, and put a hood over his head. They then drove to an old abandoned house in the area and took Cudahy inside, handcuffing him to a chair and giving him a plate of food. Crowe and Callahan then celebrated their kidnapping feat by opening a bottle of liquor.

When the boy did not return home, Edward Cudahy, Sr. phoned the doctor, who told him that Eddie had delivered the magazines several hours earlier and had left for home. Cudahy then called the police, and the entire force turned out to look for the missing youth. They were joined by hundreds of Cudahy's workers, who had been ordered to help search for the meatpacking heir.

By morning, when the boy did not return home, Cudahy realized that his son had been taken and he immediately offered a sizeable reward with no questions asked if his boy was returned to him unharmed. He also called in the Pinkertons who began searching for Eddie. A ransom note delivered that day demanded $25,000 in gold. If the money was paid, the boy would be safely returned the note read, but if Cudahy refused to pay, the kidnappers vowed that they would blind the boy with acid. To instill fear within the Cudahy family, the kidnappers made mention of the fate that befell Charley Ross, who had been kidnapped in 1874 and how the boy vanished forever when the ransom for him was not paid.

Cudahy put five sacks of gold into a buggy that night and delivered this money to a remote spot on the outskirts of Omaha. His son was released unharmed some hours later. Cudahy, once his son was safely back home, offered a large reward for the capture of the kidnappers, but interest in apprehending these culprits was practically nonexistent as Cudahy was not a well-liked man. He paid his employees slave wages and was a severe

Edward Cudahy, Jr., the 15-year-old heir to an Omaha meatpacking fortune, was kidnapped on December 18, 1900. He thought his abductor was "crazy."

Kidnapper Patrick Crowe later made amends, returning the ransom money and sending greeting cards to his victim on the anniversary of the abduction.

taskmaster who had smashed several campaigns to unionize the suffering meatpacking workers.

Police detectives studying the case and various descriptions given of the men seen with the Cudahy boy, concluded that the kidnapping had been masterminded by a colorful character named Pat Crowe, one-time Cudahy employee, who had turned to train robbery and other criminal pursuits. Crowe, however, was nowhere to be found. Crowe was reported to be in China or in the South Seas, off on some adventure.

The kidnapper, in February 1901, then began sending a series of letters to Cudahy, first claiming he was innocent, then offering to return $20,000 of the $25,000 in ransom money. His accomplice, Callahan, was caught in 1901 and identified by Eddie Cudahy as one of the men who had kidnapped him. Callahan was tried for the Cudahy kidnapping. Oddly, Nebraska had no fixed laws governing the crime and Callahan was acquitted. The search for Crowe went on, however.

After reportedly serving with the Boers in South Africa in their fight against the British, Crowe returned to the U.S. in 1906. He later claimed that he returned Cudahy's money through an Omaha attorney. Then he publicly declared that he, indeed, had kidnapped Eddie Cudahy, and submitted himself to trial. Crowe had picked an opportune time to surrender. Feeling against the meatpacking trusts was high and Cudahy represented the oppressive and unyielding owner class. Unions were organized, and the meatpacking czar was under siege to change his employment procedures.

Crowe's trial took place at the height of this crisis, and he was, not surprisingly, acquitted as had been Callahan some five years earlier. Crowe went on to become a popular lecturer, railing against the trusts. Capriciously, he sent a postcard every year for many years to Eddie Cudahy on the anniversary of the kidnapping and signed these missives, "from your old kidnapper." There is no record of Eddie Cudahy ever sending a return card.

THE BUMBLING BOGLES/March 18, 1909

James H. Bogle and his wife, Helen McDermott Bogle (AKA: Mr. and Mrs. Boyle; Mr. and Mrs. Jones; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Walters) kidnapped 8-year-old Willie Whitla in Sharon, Pa., on March 18, 1909. Bogle arrived at 9:20 a.m. at the East Ward School in Sharon and told the school's janitor, William Sloss, that he had been sent by Whitla's father to pick up the boy. The janitor went to Willie's teacher, Anna Lewis, who had the boy put on his coat and then escorted him outside to a waiting horse-drawn buggy driven by a heavy set, middle-aged man. As he drove off with the 8-year-old, Miss Lewis began to worry and remarked to Sloss: "I hope that man doesn't kidnap Willie." The unsuspecting boy rode on with Bogle, asking when he would see his father. The kidnapper told him soon and gave him a cheese sandwich. A short time later one of Willie's schoolmates saw the boy leave the buggy and mail a letter.

Whitla's father was a prominent lawyer, James P. Whitla, who was also the brother-in-law of steel tycoon Frank H. Buhl. That night, Willie's worried parents received a ransom note demanding $10,000. The note read: "We have your boy and no harm will come to him if you comply with our instructions.

James H. Bogle, who kidnapped Willie Whitla in Sharon, Pennsylvania, on March 18, 1909; he and his wife went to prison for twenty-five years.

If you give this letter to the newspapers or divulge any of its contents, you will never see your boy again. We demand $10,000 in $20, $10, and $5 bills. If you mark the money or attempt to place counterfeit money you will be sorry. Dead men tell no tales. Neither do dead boys. You may answer at the following addresses: Cleveland *Press,* Youngstown *Vindicator,* Indianapolis *News,* and Pittsburgh *Dispatch* in the personal columns. Answer: "A.A. will do as you requested.

Whitla complied, placing the notice in the newspapers. He informed police that he would not cooperate with any investigation until his son was returned. Then ensued a series of botched meetings arranged for the delivery of the money to the Bogles. Whitla was told to go to the Flat Iron Park in Ashtabula, Ohio, on March 20, 1909, and deposit the money at a certain spot in the park, but no one arrived to pick up the ransom. Another note told him that "a mistake was made in Ashtabula Saturday night." Whitla was then instructed to go to Cleveland by train and go to Dunbar's Drugstore, where a note would be waiting for him with more instructions. Once in the drugstore, Whitla picked up another note telling him to go to a candy store operated by a Mrs. Hendricks; he was to leave the money with Mrs. Hendricks, and mark it for the attention of "Hayes." Whitla left the money with the candy store operator, who had no idea who he was or who Hayes was. She handed Whitla a note from Hayes in a sealed envelope that told the attorney to go to the Hollenden Hotel in Cleveland and that his boy would be delivered to him within a short time.

The nervous father went to the Hollenden and spent several hours of frantic waiting, pacing the lobby, checking the staircases and the area around the hotel. At 8 p.m., two boys, Edward Mahoney and Thomas Rumsey, got on the Payne Avenue streetcar and recognized Willie Whitla from the photos that had been appearing in the daily newspapers. He seemed to be in a drugged state, and when the boys quizzed him as to his destination, Willie told them that he was going to see his

father at the Hollenden Hotel. Oddly, he told them that his name was Jones. The boys saw a policeman, Patrolman Dewar, get onto the car and they pointed Willie out to him. Dewar took Willie to the Hollenden Hotel, where his frantic father rushed to embrace his son.

Willie then told his father that he had been in the custody of "Mr. and Mrs. Jones" who said that his father had put him in their safekeeping, so he would not catch smallpox, then reaching epidemic proportions in the area, and that he was to tell anyone who asked about his identity that his names was Jones. He added that he had been kept in a house, where he had to hide under a sink whenever there was a knock at the door because "it might be the doctor to take me to the pesthouse." Willie laughed when he said that "it was fun fooling the doctor." He told his father and police that "Mr. and Mrs. Jones" put him on the trolley car and told him where to get off to reach the Hollenden Hotel.

Willie's return to Sharon by train ended with a triumphant welcome. Thousands greeted him at the depot where bands played and cheering throngs pressed toward the Whitla family to view the boy. Cleveland Police Chief Kohler conducted a massive search of all boarding houses that would match the description given by Willie. His detectives found one house where a man and wife had recently departed in a hurry, the Granger Apartment House on Prospect Avenue. The owners told detectives that the couple had given the names of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Walters.

A saloon keeper, Pat O'Reilly, then informed police that a young couple had recently been in his place spending money lavishly, almost $30 (a lot of money to spend at that time), buying drinks for everyone in his place, always paying with new $5 bills. Bogle and his wife were found on March 22, 1909, both drunk in a Cleveland saloon, these wastrels lavishly spending the Whitla ransom money, blathering and babbling about "committing the perfect crime," and ridiculing the police as bumblers.

When arrested, the Bogles gave the name Boyle to Captain Shattuck and Detective Woods, and when they arrived in front of the police station, the man tried to break free, but Shattuck fired off a shot that stopped him in his tracks. Inside the woman's dress was found $9,848, almost all of the ransom money.

The couple, later identified as James and Helen Bogle, were tried in Mercer, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Hendricks, the confectionary store owner, identified Bogle as the man who left the note for Whitla and later picked up the package containing the ransom money. Helen Bogle, a loud-mouthed slattern, had already convicted the pair when they were arrested, bragging to police: "I planned the whole thing." She thought of herself as a criminal mastermind. When police pointed out that she and her husband had repeatedly botched the ransom pickup and had left a mile-wide trail for police to follow them, Helen Bogle bristled: "I'm not stupid. We did it and got away, didn't we? So you caught us. Everybody gets caught, don't they? So what?" She poked a finger at her forehead, saying: "I got brains, I do."

Willie Whitla testifed in court that Bogle had "whiskers here," pointing to his upper lip to indicate that the kidnapper had worn a mustache when picking him up at his school. A barber, Abner Hancock of Niles, Ohio, testified that he had shaved Bogle's mustache off a few hours after the kidnapping.

Cleveland's Hollenden Hotel, where James Whitla was reunited with his abducted son, Willie.

Neither Bogle nor his wife offered any kind of defense and both were convicted of kidnapping. On May 11, 1909, Bogle was given a life sentence and his wife was sentenced to twenty-five years' imprisonment. Before being sent to prison, James Bogle gave out a story that the idea of kidnapping Willie Whitla originated with Harry Forker, Mrs. Whitla's brother. He said that on the night of June 8, 1895, he found Forker removing papers from the body of Dan Reeble, Jr. on the sidewalk on Federal Street in Youngstown. Bogle went on to state that he had been blackmailing Forker since that time, receiving small amounts until November 1908, when he demanded a final payment of $5,000. Forker told Bogle he did not have that kind of money, according to Bogle, and suggested that Bogle kidnap his nephew, Willie Whitla, and hold him for ransom.

Police dismissed Bogle's story as fantastic and produced policeman Michael Donnelly, who said that he had known the dead Reeble, and had talked to him only a few minutes before his death. Reeble had gone upstairs and fell from a second-story window, when Officer Donnelly was only 200 feet from the building where Reeble lived. Donnelly stated that Reeble was in the habit of sitting in the open window before retiring

Willie Whitla is shown reunited with his family; his abductors bragged about their ill-planned kidnapping scheme

and that he probably lost his balance and fell to his death. The officer insisted that no one, including Harry Forker, was near the body when Donnelly rushed up to discover his friend Reeble dead.

"I'M DIGGING AT THE FEET!"/August 2, 1921

Among the inmates of California's San Quentin Prison, one convict became a permanent pariah, a social outcast among social outcasts. He was William A. Hightower (b.1877), who committed the crime considered most odious to hardened criminals: He kidnapped and killed a priest. Born in Texas, Hightower left home to seek his fortune in the West. He worked in dozens of roadside restaurants learning the culinary arts. In time, he became an accomplished baker, specializing in pastries.

In 1910, Hightower married a girl in Fresno, California, but since she was the daughter of a religious fundamentalist, and Hightower enjoyed drinking and womanizing, the couple soon separated. Hightower also worked as a cook and fancied himself a genius inventor. During World War I, he claimed to have invented a new machine gun, but before anyone could test its effectiveness the plans were "stolen," he said. "I was going to have it patented and give it to the government, when the models got into the hands of German sympathizers," he said.

Hightower eventually settled in Bakersfield, California, where he opened a bakery, but it failed in the years following the war. He took to the road, trying desperately to peddle another one of his inventions: a candied fruit substitute. There were no takers. By 1921, Hightower was cooking for a section gang on the Southern Pacific line outside Salt Lake City, Utah. He soon quit and drove to San Francisco, where he concocted what he believed was a perfect money-raising scheme after noticing in the paper that 15,000 members of the Knights of Columbus, a Roman Catholic organization, were to arrive in the city for their thirty-ninth annual convention. In a moment of maniacal inspiration, the failed chef concocted a scheme that he thought would make him a fortune.

Hightower appeared on the doorstep of the Holy Angels Church in Colma, California, on the night of August 2, 1921. The housekeeper, Marie Wendel, opened the door and found an oddly dressed man shielding his face from view, who spoke in a foreign accent, saying: "I would like to see the Father. He is very needed. My friend is dying. We want the Father at once." The housekeeper summoned Father Patrick E. Heslin from his study. Hightower told him that his friend was seriously injured in an auto accident and had requested last rites. Father Heslin left the house with Hightower, the housekeeper watching them drive off into a fog-shrouded night.

When Heslin did not return, she contacted Archbishop Edward J. Hanna, who deemed it prudent to wait a few hours before calling police. Later, the archbishop was sent a ransom note demanding $6,500 for the return of the priest. The hastily scrawled note was given to Carl Eisenshimmel and Chauncey McGovern, two experts in the field of graphology. They could only state the obvious: the author of this note was a "deranged person ... a demented person."

The story was leaked to the press and within hours the city, including the thousands of delegates of the Knights of Columbus Convention, was in an uproar. Police conducted an exhaustive search through the city and its environs, but after eight days still found no sign of Father Heslin. Armed vigilantes combed the city streets, the surrounding hills, and the isolated beaches, to no avail. A second ransom note arrived, but did not specify where the drop was to be made.

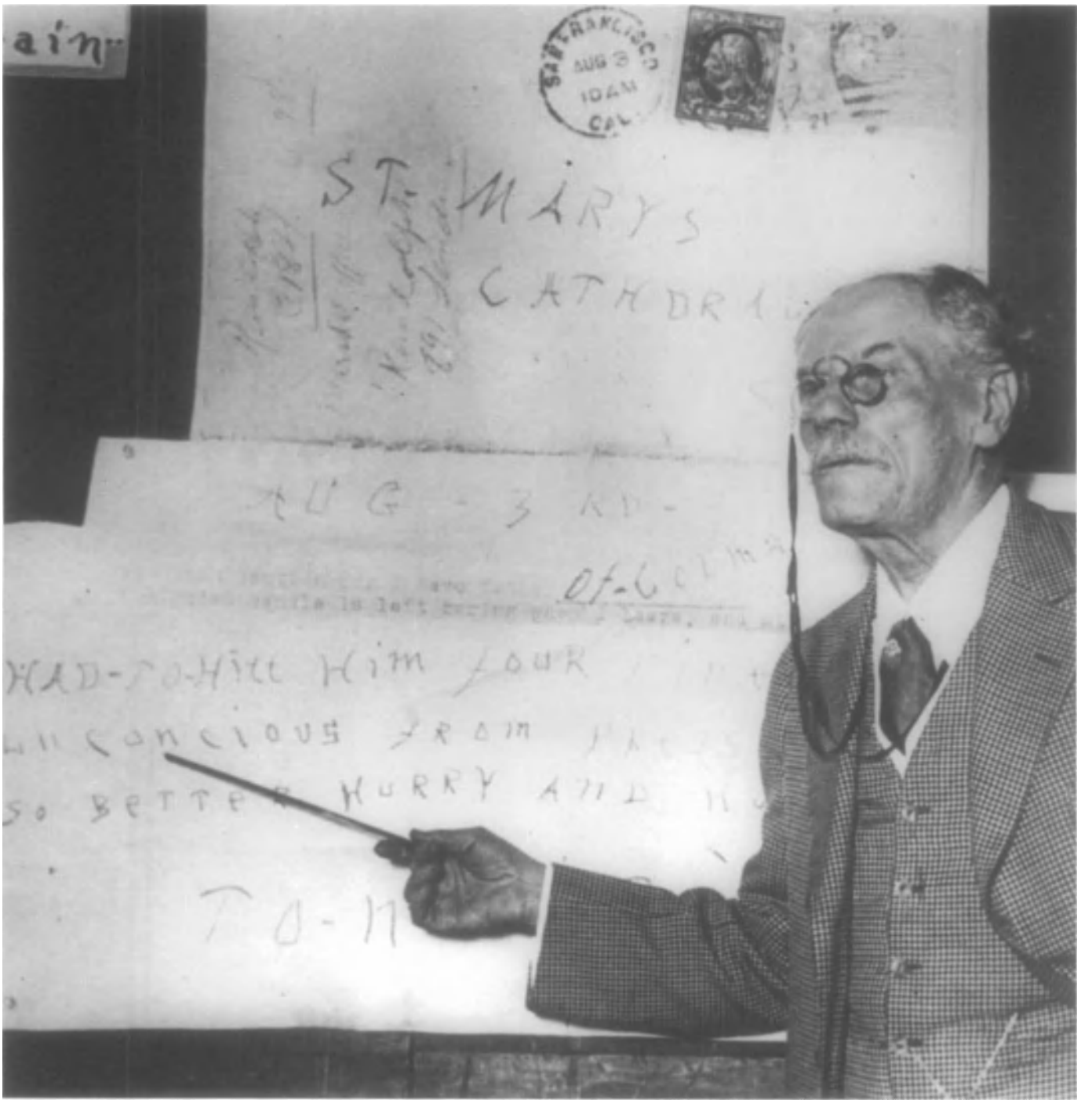
What was particularly unusual was the kidnapper's de-

Father Patrick E. Heslin, kidnapped and murdered on August 2, 1921, in a botched scheme to collect a $6,500 ransom from the Catholic Church.

mand for $6,500 rather than an even sum. "Fate made me do this," the second note explained. Handwriting experts Eisenshimmel and McGovern characterized the second note as having been written by a "goof." On August 10, the "goof" appeared before police officials. He was wearing a Palm Beach suit and he carried in his hand a Panama straw hat, typical mid-summer wear for the era. He announced that he was William A. Hightower, a businessman down on his luck.

Hightower went on to state that he could help the police find the missing priest. "A man who fried flapjacks all the time is watching over him," he said. A reporter for the San Francisco *Examiner* standing nearby reasoned that Hightower referred to an Albers Milling Company billboard which featured a miner cooking flapjacks over an open fire. The billboard overlooked Salada Beach, a lonely strip of coastal highway running out of San Francisco.

Two women named Dolly Mason and Doris Shirley, both prostitutes, had tipped Hightower off about a cache of bootleg liquor buried under the sand, he told police. While digging for the Scotch he hoped to sell on the open market,



Graphologist Carl Eisenshimmel is shown examining the enlarged ransom note sent by Heslin's kidnapper, the handwriting expert stating that he believed the sender to be "a deranged person."

Bold kidnapper William A. Hightower, at the time he appeared in a police station to ask for a reward for pinpointing the whereabouts of the missing Father Heslin, the priest he had actually abducted and murdered.

Hightower (arrow) stands with police detectives at the beach grave he easily located and where he helped dig up his victim, the body lying at his feet; the kidnapper expected to receive a reward for pinpointing the remains of Father Heslin.

Hightower, right, leads the search party in carrying the body of his victim from Salada Beach; instead of a reward, he was charged with kidnapping and murder.

Hightower, extreme right, stands with the search party he led to the grave site, with the covered remains of the missing priest on a litter at their feet; Police Chief O'Brien, who was suspicious of Hightower's actions, stands (second from right) grim-faced next to the kidnapper-killer.

While serving out a life term at San Quentin, Hightower, shown in old age, became an accomplished chef, dying behind bars and never mentioning his victim's name.

Hightower had unearthed a black scarf which he figured belonged to the priest. "I left the scarf as a marker on the beach. Father Heslin, poor soul, is probably at the other end of it," Hightower said.

Accompanied by Police Chief O'Brien, a squad of detectives, and several reporters from the *Examiner* who sensed a scoop in the making, Hightower led them to a deserted strip of Salada Beach. The curious young man babbled incessantly about his nomadic life, and the jobs he took while on the road. There was the time he inadvertently shot the hat off a garrulous Texas Ranger, for example. "I sneaked over the county line and kept on going that night boys," he drawled. "Strange way for a man to lose his job, don't you think?"

In the swirling fog, it was difficult for the search party to gain its bearings. Hightower, who was satisfied that he would collect a fat reward for uncovering the body, jubilantly called to the detectives. "Over here, boys. Just this way!" he called. Constable Silvio Landini warned him to be careful with his digging. He might strike the face and obliterate valuable evidence. "Don't worry," Hightower replied. "I'm digging at the feet!"

"Didn't you say you didn't know if there was a body down there or not?" the chief asked.

"That's what I said," answered Hightower absentmindedly as he continued digging in a feverish manner. His remark had been a revealing slip of the tongue, one that indicated he knew the position of the body before it was unearthed. Chief O'Brien concluded at that moment that Hightower was, indeed, the kidnapper.

Father Heslin's body was quickly removed from the sand. A blow in the back of the head had crushed his skull and two gunshots had been fired into the body. Doris Shirley was located, and she admitted to spending one night with Hightower. Dolly Mason turned out to be Hightower's invention. On August 13, a local pawnbroker told police that Hightower had recently pawned a .45-caliber pistol, one that proved to be the same one used to kill Father Heslin. Inside Hightower's hotel room police found the typewriter used to prepare the ransom note.

Hightower was indicted for murder and convicted after a short trial. "That a poor priest going to assist a man in the throes of death could meet foul play seems so incredible that the archbishop hopes that in the clearing up of the death of Father Heslin some excuse may be found that will save the name of San Francisco," exclaimed Archbishop Hanna, trying to make some sense of the whole thing. To reporters, the convicted killer added his own snide observation: "Ish ka bible!"

Hightower was sentenced to life in prison, despite the crusading efforts of the San Francisco *Examiner*, which called for the death penalty. At San Quentin he was assigned to work as the prison chef. Here he became an accomplished cook, who won praise for his skill and dexterity in preparing cakes and pastries. Warden Duffy praised his efforts. "He made a candy out of fruit which was so delicious that Gladys [the warden's wife] asked him for the recipe. Neither she nor anyone else could duplicate it even after he wrote it out for her." An otherwise reclusive individual, the prisoner published a newsletter titled *Observations from A. Hightower*, a collection of nonsensical prose he truly believed would one day rival that of H.L. Mencken for literary genius.

Although he was shunned by his fellow convicts, Hightower never ceased to be enamored with himself. He demanded of publisher William Randolph Hearst that he be given editorial space in the pages of the *Examiner* so that he could publish a column. It was only fair, Hightower believed in his own convoluted way of thinking, since the newspaper had sent him to prison in the first place. In 1960, the kidnapper-killer sent a message to Warden Duffy which read: "[Hightower who] was supposed to be very ignorant [when sent to prison] is now such a wizard of words that he has surpassed all other men in writing punch lines." It was exactly the same kind of writing style used in the ransom notes, though Hightower never mentioned Father Heslin by name during his lifelong imprisonment.

THE ABDUCTION OF SISTER AIMEE/ May 18, 1926

Aimee Semple McPherson (Aimee Elizabeth Kennedy, 1890-1944) was a phenomenon of the Roaring Twenties, a religious icon that rocketed to fame and fizzled to disgrace, after it was discoverd that she had faked her own kidnapping to cloak her carnal desires. Wealth, fame, and power awaited this minister's daughter from Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada, when she took to the podium to preach her own fiery brand of revivalist gospel.

McPherson was a caricature of the crazy times in which she lived, personifying the 1920s, when Americans lived vicariously through the media heroes they created. "Sister" Aimee was a captivating huckster whose oratorical skills and forcefulness of personality stole the hearts and wallets of an entire generation.

Aimee Kennedy was born on a farm to a Bible-thumping Salvationist. Her mother, Minnie "Ma" Kennedy, a steadying

Sister Aimee Semple McPherson, center, waves to her adoring followers, often spiking her colorful sermons with jazz band music (note the saxophone—a symbol of the Jazz Age—resting next to the podium).

influence through much of Aimee's life, saw to it that she was indoctrinated to fundamentalist religion early in life. At the age of seventeen Aimee fell in love with an itinerant preacher named Robert Semple, who appeared at a tent meeting in Ingersoll one day. His powerful words struck her heart like a "swift-flung arrow." She married the Pentecostal evangelist in 1908 and moved to China, where together they worked as Christian missionaries. Semple died in Hong Kong in 1910, leaving his wife and infant daughter penniless in a foreign land. Aimee earned her passage back to America preaching to the sinners on board the *Empress of China.* When the wealthy passengers responded by giving her enough money for a ticket and a few dollars to spare, Aimee Semple was suddenly face to face with her life's calling.

In 1912, she married a grocery store clerk named Harold S. McPherson. Their marriage produced one child before ending in divorce nine years later. Her career began in earnest in 1917 when she began to preach to her followers about a "Foursquare Gospel Evangelism." Moving to Los Angeles a year later, Sister Aimee, by her own account, "worked by day and dreamed by night in the shadow of the tent." The tent she imagined for herself was Angelus Temple, which opened in Echo Park on January 1, 1923. The chapel, an auditorium with a seating capacity of 5,000, and a specially constructed radio station that carried her message across the state, was built at a staggering cost of $1.5 million. It was all made possible by her celebrated "healing sessions" conducted in such remote locations as New Zealand, Australia, Canada, and the backwater towns of the U.S. A few of her followers who suffered from incurable diseases had suddenly recovered, and the publicity surrounding these "miracles" elevated her to celebrity status. "I am not a healer," she often said. "Jesus is the healer. I am only the little office girl who opens the door and says, 'Come in.'"

McPherson had a decided flair for the dramatic. She pandered to the sensational by appearing in long, flowing translucent gowns, tailored to display her curvacious and voluptuous body. On one occasion she wore a policeman's uniform to deliver a sermon on "God's Law." With her own magazine, a Bible School, some 400 branch churches in the U.S. alone, and the publication of two books, *This and That* (1919), and *In the Service of the King* (1927), McPherson had become one of the most influential religious figures in America. Her Angelus Temple payroll exceeded $7,000 a month, an impressive figure in those days. Her appearance on the altar of the temple was not only awe-inspiring, but erotic according to the recollections of Carey Williams. He wrote, "She suggested sex without being sexually attractive. The suggestion was to be found, perhaps in some quality of the voice; some radiation of that astonishing physical vitality. While constantly emanating sex, she lacked the graceful presence, the subtlety of manner, the mysterious reticence of a real siren."

Far from being the simon-pure Christian faith healer that her followers imagined, McPherson had a secret lover, Kenneth G. Ormiston, who worked quietly behind the scenes as McPherson's radio operator. The ubiquitous Ormiston already had a wife, but still "comforted" McPherson. "You sound as

Sister Aimee is shown broadcasting a sermon from her own radio station; her radio operator, Kenneth G. Ormiston, was her secret lover and with whom she ran off on a love tryst, covering her flight into carnal desire by claiming that she had been kidnapped on May 18, 1926.

Sister Aimee, her face bruised, is shown consoling herself by reading from her Bible in a hospital bed after escaping from her so-called cruel abductors.

In a melodramatic re-enactment of her imagined kidnapping, Sister Aimee is shown being burned on her hands with a lighted cigar by a sadistic kidnapper she had sexually rebuffed.

An sinister abductor is about to cover Sister Aimee with a blanket as she awaits unknown terrors; this was the method her kidnappers employed, she said, when abducting her.

Bound hand and foot the helpless evangelist desperately hopes for rescuers and plots her escape from a remote cabin in the wilds of Mexico, where she said she was held for ransom.

Sister Aimee is shown making her escape from the hideout of her abductors in this re-enactment of her kidnapping, a fantastic story she invented to hide her assignation with Ormiston.

though you were tired tonight," he would tell her in soothing tones. "You have done splendidly tonight." Ormiston and McPherson registered under assumed names in various hotels in and around the Los Angeles area. It was for Ormiston that she staged her famous "kidnapping" on May 18, 1926.

With her secretary Emma Schaeffer, McPherson registered at the Ocean View Hotel in Venice Beach, Calif. That afternoon, as the evangelist worked on her next sermon, she asked Schaeffer to run an errand for her. When she returned, Schaeffer found that her employer had vanished. After another hour had passed Schaeffer notified the authorities. Ma Kennedy who was always there to lend encouragement to her daughter's endeavors, created a scene by hysterically yelling "Drowned!" Thousands of McPherson's friends and supporters combed the beaches, but there was no trace. The police dragged the floor of the ocean with grapplers, believing that McPherson had somehow been caught in the undertow. Others maintained that she had been abducted and killed by gangsters for her unrelenting war against sin.

A raging paranoia seemed to grip the country as McPherson's disappearance was reported in the newspapers. There were reports of miracles. One of her followers claimed to see her walking on the waters of the Pacific Ocean. He was removed to an asylum for evaluation. Twenty-six-year-old Robert Browning splashed into the ocean near Venice in a vain attempt to "rescue" McPherson. After running out of energy, he slipped below the waves and died. Minnie Kennedy,

Sister Aimee, under indictment for fraud (faking her own abduction) sits with her protective mother, Minnie "Ma" Kennedy, at a court hearing in early January 1927; Ma Kennedy claimed to have received a ransom note demanding $500,000 for the safe return of her daughter. The case against the evangelist was dismissed.

Sister Aimee, left, is shown on board her private train car, with her manager (center) urging 1,500 followers at Union Station in Los Angeles to cheer her departure as she embarks upon her "Vindication Tour," through the U.S.

Sister Aimee, still magnetic and mesmerizing in the 1930s, addresses another packed audience at her Angelus Temple in Los Angeles, but her popularity waned the following decade and she took her own life in 1944.

meanwhile, commanded the followers to raise a $25,000 reward. She also chartered an airplane and, in a symbolic act, dropped lilies over the patch of ocean where her daughter was thought to have drowned.

The police concluded that McPherson had been abducted, though it seemed peculiar that she could have been dragged from a crowded beach without one person witnessing such an event and no one coming forward to provide a clue. Days later, a Long Beach attorney named R.A. McKinley reported to police that two men named Wilson and Miller had demanded a $25,000 ransom payment in return for McPherson's life. On June 4, 1926, Sheriff William Traeger received a communication from "Willow of the Wisp," who said that McPherson was being held against her will in Santa Barbara. These were among dozens of false leads the police received, some coming from as far away as Edmonton, Alberta. On June 19, Minnie Kennedy received a letter asking for $500,000. It was signed by the "Avengers." There were those who said that Kennedy wrote the letter to herself, then had it sent special delivery to her own address.

The protracted drama ended happily on June 23, 1926, when McPherson turned up on the doorstep of John Anderson, a resident of Agua Prieta, Mexico, just across the border from Arizona. She was sleeping peacefully on the front porch when he came home. "She had a pillow under her head," Anderson told police, "and a quilt thrown over her." McPherson filled in the missing details. She said that she had been approached by a woman on the beach, who asked her to bless a sick baby in a nearby car.

When she peered into the automobile, she said, three people named "Rose," "Steve," and "Jake" pulled her inside and then drove to Mexico. "The woman, Rose, treated me very nicely, and the men did not molest me with any undue attention," she said. "I prayed constantly and talked to them of God. I'll bet they were tired of hearing my preaching." She went on to say that on the night of June 22, 1926, she sawed through the rope that bound her hands by using a jagged tin can. The cabin was deserted, so she fled, running across a moonlit desert to freedom.

A team of posses went to search for the kidnappers, despite the vigorous protest of Mexican officials. There was an international incident in the making, which added to the lustre of McPherson's star. She was greeted by 100,000 well-wishers lining the streets of Los Angeles for a glimpse of her motorcade, which had been arranged by McPherson promoters capitalizing on her "triumphant recovery" from "dastardly kidnappers."

District Attorney Asa Keyes was skeptical thoughout. He questioned McPherson's motives and the strange way in which she had been kidnapped. Reporters asked the question in the minds of the LAPD: "Forgive me, Mrs. McPherson," one newsman said, "but didn't you really have a reason to vanish?" McPherson stood by her story, as unbelievable as it was. Some days later, the police learned that Ormiston had disappeared the same day McPherson was "kidnapped." Keyes pieced together a likely scenario. In order to be with her married lover and not arouse undue press attention, McPherson herself concocted this amazing piece of fiction. He secured an indictment against the evangelist charging her with obstructing justice during the disappearance and using the postal system to defraud.

To support his contention, Keyes located a blue trunk that Ormiston had brought from New York to California. Inside this trunk, police found a collection of McPherson's nightgowns, hosiery, and other personal items. Mrs. Lorraine Wiseman came forward to refute the story, but finally admitted under a barrage of police questions that McPherson and her mother had paid her a large amount of money to help dispel the gossip.

McPherson fought back, accusing members of the criminal underworld of trying to "frame" her, a charge that did not hold up in court. But it was equally difficult for the district attorney to prove his case even with a spate of circumstantial evidence. On January 10, 1927, Keyes moved for a dismissal. The next day McPherson jubilantly began her "Vindication Tour," but many of her fans had become disillusioned. Thousands deserted her ranks, coming to believe that she had, indeed, faked her kidnapping and, further, had milked sympathy and large donations for her fabricated abduction from her most gullible followers.

Aimee Semple McPherson continued to preach the gos-

pel through the 1930s. Her temple became a popular tourist attraction, but the enthusiasm and immense base of support she enjoyed in the 1920s eroded a decade later. In September 1944 McPherson ended her own life by consuming a lethal dose of barbiturates, leaving behind a tottering religious empire that was taken over by her adoring son, Rolf.

Aimee Semple McPherson would be sympathetically portrayed as "Sister Sharon Falconer" in Sinclair Lewis' powerful novel *Elmer Gantry* (published in 1927, a year after Aimee's celebrated "kidnapping," the hustling male evangelist of that memorable work bearing the name of the title and being based upon McPherson's revivalist rival Billy Sunday). McPherson was accurately essayed as a role model by Barbara Stanwyck in Frank Capra's 1931 film, *The Miracle Woman*, and by Jean Simmons in the 1960 film *Elmer Gantry*. Memorable though these film portraits were, they could not equal the dynamic performances of the real woman that electrified, mesmerized and consumed her obsessed followers.

THE COLLEGE BOY KIDNAPPER/ December 15, 1927

Handsome and brilliant, William Edward Hickman (AKA: George Fox; The Fox; 1907-28) was nevertheless a mentally twisted person. He decided that the only way he could pay the $1,500 he needed for college tuition was to kidnap the daughter of wealthy Los Angeles banker Perry Parker. He knew Parker adored his 12-year-old twin daughters, Marian and Marjorie, because he had briefly held a menial job at the Los Angeles First National Trust and Savings, where Parker worked.

On the afternoon of December 15, 1927, Hickman drove to Mt. Vernon Junior High School in Arlington, a suburb west of Los Angeles. Hickman told the school principal that Parker had been injured in an auto accident and that he had been sent to take Marian home. There was nothing unusual about such a request, and the well-dressed, articulate Hickman inspired confidence among the school administrators. The school officials released Marian from her classes and the two drove away. It was the last anyone would see her alive.

An hour later a telegram arrived at Parker's office from Pasadena which read: "Do positively nothing till you receive special delivery letter. Marian Parker. George Fox." A telegram from Alhambra arrived a few hours later. It read "Marian secure. Interference with my plans dangerous. Marian Parker. George Fox."

The next day a special delivery letter written in a script style and followed with a Greek triangle, representing delta or death, arrived at the Parker home. The kidnapper demanded seventy-five $20 gold certificates, or $1,500 in currency, as the price of Marian's safe return. The ransom note read: "Failure to comply with these requests means no one will ever see the girl again. Except the Angels in Heaven." Two more letters, one written by Marian pleading for her release, were received on December 17, 1927. The second letter from the kidnapper was signed the "Fox" and contained an unexplained change in the ransom demand. It read:

> Fox is my name. Very sly you know. No traps. I'll watch for them. All you inside guys even your neighbor the B., know that when you play with fire there is cause for burns. NOT W.J. Burns [head of the Burns Detective Agency] and his shadows either. Remember that. Get this straight. Your daughter's life hangs by a thread and I have a Gillette [razor] ready and able to handle the situation. This is business. Do you want the girl or seventy-five $100 gold certificates, U.S. currency? You can't have both and there's no other way out. Believe this and act accordingly. Before the day's over I'll find out how you stand. I'm doing a solo so figure on meeting the terms of Mr. Fox or else FATE.

Parker was instructed to drive alone with the money to the corner of 10th and Gramercy and wait. The police laid a trap, which Hickman sensed and refused to show himself. A second note from Marian arrived the next day begging her father not to bring the police with him. Hickman added an ominous postscript. "Today is the last day. I mean Saturday,

Twelve-year-old Marian Parker, kidnapped on December 15, 1927 and held for a $1,500 ransom; her abductor had no intentions of returning her alive.

Dec. 17, 1927. You are insane to ignore my terms with death fast on its way. I cut the time to two days and only once more will I phone you. I will be two billion times as cautious, as clever, as deadly from now on." However, Hickman had decided to kill the child on the same day he kidnapped the girl. He first held a knife to her throat and compelled her to write the first letter sent to her father, one which Hickman dictated to the girl and read:

"Dear Daddy and Mother:
I wish I could come home. I think I'll die if I have to be like this much longer. Won't someone tell me why all this had to happen to me? Daddy, please do what the man tells you or he'll kill me if you don't.
Your loving daughter,
Marian Parker.
P.S. Please Daddy, I want to come home tonight."

After the girl finished writing this letter, Hickman strangled her to death with a dish towel and then, for reasons he never explained, severed her arms and legs.

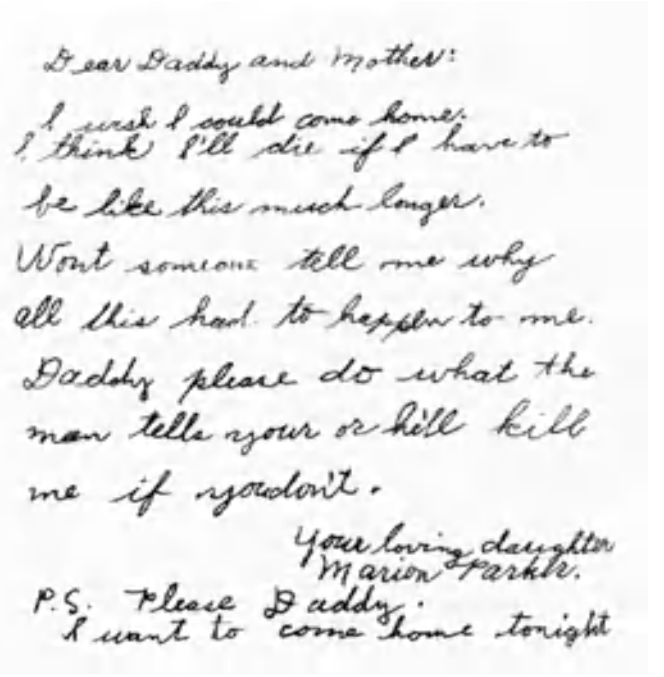
Deciding that he could still extort the money from Parker, he telephoned and arranged a second drop by phone. This time Parker complied with carefully worded instructions and met Hickman in a secluded spot outside Los Angeles. The father demanded to see his daughter. Hickman pulled back a blanket covering Marian's body, revealing only her face. "Don't follow me and be careful," Hickman said. "I'll drive up there and put her out and you can get her."

Parker handed over the money and waited as Hickman drove down the street, finally placing the body curbside before fleeing. Parker rushed to his daughter's side. He pulled back the blanket only to recoil in horror. The madman had combed the dismembered girl's hair, powdered her face, and tied her eyelids open with pieces of black thread. Within hours, news of the tragedy leaked out to the newspapers and radio. Frightened parents locked their children inside their homes as the police went to work.

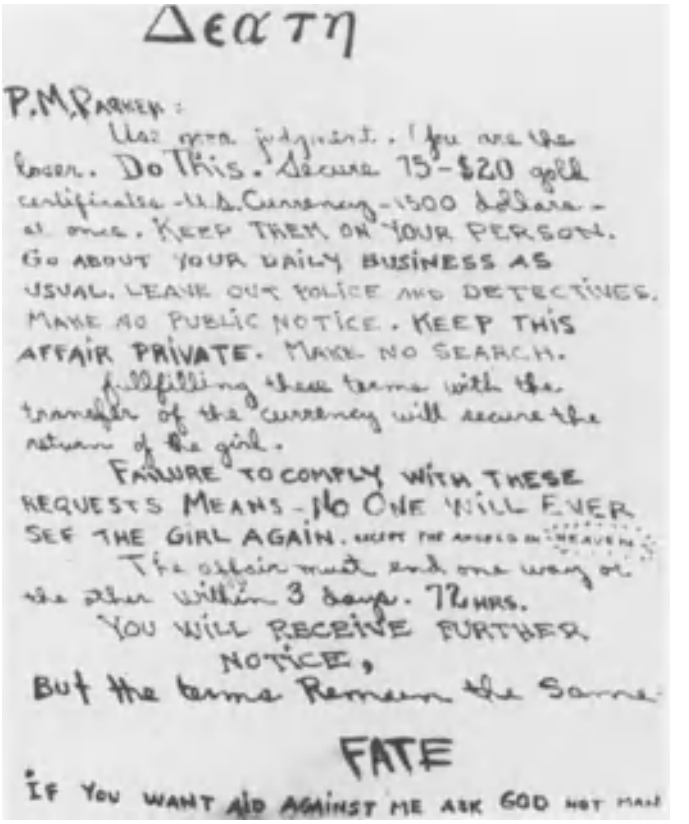
One of the most intensive manhunts in California state history began. There was only one tangible clue found at the drop site for the police to work with, a blood-stained towel monogrammed "Bellevue Arms Apartments." That night detectives went to the Bellevue Arms and found Hickman in his apartment. Although they also found guns, a blood-stained floor, and rolls of cash in the apartment, they left the building without arresting him.

Years later, the theory came out that the Los Angeles detectives had known all along that Hickman was their man, but it was a Sunday and the First National Bank, the politicians, and the county board did not have enough time to set a reward for the capture of the felon. Acting under orders from Chief James Edgar "Two Gun" Davis, they planned to wait until Monday to arrest Hickman in the hope of collecting a sizable reward.

Taking advantage of the opportunity to escape, the murderer fled the city and headed toward Seattle. Hickman arrived there on December 22, 1927. He stole a green Hudson automobile and drove back to Arlington, Oregon, a distance


Dear Daddy and Mother:
I wish I could come home.
I think I'll die if I have to
be like this much longer.
Wont someone tell me why
all this had to happen to me.
Daddy please do what the
man tells your or he'll kill
me if you don't.
Your loving daughter
Marion Parker.
P.S. Please Daddy.
I want to come home tonight

While her abductor stood over her and held a razor to her throat, Marian Parker penned this plea to her parents; she was then killed by her captor


Δεατη
P.M. Parker:
Use your judgment. You are the
loser. Do This. Secure 75-$20 gold
certificates U.S. Currency-1500 dollars-
at once. KEEP THEM ON YOUR PERSON.
Go about your daily business as
usual. Leave out police and detectives.
Make no public notice. KEEP THIS
AFFAIR PRIVATE. Make no search.
fulfilling these terms with the
transfer of the currency will secure the
return of the girl.
FAILURE TO COMPLY WITH THESE
REQUESTS MEANS - NO ONE WILL EVER
SEE THE GIRL AGAIN. [illegible]
The affair must end one way or
the other within 3 days. 72 HRS.
YOU WILL RECEIVE FURTHER
NOTICE.
But the terms Remain the Same
FATE
IF YOU WANT AID AGAINST ME ASK GOD NOT MAN

A second letter sent to Marian's father, arranging for the ransom of Marian Parker, by then murdered and mutilated by her cold-blooded kidnapper.

William Edward Hickman, the egotistical 20-year-old college boy, who had abducted and murdered Marian Parker, is shown only a short time after he was taken into custody.

Vanity gnawing to the last moment, Hickman carefully combed his dark, wavy hair an hour before he mounted the scaffold at San Quentin and was hanged on February 4, 1928.

of eighty-six miles west of Pendleton. After his picture had appeared in the local papers, Hickman was picked up by local police in Echo, Oregon, following a high-speed car chase along the Columbia River.

"I am the Lone Wolf," Hickman boasted as he was being led away. "Do you think I'll be as famous as Leopold and Loeb?" Extradited back to Los Angeles, Hickman was put on a fast train going southward. He appeared docile while flanked by guards, but he attempted twice to commit suicide in the train's washroom. These were feeble efforts, apparently designed to convince his guards and later his jury that he was insane.

At the news of the kidnapper's capture, thousands of curious spectators gathered at stations along the route of the train carrying Hickman. His horrendous murder and dismemberment of Marian Parker intrigued the morbid and fascinated the ghoulish, who stood gaping at the window of the train car where Hickman sat. He smiled and waved at them, as if he were some Hollywood celebrity and some nervously waved back.

Hickman was tried for murder in the Los Angeles courtroom of Judge Carlos Hardy, who reserved ringside seats for his close friends and local politicians. Hardy was an intimate of Aimee Semple McPherson, the famous evangelist of the 1920s whose celebrated "kidnapping" created a national uproar a year earlier. Hickman's attorney attempted to enter an insanity plea, but this was promptly rejected. He was found guilty of kidnapping and murder and ordered to hang at San Quentin Prison. Before he went to the scaffold, Hickman spent hours combing his dark, wavy hair. On February 4, 1928, before a standing-room-only crowd of 400 in San Quentin, the noose was fastened around his neck. On the first attempt, where Hickman stood stoic and unresponsive, the poorly knotted and misplaced rope snapped. Hickman had to go through the gruesome ordeal a second time. This time, he quaked, quivered and sobbed before the rope jerked him to eternity.

THE LINDBERGH KIDNAPPING/ March 1, 1932

The crime for which Bruno Richard Hauptmann (AKA: Perlmeyer; Cemetery John; 1899-1936) paid with his life was undoubtedly the most sensational in America's twentieth century, the kidnapping and murder of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr. The victim was the 20-month-old son of America's greatest living hero, Charles Augustus Lindbergh, who, in 1927, was the first to fly across the Atlantic in an historic solo flight that made him an aviational legend. For this startlingly heroic achievement, Lindbergh, a tall, clean-cut young man—an All-

Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., the 20-month-old son of America's great aviator, who was kidnapped on March 1, 1932.

American youth by any standard—was honored and revered.

Lindbergh was seen as a pathfinder, a pioneer, a man of singular honor and dedication who had risked his life in his small monoplane, *The Spirit of St. Louis,* for the future of aviation and the glory of the United States. He had married the beautiful and cultured Anne Morrow, from one of America's most prestigious families. The union produced a blond-haired, blue-eyed little boy, Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr.

The Lindberghs occupied a large two-story house outside Hopewell, New Jersey, in a district called Sourlands, where they lived an idyllic life. Sourlands was remote enough that the famous Lindberghs had some distance between themselves and the hounding press that attempted to chronicle their every move. Newspaper and magazine articles pinpointed the whereabouts of the spacious, remote Lindbergh home, with photos to show its construction from the foundation up. Every room had been illustrated in magazines, including the baby's room, which was on the second floor.

On the cold, windswept night of March 1, 1932, Mrs. Lindbergh entered the child's bedroom at about 9 p.m. She had been worried about the infant since he had recently caught a slight cold. He was sleeping soundly in his crib. Colonel Lindbergh was working at the time in his library, when he heard a noise outside the house, but attributed it to a broken shutter banging outside the window of the baby's room.

At a few minutes before 10 p.m., Betty Gow, the baby's 28-year-old English nurse, entered the nursery to find the child missing from his crib. She did not panic, thinking that Lindbergh might have taken the child from the room. She also knew, much to her chagrin, that the colonel was a practical joker. Some months earlier he had taken the baby from its crib and hidden it in a closet as a practical joke, one which only he had found amusing. Nurse Gow went downstairs and asked Lindbergh if he had again taken the child. He said no and a frantic search began. It was first thought that the baby might have somehow gotten out of the crib and crawled away. Everyone in the home, including Ollie and Elsie Whately, the Lindbergh butler and cook who had come from Scotland to work for the Lindberghs, joined in the desperate search.

Then Lindbergh found a note in an envelope on the window sill of the child's room. He did not open it, but shouted to Ollie Whately: "Don't let anyone touch it! Call the police and tell them that the baby has been taken!" He then grabbed a rifle and dashed outside into the darkness, hoping to track down the kidnapper, whom he thought would be on foot somewhere on the Lindbergh estate. Hopewell chief of police Harry Wall arrived at the Lindbergh mansion first, but before he could begin a careful examination of the area, the estate was flooded with state police and officers from neighboring towns, all responding to a general alarm.

It was never determined exactly who had called in the additional police, but scores of troopers and patrolmen suddenly appeared and tramped through the mansion and about the grounds. A homemade ladder found next to the building at the window of the baby's room was so manhandled that any fingerprints the kidnapper might have left were obliterated. More than 500 sets of other fingerprints, mostly those of investigating officers, were taken from the ladder. The area around the house was muddy after a recent rain, but it was impossible to take any footprint casts since the state troopers had crisscrossed the area, trampling every clue underfoot. The ransom note was opened in the presence of the police. It was crudely written in ungrammatical English and read:

> Have fifty thousand dollars ready, 25,000 in twenty-dollar bills 15,000 in ten-dollar bills, and 10,000 in five-dollar bills. In 4-5 days we will inform you where to deliver the money. We warn you for making anyding public or for notify the police. The child is in gut care. Indication for all letters are signature and three holes.

No clues were turned up by the police and no one was immediately found in the area, who could testify to seeing anyone prowling about the Lindbergh place on the night of the kidnapping. Lindbergh realized that he had erred in having his butler immediately call the police. He preferred simply to pay off the kidnapper and retrieve his child with no police involvement. The only other approach, the most dangerous method, was to work closely with the police to develop a clever trap in which the child would be used as bait, the kidnapper caught, and the child returned unharmed. The procedure which Lindbergh finally adopted fell somewhere in between.

Unfortunately, it proved ineffective and turned into disaster. Lindbergh soon realized that because each department had its own theories about the identities of the kidnappers and how best to handle them, the several police departments involved in separate on-going investigations were bumbling the procedures. In agony over the safety of his child, Lindbergh reached out to any and all who might be of help.

Meanwhile, the press blared the news of the kidnapping. It created the type of shock waves one might expect if a child had been abducted from the White House. Of course, the

The ransom note left by the kidnapper in the baby's room, one which demanded a ransom payment of $75,000 in bills of small denominations.

The homemade ladder used by the kidnapper to access the baby's room at the Lindbergh home in Hopewell, New Jersey, rests against the house where the invader made his nocturnal entry.

Lindberghs were American royalty of sorts, the colonel being the most famous and most respected citizen at the time. A number of strange characters became involved in the case. Society grande dame, Evalyn Walsh McLean, offered to pay $100,000, twice what the kidnappers were demanding, for the child's return. To that end, the naive heiress conferred with a bizarre hustler, Gaston Bullock Means, one-time agent for the Bureau of Investigation when that agency was under the command of William J. Burns during the corrupt Harding era.

Means had had a spectacular career of underhanded and illegal offenses. He had mulcted the federal government during World War I of considerable funds, while pretending to spy on suspected German espionage agents. He had also functioned as a bagman for Jesse Smith and other Teapot Dome political chiefs, collecting huge sums of cash and delivering this money to cabinet ministers and federal officials of the Harding Administration. Means read of Mrs. McLean's humanitarian offer to pay off the kidnappers and immediately called and told her that, by virtue of his connections in the underworld, he was the perfect contact man.

Mrs. McLean gave Means several large cash payments for this purpose. When nothing happened over several months, she demanded results. Means suddenly appeared with a so-called underworld contact who informed the society matron that he was known as "The Fox" and represented the kidnap gang. More money was paid out. "The Fox" was later identified as a disbarred lawyer, Norman Whittaker, an associate of Means. Both Means and Whittaker were arrested and charged with fraud. They were convicted and given long prison terms. Such weird goings-on did nothing but confuse the desperate hunt for the Lindbergh child and caused one sensational claim after another to appear in print. Chicago crime czar Al Capone announced to the press that if the Lindbergh family would cooperate with *him,* he would have his men scour the country and return the baby within a week. Lindbergh did not respond to this offer.

John Hughes Curtis, another adventurer, called his socialite friends in Norfolk, Virginia, and put together an amateur detective club that made highly publicized searches for the baby. Curtis was given a great deal of attention by the press and the publicity went to his head. He began to hold daily press meetings and, for lack of anything better to tell reporters, he suddenly blurted that he had recently met with five persons, a woman and four Nordic sailors, who told him that they, indeed, were holding the baby and were waiting for the ransom. This story was wholly invented by Hughes who admitted the horrible fabrication when brought to the Lindbergh home and grilled by police captain John Lamb. Hughes was promptly escorted to the basement of the Lindbergh mansion where Lamb "beat the hell out of him," according to one reporter.

Lindbergh then began to receive more ransom demands by mail. There would be fourteen such notes sent to him. His greatest difficulty was in contacting the kidnapper. Moreover, his faith in the police was badly shattered, and he was constantly battling police efforts to locate the kidnapper. Two of the ransom notes had been sent from Brooklyn. New York police commissioner Edward Mulrooney learned that the two ransom notes were both posted from the same vicinity.

Mulrooney told Lindbergh that he planned to station men

Anne and Charles A. Lindbergh, the baby's parents, shown before their first child was born and while they were on an aerial tour of the Orient.

near these mailboxes, to identify anyone posting mail for the next week in an attempt to pinpoint the kidnapper. Lindbergh vetoed this plan, telling Mulrooney that such a tactic might alert the kidnappers, who then might murder his child. Mulrooney backed off but, ironically, a third ransom note was received a few days later and from the same Brooklyn mailing area.

The kidnapper had carefully thought out his series of ransom notes. To make sure that the Lindbergh family knew that his notes were genuine, all of the ransom notes bore the same symbol, three interlocking circles. No other such notes were received from those pretending to be the kidnappers. Lindbergh then made another fateful decision. He brought an old family friend into the case, Dr. John F. Condon, asking the 70-year-old teacher to act as the go-between. Condon was to insert newspaper ads, as directed by the kidnapper, telling the kidnapper when the ransom money was ready. He was then to receive instructions on where to meet the kidnapper and deliver the ransom.

Condon was not a practical man. His role as arbiter of the child's fate caused him to see himself as the only lifeline between the child and his family. He imagined himself a Sherlock Holmes, an expert criminologist, as important to the case as the child or the Lindberghs. In his self-aggrandizing role, Condon helped to prolong the agony of the Lindbergh family, as well as confound police and confuse even the kidnapper.

Condon enjoyed basking in the limelight of his appointed position and he played cloak-and-dagger games that gave him a sense of power. He devised his own code name, "Jafsie," which was the phonetic spelling of his initials, J.F.C. He used this name in his contact with the kidnapper. After Condon had responded to several ransom notes through advertisements in a Bronx, New York, paper, he met a tall man with a covered face in Woodlawn Cemetery in the Bronx on the night of March 12, 1932, eleven days after the kidnapping.

The man wore a suit, tie, heavy coat, and hat pulled low over his forehead. Only his deep-set eyes showed. He asked for the ransom money, but Condon told him that he could not bring the money until he had seen "the package," meaning the kidnapped Lindbergh baby. At that moment the man bolted, saying that there was a policeman inside the cemetery. Condon ran after him, catching up with him in a clump of bushes. In this murky area, the man finally said: "It is too dangerous. It might be twenty years. Or burn. Would I burn if the baby is dead?"

Alarmed at this statement, Condon asked about the child's condition and was told that the baby was fine. Then Condon embarked on a ridiculous harangue, telling the kidnapper that his mother would be ashamed of him and that he ought to leave the kidnapping gang. Condon offered him $1,000 to come with him and "get out of it." Instead of negotiating for the child's return, Condon attempted to reform the kidnapper! Condon listened to the man talk and, noting his accent, asked if he were German. The man quickly replied that he was "Scandinavian."

Then the kidnapper grumbled about not receiving the ransom which had not yet been assembled. He now demanded $70,000 instead of the original $50,000. Condon objected. The man began to leave, telling Condon that he should have brought the money. Condon then asked the man if he was connected to any friends of Betty Gow, the baby's nurse, and the man said no, that Gow was innocent of any crime. To convince Condon that he was dealing with the "right parties," the man showed the retired teacher the symbol of the three interlocking circles on a sheet of paper, the symbol carried on all the genuine ransom notes. He told Condon that he would convince him further by sending the light blue sleeping suit, the child was wearing the night he was kidnapped.

The man reassured Condon that the baby was safe and that after the ransom was paid the following week the child would be returned. He claimed the child was on a boat some six hours away and that two women were caring for him. "You can put the baby's arms around Mrs. Lindbergh's neck," cooed the kidnapper. Condon was told to place an advertisement in next Sunday's edition of the Bronx *Home News,* an ad that would read: "Baby is alive and well. Money is ready." The man then shook hands with Condon and walked leisurely into the dark of the cemetery.

Charles A. Lindbergh, at the time his infant son was kidnapped. Throughout the negotiations with the kidnapper, he believed that his son was still alive and would be returned safely after the ransom payment was made.

Anne Morrow Lindbergh, who first believed that her husband had taken the child from the crib and hidden the baby as a practical joke, as he had done on past occasions, quickly learned that her child had been kidnapped.

Later that night Condon described the man as having deepset eyes, a small mouth, and high cheekbones. He also said that he was at least five-feet-ten-inches tall, was athletic and possessed a strong grip. Condon went on to describe the man's accent as decidedly German, pointing out that he pronounced the word "boat" as *boad*, the word "right" as *ride*, and the word "would" as *vould*. The kidnapper also pronounced the word "signature" as *singature*. The man had kept his hand inside his coat pocket, and Condon believed he had been armed.

The man spoke about others being involved in the kidnapping, which led Condon and the police to believe that they were dealing with a gang. A short time later, the baby's sleeping suit was sent to Lindbergh, who was now convinced that he was dealing with the true kidnappers of his child. Also, Betty Gow found the baby's thumb guard on the gravel road leading to the Lindbergh mansion. This had apparently been dropped by the kidnapper as he ran from the Lindbergh house with the child in his arms.

Following instructions, Condon placed an ad in the Bronx *Home News* the following Sunday. More instructions soon arrived which led Condon back to another New York graveyard, St. Raymond's Cemetery, on the night of April 2, 1932. Lindbergh, armed with a gun, accompanied Condon to this site. The ransom money, $50,000 in one package, and another $20,000 in a separate package, was in the car with Condon and Lindbergh. All of these bills were gold certificates and the serial numbers had been diligently recorded. Condon alighted from the car next to the cemetery and walked into the gloomy area, going down a path flanked by tombstones. No one was at the rendezvous point. He walked back toward the car and shouted to Lindbergh: "I guess there's no one here! We better go back!"

At that moment a voice called: "Hey, Doctor!"

The figure of a man stood up behind a tombstone within

The baby's crib, where nurse Betty Gow discovered the child missing. Lindbergh found a ransom note some minutes later on the window sill of the child's room.

the cemetery and waved Condon toward him. The man shouted loudly: "Hey, Doctor! Over here!" Lindbergh distinctly heard the man's voice, one that he would remember for the rest of his life.

Condon approached the kidnapper, who said: "Did you got it, the money?"

"No, I didn't bring the money," Condon replied, walking toward the man. "It is up in the car."

"Who is up there?" the kidnapper asked.

"Colonel Lindbergh."

"Is he armed?

"I don't know," Condon lied. Then he added: "No, he is not." Condon then began to bargain with the kidnapper, saying that $70,000 was too much money to be raised in a short amount of time, even for Lindbergh, and that "these are times of Depression. Why don't you be decent to him?" Condon said that he had brought $50,000.

The kidnapper, who had identified himself simply as "John" to Condon, shrugged and said: "Well, all right. I suppose if we can't get seventy, we get fifty."

Condon thought at that instant that John was acting

An aerial photo shows the Lindbergh home and estate, located in a remote area and at the time swarming with police and newsmen, many of whom obliterated any clues that may have been left by the kidnapper.

alone, that there was no gang of kidnappers. How else could he make a decision to accept less of the ransom than what had been demanded? Condon returned to the car and proudly told the anxious Lindbergh that he had bargained with the kidnapper, who was going to take only $50,000. Lindbergh handed him this money in a wrapped package, and Condon returned to the cemetery where he turned it over to the kidnapper. He then asked where the baby could be found. The kidnapper handed Condon an envelope, telling him that it contained instructions on how to locate the baby. The man calling himself John warned Condon that the envelope was not to be opened for six hours. Condon naively nodded as the man disappeared into the darkness of the cemetery.

Returning to the car, Condon handed the envelope to Lindbergh, telling him that they should do as instructed. The two then drove to a deserted house, which Condon owned, one on Westchester Square, and there they sat, waiting. After a short while, Lindbergh opened the note. It was written in the same language as all the previous ransom notes and it read:

> the boy is Boad Nelly. it is a small Boad 28 feet long. two persons are on the Boad. the are innosent. you will find the Boad between Horse Neck Beach and Gay Head near Elizabeth Island.

Lindbergh and Con-don were ecstatic. At last the child would be returned. The aviator immediately flew to the area, which was in the Cape Cod district of Massachusetts. He search-ed every cove and bay, but no one had ever heard of a boat named *Nelly*. A frantic search of the area ensued with Coast Guard cutters and even a Navy warship joining in. For days the waters around Elizabeth Island were scoured and scanned, but the vessel was never found. This was because it never existed. It had been created in the mind of the kidnapper, who knew that the Lindbergh child was already dead, that he had crushed the baby's skull on a rock only a few miles from the Lindbergh home after taking the baby from its crib on the night of the kidnapping and buried the small corpse in a shallow grave in some woods near the Lindbergh estate.

The search for the child went on through April and into May with no sign of the boy. The police by now felt that chances of finding the child were slim. The Lindbergh family continued to hope and pray that the little boy would still be found alive. All of that came to a tragic end on May 12, 1932, when two house movers pulled over to the side of a road near Mount Rose, a village only a few miles from the Lindbergh mansion. William Allen got out and went some fifty feet into the woods to relieve himself. In a small hollow, Allen saw what he first thought to be the remains of a dead animal, until, looking closer, he saw a baby's foot sticking up from the dirt. He bolted, running back to the truck to shout to his friend, Orville Wilson: "My God! There's a child, a dead child over there!"

Police were on the spot a few hours later. The Lindberghs were informed that their child had been dead, according to a local pathologist, since the night of the kidnapping. The bold kidnapper knew it, and still brazenly collected the ransom, risking the chance that the body had been found and that he himself would be arrested once he made his appearance to collect the money. No man but a supreme egotist would have been so bold, confident that the body would not be found and that his plans and moves were far superior to the gullible Lindberghs and their equally naive go-betweens, to believe that he could outwit the police and collect the ransom long before the body was discovered.

The Lindberghs were devastated. In their absolute grief, they remained silent. The public was in utter shock at the brutality of the crime as the details were graphically sketched in the nation's press. Hatred for the kidnapper-killer reached fever pitch and remained there for months. The grieving Lindberghs left for Europe. Everything in the U.S. reminded them of their murdered child. They later sold the house in Hopewell, New Jersey. The hunt for the killer, however, went on and on. He was now dubbed Cemetery John, after the rendezvous sites where Condon had met the kidnapper.

Nurse Betty Gow, who found the baby's thumb guard on the gravel road outside the Lindbergh home, where the kidnapper had dropped it while hurrying away with the child; she was later a suspect, but was proved innocent.

Violet Sharpe, the 28-year-old maid in the Lindbergh household, was interrogated so many times by police that she sank into despair and committed suicide. She was also a suspect and later proved to be innocent.

Publishing heiress Evalyn Walsh McLean, who offered to pay the ransom for the Lindbergh child, and was duped and bilked in the process by confidence man Gaston Means.

This crime had such impact that tough federal legislation was passed, and the Lindbergh Kidnapping Law went into effect, allowing the FBI to investigate these crimes, but restrictions for the Bureau remained. Agents were compelled to wait seven days after a kidnapping on the presumption that if the victim was not recovered in that period of time, the victim had been transported across a state line, thus making the crime a federal offense. That waiting period would be tested again and again, until agents were allowed to immediately act following the 1953 kidnapping of Robert Greenlease, Jr., which, because of the time delay, may have resulted in the boy's death.

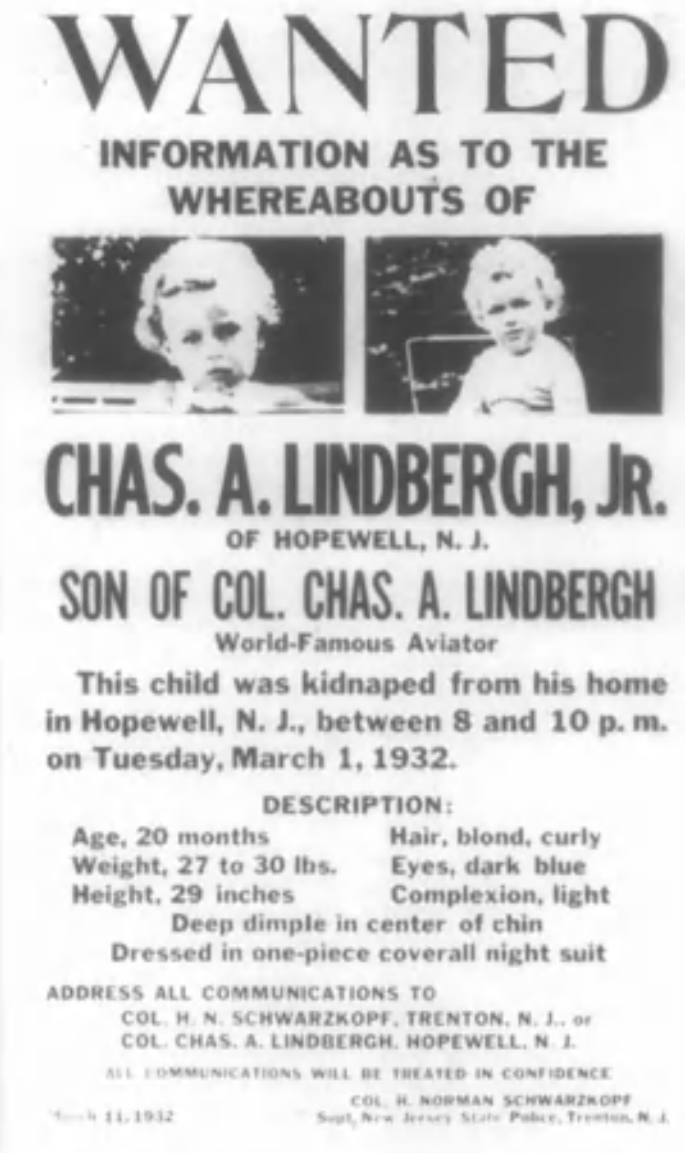
Scores of suspects in the Lindbergh kidnapping case were picked up and relentlessly questioned. Even Betty Gow, the nurse, was suspect for a time. So was a maid in the Lindbergh home, English-born Violet Sharpe. She was picked up and questioned so many times that she was eventually driven to despair and committed suicide. A German-born gardener who worked for the Lindberghs also felt incredible police pressure and took his own life a short time later. The New Jersey State Police came under intense criticism for its handling of the entire case, and years later, this force, while under the command of the aloof and authoritarian Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf (father of the famed U.S. Army general of the same name), was blamed for pressuring the maid into taking her life. She reportedly drank poison rather than face another lengthy interrogation. Schwarzkopf was also criticized for mishandling the case, allowing his men to clumsily destroy clues and failing to follow up the slim leads that developed in the case.

Former FBI agent and confidence trickster Gaston Bullock Means, who bilked more than $100,000 from Mrs. McLean on his phony promise to retrieve the Lindbergh baby alive; he was sent to prison for this fraud, dying behind bars, refusing with his last breath to reveal the whereabouts of McLean's money.

Socialite John Hughes Curtis, who told Lindbergh that he was in touch with rumrunners, who were holding the child, a cruel lie made by Curtis to enhance his public status. He was reportedly taken to the basement of the Lindbergh home and beaten by police for torturing the family with his fabrications.

Meanwhile, the ransom money began to appear only a few days after Cemetery John received the $50,000. The first bill, a $20 gold certificate, was deposited into the account of David Marcus at Manhattan's East River Savings Bank on April 4, 1932. Marcus was tracked down, but he was proved innocent and he had no idea how he had come by the bill, the serial number of which matched one of the bills in the ransom payment. Hundreds of New York and New Jersey policemen continued to hunt for the kidnapper-killer.

In 1933, the gold certificates were called in and this left Cemetery John with an enormous amount of money that was dangerous to spend. The Treasury Department had issued a complete list of all the serial numbers of the bills passed to the killer and this list was sent to every bank and every business in the U.S. It became the civic duty of every person in the U.S., particularly in the New York-New Jersey area, to check any gold certificates against this list.


WANTED
INFORMATION AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF
CHAS. A. LINDBERGH, JR.
OF HOPEWELL, N. J.
SON OF COL. CHAS. A. LINDBERGH
World-Famous Aviator
This child was kidnaped from his home in Hopewell, N. J., between 8 and 10 p. m. on Tuesday, March 1, 1932.
DESCRIPTION:
Age, 20 months
Weight, 27 to 30 lbs.
Height, 29 inches
Hair, blond, curly
Eyes, dark blue
Complexion, light
Deep dimple in center of chin
Dressed in one-piece coverall night suit
ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
COL. H. N. SCHWARZKOPF, TRENTON, N. J., or
COL. CHAS. A. LINDBERGH, HOPEWELL, N. J.
ALL COMMUNICATIONS WILL BE TREATED IN CONFIDENCE
COL. H. NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF

The wanted poster issued by the New Jersey State Police immediately after the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby.

The ransom bills began to turn up with more regularity in 1933. On May 1, 1933, someone calling himself J. J. Faulkner turned over $2,980 in gold certificates in compliance with the law that ordered these notes be exchanged for regular bills. All of the Faulkner bills were part of the Lindbergh ransom notes, but the federal reserve bank in New York that received these bills could not trace them back to Faulkner, although a Manhattan florist by that name was found and proven innocent. On November 26, 1933, a New York movie ticket seller sold a ticket to a customer who paid with a $10 ransom note. The notes kept appearing throughout 1934.

Then, on September 15, 1934, an extraordinary event occurred. An alert, suspicious gas station manager, Walter Lyle, approached a 1931 blue Dodge sedan, which had just pulled into his gas station, the Warner-Quinlan station at 127th Street and Lexington Avenue at the tip of upper Manhattan. The driver ordered five gallons of gas. He got out of the car and stretched his long legs. He was a lean man with a prominent jaw, high cheekbones, and deep-set eyes. Lyle pumped the gas and then charged the driver 98¢. The driver gave him a $20 gold certificate. Lyle went into the station to get the change, but before he did so, he looked at the sheets sent by the U.S. Treasury Department that listed all the serial numbers of the Lindbergh ransom money.

Lyle was an unusually conscientious citizen. He had read about the Lindbergh kidnapping and the bestial murder of the little boy. He religiously checked every gold certificate he received against the list. Lyle checked this gold certificate and then saw that it matched a number on the list, A73976634A. He then peered through the station window to note the license number on the car, 4U-13-41. Lyle wrote this number down on the gold certificate and then walked outside to hand the driver his $19.02 change.

"Don't see many of those gold certificates anymore," Lyle told the driver. The driver, speaking in what sounded like a German accent, agreed, adding that he had about 100 more at home. He then got into his car and slowly drove off. His gold certificate was deposited by Lyle, along with the rest of the station's receipts, at Manhattan's Corn Exchange Bank. Teller Miriam Ozmec noticed the gold certificate with the license number on it and called authorities. New York and New Jersey state police, along with FBI agents, traced the license number. It belonged to 35-year-old Bruno Richard Hauptmann, a carpenter who lived at 1279 East 222nd Street in the Bronx. This was not far from the two cemeteries where the Lindbergh kidnapper, the man known as John, had met Dr. Condon. Hauptmann's home was also close to the vicinity, where many of the ransom notes had been mailed to the Lindbergh family.

Police moved in almost immediately. On September 19, 1934, detectives waited until Hauptmann returned home and parked his car near the two-story house, where he lived. Hauptmann, his wife Anna, and their infant son, Manfried, occupied the second floor of the house, a five-room apartment with a living room, kitchen, two bedrooms, and bathroom. Officers approached Hauptmann as he sat behind the wheel of his car. Before he could utter a word, handcuffs were placed on his

John F. Condon ("Jafsie"), the eccentric, limelight-loving 70-year-old teacher and busybody, who took it upon himself to become the go-between, negotiating with the kidnapper for the return of the Lindbergh baby for a $50,000 payment.

The area at the Woodland Cemetery in the Bronx, New York, where, on the night of March 12, 1932, Condon first met with the kidnapper, whom he called "Cemetery John."

bony wrists. Detectives examined his large hands, noting that he had worked with them as a laborer. They were powerful hands, and the officers soon realized that Hauptmann closely matched the descriptions given of the kidnapper-killer, a man standing about five feet, ten inches, with deep-set eyes, high cheekbones, a small mouth, and a jutting jaw. He was lean and muscular. He had long legs, and when he walked, his stride was wide, a factor that later helped convict him of murder.

Officers hustled Hauptmann into his apartment and while his startled wife Anna stood with the baby in her arms, police stormed into each room, tearing the place apart in their search for the rest of the ransom money. They had already talked to the gas station manager, Walter Lyle, who had recalled his brief conversation with Hauptmann, telling officers about Hauptmann's remark that he had another 100 gold certificates at home. Officers did find $100 in gold pieces in a tin box. Hauptmann said that the gold pieces were what he was referring to in his talk with Lyle. The officers went through Hauptmann's wallet and found another $20 ransom note.

Hauptmann said that he did not know where he had gotten the gold certificates. He said he had no more certificates than what the police had already found. While he was being questioned in his bedroom, Hauptmann kept furtively glancing out the window. One of the detectives noticed this and asked Hauptmann what he was looking at. The carpenter said he was looking at nothing in particular. The detective went to the window and saw a thin wire stretching from the window to the roof of a small garage behind the house. The car that Hauptmann had parked there was a 1931 blue Dodge sedan that had been repainted from dark green to dark blue in 1932, shortly after the Lindbergh kidnapping.

"Is that where you have the money?" the detective asked Hauptmann.

The carpenter showed no emotion, lying in a monotone: "No. I have no money." He then explained that the wire was a homemade alarm system, that if someone opened the garage door during the night, lights would go on inside of the garage and frighten any burglar. The wire would also turn on a light inside the bedroom, alerting Hauptmann to the presence of intruders. Hauptmann was good at making homemade items, and the fact that he was a carpenter was not lost on the police, who knew that the ladder used in the Lindbergh kidnapping had been homemade. Hauptmann was arrested and then taken to police headquarters. There he was questioned by teams of police interrogators.

By then an inventory of the items of the Hauptmann household had been taken. Even though Hauptmann had been unemployed since the spring of 1932, he managed to pay $50 rent each month for his apartment, which contained a new console radio, purchased for $396. There was an expensive walnut bedroom set in his bedroom, recently purchased, and a costly ivory crib in which his baby son slept. He had recently purchased a $56 hunting rifle, a $109 canoe, which was stored in the garage, and paid $126 for a pair of powerful binoculars. Hauptmann sat passively as these purchases were read off to him.

A detective returned from the Hauptmann house dangling a pair of new suede women's shoes, stating that the police had learned that Hauptmann had purchased these shoes only a few

days earlier for his wife, using another ransom certificate. Also, Hauptmann had had plenty of money to take his wife on a luxury trip to Florida in 1933 and he also sent her home to Germany with first class accommodations for a family reunion in July 1932, three months after the Lindbergh ransom was paid. As an unemployed carpenter, Bruno Richard Hauptmann had been enjoying the good things of life with no financial worries.

Hauptmann coolly explained that he had made the money for all these items by playing the stock market. Then a detective approached Hauptmann and showed him a chisel, asking if he had ever seen it before. The carpenter said, no, he had not. He was shown the faded blue sleeping suit that the Lindbergh child had worn. He had never seen it before, said Hauptmann. The child's rust-stained thumb guard was shown to him. He had never seen that before either. For some time there was silence in the room.

Then a detective leaned close to the impassive Hauptmann and said with a firm voice: "Didn't you build a ladder and put it against the Lindbergh house, and didn't you go up that ladder and into that room and kidnap that child?"

For the first time, Hauptmann showed emotion. He trembled and tightly gripped the arms of the chair in which he sat. His piercing blue eyes widened and he shouted: "No!"

Bruno Richard Hauptmann under arrest on September 19, 1934, traced through a marked bill from the ransom money.

Hauptmann in a NYPD lineup, where he was "unofficially" identified as "Cemetery John" by John F. Condon.

"And didn't you abandon that ladder and chisel and murder that child and strip the sleeping suit and thumb guard from its body?"

"No, I did not!," Haupt-mann roared back.

The questioning went on, but Hauptmann was a strong-willed, steel-nerved suspect, one who would not yield under pressure and would not admit to anything dealing with the Lindbergh kidnapping. More discoveries, damning revelations, were made at the Hauptmann house, or, specifically, in the garage that deeply concerned Bruno Richard Hauptmann. Behind a panel above Hauptmann's workbench, designed to conceal a hollow area, detectives, in the presence of Anna Hauptmann, found the cache of gold certificates from the Lindbergh kidnapping, each and every bill corresponding to the serial numbers on the Treasury list, a total of $18,860.

Detectives also found maps Hauptmann had bought which pinpointed the area about the Lindbergh home and the Cape Cod area, the spot where Cemetery John had said the Lindbergh baby could be found on the mythical boat, *Nelly*. Also, found next to the hidden ransom money was a small Lilliput German automatic pistol, fully loaded.

Hauptmann said nothing about the maps, but he changed his story drastically regarding the ransom money hidden in his garage. He said he had been given this money by someone named Isidore Fisch, a German national who had returned to Leipzig, Germany, and had died there in early 1934. He said that Fisch had given him a box, but did not tell him what it contained. He said that rain had caused damage to the box, which was stored in the garage and that he had opened the box to discover the money. Since Fisch owed him considerable sums, Hauptmann said, he merely took his share. All of this, of course, was another bold lie. Isidore Fisch was obviously a convenient dead scapegoat. Fisch had died impoverished in Leipzig, but there was no record that he had left any money with Hauptmann.

The carpenter's brazen accusation of Fisch being the kidnapper was belied by Hauptmann's own actions. He was identified as having passed ransom gold certificates *six months* before he said Fisch had given him the money to hold for him. Also, Hauptmann's spending habits, when it came to the ransom notes, indicated that he had been exchanging tens and twenties for a number of years and had been living off this money, supporting his family with it, as early as spring of 1932, almost immediately following the Lindbergh kidnapping.

Moreover, detectives quickly learned, Isidore Fisch, a small, mild-mannered businessman who bore no resemblance to Cemetery John (while Hauptmann fit the descriptions given by Dr. Condon) had no criminal background. Bruno Richard Hauptmann's case was an entirely different story. The carpenter was not only a convicted felon, but he had committed crimes in Germany *that employed the identical modus operandi used in the Lindbergh kidnapping*.

Investigators had quickly obtained Hauptmann's background. He had been born and raised in Kamenz, Germany, the

youngest of three sons, who had all fought in World War I, Bruno being the only survivor. He had been a machine gunner and had been wounded and gassed. In 1918, when mustered out of the German army, Hauptmann, at nineteen, was penniless. He had had eight years of grade school and two years of trade school, where he had learned carpentry. Yet, there was little or no work for him in depression-torn Germany. In March 1919, Hauptmann, along with Fritz Petzold, a young friend, who had served with him in the army, went to the nearby town of Bernbruch.

Here, Hauptmann scouted about and learned the location of the home of Mayor Schierach, determining exactly which second-story room was the mayor's bedroom. On a night when Hauptmann knew the mayor was out of town, he stole a ladder and, under the cover of darkness, climbed the ladder to the mayor's bedroom. Hauptmann rifled the mayor's bureau drawers and took more than 100 marks and a silver watch. A few days later, the same pair again used a ladder to climb into the second-story bedroom of wealthy leather tanner Edward Scheumann and stole more money. Some days after this burglary, Hauptmann, using a ladder again, climbed into another bedroom and stole 200 marks and a gold watch.

While returning to Kamenz on foot, Hauptmann and Petzold saw two women pushing baby carriages filled with food, which, in impoverished Germany, was worth more than gold. Hauptmann produced a pistol and aimed it at the women, ordering them to turn the food over to him. They began to run, frantically pushing the carriages in front of them. Hauptmann shouted: "We'll shoot! We're radicals!" He shrewdly picked the word that would send terror into anyone then living in Germany, *radicals*, since the country was overrun with radical revolutionaries who had a complete disregard for life. The women stopped and Hauptmann took the food.

The women begged Hauptmann to leave them something to eat. He refused and ordered them to "keep quiet or get a bullet." This was the kind of merciless act that Hauptmann would exhibit years later when planning to murder the Lindbergh child. Only the most ruthless, cold-blooded of killers could plan on kidnapping and *then* murdering the child while nervelessly continuing to negotiate and obtain the ransom for a child he knew to be dead. More importantly, all of Hauptmann's early burglaries were committed in the same fashion, *through the use of a ladder*, the same modus operandi he would employ in kidnapping the Lindbergh child.

Hauptmann and Petzold were captured at the end of March 1919, and Hauptmann, the leader, was convicted of burglary and sentenced to five years in prison. As soon as he was imprisoned, Hauptmann tried to solicit help from one of the revolutionary groups in Germany, writing to the Spartacists, pleading that they should intercede for him, saying: "I have always been a faithful Spartacist." (He had never joined this party.) He received no reply. He was paroled four years later in March 1923. Hauptmann was arrested again a short time later for selling leather belting he had stolen from various shops in Kamenz. He was jailed, pending trial. A few days later, while being allowed exercise in an open yard, Hauptmann escaped, leaving his prison clothes in a neat bundle and with a note stating: "Best wishes to the police."

Hauptmann is shown during his first police interrogation; he lied when telling investigators that he had only a few of the bills belonging to the marked ransom money.

Within a few weeks, Hauptmann had made his way to the port of Hamburg and there he stowed away on the liner S.S. *George Washington.* He stayed in a hold for days, living off food and water he had brought with him, but he was discovered a few days before the ship landed in New York. Hauptmann was taken to Ellis Island for questioning. He gave the alias of Perlmeyer and was returned to Germany. He tried to stow away again on another ship the following month, but was discovered before the ship left Hamburg. He was held on board while police were called. The desperate Hauptmann, knowing he would be exposed as a wanted fugitive, suddenly jumped off the ship, swam to the pier, and hid among the pilings, later escaping. This bruising experience did not deter Hauptmann.

Hauptmann next managed to smuggle himself aboard another liner, and wearing a disguise and carrying stolen identity papers, he landed in New York without being detained. Hauptmann had only a few pennies in his pocket, but he soon got work in a German community in the Bronx. He later met Anna Schoeffler, who had immigrated to the U.S. on January 1, 1924, from Germany. They were married on October 10, 1925. Hauptmann worked during these years as a dishwasher, dyer, and finally a carpenter, earning $50 a week. His wife also worked and they frugally saved every dime not spent on essentials. In the late 1920s, Hauptmann reportedly dabbled in the stock market, then plunged, using up much of his savings and that of his wife's. Still, the couple earned enough money for Hauptmann to buy a 1931 dark green Dodge sedan. This was

Detectives are shown digging up the earth beneath Hauptmann's garage outside his Bronx home—they took the building apart, board by board.

Some of the ransom money found in a hollowed-out board found in Hauptmann's garage, along with a small automatic.

the car that had been repainted dark blue a short time after the Lindbergh kidnapping.

By 1931-32, the building boom collapsed and Hauptmann was out of work. He took odd jobs, but he could barely keep up with his bills. The Hauptmanns used up their savings, but in early April (only a few days after Cemetery John picked up the $50,000 ransom money from Dr. Condon in St. Raymond's Cemetery) Hauptmann announced to his wife that he had worked out a foolproof way to play the stock market that would bring in money regularly. He bragged to his wife that his stock scheme would produce large amounts of money.

The uneducated Anna Hauptmann, a housewife who did not bother with "men's business," asked no questions. She was at first worried, but was soon surprised to see her husband providing plenty of money. He sent his wife to Germany in July 1932 to visit with his mother in Kamenz and also hired a lawyer to settle with the police the old warrants still pending against him. The following year the statute of limitations on the old charges automatically called for their dismissal.

Now, with plenty of money, Hauptmann could return to Germany without fear of being arrested and imprisoned. He made plans to take his family to Germany in November 1934. (It was later and logically theorized that he planned on permanently relocating in his native Germany and converting the ransom from the Lindbergh kidnapping there, where the gold certificates would not be so closely inspected, using these funds to buy his own business.) These plans evaporated when he was arrested on September 19, 1934, and charged with kidnapping and murdering the Lindbergh baby. After his arrest, Hauptmann was told he would be sent to New Jersey to stand trial for the kidnapping and killing of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr.

Hauptmann immediately retained lawyers to fight this extradition, a battle that waged for months until Hauptmann was ordered to stand trial in a New Jersey court. He was placed on trial on January 2, 1935, in Flemington, New Jersey, appearing before 71-year-old Judge Thomas Whitaker Trenchard, one of the most distinguished jurists of his day, a judge who expressed himself with clear-mindedness and whose verdicts in murder trials had never been reversed.

Hauptmann was defended by Edward J. Reilly, a showboating attorney, who dressed like a tycoon, adorning himself with British-tailored suits, spats, and vests with silver piping. He believed in overwhelming juries with his own success and importance. Reilly had an amazing string of acquittals, but with Hauptmann, he was dealing with a truculent, arrogant client whose conduct in court alienated the bench and the jury. Prosecutor David Wilentz, thirty-nine, was wiry, aggressive, and indefatigable in presenting involved detail in a concise manner. His approach was one of clarity, but he was also zealous in prosecuting Hauptmann, whom he rightly portrayed as a German "superman" with nerves of steel, one who mocked and smirked at any attempt to convict him.

On the stand Hauptmann was defiant and aloof. He told his story about Isidore Fisch, saying Fisch had given him the ransom money to hold. When he related this tale, a sardonic smile played about Hauptmann's thin lips. Wilentz caught this look of contempt and turned on Hauptmann abruptly, saying: "This is funny to you, isn't it?"

"No, that is not true."

"You think you're a big shot, don't you," Wilentz said.

"No. Should I cry?" Hauptmann's face was a portrait of jutting granite.

"You think you are bigger than everybody, don't you?"

"No, but I know I am innocent."

"You wouldn't tell if they murdered you "

"No!"

"Will power is everything with you."

"No, it is I feel innocent that keep me the power to stand up."

Wilentz portrayed Hauptmann as an inveterate liar, recount-

Heavily guarded, Bruno Richard Hauptmann (center, is led into a courtroom at Flemington, New Jersey, to stand trial for kidnapping and murder; as in this photo, he remained smug, smiling throughout his trial.

ing how he had repeatedly lied about the gold certificates in his possession, and after the ransom money had been found in his garage, how he again lied, saying that Fisch had given him the money. Hauptmann, for the first time in many hours of testimony, exploded. His eyes narrowed as he leaned forward in the witness chair and thrust out a finger at Wilentz, waving it like a weapon at the prosecutor, shouting: "Stop that!"

A few minutes later, Wilentz stared back at Hauptmann, saying: "I see that you have stopped smiling. Things have become a little more serious."

Hauptmann's low voice answered: "I guess it isn't any place to smile here."

Wilentz then returned to Isidore Fisch, the man Hauptmann claimed had given him the Lindbergh ransom money to hold. The prosecutor described the life and career of Fisch, a mild-mannered businessman who was a friend of the Hauptmanns'. Wilentz pointed out that Fisch had died in the spring of 1934 in Germany, and Hauptmann had said earlier that it was not until some time *after* Fisch's death that he examined the box he had been given by Fisch and found the money and then took sums he felt Fisch owed him. Wilentz then pointed out that Fisch had never given Hauptmann any money to hold, that he was a pauper and that if he had been the kidnapper, he certainly would have taken the money with him to Germany, where he died in debt. In fact, Wilentz said, it was Hauptmann who was known as a man of means from his so-called stock deals, deals that Hauptmann failed to prove ever existed and it was Hauptmann who had loaned Fisch $5,500 of the ransom money. Hauptmann almost left the witness chair when he yelled his denial at this.

The prosecutor stood before Hauptmann, leaning close and saying: "Didn't you write to Mr. Fisch's family in Germany after his death, claiming that you had given Fisch $5,500 from your own private bank account?" Hauptmann again began to loudly deny this claim when Wilentz produced the letter Hauptmann had written the Fisch family, reading the

demands Hauptmann had made in the letter for the return of the $5,500.

"Well, I " Hauptmann grumbled, squirming in the witness chair.

"My God," Wilentz said with a look of disgust, "don't you ever tell the truth?"

Handwriting experts took the stand to state that Hauptmann's handwriting and that of the writer of the ransom notes were one and the same. The defense put up its own handwriting experts, but these experts were feeble in their claim that there were some "differences" in the handwriting. Copies of the ransom notes and Hauptmann's handwriting were blown up and shown to the jury, and even with the naked, untrained eye, most agreed, the writings were identical. Moreover, Hauptmann continued to mispronounce the very words that Cemetery John mispronounced in his conversations with Dr. Condon, *boad* for "boat," for instance.

Charles Lindbergh sat in the court throughout every day of the long trial. At one point, while sitting at the prosecution's table, he leaned forward and he was seen wearing a shoulder holster with a gun tucked into it. No one said a word about it. Lindbergh was called as a witness, and after hearing Hauptmann speak, said that the defendant's voice was the same he had heard calling after Dr. Condon on the night Cemetery John met with Condon at St. Raymond's Cemetery to receive the ransom money and turn over a message that led Lindbergh on a futile and agonizing search for his son, a child already murdered.

Dr. Condon then appeared and identified Hauptmann as Cemetery John. The eccentric Condon had withheld his official identification of Hauptmann earlier when seeing him in a police lineup, preferring to make his grandstand identification in court, where it would be more widely reported. These identifications damned Hauptmann as the man who received the ransom money, making sure of his conviction of extortion. But the next witnesses Wilentz paraded before the court were the ones who sent Bruno Richard Hauptmann to his death as convicted kidnapper and murderer.

The first of these was Cecelia Barr, a ticket agent who worked in the booth at Loew's Sheridan Square Theater, who positively identified Hauptmann as a man who gave her one of the gold certificates from the ransom money when he bought a ticket in November 1933, fully six months before Hauptmann said Fisch gave him the money to hold in a sealed box. John Perone, one of two taxi drivers, who had delivered ransom notes to the Lindberghs, identified Hauptmann as the man who paid him to deliver the letter. Millard Whited, a student who lived close to the Lindbergh home outside of Hopewell then took the stand to state that he had seen Hauptmann twice walking about the woods near the Lindbergh home, studying it from a distance.

Then elderly Amandus Hochmuth took the stand. Hochmuth had a house right at the corner, where the highway from Hopewell met the dirt road that led to the Lindbergh mansion. Hochmuth, eighty, stated that he spent a good deal

The old courthouse in Flemington, New Jersey, where Hauptmann's trial was held; the place swarmed with scores of reporters and millions of words were spewed forth on the proceedings through the maze of wires (shown in front of the building) hooked up for the occasion.

Charles A. Lindbergh at the Hauptmann trial; he carefully studied prospective jurors and, when testifying, identified Hauptmann as "Cemetery John"; at one point, the famed aviator leaned forward and his jacket fell open to reveal a gun in a shoulder holster.

Colonel Norman Schwarzkopf, who headed the New Jersey State Police in charge of the Hauptmann investigation (his son became the celebrated army general who led U.S. troops in the "Desert Storm" campaign); he is shown with Anne Morrow Lindbergh and her mother, Mrs. Dwight Morrow, outside the Flemington, New Jersey, courthouse.

of time sitting on his front porch and watching traffic, especially cars turning onto the dirt road where, because of the grade, the cars were forced to slow down or go into a ditch. He clearly stated that toward dusk on the day of the kidnapping, a Dodge sedan, dark green (the color of Hauptmann's car before he had it repainted dark blue) had turned onto the road and had stopped abruptly to avoid going into the ditch. The car had stalled. Hochmuth got up from his chair on the porch, he said, and walked out to the road. He was only a few feet from this car and saw the driver clearly. In the back seat of the car, Hochmuth said, was a wooden ladder that had several sections to it.

"Do you mind stepping down [from the witness chair] and showing us this man," Wilentz asked Hochmuth. The witness left the chair and slowly walked to the defendant's table. He unhesitatingly walked up to Bruno Richard Hauptmann. As all in the courtroom held their breath at this dramatic moment, Amandus Hochmuth reached out a steady hand and dropped it on Hauptmann's shoulder. "This is the man," he said in a resolute voice.

Hauptmann lost all composure, turning his head quickly

Albert S. Osborn, the chief handwriting expert for the prosecution; the noted graphologist testified that the ransom notes had been written by Hauptmann.

to look at his wife who sat in the visitor's gallery. Shouted Hauptmann: *"Der alter ist verrucht!"* ("The old man is crazy!")

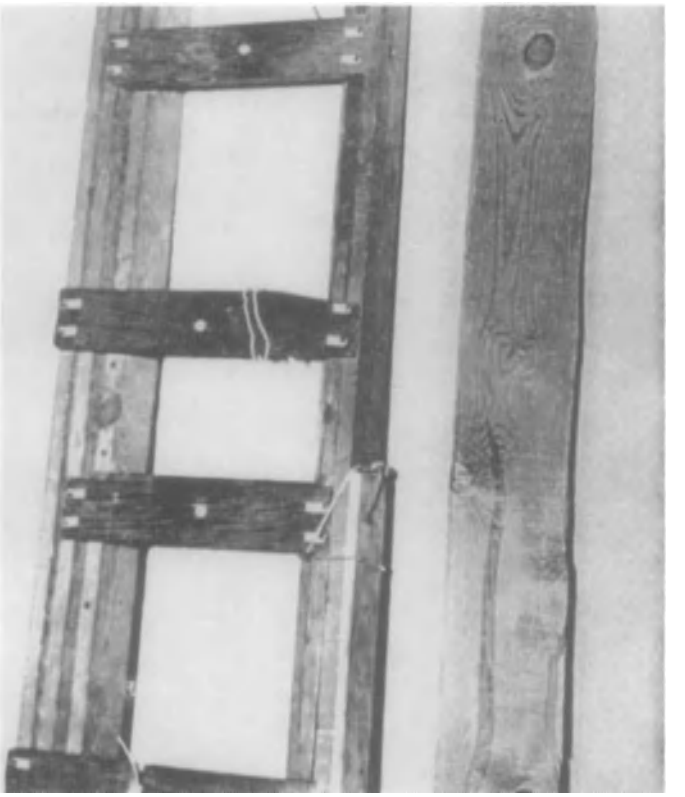
Wilentz did not rest his case at this point, but brought forth the ladder used by the kidnapper and left at the side of the Lindbergh home after the child was taken on that cold and windy night of March 1, 1932. Taking the stand was Arthur Koehler, the U.S. government's top wood expert, who had been examining the kidnapper's ladder for more than two years. He knew every inch of that ladder, and he described it in detail, pointing out the various types of wood employed in the building of it. It was homemade, and built so that it telescoped one section into the other, so that it could, when its sections were joined, fit into the back seat of a car.

This ladder had much to say through the expert observations of Arthur Koehler. It had to have been made by someone who was an experienced carpenter. Koehler reported how an exact duplicate of this ladder had been made at his specifications. When the kidnapper's ladder was first inspected, Koehler stated, it was noted that the top rung of the ladder had broken under the kidnapper's weight as he went back down the ladder with the Lindbergh baby in his arms. (It could not have broken *before* the kidnapper entered the room since the space between the top rung and next rung was too widely separated to allow the kidnapper to then reach the room.)

In the reconstruction of the ladder, the top rung was the exact same weight, length, and width as the original top rung. It was tested up to certain weights and broke at the weight of 210 pounds. The Lindbergh child had been weighed only a day before the baby's kidnapping and the child weighed exactly thirty pounds. This meant that the kidnapper weighed 180 pounds which was Bruno Richard Hauptmann's exact weight when he was arrested. Also, the space between each rung of the ladder had been built by the kidnapper to accommodate his own long step or stride, almost twice the distance between the rungs of a normal ladder. Hauptmann's long legs and his stride were measured against the spaces of these ladder rungs and fit his normal leg reach.

Moreover, the wood used in the kidnapper's ladder, identified Hauptmann as surely as if he had left a perfect set of fingerprints in the child's room. The ladder had been made

Arthur Koehler, one of the nation's leading wood identification experts, who matched the wood on the kidnapper's ladder to a cut board taken from Hauptmann's attic. His expert testimony contributed greatly in securing the prosecution's case.



The ladder used by the kidnapper and the cut board taken from Hauptmann's attic, both used as evidence by the prosecution to prove that Hauptmann, a carpenter, had cut one of his own attic boards to make a side panel on the kidnap ladder.

from pieces of old wood, scavenged from a number of unknown sources. All of the wooden sections, except one, bore nail holes that contained rings of rust. These were obviously used pieces of wood that had been outside in the weather. One side section, however, bore square nail holes, uncommon for U.S. builders, but typical of European nails, and these holes were dry and without rust. This led Koehler to order a search of the Hauptmann house, especially the garage. He figured that, for this last side panel in the ladder, Hauptmann had cannibalized wood inside his house or garage. The attic of Hauptmann's house verified Koehler's suspicions. A piece of a floorboard in the attic had been cut lengthwise by Hauptmann and used to make the ladder. Koehler matched the grain, rings, and lines of the wood of the ladder section to the piece of board that remained in Hauptmann's attic. The match was perfect.

Against this overwhelming evidence, Reilly could present no effective witnesses. He gave an impassioned plea for his client's life, stating that *he* did not believe Hauptmann was guilty, but he reserved his final statements for Lindbergh, turning to the grim-faced aviator, saying: "May I say in closing that he has my profound respect. I feel sorry for him in his deep grief and I am quite sure that all of you agree with me that his lovely son is now within the gates of Heaven." Reilly had shown more concern for the victim than he had for his client, the steel-eyed Hauptmann.

Wilentz then addressed the jury with his closing argument on February 12, 1935, and he showed no mercy in his attack on the defendant. Unlike the docile, almost indifferent summation by Reilly, Wilentz stepped forth like David about to slay Goliath, confident, demanding, and speaking, he believed, for every man, woman, and child in the U.S. He held up a Bible, which his opponent had earlier employed in his closing argument. "Judge not lest ye be judged,' my adversary says. But he forgets the other Biblical admonition: 'And he that killeth any man shall surely be killed, shall surely be put to death." Wilentz went to the table holding exhibits of evidence and placed the Bible there, as if it, too, were part of the prosecution's evidence.

"For all these months, since October of 1934," Wilentz said while slowly pacing in front of the jury, "not during one moment has there been anything that has come to light, that has indicated anything but the guilt of Bruno Richard Hauptmann. Every avenue of evidence leads to the same door: Bruno Richard Hauptmann." Then Wilentz took a rather xenophobic view, one that gathered in the specter of sinister foreigners with super egos, the implication certainly conjuring the image of Nazi Germany's Adolf Hitler and the evil Nazi myth of the German Superman.

"What type of man would murder the child of Charles and Anne Lindbergh?" Wilentz asked the jury. "He wouldn't be an American. No American gangster ever sank to the level of killing babies. Ah, no! An American gangster that did want to participate in a kidnapping wouldn't pick out Colonel

The defendant's doggedly loyal wife, Anna Hauptmann, who never abandoned her belief in her husband's innocence; she is shown with criminal defense attorney Edward J. Reilly, a flamboyant 52-year-old lawyer who had lost only a few criminal cases in the several thousand he had defended.

Colorful, dynamic and politcally ambitious, 39-year-old David Wilentz, New Jersey's attorney general, personally led the prosecution against Hauptmann, destroying the defense and showing the defendant to be an inveterate liar. Wilentz' triumph in the Hauptmann case later won him the governorship.

Lindbergh. There are many people much wealthier than the colonel. No, it had to be a fellow who had ice water, not blood, in his veins. It had to be a fellow who had a peculiar mental makeup, who thought he was bigger than Lindy, a fellow who, when the news of the crime came out, could look at the headlines screaming across the page, just as the headlines screamed when Lindy made his famous flight. It had to be an egomaniac who thought he was omnipotent."

Wilentz then described the character of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, slapping his hands together as exclamation points to his sentences. He pointed out that Hauptmann trusted no one and never told the truth to his wife, telling her that he was making money in the stock market without a shred of proof to support this claim to her or to the authorities after his arrest. Hauptmann was the kind of man, Wilentz pointed out, who held up at gunpoint women pushing baby carriages, as he had done in Germany, a man who would not talk, "even if you killed him. And let me tell you, men and women of the jury, the State of New Jersey and the State of New York, and the federal authorities have found an animal lower than the lowest form in the animal kingdom, Public Enemy Number One of this world—Bruno Richard Hauptmann!"

The prosecutor then slowly pointed out that Hauptmann had all along shouted that he was being framed. Who was framing him, Wilentz asked. Dr. Condon? Amandus Hochmuth? Arthur Koehler? For what purpose? There was none, there was only the truth. And if Hauptmann was as innocent of this terrible crime as he insisted he was, why then, Wilentz asked, did he fight so hard not to be extradited from New York to New Jersey? "When he heard that the State of New Jersey wanted him, did he say, `I'll come right over?'"

Then Wilentz launched into a graphic description of the crime. He portrayed Hauptmann climbing up the ladder and entering the child's room through the window. As all eyes were focused upon Hauptmann, Wilentz went on: "I think a stranger could walk into a child's room, if the child were asleep, without the child awakening." He slammed his palms together loudly. "But let me tell you this! This fellow took no chances on the child awakening. He crushed that child right in the room, into insensibility. He smothered and choked that child right in that room. That child never cried, never gave any outcry, certainly not! The little voice was stilled right in that room. *He* wasn't interested in the child. Life meant nothing to him. That's the type of man we're dealing with.

"Public Enemy Number One of the world! That's what we're dealing with! You're not dealing with a fellow who doesn't know what he's doing. Take a look at him as he sits there! Look at him when he walks out of this room today panther-like, gloating, feeling good!"

Hauptmann, flanked by a state trooper and Deputy Sheriff Barry Loeb, no longer smiles in court as he listens to prosecutor Wilentz's damning summation.

Hauptmann's face was red and his lips tightly closed as if he were fighting against making a loud outburst. He squirmed in his chair, using a handkerchief to wipe away perspiration. He had not shown the slightest appearance of uneasiness during the course of the long trial until this point. Now he moved in his chair, crossing and recrossing his legs.

Wilentz went on relentlessly: "Certainly he stilled that little child's breath right in that room! That child did not cry out when it was disturbed. Yanked from the crib how? Not just taken up. The pins were still left in the bed sheets. (The nurse had pinned the baby's sleeping suit to the bed sheets to keep it from rolling over.) Yanked and its head hit up against the headboard must have been hit. *He* couldn't do it any other way. Certainly it must have hit up against the board. Still no outcry. Why? Because there was no cry left in the child. Did he use the chisel to crush the skull at the time or knock it into insensibility? Is that a fair inference? What else was the chisel there for? To knock that child into insensibility right there in that room."

"And the note in the nursery. This fellow had planned this crime. He wasn't going to let any faker come in and take that money. He had something on the note so that Colonel Lindbergh could tell, if another one came, that it was from the right party. So he put his signature on it. You couldn't reproduce it. The blue circles, the red center and the holes, *b* in blue, for Bruno; *r* in red, for Richard; holes, *h* for Hauptmann." Then Wilentz pointed out another glaring error Hauptmann had made. He recalled for the jury his question to Hauptmann about the police asking him to duplicate the ransom notes and how he had asked Hauptmann on the witness stand if the police had asked him to write the word signature. "They did," Hauptmann had replied.

"Why?" asked Wilentz of no one. "Because it was spelled that way in the ransom note and Hauptmann wanted to show that he didn't write it. So he swears that the police told him to spell it *signature*." Again the slapping of the hands, like cymbals clashing. "Now, men and women of the jury, take those writings Hauptmann made in the police station. Go through every one of them and you won't find the word *signature* anywhere. He was never asked to write it, right or wrong! And still he swears on the witness stand that he was told by the police to misspell it!"

Wilentz closed down his attack, like a plane prop slowing its revolutions, saying solemnly: "There are some cases in

The jury that convicted Hauptmann of first-degree murder, which then made execution mandatory (left to right, first row): Elmer Smith, Mrs. Ethel Stockton, Charles Snyder, Mrs. Verna Synder, Mrs. Rose Pill, Charles Walton, foreman (second row, left to right), Robert Cravatt, Philip Hockenbury, George Voorhees, Mrs. Mary Brelsford, Liscom Case, Howard Biggs.

Following Hauptmann's conviction by a jury of four women and eight men, 71-year-old Judge Thomas Whittaker Trenchard, above, sentenced Hauptmann to death by electrocution. The sentence was appealed by Hauptmann's attorneys and was rejected, as well as a commutation from New Jersey's governor.

A grim-faced Bruno Richard Hauptmann (center) is escorted from the Flemington, New Jesery, courtroom, on February 16, 1935, after hearing his death sentence; he was executed by electric chair at the state prison in Trenton on April 3, 1936.

which a recommendation for mercy might do, but not this one, not this one! Either this man is the filthiest and vilest snake that ever crept through the grass or he is entitled to an acquittal. And if you believe as we do, you have got to convict him. If you bring in a recommendation of mercy, a wishy-washy decision, that is your province, and once I sit down I will not say another word, so far as this jury and its verdict is concerned. But it seems to me that you will have the courage to find Richard Hauptmann guilty in the first degree."

As he sat down, Vincent Burns, an eccentric non-denominational religious leader, tried to interrupt the proceeding, but he was led away before his comments could have created a mistrial. After long, precise instructions to the jury by Judge Trenchard, the jury retired. The next day, the four women and eight men of the jury found Hauptmann guilty and recommended the death sentence. A number of appeals were filed on Hauptmann's behalf, but all were denied. While Hauptmann awaited execution in the New Jersey State Prison, he showed no emotion. He did not talk to other prisoners in the death house and ignored all those who walked to the execution chamber before him. John Favorito, a convicted murderer, who had the cell next to Hauptmann's on Death Row, went to the electric chair on October 15, 1935. He expected Hauptmann to say goodbye to him but when he passed Hauptmann's cell he saw the kidnapper-killer soundly sleeping and snoring.

Hauptmann's own turn to sit in the electric chair finally came on April 3, 1936. He remained silent to the last. Bruno Richard Hauptmann, convicted baby-killer, walked wordlessly to the death chamber, sat down in the electric chair, and executioner Robert Elliott then sent the current into his body that killed him at 8:44 p.m. Anne and Charles Lindbergh were in London at the time. Their thoughts about the execution of their child's murderer were not recorded. Anna Hauptmann continued to believe that her husband was innocent, despite the overwhelming evidence against him. (Through her relentless efforts, one author later published a disgraceful book that flagrantly altered the actual facts in an attempt to show that Hauptmann was framed by the New Jersey State Police, a book obviously aimed at book sales, not the truth.) Mrs. Hauptmann lobbied for decades to have her husband's case reopened, re-examined, to have him somehow proven to be anything other than what the world believed him to be (and still does)—an inhuman kidnapper, who had bestially slain an innocent child.

THE AMATEUR KIDNAPPERS/May 27, 1933

In early summer of 1933, a rash of kidnappings involving large ransoms swept the U.S. The dramatic escalation of this crime caused deep alarm among citizens and law enforcement officials. For months that summer, one newspaper published a "scorecard" showing the many abductions that occurred, updating a "box score" of the many kidnappings, with headlines for "Name," "Date Stolen," "Returned," and a summary of sentences given to convicted kidnappers.

The first of these sensational abductions was that of Mary McElroy (1913-40). She was the apple of her father's eye, a tall, willowy girl who devoted her life to her father's service. Her father, Judge Henry F. McElroy, the city manager of Kansas City, although believed by many to be an independent-minded politician, was actually an important cog in the Thomas Pendergast political machine.

McElroy attended a girl's college in Rockford, Illinois, where she was elected president of the student body. After her graduation, McElroy returned to Kansas City to assist her father in his political career. She became his shadow in the city council and at social functions. She called him the "Old Boy," a sobriquet the press found amusing, given his usual testiness and inherent mean streak. McElroy was no reformer, though Mary often pointed out that her father maintained a soup kitchen and always had something to spare for someone down on their luck.

Mary McElroy, daughter of Kansas City's manager, who was kidnapped on May 27, 1933; her abductors were in her last thoughts before her 1940 suicide.

Mary McElroy's orderly existence was permanently shattered on May 27, 1933, when four amateurish kidnappers, led by Walter McGhee (or McGee), an ex-convict from Oregon, abducted her from the family home in Kansas City. She was taking her morning bath when two "delivery" men appeared at the door and told Heda Christensen, the McElroy cook, that they had a package for the Judge's "little girl." The rather timid kidnappers were Walter McGhee, his brother George, Clarence Stevens and Clarence Glick. None knew that McElroy was a grown woman; their original target was the judge's son Henry, but he was not home at the time.

Stevens pulled a revolver and forced the maid to show them the way upstairs, where McElroy was relaxing in the tub. McGhee commanded her to get dressed and follow them. The young woman recovered her composure and got dressed. McElroy did not seem to fear her kidnappers. She talked with the McGhee brothers, Stevens, and their confederate, Clarence Glick, in the getaway car. She found out that George McGhee wanted to be a doctor, but had dropped out of medical school. She found him kind and considerate, and called him "doctor." Walter McGhee greatly impressed her with his gracious manner and won her sympathy.

The kidnappers drove to their hideout, a modest-looking frame building near Shawnee, Kansas. McElroy was handcuffed to a wall in the basement garage for twenty-nine hours, while the gang attempted to negotiate a $60,000 ransom with McElroy. McElroy claimed he was unable to pay $60,000 and negotiated with the kidnappers until they agreed to a compromise figure of $30,000. Boss Pendergast was on

hand to lend a sympathetic ear, and to "gag" the newsmen from printing the story until the woman was safely returned. Kansas City's reigning gang kingpin, Johnny Lazia, who was Pendergast's enforcer and secret partner in all Kansas City rackets, set out to raise the ransom money from his coterie of criminal associates.

After the ransom was paid the next day, the kidnappers took McElroy to the Milburn Golf Club, where they gave her a dollar for car fare and released her. She waved good-bye to the McGhee brothers and their friends, and then identified herself to the manager of the club. In the crush of publicity that followed, Mary expressed sympathy for the McGhees, an attitude that shocked and dismayed McElroy and prompted reporters to speculate about a romance between Mary McElroy and Walter McGhee.

The kidnappers were quickly captured. Clarence Glick, who owned the farmhouse, where McElroy was imprisoned, was sentenced to eight years in prison as was Stevens. George McGhee was sentenced to life. Walter McGhee, who had planned the crime, was tried under the death penalty, the first time in U.S. history a kidnapper faced execution. The state of Missouri was, for the first time, seeking to execute a kidnapper, who had not harmed his victim.

Kansas City's Boss Tom Pendergast, shown with his wife and daughter at the time of his daughter's 1929 wedding, ordered his underworld enforcer Johnny Lazia to pay off the kidnappers in effecting the release of Mary McElroy.

Assistant U.S. Attorney General Joseph B. Keenan traveled to Kansas City to assist in the prosecution. On July 26, 1933, the prosecution presented its closing statements, concluding that "the nation is watching this courtroom today ... As soon as a message is sent out from this room that a jury has said a man shall hang by the neck until he is dead for this kidnapping, you will have taken a big step to stop this wave of kidnapping."

Walter McGhee was found guilty and sentenced to death. Only hours before the jury reached its verdict, U.S. Attorney General Homer Stiles Cummings and President Franklin Delano Roosevelt agreed upon the bolstering of the Federal Bureau of Investigation with new legislation that focused upon deterrence and prosecution, particularly in kidnapping cases. The rash of kidnappings that year undoubtedly influenced the jury's verdict regarding Walter McGhee.

A month earlier, on June 15, William Hamm, Jr., a millionaire brewer in St. Paul, Minnesota, had been kidnapped by the infamous Barker gang. Then John King Ottley, a wealthy banker in Atlanta, Georgia, became the victim of an unsuccessful ransom kidnapping, where $40,000 had been demanded. The day after the Ottley case was reported, the kidnapping of 24-year-old John J. O'Connell, son and nephew of the political bosses of Albany, New York, was announced in the press. On July 22, 1933, millionaire oil man Charles F. Urschel was kidnapped from his front porch in Oklahoma City.

Mary McElroy had reluctantly testified as a witness for the prosecution and, following the trial, began to suffer bouts of depression. When Mary McElroy returned to Kansas City after an extended vacation, she found that Walter McGhee's conviction had been upheld by the Supreme Court. She began visiting the McGhees in jail, offering them her support and encouragement.

On February 10, 1935, Mary McElroy left home. She boarded a bus for Normal, Illinois, but eventually wound up in Springfield. From there she wired her father, "Sorry, but am so frightened. Don't know what I am doing." An uncle of McElroy's went to Springfield to escort her back to Kansas City. She explained to Conwell Carlson, a reporter for the Kansas City *Star*: "Do I try to forget them? Yes, I have seen them, and no, I cannot forget them. I have visited all of them in person. I have tried to help their relatives. Something drives me to do this, I cannot let them go."

In an effort to relieve his daughter's unhappiness and growing alienation, Judge McElroy asked Governor Park to extend executive clemency. "In pleading for Walter McGhee's life, I am pleading for my own peace of mind," his daughter added. Walter McGhee's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. McElroy recovered her health, and, for a time at least, her previous outlook on life.

McElroy inexplicably supplied the jailed kidnappers with gifts and arranged for each of them to take correspondence classes from their cells. "I am not sure exactly what I am trying to do. I only know I want to help those McGhee boys find themselves," she said. It was never clear whether or not her benevolence concealed a deeper romantic longing. What did eventually become clear was that McElroy's brush with the criminal world had changed her. She began keeping company with known Kansas City hoodlums.

When the Pendergast regime finally toppled in 1939 and

McElroy was indicted for failing to report $300,000 in kickbacks, Mary still attempted to shield her father from the scrutiny of the press. In June 1939, McElroy died following a long illness. "He has done certain things that, technically, can be criticized but he has not done anything that is economically unsound or ethically wrong," Mary said shortly before his death.

With the Pendergast machine crumbling, Mary found Kansas City a changed world. On January 20, 1940, after her plans for an intimate dinner party went awry, Mary McElroy committed suicide by shooting herself in the head. Her maid found the body the next day, with a note lying nearby. "My four kidnappers are probably the only people on earth who don't consider me an utter fool. You have your death penalty now so please give them a chance." Her planned memoir, *A Politician's Daughter,* was never written.

SNATCHING AN OKLAHOMA OIL MAN/ July 22, 1933

Despite his fierce reputation, which had been wholly manufactured by a scheming wife, George "Machine Gun" Kelly (George R. Barnes; AKA: E. W. Moore; J. C. Tichenor; 1897-1954) was an inept bank robber who was vaulted to underworld fame through a single crime, the kidnapping of Oklahoma millionaire Charles F. Urschel, a crime that also sent him to prison for life. Born George Barnes in rural Tennessee, George Kelly was raised in poverty and received little formal education. He was in and out of trouble throughout his teens, working petty rackets and operating an illegal still at one time.

With the coming of Prohibition, Kelly (he changed his name at this time from Barnes to Kelly) began supplying well-to-do citizens and social clubs in Memphis, Tennessee, with bonded liquor smuggled from Canada. He was a strapping fellow, standing six feet, one inch, broad-shouldered, with piercing blue eyes, a florid face, and a wide smile. When not peddling illegal liquor, Kelly sold cars and sometimes men's clothing. Most of the big money, however, was in bootlegging, and Kelly soon became known in circles as a "society bootlegger."

When Kelly began to sell his liquor to speakeasies, Memphis bootlegging gangs sent him word to leave town or "wind up in a ditch." Kelly was all braggart and hated violence. He left town, drifting to New Mexico, where he attempted to peddle more liquor. In 1925, he was arrested for violating the Volstead Act, while making a delivery and was sentenced to three months in the New Mexico State Prison.

After his release, Kelly moved to Fort Worth and began making liquor runs between that city and Oklahoma City. It was in Fort Worth in 1927 where Kelly met Kathryn Thorne, a striking, sleek, dark-eyed brunette. She was beautiful, but her beauty had a hard edge. She was strong-willed, domineering, and utterly corrupt.

It was this tall, sensuous woman with a sharp, scheming mind who made Kelly into a national menace, one of the most feared and celebrated criminals of the early 1930s, a creation of her own fertile and twisted imagination. It was Kathryn Kelly, not her handsome, friendly husband, who masterminded a sensational kidnapping for which she, Kelly, and others would go to prison for life. Kathryn Thorne had been born Cleo Coleman in 1904 in Saltillo, Mississippi.

The affable George "Machine Gun" Kelly, a small-time bootlegger and an inept bank robber, who reluctantly turned to kidnapping in 1933, a crime that sent him to prison for life.

Cleo's father was a hard-working farmer, but her mother hated their share-cropper's life and devised illegal ways to make money. Little Cleo dreamed of becoming rich some day and living like the grande dames she read about in the society columns. Underfed and emotionally deprived, little Cleo spent her pennies at the nickelodeon, dreaming of the day she would possess glamour, money, and power.

At age fifteen, Cleo married a local youth and bore him a daughter, but when her mother left her father in 1917, Cleo divorced her husband and left Mississippi with her mother and child, resettling in Coleman, Texas, a town from which her mother's family had taken its name. The Colemans of Texas were a notorious, far-flung family that ran illegal stills and cheap brothels.

Kathryn (Cleo Coleman) Thorne Kelly, foreground, the beautiful and manipulative mastermind behind the Urschel snatch; she shaped her husband's criminal career, shored up his reputation as a bad man, and henpecked him into kidnapping.

Cleo's mother opened a small hotel in Coleman that was nothing more than a bordello. Cleo eventually changed her name to Kathryn, which she thought was more stylish. By then her mother had met and married R. G. "Boss" Shannon, who owned a small ranch outside of Paradise, Texas, a dusty, one-horse town used as a hideout for wanted criminals.

Kathryn moved to Fort Worth, leaving her 2-year-old child with her mother. Kathryn Coleman worked as a manicurist in a large hotel and met many men to whom she prostituted herself. She was arrested twice for soliciting, but avoided convictions on prostitution charges. She spent most of her money on stylish clothes and movies. She affected the mannerisms of movie stars and larded her limited vocabulary with overly

Albert Bates, a slow-witted Kelly gang accomplice, who helped to abduct the Urschel; he went to prison for life.

formal terms. She played the part of the southern belle, but she was hard and tough inside. One man who dated her stated: "She knows more bums than the police department, can drink liquor like water, and has some of the toughest women friends I ever laid eyes on."

In 1924, she met bootlegger Charlie Thorne, who was making considerable money. She was enamored of Thorne's bankroll, his big touring cars, and his high lifestyle. They were married and Thorne bought a large home for Kathryn in Fort Worth and another in Coleman. The marriage was not happy. Kathryn nagged Thorne to produce more cash. She wanted a mansion and a lot of money in the bank. The couple argued constantly and more than once Thorne blackened Kathryn's eyes. On a hot July night in 1927, Kathryn Thorne drove into a Fort Worth gas station. As the attendant, an old friend, filled the tank of her sixteen-cylinder roadster, he noticed that Kathryn was upset.

"What's the matter, Kate?" he asked.

"I'm bound for Coleman to kill that goddamned Charlie Thorne," she snapped with sincerity.

A few days later Thorne was found shot to death. He had left a suicide note which read: "I can't live with her, or without her, hence I am departing this life." Those who knew Thorne said that the bootlegger's language was certainly not the formal kind of writing found in his so-called suicide note. Such wording was more in keeping with his wife's affected vocabulary. "Charlie wouldn't even know what a word like *hence* meant," one of his friends said, while pointing the finger at Kathryn Thorne. A coroner's jury, however, ruled Thorne's death a suicide and Kathryn received what was left of his estate.

About this time, Kathryn began making mysterious trips out of town, each lasting several weeks. She had met a number of small-time bank robbers and it was rumored that Kathryn was casing banks, drawing getaway maps for these men, and sharing in the proceeds from these robberies. Through her underworld contacts, Kathryn met George Kelly, who was then, in 1927, running illegal booze from Texas to Oklahoma.

The big, burly Kelly appealed to Kathryn, even though she knew he was a drunk and a phony. She liked his blowhard ways, especially when he snarled tough guy statements like "no copper will ever take me alive." This man, she concluded, had possibilities, but he had to be molded, shaped into her idea of his image, one that would convince her underworld contacts he was a genuine "big-leaguer," a man who could commit important crimes. Kathryn began building up Kelly's image. She told him to stop peddling cheap booze to druggists and learn to use firearms. Kelly told her that he had hated weapons ever since he was a child. "But you've got to be able

to hurt people, George," Kathryn told him. "You've got to be tough or nobody will respect you. And I'm going to get you something that will get you that respect."

Kathryn bought him a Thompson submachine gun and took him to the Shannon ranch, where he practiced shooting it every day. Kathryn lined up walnuts along a fence and Kelly shot them off. He actually became a marksman with this unwieldy wasp-like weapon and Kathryn rewarded him by allowing him to get drunk. She drove into Fort Worth with the empty cartridges from Kelly's gun and handed them to underworld friends and acquaintances, saying: "Here's a souvenir from Machine Gun Kelly." She then boasted how her daring husband was away robbing banks. In reality, however, Kelly was invariably lying on a cot in a shack on the Shannon ranch, struggling with another fierce attack of the DTs.

Oklahoma oil man Charles E. Urschel, kidnapped from his mansion in Oklahoma City, on July 22, 1933.

The ramshackled cabin on the Shannon ranch in Texas, where Urschel was held prisoner by the Kelly gang. Lawmen later rounded up the Shannon family members in a raid that failed to snare the Kellys and Bates.

W. R. Jarrett, who was kidnapped along with Urschel; he was released on the night of the abduction.

The room in which Urschel was held for ransom; he was tied to the bed and fed meager meals by his kidnappers; blindfolded, Urschel had conversations with George Kelly, who expressed his hatred for the oilman's wealth.

Kelly continued to peddle illegal liquor and in 1930, made the mistake of driving a truck load of booze onto an Indian reservation in Oklahoma. He was arrested without a fight and was given a short term in Leavenworth. While he was away, Kathryn told friends in Fort Worth that her husband was up north in Kentucky and Indiana robbing banks.

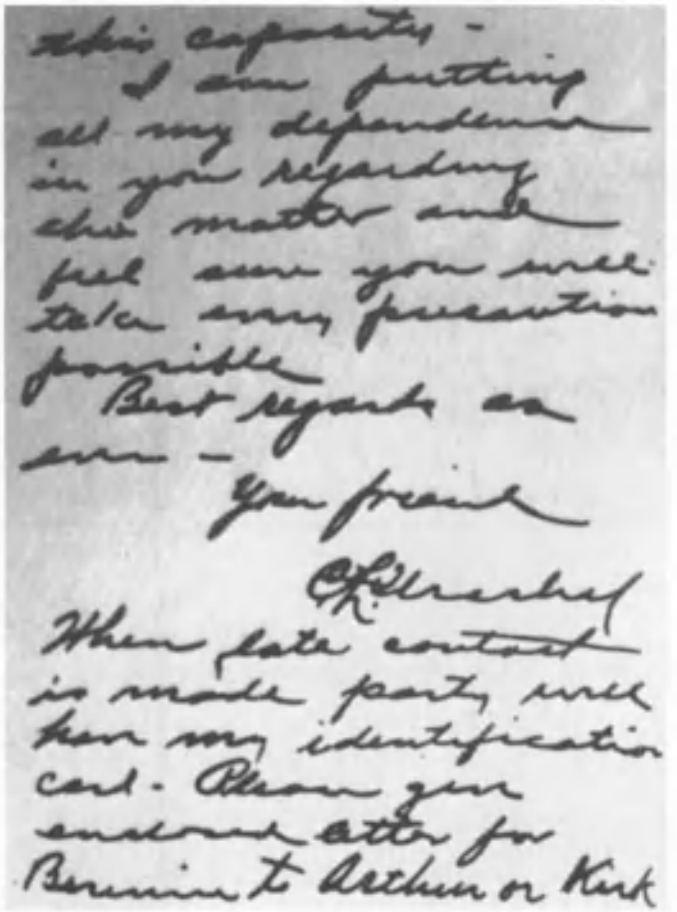
In Leavenworth, Kelly proved to be a happy-go-lucky prisoner, who was liked by prisoners and guards. He was so amiable that he was made a trusty and given a job in the prison records room. Kathryn visited Kelly at Leavenworth and gave him a list of names of his fellow prisoners, men to contact and with whom to curry favor.

"These men will be on the outside soon and you will need them as contacts when we go into the bank robbing business," she told him. "They are high class, important people. Get to know them here, do them favors, be their friend. It will pay off for us when you get out." Kelly shrugged and did as his wife ordered. He befriended Frank Nash, Thomas Holden, and Francis Keating, some of the most notorious bank robbers in custody. While working in the records office, Kelly prepared fake passes for Holden and Keating and these two infamous robbers simply walked through the front gates of Leavenworth wearing borrowed civilian clothing.

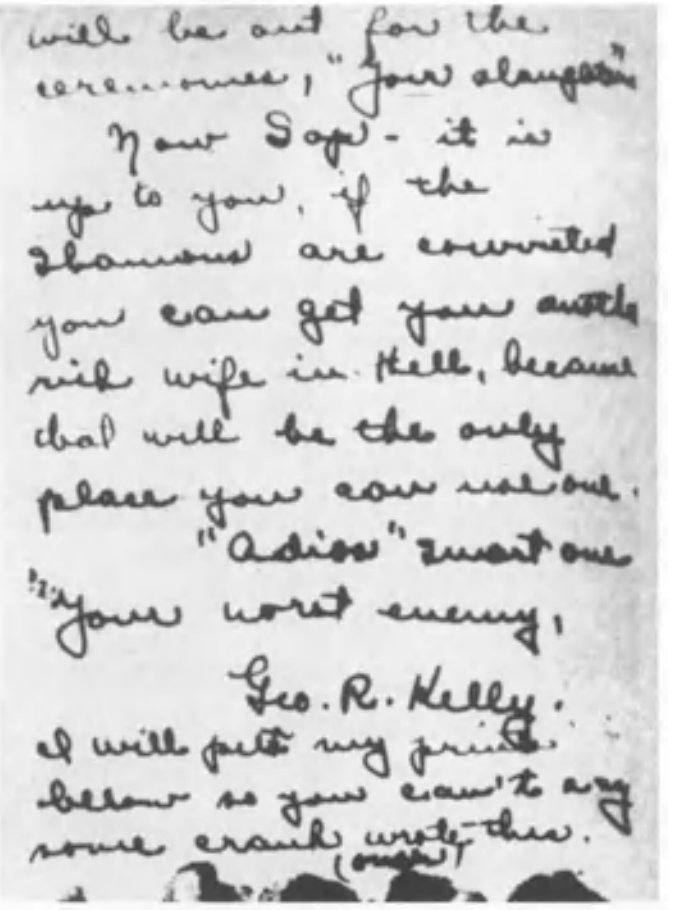
This escape suddenly vaulted Kelly's reputation inside the walls of Leavenworth. Holden and Keating, who joined the celebrated Harvey Bailey, boasted that they had escaped thanks to George "Machine Gun" Kelly, and that when Kelly was paroled within the year, they wanted him to accompany them in their bank robberies. Meanwhile, Kelly came to believe his wife's conception of him. He began to swagger and play the big-time gangster to other prisoners. To Morris "Red" Rudensky, one of America's foremost safecrackers at the time, Kelly stated one day: "This place is getting on my nerves, Red. I've got fifty grand sitting on the outside and I could throw a party that would last for a year, but I can't get at it."

"Why don't you go over the wall?" Rudensky suggested.

The idea of escaping unnerved Kelly even more. In fact, the prospect of risking death to escape thoroughly frightened


this capacity -
I am putting
all my dependence
in you regarding
this matter and
feel sure you will
take every precaution
possible
Best regards as
ever -
Your friend
C. K. Urschel
When late contact
is made party will
have my identification
card - Please give
enclosed letter for
Bernice to Arthur or Kirk

A letter Urschel wrote in which he asked that the $200,000 ransom be paid so that he could be released, a missive dictated by the calculating Kathryn Kelly.


will be out for the
ceremonies, "Your slaughter"
Now Sap - it is
up to you, if the
Shannons are convicted
you can get your another
rich wife in Hell, because
that will be the only
place you can use one.
"Adios" smart one
Your worst enemy,
Geo. R. Kelly.
I will put my prints
below so you can't say
some crank wrote this.
(ouch)

A threatening letter sent by Kelly to Urschel after the oil man's release, one promising death if any of his wife's relatives were imprisoned.

him. He laughed off the idea, however, saying: "Hell, Red. I'm too old for that. I'll be out in a year. But if *you* get any ideas [to escape], I'll help you for laughs. You young guys are the ones who should be licking your chops over busting out. And if you do, you might help old George make the wheels spin a little faster." Kelly was only thirty-three at the time, but he appeared to be in his mid-forties, his appearance due to the wear-and-tear of alcoholism that had afflicted him when he had been on the outside. But he used his appearance to convince others that he was a seasoned professional, suggesting to men like Frank Nash that he had been robbing banks during the early 1920s. When Nash escaped from prison later, he too promoted the idea of using Machine Gun Kelly in some of his more important robberies.

When Kelly was released in 1931, Kathryn Kelly was waiting for him. They were married, and she took him to the Shannon ranch in Paradise, where she ordered him back into training. He practiced every day with the submachine gun, and every day Kathryn showed him newspaper clippings about bandits like Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker, about Charles Arthur Floyd of Oklahoma, Harvey Bailey, and others. She had arranged for him to meet some small-time but energetic bank robbers, including a rather accomplished bank burglar named Albert Bates.

From 1931 to 1933, Kathryn reportedly cased a number of banks and Kelly, Bates, and a few others committed the robberies. The Kelly gang robbed a bank in Tupelo, Mississippi, taking less than $2,000. The gang raided a small bank in Wilmer, Texas, also for a small amount of money. There a guard tried to shoot it out with the thieves and was machine gunned to death. Kelly was credited with the killing, but it is more likely that another member of the gang killed the guard. Kathryn insisted that it was her husband, who had done the shooting. "Who else but Machine Gun Kelly would have that kind of nerve?" she bragged. Other bank robberies took place in Tacoma, Washington, and Dallas, Texas that were attributed to Kelly.

The income from these robberies was unsatisfactory to Kathryn Kelly. By 1933 a wave of kidnappings had rolled across the nation. Kathryn avidly followed these cases in the press. Mary McElroy, the daughter of the city manager of Kansas City, had been successfully kidnapped and held for ransom. Charles Boettcher had been kidnapped in Denver and millionaire William A. Hamm, Jr. had been snatched by the Barker mob in Minnesota and had been ransomed for $100,000. She decided that the gang would go into the kidnapping racket. "We've got to put the snatch on one of these rich birds, George," she told Kelly. "It's the only way to make any money these days."

Celebrated bank robber Harvey "Old Harve" Bailey, shown manacled at the feet after he was captured while hiding out on the Shannon ranch when the place was raided by FBI agents.

George R. "Machine Gun" Kelly, shown under arrest (center, manacled hand and foot) in Memphis, Tennessee, the day following his capture on September 26, 1933, by a local police detective. Despite the pompous claims of FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, Kelly was not captured by Bureau agents and never said at the time of his capture: "Don't shoot, G-Men!" This was a myth created by the promotion-minded Hoover several years later.

"Too risky," Kelly replied.

"We're going to do it, George." Kathryn had made up her mind and Kelly finally agreed, as usual. Kathryn Kelly then began to scout likely kidnap victims. She selected a businessman living in South Bend, Indiana, but this plan went to pieces after Kathryn got drunk with some detectives in Fort Worth, Texas, that she thought were crooked. She bragged to these men about the South Bend kidnapping, which was to take place shortly. The detectives notified Indiana police, and when the Kelly gang arrived in South Bend, they found police patrolling the streets around the businessman's home. Ironically, Kathryn later found out that her intended victim was broke and no one would have paid a dime for his return.

Then Kathryn read in the society columns about millionaire oil man, Charles F. Urschel of Oklahoma City. The feature story showed photos of his mansion in that city, almost a blueprint for Kathryn Kelly's kidnapping scheme. On the night of July 22, 1933, Kelly, accompanied by Albert Bates, pushed open the screen door to the porch of the Urschel mansion in Oklahoma City and walked inside. On the porch were four people playing cards. Kelly pointed his submachine gun at them and snarled in his best gangster fashion: "Stick 'em up! Which one's Urschel?"

Walter R. Jarrett and his wife were sitting next to the Urschels, but they said nothing. "All right, wiseguys," Kelly said. "We'll take both of you." He ordered Jarrett and Urschel off the porch and into a waiting car, which was being driven by Kathryn Kelly. The car raced out of town.

Inside the car, Kelly examined the contents of the wallets both men carried to determine which man was Charles F. Urschel. He then ordered Jarrett out of the car and left the man standing in the middle of a deserted farm road. The car headed for Texas and the Shannon ranch, which was now being used as a hideout for wanted bank robbers. To those criminals on the run, R.G. Shannon charged $50 a night for a bunk in one of his fly-ridden cottages and two cheap meals per day.

It was to this seedy underworld haven that Urschel was taken. He had been blindfolded in the car and was taken to the ranch, where he was confined day and night in a small one-room bunkhouse. The Kellys, meanwhile, demanded $200,000 ransom for Urschel and thus began prolonged negotiations with E.E. Kirkpatrick, Urschel's friend and go-between. It was finally decided that Kirkpatrick was to take the Sooner, a fast train running between Oklahoma City and Kansas City. He

Kathryn and George Kelly shown at their trial; their lawyers could mount little defense against the solid kidnapping case against them.

was to stand on the observation deck at the end of the train and when he saw two fields of wheat on fire he was to toss a briefcase with the $200,000 onto the tracks.

At the appointed time, Kirkpatrick boarded the Sooner. He stood on the observation platform on the last car of the train and peered into the night, looking for the two fields to blaze up. There were no fires. Kelly, at the last minute, had flooded the gang's car so that the kidnappers were late at the rendezvous and never got the fires started. The gangsters watched helplessly as the Sooner and the ransom money rattled past them and disappeared into the darkness.

Finally, Kelly arranged to meet Kirkpatrick on Linwood Avenue in Kansas City, Missouri. Kirkpatrick walked down the street and was suddenly faced by a large man wearing a custom-tailored suit, a snap-brim Panama hat and brown-and-white spectator shoes. He was tall and big-shouldered. "I'll take that bag, Mr. Kincaid," he told the go-between, using Kirkpatrick's prearranged code name.

Kirkpatrick was cautious. He held on to the bag containing the $200,000 ransom money and said: "How do I know you're the right man."

"Hell, you know damned well I am!" Kelly said.

"Two hundred thousand dollars is a lot of money," Kirkpatrick said. "I want some sort of assurance that Mr. Urschel will not be harmed."

Kelly snarled: "Don't argue with me! The boys are waiting!" He gave a short nod to a nearby car where a man sat with a hat pulled low over his face. This was Albert Bates.

Kirkpatrick was not a man to be bullied. He said: "I want a definite answer I can give to Mrs. Urschel. When will her husband be home?"

The tough-man pose Kelly had been projecting suddenly seemed to evaporate. He shifted his weight from one foot to another as he nervously glanced about. He seemed unsure, indecisive. He kept staring at the black bag in Kirkpatrick's hand and all the authority went out of his voice when he said: "He'll be home in twelve hours."

Kirkpatrick, without another word, suddenly dropped the bag to the sidewalk and walked away briskly. Kelly grabbed the bag, tossed it into the back seat of the car in which Bates sat, crawled behind the wheel, and drove off. At the Shannon ranch Kathryn Kelly counted every bill in the black bag twice to make sure the gang had not been shortchanged. When the count tallied to $200,000, she turned to her husband and said: "Okay, George. Now we've got to bump the old man off."

"What?" Kelly said, shocked at the prospect of cold-blooded murder. "We can't do that. Kidnapping is bad enough, but murder is out. Absolutely out. We don't do that."

"He'll talk and we'll get caught." Kathryn said flatly. "It's the only way."

This time George "Machine Gun" Kelly stood his ground. "No, murder is out. I gave my word to Kirkpatrick that we'd get Urschel home to his wife."

"*Your word!* What does that mean? Nothing. The old man gets croaked, understand, George." Kathryn Kelly was adamant.

Albert Bates, a mild-mannered man who abhorred violence as much as Kelly did, stated: "George is right, Kathryn. If we get nailed for kidnapping, well, that's federal prison, but murder, that's the electric chair for all of us."

Kelly, with Bates' backing him, defied his masterminding wife: "Nobody's getting murdered, Kate. Nobody! I'm taking the old man home tonight, now."

That evening Kelly and Bates drove Urschel, who was still blindfolded, back to the outskirts of Oklahoma City. He was ordered out of the car and was given a hat and $10 "for cab fare." Kelly and Bates then turned around and headed back to Texas.

When arriving home, Urschel was questioned by FBI agents. The Bureau had been ignored throughout the kidnapping because the Urschel family feared that if agents got involved, Urschel might be killed. Agents pieced together enough information from the astute oil man to determine that the length of time it had taken the kidnappers to drive from

Arrogant to the last, Kathryn Kelly is shown laughing as she is sent to prison after receiving a life sentence.

the Urschel home to the hideout, where Urschel was kept would put them in Texas.

The oil man recalled hearing a plane fly overhead twice daily, while he was being held captive in the bunkhouse and a check of plane schedules showed a mail flight that would cross a certain area near Fort Worth. Next, the FBI got a tip from two Fort Worth detectives, who reported their earlier conversations with Kathryn Kelly, when she had drunkenly bragged about kidnapping someone in Indiana.

FBI agents moved went to the Shannon ranch and found R. G. "Boss" Shannon, Kathryn's mother, her stepbrother Armand, and a much-wanted bank robber, Harvey Bailey, who had escaped jail and was hiding out on the ranch, where he was nursing a leg wound he had received when running a roadblock. Bates was found a short time later in Denver where he had gotten drunk and was liberally spending his share of the ransom. But the now-infamous Machine Gun Kelly and his wife Kathryn were nowhere to be found.

The Kellys had driven north with their share of the loot, going first to Chicago. They took expensive hotel suites and gave huge parties, inviting strangers to the festivities. Kathryn splurged along Michigan Avenue, buying a fabulous wardrobe and George bought a huge touring car.

When Kathryn heard that her mother, stepfather, and stepbrother had been arrested and were being charged with Urschel's kidnapping, she exploded and ordered George to write to Urschel and get him to drop the charges against the Shannons. At first Kelly resisted, but Kathryn hounded him every waking minute. Finally, Kelly wrote and mailed the following letter to Urschel:

> Ignorant Charles:
>
> If the Shannons are convicted look out, and God help you for He is the only one that will be able to do you any good. In the event of my arrest I've already formed an outfit to take care of and destroy you and yours the same as if I was there. I am spending your money to have you and your family killed nice, eh? You are bucking people who have cash planes, bombs, and unlimited connections both here and abroad ... Now, sap it is up to you, if the Shannons are convicted you can get you another rich wife in Hell because that will be the only place you can use one. Adios, smart one.
>
> Your worst enemy,
> Geo. R. Kelly
>
> I will put my prints below so you can't say some crank wrote this.

Kelly did exactly that, boldly inking his fingerprints and imprinting them at the bottom of the letter to Urschel, an act that would later assure him of a conviction and a life sentence.

At this time Kelly was drinking heavily and gushing bravado, but his nerves were shattered. When he read about Bates being arrested in Denver, he shouted to Kathryn: "Kate! Kate! They got Albert in Denver! Oh, my God, it's all over!" He and Kathryn then fled to Kelly's home town, Memphis, Tennessee. There local residents spotted him and reported that he and his wife were holed up in a small bungalow. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover told the story years later that when his agents barged through Kelly's door, the fierce gangster cowered before them, nervously quaking and screaming: "Don't shoot, G-Men! Don't shoot, G-Men!" None of this ever happened and Kelly never uttered these much-publicized words.

George "Machine Gun" Kelly, shown entering Alcatraz to serve out a life sentence. He later wrote to Urschel: "These five words seem written in fire on the walls of my cell: Nothing can be worth this!"

On September 26, 1933, Memphis police officers surrounded Kelly's bungalow. Detective W. J. Raney went inside the small house and crept across the living room to the bedroom door which was suddenly thrown open. Kelly stood there, framed in the light from the bedroom, where Kathryn hid beneath the covers of the bed. In Kelly's hand was an automatic, not a machine gun. Detective Raney jabbed the barrel of his shotgun into Kelly's ample paunch and ordered him to drop his gun. He did. Kelly, who by then was being called "Pop-Gun Kelly" by underworld associates, turned and affably said to Raney: "I've been waiting all night for you."

The Kellys were quickly tried. George, Kathryn, and Bates received life sentences. The Shannons were sent to prison for shorter terms. Kelly was sent to Alcatraz, where he remained until 1954, when he was removed to Leavenworth. From there

The last known photo of Kathryn Kelly, who planned the Urschel kidnapping; she is shown in prison while serving out her life term, the flowers had been sent to her on her birthday from her imprisoned husband.

he wrote to his old kidnap victim, Charles Urschel: "These five words seem written in fire on the walls of my cell: Nothing can be worth this!" He died in that cell in 1954. His cell mate, Willie Radkay, later reported that Kelly had complained of gas pains after having eaten a plate of beans for dinner. He then suffered a fatal heart attack. R. G. Shannon was still alive at the time and he sent money to Leavenworth so that Kelly's body would be shipped back to Paradise, Texas, where it was buried in a family plot. A grave was reserved next to him for Kathryn Kelly. Kathryn Kelly, the "brains" behind the Urschel kidnapping, been sent to the Cincinnati Workhouse for Women and was paroled from there in 1958. She returned to Texas, but all trace of her was lost in the mid-1970s.

A KIDNAPPING IN SAN JOSE/ November 9, 1933

On November 9, 1933, Thomas Harold Thurmond (1909-1933) and a friend, John Maurice Holmes (d.1933), kidnapped and killed 22-year-old Brooke Hart, son of a department store owner in San Jose, California. Thurmond, who came from a respectable, middleclass family, had lived in San Jose all of his life and had never committed a crime until abducting Hart. The only reason he later gave for this offense was that he had been "driven half crazy" by the nagging thought that he could not marry his high school sweetheart for lack of money. Thurmond altered his story later, saying that he wanted to marry an older woman, who had rejected him because he was impoverished and that ransom money from a kidnapping would assure his marriage to this woman. "I don't even know that man," the woman later insisted, when she was confronted with the tale.

Whatever the reason, Thurmond, and his high school chum, John Maurice Holmes set out to abduct Hart, when the youth left his job at the department store. He had recently graduated from Santa Clara College and his father had made him a vice president at the store only a few days earlier. The kidnappers followed Hart's Studebaker in their own auto.

After forcing Hart's car to the side of the road, they drove Hart in his car to the San Mateo-Hayward Bridge, which spans San Francisco Bay. There they bludgeoned him with a brick, fastened cement blocks to his body, and threw him into the bay. Hart regained consciousness, however, and started screaming as he frantically splashed about, shouting that he could not swim. Thurmond fired several shots at him. The cries ceased, and Hart sank beneath the water.

About an hour later, Thurmond telephoned Hart's father and demanded $40,000, warning him not to contact the police. Hart disregarded the instruction and immediately called the police, who initially considered the "abduction" a prank by Hart and his college friends. They did nothing. Eventually, however, it became clear to police that the kidnapping was genuine. When Brooke Hart did not surface and several ransom notes arrived at the Hart residence, authorities then glumly concluded that the youth had been kidnapped.

One of the notes instructed Alex Hart to place a large "L" in the window of his department store to indicate that he was willing to pay the $40,000 ransom Thurmond and Holmes had demanded. This was done. Then Hart was told to drive a cart to a certain destination, bringing the ransom money in small bills. This Alex Hart did not do.

Thurmond called Hart the next day, stating: "What gives, Mr. Hart? You didn't show up last night. You got one more chance."

"I don't drive," Hart told Thurmond.

The kidnapper paused, then said: "We'll call you back."

When Thurmond called Hart back on November 15, 1933, his call was traced by police. Hart kept Thurmond on the phone, asking for specific instructions on where to deliver the ransom money, stalling the kidnapper long enough for detectives to pinpoint Thurmond's location. They found him still on the phone arguing with Hart from a phone in a San Jose gas station. Thurmond quickly confessed, but signed a statement that put most of the blame for the kidnapping and killing on his partner Holmes. When Holmes was shortly arrested, he, too, confessed, but insisted that Thurmond had masterminded the abduction and murdered Brooke Hart.

The two kidnappers were locked up in separate cells in the Santa Clara County Jail in downtown San Jose, where they awaited trial. Nine days later, Brooke Hart's body was found on the shore by several hunters. The entire community, especially the students at San Jose College, went wild with rage upon hearing the news. A crowd estimated to be more than 15,000 gathered in a park which fronted on the Santa Clara County Jail where the kidnappers were being held. Sheriff

William Emig, realizing he had a potential lynch mob on his hands, called in all available manpower to protect the jail and his charges. His request that California Governor James "Sunny Jim" Rolfe send the National Guard was refused.

Emig called Rolfe back, holding him on the line as he looked from his second-floor office window to see hundreds of young men pick up planks, pipes and paving stones from a nearby construction site and then approach the front of the jail. They were howling for the release of Thurmond and Holmes. "You hear that?" Emig said, holding the phone's mouthpiece through the open window. Rolfe did not respond for some time. Then he curtly told Emig again that he would not send troops to San Jose. He hung up.

Thomas Harold Thurmond (center), shown with FBI agent R. E. Vetterli (right), who had survived the Kansas City Massacre; Thurmond, with John Maurice Holmes, kidnapped 22-year-old department store heir Brooke Hart on November 9, 1933, killing their victim and then got caught during a blundering ransom negotiation.

At about 9:00 p.m. on November 24, the crowd had increased to around 15,000 and was going wild. They stormed the building, and police held them off for two hours using high-powered hoses and tear gas. Alex Hart appeared at the request of Sheriff Emig and pleaded with the rioters to go home. He was brushed aside.

A young boy of about sixteen stepped from the crowd waving an iron bar and shouting: "I want fifty men with guts to follow me!" More than 100 men charged against the front door, battering it down. They located Holmes' cell and, taking keys from a battered guard, opened it. Holmes fought ferociously. His clothes were stripped from him and his face beaten so badly that it was turned to a raw pulp, an eyeball dangling from its socket. He was led half-unconscious from the jail.

One of the rioters called out from a second-floor window of the jail: "We've got Holmes and he's coming down to you! Now, we'll get Thurmond!"

The rioters stormed through the cell block, but could not locate their quarry. A terrified guard pointed to an open cell which had been Thurmond's. One of the vigilante's entered it and saw it empty. He stood silently for a moment and then heard heavy breathing above him. He looked up to see Thurmond, clinging to the water pipes above the cell's toilet.

The body of kidnapper Thomas Harold Thurmond, his clothes torn away by enraged citizens in San Jose, California, is shown dead, lynched on November 26, 1933, for his brutal kidnapping-murder of Brooke Hart, the same fate that befell Thurmond's accomplice, John Maurice Holmes.

A scene from Fritz Lang's 1936 film noir classic, *Fury*, where the director recreated the crowd that attacked the San Jose jail and lynched Thurmond and Holmes, the case upon which this film was based; Lang had studied the newsreel footage of the 1933 lynch mob to later dramatize its savage actions.

The kidnapper was dragged downward, then punched senseless as he was dragged out of the jail and into the park.

The two largest trees facing each other in the park were selected as execution sites. Thurmond was lynched first, pleading frantically with his captors. As his lifeless corpse swayed in the breeze, Holmes was dragged to the spot and forced to look up at the dead body. "How do you like your pal, now?" someone asked him.

Holmes quivered and shouted: "For God's sake, give me a chance!"

The crowd roared with cynical laughter and he was promptly strung up to a tree. Spotlights were trained on both bodies. The dead kidnappers, half naked, their faces almost unidentifiable from beatings, drooped solemnly in the midnight air as the stark and eerie lights played upon them.

About an hour later a small army of state police arrived on motorcycles and bullied its way through the hostile crowd. Boos, jeers and catcalls greeted the police when they cut down the bodies and put them on stretchers.

"Throw them into the bay, too!" someone shouted to the police.

"Why waste time," another yelled. "They're headed for hell anyway!"

As the bodies were carried through the pressing throng, men, women and even children spat upon the corpses and punched them with vicious swipes. Not one person in this massive crowd was ever indicted for the lynchings.

Newspapers and radio commentators throughout the state condemned the mob violence. These views were not shared by "Sunny Jim" Rolfe, the governor of California, who openly declared that the lynch mob had provided "the best lesson ever given the country. I would pardon those fellows if they were charged. I would like to parole all kidnappers in San Quentin and Folsom to the fine, patriotic citizens of San Jose."

For years, members of that lynch mob kept and cherished grisly souvenirs obtained on that terrible November night in 1933, swatches of clothing ripped from the prisoners, pieces of bark chipped from the trees that bore the bodies of Thurmond and Holmes. To thousands of citizens in San Jose, this was a night to remember.

Film director Fritz Lang also remembered the awful incident, and was particularly riveted by some newsreel footage he viewed, which depicted the frenetic lynch mob in action that night. He indicted the entire community in his classic 1935 film noir production, *Fury*, which starred Spencer Tracy as a wrongly-accused man, who is attacked in his jail cell by a lynch mob. The only difference between this film and the reality of the Thurmond-Holmes case was that Lang's protagonist was innocent and the kidnappers of Brooke Hart were, in the words of one San Jose citizen, "guilty as hell."

THE STOLL KIDNAPPING/ OCTOBER 10, 1934

On the afternoon of October 10, 1934, a family maid announced to Alice Speed Stoll, who lay sick in bed with a 103-degree temperature, that a telephone repairman wanted to check the extension in her bedroom. Mrs. Stoll got from her sickbed and put on a dressing gown, moving into a room just off the bedroom of her Louisville country estate. Seconds later, a wild-eyed man pushed the maid into the room, where Stoll was waiting. If Alice Stoll did not go with him peaceably, the kidnapper said, he would kill her husband, who was due home shortly.

Thomas H. Robinson, Jr., who kidnapped Alice Speed Stoll from her Louisville, Kentucky, home on October 10, 1934; he was caught and sent to prison for life.

Mrs. Stoll reached for his gun and then tried to get to her own gun, which she kept next to her bed. The intruder struck her with a lead pipe, almost knocking her senseless. The kidnapper then dragged Stoll, who was bleeding from a head wound, from the house and into the backseat of his car. He left a note demanding $50,000 ransom from her husband, Berry V. Stoll, son of C.C. Stoll, millionaire founder of the Stoll Refining Company.

FBI officials then received a big break in the case. They were able to trace the prints on the lead pipe, which the kidnapper had left behind in the Stoll home, to Thomas H. Robinson, Jr. (AKA: John Simons, b.1907). Robinson had been arrested in 1929 in Nashville for impersonating a police officer and possessing fake search warrants, which he used to gain entry to the homes of two wealthy families to steal jewelry. Although he was acquitted of robbery charges, officials had held him for psychiatric observation, before releasing him at that time.

Six days after the kidnapping, Stoll paid the ransom money and his wife was released. She had been bound and gagged, locked in a closet, and physically abused during her six-day incarceration in an Indianapolis apartment. On October 20, 1934, Robinson's father Thomas H. Robinson, Sr. and Robinson's wife, Frances Robinson, were arrested and charged with complicity in the kidnapping. The search continued for the kidnapper.

The elder Robinson said C. C. Stoll had given his son a job in the past—pumping gas in one of the Stoll gas stations—but the younger Robinson had been fired. The senior Robinson was alleged to be a middle man in the kidnapping, while Frances Robinson was accused of delivering the ransom money to her husband. In late October 1935, a jury deliberated nearly eight hours before finding Mrs. Robinson and her father-in-law not guilty on charges of complicity.

Nineteen months after the kidnapping, the FBI apprehended Robinson in Glendale, California. He was found living under the alias of John Simons. Robinson still had more than $4,000 of the ransom money. He was arrested May 12, 1936, and pleaded guilty to kidnapping charges. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. Robinson's attorney initiated further proceedings calling for a new trial on the basis that Robinson was insane, when he pleaded guilty, but this came to nothing.

THE WEYERHAEUSER SNATCH/May 24, 1935

The abduction of 9-year-old George Weyerhaeuser on May 24, 1935, resulted in a ransom payment of $200,000, one of the largest such sums ever paid during the 1930s, when kidnapping became almost routine in the U.S. The perpetrators of this crime were professional criminals, but were nowhere near as spectacular as the Barker gang that conducted two kidnappings in this period, commanding the same kind of ransom. In fact, the two men who abducted the Weyerhaeuser

Nine-year-old George Weyerhaeuser, heir to a billion-dollar timber fortune, was kidnapped on May 24, 1935, in Tacoma, Washington, and held for a $200,000 ransom.

Newsmen and neighbors gather outside the Weyerhaeuser home in Tacoma, Washington, the day after George Weyerhaeuser was abducted. The largest ransom amount in state history had been demanded for the boy's return.

The remote wilderness area, where the Weyerhaeuser kidnappers received the $200,000 ransom payment and where they released their 9-year-old captive, the boy wandering to a farmhouse and safety a short time later.

Kidnappers Harmon Waley, his wife Margaret, and, reportedly, William J. Dainard (AKA: William Mahan), all were tracked down and captured by FBI agents.

Kidnapper Harmon Waley (right), shown in custody in 1935; he was sent to Alcatraz for forty-five years. His wife received a 20-year term, and William Dainard was captured a year later, joining Waley on the Rock.

The dilapidated Salt Lake City residence, where Harmon Waley was captured by FBI agents on June 9, 1935; he frantically burned his share of the ransom money, while agents were battering down the door, and then gave up without a fight.

boy were small time thieves far out of their element. They were William Dainard and Harmon Waley.

William J. Dainard (AKA: William Mahan) was born on a farm in Cando, North Dakota, in 1902. His father, Samuel Dainard, moved the family to farmlands near Vidora, Saskatchewan. When Sam Dainard died in 1914, the family struggled to maintain a small farm, but Dainard and his brothers and sister were forced to abandon it when Louise Dainard died in 1921.

Fending for himself, the 19-year-old Dainard broke into a liquor warehouse and fled to Montana before being brought to trial. There he stole a car, was caught, and, following a quick trial, sent to the Montana State Penitentiary for two years. He was paroled within a year and for a while sought honest work, laboring as a coal miner in Malta, Montana

The work, however, was too exhausting for Dainard. According to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, Dainard put aside his pick, turned to a fellow miner one day, and said: "You can work your head off if you want to. I'm through with it. There's too much easy money laying around for a fellow who's game for a crooked job." Dainard quit and went to Oakville, Washington, where, on January 31, 1927, he robbed the local bank at gunpoint, fleeing with more than $5,000. He quickly spent this loot and, six months later, Dainard, gun in hand, robbed the Rathdrum State Bank in Rathdrum, Idaho, taking more than $100,000 in cash and securities.

This was a spectacular amount of loot for a lone bandit like Dainard, who spent lavishly on women, bought new cars, and stayed in the best hotels. But he bragged about his crooked ways and was soon arrested and identified as the lone robber of the Oakville and Rathdrum banks. He was sent to prison for twenty years for the Rathdrum job and a detainer in Washington was placed on him. Once he had served his time in Idaho, he would face another long term in Washington.

At twenty-five, the tall, dark-haired, handsome Dainard boasted to his fellow prisoners that he would never serve his full term, that he would escape "anytime I please." He did plan a prison break, but the plot was revealed and Dainard was given eighteen months in solitary confinement. In 1930, he met another hardcase prisoner, Harmon Metz Waley, a 20-year-old burglar from Tacoma, Washington, with a long criminal record.

Harmon Waley is shown on the first day of his trial, June 21, 1935; he was convicted of kidnapping, but avoided a life sentence in that he had spared the life of his victim. His careful plans went awry when his wife began wild spending of the ransom money.

Convicted of kidnapping and given a 20-year sentence, Margaret Waley, is shown awaiting trial on July 13, 1935; she was captured by FBI agents following the trail of ransom money during her shopping spree in Salt Lake City, which led to her husband's arrest.

Waley was impressed with the swaggering Dainard and thought of him as a prison "big shot." Waley, however, was glib where Dainard was tight-lipped. Waley's smooth talk finally convinced authorities that he had reformed and he was paroled within a year. Within three months, he was convicted of another robbery, but Waley persuaded the judge to give him a suspended sentence. He then promptly robbed a store and was given a sentence of from two to five years in the Washington State Prison. Waley was paroled again in September 1933, when his friend Dainard was also given an unconditional pardon from the Idaho State Prison and walked free. The Washington detainer still pending against Dainard was apparently forgotten.

Dainard and Waley did not immediately team up. Dainard first embarked on a series of robberies after which he resumed an alias and pretended to be a stove salesman. In 1934, when Dainard entered a Tacoma bank and attempted to rob it, a female teller panicked and screamed hysterically. Dainard hit her so hard with the butt of his gun that he thought he had killed her.

Dainard fled to a Spokane hotel and later learned that the teller had lived, but he resolved that bank robbery was too dangerous and that kidnapping, then being practiced widely by gangsters in the Midwest, involved less risk and returned more profit. He contacted his friend, Harmon Waley. Dainard, Waley, and Waley's wife, Margaret then planned to kidnap 9-year-old George Weyerhaeuser after reading in a local newspaper that the boy's father, J. P. Weyerhaeuser, had inherited a large timber fortune from his father, a lumber tycoon who had died only a few days earlier.

On May 24, 1935, Dainard waited for George Weyerhaeuser to return from school, dragged the boy from a Tacoma street, and drove off with him. A short time later, a ransom demand for the boy's return was sent to J. P. Weyerhaeuser, the kidnappers ordering him to deliver $200,000 to them. Meanwhile, Dainard, Waley, and Margaret Waley carried the boy from hideout to hideout, from caves and holes in the earth throughout Idaho, then to houses in Washington. The money was finally paid and the Weyerhaeuser boy was released unharmed on June 1, 1935.

The boy had been chained to trees and rocks for days, kept in dark holes, and he was finally placed in a car trunk and driven to a remote wilderness spot and released to fend for himself against the elements. Fortunately, he found a farmhouse and was soon reunited with his parents in Tacoma. Dainard and Waley each took $100,000 and fled in separate directions. They left a trail of marked bills, however, and FBI agents dogged them for months.

Dainard, realizing that agents were following the trail of the marked money, looked for Waley and his wife in Salt Lake City, but he was too late. Margaret Waley was already under arrest, apprehended after she had gone through several Salt Lake City stores spending the marked bills recklessly. Waley was cornered in his apartment on June 9, 1935. While agents were battering down his locked door, he tried to burn tens of thousands of dollars in marked bills in a stove, but agents stopped him before he was able to destroy all the evidence. The Waleys identified their fellow kidnapper as William Mahan, giving Dainard this alias with the thought that they were not violating the underworld code of silence.

Waley's lawyers pointed out to the court at his trial that the Weyerhaeuser boy had not been harmed and therefore the mandatory death penalty under the Lindbergh kidnapping law, which specified a death penalty if the victim had been killed, did not apply. It was expected that Waley would, nevertheless, receive a life sentence.

On June 21, 1935, he was placed on trial in the U.S. district court in Tacoma, Washington. He pleaded guilty and the court sentenced him to forty-five years in prison, a lenient sentence according to standards of the time. Margaret Waley was tried before a jury on July 13, 1935, and was convicted. She was given a twenty-year sentence.

Dainard, the mastermind behind the Weyerhaeuser kidnapping, remained at large until May 7, 1936. For almost a year after Waley's capture, Dainard lived a miserable life. He was afraid to spend the ransom money and every time he did, police and FBI agents were hot on his trail. He moved about the Northwest and then the Southwest, living like a hobo, in

July 11, 1948: Thirteen years after he was kidnapped and held for one of the largest ransoms in U.S. history, George Weyerhaeuser is shown wedding Virginia Lee Wagner, also an heir to a lumber empire, a marriage that united two of the great American timber fortunes.

dirty, ragged clothes, with tens of thousands of dollars sewn into the lining of his tattered coat.

Finally, tired of this furtive existence, Dainard went on a money changing spree, almost racing from store to store and bank to bank in California, going from Sacramento to San Francisco and then Los Angeles, where he was almost caught by an alert bank teller. Dainard bought a broken-down 1929 car and drove to San Francisco. There, sleepless, he took a bed in a flophouse, so tired that he left his bag with the ransom money in the back seat of the unlocked car.

FBI agents traced the car and soon discovered it in the San Francisco parking lot. When Dainard approached the car the next morning, on May 7, 1936, he saw the money bag still there. He reached for it, and then heard a federal agent shout: "Hands up, Dainard! We're federal officers! Don't try to resist!" Dainard's hand instinctively dropped to his pocket, where a .45-caliber revolver rested.

Dainard then jerked his hand upward, deciding it was futile to resist the dozen FBI agents closing in on him. Dainard was tried quickly and given a sixty-year sentence, beginning at the federal penitentiary at McNeil Island. Waley had been sent to McNeil Island in 1935, but had then been transferred to Alcatraz. Dainard joined his friend Waley on the Rock the following year. Both men were released in the 1960s. One rumor held that Waley, who had once worked for the Weyerhaeuser family, returned to work for the very person he had kidnapped decades earlier.

KIDNAPPING CHIANG KAI-SHEK/ December 12, 1936

America had no monopoly on kidnapping. In far-off China, this crime had been practiced for centuries by roving bandits, who obtained substantial ransom money by abducting wealthy merchants. In late 1936, however, that nation and the rest of the world was shocked to learn that China's foremost leader, Chiang Kai-shek (1887-1975) had been kidnapped. More astonishing was the fact that his abductor had been Chiang's strongest political and military supporter, Chang Hsueh-liang (b.1898).

Son of the Chinese warlord Chang Tso-lin (1873-1928), Chang Hsueh-liang was called "The Young Marshal," after his father's assassination in 1928 by Japanese militarists. Chang Hsueh-liang was an adept military leader, a graduate of the Mukden Military Academy, and when he assumed command of Manchuria, he immediately became subservient to Chiang Kai-shek, representing nationalist interests.

Chang Hsueh-liang headed the northeastern frontier defense (1929-31) and, in 1933, was driven out of Manchuria by overwhelming Japanese forces. Chiang Kai-shek appointed Chang Hsueh-liang commander of the Tungpei army, but instead of directing Chang Hsueh-liang to energetically attack the invading Japanese forces in northeastern China, Chiang Kai-shek insisted that the Tungpei army combat the growing Communist forces in that area.

Chang resisted this directive, pointing out to his superior that the common enemy of China was not the Commu-

Nationalist Chinese leader General Chiang Kai-shek, shown at the time he was held hostage by his aide and kidnapper, Chang Hsueh-liang, on December 12, 1936, in Sian.

Chinese Communist leader Mae Tse-tung (left), former ally of Chiang Kai-shek, shown with newsman Earl Leaf, Chu Teh, and Madame Mao; Chang Hsueh-liang had abducted his chief, Chiang, to force a union between Chiang and Mao in order to unite their forces against invading Japanese troops.

nists, but Japan. He wanted to join with the Communists in fighting Japanese troops. Chiang Kai-shek said no, or ordered Chang to destroy the red forces, which the Generalissimo considered bandit armies and a more serious threat than the invading Japanese.

When Chiang heard that Chang had entrenched his army of ten divisions before Japanese forces and that he had come to an agreement with the Communists wherein they would assist his armies in fighting the Japanese, Chiang flew to the front, planning to convince his most loyal commander that attacking the Communists was the best policy. He brought along a 200,000-word manifesto, which he had written and which detailed Chiang's reasons for pacifying the Japanese and eradicating the Communists, believing that once Chang had read this complicated document he would do as instructed.

Chiang flew to Sian and confronted his recalcitrant commander, Chang. Neither man would concede to the other, and then the unthinkable happened. Chang Hsueh-liang kidnapped his leader, Chiang Kai-shek. This was done either to force the Generalissimo to join with the Communists to fight Japan or to save his face in light of the fact that his top commander had already committed China to this military coalition.

At 5 a.m., on the morning of December 12, 1936, Chiang Kai-shek, asleep in a suite behind a temple, was awakened by gunshots. He leaped from his bed in his nightshirt and ran outside, scaling a ten-foot wall and dropping to the other side where, as he later claimed, he followed two white scurrying rabbits to a rocky niche, where he hid from would-be assassins, these creatures serving as his mythical guides to preservation.

A group of nationalist soldiers searching for Chiang found the supreme commander in his rocky hideout at noon of that day. The Generalissimo stood up proudly and courageously demanded that these soldiers either shoot him, if that was their purpose, or provide the proper escort back to the temple quarters. A battalion commander immediately kneeled and offered his broad back to Chiang, who climbed onto the officer's back and was thus carried to his lodgings.

Upon returning to his quarters, Chiang took to bed and refused to leave it until his host read his manifesto. Chang kept his superior under guard and sat down to read Chiang's treatise on the evils of Communism and why China must rid itself of this political plague. Chang was also in contact with Communist officials who, then taking orders from Moscow, advised him that although Chiang Kai-shek was not a popular leader, he was the universally recognized general and politician in China and that his death would lead to chaos.

Chiang, the Russian advisers cautioned, was the only person who could keep together the myriad political and military factions in China and thus present a united front against the threatening Japanese armies, which also posed a threat to Russian territory to the north. At this point, Chiang, who knew very well his firm position as China's national leader, began to fast, telling his subordinate that unless he agreed to follow his orders, he would starve himself to death, leaving the nation leaderless.

A nervous Chang Hsueh-liang brought Chou En-lai to see the Generalissimo. Chou En-lai, later to be Foreign Minister of Communist China, pleaded the cause of his leader, Mao Tse-tung, one-time ally of Chiang Kai-shek. After much conversation, Chiang agreed to form a military coalition with the Communists. After another ten days of remaining in bed, the Generalissimo flew back to Nanking and going with him, as an act of good faith, was his commander, Chang Hsueh-liang, who was arrested by Chiang's secret police.

Chang Hsueh-liang was not harmed, however, but kept under house arrest. He went into permanent retirement, but lived comfortably and remained at Chiang Kai-shek's side for the rest of his life as an adviser and friend. When Chiang Kai-shek was driven from the mainland to Taiwan in 1948, and the Communists took control of mainland China, Chang Hsueh-liang went with him. This was, perhaps, the strangest case in the annals of kidnapping, one where the kidnapper became a kidnap victim, but in the inscrutable machinations of Chinese politics, the whole drama may have been a charade devised by Chiang and his loyal Chang, one where, from the onset, Chiang Kai-shek and Chang Hsueh-liang arranged the "kidnapping" to save the face of the Generalissimo, who had publicly denounced the Communists for years. He could now join with their much-needed forces to defeat the Japanese, appearing to have been forced into this unsavory alliance for the good of his country.

American dancer Jean De Koven, kidnapped in Paris, on July 23, 1937, and later murdered by the man she loved.

The villa at St Cloud, outside of Paris, where tourist Jean De Koven was held hostage for ransom and then strangled by her abductor. Dectectives are shown removing her body, which was found buried at the doorstep of this house.

"SOMEBODY IS WAITING FOR ME"/ July 23, 1937

A vacation in Paris, France, was the ambition of Jean De Koven's life. A professional dancer from Brooklyn, New York, she crossed the Atlantic to begin a holiday in the "City of Lights." De Koven was chaperoned by her aunt, Ida Sackheim, who accompanied her to the usual tourist attractions, the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, and the Café de la Paix. It was an idyllic summer. The looming war was but an distant echo on the continent. It was a time for lovers, and Jean De Koven was no exception. On the boulevards of Paris she met a handsome German named Eugen Weidmann, who seemed perfect in every way. He was charming, cultured and gentle. He spoke French, English, and Portuguese fluently.

Ida Sackheim had no inkling that her niece had met this man, an ex-convict, who had spent five years in German prisons for larceny when she disappeared from Le Studio Hotel on July 23, 1937. Jean had returned alone to her hotel room from a tour of sightseeing that day. She changed her clothes and told the elevator operator at the hotel that she expected to be back by 8 p.m. "I have no time to leave her [Sackheim] a note," she said. "Somebody is waiting for me."

When De Koven failed to turn up, the worried aunt notified the American Embassy and then the French police. The law enforcement officers told Sackheim not to worry because young women frequently got caught up in romantic intrigues. Then a ransom note was delivered to the hotel which demanded $500 or, the note read: "we will stop all negotiations and she

Eugen Weidmann, center, the kidnapper of Jean De Koven, shown in custody and wearing a bloody bandage after resisting arrest; he was convicted and beheaded by the guillotine in France's last public execution on June 17, 1939.

will be taken for a ride. You know how the gangsters of Chicago operate." The police insisted it was a publicity stunt until $240 in American Express travelers' checks belonging to Jean De Koven turned up in Paris. The missing woman's young brother, Henry De Koven, arrived from New York to post a 10,000 franc reward. New York governor Herbert Lehman placed the local FBI office at the disposal of the Surete, but the investigation was already in the hands of Detective Primborgne, whose work on this case was remarkable for its thoroughness.

In September 1937, the body of Josef Couffy, a chauffeur, was found lying in a ditch south of Paris. The police surmised that the man had been shot in the back of the neck while driving his client to the Riviera. The car had been stolen. On October 16, 1937, Roger Leblond, a young press agent was found slumped over the dashboard of his abandoned car in Neuilly, a Paris suburb. He, too, had been shot in the back of the neck.

A month passed before another shooting murder was reported to police. On November 22, real estate agent Raymond Lesobre was found lying on the stairs of an empty house in Saint Cloud, a suburb not far from Neuilly. A business card belonging to Arthur Schott was found in Lesobre's office.

Schott was a German businessman who provided a detailed account of his movements before, during, and after the murder. He was ruled out as a suspect, but his client list was examined for possible clues. Schott told the Surete that he was concerned about one of the names on the list, a German exile named Fritz Frommer, who had fled his native land after Adolf Hitler came to power.

The police called on Frommer at his Paris hotel, but found out from the concierge that he had left the premises on November 22 and had not returned. From his uncle, an Alsatian named Hugo Weber, they learned that Frommer had recently been keeping company with Siegfried Sauerbrey, a former political prisoner in Germany. Sauerbrey had changed his name to Karrer, and Weber believed this man was somehow connected to the murder of Lesobre.

The detectives went to a house Karrer had rented on the outskirts of the Saint Cloud forest. The outer gates were locked and the house looked deserted until suddenly a French-speaking man with a foreign accent inquired of the detectives their reason for coming. "Are you Monsieur Karrer, because if you are we would like to have a word with you about your tax payments," a detective replied.

Karrer asked for further identification. The detective produced his badge and one look told Karrer he had been duped. He turned his back on the men, pulled out a Mauser pistol and began firing wildly at the detectives. A fight began that was ended by the detectives only after they had clubbed Karrer over the head with a hammer.

When taken to police headquarters, Karrer issued a statement. "My name is neither Sauerbrey nor Karrer as you may think," he said. "But my real name is Eugen Weidmann. Now I'll tell you a story that you won't believe, but every word I am going to tell you is true." Weidmann went on to say that he had rented the villa at La Voulzie with two petty criminals named Roger Million and Jean Blanc for the purpose of extorting money out of the friends and relatives of kidnap victims. "Now I am going to tell you something that will absolutely horrify you. I killed Jean De Koven," he said with an air of diffidence.

Weidmann explained that murder was never in his plans. He merely intended to kidnap the dancer and extort some money from her, but was seized by a sudden, uncontrollable impulse. "Darling Jean, how sweet she was ... she was gentle and unsuspecting," he added with regret. "I enjoyed speaking English to her, which I learned in Canada. When I reached for her throat she went down like a doll."

De Koven's body was found buried at the doorstep of the villa La Voulzie. Detectives also found several items of women's clothing. which turned out to be those of Weidmann's fifth victim, 30-year-old Jeannine Keller of Strasbourg, France, who answered an ad in a Paris newspaper. Weidmann told the woman he was seeking the services of a "nurse-companion." She had been kidnapped and then murdered in the caves at the Forest of Fontainebleau near Barbizon.

Weidmann's accomplices, including Rene Tricot, mistress of Jean Blanc, were quickly arrested and charged with murder. The four—Weidmann, Million, Blanc and Tricot—were tried at the Assize Court at Versailles. In attendance during much of the deliberations was the famous French writer of the pleasures and pains of love, Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette, who covered the case for her newspaper. "Weidmann was a romantic," she waxed in her narrative of the trial. "He loved flowers and was cultivating roses. He also loved nature. It was not merely the necessity of the professional killer that made him choose the forests for his murders ... "

After three weeks Weidmann, Million, and Blanc were found guilty. Tricot was acquitted on all charges. A death sentence for Roger Million was commuted to life imprisonment by the president of the Republic, while Blanc received twenty months. On June 17, 1939, Weidmann, "the romantic," was guillotined. He was the last man in France to be publicly executed by the guillotine, and his ordeal was cause for a great public celebration. A strutting egotist to the last, Weidmann sought the final rays of his grim limelight as he bowed, waved and smiled to the spectators before placing his head beneath the falling blade.

"THEY'RE DEAD IN A HOLE"/ September 25, 1937

Kidnapping was not a planned crime by drifters John Henry Seadlund (AKA: Peter Anders; 1910-1938) and James Atwood Gray (1915-1937). Two cheap crooks, the pair decided to abduct anyone they thought might produce a substantial ransom and this they did on a whim in 1937, a crime that resulted in the death of their victim, as well as themselves.

Kidnap victim Charles Ross, a Chicago businessman, was photographed by his kidnapper to prove that he was still alive, while his abductor negotiated a $50,000 ransom.

Seadlund, born and raised in Minnesota, tramped through the Midwest for ten years, embarking on his criminal career in 1927, when he was seventeen, by attempting to burglarize a restaurant. He was caught red-handed and sent to jail. Seadlund escaped, hopping freights that took him southward into Wisconsin and Illinois. He took odd jobs to survive but even these meager positions became scarce in the Great Depression. Seadlund took to robbing rural gas stations and small stores in Minnesota and Illinois.

In 1937, Seadlund met 22-year-old Kentuckian James Atwood Gray, who showed Seadlund a pair of ancient pistols, telling him that his ambition was to become a bandit. The pair decided to work as a team and began robbing houses and blackjacking drunks. They drove aimlessly about looking for criminal opportunities and one presented itself on the night of September 25, 1937, when the pair spotted an expensive late-model car cruising down a lonely road in Franklin Park, Illinois.

Driving this car was 72-year-old Charles S. Ross, a Chicago manufacturer of greeting cards. Next to him in the car was his secretary, Florence Freihage. The couple was returning to Chicago from the Fargo Hotel Restaurant where they had dined that night. Seadlund and Gray were parked in the old car when the Ross auto drove past. Both thought the occupants of the expensive-looking car to be good prospects for robbery. Seadlund drove behind the Ross car, then pulled in

front of it, cutting in front of it and forcing it to come to a halt.

With one of Gray's pistols in his hand, Seadlund jumped from his car and ran toward the Ross auto. Ross watched him run forward in the lights from his car, oddly and prophetically remarking to his secretary at that moment: "I've often thought of being kidnapped."

Apparently Seadlund overheard Ross' remark and seized upon the idea. He had originally thought to simply rob the couple, but changed his mind. He would kidnap Ross and hold him for ransom. Seadlund ordered Ross at gunpoint to get out of his car into his own, telling Freihage to remain where she was. Seadlund and Gray then drove off with their captive, leaving the by then hysterical secretary to scream for help. Recovering her emotions, she drove unsteadily to a gas station and called the police, telling them that her escort had been abducted.

Mrs. Ross received word from the police and told them that her husband had a heart ailment. She stated that "if he's kidnapped, my husband can't live long. His doctors say that he must have constant attention." Police and FBI agents began to search for the missing manufacturer, who by then had informed his abductors that he had a friend, Harvey Brackett of Williams Bay, Wisconsin, who could act as an intermediary. Seadlund drove to Wisconsin where Ross wrote a brief note to Brackett, dated September 30, 1937: "I am held for ransom. I have stated that I am worth $100,000. Try and raise $50,000."

Mrs. Ross received this note from Brackett, turning it over to Special FBI agent Earl Connelley, who had been sent to Chicago by J. Edgar Hoover to personally supervise the investigation into the kidnapping. A second note then arrived, also in Ross' handwriting, which detailed how the money was to be delivered to the kidnappers. Mrs. Ross then placed an ad in a Chicago newspaper which was easily interpreted by Seadlund that she could only pay $25,000. The kidnapper wrote back, demanding the full $50,000.

FBI agents studying the notes soon determined that the typeface on the notes indicated that the kidnapper was using a new typewriter. More than 150 agents scoured every shop selling typewriters and finally a description of a curly-haired young man was given, one that seemed to match the kidnapper Freihage had seen on the night of abduction. Agents were able to use this clue to track down an address of a cheap Chicago rooming house where a "Peter Anders" had stayed only weeks earlier. Prints in that room matched a single fingerprint agents had removed from one of the ransom notes.

Agents also discovered a number of racing forms in the Chicago room and concluded that the kidnapper was an habitual gambler. A third note was then received by Mrs. Ross, one which showed a dark picture of her husband in a wooded area and holding up a Chicago newspaper dated October 2, 1937. Following Seadlund's instructions, a motorcyclist, George Kukovac, was hired by Mrs. Ross (and with FBI approval) to deliver the $50,000 in marked bills.

Kukovac, following directions from the kidnapper, drove northwest in a strange stop-and-start pattern. While he was driving toward Rockford, Illinois, a car came up slowly behind him. The motorcyclist was dressed all in white and his cycle was also white, as had been dictated by Seadlund so that he could identify the man delivering the ransom. The car behind the cyclist blinked its lights three times and Kukovac, following instructions, dropped the package containing the ransom money and continued driving ahead. Seadlund stopped his car, got out, retrieved the money and then drove in the opposite direction.

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover supervised the arrest of kidnapper John Henry Seadlund in 1938. He stated that Seadlund was "the most vicious, cold-blooded killer I ever knew."

Nothing more was heard from the kidnappers or Ross for three months. Seadlund had sent Mrs. Ross a final note that said Ross would be returned to Chicago "if I collect and I have an opportunity to get rid of the bills by that time."

Agent Connelley minced no words with Mrs. Ross. He told her that the kidnapper's note showed that he knew that the ransom bills were marked and that it would take months for him to pass them off. Mrs. Ross abandoned all hope of ever seeing her husband again. Agents, nevertheless began tracking the kidnapper through the trail of bills he spent, chiefly at racetracks in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Miami, Atlanta, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit. They put pins into a map which indicated that he was heading West when bills turned up in Denver and concluded that he would be found at the Santa Anita Racetrack outside Los Angeles.

J. Edgar Hoover flew to Los Angeles where he personally supervised FBI operations to catch Seadlund. He had FBI agents man each betting window at the racetrack and check every

John Henry Seadlund arrogantly mocks fear by pretending to wipe away non-existent perspiration from his forehead after receiving a death sentence following his 1938 trial.

bill against the list of marked bills in the ransom payment. The Bureau had performed poorly in the 1932 Lindbergh case and Hoover was taking no chances this time in allowing Ross' kidnapper to elude capture. This time, the FBI had calculated correctly.

On January 14, 1938, Seadlund stepped up to a $10 window at the Santa Anita Racetrack to make a bet. The man at the window was an agent and he quickly identified the bill Seadlund gave him as part of the Ross ransom money. He signaled to several other agents standing nearby and they surrounded the kidnapper. One of the agents standing next to him, showed his FBI badge and pressed an automatic to his spine, saying to Seadlund: "You're under arrest." Seadlund casually slipped his hand into a coat pocket and another agent gripped his wrist with an iron grasp, saying: "You make the wrong move and you die on this spot." Seadlund gave up without a struggle.

Once in custody at FBI offices in Los Angeles, the kidnapper admitted his guilt.

"Where is Ross?" an agent asked.

"Dead, of course," said Seadlund calmly. "I shot him. I also killed that fellow with me, a punk named James Atwood Gray. They're dead in a hole up in Wisconsin."

After confessing, Seadlund gave the agents an idiotic grin and asked: "Will I get hanged or fried?"

Seadlund then told the agents where to locate the rest of the ransom money. They recovered $47,345 of the ransom payment, then asked the kidnapper why he had not spent more of the loot. "I was lucky. I won at the track," he explained. Also following Seadlund's instructions, agents found the bodies of Ross and Gray in a pit outside Spooner, Wisconsin. Their killer told agents how he had driven both men to the spot and ordered them to dig their own graves before he shot them and threw them into the pit. Quickly convicted, Seadlund was condemned to death and, within two months of his apprehension, was executed in the electric chair in the jail at Cook County, Illinois.

THE "EVIL-EYE" ABDUCTOR/1950-1951

Within twenty-two days in 1950-51, William Edward Cook (1929-52) kidnapped nine people and killed six of them. He reacted to the injustices that had befallen him since he was a child by having the words "HARD LUCK" tattooed on the fingers of his left hand. He reveled in brutality, pain and death and was a man without compassion or remorse.

One of eight children of an uneducated miner, Cook was born and raised outside Joplin, Missouri. When Cook's mother died, his father, W. E. Cook, moved the children into an abandoned mine shaft, but soon jumped a freight train and left them to fend for themselves. Social workers found foster homes for all the children except little Billy Cook. People were repelled by his drooping right eye lid, a sinister-looking affliction that caused adults and playmates to shun him. Some su-

William Edward Cook, Jr., who went on a kidnapping-murder spree, killing eight persons, before his capture near Tijuana, Mexico; he is shown with Mexican police, his drooping left eyelid in evidence.

perstitious persons said that he was possessed of "the evil eye."

The courts finally agreed to pay a woman to take care of Cook. The relationship between Cook and his foster mother was one of constant disappointment for the small child. For two years in a row, the woman gave Cook a bicycle for Christmas, only to have it repossessed, when she could not make the payments. At an early age, the boy sought trouble in petty thievery. He was caught and when brought before a judge, screamed that he would rather "go to a reform school," than return to his foster home. He was sent to a reform school.

By the time Cook reached his twenty-first birthday, he had served time in both of Missouri's reform schools. When he was seventeen, he was sent to a reform school after robbing a cabdriver of $11 and stealing a car. He became so unruly that he was then sent to the Missouri State Penitentiary, where he was a much-feared inmate, whose conduct was erratic and always violent. On one occasion, a fellow convict made a sarcastic remark about his deformed eyelid and Cook seized a baseball bat and knocked the convict senseless, almost killing him.

Two Americans prospectors in Mexico, James Burke (left) and Forrest Damron (center), of El Centro, California, tell a reporter how Cook kidnapped them and tied them in the back of their car, where they awaited execution, before Mexican police came to the rescue.

Released in 1950, Cook made his way to Joplin and looked up his alcoholic, wayward father, whom he hated. He told the old man: "I'm gonna live by the gun and roam." Moving westward, Cook found a job washing dishes in Blythe, California, the only legitimate job he ever had. Just before Christmas, Cook left his job without giving notice, and headed to El Paso, Texas, where he bought a .32-caliber pistol.

Outside Lubbock, Texas, on December 30, 1950, Cook hitched a ride with 56-year-old mechanic Lee Archer, whom he robbed and then abducted, forcing Archer into the trunk of his car. The car broke down outside Oklahoma City, but by this time Archer had pried open the trunk's lock and escaped.

With Cook behind the wheel, Archer had used a crowbar to break the lock on the trunk and opened it as the car sped down the highway. When Cook slowed the auto at a turn, Archer jumped from the trunk, rolling to the side of the road. Cook heard the banging trunk lid and stopped. He jumped from the car and pointed his pistol at Archer, who was by then desperately sprinting across the flatland—"It was either run or be killed by that maniac," Archer later said.

Edmond O'Brien and Frank Lovejoy appear in a scene from Ida Lupino's riveting 1953 film noir production, The Hitch-Hiker, which focused upon the horrific experiences of Burke and Damron, while they were held captive by the murderous William Cook (essayed, with drooping eyelid and all, in a mesmerizing performance by William Talman).

Cook, wearing leather jacket at left, is turned over to U.S. authorities by Mexican police; he was executed in San Quentin's gas chamber on December 12, 1952.

Cook shouted after him: "You better stop, mister! I'm gonna kill you for sure if you keep running!"

Archer kept running and Cook, thinking to save ammunition, pocketed the gun, got back into the stolen car and drove off. The car ran out of gas along a lonely stretch of Highway 66, between Tulsa and Claremore, Oklahoma. Cook abandoned the auto and continued along the highway on foot.

On Route 66, Cook flagged down a 1949 Chevy sedan driven by Carl Mosser, a 33-year-old farmer from Atwood, Illinois. Mosser was with his wife and three small children in what started out as a vacation trip through the Southwest. For the next three days and nights, Cook drove the Chevy aimlessly. He covered 2,500 miles, crisscrossing Oklahoma, Texas, and Arkansas.

When Cook stopped for gas in Wichita Falls, Texas, Mosser saw one last opportunity to free his family. Inside the store, Mosser grabbed Cook and wrestled with him, but the frightened elderly attendant pointed an old .44-caliber pistol at the two men and ordered them outside. Mosser pleaded with the attendant, shouting: "He's been in my car all day! He's got a gun and he says he'll kill us!"

"Let him loose," shouted the attendant from the doorway of the store. Cook broke free and pulled his gun, again subduing his prisoners. When the elderly attendant saw this, he locked the door of his store, but thought better of his mistaken actions and went to his battered pickup truck, giving chase to Cook.

Cook saw the old man gaining on him and stopped the Mosser car. He stood in the middle of the road and fired several shots at the old man, who gave up the pursuit and turned around. He later reported the incident to police, but by then Cook and the Mosser family had driven out of the state.

Cook ordered Mosser to drive to Carlsbad, New Mexico. From there they went to El Paso and Houston, Texas and Winthrop, Arkansas. The journey ended back in Joplin, Missouri. The three Mosser children, Ronald, seven, Pamela, three, and Gary, five, had grown restless. Thelma Mosser, had lost her composure. Cook tied up his hostages and, when seeing a police car pass by, emptied the .32 into his victims. Even the family dog did not escape his vengeance, shot several times by the kidnapper.

After throwing the bodies of his victims down a mine shaft in Joplin, Cook drove to Osage County, Oklahoma, where

he abandoned the Mosser car. Five days after authorities found the car, the kidnapper-killer disarmed Deputy Sheriff Homer Waldrip and took his car. The lawman was found alive, but bound and gagged in the blazing Oklahoma sun. By this time, Cook had kidnapped his final victim, vacationing Seattle salesman Robert H. Dewey, who was found in the California desert with a bullet in his head.

Following the discovery of Dewey's body, more than 1,000 police officers began an intensive search for Cook. Police traced Cook to the Mexican border. He had slipped into Tijuana, where, on January 15, 1951, Chief of Police Francisco Morales spotted the murderous kidnapper. Morales calmly walked up to Cook and yanked the pistol from his belt, arresting him. He found and freed two prospectors from El Centro, California, whom Cook had seized during his flight from the U.S. and were tied up in the back of their car, one Cook had commandeered.

Cook was extradited to Oklahoma, where federal judge Stephen Chandler sentenced him to five consecutive sixty-year terms in Alcatraz. But Justice Department officials and Judge Chandler surrendered Cook to Imperial County, California, where he was convicted and sentenced to death for the murder of Robert Dewey. On December 12, 1952, nearly two years after his kidnapping-murder spree, Cook entered the gas chamber in San Quentin. He was asked if he had any last statements. He did: "I hate everybody's guts and everybody hates mine," he said. He was then executed.

Glan Boydstun, an undertaker in Comanche, Oklahoma, asked Cook's father if he could bring the body back to town for burial, as a kind of memorial. W. E. Cook agreed, not knowing that the undertaker planned to use Cook to advertise his funeral home. A steady flow of people filed past the casket, and Boydstun rented a loudspeaker and hired a preacher to rail against the evils of Satan. This proved too much even for the neglectful W. E. Cook, who filed an injunction against Boydstun. Cook's body was removed to Lone Elm, Kansas, where it was quietly buried. A startling and chilling 1953 film, *The Hitch-Hiker*, was based upon the horrendous exploits of William Edward Cook.

"THE BOY IS DRIVING US CRAZY"/ September 28, 1953

The kidnapping of 6-year-old Bobbie Greenlease in 1953 shocked America, but when citizens across the land later learned that his two alcoholic abductors had planned long in advance to brutally murder the boy before obtaining any ransom, nation-wide rage demanded their executions. Unlike William Edward Cook, who kidnapped his victims simply to exercise life-and-death control over them, the kidnappers of Bobbie Greenlease planned their crime to obtain, $600,000, the largest ransom ever paid in a U.S. kidnapping to that time. The kidnappers got the money and enjoyed its use in a brief, boozy spree that ended with their capture and a path to the gas chamber.

The precocious 6-year-old Bobbie Greenlease, at right, kidnapped from his school in Kansas City, Missouri, on September 28, 1953.

The French Institute of the Notre Dame de Scion, where Bonnie Brown Heady convinced a nun to release Bobbie Greenlease to her custody, telling the sister that she was the boy's aunt.

Carl Austin Hall (1916-1953) was the pampered son of a wealthy St. Louis lawyer. He never had to work for a living. His father died in 1946 and left Hall more than $200,000. Through wild drinking and drug addiction, Hall quickly squandered his fortune. To obtain more funds to feed his drug habit, Hall began to rob taxicabs. His clumsy robberies soon brought police to his door and he was given a five-year term in the Missouri State Prison. Hall served sixteen months and was released on April 24, 1953. He immediately began planning the kidnapping and murder of a small child, the 6-year-old son of one of the wealthiest men in Kansas City, Missouri, Robert Greenlease, a 71-year-old car dealer.

When Hall stepped from prison, he was greeted by a woman who had never met him before, a plump, 41-year-old overweight widow with a porcine face. She embraced Hall and kissed him passionately on the mouth, then introduced herself. She was Bonnie Brown Heady (1912-1953), who had been a gun moll in 1935, when she was married to Dan Heady, a bank robber. Heady had been imprisoned and then broke prison only to be shot down by a sheriff's posse while trying to reach his 23-year-old red-headed wife, Bonnie.

When Mrs. Heady was told that her husband had been shot to death, she crinkled a crooked grin and said out of the side of her mouth: "That's too bad." Bonnie Heady was as addicted to criminal types as Carl Austin Hall was addicted to heroin. She had heard about Hall from ex-prisoners and became intrigued by the playboy crook. She took him to her home in St. Joseph, Missouri.

Bonnie Heady was an alcoholic and drank most of her waking days. Hall either drank himself into stupors with her or mainlined heroin and was in a drugged state. When the couple sobered up, they began to work out the details of the Greenlease kidnapping, which Hall had been planning in prison. The idea of committing an atrocious crime excited the jaded Bonnie who listened to Hall's kidnapping and murder plan and then squealed: "Why, that's better than sex!" She readily agreed to take part in the atrocious crime.

The night before the kidnapping, Hall and Heady, in a downpour, put on boots and took a shovel into Mrs. Heady's yard. There they dug out a small, shallow grave, one in which they intended to bury the body of the child they would kidnap the following day. After completing this ghoulish chore, the couple celebrated by getting drunk.

The next morning, September 28, 1953, at 10:55 a.m., Bonnie Heady appeared at the entrance of the French Institute of Notre Dame de Scion, an exclusive pre-grade school in Kansas City. She rang the front door bell which was answered by Sister Morand. She sobbingly told the nun that she was the sister of Bobby Greenlease's mother, who had suffered a heart attack and was in St. Mary's Hospital. Mrs. Greenlease was calling for her son, Bonnie said, and she had come to fetch him.

Sister Morand asked Mrs. Heady to wait in the chapel and she returned with a small blonde-haired boy in a few minutes. Bonnie Heady was in a pew, on her knees. She got up and said to Sister Morand: "I have been praying for my sister's quick recovery. I am not a Catholic and I don't know whether or not God heard my prayers." This show of devotion further assured the nun that Bonnie Heady was who she said she was. Bobby Greenlease did not react to Mrs. Heady, and, even though she was a total stranger to him, he went along with her without a word of protest.

Mrs. Heady took the boy to the curb, where she had a cab waiting. The cab took her and Bobby to Main and 40th streets, where the woman got out, and holding the boy by the hand, walked across the street to a waiting 1947 Plymouth station wagon. The cab driver thought he recognized the driver, a balding man with drooping eyelids and a receding chin, who appeared to be half-asleep. Mrs. Heady and the little boy got into the station wagon and it drove away slowly, going south toward Highway 169, out of Kansas City.

About this time, Sister Morand realized her awful error. She called St. Mary's Hospital just after Bobby and the woman left the school, and learned to her horror that Mrs. Greenlease

Carl Austin Hall, an alcoholic and heroin addict, who kidnapped and killed Robert Cosgrove Greenlease, Jr. Hall had attended Kemper Military School in Booneville, Missouri, in 1933, with Paul Robert Greenlease, and knew he was wealthy.

Bonnie Brown Heady, former gun moll and Hall's eager accomplice in the abduction and murder of Bobbie Greenlease. Cold-blooded and calculating, she craved thrills and money, saying before her execution: "I'd rather be dead than poor."

was not a patient. Then she called the Greenlease home and found Bobby's mother was well and at home. The nun told the story of how the woman had picked up Bobby. The Greenleases instantly realized their son had been kidnapped, and a ransom letter arriving the next morning proved it.

The ransom note read:

> Your boy been kidnapped get $600,000 in 20s—10s—Fed. Res. notes from all twelve districts we realize it takes few days to get that amount. Boy will be in good hands—when you have money ready put ad in K.C. Star—will meet you in Chicago—Signed Mr. G. Do not call police or try to use chemicals on bills or take numbers. Do not try to use radio to catch us or boy dies. If you try to trap us your wife your other child and yourself will be killed you will be watched all the time. You will be told how to contact us with money. When you get this note let us know by driving up and down main St. between 39 & 29 for 20 minutes with white rag on car aeriel.
>
> If do exactly as we say and try no tricks, your boy will be back safe within 24 hours—after we check money. Deliver money in army duefel bag. Be ready to deliver at once on contact—$400,000 in 20s $200,000 in 10s.

Although the note assured the nervous Greenlease parents that their child was "in good hands," Bobby Greenlease was by then dead. Carl Austin Hall had taken him for a ride with Heady and then dragged him out of his station wagon and fired three bullets into his head. Heady and Hall then wrapped the little body in a blanket and returned to Heady's St. Joseph house, where they buried the body on the night of the kidnapping.

When news of the kidnapping spread about the world, lawmen and the public alike were shocked. There had not

The upstairs bar in Bonnie Heady's home in St. Joseph, Missouri, where Hall and Heady got drunk after digging a shallow grave in the back yard of Heady's home, to celebrate the kidnapping they were to put into action the following day.

been a major kidnapping in the U.S. for a decade, not since the racket-busting days of the 1930s, when the FBI had tracked down a number of vicious kidnappers like William Dainard and John Henry Seadlund. The Bureau, still hampered from acting immediately, could not enter the case for seven days under provisions in the 1932 Lindbergh Kidnapping Law.

The law stated that after seven days, if the kidnap victim was not recovered, authorities could presume that the kidnappers had taken the victim across a state line and thus broken a federal law. The Bureau, despite inclinations of its agents to act promptly, waited. (Because of the tragic outcome of this case, the kidnapping law was later changed to allow federal agents to act immediately in any kidnapping.) The local police also waited at the insistence of the Greenleases, who still believed that no one would really harm an innocent little boy.

The kidnappers, however, dragged out negotiations for the ransom delivery for several weeks. Hall made more than a dozen calls to the Greenleases, ambiguously setting up arrangements for the delivery of the money and then altering the plans.

One phone call from Hall, who called himself "M," with Mrs. Greenlease at the other end, was recorded by federal agents:

Mrs. G.: This is Mrs. Greenlease.

M: Speaking.

Mrs. G.: We have the money, but we must know that our boy is alive and well. Can you give me that? Can you give me anything that will make me know that?

M: ... A reasonable request, but to be frank with you, the boy is driving us crazy. We couldn't risk taking him to a phone.

Mrs. G.: Well, I can imagine that. Would you do this? Would you ask him two questions. Give me the answer of two questions.

M: Speaking.

Mrs. G.: ... If I had the answer to these two questions, I would know my boy is alive.

M: All right.

Mrs. G.: Ask him what is the name of our driver in Europe this summer.

M: All right.

Mrs. G.: And the second question, what did you build

with your monkey blocks in your playroom the last night you were home ... If I can get those answers from you, I'll know you have him and that he is alive, which is the thing you know that I want.

M: We have the boy. He is alive. Believe me. He's been driving us nuts.

Mrs. G.: Well, I can imagine that. He's such an active youngster.

M: He's been driving us nuts.

Mrs. G.: Could you get those answers?

M: All right.

Hall and Heady sadistically delighted in playing a cat-and-mouse game with the Greenleases, purposely dragging out their negotiations, making numerous, brief calls that slightly twisted their instructions and cleverly evaded answers that might assure the parents that their son was still alive. Their communications often broke down, chiefly due to the drunkenness of the kidnappers. The abductors left sixteen notes under rocks, behind trees, under mailboxes, many of these directing go-betweens to find more notes in a crazy paper chase that confused both kidnappers and their victims.

Delivery of the ransom money was finally arranged by Hall, who instructed go-betweens to leave the $600,000, which weighed eighty-five pounds, in a duffel bag in some high grass near a country lane on October 4, 1953. Hall had difficulty in finding the money as he reeled drunkenly about in the grass. Failing to find the ransom money, he called Robert Ledterman, a Greenlease contact and go-between, another conversation recorded at 8:28 p.m., October 4, 1953, by FBI agents:

Ledterman: Greenlease residence. Ledterman speaking.

M: How are you?

Ledterman: Fine. How are you tonight?

M: A little late.

Ledterman: You said eight o'clock. Are we all set?

M: We're all set. We have a perfect plan. It couldn't be any...

Ledterman: How's that now? Give me that again.

M: There could not be any mistake. This is a perfect plan. It will have to be a little later. I am sorry, too, but we want to make sure there's no mixup this time.

Ledterman: Yes. Let's get things over—say, by the way, M, did the boy answer any of those questions?

M: No ... I couldn't ... we didn't get anything from him.

Ledterman: Couldn't get anything from him?

M: He wouldn't talk ... I'll tell you this much. You will get him in Pittsburgh, Kansas.

Ledterman: You're not bunking me in that, are you?

Heady and Hall in custody, October 7, 1953; Bonnie Heady bears face bruises and cuts from her violent struggle with officers arresting her. Hall, who was arrested in a hotel bedroom, while nurturing a fierce hangover, shows the effects from a binge he enacted immediately after picking up the $600,000 ransom payment.

M: That's the gospel truth.

Following this call, two Greenlease family friends, Ledterman and Norbert S. O'Neill, according to the arrangements Hall made in his phone call, retrieved the duffel bag containing the ransom money from the tall grass and left it near a bridge close to the junction of highway 40 and 10E at midnight on October 4, 1953. This time Hall found the money and he called the Greenlease home, again identifying himself as "M," to state that he had picked up the ransom, but that the bills had not yet been counted.

Ledterman: I can assure that all the money you demanded is there.

M: Well, I am sure of that. You can tell his mother that she will see him as we promised within twenty-four hours ... We will certainly be glad to send him back.

The murdering kidnappers immediately left for St. Louis, where they bought two large metal suitcases and dumped a total of about $300,000 into both, according to later statements. They reportedly buried these in an ash pit somewhere in south St. Louis. Hall took the rest of the cash with him. The pair got roaring drunk and spent lavishly, drawing attention to themselves. The pair then went to a cheap hotel room where Bonnie Heady passed out. As soon as she fell unconscious on the bed, Hall grabbed the suitcase, left $2,000 in his paramour's purse, and deserted her.

Hall did not leave town, but merely went to the expensive Congress Hotel, where he bought the favors of a young whore and then began to tip so lavishly that he drew the suspicions of hotel employees. One of these, alerted by the news coverage of the recent kidnapping in Kansas City and the largest ransom paid up to that time in U.S. history called St. Louis police and reported that "a man is spending big money around the Congress Hotel and he doesn't look the part."

St. Louis Police Lieutenant Louis Shoulders and Patrolman Elmer Dolan went to investigate. They found Hall nurturing a terrible hangover in his room at the Congress Hotel. Inside his bags, according to Shoulders, the two officers found more than $250,000 and a .38-caliber snubnosed revolver with three cartridges fired. Hall was taken in for questioning. Some hours later, police picked up Heady. Both were grilled until dawn. FBI agents went to Heady's home and here the body of Bobby Greenlease was found. They sadly informed the shocked parents.

The callous killers then began to talk. Heady at first insisted that she did not know that she was part of a kidnapping. She said she thought Hall was the former husband of Mrs. Greenlease and that she was merely trying to help him obtain his son, who had been kept from him. This story quickly evaporated when FBI men and local police confronted her with the real facts that proved she and Hall had been together since his prison release.

Hall and Heady then admitted the kidnapping, but loudly denied having killed the child. Hall placed the blame on an ex-convict, Thomas John Marsh, a man he had known in prison. This, too, was another fabrication. Finally, Hall made a full confession. For all his promises and assurances to the Greenlease family, his sadistic cruelty was capped with a bland confession that Bobby Greenlease was dead and that he had murdered the child only a few hours after the abduction, having driven from Kansas City to a deserted farm.

Hall said that Heady took a stroll in a field, while he placed his hands about the boy's neck and tried to strangle him inside the car. Bobby Greenlease was a feisty youngster. He fought for his life, striking his attacker and squirming repeatedly from his grasp. Hall told investigators that he had been prepared for such resistance.

"I had the gun in my coat pocket," he said. "I pulled it out and shot once, trying to hit him in the heart. I didn't know if I hit him or not, for he was still alive ... I shot him through the head on the second shot. I took him out of the car, laid him on the ground and put him in a plastic bag. I remember a lot of blood there. This farm where the killing occurred is about two miles south and two miles west of the state line."

After murdering and bagging the boy, Hall said he called out to Heady, who walked back to the car and helped the murderer load the body into the back seat. After arriving at

Found in Hall's hotel room were the kidnapper's personal effects, a .38-caliber pistol, and two steel cases containing $293,972 of the $600,000 ransom money; two Kansas City detectives were later sent to prison for appropriating the missing cash.

Heady's home in St. Joseph, Missouri, the couple waited until nightfall so that next-door neighbors could not see their movements. They dragged the plastic-wrapped body to the shallow grave they had prepared several days before the kidnapping, dumped it inside and then covered it with dirt. The next morning, both bought chrysanthemums, which they planted on top of the grave.

When realizing that they faced the death penalty, the kidnappers made a show of expressing their regrets to the parents, writing the Greenleases and begging for forgiveness. The two were tried on November 16, 1953, and the jury quickly found them guilty of kidnapping and murder on November 19, 1953. The jury also recommended that both these callous killers be sent to the gas chamber. After they were sentenced to death, Bonnie Heady sneered: "I'd rather be dead than poor!" When the sentence was announced, the gallery in the courtroom exploded with thunderous applause. Said the elderly Robert Greenlease who had been sitting quietly in the courtroom throughout the trial: "It's too good for them, but it's the best the law provides."

Meanwhile, Hall no longer claimed that he buried half the ransom money. He insisted that all the $600,000 was in his hotel room when he was arrested, but only $250,000 was ever turned in by the two officers who arrested him. "That's a pack of lies," Lieutenant Shoulders said. Robert Greenlease said that he believed Hall was telling the truth about the money, saying: "With certain execution facing him, Hall has no reason to lie." The St. Louis Police also believed the condemned prisoner. Patrolman Dolan was suspended by the department, which announced that Shoulders would be charged with theft.

The suitcases in Hall's room that contained the money, it was announced, were not delivered to police until an hour after Hall was booked. Shoulders was summoned before the St. Louis Board of Police Commissioners, but he was too ill to

Police officials and newsmen gather behind the home owned by Bonnie Brown Heady, at 1201 S. 38th Street, St. Joseph, Missouri, while workers (center) dig up the body of Bobbie Greenlease on October 7, 1953, the day his killers were apprehended.

October 8, 1953: Bobbie Greenlease's classmates are shown praying for the soul of the slain boy at a funeral mass in the chapel of the French Institute of the Notre Dame de Scion.

attend, a doctor stating that the lieutenant was exhausted because of work and was in "too nervous a condition" to stand questioning.

The 55-year-old Shoulders, under great pressure, announced from his home that night: "The suitcases with the money were delivered to the police station at the same time as the prisoner. I can prove that the money I found in Hall's room was the same money I turned over to the FBI. Where that money is will come out at the right time, and when it does I know that Lou Shoulders will be in the clear." Shoulders later underwent a six-hour interrogation about the money. He then resigned from the St. Louis Police Department "to save the force further embarrassment," it was announced. Shoulders was not finished, however. He claimed that he was the victim of "character assassination."

Moreover, Shoulders said: "I got the kidnappers. I got the woman. I got the gun. I did not get the money." He wrote a letter of resignation which ended with: "After twenty-seven years as a police officer, to be castigated on the heels of performing my duty with the highest sense of responsibility is more than I can bear." Shoulders then packed his bags and flew to Hawaii to stay with his son, followed all the way to Honolulu by FBI agents who continued to keep an eye on him.

Hall and Heady, meanwhile, prepared to die. Heady would be the first woman executed in Missouri since 1834. She was permitted to visit her lover on the night of their execution and they dined together on their favorite meal, fried chicken. Heady sat outside of Hall's cell while he nervously gripped the bars. Bonnie Heady was clearly the strongest of the two, stroking his hands and patting his head, telling him that "everything is going to be all right." Hall had been terrified for days that he would be killed by inmates at the Missouri State Prison.

Child killers, as the warden and guards knew, seldom survived in the general prison population. Fathers, brothers, sons, all with memories of children on the outside, hold these criminals in the greatest contempt and traditionally slay killers of women and, especially, children. For this reason, Hall was kept in a separate holding cell, away from the other prisoners.

The execution of these two killers attracted great atten-

Convicted of kidnapping and murder on November 19, 1953, Carl Austin Hall and Bonnie Brown Heady are shown en route to court to hear their fate; Judge Albert L. Reeves sentenced both to death in Missouri's gas chamber.

tion. The warden of the prison originally announced that Hall and Heady would enter the gas chamber in bathing suits and the local newspapers had their artists draw Hall in swimming trunks and Heady in a two-piece swimming suit. This brought down the wrath of womens' groups who called this "unseemly and indecent." The warden changed his mind and ordered that Hall was to die wearing green denim slacks. Heady would wear a green denim dress. About a half hour before they were to die, the warden allowed the pair to be alone together in a cell, undisturbed and without supervision. When Hall stepped from the cell, lipstick was smeared on his mouth and neck.

Blindfolds were then placed on the condemned pair and they were led to the gas chamber. Heady's chief concern at the moment of her death was how she would appear before those witnessing her death. She had put her hair in curlers early that morning and spent several hours combing her hair and fixing her face. She was led trembling to a metal chair only inches from where Hall sat in the gas chamber. She turned her blindfolded face to the warden and said: "Thanks for everything. You've been very kind." Then she turned to her partner in cold-blooded murder and said to Hall: "Are you all right, honey?"

Hall replied in a dull, resigned voice: "Yes, Momma."

A U.S. marshal leaned close to Hall, still trying to determine the whereabouts of the missing $300,000, asking the killer: "Have you anything to tell me." Both Hall and Heady said nothing. The doors to the chamber were closed and witnesses could see through the glass of the chamber that Heady and Hall were talking quickly to each other, but none of their last words could be heard. The cyanide pellets were dropped into the small vats of sulfuric acid beneath the chairs in which the killers sat. Hall breathed deep, swallowed once, and died. Bonnie Brown Heady fought death to the last second, holding her breath until the fumes surrounded her and she had to take a breath, her last.

The story was still not over, however. The hunt for the money went on. Only a day after the execution of Hall and Heady, ex-patrolman Dolan was indicted for perjury by a federal grand jury, which declared he had given false evidence concerning the suitcases full of money found in Hall's hotel room. Then Shoulders was indicted and both men were placed on trial. After a prolonged court battle, both men were found guilty of misappropriating the funds and perjuring themselves and sent to prison. Dolan was given a two-year sentence, Shoulders three years.

The Greenlease money never surfaced. Only a few of the marked bills appeared, some in Michigan, some in Mexico. Officers looked for it in Europe and South America, but no trace of it could be found. It was later concluded that the money had been sold at a cut-rate price, for about 25¢ on the dollar. In the hunt for this money, the press gave more coverage to its possible whereabouts than it rendered to the unsuspecting 6-year-old boy who paid with his unfulfilled, unlived life.

December 18, 1953: Carl Austin Hall and Bonnie Brown Heady are shown in an artist's sketch wearing swim suits at their scheduled execution, but women's groups protested, stating that such garb was "unseemly" and "indecent," and the two were allowed to wear prison uniforms at the last moment when they were strapped into twin chairs inside the gas chamber of Missouri's state penitentiary. Both wore blindfolds and died within seconds of inhaling the lethal gas.

THE ABDUCTION OF STEPHANIE BRYAN/ April 28, 1955

Burton W. Abbott (1928-57), the kidnapper and killer of 14-year-old Stephanie Bryan in San Francisco in 1955, first appeared to police as an unlikely sex abductor and murderer. The San Francisco native had attended the University of California, majored in accounting, and, at an early age, married an older woman and had a small son to whom he was ostensibly devoted.

Abbott dressed neatly and lived comfortably on a large pension from service-related injuries. Abbott had served in the U.S. Army during World War II, but had never left his Kentucky army base since he suffered double pneumonia, which activated a latent tuberculosis. A lung and five ribs had been removed.

Fourteen-year-old Stephanie Bryan, kidnapped on April 28, 1955 in Berkeley, California, while walking home from school; her body was later found near a remote cabin in the Trinity Mountains.

Using the G.I. Bill following the war, Abbott entered college and became what was later described as a "professional student," stretching courses over many years, indulging in endless intellectual debates with his professors and fellow students, visiting student hangouts, and chatting with young college girls until running off to visit his wife at work. In his off hours, Abbott sought out talented chess players to best in his favorite game.

Abbott dabbled in little-known recipes and liked to think of himself as an expert chef, preparing special dishes for his wife. Whenever they could get away, the Abbotts left their Alameda home and drove 300 miles north to the Trinity Mountains, where they had a small cabin. Burton often went alone on such journeys, staying at the cabin to hunt and fish and mostly contemplate life, or so he later told police investigators.

All seemed well in the comfortable, middle-class life of Burton Abbott until the night of July 15, 1955. Georgia Abbott was entertaining guests that evening, Otto and Leona Dezman. Mrs. Abbott worked in Leona Dezman*s beauty parlor as a beautician. Talk turned to a play Georgia Abbott was writing and suddenly she decided to check some storage boxes in the basement to see if she had material for costuming the amateur drama.

Inside a box in a basement corner, Georgia Abbott found a wallet which contained photos of school children, a half-written letter penned to a boy in a teenage scrawl, and the identification card of one Stephanie Bryan. Mrs. Abbott was trembling as she went upstairs to show her discovery to the Dezmans and her husband.

"Isn't this the girl who disappeared?" she asked her husband. Burton Abbott stared at the identification card with a quizzical look and said nothing. Stephanie Bryan had been in the news since she vanished on April 28, 1955, after walking a schoolmate home. The girl was last seen walking past the Hotel Claremont in Berkeley and some hazy reports given later to police described a teenage girl struggling with a handsome young man in a car parked nearby. The police of Contra Costa County and Berkeley had been conducting a massive hunt for the girl and had only turned up Stephanie's French textbook in a distant canyon.

After Otto Dezman looked at the wallet, he immediately called police and detectives were soon questioning the Abbotts, who could offer no explanations. Burton Abbott seemed so unconcerned that he sat at his chessboard, moving pieces about, as if figuring new moves to create a checkmate was more important than the missing girl. Police left that night only to return first thing the next morning. While they conducted an exhaustive search of the Abbott basement, Burton Abbott sat quietly in an upstairs bedroom working on a crossword puzzle.

Officers took shovels to the earthen floor of Abbott's basement and dug up the girl's bra, her glasses, and some of her school books. When confronted with these items, Abbott showed no signs of nervousness, never flinching when telling the police that his garage had been recently used as a polling place and any of the dozens of strangers, who were then present could have buried these items. Again, even with such incriminating evidence, the police seemed unwilling to arrest Abbott on suspicion. After all, they had no body.

Then there was Abbott's reserved demeanor and an air of innocence. Berkeley police and the local district attorney were convinced that Abbott knew nothing about Stephanie Bryan's fate. He freely took a lie detector test in Berkeley and this was labeled "inconclusive." Abbott stuck by his story that he could not have been with Stephanie on the day of her disappearance since he was at his cabin in the Trinity Mountains for the opening of the fishing season. He was released.

It did occur to some investigators to search the area around the Abbott cabin in the Trinity Mountains. By the time two men, a newsman and local hunter, Harold Jackson, arrived at the scene, they discovered the cabin burned down. They were told that some drunken lumbermen had torched the cabin after hearing that the Abbotts might be involved with the missing teenager. They were superstitious, investigators were told, since the cabin had played a peripheral part in another murder in 1948, and thought the place should be destroyed.

Jackson nevertheless unleashed his bloodhounds and, 335 feet above the cabin, on the side of a steep ridge, the dogs found a shallow grave. Inside of it was the badly decomposed corpse of Stephanie Bryan. Since bears and bobcats had been at the body and the weather had done its worst to destroy what was left, coroner*s pathologists identified the girl through the clothing she was wearing. The girl's panties had been tied about her throat, but her death was not attributed to strangulation. Severe blows to the head had almost crushed her skull.

Burton Abbott was arrested and charged with killing Stephanie Bryan and was held in the Alameda County Jail in Oakland. He went to trial on January 19, 1956, before Judge

Charles Wade Snook. There was no question of Abbott's sanity; he had allowed psychiatrists to examine him and had been pronounced sane. His only defense was his alibi of having been at his mountain retreat when Stephanie Bryan disappeared and that he could not have been in the Trinity Mountains and in Berkeley at the same time.

Proving that alibi was something else. Several of Abbott's acquaintances swore he was in a restaurant or tavern in the resort area on the night of April 28, 1955, not in Berkeley. Others contradicted this claim, saying he did not appear until the morning of April 29. District Attorney J. Fred Coakley was aggressive, some said ferocious, in his prosecution of Abbott, tearing away at his cabin alibi by presenting not a portrait of a shy, sickly man interested in only intellectual pursuits, but a psychopathic kidnapper and killer, who lurked beneath an exterior purposely postured as weak and timid. In fact, Abbott, shortly after the trial began, pleaded his illness and requested that he be removed to a hospital for treatment. This request was denied.

Newsmen learned that police had uncovered a long history of sexual misconduct by Abbott, that he reportedly had preyed upon young girls for a number of years and that they had received a complaint about him from a 13-year-old girl some time *after* Stephanie Bryan had disappeared. A Berkeley housewife claimed that Abbott had, three years earlier, followed her home, flirting with her.

The woman at the time was thirty-eight and Abbott was twenty. Newsmen and police concluded that this would fit in with Abbott's penchant for older women. Abbott himself responded to this story by blurting an indignant denial: "She is absolutely false. I cannot explain how she could have said such a thing. I'm not in the habit of following women." When asked if he ever followed any woman, Abbott replied, "Yes, my wife!"

Not once did Abbott ever show emotion in court as his attorneys, Harold Hove and Stanley Whitney, energetically sought to save him from the gas chamber. He was implacable and unperturbed, even when the prosecution heaped upon him the most damning accusations. Though Abbott was charged with kidnapping and murder, the prosecution had earlier on conceded that he sought no ransom from Stephanie's well-to-do parents.

Abbott was, in the mind of Alameda County's assistant district attorney, Folger Emerson, a sexual deviant, who had killed the girl lest she inform the world that he had abducted and molested her. Said Emerson, "If ever there was a crime that fitted the punishment of death, this is it. Stephanie Bryan's body was too decomposed to tell whether or not she was violated, but the evidence shows that the original intent of the defendant when he kidnapped her was to commit a sex crime. In all probability he raped her."

The defense fought back, pointing out that Abbott, sickly, weighing only 130 pounds, would have found it impossible to rape and kill this girl and then carry her 105-pound body 335 feet up the side of a steep mountainside to bury her remains. Exactly, countered the prosecution; Abbott was so emotionally charged with his sexual thrill-killing that he did find the energy to do so and it was suggested that he could have led the girl alive to the place of her burial and then killed her, bludgeoning her to death and leaving her for the forest predators.

As the court battle waged, jury members kept glancing to Abbott, who, for a week, showed not a flicker of anger at his dogged accusers. He displayed no shock at the death of the victim and evinced no dismay at his own predicament. This posture was interpreted by many as arrogance, the kind of willful superiority found in many a psychopathic killer in the past and not a bit unlike the intellectual murderer Richard Loeb, killer of Bobby Franks in Chicago in 1924 (see Celebrity Murders), or burglar Richard Allen Davis, murderer of Polly Klaas in 1993 (see Burglary).

Burton W. Abbott, a quiet family man, who kidnapped and murdered Stephanie Bryan, his guilt established by his own wife in an offhand discovery; he went to San Quentin's gas chamber on March 15, 1957.

Yet, in his cell, Abbott tried to explain to authorities the reason for his nerveless behavior. "There is no reason to be immature and jump up and down and yell," he said. "After all, I've spent several years in the hospital and have learned to keep myself under control while looking death in the eye." Character witnesses for Abbott spoke about his gentility, his love for his son, his devotion to his wife.

Georgia Abbott explained how Abbott was called Bud, after the popular comedian of Abbott and Costello fame, and that all who knew him thought of him as considerate and peace-loving. "Bud is gentle and kind and good," Georgia Abbott insisted. "No woman could ask any more of a husband and I am not easy to live with." She went on to point out her husband*s astrological virtues, compared to her own aggressive birth sign. "I am Leo born. I am the lion. He is an Aquarius, the gentle one."

To his lawyers visiting him in his cell, Abbott did show emotion, asking them to tell his wife that he had remembered her birthday and that this was the first time in seven years that he had not celebrated the event with her. "Please tell her I am thinking about her," he said tearfully.

Also, with tears welling up in his eyes, Abbott said in his cell to his attorneys, "All I want to say is that I didn't do this." To a reporter, also with Abbott in his cell, the accused man said in a quavering voice, "Each night as I lie on my jail cell bunk, I pray that the person who did this thing gets caught."

No one saw Burton Abbott kidnap or kill Stephanie Bryan, this the prosecution admitted. Such direct evidence was not available, but other evidence, which would subsequently damn the cool and collected Abbott, was supplied by Dr. Paul L. Kirk, from the criminology department of the University of California. Kirk testified that he had collected hairs and fibers

from Abbott*s Chevrolet, the car in which the state claimed Abbott kidnapped Stephanie Bryan.

The criminologist showed how he had compared and matched the fibers from the car to the victim's sweater, and two hairs found in Abbott's car matched the hairs of the victim's head. Human blood was found, though only pinpoints, in Abbott's car also, but Kirk admitted this could not be matched to that of Stephanie's, such blood examinations being in an age before the use of DNA.

Defense attorneys brought forth their own forensic witness, Lowell Bradford, who headed the Santa Clara County Crime Laboratory. Bradford tried to show how the hairs could have come from other sources, but in the end it was Kirk, who was believed. The discovery of the victim's body on Abbott's property, the forensic evidence, the flimsy alibi, the seemingly indifferent attitude on the part of the accused, all of this added up to a jury verdict of guilty on January 25, 1956.

Abbott did not break down in the face of his conviction. A short time later, back in his cell, he said to reporters: "I guess the jurors feel they're correct, but they're wrong. That's all there is to it. They are wrong, wrong, wrong."

The death sentence was passed and Abbott was scheduled to die in the gas chamber at San Quentin Prison on March 15, 1957. His family and friends conducted a desperate campaign to find the real killer, still believing in Abbott's innocence. They placed ads in local papers, offering $2,500 in rewards for identification of the real killer. No one responded.

Abbott*s lawyers fought hard for stays of execution, petitioning Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas and California Attorney General (later governor) Edmund G. Brown, both avowed foes of capital punishment. Both men denied the appeals. Abbott remained stoic, awaiting the end.

A few days before he was scheduled to die, the prisoner was visited in his cell by San Quentin's resident psychiatrist, Dr. David Schmidt, who again asked him about the murder. Abbott shook his head and reportedly said: "I can't admit it, Doc. Think of what it would do to my mother. She could not take it." This oblique admission of guilt, revealed some time after Abbott's execution, created a political storm which took some years to abate.

Abbott's last hours were whiled away reading magazines, and the condemned man did not eat a hearty meal, as the saying goes. Abbott made out a fussy, detailed list of items for his last meal, specifying that he wanted "cocktail sauce, not tartar sauce" to adorn one dish and that his salad be made up of "principally romaine lettuce with vinegar and oil dressing."

Abbott showed no nervousness when he was led to the gas chamber on March 15, 1957. He sat down calmly and Warden Harley O. Teets ordered the execution to proceed. The phone in the room outside the gas chamber rang and at the other end was an aide of Governor Goodwin Knight. "Can you stop it?" the aide asked Teets. "No," replied the warden. "Too late. The gas has already been released." At 11:25 a.m., Burton Abbott was pronounced dead. The request for a stay of execution, it was later explained, was only for one hour, but the reason for that hour's stay was never explained.

The condemned man's body, as per his request, was sent to the University of California, where the corpse was to be used for medical experiments and the eyes used for cornea transplants. Abbott's small son was deprived of his father's veteran's life insurance of $10,000, because of the execution. Abbott had told everyone that at least he could leave his boy something to cover college expenses through the policy. Georgia Abbott changed her name and her son's name and left the state. It was her conduct, many later pointed out, that put her husband in the gas chamber.

The infamous "Red Light Bandit," rapist and kidnapper, Caryl Chessman, befriended Abbott at San Quentin and later claimed that Abbott had told him that Bryan's actual abductor and killer was someone else, but he named no one. Chessman, a jailhouse lawyer and crafty felon, who legally wangled eight stays of execution before going to the gas chamber on May 2, 1960, was nevertheless known widely as a notorious liar and his statements about Abbott were routinely dismissed.

After finding the damning wallet in the basement, why did she blurt out her discovery when she knew its serious implications—that her discovery on the premises of her home would certainly involve her husband if not herself? Some criminologists have suggested that Mrs. Abbott purposely did this to throw suspicion on her husband.

Others claimed that she merely did a simple-minded thing, an unconscious act. Still others suggest that Mrs. Abbott's declaration of her discovery in front of house guests was to embarrass her husband and his proclivity for sexual deviance, unaware that such aberrant behavior had actually led to the girl's murder.

Convicted rapist Caryl Chessman, who befriended Abbott in San Quentin, while he himself awaited execution, later claimed that Abbott had admitted that Stephanie Bryan had been killed "by someone very close to him," and that he had taken the body to the mountains to bury it to protect that person. Chessman's deserved reputation for lying, however, lends little credence to this tale.

Perhaps even more puzzling than Mrs. Abbott's oddball behavior on the night of her basement discovery was the fact that Abbott kept the effects of his victim on his premises. Some criminologists later proposed that he intended to distribute her possessions all over Alameda County to confuse police such as dropping the French textbook in the remote canyon and that his wife uncovered the belongings before he could distribute the rest of these items.

Another theory, which has some support in the historical behavior of psychopathic kidnappers and killers, is that Abbott had committed, like Richard Loeb, an intellectual crime, a perfect murder, which would hold little interest for him unless he could jeopardize himself by allowing certain clues to lead toward him, but not surround him with guilt.

Like the game of chess he so admired and played well, the idea was to let the police think he was the killer, and then, with an absence of real proof (the body itself) to establish his heinous act and to secure a conviction, he, Burton Abbott, would escape the ultimate checkmate and win the game. Such strange machinations on the part of killers is not unknown.

Murderer Richard Loeb thought the police to be his intellectual inferiors and mocked their search for him by actually volunteering to help them in that search, offering clues to the identity of the killer, presenting a psychological profile of the killer to investigators, daring them, as it were, to see beyond the obvious and to have the nerve, his kind of nerve, to accuse him, the real killer, and then prove it.

THE WEINBERGER KIDNAPPING/ July 3, 1956

Peter Weinberger, the one-month-old son of a wealthy drug firm executive, was kidnapped from his home in Westbury, Long Island, New York, on July 4, 1956. He was stolen from his baby carriage, which was sitting on the patio of the Weinberger home, while Mrs. Weinberger was momentarily absent. When she returned, she found the child missing. In the empty carriage she found a ransom note demanding $2,000 for the return of the child.

When learning of the kidnapping, the police examined the ransom note, which curiously gave an apology for the abduction, the kidnapper stating that the ransom demand was a bare minimum in order to meet the abductor's pressing debts. It also cautioned the Weinbergers that if they went to the police, their son would be killed.

One-month-old Peter Weinberger, who was abducted for a $2,000 ransom payment from his home in Long Island, New York, on July 3, 1956; his body was later found in a thicket a half mile from his home, where his kidnapper had abandoned him on the day following the abduction.

Police attempted to blackout the news of the kidnapping by asking the five major New York City daily newspapers to report nothing on the case during negotiations with the kidnapper. All but The New York *Daily News* complied. Its story of the kidnapping appeared the next day in front page headlines and many criticized the paper's editors as being unconscionable in their ruthless ambition to sell newspapers.

By the time the baby's father, Morris Weinberger, carried the $2,000 ransom money to the designated location near the Weinberger house, reporters were everywhere. Since the *Daily News* had broken silence, police Secretary John MacDonald released the other papers from their promises. Three reporters were even allowed to accompany the baby's father to the drop-off and watch him from a nearby car. When the kidnapper failed to appear, the parents denounced the newspapers for interfering in the case. Family members later learned that the kidnapper had slowly driven past the pickup site, but failed to retrieve the ransom, when he became frightened at the sight of several reporters and policemen lurking about.

Angelo John LeMarca, who kidnapped and caused the death of the Weinberger baby, and who was identified through the handwriting on the ransom note; he was arrested six weeks after the kidnapping and shortly convicted, dying in Sing Sing's electric chair on August 7, 1958.

The kidnapper was Angelo John LaMarca (1925-58), a 31-year-old truck driver and father of two. He had recently purchased a $15,000 split-level house. Deep in debt, he spontaneously decided to kidnap the baby from the Weinberger home. The day after the kidnapping, LaMarca abandoned Peter Weinberger in a thicket a half-mile from his home in Plainview, Long Island. The infant died from exposure. Mean-

while, the kidnapper continued half-hearted attempts to collect the ransom money.

The mother, Beatrice Weinberger, was instructed to go on the air with television newscaster John K. M. McCaffery, host of the *Eleventh Hour.* By this time LaMarca had raised the ransom demand to $5,000. Despite Mrs. Weinberger's tearful plea for the baby's safe return, LaMarca did not respond.

At the time of the Weinberger kidnapping, the Lindbergh Kidnapping Law prohibited the FBI from entering the case for fourteen days. As a result of this case, however, President Eisenhower signed federal legislation (the Keating Bill, which was passed by the House of Representatives on July 23, 1956 and ratified by the Senate five days later), reducing the FBI waiting period to twenty-four hours.

Meanwhile, FBI experts began sifting through more than 75,000 signatures of people in the area with police records in an attempt to match their writing to that left on the Weinberger ransom note. FBI field agents expanded the search to probation records and other official documents. The agents finally identified LaMarca as the author of the ransom note through papers on file at the Brooklyn federal district court. On August 22, 1956, LaMarca was arrested at his home.

LaMarca quickly confessed and, on August 24, 1956, led investigators to a thicket adjacent to the Northern State Parkway, where the infant's body was recovered. LeMarca explained that he had lived in constant fear for the lives of his two children. He owed $500 to a juice collector, and needed some fast money to pay off his loan or face reprisals. After making a formal confession, LaMarca was charged with kidnapping and murder. Federal prosecutors withdrew from the case, leaving New York prosecutors to try LaMarca, an act easily interpreted to mean that the kidnapper stood a much better chance of being executed after a conviction in the State of New York.

Angelo LaMarca was, indeed, convicted of kidnapping and felony murder by an all-male jury on December 7, 1956, in the Nassau County Court. The jury did not recommend mercy, making the death penalty mandatory. A week later, Judge Mario Pittoni sentenced him to die in the electric chair. LaMarca appeared downcast but showed no other emotion. He was taken to Sing Sing where, after six stays of execution, he was electrocuted on August 7, 1958.

THE RAPIST-KIDNAPPER/1957-1958

Though he once scored 130 on an I.Q. test (shortly before he was executed) that showed he possessed above average intelligence, Harvery Murray Glatman (AKA: Johnny Glynn; George Williams; 1927-59) was a moral imbecile. Using various ruses, Glatman sexually attacked many females. He also kidnapped, raped and murdered three women, crimes for which he paid with his life in San Quentin's gas chamber.

Born on December 10, 1927, in Denver, Colorado, Glatman was a quiet child deeply attached to his mother. He had one hobby in his formative years, playing with ropes. He became a Boy Scout and became proficient in tying any kind of knot and in rope handicraft. He later stated that "it seems as if I always had a rope in my hands when I was a kid."

Glatman was a model student and never caused problems at home. He was quiet and kept his room orderly. Yet, at the age of twelve, his parents became alarmed when noticing red welts about his neck. His mother later stated: "We noticed one evening, when my husband and I got home [from work], that Harvey's neck was all red with what looked like rope marks." Mrs. Glatman asked her son about it and "he said he went up in the attic, took a rope, tied it around his neck, and tortured himself ... In that way, he got satisfaction."

Harvey Murray Glatman, a professional photographer in Los Angeles, used his occupation to lure the attractive victims he kidnapped, raped and murdered, claiming three (or more) lives within a one-year period.

A family doctor provided some sedatives to give to their son, telling them to "keep him busy. He'll outgrow it." By seventeen, Glatman developed an unusual approach in meeting girls. He was undersized and ugly, with a large, bulbous nose and puffy cheeks. To get the attention of girls he admired, he played the clown, running past them, snatching their purse, laughing in his high-pitched voice and then stop on a dime and hurl the purse back at the startled girl. Mrs. Glatman thought little of such prankish behavior, commenting: "It was just his approach."

Glatman altered his "approach" in 1945, when he accosted a teenage girl in Boulder, Colorado, confronting her one night with a toy girl the girl thought to be very real. Glatman ordered her to take off her clothes. The girl let out a piercing scream and the frightened Glatman ran off. The girl and her parents signed a complaint and Glatman was arrested, then released on bond. While awaiting a court hearing, he fled to

New York, where he promptly committed a robbery, was caught and sent to Sing Sing for five years.

Prison psychiatrists studied Glatman and recognized his abnormal traits. He was under psychiatric care at the time he was released from Sing Sing in April 1951. Glatman vowed to reform. He moved to his parent's home in Denver, Colorado, but, in January 1957, he moved to Los Angeles, where he worked as a television repairman and opened a repair shop. He also became an avid amateur photographer. He lived a quiet bachelor's life, never dated and seldom had anything other than brief conversations with his customers.

One of those customers, blonde-haired, 19-year-old Judy Ann Dull, caused Glatman to have more than a terse conversation with her as he repaired her television set on August 1, 1957. The recently-married young woman told him that she was a professional model and Glatman quickly informed her that he was a freelance photographer and that he had recently been given an assignment by a New York detective magazine to photograph attractive young women in distress. "You know," Glatman told Dull, "the usual bound and gagged stuff."

Mrs. Dull agreed to pose for Glatman, especially after he stated that he would be paying her a top modeling fee. When she got into Glatman's car, however, she was startled to see him produce a gun, which he trained on her, while he drove one-handed to his apartment. There he repeatedly raped Mrs. Dull, then tied and gagged her. He then photographed the terrified young woman in her underwear as she strained against the bonds, terror evident in her eyes.

Carrying the woman to his car, he threw her onto the back seat and drove into the desert, 125 miles east of Los Angeles, stopping near the small town of Indio. He dumped the girl onto a barren stretch of desert and took more photographs of her. He then decided to kill Mrs. Dull because "she could identify me later." He produced a thick, short rope, his favorite

Lured by a promising modeling job in which she would reportedly pose for bound-and-gagged detective magazine photos, Judy Ann Dull, nineteen and newly married, was kidnapped, raped and murdered by Glatman in August 1957.

A terrified Judy Ann Dull was photographed by Glatman before he raped and killed her; he then put her body into the trunk of his car and drove 125 miles east of Los Angeles to bury the corpse in a shallow grave near Indio, California.

Shirley Ann Bridgeford, a 30-year-old divorcee, also posed for Glatman, who kidnapped, raped and murdered her on the night of March 7, 1958.

Ruth Rita Mercado, age twenty-four, a part-time model and stripper in Los Angeles, who was raped and murdered by Glatman on July 22, 1958.

and one he carried with him at all times and looped this around the woman's neck, strangling her to death with it. He placed the body in a shallow grave, covered it up, then drove back to Los Angeles.

In December 1957, two hitchhikers saw the bleached bones of Judy Ann Dull a few feet from the roadway. Wind had swept away the sand covering her remains and had exposed what remained of the corpse. Investigators found no clues and could not identify the remains. Meanwhile, Glatman developed the photos he had taken of Mrs. Dull and plastered these on the walls of his bedroom. Then he went looking for his next victim. He met 30-year-old Shirley Ann Bridgeford, a divorcee from Sun Valley, California.

Telling Mrs. Bridgeford that he was a plumber, Glatman asked her out on a date, telling her that he would take her dancing at "a swanky supper club." On the night of March 7, 1958, Glatman called for the woman at her apartment. She appeared in a semi-formal dress, since she expected to be going to an upperclass dancing club. Glatman drove toward the Anza-Borrego Desert, a state park about fifty-five miles east of San Diego. The long distance alarmed Mrs. Bridgeford, but Glatman assured her that they would arrive at the club soon, even though it was "out a ways."

Then Glatman employed the same procedure he had applied to Mrs. Dull. He later told investigators: "I decided I would kill her the same way I killed Judy. I used the pictures to tie her up without alarming her." Apparently, Mrs. Bridgeford agreed to pose for some detective magazine shots, but after she was tied, Glatman raped her several times. He took pictures of her and then strangled her with his "favorite" rope. He did not bother to bury the body this time, leaving the corpse to rot beneath a cactus plant.

Glatman's next victim made it easy for him. On July 22, 1958, he was scanning the personal ads in a Los Angeles newspaper and noticed an insertion placed by 24-year-old Ruth Rita Mercado, a model and part-time stripper in Los Angeles. Miss Mercado's ad stated that she was looking for modeling work. Glatman called her phone number and told her he was a photographer with some magazine assignments, saying she could "make some good money" for only a few hours' work. Mercado invited Glatman to her apartment.

Once Mercado allowed Glatman into her home, he pro-

duced a gun, forcing her to disrobe. He repeatedly raped her and, allowing her to wear only a slip, he kidnapped her, taking her into the desert, where he tied her up and photographed her. Glatman did not immediately murder Mercado. For some reason, he thought he might spare her. He waited until nightfall. He told detectives later: "Late that night, I decided to kill her. She was the one I really liked. I didn't want to kill her. I used the same rope, the same way."

Within a year's time, Harvey Murray Glatman had murdered three attractive young women and had littered the desert with their bodies, all of which were discovered. Police, realizing that all three victims had been murdered in the same manner, came to believe that they were looking for a madman, but they had no clues whatsoever by which to identify or track him down. Glatman himself realized that the police were not on his trail; he avidly read all the newspaper reports about his murders which stated that investigators had "little or nothing to go on."

Feeling free to continue his kidnapping-murder binge, Glatman next selected 20-year-old Joanne Arena as his next victim. The French model agreed to pose for some pinup shots, but she refused to go anywhere alone with Glatman. She said she would drive her own car and bring a friend along at the photo shoot. Glatman made some excuse to postpone the photo session, realizing that Arena was too smart for him. The girl's caution undoubtedly saved her life. "I'm not so dumb," she later told police when Glatman was finally in custody. "You know, I think he wanted to kill me ... I knew it even then."

Glatman by then boldly placed ads in newspapers for attractive models to pose for him. An attractive brunette, 28-year-old Lorraine Vigil, replied. Glatman picked her up on October 28, 1958, and told her that he would drive her to his studio, using the same kidnapping ruse as he had employed on other victims. But when he began to leave Los Angeles on the Santa Ana Freeway, Vigil became alarmed, screaming for him to turn around and take her home.

The kidnapper pulled his car onto the shoulder of the Freeway, pulled out his .32-caliber pistol and pointed it at her. He then attempted to tie her wrists with one hand, but had difficulty when she began to struggle. Vigil later told investigators: "I knew he was going to kill me. I tried to plead, but I knew that pleading wouldn't do any good." She decided to fight for her life and lunged at the kidnapper. "He wasn't very clever," Vigil said. "I grabbed his gun."

In the struggle, a shot went off, wounding Vigil in the thigh, but she would not give up the fight. The courageous woman held onto the gun, training it on Glatman. He dove at her, wrestling her from the car, both bouncing onto the roadway, kicking and punching each other. Vigil got to a sitting position and leveled the pistol at Glatman, who stood up, holding his strangling rope. "If you come any closer, I'll kill you," Vigil promised. Glatman hesitated, staring down at the gun pointed at him.

A state policeman cruising the freeway saw the couple on the shoulder of the road and pulled over. He spotted the gun held by Vigil and realized that Glatman, rope still in hand, was about to attack the girl. He withdrew his own weapon and fired a shot into the air. Glatman, who had had his back to the officer, froze, then turned around, smiled and dropped the rope.

Glatman, in custody an hour later, began to freely admit his kidnappings and murders to detectives, bragging: "If I wanted to, I could have killed that highway patrolman, who arrested me, but I gave up the ghost." He then spewed out a repugnant litany of his many crimes, dwelling upon the most perverse aspects, as if relishing his sordid memories of the naive women he had victimized.

Harvey Murray Glatman, shown en route to his trial; he asked for the death penalty and his request was granted when he was put to death in San Quentin's gas chamber on September 18, 1959.

While Glatman was under arrest, a police search of his apartment uncovered the photographs of his victims and articles of their clothing and personal belongings, which Glatman had kept as souvenirs. Friends of three of the victims identified Glatman in a police lineup and he officially confessed to several kidnappings, rapes and murders. In Decameter 1958, Glatman pled guilty in court to two murders (Bridgeford and Mercado). He asked for the death penalty. Glatman was granted his wish and died in the gas chamber at San Quentin on September 18, 1959.

FRANCE'S PLAYBOY KIDNAPPERS/ April 12, 1960

Author Lionel White's obscure mystery novel *The Snatchers*, published in 1953, inspired two minor French hoodlums to hatch a kidnapping-for-ransom scheme on April 12, 1960. A convicted car thief and smuggler named Pierre-Marie Larcher (AKA: Beau Serge; b.1923) came across the paperback translation of the White novel while hiding as an escaped fugitive. In an abandoned farmhouse near the tiny village of Grisy-les Platres, the stocky hoodlum read the novel, and was inspired.

Larcher decided that the kidnapping racket was a good one for an enterprising crook such as himself. So he rushed back to Paris with the book in hand to show his young associate, 24-year-old Raymond Rolland (AKA: Raymond de Beaufort; b. 1936). "Here's a good way to make money," Larcher gushed. "This would solve our problems!"

For the dashing young Rolland, who imagined himself in a world of glamorous women, jet-setting celebrities, and fast cars, the prospect of gleaning a huge ransom from a kidnapping was appealing. The reality of his drab existence never measured up to the standards he had set for himself early in life. Rolland was born in an economically deprived region in Brittany.

Following his discharge from military service, Rolland adopted a more debonair-sounding name, one that was more to his effete tastes: "Raymond de Beaufort." He rented a third-

Eric Peugeot, the 4-year-old son of the French millionaire car manufacturer, is shown with his mother after his kidnappers collected a ransom of fifty million francs and released the boy at the entrance of a Paris nightclub.

floor walk-up apartment in Paris. It was a modest surrounding to be sure, but Rolland had high hopes. He promised to build a mighty factory and provide employment for all of his school chums one day. "No matter how high I rise, I shall never forget you," he said.

The factory, of course, never got built. Rolland spent much of his time lounging in Parisian cafes and nightclubs, supporting his profligate lifestyle through smuggling and money-laundering deals. In Copenhagen, he seduced a woman named Ingelise Bodin, who had represented Denmark in London's 1960 Miss World Contest. With his devilishly good looks, easy manner, and air of mystery, he easily took in Miss Denmark.

Larcher and Rolland agreed that the kidnapping techniques perfected by the Americans years earlier were perfect for them. The only issue left on the table was the choice of a victim. After poring over the French social register *Bottin Mondain*, they at last settled on 4-year-old Eric Peugeot, grandson of Jean-Pierre Peugeot, the 63-year-old head of the French auto dynasty, who was then estimated to be worth $40 million. The kidnappers carefully studied the habits of the family before kidnapping Eric Peugeot on April 12, 1960.

That afternoon, Jean-Pierre Peugeot was playing golf at the St. Cloud Country Club, leaving his grandchildren in the care of a governess. Eric and his brother, Jean-Philippe, were playing happily in the sandbox, when the maid returned to the car to retrieve her coat. Realizing his chance, the kidnapper (it was not later known if this was Larcher or Rolland) approached the boys. "Come," he said, motioning to Eric. The boy was led through the garden and down an alley into a waiting black getaway car, ironically a Peugeot 403 sedan. A typewritten ransom note that aped author White's literary style was left behind. "You are a member of the filthy rich. You must cough up 50 million francs if you ever want to see the kid alive again," it read.

The child was taken to a farmhouse in Grisy-les Platres, where he was placed under the supervision of Larcher's 19-year-old girlfriend, Rolande Niemezyk. Meanwhile, the kidnappers negotiated with the family. A second letter was sent, and two telephone calls were placed to the father, Roland Peugeot, communicating instructions.

The tearful father went on public television to plead for his son's safety. "Everyone who has children and loves them will understand me," he said. "I have not brought charges and have asked that the kidnappers not be trailed." Peugeot followed their instructions to the letter. He met Rolland in a darkened alley near the Arch of Triumph three nights after his son's abduction. After hearing the predetermined password "keep the key," Roland Peugeot dropped the satchel and turned and walked away. Late that night the scared boy turned up on the doorstep of a popular nightclub adjacent to the drop site. Eric Peugeot was returned to his parents in good health minutes later.

The French Surete took over the case at this point, commencing one of the widest manhunts in French history. Detectives pursued sketchy leads in France, Turkey, the U.S., and Spain. They checked the registration papers on 1,500 Peugeot automobiles and followed up on some 2,000 leads, but the trail was cold.

Not until six months later, when an anonymous tipster contacted Interpol headquarters in Paris, were the French authorities able to identify a viable suspect. The informer told Interpol that two men named Larcher and Rolland were living beyond their means. Neither held a job, and one could only wonder where their money came from. Rolland's ex-wife, Ginette, told police that Rolland had borrowed a Hermes typewriter, but had neglected to return it. The type face was found to be identical to letters on the ransom notes sent by the kidnappers.

Officers from the Surete trailed Rolland and Larcher to the resort town of Megeve, near the Swiss border in February 1961. There they found the two fast-moving playboys entertaining girlfriends in lavish style. Rolland had rented an eleven-room suite that he shared with Larcher and a medical student friend, Jean-Simon Rotman. One puzzling aspect to this case was the presence of the Peugeots and little Eric at the chalet. The kidnappers and their victim frequently passed each other in the streets and restaurants. Larcher called it a comedic episode. "I've always had a taste for risks," he joked.

Raymond Rolland was arrested with Ingelise Bodin in

The headquarters of Interpol in Paris, where an informant gave information to investigators that led to the arrest of Peugeot's abductors.

the hotel room they shared, and their carefree days of visiting nightclubs and going on skiing holidays abruptly ended. Larcher and his girlfriend were picked up later on a road to Paris. Roland Peugeot identified Rolland as the man he had passed the ransom money to near the Arch of Triumph, which helped close the case against the suspects. French detectives grilled Rolland for forty-five consecutive hours. At one point, he collapsed in exhaustion. Revived with smelling salts, Rolland confessed to the kidnapping under the relentless interrogation of the police. The Hermes typewriter, he explained, could be found on the murky bottom of the Seine.

Skindivers plunged into the icy river and located the machine, where the kidnapper said it would be. The remaining $11,500 of the ransom money was found in a locked trunk in Larcher's apartment. Armed with this impressive array of evidence, the case went to trial at the Versailles Criminal Court in Paris in October 1962. Larcher and Rolland were each convicted and sentenced to twenty years in prison, the maximum under French law for the crime of kidnapping. Jean Verdier, the head of the Surete Nationale, rejoiced in the news, for he had won his bet with J. Edgar Hoover of the American FBI, who had predicted that the Peugeot kidnappers would never be apprehended.

THE GIRL IN THE BOX/ December 17, 1968

The only significant crime ever committed by Gary Steven Krist (b.1942), was the kidnapping of wealthy heiress Barbara Jane Mackle in 1968, but, like all of the petty crimes he had earlier committed, he botched the job and was quickly apprehended. A native of Pelican, Alaska, where his family operated a small shrimp processing firm, Krist stole a boat at age fourteen and later ran off to Utah, where he committed a string of petty thefts that resulted in a one-year sentence in the Utah State Industrial School at Ogden. Krist escaped, but was recaptured a few weeks later on July 29, 1961.

Upon his release, Krist moved to California, where he began stealing autos in Alameda County. Caught and convicted for two car thefts, Krist, then eighteen, was sent to the state vocational school at Tracy, California. He was released on December 4, 1964, and immediately committed more auto thefts. After stealing two cars from a sales lot in San Mateo,

California, Krist was arrested on January 6, 1966. He was convicted for these thefts on May 20, 1966, and was sentenced to six months to five years in the state prison. Krist, however, escaped on November 11, 1966, and resolved to develop another criminal pursuit—kidnapping.

While grifting his way about the country, Krist encountered Ruth Eisemann-Schier (b.1942), a 26-year-old exchange student from Honduras, who had graduated from the Marine Science Institute in Miami and who was working as a biological researcher. She shared Krist's dark dream of obtaining a great fortune through a spectacular crime and helped him research potential victims of considerable wealth. They selected Barbara Mackle, a 20-year-old student at Emory College in Atlanta. whose father was a millionaire land developer in Florida.

Barbara Jane Mackle, photographed in her underground grave before her kidnappers buried her alive on December 17, 1968. The grave was equipped with ventilation pipes, a fan and a battery-powered light.

While driving home for the holidays to Miami, Florida, with her mother, Jane Mackle, Barbara Jane Mackle came down with the flu. The two women stopped at an Atlanta motel on December 17, 1968, to rest before driving to Miami the next day. At 4 a.m., Krist, claiming to be a police officer investigating an accident, knocked on their motel room door. When Mrs. Mackle answered, she was greeted by a chloroform-soaked rag. While her mother was left unconscious, Barbara Mackle was abducted by Krist and Eisemann-Schier. Still wearing her flannel nightgown, she was driven twenty-two miles outside of Atlanta to a wooded area.

Krist placed her in an eight-by-three-by-two-foot box buried eighteen inches below the ground, equipped with ventilation pipes, a fan, and a battery-powered light. He also provided her with water and sleeping pills. One hour after Mackle was abducted, her father, Robert F. Mackle, received a phone call at his home in Coral Gables, Florida, demanding a $500,000 ransom. Details for the ransom dropoff were outlined in a note buried in the front yard of the Mackle home, specifying that the money be paid in old $20 bills.

Mackle placed an ad in a Miami newspaper on December 18, 1968, which stated in code that he was ready to make delivery of the ransom money. Following instructions from Krist, Mackle, on the night of December 19, groped his way along a causeway on Biscayne Bay that led to uninhabited Fair Isle. He carried the ransom in a suitcase, but lost his way in the darkness and arrived an hour late at the drop site. Mackle received a call a short time later from Krist, telling him that the ransom delivery was confirmed and that his daughter would be in safe hands within a short time.

The police had not been involved in the negotiations with the kidnapper, yet Krist's careful plans were upset by a policeman routinely patrolling the drop site area. At the moment Krist retrieved the suitcase containing the ransom, the patrolman spotted him and thought he was a thief. The cop gave chase and Krist, following a wild pursuit, abandoned his car and fled on foot, making his escape with the ransom. On the night of December 20, 1968, the FBI field office in Atlanta, Georgia, received a call from Krist that told agents where to find the buried Barbara Mackle. She was located after having been buried alive for eighty-three hours, and was found alive and well.

The clue-ridden car abandoned by Krist, however, soon revealed to police the identities of Krist and Eisemann-Schier.

While still at large, Gary Steven Krist and Ruth Eisemann-Schier were charged with the kidnapping and both were put on the FBI's Top Ten Wanted list, Eisemann-Schier being the first woman ever to be put on that list. Krist was also wanted for both interstate flight to avoid prosecution from an automobile theft charge and escape from a California prison.

Krist and Eisemann-Schier separated, with Krist buying a speedboat, thinking to escape the Florida area by water. The boat was spotted by a Coast Guard helicopter, which followed it to Hog Island in Charleston Harbor, where Krist fled on foot. He was captured on December 22, 1968, only five days after the kidnapping, by Sheriff Richard McLeod. All but $20,000 of the ransom money was found in the kidnapper's abandoned speedboat. Krist had reportedly given the $20,000 to Eisemann-Schier when he brushed her off, keeping the rest of the ransom money for himself. Krist was held on a $500,000 bond while awaiting trial. He and Eisemann-Schier, who was still at large, were charged on January 3, 1969, with kidnapping in Georgia, then a capital crime demanding the death penalty.

On March 5, 1969, the elusive Eisemann-Schier was captured in Norman, Oklahoma. She had applied for a nursing job under the alias of "Donna Wills," but a routine fingerprint check mandated on the hiring of all nursing applicants, soon identified her as Ruth Eisemann-Schier. She was arrested and extradited to Georgia, where she and Krist were tried separately. Krist was convicted on state kidnapping charges on May 16, 1969, and was sentenced to life impris-

onment. He was spared the death penalty because he had made an effort to save his victim's life by telling FBI agents where Mackle could be found and rescued.

Eisemann-Schier pleaded guilty on kidnapping charges on May 19, 1969 and received a seven-year prison sentence. Upon her release, she was deported to her native Honduras, as was stipulated in her sentence. Krist, meanwhile, began serving his life sentence while investigators launched searches for the bodies of four persons he claimed to have murdered in Alaska, Utah and California.

While awaiting trial, Krist had reportedly told fellow prisoners and guards that he had committed these murders years earlier, but Krist was never charged for these homicides in that he refused to corroborate the statements of others regarding these deaths, which Krist's attorneys dismissed as hearsay. Further, investigators learned that Krist, at least on one occasion, was in prison at the time one of these victims was murdered.

On May 13, 1979, the Georgia Board of Pardons paroled Krist a move that was supported by Barbara Jane Mackle. He returned to his family's home in Pelican, Alaska, to take over the family shrimping business. He resurfaced in 2002, when investigative journalists announced that, in October 2001, Krist had moved to the Midwest and, incredibly, had obtained a medical license as a doctor working in Chrisney, Indiana, about thirty-five miles east of Evansville. Unlike many other states, Indiana does not prohibit convicted felons from obtaining a medical license.

It was learned that Krist had received medical training at schools in Grenada and Dominica. Upon receiving his medical degree, Krist applied for a medical license in Alabama, but the state rejected his application. Indiana accepted his application, but gave Krist a "probationary" license, which required him to undergo a psychiatric evaluation, submit monthly reports on his medical practice and appear before Indiana's medical licensing board every six months. The state's controlled substance advisory board prohibited Krist from writing prescriptions for narcotic drugs.

Krist, who had earlier written a self-aggrandizing book in which he portrayed *himself as the victim* in the Mackle kidnapping case, lashed out at the reporters who exposed his medical practice in Indiana. He refused all interviews, but angrily stated: "Ambush journalists inflicting pain on people who are trying to do the right thing are almost as shameful as Osama bin Laden."

The kidnapper-turned-physician had nothing to say about the young woman he had buried alive, a nightmare experience vividly portrayed in Gene Miller's book, *83 Hours to Dawn*. Miller, who had covered the case for the Miami *Herald* at that time, summed up the girl's state of terror through Mackle's own recollection: "I screamed and screamed. The sound of the dirt [being shoveled onto her buried box by Krist] got farther and farther away. Finally, I couldn't hear anything above. I screamed for a long time after that." At this writing, Barbara Jane Mackle, 54, is happily married and lives on Florida's east coast. She had no comment on Krist's new vocation as a doctor. Mackle's mother, Jane, 85, lives in a condo in Key Biscayne.

Kidnapper Gary Steven Krist, left, manacled to a waist-belt, is shown after his capture following a spectacular motorboat chase on December 22, 1968. He was spared the death penalty because he provided information that saved his victim's life.

THE MISTAKEN IDENTITY ABDUCTION/ December 29, 1969

Brothers Arthur Hosein (AKA: King Hosein, b.1936) and Nizamodeen Hosein (AKA: Nizam; b.1948) were poor immigrants from Trinidad, who settled in England. Arthur, a tailor, arrived in September 1955, with the grand ambition of someday making £1 million. In 1967, he and his German-born wife, Else, bought Rooks Farm, consisting of ten acres outside the village of Stocking Pelham. Nizamodeen arrived in May 1969 on a visit with his papers marked for a January 1970 expiration date.

On October 3, 1969, kidnapping for ransom apparently occurred to the Hosein brothers as they watched David Frost interview Australian media tycoon Rupert Murdoch on television. Murdoch lived in London with his wife Anna. Arthur, thirty-four, and Nizamodeen, twenty-two, decided to seize Anna Murdoch and hold her for a £1 million ransom.

Slowly the plan took shape. They identified the Murdochs' Rolls-Royce and followed the car home. What they did not know was that the Murdochs were in Australia on vacation and had entrusted the car to Alick McKay, deputy chairman of the *News of the World*. McKay lived on Arthur Road in Wimbledon. In the midst of the preparation for the kidnapping, Arthur's wife, who was not a conspirator, left to spend Christmas in Germany.

On December 29, 1969, the Hoseins mistakenly grabbed 56-year-old Muriel Frieda McKay, the wife of the deputy chairman. She was taken to Rooks Farm and blindfolded, while the Hoseins made contact with the family. A letter postmarked from the north of London contained a written message from the kidnappers and an urgent plea from Mrs. McKay: "Please do something to get me home. I am blindfolded and cold. Please cooperate for I cannot keep going. I think of you constantly and the family and friends. What have I done to deserve this treatment?"

The kidnappers called the family repeatedly in the next few weeks and demanded £1 million. Arthur Hosein called his two-man abduction team "Mafia Group 3," or "M-3." Nothing more was heard from them in the first two weeks of 1970. The calls resumed on January 14, as the police vainly checked all available records, but there was little evidence and nothing prior was known about the M-3 group.

A letter dated January 26 warned that Mrs. McKay would be executed if the money was not paid. During the first attempt to collect the ransom, the Hoseins had seen police in the area and the rendezvous was aborted. A second unsuccessful attempt was

Muriel Frieda McKay, who was abducted by kidnappers thinking that she was the wife of media tycoon, Rupert Murdoch, on December 29, 1969l her body was never found.

The remote home of Muriel and Aleck McKay in Wimbledon, England, where Mrs. McKay was abducted, her kidnappers demanding a £1 million ransom for her safe return.

Kidnapper Arthur Hosein, who was convicted of blackmail and abducting and murdering Muriel McKay; he was sent to prison for life, plus twenty-five years.

Kidnapper Nizamodeen Hosein, was sent to prison for life, following his conviction for blackmail, kidnapping and murder. Fifteen years was added to his life term.

made on February 6, 1970, at Bishop's Stortford in Essex. The Hosein brothers circled the area in their Volvo, but they thought police were in the area, so they drove off without retrieving the money.

This time, though, the police observed the car and checked the license plates. The detectives went immediately to Rooks Farm, but there was no trace of Muriel McKay. Incriminating items were found, and the brothers were found and arrested. They refused to say anything about the location of Muriel McKay. It was presumed that the woman had been executed, and her remains cut up and fed to the livestock at Rooks Farm. A neighbor testified that she had heard a gunshot on or about New Year's Day. The pigs had been sold or butchered by then, however, making forensic investigation all but impossible.

The Hoseins were convicted of blackmail, kidnapping, and murder at the Old Bailey. Justice Sebag Shaw sentenced them both to life imprisonment for murder, tacking on an additional twenty-five years for Arthur and fifteen for Nizamodeen. In passing sentence Shaw noted, "The kidnapping and detention of Mrs. McKay was cold-blooded and abominable," and the punishment must be sanguine so that law-abiding citizens will be safe in their homes."

CHINA'S MOST NOTORIOUS KIDNAPPER/ 1970s-199Os

Cheung Tze-keung (AKA: Big Spender; 1953-1998) was the most notorious gangster in Hong Kong. Cheung Tze-keung, who headed a mob of more than fifty hardened criminals, had been committing hundreds of major crimes for two decades since the early 1970s. The crimes included gun-running, robbing gold stores, stealing more than 277 tons of steel (with at least one person killed during this heist), smuggling dynamite, and, chiefly, widespread kidnappings of wealthy Hong Kong residents. The most sensational of the crimes netted Cheung and his associates a record-setting ransom of $210 million for the return of two Hong Kong real estate tycoons.

Cheung Tze-keung began his criminal career in Hong Kong in his early twenties, forming a gang of burglars and robbers. The gang, under Cheung's close direction, hijacked enormous amounts of goods and fenced these shipments to glean millions of dollars. Gheung bought up legitimate businesses, which he then used as fronts for his criminal operations. He also purchased several mansions in Hong Kong, which he lavishly decorated.

Always accompanied by an army of heavily-armed bodyguards, Cheung dined at the finest restaurants and patronized the most expensive bordellos in Hong Kong, where he was known to prostitutes as "Big Spender," because of the huge tips he gave the women servicing him. By the early 1990s, Cheung planned and executed dozens of high-profiled robberies, including the robbery of the Guardforce Security Company armored car at Kai Tak Airport in 1991. He was accused of masterminding this spectacular robbery and brought to trial. Convicted, he was sentenced to eighteen years in prison, but Big Spender Cheung continued to direct his underworld op-

After conducting twenty years of widespread kidnapping in Hong Kong, the crafty gangster Cheung Tze-keung (AKA: Big Spender), left, is shown at his 1998 trial in mainland China, listening to his death sentence; he was executed on December 5, 1998.

erations from his lavishly-appointed cell. In 1995, he was released from prison on a technicality.

Cheung immediately planned several more kidnappings. On May 23, 1996, his gang members abducted Victor Li Tzar-Kuoi, son of Li Ka-shing, one of the wealthiest residents of Hong Kong. On September 29, Cheung's goons kidnapped Walter Kwok Ping-sheung, chairman of the Sun Hung Kai Properties Company. The ransoms paid to Cheung for these two kidnappings amounted to a stagging $210 million, the largest ransoms ever paid to that time. It was reported that Cheung was able to successfully complete these kidnappings with the aid of high-ranking politicians and corrupt police officials, who shared in the enormous ransom payoffs.

Thought to be above Hong Kong law, Cheung's criminal empire toppled when the British released its century-old authority over Hong Kong to Communist China in July 1997. Unable to flee Hong Kong (no other country would permit him to immigrate), Cheung went into hiding, but he was tracked down by Communist agents and arrested. Cheung and seventeen of his Hong Kong gang, along with eighteen other gang associates on the mainland, were taken to the mainland city of Guangzhou, where they were tried and convicted of dozens of crimes in a closed-door trial. Communist policemen wearing bullet-proof vests and carrying submachine guns ringed the courtroom where Cheung and his men were being tried.

On November 12, 1998, Cheung was sentenced to death for cross-border crimes, including kidnapping and arms smuggling. Critics complained that China had no real right to try Cheung and that he should have been brought to trial in Hong Kong, where no death penalty exists. The rest of Cheung's gang received either death sentences or lengthy prison terms.

On December 5, 1998, the 45-year-old Cheung was taken from a cell in Guangzhou and into a "death room." Big Spender was then unceremoniously shot and killed with a bullet fired into the back of his head. Cheung, who was executed immediately after losing his brief appeal, was allowed a last wish, a final visit from his 4-year-old and 7-year-old sons.

Four of his henchmen met the same fate after a hearing that lasted only ninety minutes. Two others who had been sentenced to death won two-year reprieves, while twenty-nine others began serving long prison terms. The executions of these known criminals still raised serious questions about jurisdiction between China and Hong Kong. Since taking over the former British Crown colony, China, as expected, imposed its Communist dictatorship on all levels of Hong Kong society, including the mandating of jurisdiction in all civil and criminal cases as its secret tribunals decree. It was speculated that had Cheung and his gang members been tried in Hong Kong, no death penalties would have been imposed.

THE ABDUCTION OF GENE PAUL GETTY II/ June 10, 1973

The grandson of J. Paul Getty, the richest man in the world, once confessed to a girlfriend that the only way to raise money to support his Bohemian lifestyle was to fake his own kidnapping. The offhanded remark was made by Gene Paul Getty II (b.1956), to a 24-year-old West German woman named Martine Zacher. Getty's words took on new significance when he mysteriously disappeared in the early morning hours of June 10, 1973, while on his way to purchase a newspaper and a comic book.

Getty, the grandson of the famous American oil-billionaire, was known as the "golden hippie" for his gypsy lifestyle in Rome's Trastevere and Piazza Navona sections. His mother, a former actress, Gail Harris, at first refused to cooperate with Italian police, fearing recriminations at the hands of the gang, who demanded a ransom payment of $17 million for the safe return of her son.

Speaking from London, the boy's grandfather announced

Billionaire J. Paul Getty, reportedly the richest man on earth, allegedly paid a $2.9 million ransom for the return of his kidnapped grandson, who was abducted on June 10, 1973.

To prove that Getty's kidnapping was genuine, his abductors cut off the boy's right ear and photographed him after the mutilation, sending this photo to a Rome newspaper; this gruesome "evidence" convinced J. Paul Getty, Sr., that his grandson had, indeed, been kidnapped and prompted him to pay the enormous ransom demanded by the abductors.

Mrs. Gail Harris Getty, mother of the kidnapped Getty heir, telling a newsman that she had received no positive word as to her son's fate at the hands of kidnappers; she was at the time divorced from J. Paul Getty, Jr., and had reportedly begged her former father-in-law, J. Paul Getty, Sr., to pay the huge ransom demanded for her son's safe return.

Gene Paul Getty IV, known as "The Golden Hippie," is shown, left, with an Italian police officer, following his release by Mafia kidnappers, who had held him captive for five months, until the enormous ransom was paid by his grandfather; the senior Getty initially stalled the payment, wrongly thinking that the kidnapping might be a staged abduction.

Gene Paul Getty IV, right, is shown with his mother, Mrs. Gail Harris, in Rome, following the boy's release; "The Golden Hippie," continued his drug-addiction in later years, which resulted in paralysis and blindness.

Giuseppe Lamanna, ringleader of the Calabrian Mafia gang that kidnapped Gene Paul Getty IV, and the man who cut off the boy's ear; Lamanna, shown in custody in 1974, was sentenced to sixteen years in prison in 1976.

that he would not pay the extortion, adding that it would only encourage kidnappers. "If I pay one penny now, I'll have fourteen kidnapped grandchildren," he said. Four months passed. Getty's abductors then cut off his ear and sent it to the family on October 21, 1973 to demonstrate that the kidnapping was not a hoax.

The grandfather was forced to negotiate. He dispatched Fletcher Chase, his 54-year-old business associate, to Rome with 52,000 banknotes of lire, (the three billion lire, $3.4 million in U.S. currency, weighed close to a ton on delivery) each one carefully microfilmed by Italian police. Following the kidnappers' instructions, Chase drove a rented car southward past Naples. Outside the village of Lagonegro, a Citroen automobile pulled up alongside.

The occupants of the car rolled down the windows and began pelting Chase's vehicle with small pebbles as a sign to pull over. While the ransom money was being passed a third car pulled off to the side of the road. A man and a woman pretending to be tourists eyeballed the kidnappers and drove back to Rome to provide an accurate description to police. Getty was then released, after five months of imprisonment.

Eight members of the Calabrian Mafia were later identified as the kidnappers. Just after Getty was released on December 15, 1973, Italian police stepped up efforts to bring the gang into custody. In early January 1974, the police closed in on the tiny village of Cicala located in the mountainous regions of Calabria in the southern tip of Italy.

In a daring predawn raid, they seized Antonio Mancuso, thirty-five; Domenico Barbino, a 26-year-old hospital orderly, who knew Getty from the hippie community in Rome; Vincenzo Mammoliti, forty-three; Gioia Tauro; Saverio Mammoliti; Giuseppe Lamanna; Antonio Femia; and Girolamo "Momo" Piromalli, fifty-eight, the top-ranking Mafia boss in Calabria. A 137-page indictment filed by Lagonegro District Attorney Maurizio Rossi dismissed any lingering suspicions that Getty staged his own abduction. The ransom money

obtained by the kidnappers, Rossi stated, was to be used to finance a drug-running operation.

On July 29, 1976, Lamanna was sentenced to sixteen years in prison after being identified as the knife-wielding assailant who cut off Getty's ear. Antonio Mancuso, the only other defendant to go to jail, received eight years. The seven remaining defendants were acquitted for lack of evidence. Gene Paul Getty II continued his lavish lifestyle, his drug addiction increasing until he overdosed on a combination of drugs and alcohol that left him a paraplegic and almost blind.

THE KIDNAPPING OF REG MURPHY/ February 20, 1974

Posing as a benefactor for the needy, William August Helm Williams (AKA: Lamont Woods; Colonel One; b.1940) visited the editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, John R. "Reg" Murphy, on February 20, 1974 at the editor's home. The 25-year-old Williams introduced himself as a wealthy Georgian named "Lamont Woods." He persuaded the 40-year-old editor to accompany him to his home in an Atlanta suburb to obtain goods for a charity, telling Murphy that he had 300,000 gallons of heating oil he wanted to donate to the poor and that he wanted to receive proper coverage for his charitable donation from the media, chiefly Murphy's newspaper, The Atlanta *Constitution*.

After the editor got into the car, Williams flashed a gun and informed the newspaperman that he had been kidnapped by a representative of the American Revolutionary Army and that he was its ranking officer, "Colonel One." Murphy was bound, blindfolded, and forced into the trunk of the car, and then taken to a house, where he was forced to make ransom tapes.

The next day, the editor called a lawyer with the $700,000

John R. "Reg" Murphy, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, is shown in his office shortly before he was kidnapped from his home on February 20, 1974, by an abductor claiming to be a charity donor seeking publicity.

A haggard Reg Murphy is shown with family members at a press conference only hours after his release by his abductor on February 22, 1974.

Kidnapper William August Helm Williams (AKA: "Colonel One"), is shown handcuffed and under arrest two days after he had abducted editor Reg Murphy; he was sent to prison for forty years. His wife, Betty, got probation.

FBI agents are shown counting the $700,000 ransom money retrieved from the home of the kidnapper in Lilburn, Georgia. This was one of the largest ransoms ever paid in U.S. history.

ransom demand. Murphy and Williams stayed in a hotel the second night, and on February 22, the two drove around for several hours before the abductor then picked up the ransom money, which was delivered by Murphy's managing editor, Jim Minter. Shortly afterward, Williams released the editor.

Acting on a tip, police arrested Williams and his wife, Betty Ruth Williams, at their home in Lilburn, Georgia, on February 23, 1974 and recovered the ransom money. In custody, Williams, a self-employed contractor, admitted that the militia group he had claimed to represent was fictitious. Murphy had no kind words for his kidnapper, saying that Williams was "just plain mean as hell."

Williams tried to defend his bold kidnapping through an insanity plea, claiming that he had been mentally unstable at the time of Murphy's abduction. Further, he claimed that he had been abused as a child—one of the oldest defense ploys by criminals—and that he had conducted his crime while in a drugged state in that he had consumed a number of amphetamines before seizing Murphy.

On August 4, 1974, he was convicted on charges of extorting $700,000 from the newspaper, using the mails for the ransom demand, and using a firearm. On December 21, 1976, Williams, thirty-six, was sentenced to a total of forty years in prison, twenty years for extortion and ten years each for the firearm and mail charges, all to be served consecutively. His 28-year-old wife, Betty Ruth Williams, was convicted of failing to report Williams' crimes. She was given a three-year suspended sentence with probation.

Williams was paroled nine years later in February 1984 from a federal prison, after having served the statutory ten-year minimum sentence, but with strict instructions to stay out of the state of Georgia. When that requirement lapsed, Williams returned to Georgia, remarried, became a born-again Christian and obtained a legitimate job.

KIDNAPPINGS IN "MURDER MACK"/1979

Two young men with deep criminal backgrounds conceived the vicious idea of kidnapping, torturing, raping and murdering teenage girls while both were inmates of the California's Men Colony in San Luis Obispo in 1978. One was Lawrence Sigmond Bittaker, who was serving time for assault with a deadly weapon. The other was convicted rapist Roy Lewis Norris, born on February 2, 1948 in Greeley, Colorado. Norris was a drug addict, who had been convicted of several rapes and rape attempts and was diagnosed by prison psychiatrists as having "psychological problems," and a "severe schizoid personality."

Both men planned, upon their release, to join together in kidnapping, raping and killing teenage girls "for fun," Norris later said. They planned to kidnap and kill at least one girl from each "teen" age, from thirteen to nineteen, these attacks to be taped or filmed. Norris apparently pinpointed the locale, where these attacks were to be made, the Redondo Beach area, where countless teenage girls gathered, and where Norris had earlier strangled into semi-consciousness a 27-year-old woman and dragged her into some bushes, raping her.

Shortly after his parole on November 15, 1978, Bittaker acquired a 1977 silver GMC cargo van, one without side windows to shield his sexual attacks and one which he and Norris called "Murder Mack." Bittaker equipped the van with photo equipment, a powerful stereo system, and chains, ropes and manacles affixed to the steel panels inside the back part of the van. The van was purchased specifically for the purpose of housing kidnap victims. When Norris was paroled on June 15, 1979, from the Atascadero State Hospital, where he had been under psychiatric observation, he immediately joined with Bittaker to jointly undertake their kidnapping spree.

On June 24, 1979, only nine days after Norris was released, he and Bittaker abducted and murdered 16-year-old Linda "Cindy" Shaeffer, while she was returning home from a church service in Torrance, California. The two men picked her up near Redondo Beach, which would prove to be their favorite "preying" spot, and drove her into the San Gabriel Mountains. The kidnappers both raped her and then strangled her to death with a wire coat hanger.

On July 8, 1979, 18-year-old Andrea Joy Hall of Tujunga was picked up, while she was hitchhiking on the Pacific Coast Highway. She was driven to a remote area in the San Gabriel Mountains, where she was raped. Bittaker then killed her with an ice pick, which he jammed into her ear. He did not bother to remove the murder weapon when the two men buried her in a shallow grave.

The murderous kidnappers struck again on September 2, 1979, this time abducting and killing two hitchhiking girls, who told Bittaker and Norris that they were lost when they were picked up in Redondo Beach. Jacqueline Leah Lamp, thirteen, and Jackie Gilliam, fifteen, were driven to the San Gabriel Mountains, where, for two days, they were subjected to repeated rapes and torture, before both were murdered.

Next, 16-year-old Shirley Ledford of Sunland, California, was picked up and kidnapped by the two men on October 31, 1979. Her body was found the next morning in Tujunga. Bittaker had strangled her with a coat wire after both men had tortured her. Police discovered that her face and breasts had been mutilated, her arms slashed and that her entire body was covered with welts and bruises.

The kidnappers tried to abduct and murder another girl on November 20, 1979 at Hermosa Beach, spraying her in the face with Mace, and dragging her into "Murder Mack," where she was raped. But before Bittaker and Norris could murder the girl, she fought back wildly and managed to escape, immediately calling police. The two men were tracked down and arrested, charged with assault. Their victim, however, failed to make a positive identification.

California kidnapper Lawrence Sigmond Bittaker, who abducted, raped and murdered five teenage girls, successfully avoiding execution for twenty years.

Police nevertheless held both men in custody after discovering drugs inside "Murder Mack." They were held for trial on charges of violating their paroles. At a preliminary hearing in Hermosa Beach, Norris blurted his regrets "for my insanity," which caused detectives to probe further. Norris suddenly became talkative and soon began detailing the five kidnapping murders he and Bittaker had committed.

Norris snickered his contempt for the victims, laughing at their gullibility and stupidity in easily being taken in by him and his partner. He described how Bittaker took photos of the girls, telling them they were good prospects for high-paying modeling jobs he could offer them. Both men offered them marijuana and lured them into "Murder Mack" by telling them they would drive them to Bittaker's "studio," for a photo shoot.

Many wary girls refused to go with the kidnappers and those who were abducted were physically dragged into "Murder Mack" where blaring Rock music playing on through a sound system installed by Bittaker drowned out their screams for help. They were manacled or tied to the iron rungs inside the back of the van and driven to a fire road in the San Gabriel Mountains, where they were repeatedly raped and tortured before being murdered. Bittaker either strangled the girls, Norris said—he put all the murders on his partner—or drove ice picks into their heads.

A closer police examination of "Murder Mack," revealed a tape recording of Jacqueline Lamp's last screaming moments on earth. Investigators also found more than 500 photos taken of grinning girls, snapshots taken by Bittaker, many of these being murder victims. On February 9, 1980, Norris accompanied officers to the San Gabriel Mountains, where he directed them to shallow graves in San Dimas Canyon, which revealed the grisly remains of Lamp and Gilliam.

Bittaker and Norris were charged with five kidnapping

murders. While they awaited trial, Los Angeles County Sheriff Peter Pitchess stated that the two killers might have committed as many as thirty to forty other kidnappings and murders. On February 20, 1980, investigators announced that out of the hundreds of photos of attractive young girls Bittaker had taken, nineteen had been identified as missing persons, in addition to the five known murder victims attributed to Bittaker and Norris. Norris, however, declined to talk about any more killings. Bittaker had refused to talk at all from the moment of his arrest.

Police and prosecutors knew that Bittaker was a criminal hardcase, a sneaky, clever kidnapper and murderer, who would maintain silence to the end. Born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on September 27, 1940, he had been adopted by George Bittaker and his wife. An aircraft factory worker, George Bittaker moved his family many times, going from Pennsylvania to Florida, then from Ohio to California, in search of such work. The nomadic family had few friends and Lawrence Bittaker had next to none. He was a listless student, dropping out of high school in 1957.

A short time later, Bittaker was arrested in Long Beach, charged with auto theft, hit-and-run and evading arrest. He was sent to the California Youth Authority, released when he turned nineteen. He immediately stole a car and drove it across state lines, causing his arrest by FBI agents in Louisiana on charges of violating the Interstate Motor Vehicle Act. Convicted, he served eighteen months in the federal reformatory in Oklahoma, where his abnormal behavior caused him to be sent to the U.S. Medical Center in Springfield, Missouri, so that he could receive close psychiatric examinations.

Bittaker returned to California, where he committed a Los Angeles robbery in December 1960. He was sentenced to one to fifteen years in the state prison. He was again subjected to close psychiatric inspection, one psychiatrist stating that though he possessed "superior intelligence," Bittaker had "considerable concealed hostility," was "basically paranoid," and "a borderline psychotic."

Paroled in 1963, Bittaker was arrested a few months later for suspicion of robbery and violation of his parole. He was returned to prison. Released again, he committed a burglary, which brought him another long prison term. He was released in 1974 and promptly went to a supermarket, where he shoved a steak down the front of his pants. When an employee followed him outside, Bittaker stabbed the man and was convicted and sent to prison for attempted murder.

Before his trial on that charge, Bittaker was examined by Dr. Robert Markman, a noted psychiatrist, who dismissed previous diagnoses of this habitual criminal as having a "borderline psychosis, and classified him as a "classic sociopath," one incapable of obeying any kind of law or conforming to any kind of regulation.

Markman went to state that Bittaker would escalate his criminal activities, moving to capital crimes, and that he was "a highly dangerous man, with no internal controls over his impulses, a man who could kill without hesitation or remorse." Almost up to the time of his 1978 parole, Bittaker's psychiatric profile remained unchanged, a prison psychiatrist stating that he was a "sophisticated psychopath." This observation was made only four months before Bittaker was released and began to plan the kidnapping murders he later committed with Norris.

Mass murderer Charles Manson, who was Bittaker's murderous idol; early in his criminal career, Bittaker bragged to fellow prison inmates that he would someday be "bigger than Manson."

On March 18, 1980, Norris pleaded guilty to five counts of murder. Turning state's evidence against Bittaker, he was sentenced to forty-five years to life for his cooperation with

authorities, eligible for parole in the year 2010. Bittaker, on the other hand, admitted to nothing. He was tried on February 5, 1981, stating that Norris, not he, had committed the five murders charged against him and that Norris told him about the murders that he, Norris, had committed, only a short time after their 1979 arrest.

On February 17, 1981, Bittaker was found guilty on all counts, and, with the jury's recommendation, was sentenced to death on March 24, 1981. Bittaker, still on California's death row at this writing, has received stays of execution for more than two decades. After initial appeals by his attorneys, his execution was scheduled for December 29, 1989, but his lawyers won yet another stay. On June 11, 1990, the California Supreme Court declined to hear Bittaker's case again and the convicted murderer remains in an official "limbo," where his execution has yet to be rescheduled.

The egotistical Bittaker vexed the California prison system by repeatedly filing nuisance suits, one claiming that he had been subjected to "cruel and unusual punishment" when a broken cookie was placed on his lunch tray, this suit costing the state of California more than $5,000 in legal fees. He gleaned money from serial killer groupies by selling them his fingernail clippings. Many condemned killers sell personal items to obtain money they can spend at the prison commissaries. Convicted murderer Charles Manson (see Mass Murder) for years penned "smile" faces on his white sox and sold them to gullible cult followers. He once sent a pair of his "art" socks to this author, who returned them without payment.

Bittaker was an early admirer of Manson and reportedly boasted to a fellow convict early in his criminal career that some day he would be "bigger than Manson." He thought of himself as a brilliant jailhouse lawyer and social savant, but to many who have studied his miserable life, he amounted to nothing more than a conniving killer, whose every action and thought proved predictable.

The kidnapper-killer had a business card printed for himself while awaiting execution, one he sent to all of those writing to him, which read: "Lawrence Sigmond Bittaker, Death Row Philosopher." He contemptuously signed his letters to fans with his nickname, "Pliers," the favorite tool he reportedly used in torturing his long-ago victims.

THE MORMON KIDNAPPER/1979-83

Kidnapper and killer of five children, Arthur Gary Bishop (AKA: Roger W. Downs; Lynn E. Jones, 1951-88) was born in 1951 in Hinckley, Utah. His family later moved to Salt Lake City, where his Mormon parents raised him as a devout parishioner in their church. An honor student in high school and an Eagle Scout, Bishop was a popular teenager. He was also devoutly religious, and later served as a missionary in the Philippines for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (the Mormons).

When returning to Utah, Bishop attended Steven Henager College, where he majored in accounting and graduated with honors

Bishop appeared to have a promising future. He went to work at a Ford dealership in Murray, Utah, but was arrested in February 1978 for embezzling almost $9,000 by forging the owner's signature on a check. Because of his sterling background and lack of any criminal activity, and because Bishop displayed regret at his offense and promised restitution, he was given a five-year suspended sentence.

One-time Mormon missionary, Arthur Gary Bishop is shown entering court in 1984, to face charges of kidnapping and murdering five small boys during 1979-1983.

Bishop, however, made no attempt to repay the dealership for his theft and a warrant was issued for his arrest. He refused to surrender and was officially excommunicated from the Mormon Church. Bishop decided to disappear. He ended all contact with his family, and changed his name to Lynn E. Jones, and later, Roger W. Downs. Under these aliases, Bishop worked with the Big Brother Program, working with disadvantaged children. He was well liked and many children, at his invitation, spent time at his home and some accompanied him on camping excursions.

At this time, small children began to vanish from their homes without a trace. Alonzo Daniels, four, was playing in the front yard of his Salt Lake City home on October 14, 1979, when he disappeared. His kidnapping was the first of five that would puzzle police in the next four years. At the time of the Daniels disappearance, police routinely interviewed all of the boy's nearby neighbors, including Bishop, then using the alias of Roger Downs and who lived down the hall from the Daniels apartment in a building complex. He could provide no information about the missing boy and was not considered a suspect.

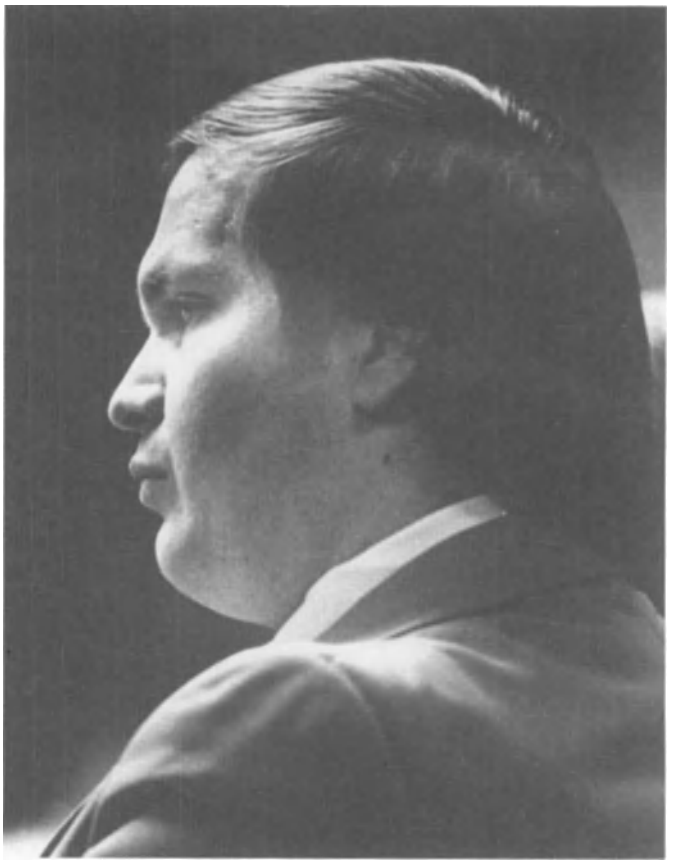
Kim Peterson, eleven, was taken on November 9, 1980, after he left his home to sell a pair of skates, reportedly to an adult male, who lived nearby and was waiting for the boy on a nearby corner, but this person's identity could not be determined by searching police. The body of the Peterson boy was later found in a shallow grave in Cedar Fort, Utah County.

On October 20, 1981, 4-year-old Danny Davis accompanied his grandfather to a shopping center in Salt Lake County. While the grandfather was buying some items, the boy utterly vanished. Again, Roger Downs (Bishop) was interviewed, as he lived close to the area where Davis disappeared, but detectives did not relate him to the Daniels disappearance two years earlier and he was not considered a suspect in the Davis disappearance. The decomposing corpse of the Davis boy, along with the remains of Alonzo Daniels were also later found near the area where the kidnapper had deposited the body of Kim Peterson.

Troy Ward, who was celebrating his sixth birthday, was kidnapped and murdered on June 22, 1983. Then, on July 14, 1983, 13-year-old Graeme Cunningham vanished. Police learned that Cunningham, two days before he disappeared, was scheduled to go on a camping trip with a friend, both of the boys being chaperoned by a Big Brother named Roger Downs.

Police had been looking for Bishop on charges of embezzling $10,000 from Ski Utah, one of his many employers, while using the alias of Lynn Jones. He was arrested on July 25, 1983, after police questioned him about the disappearance of Graeme Cunningham. They learned that Bishop had been planning a trip to Southern California with the Cunningham boy. The county sheriff revealed that Bishop had been living in the immediate vicinity at the time of the five murders.

Bishop did not hide his real identity and confessed to police, stating that he had kidnapped and killed all five children from 1979 to 1983. He then led investigators to the shallow graves near Cedar Fort, and to a secluded area in Big Cottonwood Canyon where the remains of Troy Ward and Graeme Cunningham were found. There was evidence of sexual assault, and police found explicit sexual photographs at Bishop's residence.



Bishop passively hears a guilty verdict, convicted on five counts of aggravated kidnapping and murder; sentenced to death, he chose to be executed by lethal injection on June 9, 1988.

Further, Bishop admitted to having kidnapped and molested dozens of small children in the Salt Lake City area for several years, although, for reasons he never explained, he did not murder them. The parents of many of these victims had certain knowledge that Bishop had sexually molested their children, but kept silent, even throughout the period when Bishop murdered the five children.

Investigators found all the evidence they needed for murder convictions, including photos he had taken of his victims. They also found a revolver and a bloody hammer which Bishop had used in bludgeoning the children to death. During his trial, Bishop's taped confession was played to the jury, one in which he giggled and laughed in a high falsetto voice in detailing the five brutal kidnapping murders. He was also heard in lengthy detail describing how he, a necrophiliac, fondled the bodies of his victims following their deaths. At the end of this tape, Bishop was heard to say: "I'm glad they caught me because I'd do it again."

Arthur Gary Bishop was convicted after a six-week trial in 1984 of five counts of first-degree murder, five counts of aggravated kidnapping, two counts of forcible sexual assault, and one count of sexual abuse of a minor. Under Utah law, he could choose death by firing squad or lethal injection. Bishop chose to take the injection on June 9, 1988. He spent his last moments studying the Book of Mormon, and expressing regret for his crimes.

THE ATLANTA KIDNAPPINGS/1979-1981

In 1979, the police force in Atlanta, Georgia, was alerted to the presence of a serial killer within the metropolitan area, one who preyed on young black children between the ages of seven and fourteen. Before the nightmare was over, various experts from across the country would be brought in to lend their special talents to a criminal investigation that dragged on for more than two years, one that sorely tested the resources of the city administration and its police force. In March 1981, President Ronald Reagan committed up to $1.5 million in federal funds to help defray costs of the investigation. At that time the death toll stood at twenty-six. It would climb to twenty-eight before a suspect would be formally charged.

The bodies of the first two victims were found lying adjacent to Niskey Lake on July 28, 1979. A man scavenging for tin cans stumbled across the remains of what he first thought to be a dead animal. Upon further investigation he noticed a pair of boy's pants, a belt, and a human torso. Lying in the underbrush some 150 feet away a second body was found. Forensic investigators identified the sets of remains as 13-year-old James Evans and 14-year-old Edward Smith. Both boys had disappeared from their Atlanta homes earlier in the week.

Evans by all indications had been asphyxiated, while Smith was shot. The dual murders did not attract much press attention at the time, and neither did the discovery of the skeletal remains of 14-year-old Milton Harvey on November 5, 1979. The youth was first reported missing in October after wandering away from his home in northwest Atlanta. The police were unable to determine the precise cause of death. Three days later a fourth black child was found, 9-year-old Yusef Bell, the son of noted civil rights worker Camille Bell from Mechanicsville. The boy disappeared after he had been sent out on an errand and was found in the maintenance shaft of an abandoned schoolhouse.

Nothing more was heard from the unknown assailant until March 1980, when the killing resumed with sickening regularity. Twelve-year-old Angel Lanier, the first female victim, was found tied to a tree with her panties stuffed in her mouth in early March. The fact that she had been raped puzzled the police who had concluded that the killer was a male homosexual. By July 1980, the death toll had climbed to twelve, following the discovery of the bodies of Eric Middlebrooks, Christopher Richardson, Aaron Wyche, and LaTonya Wilson.

Atlanta's black community was convinced that the murders were racially motivated and were being carried out by a white supremacist. The police did not give much credence to this theory, believing that the presence of a white murderer in the all-black neighborhoods, where these children lived would have eventually been detected by the local residents. In July, Camille Bell and the parent of Mary Mapp, one of the victims, called a press conference to announce the formation of the Committee to Stop the Children's Murders.

Public Safety Commissioner Lee Brown, the first American black to receive a doctorate in criminology, was taken to task for his department's failure to apprehend a suspect by community activists and officials on the federal level. Former Attorney General Griffin Bell remarked, "I think you ought to be able to catch somebody. If you have more than twenty deaths, why isn't at least one person caught? That's what I hear people saying."

Brown responded by organizing a five-man task force to supplement the police investigation. "I have the utmost confidence in our investigation," Brown said. "I don't believe all knowledge rests in Georgia." By year's end the task force had been expanded in the wake of additional killings.

Some of the leading figures in criminal investigation were brought in at Brown's behest, including retired Los Angeles Police Department Captain Pierce Brooks, who cracked the Onion Field murders, Lieutenant George Mayer of Stamford, Connecticut, who had worked on the "Merritt Parkway Bra" murders, and Lieutenant Gilbert Hill of Detroit, who brought the Browning Gang to justice after they had murdered fifteen victims. Their presence failed to mollify anxious members of the Negro community who believed a policeman was responsible for the slayings.

Wayne Bertram Williams is shown greeting the press after he was indicted in 1981 for many of the kidnapping-murders occurring in Atlanta, Georgia, from 1979 to 1981.

Law enforcement officials replied that the killer was in all likelihood a black teenager who was looked up to and trusted by his victims. A $100,000 reward was posted by the city, and additional cash incentives were put up by three recording companies and celebrities from the world of sports and entertainment.

And still it continued. By March 1981, twenty bodies had been found. Autopsies showed that none of the victims to date were drugged or given alcohol. Only 23-year-old Michael McIntosh, found floating in the Chattahoochee River on April 20, 1981, was completely disrobed.

The first major break in the case came on May 22, 1981, when police officer Fred Jacobs sat in his patrol car near a bridge spanning the river. He heard a resounding splash and then saw a man get into a station wagon. The information was relayed to a second patrol car driving in the vicinity. Before the station wagon could exit the bridge, the second patrol car stopped the driver for questioning. The police searched the vehicle and found some nylon rope, a pair of gloves, and a blood-stain on the front seat.

The driver was identified as 23-year-old Wayne Bertram Williams, a black man who lived with his parents in a modest brick home in northwest Atlanta. Williams told the police that he was returning from a musical audition. He denied stopping on the bridge and swore he knew nothing about a bundle being dropped in the river. The police warned him that if a body turned up they would be calling him in for further questioning. Williams drove off.

Two days later the remains of Nathanial Cater, the twenty-eighth and final victim (according to the police tally), was removed from the Chattahoochee River. An eyewitness told police that Williams and Cater, a 27-year-old homosexual, were seen leaving a movie theater together.

A second witness came forward and told police that Williams had also been keeping company with Jimmy Ray Payne, a 21-year-old man pulled out of the muddy waters of the Chattahoochee on April 27, 1981. Payne was reported missing after he failed to show up for a job interview.

Convinced that Williams was their man, police detectives sent the car seat of his car containing the bloodstains to the state crime lab in Atlanta for analysis on June 4, 1981. It was found that the blood type matched that of Williams and Cater. Additionally, dog hairs found on the body of Cater were identical to those in Williams' car, according to police. The dog in question was Williams' German shepherd.

Wayne Williams is shown at his trial in January 1982; he was convicted of two of the Atlanta kidnapping-murders and received two life sentences.

On June 18, 1981, Williams was indicted for the murders of Nathanial Cater and Jimmy Payne. The accused was the only child of Homer and Fay Williams, two retired schoolteachers from Atlanta. Mrs. Williams described her son as a "miracle child" who was born when she was forty-one. From the time he was a child Wayne's parents encouraged the learning process. They had invested all of their savings into radio equipment Wayne needed to start a radio station. A transmitter was installed in the family home, and it was powerful enough to broadcast a mile in each direction.

The project failed and the family suffered financial hardship as a result. Williams was alternately described as a "media junkie" and a frustrated dreamer, obsessed with his own success and failings. He dabbled in photography and promoted himself as a talent scout. Williams printed leaflets offering young black men between the ages of eleven and twenty an opportunity to embark on a musical career through his influence, which was apparently limited if not non-existent.

One of the men answering his ad was Patrick Rogers, an aspiring soul singer, who was later murdered. Under heavy security, the murder trial of Wayne Bertram Williams began at the Fulton County Courthouse on January 5, 1982. Superior Court Judge Clarence Cooper imposed a gag order on district attorney Lewis Slaton and defense attorneys Alvin Binder and Mary Welcome, preventing them from discussing aspects of this highly controversial case with the media.

Legal experts conceded that the prosecution faced an uphill battle trying to secure a conviction based solely on forensic evidence and the testimony of police officers. Though inadmissible in court, the most damaging evidence against Williams was the fact that the killing immediately stopped after he was taken into custody.

Williams took the stand on February 22, 1982. He denied he was a homosexual and refuted the testimony of a youth who claimed to have been molested by him. "Ain't no way I'm a homosexual," he said. "I have no grudge against [homosexuals] as long as they keep their hands to themselves. I'm scared," he added. The jury, composed of eight blacks and four whites, retired on February 27, 1982, to consider its verdict. After deliberating for less than twelve hours, they returned a verdict of guilty. Judge Cooper sentenced Williams to two consecutive life sentences.

The verdict was upheld by the Georgia Supreme Court, amidst growing doubt that Williams was railroaded through unsupported circumstantial evidence. It was alleged that several of the witnesses were more interested in the reward money than securing justice for the defendant. Commented Homer Williams: "It's impossible to find a young man like this guilty." Since 1981, however, the city of Atlanta has not experienced a similar outbreak of child murder, suggesting that the police and the courts had been right all along. Williams has repeatedly demanded a new trial on the grounds that important evidence was suppressed at his original trial. All of his appeals were denied.

LEONARD LAKE AND CHARLES NG/1984-85

Two of the worst kidnappers in California proved to be the bloodlusting Leonard Lake (1946-85) and Charles Ng. Lake, born in San Francisco on July 20, 1946, early on became obsessed with pornography and reportedly seduced his older sisters before joining the Marine Corps in 1966. He served as a radar operator in Vietnam, but saw no action, and was shipped back to Camp Pendleton. There he was subjected to intensive psychiatric examination, which reportedly lasted two years, before his discharge in 1971.

Lake married, but the union soured when he began to collect guns and date young girls, whom he photographed for bondage magazines. He was apprehended after burglarizing materials from a construction site and received a year's probation in 1980. Lake again married—a common law union—and, in August 1981, moved to a hippie commune at a dilapidated ranch near Ukiah, California. Some months later Lake met Charles Chitat Ng.

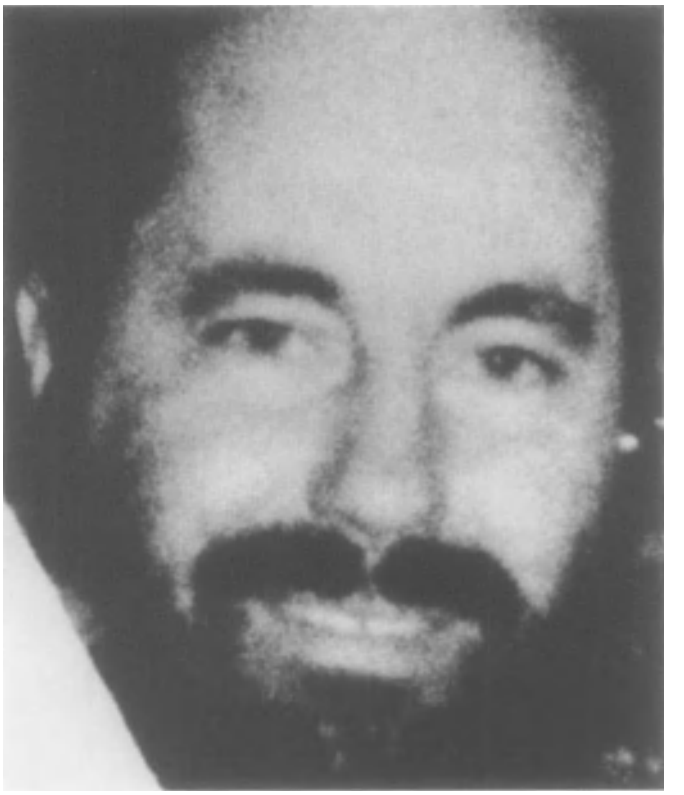
Born in either Hong Kong or Vietnam (Ng gave both locations as birthplaces at various times and his year of birth as either 1958 or 1961), Charles Chitat Ng (pronounced "ing") was reportedly the son of wealthy Chinese parents living in Hong Kong. He stole items at his school and was expelled. He was then sent to a private school in England, where he was also expelled after committing thefts. With considerable funds, Ng fled England, going to California, where he evaded a hit-and-run charge by giving false information to police and then enlisting in the Marine Corps.

Stationed in Hawaii, Ng boasted to his fellow Marines that he was a black belt "ninja warrior." He and two others broke into a Marine arsenal and stole weapons valued at $11,000. Quickly captured and kept under arrest, Ng bragged to military investigators that he had "assassinated" someone in California, but refused to name his victim. He escaped in 1981 before going to trial, being listed as a deserter. A game addict, Ng subscribed to a war game newsletter published by Leonard Lake.

Ng, at Lake's invitation, joined Lake there and a short time later U.S. Treasury and FBI agents raided the ranch, charging the pair with possession of illegal firearms. Lake posted a $3,000 bond, then disappeared. Ng, who was identified as a deserter from the Marines, was sent to prison for two years. Upon his release in 1984, Ng rejoined Lake at a mountain cabin Lake owned at Wilseyville, in the Sierra Nevada foothills about 150 miles east of San Francisco.

Lake, a psychotic survivalist, had built a bunker that served as an underground cell under his cabin, and he and Ng kept their many victims here, before they tortured and killed them. Men, women and children were kidnapped or lured to the place through advertisements offering items for sale at cheap prices, from cars to guns, or even offering jobs. When victims arrived at the cabin, they were seized, bound and then slowly tortured and then killed. All the women were raped repeatedly by both men. The total number of victims slain between 1984 and 1985 was never fully determined, but the number was estimated to be between twenty and fifty.

On June 2, 1985, Ng stole a vise from a lumberyard in



Leonard Lake, who kidnapped and murdered between twenty to fifty people in California, with sadistic henchman Charles Ng; Lake escaped punishment by committing suicide in June 1985.

The arrogant, crafty Charles Chitat Ng, shown in custody in Calgary, Canada, after fleeing California when fellow kidnapper-killer Leonard Lake was jailed; Ng later tenaciously fought extradition to the U.S., to vainly avoid a trial that later revealed how he had taunted and tormented his victims on video tapes before killing them.

South San Francisco, placing it in the trunk of a parked Honda and then, as employees walked forward to question the shoplifter, he fled on foot. Police officers arrived to see a bearded man sitting in the Honda, who identified himself with a driver's license that said he was "Robin Stapley," but the driver bore no resemblance to the photo on the license.

The stolen vise was retrieved from the trunk of the Honda and "Stapley" was arrested on charges of theft. Also found in the car was a .22-caliber pistol with a silencer attached to it. A weapons violation was added to "Stapley's" charges. The man in custody was Leonard Lake, who, while in a detaining cell, took cyanide pills hidden behind a shirt lapel and died four days later on June 6, 1985. Fingerprints taken from the dead man identified him as Leonard Lake.

The driver's license he had been using was that of one of his many murder victims. The Honda had been stolen from another victim, 39-year-old Paul Cosner, a San Francisco car dealer, who had vanished in November 1984 after telling a fellow employee that he was going to see some "weird guy" wanting to buy a car.

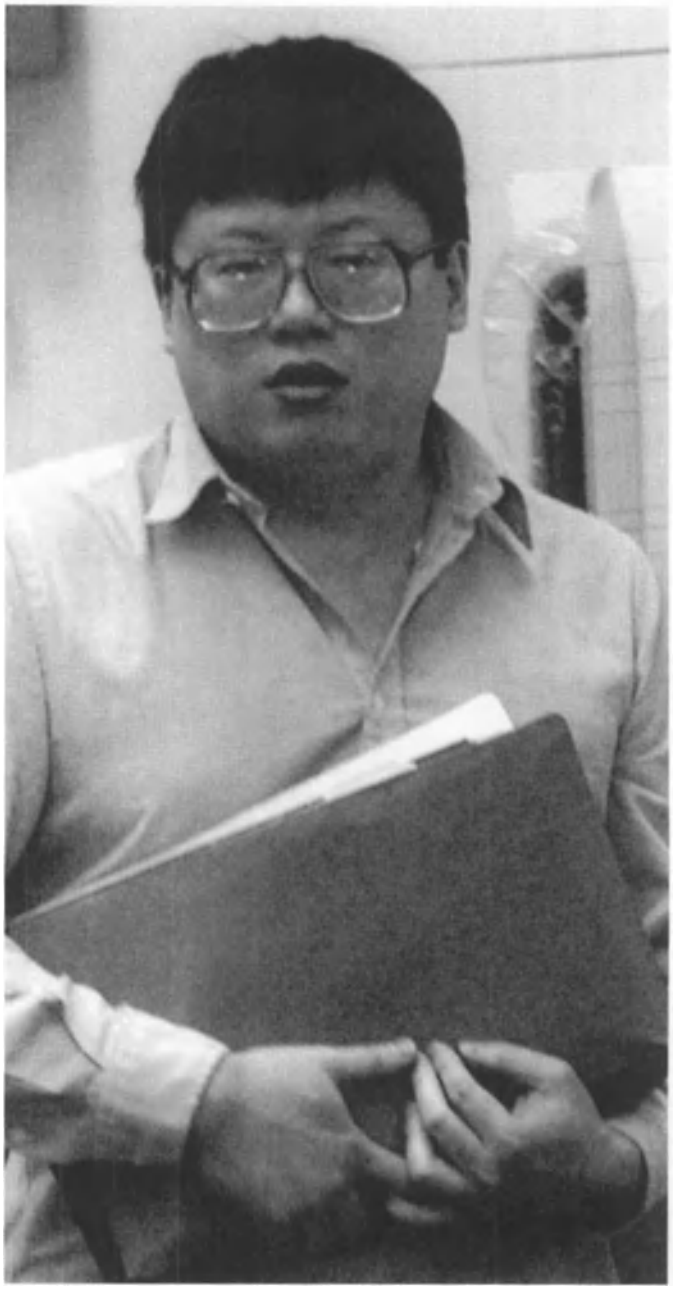
Ng, meanwhile, fled to Canada on foot, where he was arrested on a fugitive warrant and fought off extradition for six years. While being held in Canada's Edmonton Penitentiary, Ng reportedly slid notes and drawings under his cell door to fellow inmate Maurice Laberge, who later testified against him, showing the notes and drawings. One of Ng's drawings showed him frying a baby in a wok with the caption, "Daddy died, momma cried, baby fried." Other drawings by Ng showed women being raped and strangled and babies being smashed, drowned, fried or put into a microwave oven.

Police then found Lake's cabin near Wilseyville, discovering his diaries, which described in obscene terms the many murders he and Ng had committed. They also found video and sound equipment Lake and Ng had used to record the torture, rapes and murders inflicted upon their victims, as well as video tapes of many of these gruesome mutilations. One was identified as Deborah Dubs, who, with her husband and infant son Sean, had been reported missing from their San Francisco home on July 25, 1984 and had been subsequently killed by the murderous Lake and Ng.

Ng was finally extradited to California and was able to stall off his trial by insisting that he receive a change of venue, that publicity in Northern California was so prejudiced against him that he could not get a fair trial there. His trial was eventually moved to Santa Ana, California, in Orange County, but the case was purposely dragged on and on by Ng, who hired and fired attorneys. It would become one of the most expensive cases in California history, costing more than $14 million.

When Ng finally did go to trial, he ignored his lawyer's advice and talked openly, denying that he killed anyone. Yet, videotapes that Ng had taken showed him with two of the women before they were murdered. On one tape, he appeared with 19-year-old Brenda O'Connor, one of the many women he and Lake raped and then murdered. O'Connor was shown as she sat handcuffed in a chair, pleading for the lives of her boyfriend and their 1-year-old son (unknown to her at the moment, both had been murdered).

After slicing away O'Connor's shirt and bra, Ng could be seen smirking in front of the camera and telling the terrified O'Connor, "You can cry and stuff like the rest of them, but it won't do you no good. We are pretty, ha, cold-hearted."



Ng tried to blame his dead partner for scores of murders at his trial, but his defense (costing $14 million, one of the most expensive criminal cases in California history) collapsed and he was found guilty of kidnapping and killing eleven persons; he was sentenced to death on June 30, 1999.

She was murdered a short time later, her bones found among hundreds of others when police closed in on the mountainside cabin.

Throughout his trial, Ng's lawyers blamed the dead Leonard Lake for all the killings, portraying their client as nothing more than a stooge, a patsy, someone who killed no one. In the end, this lame defense fell apart. On February 24, 1999, a Santa Ana jury found Ng guilty of murdering six men, three women and two baby boys. He was to pay for these horrendous serial murders with his life after a jury recommended the death penalty on May 3, 1999. Ng was sentenced to death on June 30, 1999. The conniving kidnapper-killer immediately began preparing the many appeals that would prolong his miserable life.

THE FAMILY MAN KIDNAPPER/1988-89

In February 1989, the family of 17-year-old Shari Dawn Teets of Lexington, South Carolina, placed an advertisement in a local paper to sell their waterbed. The ad was answered on February 6, 1989, by Richard Daniel Starrett (b.1960), an engineering technician and family man. Starrett arrived at the Teets' home when Shari was alone.

After examining the waterbed as if he were interested, he drew a gun and forced Shari to return with him to his apartment in Martinez, Georgia, a suburb of Augusta, just across the state line. There he held her for four days, much of the time handcuffed in a closet. While Starrett drank himself into a stupor, Shari Teets escaped early on Saturday morning, February 11, 1989.

She ran to a neighbor's house and sobbed out her kidnapping. She next led police back to Starrett's residence. Starrett, however, had fled, but police found criminology textbooks detailing how police investigate serial crimes—particularly kidnapping and child molestation; a collection of pornographic magazines and videotapes, including tapes of himself assaulting women; and books about serial killer Ted Bundy. Lexington County, South Carolina, Sheriff James Metts said the preliminary investigation showed Starrett "was having trouble at work and at home and developed a serious drinking problem."

Starrett was arrested on February 15, 1989, by Harris County, Texas, sheriff's deputies conducting a routine license plate check on cars at an interstate rest stop outside Houston. A barefoot Starrett was sleeping in his red sports car with a .38-caliber handgun on the seat between his legs. A deputy aimed a 12-gauge shotgun at him before they woke him.

Starrett waived his right to challenge extradition and returned east, where he faced investigations in six states. In cooperating with police, he led South Carolina authorities to a creek in rural Newberry County, northwest of Columbia, where he had abandoned the body of 15-year-old Jean Taylor McCrea after abducting, raping, and shooting her to death just before Christmas 1988.

Starrett told police that while his wife and children were away on trips to see family members, he would hunt for young girls to kidnap and rape. He confessed to sexual assaults in the Columbia, Charleston, and Atlanta areas, seven in all. He was formally charged on February 17, 1989 with kidnapping and raping a 12-year-old girl from Lexington County, South Carolina, on June 21, 1988. He was indicted on March 10, 1989 by a Richland County, South Carolina, grand jury on four counts of kidnapping and one count of criminal sexual conduct for his activities in and around Columbia.

Kidnapper-killer Richard Daniel Starrett (shown in wheelchair), who went to prison for life.

The day Starrett pleaded not guilty to those charges, Charleston County, South Carolina, officials presented warrants for his arrest on charges of first-degree burglary, kidnapping, and criminal sexual conduct. The charges were based on an incident in June 1988 in which a Charleston woman was

handcuffed and videotaped as she was being assaulted by a man who answered an ad in the paper—Starrett's usual modus operandi. He later faced nine criminal counts in Columbia County, Georgia, where he lived.

In March 1989, Starrett went on two hunger strikes and attempted suicide by slashing his wrists after his wife filed for divorce. A South Carolina state psychiatrist diagnosed Starrett as suffering from depression but determined that he still could distinguish right from wrong. A second psychiatrist, Dr. Harold Morgan, stated that Starrett's crimes stemmed from paraphilia, a compulsive sexual disorder that constituted an unusual form of mental illness. Morgan recommended counseling and hormonal therapy to control Starrett's sex drive.

The prosecutors had prepared to present another side of Starrett. Their investigations showed he had researched police procedure to learn how to leave less evidence and how to make his crimes against children look more like missing-person cases than abductions. At least twice, Starrett had passed up opportunities to assault girls because he recognized the possibility of being caught.

Authorities believe he passed up other opportunities because when he showed up at one would-be victim's door, she was not as pretty as he had expected. Although he had no prior arrests, Starrett used aliases to rent locations he could use as crime scenes, and planned his assaults for occasions when he knew his wife would be out of town. Authorities believe these details indicated that Starrett was calculating in his approach, rather than driven by uncontrollable impulses.

The prosecutors, however, did not need to present evidence in Columbia, for when Starrett went to court there on June 19, 1989, he pleaded guilty, but mentally ill, and remarked before sentencing that he was tormented by "anguish, remorse, and self-hatred." Circuit Judge J. Ernest Kinard, Jr. gave him the maximum of life in prison for kidnapping and twenty years for criminal sexual conduct, to be served consecutively.

Starrett was also arraigned in the city of Lexington, South Carolina, on July 6, 1989, but was not charged in the death of Jean McCrea. When her name was mentioned in court, he covered his ears and fell to the floor, sobbing, "Don't say her name." Starrett later told investigators that he killed Jean Taylor McCrea because he was falling in love with her. After he shot her, he said, he wrapped her body in a green blanket and trash bags, then drove her body to a creek bed near her home in Irmo, South Carolina, where he dumped it as one might discard a bag of garbage.

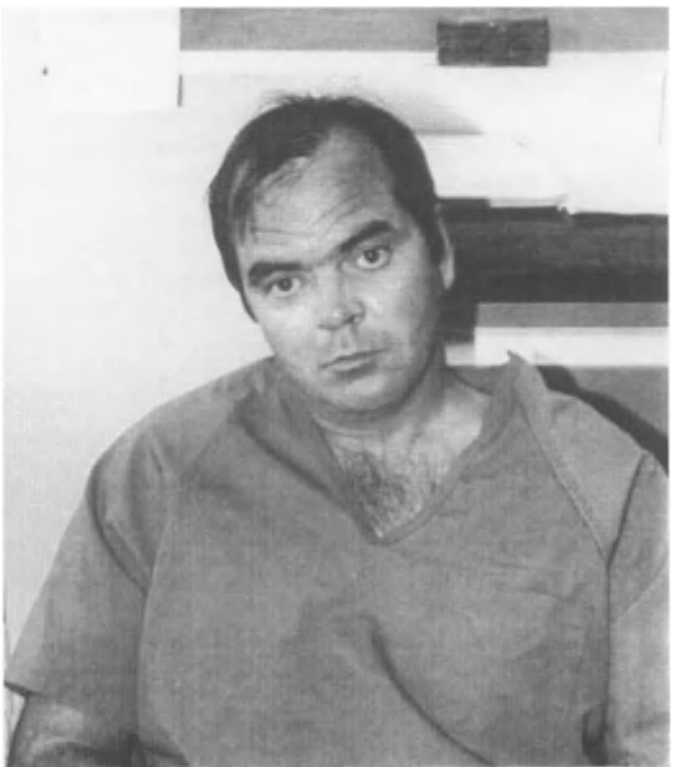
Starrett pleaded guilty in Columbia to the kidnappings of the unidentified 12-year-old and of Shari Teets. He received two more life sentences, to be served consecutively. He was on another hunger strike and had to be wheeled in and out of the courthouse in a wheelchair due to weakness from hunger. His mother speculated that the self-imposed fasting was an act of penance. She repeated doctors' suggestions that her son's behavior might have been rooted to two concussions he had sustained during childhood that caused headaches and damaged his growth. Richard Daniel Starrett is, as this writing, serving life in prison in South Carolina with no possibility of parole.

THE SELF-ACCLAIMED MONSTER/ August 1, 1991

The news of Jeffrey Dahmer's (see Cannibalism) serial killings had no sooner burst into headlines in 1991 when an even more shocking self-admitted kidnapper-killer was identified, Donald Leroy Evans (1957-99). Arrested in August 1991 in Biloxi, Miss., Evans confessed to kidnapping, raping and murdering Beatrice Louise Routh, a homeless 10-year-old child, on August 1, 1991, the day the girl disappeared from a playground in Gulfport, Mississippi.

Evans, a native of Watervliet, Michigan, who was living in Galveston, Texas, at the time of the Routh kidnapping and murder, led police to the girl's shallow grave ten days after he kidnapped, raped and strangled her to death. He was tried and convicted in 1993 for the Routh kidnapping and murder and sentenced to death, but authorities did not close the case on Evans.

Almost immediately after his original confession, Evans began to recite a list of murders he had committed, telling



Donald Leroy Evans, who was sentenced to death for the kidnapping-murder of a 10-year-old girl; before he was killed by a fellow inmate in the state penitentiary at Parchman, Mississippi, on January 4, 1999, Evans arrogantly claimed to have slain more than sixty people in twenty-one states.

Mississippi authorities that he had been killing people since his discharge from the Marine Corps in 1977. He claimed to have murdered more than sixty people, which would, if substantiated, have made him the worst serial killer in 20th Century America. He insisted that he had raped and murdered six women in Illinois, California, and Texas and he rattled off more victims in more states.

On August 15, 1991, George Payne, police chief of Gulfport, Mississippi, announced that federal and local law enforcement officials would be investigating all of Evans' murder allegations, although Payne had little regard for the kidnapper's statements, believing that the kidnapper was inflating his murder lists to boost his own terrible image as a human monster. "You're not going to see us doing a Henry Lee Lucas thing," Payne said. Payne's reference was to drifter Henry Lee Lucas (see Murder: Serial Killers), then on death row in Texas. Lucas had boasted that he had slain more than six hundred persons, causing an exhaustive and expensive nation-wide hunt for the bodies of these so-called victims. (Out of this outlandish, incredible murder list, three of these victims, including his own mother, were substantiated as actual killings performed by Lucas.)

One of the many people Evans claimed to have killed was Ira Jean Smith, a prostitute in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, insisting that he had strangled Smith to death in 1985. He went to trial for this killing in 1994 in Fort Lauderdale and attempted to glean as much publicity as he could through eccentric behavior and outlandish demands. Evans repeatedly insisted that he be allowed to wear his Ku Klux Klan costume—a white robe and hood—during the trial and that his name be officially changed to "Hi Hitler," so that all records would refer to him under that name.

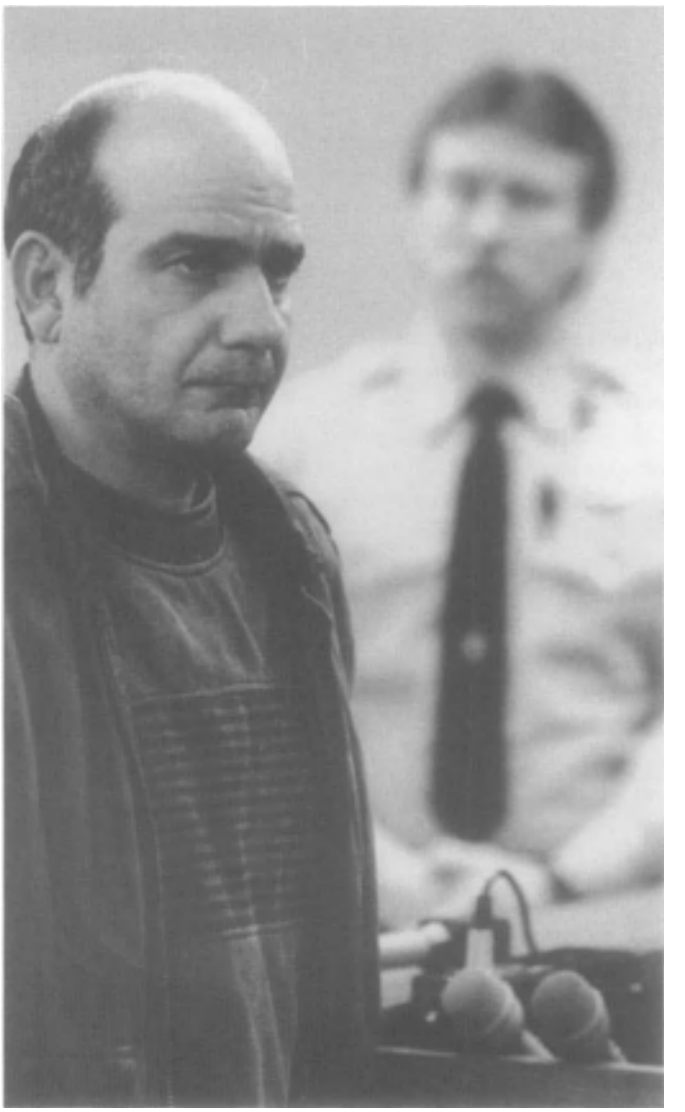
Hitler, Evans said, was his idol and he wanted to emulate the German dictator. At one point, he shouted that the records be changed to read "State of Florida vs. Hi Hitler." His demands were ignored. No one even bothered to tell the illiterate, uneducated Evans that Adolf Hitler's followers employed the hail of "Heil Hitler," not "Hi Hitler." The last of four attorneys attempting to defend Evans in the Smith case found his client wholly uncooperative and asked that he be allowed to withdraw from the case, saying: "Our attorney-client relationship has gone downhill from the moment it began." Evans was convicted for the Smith murder and given a life sentence, although he still awaited execution in Mississippi for the Routh killing.

Following his return to death row in Mississippi, Evans continued to insist that he had slain more than sixty people in twenty-one states. Investigations into those killings dragged on, until January 4, 1999. On that day, Jimmie Mack, another death row inmate at the state penitentiary in Parchman, Mississippi, attacked and stabbed Evans to death, while both men were being led back to their cells, following a confrontation between Evans and Mack as they were being led to the prison shower room.

Mack, a Negro, who had been sentenced to death for the 1990 beating death of a man in Gunnison, Mississippi, killed Evans with a home-made knife called a "shank." It was believed that the killing of Evans, who publicly stated his racial prejudices as a white supremacist, had enraged Mack by his bigoted remarks and prompted the attack. District Attorney Cono Caranna, who prosecuted Evans for the Routh murder, stated: "We do not mourn him. We simply close his file. Everything I saw in his life was pure self-involvement and as close to evil as I have ever seen."

THE GIRL IN THE HOLE/December 28, 1992

A bachelor all his life, building contractor and handyman John Esposito (b.1950) of Bay Shore, Long Island, New York, was a suspect in the 1992 disappearance of 9-year-old Katie Beers, who lived with her crippled godmother, Linda Inghilleri and, on occasions, with her unemployed mother, Marilyn Beers. She had reportedly been sexually abused by Inghilleri's husband, Sal Inghilleri, a charge denied by the



John Esposito, of Bay Shore, Long Island, New York, who kidnapped his neighbor's child, 9-year-old Katie Beers, on December 28, 1992, and held her for almost three weeks in an underground pit; Esposito confessed and was sentenced to fifteen years to life.

man who claimed Marilyn Beers had invented the charge in a custody battle over Katie.

The girl was befriended by a neighbor, John Esposito, who had a child's playground behind his Bay Shore property, replete with swimming pool, deck, basketball court, and play area. Two days before her tenth birthday, Esposito took Katie on an outing to a video arcade on December 28, 1992 and later that day tearfully reported that she vanished from his sight.

Police searched for the girl for sixteen days. Investigators also closely watched Esposito, a surveillance so intense that it apparently unnerved the contractor. His anxiety at being watched and trailed by police, his every move monitored, eventually prompted Esposito to voluntarily go to officials on January 13, 1993, and admit that he had taken the girl. He led police to an underground dungeon he had constructed eighteen months earlier, one built beneath his garage, its entrance covered with a 200-pound concrete slab.

Inside of this dark, dank place, chained by the neck to a wall, officers found Katie Beers still alive. Freeing the girl, authorities quickly placed Katie Beers in a foster home. Police inspecting the Esposito home also found photos of other unidentified children, believing that Esposito had kidnapped them and perhaps murdered them, although no bodies were found of these children. He denied at that time that he had abducted or injured any other children.

A police check revealed that Esposito had a few years earlier pleaded guilty to unlawful imprisonment and sexual offenses of a young boy, but had escaped long-term punishment in that case. In the Katie Beers case, Esposito was charged with kidnapping and was convicted and sent to prison to serve fifteen years to life.

Authorities then reviewed the charges against Sal Inghilleri and gathered enough evidence to prosecute him for sexually abusing Katie Beers years earlier. He was convicted and was sentenced to four to twelve years in prison. Inghilleri served eight years and was paroled in 2002 at the age of forty-nine.

Katie Beers later graduated from high school with honors, going to college on a scholarship, majoring in psychology and planning to attend law school. Her nightmare experience saw a happy outcome, but she was the exception in a rapidly increasing trend of child kidnappings, most of which, according to an FBI report, resulted in death.

The Bureau estimated that an estimated 37,000 children were murdered in the U.S. between 1976 and 1994. Children under the age of eighteen accounted for eleven percent of all murder victims in 1994 and nearly half of these child victims were between the ages of fifteen and seventeen. One in five child victims were known to have been killed by another child.

"SHOOT DOWN THAT RABID DOG!"/1993

A child molester and serial child killer who may have murdered as many as a dozen young children, Lewis S. Lent, Jr. (b.1950), was a former Bible student and theater janitor living in North Adams, Massachusetts, when Pittsfield police arrested him in 1993 for the attempted abduction of a 12-year-old girl. At the time of his arrest, Lent reportedly confessed to having abducted, molested, and murdered 12-year-old Sarah Anne Wood, who vanished from her Franklin, New York, home on August 18, 1993, while riding her bike to a summer bible school about a mile from her home.

Lewis S. Lent, Jr., who may have kidnapped and murdered a dozen children, is shown (wearing glasses) in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on April 29, 1996, after pleading guilty to killing a 12-year-old boy; he was sent to prison for life.

The search for Wood, the daughter of a church lay pastor, had been massive and included a reward poster that was mailed to fifty million households across the country, the largest known mailing ever distributed in the U.S. for a missing child. When investigators from New York confronted Lent, however, he recanted his statements about the Wood girl.

Placed on trial for the attempted abduction of the Pittsfield girl, Lent was found guilty on January 12, 1995, and was sentenced to seventeen to twenty years in prison. Five months later, Lent was charged and tried for the October 1990 murder of 12-year-old Jimmy Bernardo, also of Pittsfield, who had been abducted and murdered, his naked body dumped near Newfield, Massachusetts, in November 1990. Rather than face trial, Lent pleaded guilty to the Bernardo murder and received a life sentence.

Though he insisted that he was innocent of kidnapping and killing Sarah Anne Wood, Lent was arraigned for the abduction on June 7, 1996. As he was being led up the steps of the Herkimer County Courthouse that day (wearing a bullet-proof vest), a throng of angry citizens cursed Lent, one shouting: "Why put that bastard on trial—shoot down that rabid dog!" He went on trial for this crime on October 24, 1996.

A day before the trial, Lent, following his usual course of legal action, pleaded guilty to second-degree murder and was sentenced to twenty-five years to life in prison. He refused to tell officials where he had buried the body of Sarah Anne Wood. The girl's parents, Robert and Frances Wood pleaded in court with Lent to give them the location of their child's body, but Lent would say nothing.

Frances Wood showed the kidnapper photos of his victim and talked about how the girl loved to dance and read poetry. Seeing no response from the killer, who sat passively behind thick-lensed glasses, Mrs. Wood concluded: "This is probably a waste of time trying to express to you that she was a person. You are her murderer."

Lent was later pinpointed as the kidnapper of missing 16-year-old Jaime Lusher, who vanished on November 6, 1992, after leaving home on his new bicycle—his birthday present—in Westfield, Massachusetts, while pedaling toward his grandmother's home in Blandford. The bike was later found off a lonely road, but the boy was never located. Westfield police stated that two eyewitnesses insisted that they saw Lent in the area at the time of the Lusher disappearance, but he was not charged in that case.

The convicted kidnapper also became the prime suspect in the kidnapping and murder of 10-year-old Holly Piirainen, who vanished from her grandparents' home in Sturbridge, Massachusetts on August 5, 1992. The girl's skeletal remains were located in a wooded area near Brimfield on October 23, 1993.

THE KIDNAPPINGS IN BELGIUM/1994-1995

A convicted child molester, Marc Dutroux (b.1963) reportedly led a gang of child kidnappers who abducted young girls, used them in pornographic films, raped them and held them as sex slaves, their horrific activities protected by policemen. In August 1995, two girls, one 12 and one 14, were freed from an underground dungeon in one of Dutroux's homes in Charleroi. Four bodies of other young girls were dug up on Dutroux's property.

Arrested, Dutroux was charged with kidnapping, rape and murder. It was thought that he and gang members had abducted and used as sex slaves and child prostitutes more than thirteen other missing Belgian girls before murdering them. Dutroux allegedly offered to pay kidnappers $5,000 for each young girl brought to him and his henchmen.

The arrest of Dutroux was followed by the arrests of several Belgian police officers who had reportedly protected Dutroux's operation, sharing in his high-end returns from child prostitution and pornography. Dutroux had been sentenced in 1989 to thirteen years in prison for kidnapping, torturing and raping children, but had served only three years of his sentence, being released early, it was claimed, through bribery of corrupt politicians, lawmen, and court officials. Dutroux, a clever, cunning criminal, had convinced officials that he had been rehabilitated by his imprisonment and was released in 1991.

Though under constant suspicion in the disappearances of many young girls, Dutroux was simply picked up and routinely questioned, then released to go about his child prostitution business. At the same time, incredibly, he collected $1,200 in public assistance. A court of inquiry later rejected the accusations that police directly aided Dutroux in his illegal activities, saying that the police were simply inept.

In 1993, police officials received a report that Dutroux was constructing underground makeshift cells in one of his houses, where he planned to hold kidnapped children before they were shipped overseas into child sex slavery, particularly to the Orient, where the children would be reportedly filmed while being raped and then murdered on camera in so-called "snuff" movies, which were purchased by perverted high-ranking government officials and business leaders, these voyeurs paying between $20,000 and $40,000 each for such films.

At right: Belgium's most notorious criminal, Marc Dutroux, in handcuffs, is shown entering court on August 16, 1996; he confessed to abducting at least two of the dozens of children he was accused of kidnapping and killing in a white slavery operation, where he reportedly sold abducted children to wealthy degenerates as sex slaves, a scandal that rocked the nation.

Further, Dutroux, who became Belgium's most notorious criminal, was linked with high officials, who had been accused of committing similar crimes. In November 1996, prosecutors petitioned the Belgium Parliament to lift the official immunity of 45-year-old Elio Di Rupo, Belgium's deputy prime minister, so he could be charged with having illegal sex with underage boys. Similar charges were made at that time against 64-year-old Jean-Pierre Grafe, a regional minister.

Most disturbing at the same time were revelations of a vast network of child pornography controlled by Marc Dutroux. When the public discovered that Dutroux, a sex offender of long standing, had been released early from prison against the advice of prosecutors and that he had effected his release due to payoffs to corrupt police officials, the outcry in Belgium was deafening.

More than 300,000 irate citizens marched through the streets of Brussels on October 20, 1996, demanding that the government corruption be stopped. Most of all, the public was incensed that more than a dozen children were missing, presumably kidnapped, raped and murdered by Dutroux and possibly others, and that officials seemed indifferent to the fate of these hapless children.

Meanwhile, Dutroux claimed that his two accomplices, Bernard Weinstein, a businessman and politician, and Michel Lelievre, a drifter who stayed in one of Dutroux's houses, had actually carried out the kidnappings of Julie Lejeune and Melissa Russo in August 1995, at a time when police actually searched the house (on August 24, 1995) in which the girls were held captive (silenced by being drugged) in their underground chamber. Dutroux allegedly claimed that he had paid Weinstein and Lelievre $1,600 for each girl they kidnapped for him.

Michelle Martin, Dutroux's wife and the mother of three children, was later implicated in the kidnapping and pornographic operations of her husband. Even though two kidnapped girls were held in the underground cell of one of the Dutroux houses when Dutroux was imprisoned, the kidnapper's wife knew of their presence and did nothing to effect their release.

Dutroux, his wife and Lelievre were arrested on August 13, 1996. A short time later Dutroux began to talk about his crimes, telling police to go to one of his houses where they found two dead girls, Melissa Russo and Julie Lejeune, as well as Dutroux's former accomplice, Weinstein. Dutroux blamed Weinstein for allowing the two girls to die of starvation and in retaliation, he said, he gave Weinstein barbiturates and, while his accomplice was in a drugged state, buried him alive next to the bodies of the two girls. Dutroux then told police where they could find two other girls, Laetitia Delheze and Sabine Dardenne, who were being held prisoner in one of his houses. Officials found the girls alive.

Police began digging up the basements and gardens of all of Dutroux's houses. Under the floor of a shack in a garden behind one house they found the bodies of 17-year-old An Marchal and 19-year-old Eefje Lambrecks. Dutroux admitted to raping and killing both of these girls. Dutroux, imprisoned at this writing since 1996, later recanted his confessions, insisted that he was innocent of all the crimes attributed to him and mounted a spirited defense, although his lawyers found him impossible to work with, one of these, Daniel Kahn, withdrawing from the case in July 2003.

At the time, Dutroux was positioned as a lone predator and that there was no secret network of wealthy sponsors financing his kidnapping and forced sex operations, a contention disbelieved by most Belgians, as well as attorney Kahn. Enforcing this belief was the fact that Dutroux's trial, and that of his wife and Lelievre, has been repeatedly and inexplicably postponed, the new trial date expected some time in 2004.

"THE MONSTER WITHIN CHARLES RATHBUN"/November 16, 1995

Linda Sobek, an attractive 27-year-old blonde who worked as a model and had been a cheerleader for the Los Angeles Raiders, vanished from her home in Hermosa Beach, California, on November 16, 1995. Police looked everywhere for a clue and finally learned that photographer Charles Rathbun (b.1957), also of Hermosa Beach, had been the last person to see Sobek.

California photographer Charles Rathbun sits passively listening to Judge Donald Pitts as he sentences him to life imprisonment on December 16, 1996, for the kidnapping, rape and murder of 27-year-old model, Linda Sobek.

Police called the photographer and asked him to come to headquarters, but Rathbun stalled them time and again. Finally, he arrived almost dead drunk to tell police that he had accidentally run over Sobek, while demonstrating a high-speed turn. Discovering her dead, he panicked and buried her body.

When detectives appeared skeptical, he began to spin off another tale, a stranger story, one that involved him driving Sobek into the desert, where he began a photo session with her, using a Lexus sport utility vehicle as a prop. He said she suddenly was seized by a fit that compelled him to sit on her to calm her down. Inexplicably, he said, she suddenly died of asphyxiation.

Panic gripped him, Rathbun explained, so he hid the body. He would gladly take police to the site and he did. Nine days after Sobek's disappearance, the photographer took police to her shallow grave next to a lonely road in the Los Angeles National Forest amidst the rugged San Gabriel Mountains.

The condition of Linda Sobek's body, according to a coroner's report, indicated that she had been raped, sodomized with a blunt instrument, and then strangled to death. By this time, police had unearthed information that described how Rathbun had earlier been arrested and charged with the rape of a married woman, but he had escaped prosecution.

That record indicated Rathbun might be a sexual predator. The coroner's report was nevertheless explicit, pointing directly to the murder of Linda Sobek. Rathbun was charged and held for trial. He reportedly attempted to shoot himself shortly before his arrest and, when jailed and awaiting trial, he tried to cut his wrists in his cell. He botched both attempts.

Rathbun tried to mount a defense by having his attorneys place into evidence an unclear photo of a naked woman touching herself sexually. That gesture, Rathbun insisted, caused the model to go into spasms and die. It was not uncommon for Rathbun to photograph attractive models at remote California locations. He had become quite successful in selling "cheesecake-and-car" shots to many automotive magazines.

Stephen Kay, Los Angeles deputy district attorney, examined the photo carefully and realized that it showed the dashboard of a car, which was not that of the Lexus used in the fatal photo shoot. When he brought this to the attention of Rathbun on the witness stand, the defendant mumbled some sort of incoherent explanation. The photo was a blatant fake Rathbun had staged to mislead prosecutors. Kay would not be misled. He pointed out that the woman in the photo was not that of Linda Sobek, but of another model Rathbun had photographed.

The analysis of the photo in evidence was conducted by the National Law Enforcement and Corrections Technology Center (NLECTC), located in El Segundo, California. The NLECTC had completed image analysis and enhancement for police departments in more than 200 criminal cases. Also examined in Rathbun's extensive photo collection were shots of many other attractive models, who were "portraying death," according to officials, pointing out Rathbun's obsession with murder. (A number of other missing girls were alleged to have been kidnapped and slain by Rathbun, but he consistently denied having committed such crimes, particularly the abduction and murder of an attractive Latino model, whose body was found in 1993.)

Using NLECTC's report, Stephen Kay utterly discredited the photo. Next he portrayed Rathbun as a predator beast. "He literally tortured Linda Sobek," Kay told the jury, "as he repeatedly assaulted her." The excruciating pain suffered by the victim, he said, "defies comprehension."

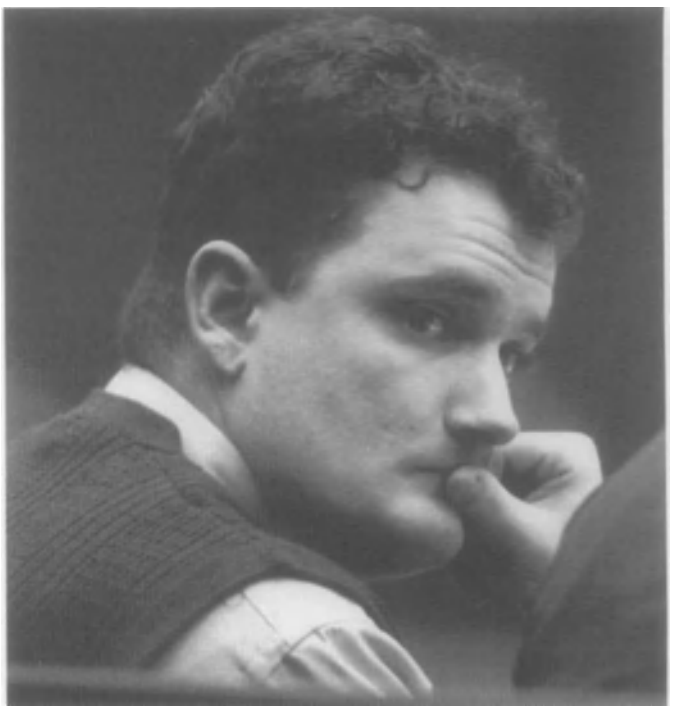
On November 1, 1996, a jury in Torrance, California, returned a guilty verdict of first-degree murder. Rathbun, a pale-faced, fish-mouthed killer with deep-set eyes glaring from behind large glasses, said nothing. He was just as impassive when he was sentenced to life in prison by Superior Court Judge Donald Pitts on December 16, 1996. He received an additional eight-year sentence for the felony of anal rape with a foreign object.

Judge Pitts concluded by stating, "Linda Sobek experienced a death of unspeakable horror and brutality. The physical torture and emotional torture she experienced prior to her death demonstrates the monster within Charles Rathbun."

"STAY AWAY FROM HIM"/October 1, 1997

Jeffrey Curley, a 10-year-old boy living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, had had three bicycles stolen over the past few months, and Jeffrey like nothing more than riding his bike. The boy met a young man who promised to give him a bicycle and Jeffrey told his mother about it. She said, "Nobody gets a bike for free. Stay away from him." A few days later the boy told his mother she was right; he was not going to get the bike.

On October 1, 1997, Jeffrey Curley was approached by two men in a Cadillac. They were 22-year-old Charles Jaynes (b.1975), an overweight homosexual predator, and his 21-year-old lover Salvatore Sicari (b.1976). Jaynes and Sicari had been



Salvatore Sicari, who, with his homosexual lover, Charles Jaynes, abducted and killed 10-year-old Jeffrey Curley in Cambridge, Massachusetts on October 1, 1997; Sicari, who went to prison for life, participated in the search for the boy, while knowing where the body was hidden.

Charles Jaynes (heavyset man center, head bent forward), a black car repairman in Brockton, Masschusetts, is shown wearing a bullet-proof vest as officers hustle him toward the court building in Newton, on October 3, 1997 (police had received a report that citizens planned to shoot Jaynes before he went to trial); Jaynes was sent to prison for life.

stalking the boy for weeks and one report had it that they were the very persons who had stolen his bicycles in order to offer him a new one as a lure to having sex with them.

When Curley refused, the men offered him a bike, plus $50 in cash. He still refused. Then the men dragged him into the Cadillac and sped off. While in the car, one of the men smothered Curley to death with a gas-soaked rag. The men drove to an apartment in Manchester, New Hampshire, where these two inhuman beasts sexually assaulted the body of the dead boy. They then dumped the body into a plastic container filled with cement and lime and drove to the Great Works River, a tributary of the Piscataqua River, and dumped the container into the water, not far from South Berwick, Maine.

Following his disappearance, a widespread search ensued for Curley. Dozens of Cambridge neighbors passed out flyers describing the boy. One of those passing out flyers was Salvatore Sicari, one of his kidnappers and abductors. Several older boys and relatives of Curley, then received a tip that an auto reconditioner from Brockton, Massachusetts, had been seen talking to Curley shortly before he vanished.

The youths went to a car dealership on the night of October 2, 1997, confronting the reconditioner, Charles Jaynes. When he gave contradictory replies to their questions, the youths attempted to drag Jaynes into a car, but police were called and rescued him from what might have been a vigilante-style execution. His lover, Sicari, was picked up a short time later. Sicari almost immediately pleaded innocent, telling police that Jaynes had killed Curley. He then lied in telling them that the body had been dumped near Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Sicari stated that he saw Curley for the last time on October 1, 1997, the day of his kidnapping, and that the boy had threatened to have his dog attack him. Sicari told police that he shouted a counter-threat at Curley at the time, that he would kill his dog if he didn't stop. It was Jaynes who offered the bicycle to Curley, said Sicari and he said he warned the boy to stay away from the heavyset Jaynes.

Feelings against the two predators were so high that when Sicari left a Newton, Massachusetts, courthouse after testifying, swarms of angry residents mobbed him and his police escort, screaming obscenities at the killer. When Jaynes was brought to the same courthouse, he was ordered to run into the building by a squad of policemen who surrounded him. Jaynes and the officers all wore bullet-proof vests. They had received a tip that snipers were planning to kill both Jaynes and Sicari.

When hearing that Sicari had informed on him, Jaynes pinpointed Sicari as the actual killer, and the man behind the plot to abduct and molest Curley. When the boy resisted, Jaynes said, Sicari angrily smothered him to death. Police, however, concluded that it was Jaynes, who was the leader of the kidnapping-murder of Curley.

When arresting the kidnapper, officers found in Jaynes' wallet receipts for recent purchases, including a new bicycle, lime and cement bought at Home Depot, a Rubbermaid container and No-Doz pills. A video camera had recorded these purchases, showing both Jaynes and Sicari carrying away the items. Both men were charged with child molestation, kidnapping and murder. Both were found guilty and given life sentences.

Charles Jaynes presently resides at the Massachusetts Correctional Institute at Concord, where he is serving out his life sentence. Jaynes attempts to communicate with anyone who will chat with him on the Internet. In some 2002 online correspondence he stated: "I'm a sentimental con [convict], not ashamed to cry if a movie or book touches me, or life for that matter ... I dislike people who are ignorant enough to believe all they read and see in the news media as the absolute truth ... I like to meet different people and learn about different places ... I've been to Paris and London and would love to hear from you, down the street or around the world... "

ALL OTHER NOTABLE WORLDWIDE KIDNAPPINGS AND SKYJACKINGS IN THE 20TH CENTURY

Note: The following entries profile kidnappings and skyjackings for ransom payment or abductions committed on the part of sexual predators, and do not include the politically-motivated terrorist skyjackings and kidnappings (such as the Patty Hearst case and the abductions of Aldo Moro, James R. Cross, Pierre Laporte and others), which can be found in the chapter on Terrorism. The many kidnappings associated with serial killers can be found in the lengthy chapter on Murder, Serial Killers or Unsolved Murders. The almost routine skyjackings of the 1960s-1970s earmarked for Cuba are too numerous to cite here.

June 12, 1906: Frederick Muth, the 7-year-old son of a wealthy jeweler, was kidnapped from his school in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, by a man claiming that he had been sent to retrieve the child on behalf of the boy's mother. A ransom note demanding $500 for the boy's return was received the next day by Muth family members. Six days later, the boy was recognized by citizens when he was seen walking along a street with a man named John Keene, the spoiled son of a wealthy New York family, who had earlier embezzled $20,000 from the bank, where he had once been employed as an auditor. Keene was arrested and confessed to the Muth abduction. On June 18, 1906, he was indicted by a Philadelphia grand jury following an arraignment. He was later sentenced to prison for twenty years at hard labor.

March 7, 1907: Horace Marvin, Jr., the small child of a wealthy physician in Kitts Hummock, Delaware, southeast of Dover in Kent County, vanished from his home and was never seen again. Officials presumed that the boy had been kidnapped, although no ransom was ever demanded for his return. On March 23, 1907, President Theodore Roosevelt offered federal aid in tracking down the kidnapper, but since no federal investigating agency then existed for such purposes, little could be done. This case, as well as others prompted U.S. Attorney General Charles J. Bonaparte to establish a permanent investigative force answerable only to the U.S. Department of Justice on July 26, 1908. This force, which consisted mostly of former U.S. Secret Service agents, some freelance detectives and banking examiners, was christened the "Bureau of Investigation" (forerunner to the Federal Bureau of Investigation/FBI) by U.S. Attorney General George W. Wickersham on March 16, 1909. Long before that time, Delaware's governor had offered a reward of $2,000 for information that might lead to the whereabouts of Horace Marvin, Jr., but no one responded. Years later, ambiguous sightings of the missing Marvin boy were reported in Iowa, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Utah and even in England. Ransom demands finally surfaced but all proved to be hoaxes.

President Theodore Roosevelt offered help in finding the Marvin boy.

June 8, 1907: A Black Hand gang abducted 7-year-old Walter Lamana outside his father's funeral home in New Orleans, Louisiana. Peter Lamana, the boy's father, received a ransom note three days later in which the kidnappers demanded $6,000 for the safe return of his son. It was not learned if the father ever attempted to pay the ransom, but, on June 12, 1907, a large group of Italian residents gathered in a public square to denounce the Black Hand and then conducted a widespread search for the missing boy. A witness came forward to identify Anthony Costa as the man last seen with the boy. Costa was arrested on June 14, 1907. Meanwhile, Frank Gendusa was apprehended, along with letters he was carrying that had been written by his brother, Anthony Gendusa., handwriting that was matched to the writing on that ransom note. Leonardo Gebbia, another member of the Black Hand extortion gang, was also arrested and he led officials to the farm of Ignazio Campisciano, where the boy's body was found buried in a shallow grave. In two long trials, Gebbia, and his sister, Nicolina, were convicted of the kidnapping and murder of Walter Lamana and both were sentenced to death. The 20-year-old Gebbia was executed on July 16, 1909. His sister's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. The remaining members of the Black Hand ring drew long prison terms.

February 8, 1909: Tony Reddes, age ten, was reportedly kidnapped from his father's meat store in New York City. No ransom was demanded and the boy was never seen again.

May 25, 1913: Peter Kurten abducted and murdered an 8-year-old girl in Dusseldorf, Germany (he was later known as the Monster of Dusseldorf). Kurten would go on to kidnap and kill at least fifteen more children before his capture in 1930 (see Serial Killers).

August 7, 1914: Teenager Catherine C. Larkin was abducted at her Bronx, New York, school by George Webb, the school's custodian. The girl was later located and identified her kidnapper. Webb was given a long prison term.

December 17, 1915: Cordelia Stevenson, an attractive, young black woman, who had openly criticized the brutal activities of the Ku Klux Klan, was abducted from her home in Columbus, Mississippi. She was repeatedly raped and then lynched,

her body left to dangle for days, until the corpse was discovered by a farmer. Her kidnappers were never identified.

May 30, 1917: Lloyd Keet, the 14-month-old son of a wealthy banker in Springfield, Missouri, was reportedly abducted by several kidnappers, who overpowered the servant taking care of the child and fled with the boy, sending a ransom note to the Keet family the next day, which demanded a $6,000 payment. On June 1, 1917, the boy's body was found at the bottom of a well on a deserted farm. Three suspects were later arrested and tried for the abduction-murder. Claude Piersol was convicted and sent to prison for thirty-five years. Taylor Adams was given a fifteen-year sentence and his son, Maxie Adams, went to prison for twenty-five years.

October 19, 1919: William O. Jenkins, a U.S. consulate officer and cotton mill operator in Puebla, Mexico, was kidnapped by five heavily-armed Mexican bandits after they had looted his office. Jenkins was held in a mountainous cave while his captors demanded a ransom of 300,000 pesos. The Mexican government first refused, then, on October 26, agreed to pay the kidnappers 30,000 gold pesos, with promissory notes covering the balance of the ransom money. Jenkins was released that day in Cordoba.

June 2, 1920: In a predawn home invasion, 13-month-old Blakeley Coughlin of Norristown, Pennsylvania, was abducted from his crib in the mansion of his wealthy family. The Coughlins were inundated with ransom notes coming from cranks, but finally made contact by phone with the actual kidnapper, who was described as a man "with a foreign accent, probably Italian." A ransom payment of $12,000 was made, but the child was not returned. Some weeks later, August Pascal, a Frenchman, was charged with the kidnapping. He admitted to kidnapping the Coughlin child, but refused to disclose the boy's whereabouts, unless he was granted immunity from prosecution. Officials refused the offer and Pascal played a waiting game. The boy's badly decomposed body was found in a small Pennsylvania town, where Pascal reportedly mailed the ransom note, but the Coughlin family could not or would not identify the remains. Plea-bargaining for his life, Pascal was convicted of second-degree murder and kidnapping for extortion (then not a capital offense). He was sent to prison for life.

May 27, 1921: Giuseppe Verotta, the 5-year-old son of a New York City pushcart peddler, was kidnapped while outside a candy store, his abductors demanding a $2,500 ransom payment. The kidnappers believed that the boy's father had collected a large insurance payment after his son had been struck and crippled by a truck. The father had not received any such payment, and pleaded with the kidnappers to take $500, an amount loaned to him by a relative. When the go-between accepted the money, he was trailed by officers to the group of Black Hand kidnappers, arresting Antonio Moreno, Santo Cusamano, James Ruggiere and Roberto Raffaelo. While the Black Handers were jailed, police, on June 11, 1921, found the Verotta boy dead along the Hudson shoreline below Nyack, New York. He had been strangled to death. The culprits were all condemned to death, but their sentences were later commuted to life terms.

June 24, 1922: Alexander Bruce Bielaski (1883-1964), the former chief of the Bureau of Investigation (appointed on April 30, 1912 to head this organization, which was the precursor to the FBI), was kidnapped by bandits near Cuernevaca, Mexico. The bandits demanded a ransom of $10,000 for Bielaski's safe return, but the captive escaped three days later and just before the ransom was to be delivered. Bielaski at the time had retired from the U.S. Department of Justice and had become a businessman. (One report held that Bielaski was still associated with the Department and was conducting secret investigations in Mexico at the time he was seized.) He rejoined the Justice Department in the 1920s, busying himself with capturing bootleggers. Bielaski permanently retired in 1927.

Alexander Bruce Bielaski, abducted by Mexican bandits; he escaped his captors.

October 14, 1922: Gordon Duffield, who was the heir of a Chicago fortune, was kidnapped from his private school in New Jersey. He was never seen again and his abductors were never identified.

January 21, 1924: Chinese pirates boarded a small British steamer outside of Hong Kong, killed the captain and held the passengers hostage until an unspecified ransom payment was made for their release.

March 15, 1924: Madge Oberholtzer, an attractive, young woman, who worked for the Indiana State Department of Public Instruction, was kidnapped by David Curtis Stephenson, head of the Indiana Ku Klux Klan, and two other Klansmen, Earl Klinck and Earl Gentry. Stephenson had invited Oberholtzer to his home, and, after he got her intoxicated, the three men abducted her, taking her to a train and placing her in a compartment, where Stephenson repeatedly raped her, biting her se-

Klan leader David Stephenson, who kidnapped Madge Oberholtzer.

verely and leaving open wounds that later became infected. She was returned to her parents' home in Irvington, Indiana, where she later died from blood poisoning as a result of the wounds inflicted by Stephenson, who had a criminal record of similar assaults in other states. He was charged with kidnapping and murder and convicted, then sent to prison for life. Klinck and Gentry were acquitted, but Gentry was later murdered by a girl friend.

May 21, 1924: Robert "Bobby" Franks, the 14-year-old son of millionaire Robert Franks, was abducted near his home in the Kenwood area, on the South Side of Chicago, by Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold, who brutally murdered him. Both killers were later identified, convicted and sent to prison. Technically, this was a kidnapping, but the arrogant killers had no real expectation of receiving the $10,000 ransom payment they demanded through a typewritten note and had committed the murder as an "experiment" in completing "the perfect crime." Franks was not selected as the victim until the last minute in a random abduction. The killers employed the use of kidnapping as a ruse in an attempt to make the abduction appear to be the work of a professional criminal. Neither killer, the scions of families with great wealth, needed money. (See: Murder, Celebrity Slayings.)

August 8, 1924: Aaron A. Graff, a wealthy businessman, was reportedly kidnapped from his home in Manhattan, New York. His body was later discovered, but no trace of his abductors could be found.

September 20, 1925: Mary Daly, the 6-year-old daughter of a prominent businessman in Montclair, New Jersey, was kidnapped and murdered by Harrison Noel, son of a wealthy lawyer. Convicted and sentenced to death, Noel's attorneys appealed on an insanity plea, which was upheld. Noel was sent to an asylum for the criminally insane.

March 9, 1927: Virginia Jo Frazier, the daughter of a city commissioner at Chattanooga, Tennessee, was kidnapped and held for a ransom of $3,000. The child was released some hours after the ransom was paid. A black teenager was then identified as the abductor. He confessed to the kidnapping and was sent to prison for twenty years.

March 10, 1928: Walter Collins, a 9-year-old New England resident, was kidnapped, his remains found the following year. Before that gruesome discovery, officers in Lee, Massachusetts, picked up a boy wandering about the streets. The runaway bore an amazing resemblance to the missing Collins boy. He told police that he was Collins and while talking with officers, the clever boy collected considerable information about the missing youth. He was returned to Collins' mother, who initially believed her son had been restored to her. The youth convinced family members that he was, indeed, Walter Collins, rattling off the details he had learned about the boy from the police. Mrs. Collins then grew suspicious and, after measuring the boy, discovered that he was almost two inches shorter than her own son. She disavowed him, but other family members thought she had suffered a mental collapse in denying her own son. She was placed in an institution and held for psychiatric observation. When she was released, she filed a suit against those who had institutionalized her against her will and won a settlement of more than $10,000. Her convictions were upheld when her son's remains were later discovered. By then, the impersonator had vanished from the Collins' home.

May 23, 1928: Four members of the notorious Fleagle gang, William Harrison "Jake" Fleagle, Ralph Emerson Fleagle, George Johnson Abshier and Howard Royston, robbed the First National Bank of Lamar, Colorado, of $218,000, killing two bank officials before fleeing with two bank employees held hostage. Royston was wounded and the Fleagles abducted Dr. W. W. Wineiger from his office-home in Dighton, Kansas, taking him to their Kansas ranch to treat Royston. Wineiger was then shot and killed, his body left in a gully. The kidnappers were later tracked down, Jake Fleagle being shot to death in a gunfight with lawmen and the other three hanged. (See: "The Fleagle Gang," in the chapter on Robbery.)

August 25, 1928: E. J. Bumstead, the American manager of a silver mine in Mexico, was abducted by bandits near Ixtlan and held for a ransom of 20,000 pesos (about $1,500 in today's currency). The payment was made on September 15, 1928 and Bumstead was released unharmed.

November 19, 1928: Dr. Charles Brancati was abducted from a subway in New York City. Brancati, one of the wealthiest Italian immigrants in the city, was reportedly associated with gambler and racketeer Arnold Rothstein and was head of a vast counterfeiting ring operating under Rothstein's orders. A short time after his disappearance, $225,000 was withdrawn from one of Brancati's accounts and transferred to the account of an associate, Luigi Romano, who, like Brancati, had also vanished. A little less than the amount drawn from Brancati's account was found to have been taken from Romano's account. Police concluded that this cash was used as a ransom payment to free the two missing men and that both had been kidnapped and murdered in the wake of the Arnold Rothstein killing on November 4, 1928. Their bodies were never found. (See: "The Murder of Arnold Rothstein," Unsolved Murders, in the chapter on Murder.)

Dr. Charles Brancati, abducted in a New York subway.

October 17, 1929: Charles "Lucky" Luciano (Salvatore Lucania), a rising New York gangster working for Joe "The Boss" Masseria, was kidnapped by rival gangsters, beaten and his face slashed. He was left for dead by his attackers on a pier in Staten Island, but he recovered and later became the leading figure in establishing the U.S. crime syndicate. His survival from this abduction earned him the sobriquet of "Lucky." (See: Chapter Seven, Gangs, Gangsters and Organized Crime.)

February 17, 1930: Charles Pershall, a wealthy banker living in Granite City, Illinois, was abducted and held for a $40,000 ransom. After collecting the payment, the kidnappers released the banker unharmed. They were never apprehended.

March 18, 1930: The son of a prominent family in St. Louis, Missouri, Michael Katz was abducted and held for a $100,000 ransom. He was released after payment was made. The kidnappers were never found.

July 5, 1930: Reginald Arthur Lee, the British acting counsel-general in Marseilles, France, was reported kidnapped, but no ransom demand was ever made and Lee was never seen again.

December 16, 1930: Nell Quinlan Donnelly, the wife of a wealthy St. Louis, Missouri, manufacturer, was kidnapped, along with her chauffeur, and held for a $75,000 ransom, according to a note written by the abducted woman and dictated at gunpoint by her kidnappers. She and her chauffeur were later found unharmed and her abductors captured and sent to prison.

April 20, 1931: Fred J. Blumer, owner of a brewery in Monroe, Wisconsin, was kidnapped and held for a ransom of $150,000. Family members negotiated for a smaller amount and when the ransom was paid, Blumer was released unharmed. His kidnappers, who had held Blumer captive in a remote house outside of Freeport, Illinois, were never apprehended.

June 15, 1931: George J. "Big Frenchy," DeMange, an underworld lieutenant for New York bootlegger and racketeer Owen "Owney" Madden, was kidnapped by rival gangster Vincent "Mad Dog" Coll, who received a ransom payment of $35,000 (some claimed it was $50,000) before he released DeMange. Coll was later shot to death in a phone booth by rival gangsters.

August 12, 1931: John J. "Jack" Lynch, owner of a news service in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, was abducted and later released, after a $50,000 ransom had reportedly been paid.

December 15, 1931: Vera Page, a 10-year-girl living in Kensington, England, was abducted. Her body was found by a milkman the next morning, hidden in some bushes along the Addison Road. She had been raped and strangled to death. A woman later claimed to have seen a man trundling along the road with a wheelbarrow containing a bundle wrapped in a red blanket, but she could not identify the man. Police surmised that the girl, whose clothes had not been dampened by recent rains, had been held overnight in an unlocked basement, where her hat was found. Percy Orlando Rush, a laundryman, was held for questioning. His clothing bore soot, coal dust and candle grease similar to that found on the girl's clothes. The bandage with remnants of ammonia found in the crook of the girl's arm fit one of Rush's fingers, where he had a cut. A coroner's jury, however, determined that there was not enough evidence to indict Rush and he was released. The Page kidnapping and murder remained unsolved.

December 17, 1931: Charles Bischoff kidnapped and murdered Marian McLean of Cincinnati, Ohio. Bischoff was later identified, judged insane, and sent to an asylum.

December 21, 1931: Murray "The Camel" Humphreys and other members of the Capone gang, kidnapped Robert G. Fitchie, president of the Chicago's Milk Wagon Drivers Association, holding Fitchie for a ransom payment of $50,000. The ransom was paid and Fitchie was released unharmed. Humphreys, though identified as the ringleader of the kidnappers, was never charged with the kidnapping. He later rose high in the ranks of the Chicago crime syndicate (called The Outfit) and became a top lieutenant to crime boss Anthony "Big Tuna" Accardo.

Gangster-kidnapper Murray "The Camel" Humphreys.

January 19, 1932: Benjamin Bower, a Denver, Colorado, banker, was abducted and held for a $50,000 ransom payment. He was released following the payment and his kidnappers were never found.

January 27, 1932: Howard Wolverton, a manufacturer in South Bend, Indiana, was reportedly kidnapped by George "Machine Gun" Kelly, Eddie Doll and others, who demanded a $50,000 ransom payment for his safe return. When the kidnappers learned that Wolverton's relatives could not raise any money, they released their victim.

March 2, 1932: James DeJute, Jr., age eleven, was kidnapped by two young men as the boy was walking to school in Niles, Ohio. Two classmates saw the kidnappers put the boy into their car and wrote down the license plate of the auto. No ransom demand was made, but police officers were able to track down the abductors to their hideout outside of Cleveland, where they rescued the boy and arrested 27-year-old Dowell Hargraves and 30-year-old John Demarco. Both were convicted and each given a twenty-year prison sentence, the maximum term for those then convicted of a kidnapping, where no ransom was demanded.

March 14, 1932: Chinese bandits kidnapped Charles Baker, the captain of a U.S. steamship operating on the Yangtze River, demanding a ransom of $5 million. Such a demand in this worldwide Depression era could not be met and the abductors settled for about $7,500, releasing Baker some weeks later.

June 17, 1932: Three female bank employees were abducted from the bank in Fort Scott, Kansas, where they worked and which had been robbed by the Barker-Karpis gang. They were used as hostages, forced to hold on to the running boards of the gang's escaping cars, and were later released. Harvey John Bailey, a reported member of the gang, was later convicted of this kidnapping and sent to prison.

June 30, 1932: Bank robber Verne Sankey (1890-1934), along with Gordon Alcorn, kidnapped 20-year-old Haskell Bohen in St. Paul, Minnesota. Bohn was the son of a wealthy refrigerator manufacturer and was held for a $35,000 ransom. The payment was negotiated down to $12,000 and after Sankey received the money, he released his captive unharmed.

July 6, 1932: Joseph Myda was abducted from his home in Elyria, Ohio. His kidnappers, Myda later claimed were intent on murdering him (for reasons never given), but in their flight, they took the wrong turn and drove into a golf course area, where Myda called out for help and was rescued by members wielding golf clubs, pulling the victim from the kidnap car and driving off the abductors, who were never apprehended.

February 12, 1933: Verne Sankey and others kidnapped millionaire Charles Boettcher II, when the victim and his wife drove into the driveway of their home in Denver, Colorado. Sankey gave Mrs. Boettcher a note that demanded $60,000 for the return of her husband, adding: "Remember, the Lindbergh baby would still be alive if the ransom had been paid." The Boettcher family agreed to pay the ransom, but only after the victim had been released. Sankey released Boettcher on March 2, 1933 and received the ransom payment. Several gang members involved in this kidnapping were tracked down by FBI agents and sent to prison. Sankey was captured by FBI agents in a Chicago barbershop on January 31, 1934. Gordon Alcorn was arrested two days later and was later sent to prison for life for the Boettcher abduction and the kidnapping of Haskell Bohen on June 30, 1932. Sankey was not immediately tried for kidnapping, but was, instead, sent to the state prison at Great Falls, South Dakota, where he was held for trial on a bank robbery charge. He did not wait. Sankey hanged himself with his necktie in his cell on February 8, 1934.

May 2, 1933: Margaret McMath was kidnapped from her home in Harwich Port, Massachusetts, by Kenneth Buck, who later released the child after receiving a ransom payment of $60,000. Buck was tracked down, convicted and imprisoned.

June 15, 1933: William A. Hamm, Jr., the wealthy 39-year-old owner of the Hamm Brewery Co., was abducted by two gun-

Millionaire brewer William A. Hamm, Jr., shown at right in white shirt outside of his home while press photographers record his safe return. His kidnapping imitated the abduction of brewery heir Adolphus Busch on December 31, 1930.

men outside the home of Hamm's mother in St. Paul, Minnesota. A hood was placed over the victim's head and he was placed in the back seat of a car, which drove off. At that time, the hood was briefly removed and Hamm was ordered to sign four notes authorizing a ransom payment of $100,000. When his kidnappers asked the name of the family contact to arrange the payment, the brewer identified William Dunn, the sales manager of his brewery. The ransom was paid and Hamm was released three days later. At first, police believed the kidnapping had been the work of bank robber and kidnapper Verne Sankey, then shifted their suspicions to Chicago area bootlegger Roger Touhy. Through underworld informants in St. Paul, however, investigators realized that the Hamm abduction had been committed by the notorious Barker gang, which included Arthur and Fred Barker, Alvin Karpis, Fred "Shotgun Ziegler" Goetz (one of the machine gun killers at the 1929 St. Valentine's Day Massacre in Chicago—see **Gangs, Gangsters and Organized Crime**), Monty Bolton and Charles J. Fitzgerald. Arthur Barker was later arrested in Chicago and sent to Alcatraz for life for this crime. Fred and Ma Barker were trapped at a resort house in Lake Weir, Florida, and killed in a wild shootout with FBI agents in 1935. Karpis was apprehended in 1936 and also sent to Alcatraz to serve a life term. He was paroled in 1969 and later left the country, dying in Spain in 1979. (See "The Barker-Karpis Gang" in the chapter on Robbery).

Chicago bootlegger Roger "The Terrible" Touhy, who was framed for the Factor "kidnapping."

June 30, 1933: John "Jake the Barber" Factor, an underworld associate of Chicago crime boss Al Capone and a notorious stock swindler (who had been accused of masterminding a $7 million stock swindle), was reportedly kidnapped by members of the Roger Touhy bootlegging gang, releasing him after receiving a $70,000 ransom payment. Touhy and others were sent to prison, but evidence later unearthed revealed that Touhy had been framed for this fabricated kidnapping in an effort to eliminate his gang, which competed with Capone's bootlegging operations in the northwest suburbs of Chicago. It was later learned that Captain Daniel "Tubbo" Gilbert, chief investigator for the Cook County state's attorney (and who was on Capone's payroll), had manufactured evidence that—coupled to the perjured testimony of Factor, his crony, Charles Connors, and others—convicted Touhy and sent him to prison. Federal Judge John Barnes later declared that Touhy was innocent of the kidnapping and had been railroaded by Factor and other Capone associates. Touhy was paroled on December 16, 1959, and, sixteen days later, was killed by shotgun blasts fired by syndicate members reportedly under the command of old-time Capone ally Murray "The Camel" Humphreys, who had originally brainstormed the Touhy frame.

Mortally wounded, Roger Touhy is shown dying on the porch of his sister's home in Chicago, following a 1959 shotgun attack by syndicate assassins.

July 7, 1933: John J. "Butch" O'Connor, Jr., whose relatives were powerful Democratic leaders in Albany, New York, was kidnapped in Albany, and later released after his abductors received a ransom payment of $42,500. The kidnappers were later apprehended and imprisoned.

January 6, 1934: Theodore "Handsome Jack" Klutas (c.1900-1934), who led the College Kidnappers gang, was surprised

by Chicago policemen waiting at his hideout in Bellwood, Illinois. When Klutas appeared at the door, he was ordered to surrender, but drew a gun and was shot to death by machine gun bullets. Two of Klutas' confederates, Walter Dietrich (a one-time associate of bank robber, John Dillinger) and Earl McMahon, had been captured at the same hideout only a few hours earlier. Klutas and many of his henchmen had reportedly graduated from several universities, thus the sobriquet for the gang, which specialized in abducting wealthy gangsters and holding them for large ransom payments. James Hackett, a wealthy Chicago gambler, was kidnapped by this gang in May 1933, while playing golf on a Cook County course and was held until Klutas received a $75,000 ransom payment from Hackett's wife. The gang snatched Hackett again the following year and this time collected a $150,000 ransom before releasing their hostage.

January 17, 1934: President of the Commercial State Bank in St. Paul, Minnesota, Edward George Bremer was kidnapped by gunmen after driving his daughter to her school. He was held for a $200,000 ransom and released on February 7, 1934, after the gangsters received payment. The kidnappers were identified as members of the notorious Barker gang after the fingerprints of bank robber Arthur "Dock" (or "Doc") Barker, were matched with prints on a flashlight dropped at the site of the abduction. This clue and others eventually led to the arrest and/or shootout deaths of the chief members of this gang (see chapter on Robbery).

George Edward Bremer, a banker in St. Paul, Minnesota, was kidnapped by the Barker-Karpis gang and held for a $200,000 ransom.

April 25, 1934: June Robles, the child of a rich rancher in Tucson, Arizona, was abducted and held for a $15,000 ransom. The payment was never made, but the child was recovered unharmed.

May 9, 1934: William F. Gettle, a wealthy oil man living in Arcadia, California, was abducted from his home and held for a ransom payment of $80,000. Gettle was located and rescued before the payment was made. Three kidnappers were sent to prison.

June 16, 1934: William Killingworth, the sheriff of Polk County, Missouri, entered the Bolivar, Missouri, garage operated by Ernest Bitzer, surprising notorious bank robbers Charles Arthur "Pretty Boy" Floyd and Adam Richetti. The bandits, who were waiting for repairs on their own car, disarmed Killingworth and placed him in the back of their car, driving out of the town with their captive. They later stopped another car driven by Walter Griffith, and commandeered this car, taking Killingworth and Griffith as hostages. Once the bandits arrived at the outskirts of Kansas City, they released their captives. Killingworth later told newsman that Floyd, one of the most wanted men in America, believed himself doomed, and had told Killingworth: "There's no turning back for me now. Too many policemen want me. I haven't got a chance except to fight it out. I don't aim to let anybody take me alive." (See chapter on Robbery.)

October 26, 1934: William Weiss, a gambler and underworld figure, was kidnapped in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, by bank robbers Walter Legurenza and Robert Howard Mais, who killed their victim after receiving only $8,000 in ransom money. Weiss' body was discovered in a creek near Doylestown, Pennsylvania, on January 22, 1935. Legurenza and Mais were by that time imprisoned and on death row, awaiting execution for the murder of a bank messenger in a 1934 holdup. Both went to the electric chair on February 2, 1935, in Richmond, Virginia.

November 26, 1934: Two escaped convicts, Arthur Gooch and Ambrose Nix, were stopped by two police officers for routine questioning in a store in Paradise, Texas, causing a fight in which one officer was wounded. Gooch and Nix ordered the policemen at gunpoint into their own squad car and drove the auto across the state line into Oklahoma, where they released the officers. FBI agents later cornered the convicts, killing Nix and capturing Gooch following a gunfight. Gooch was charged with kidnapping under the newly-established Lindbergh law, which mandated a death sentence upon conviction, particularly when the victim was taken across a state line and if law enforcement officers were abducted. Gooch was convicted and sentenced to death. The U.S. Supreme Court upheld the conviction and death sentence, and, after President Franklin D. Roosevelt refused to intervene, Gooch was hanged at the state prison in McAlester, Oklahoma, on June 19, 1936.

November 3, 1935: Vivian Chase, a member of the kidnapping gang that had abducted 78-year-old August Luer, a banker and meat packer in Alton, Illinois, on July 10, 1933 (he had been released without a ransom payment), was found bound by ropes and shot to death in a car outside of Kansas City's St. Luke's Hospital. Police concluded that this female bandit and kidnapper had herself been kidnapped and murdered to silence her from providing police with more details on the Luer case, one in which six others were captured and sent to prison.

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt personally condemned the Mattson kidnappers.

December 27, 1936: Charles Mattson, the 10-year-son of a wealthy surgeon, was kidnapped in Tacoma, Washington (where George Weyerhaeuser had been kidnapped in 1935, see "The Weyerhaeuser Snatch," this chapter). A masked gunman entered the Mattson home, interrupting a children's party and dragged the Mattson boy from his home, leaving a ransom note that demanded $28,000 for his safe return. Dozens of FBI agents were assigned to the case, but their efforts produced no results. Although the family was in contact with the kidnapper, final arrangements for the delivery of the ransom money were never completed. Widespread publicity on the case may have caused the abductor to panic. Nothing more was heard from the kidnapper. The frozen body of the Mattson child was found near Everett, Washington, on January 11, 1937. President Franklin D. Roosevelt expressed the national outrage at this kidnapping by stating: "The murder of the little Mattson boy has shocked the nation. Every means at our command must be enlisted to capture and punish the perpetrator of this ghastly crime." The kidnapping-killer, however, was never apprehended.

November 3, 1937: Dr. James Seder, a 79-year-old doctor living in Huntington, West Virginia, was abducted from his home by three gunmen, who demanded a $50,000 ransom for their captive's safe return. FBI agents tracked down the kidnappers to an abandoned mine, where, on November 15, 1937, Seder was rescued. His kidnappers—Orville Adkins, Arnett Booth, and John Travis—were arrested and charged with kidnapping. When the elderly Seder died from pneumonia as a result of exposure in the coal mine, the charge of murder was added to the counts against the three abductors. All three were convicted and sentenced to death, being hanged on March 31, 1938.

February 24, 1938: David Peter Levine was kidnapped while walking to school in New Rochelle, New York. His kidnappers demanded a ransom payment of $30,000, but the payment was not made and the body of the 12-year-old boy later washed ashore on Long Island Sound, his head decapitated and his corpse bound by wire. His kidnapper-killer was never found.

May 28, 1938: James Bailey Cash, Jr., the 5-year-old son of a grocer and gas station operator in Princeton, Florida, was kidnapped from his bed by 21-year-old Franklin Pierce McCall, who left a ransom note demanding $10,000 for the boy's return. The grocer delivered the money in a shoebox to McCall on a lonely road outside of town on the night of June 1, 1938. McCall, who trained a flashlight on Cash to obscure his vision in identifying him, promised the father that his son would be returned safely within a short time. The boy was not returned. A massive search ensued with more than 2,000 volunteers scouring the area. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover flew from Washington to Florida to personally supervise the search. One of the searchers was none other than the kidnapper himself. McCall, the married son of a local minister, eagerly participated in looking for the boy he had abducted, finding another ransom note on the Cash premises—he knew the family well and had, at one time, roomed with the Cash family, learning that they had saved a little more than $10,000, which is why he specified that amount in his ransom demand. During the search, McCall made a chance remark, stating how easily it would be to break into the Cash residence and abduct the boy. This comment drew the suspicions of FBI agents and he was placed under arrest. Hoover stated on June 8, 1938, that his agents had found the victim's body in some brush a few blocks from his home. Three days later the FBI director stated that McCall was in federal custody, charged with the kidnapping-murder of the Cash boy. McCall admitted abducting the boy, but said he had killed his victim accidentally when he covered the boy's mouth with a handkerchief while taking him from his home and the child was unintentionally smothered to death. Hoover turned the case over to Florida authorities, who placed McCall on trial. He was convicted and sentenced to death by Miami Circuit Court Judge H. F. Atkinson on June 16, 1938. Jack Kehoe, McCall's defense attorney, did not file any appeals, following his client's request that none be made. McCall was executed in Florida's electric chair on February 24, 1939.

August 7, 1939: Thomas Ashwell, the 29-year-old son of a minister in Eustis, Florida, who had served time for sexual assault, abducted 17-year-old Frances Dunn and 19-year-old Jean Bolton, driving them toward West Palm Beach, Florida, on the promise to give them roles in an experimental play he had written. Near Boca Raton, Ashwell tied Bolton to a tree, then raped and murdered Dunn. Bolton, who had not witnessed the killing, persuaded Ashwell to allow her to make a call to her family to provide a second car so that the kidnapper could flee to California. Instead of calling a family member, Bolton called police, officers arriving minutes later to arrest Ashwell. He was quickly tried, convicted and sentenced to death, being electrocuted on July 29, 1940.

September 20, 1940: While playing with his nurse at his home in Hillsborough, California, 3-year-old Marc de Tristan, Jr., the son of wealthy aristocrats, was kidnapped by an abductor with a distinctive foreign accent, who dropped a ransom note as he ran off with the child. He demanded a $100,000 payment in exchange for the boy. Two days later, Cecil Wetzel, a lumberman, was stopped by a man who asked for directions. In the car next to the man sat a crying little boy. Wetzel began to question the driver, who suddenly produced a revolver, but Wetzel and a friend overpowered the driver, who proved to be Wilhelm Jacob Mulenbroich, the kidnapper. The Tristan boy was returned to his parents and Mulenbroich, a German immigrant in the U.S. for five years, was tried and convicted in Redwood City, California and, on October 4, 1940, was sentenced to life imprisonment.

October 12, 1942: Daniel Joseph Scanlon, an infant, was kidnapped from the nursery of a hospital in Columbus, Ohio. His abductor was later apprehended, along with the child, police arresting Ruby Evelyn Cremans, who had attempted to pass off the Scanlon child as her own. She was convicted of kidnapping and sent to prison.

April 1, 1943: Lee A. Burton, a suspect in several abduction-rapes occurring in Alhambra, Los Angeles and Pasadena, California, confessed to these crimes. He was later convicted of kidnapping and rape and sent to prison.

January 7, 1946: Six-year-old Suzanne Degnan was abducted from her bed in her Chicago, Illinois, home by burglar William George Heirens, who dismembered her body, placing the piecemeal remains in various street sewers throughout the city. Heirens left a ransom note demanding $20,000 for the return of the child, but the payment was never made. Heirens was later apprehended and sent to prison for life (see "Catch Me Before I Kill More," in the chapter dealing with Burglary).

William Heirens, kidnapper-killer.

June 10, 1947: Ralph W. Lobaugh entered the Kokomo, Indiana, police station to confess to three kidnapping-murders in the Fort Wayne area, these attacks involving 38-year-old Billie Haaga, who stumbled beaten and bleeding to a farm house on February 2, 1944, dying three days later; 19-year-old Anna Kuzeff, who was found strangled on August 6, 1944; and 30-year-old Mrs. Dorothea Howard, who was found severely beaten on March 7, 1945, and died nineteen days later. Lobaugh denied he had killed 19-year-old Phyllis Conine, who had suffered the same fate as the other three women in the same area and about the same time period. On June 11, 1947, Lobaugh was charged with the Kuzeff kidnapping-murder. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to death. On August 17, 1949, a 19-year-old housewife was kidnapped from her home in Fort Wayne, Indiana, her abductor raping her, but later releasing her on her promise that she would not inform police. The woman recalled the abductor's license number on his car and officers easily apprehended 30-year-old Franklin Click, a driver for a celery grower. Under intense interrogation, Click finally confessed to the abduction-murders of Haaga, Kuzeff, and Conine, but denied having attacked Dorothea Howard. Lobaugh's execution for these killings was stayed after Click's confession, which was supported in a detailed written statement he had given to his wife, who vainly attempted to collect more than $16,000 in reward money posted earlier for the perpetrator of these crimes. Click was convicted of the Conine killing and sentenced to death on March 27, 1950, receiving two stays of execution, one based on Lobaugh's new admission that he had abducted and killed Conine, even though he had originally denied commiting this crime. Lobaugh's confessions, by that time, had been dismissed as false and Click was executed in the electric chair at the Indiana State Prison in Michigan City, Indiana, on December 30, 1950. The outstanding abduction-murder for Dorothea Howard, which had kept Lobaugh on death row, was then attributed to Robert Christen, who confessed to kidnapping and killing Mrs. Howard and was sent to prison for life. Lobaugh nevertheless remained behind bars, wrongly-convicted out of his own mouth in one of the most bizarre cases in Indiana jurisprudence. Governor Henry Frederick Schricker (1883-1966) commuted Lobaugh's death sentence to a life term in 1949, but refused to pardon him on the grounds that he was "a degenerate and a homosexual, not a fit person to be free on the streets of any city, but not guilty of killing any of these three women [for which he had been convicted]." Indiana Governor Otis Bowen learned that two men had been convicted of the same kidnapping-murders, and ordered an investigation, realizing that the state had no legal grounds on which to keep Lobaugh behind bars. Bowen pardoned Lobaugh in 1977. The 60-year-old Lobaugh was moved to a halfway house, but returned to live out his life at the state prison at his own request.

May 15, 1948: June Devaney was kidnapped from her bed at Queens Park Hospital in Blackburn, Lancashire, England. The body of the 4-year-old girl was found by staff members near a wall on the hospital grounds. She had been raped and beaten to death. Scotland Yard fingerprint experts found a set of fingerprints on a water bottle next to the victim's bed, as well as fibers from the socks of the kidnapper (who had apparently taken off his shoes and walked in his socks while abducting the child). All of the staff members and patients of the hospital were fingerprinted and one set matched those of 22-year-old Peter Griffiths, a former Irish guardsman. The sock fibers were also matched to those worn by Griffiths. It was discovered that he had pawned a bloodstained suit after the kidnapping and the blood matched that of the victim. Convicted, Griffiths was hanged at Walton Prison on November 19, 1948.

July 16, 1948: Four Chinese gunmen led by Wong Io, skyjacked a Cathay Pacific Catalina flying from Macau to Hong Kong, with twenty-five persons on board. When the pilots refused to turn over the controls of the plane, a shootout ensued, and pilots Dale Cramer and K. S. McDuff were killed. One of the skyjackers attempted to fly the plane, but crashed it about ten miles outside of Macau. All in the plane were killed, except the ringleader, Wong Io—he had intended to make ransom demands, but never got the chance. Portuguese and British authorities could not agree on jurisdiction in the case and the skyjacker, incredibly, was not prosecuted.

November 9, 1950: Dr. Nancy Campbell kidnapped Linda Stram from her home in Santa Fe, New Mexico, demanding a ransom payment of $20,000. She was arrested when she attempted to collect the ransom money and was later sent to prison.

July 10, 1951: The body of 7-year-old Christine Butcher, of Windsor, England, was discovered by police. The girl had been strangled to death, but her abductor-killer went undetected. On July 15, 1951, 5-year-old Brenda Goddard disappeared in the same area, her body later found strangled. Police visited John Thomas Straffen, who had a long history of mental problems and who had been institutionalized in 1947 for burglary. Straffen, who had an IQ of 58, was fired on July 31, 1951, after his employer learned that police had questioned him about the kidnapping-murders of the two children. Straffen, who later confessed to these killings, took his revenge on the police by kidnapping yet another girl, 9-year-old Cicely Batstone, on August 8, 1951, when she was leaving a movie theater. He strangled her in a field, leaving her corpse behind a hedge. Police soon arrested and charged him with this abduction-murder after eye-witnesses came forward to state that they had seen Straffen with the girl. Judged incompetent to stand trial in all three cases involving the abducted and strangled girls, Straffen was sent to Broadmoor, an asylum for the criminally insane. He escaped six months later, walking seven miles distant to the village of Farley Hill, where he abducted 5-year-old Linda Bowyer, strangling her. He was recaptured five hours later. Straffen was convicted of this murder on July 25, 1952, and was sentenced to death, but his hanging was later commuted to life imprisonment.

January 16, 1954: Leonard Moskovitz was kidnapped in San Francisco by Harold Jackson and Joseph Lear. The abductors demanded a ransom payment of $500,000, then reduced the amount to $300,000, but before the payment was made the victim was rescued. Both Jackson and Lear were convicted and sent to prison.

June 9, 1954: Evelyn Ann Smith, the wife of Herbert Smith, an executive with a pipe and steel company, was abducted in Phoenix, Arizona. Her kidnapper demanded a ransom payment of $75,000, which was paid. Mrs. Smith was released unharmed and her abductor, Daniel Joseph Marsin was later arrested and imprisoned.

June 20, 1955: Patricia Ann Waters, accepted a ride to a swimming pool near her home outside of Rome, Georgia. The driver, however, went to a small store in Stilesboro, where he stopped to buy cigarettes. Waters waved frantically to the storeowners from the car, but her gestures were dismissed as the antics of a teenager. The driver then took the 15-year-old girl to a nearby woods and raped and strangled her to death, weighting her body and tossing the corpse into the Etowah River. A widespread search ensued and several suspects were picked up, including Willie Grady Cochran (1919-1956), who had, by the time he was twenty-one, been convicted of fogery, robbery and rape, had escaped from a Georgia chain gang and had been sent to prison in 1940 to serve twenty years. Police learned that Cochran, who had been paroled only six months earlier, had been missing from work on the day of the Waters disappearance. He was taken to the store in Stilesboro, where the owners identified him as the man driving a car in which the Waters girl sat. Cochran quickly confessed, saying: "I knew that I was either going to kill that girl or myself, and then I decided that she was going to be the one to go." Cochran led officers to the location where he had dumped the victim's body and it was retrieved from the river bottom. Tried at Cartersville, Georgia, Cochran was convicted of kidnapping and murder, on July 15, 1955. He was sentenced to death and his execution was conducted on April 13, 1956 at the state prison at Reidsville, Georgia.

August 4, 1955: A prominent socialite in Kansas City, Missouri, Mrs. Wilma Frances Allen, whose husband operated a successful car dealership, was abducted as she got into her Chevrolet convertible outside of a beauty parlor, her kidnapper robbing her and then driving to a remote area outside the city, where he may have raped her before killing her by firing two bullets into her head, then dumping her naked body into a reed-covered gulley. Police later found the missing woman's abandoned car, with her blood-stained clothes in the trunk. On August 7, 1955, a Kansas farmer found the victim's body. Since the victim had been driven across a state line in an obvious kidnapping, FBI agents immediately addressed the case, suspecting Arthur Ross Brown (1925-1956) as being the abductor of Mrs. Allen. The suspect had a long criminal career and was a parole violator from California, having been on a robbery spree through Florida, Texas, Indiana and Wyoming. Brown was already wanted for wounding a sheriff in Wyoming. On August 31, 1955, a Kansas City resident called police to say that his neighbor, Mrs. Arthur Ross Brown had been abducted at gunpoint by her estranged husband and was incoherent when she was returned to her home. Her husband had by then disappeared. FBI agents staked out all of the residences where the suspect had relatives, including his mother's home in San Jose, California. When interviewed by agents, the woman appeared terrified, telling them that "my son is mad." Agents tapped Mrs. Brown's phone and recorded a call from Brown to his mother on November 13, 1955, one in which the escaped felon stated he had tried to visit her, but thought he saw a police trap and fled. He then told his mother that he was thinking of killing himself. That night, officers picked up

Brown sleeping in his car outside his aunt's house in San Francisco. He confessed to shooting the sheriff in Wyoming and then added: "But where I'm really wanted is Kansas City." He then confessed to kidnapping and murdering Mrs. Allen, saying that he did not originally intend to kill her, stating: "I was looking for someone to rob. She looked wealthy." Though he attempted to plead insanity, court-appointed psychiatrists determined Brown sane. He was convicted in a jury trial, sentenced to death, and was executed in the gas chamber at the Missouri State Prison on February 24, 1956.

August 27, 1955: Chicagoan Emmett Louis Till, a 14-year-old black boy visiting his great uncle, Moses Wright, was kidnapped by two young white men, Roy Bryant and Bryant's half-brother, J. W. Milam, from Wright's house outside of Money, Mississippi. Three days earlier, according to later reports, Till had entered the Bryant store and tried to sexually molest 21-year-old Carolyn Bryant, the storeowner's wife, grabbing her, wolf-whistling and telling her, as she later claimed: "Don't be afraid of me, baby. I ain't gonna hurt you. I been with white girls before." In retaliation, Roy Bryant and Milam abducted Till, and reportedly shot the boy dead near Glendora, Mississippi, tied a 100-pound fan to his neck with barbed wire and dropped his body into the Tallahatchie River. Following a widespread hunt for Till, Moses Wright identified Bryant and Milam as his nephew's kidnappers. Both were arrested, the defendants tried in Tallahatchie County, Mississippi. They admitted abducting and beating Till, but insisted that they had not killed him. Sheriff Harold Strider reported that the body of the black boy recovered from the Tallahatchie River could not be identified as that of Till, and then told an all-white jury that Till was probably alive and living in Chicago and that the body found in the river was undoubtedly the corpse of some other black boy and that it had been placed in the river by the NAACP to stage a phony murder that could be blamed on innocent white people. The jury agreed and shocked the nation by acquitting Bryant and Milam in a little more than an hour on September 23, 1955. Sheriff Strider had reportedly told jury members to take their time in their deliberation in order to make their decision "look good." Strider then publicly stated to TV news crews: "I hope the Chicago niggers and the NAACP are satisfied."

September 19, 1955: Robert Marcus, a 2-day-old child of Dr. Sanford Marcus, was kidnapped from the fourth floor of the maternity ward at San Francisco's Mt. Zion Hospital. Before the duty nurse in the ward was called away on an emergency, she noticed a heavyset blonde woman standing at the nursery window and holding a folded pink blanket. When the nurse returned to her post, the woman was gone, and, upon checking, discovered that the Marcus baby was no longer in his crib. Dr. Marcus went public with the story, saying through the press to the abductor that he would not press charges against the kidnapper if his child was safely returned. He and hospital officials offered a reward of $6,000 for information that would lead to the discovery of the Marcus child. The San Francisco Police Department launched a massive search for the baby, with more than 600 of its officers (more than one third of the entire force) searching more than 260,000 homes in the Bay area. No results were forthcoming until September 27, 1955, when a deputy sheriff attending a boxing match in Stockton, California, spotted an obese blonde woman holding a baby, as she watched the fights with a dark-skinned male companion. The deputy thought that the woman matched the rough police sketch modeled after the nurse's description of the kidnapper. Following the boxing match, the deputy detained the couple and demanded a birth certificate for the child. The couple, Mark and Betty Jean Benedicto, produced a birth certificate stating that the child had been born to them in Lynwood's St. Francis Hospital. He allowed the couple to go free, but then called the hospital to verify the birth certificate. By then, realizing that she had been identified, Betty Jean Benedicto, on September 28, 1955, appeared at St. Mary's Church in Stockton, California, with the child. Church officials called the police and the Marcus family. Within minutes, detectives arrived to retrieve the child, who was in good health, and placed Benedicto under arrest. Dr. Marcus and his wife arrived minutes later and were reunited with their child. Betty Jean Benedicto, married to a Filipino twice her age, had concealed in their marriage her inability to have children, having earlier had a hysterectomy. She convinced him, she said, that she had become pregnant and purposely put on weight to make herself appear to be pregnant. She then kidnapped the Marcus child (picked at random) and remained apart from her husband, who thought she had given birth to the baby while in the care of Jean's mother. Mark Benedicto was not arrested, later telling officials that his wife was an alcoholic. The kidnapper's own mother called her a "psychotic liar," and that she warranted "no sympathy" for her crime. Psychiatrists examining the woman, reported that she suffered from paranoid schizophrenia—she told them that the Marcus child had been delivered to her by none other than the Virgin Mary—and their recommendations that she be institutionalized at the Mendocino State Hospital for treatment were accepted and officially enacted.

October 15-16, 1955: Three boys, John Schuessler, thirteen, his 11-year-old brother, Anton Schuessler, and 14-year-old Robert Peterson, disappeared in the evening on Chicago's Milwaukee Avenue, near a bowling alley, telling friends, Bruce and Glen Carter, that they were going horse riding at the Idle Hour Stable (a horse farm owned by Silas Jayne, later notorious in a sensational case where he was accused of murdering his own brother, George Jayne, a rival in the horse breeding business). The boys also told friends, while they shared a bottle of Green River soda, that they were to be picked up by a man named "Hansen." The naked bodies of the three boys, all strangled to death, were found in a ditch in a forest preserve on October 18, 1955. Police investigators and mobs of reporters trampled the crime scene and obliterated any clues, except one. Found impressed upon one of John Schuessler's thighs was the word "Bear," which served only to add another perplexing wrinkle in the baffling case, which was not solved until 1994, when informant William "Red" Wemette, told po-

lice that then 61-year-old Kenneth Hansen, a homosexual predator and child molester, who worked at the Idle Hour Stable, had admitted the abduction-murders of Robert Peterson and the Schuessler brothers. About the same time, the Carter brothers testified in signed statements that the three boys had been waiting for a man named "Hansen," saying that they had not given police any information at the time of the kidnap-ping-murders because their mother forbade them to tell what they knew, fearing that her sons might also be abducted and murdered. Then Roger Spry, who had been one of Hansen's lovers, testified that Hansen had also told him that he had murdered the three boys. Further, Spry told police that Hansen admitted torching the Idle Hour stables in 1956, when he thought detectives were closing in on him. One of the horses

Three Chicago kidnap-murder victims, left to right, Robert Peterson, John Schuessler and Anton Schuessler.

National guardsmen and police officers sweeping a field in search of the missing boys.

dying in that fire was named "Bear," and Hansen explained to Spry that while John Schuessler's body briefly lay in the stable, the boy's thigh rested on a saddle bearing the horse's name and this left the impression on the skin. (Hansen was a suspect in several subsequent fires at horse ranches, where animals were reportedly killed to collect insurance money.) Herbert Hollatz, another one of Hansen's homosexual lovers, also told police that Hansen had admitted killing the three boys, but warned him that if he said a word about it, he would be killed by his brother, Curt Hansen, an enforcer for the Chicago Mafia/syndicate (he died in 1993). Thus, the brutal Hansen, through threat and intimidation, had silenced all who knew of his crime for four decades, until Wemette began talking to police. Hansen was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment in 1995.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Schuessler, shown at the time they received news that their abducted sons had been slain.

Imprisoned for the murders of Peterson and the Schuessler boys, Kenneth Hansen's conviction was overturned in 2000.

October 2, 1956: Teenager Myrna Aken was kidnapped by Clarence G. Van Buuren in Durban, South Africa. Buuren, who had a long criminal record, borrowed his employer's car, a Ford Anglia, to drive Aken sixty miles south of the city, where he raped and murdered her, stuffing her corpse into a culvert. Nelson Palmer, a medium, reportedly "envisioned" the murder site and accompanied Aken's parents to the spot, where the girl's body was recovered. Buuren was tracked to Pinetown, where he was arrested. He was identified by eyewitnesses as being the man who drove off with the victim. He was convicted and later executed, denying his guilt to the end.

September 22, 1957: Lee Crary was kidnapped from his home in Everett, Washington, his abductor demanding a $10,000 ransom payment for his safe return. The plucky 8-year-old boy, however, managed to escape three days later. He then led police officers back to the kidnapper's hideout, where George Edward Collins, Jr., was arrested. Collins was convicted of kidnapping and sent to prison for life.

December 28, 1956: Chicago sisters, Barbara Grimes, a 15-year-old sophomore at Kelly High School, and Patricia Grimes, a 13-year-old seventh-grade student at St. Maurice School, vanished after seeing a movie. Their naked bodies were found in a remote south side area on January 23, 1957. Presumed by police to have been kidnapped, the girls had been sexually molested and then killed, their abductor-murderer never apprehended. (See Murder, Unsolved Murders.)

April 15, 1958: Luring 7-year-old Joachim Goehner into a woods outside of Stuttgart, Germany, 40-year-old Emil Tilman, a gardener, asked the boy about his family, and, when learning that he came from substantial wealth, strangled Goehner and hid his body in the forest. Tilman then demanded a ransom of 15,000 marks from the Goehner family, but before the money was collected by the kidnapper, Tilman's voice was recognized on police tape recordings of his phone calls to Goehner family members. He was arrested and confessed to the abduction and murder, stating that he had sought money in order to persuade his married mistress to abandon her husband and live with him. Tilman avoided trial by hanging himself with a bed sheet in his cell on May 26, 1958.

January 2, 1959: Lisa Rose Chionchio, a newborn child, was kidnapped from a hospital nursery in Brooklyn, New York, by Jean Iavarone, who thought to pass the child off as her own. The baby was located and returned to her family. Iavarone was convicted of kidnapping and sent to prison.

June 4, 1959: Becky Holt, a 3-year-old girl living in Philadelphia, was kidnapped by her neighbor, 15-year-old Edward J. Cooney, Jr., who took her to the basement of his own home and, when she resisted his sexual advances, strangled the girl to death. Cooney confessed to the abduction-murder only hours after committing the crime. An honor student, who had been described as "well-adjusted," Cooney was tried as a juvenile after psychiatrists determined that he was "emotionally troubled." He was sent to the State Industrial School at

Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, and was released on his twenty-first birthday.

February 9, 1960: Millionaire brewer Adolph Coors III, chairman of the board for the Adolph Coors Company, vanished while driving to a business meeting at Golden from his home in Morrison, Colorado. His abandoned car, the motor running

Joseph Corbett, Jr., the evasive, clever kidnapper of Adolph Coors III.

and the radio playing, was found on a narrow bridge spanning Turkey Creek. There was no trace of Coors, although police believed he had been kidnapped. A ransom note demanding a $500,000 payment was received by Coors family members the following day. The payment was made, but Coors was not returned. FBI agents, meanwhile, learned that the typewriter used to write the ransom note had been purchased in a Denver, Colorado, store on October 8, 1959, and identified a car that had been seen near the Turkey Creek bridge as having been purchased in Denver on January 8, 1960. The identities given for the purchases of the typewriter and the car were aliases belonging to the same man, the kidnapper, agents concluded. One of the aliases, "Walter Osborne," was identified as an employee of a Denver paint company, who had worked under that name for three years. The company file containing information on "Osborne," however had been emptied. Agents then learned that the firm had industrial insurance records for "Osborne," which listed only one beneficiary, a man named Joseph Corbett, Jr. Fingerprints taken from "Osborne's" apartment in Denver matched those of Corbett, an escaped convict with a long criminal record. On March 5, 1960, Corbett was placed on the FBI's "Most Wanted" list. Corbett's car was found abandoned, gutted by fire, on March 14, 1960, in Atlantic City, New Jersey. Soil found beneath the fenders of the car matched the dirt found near the Turkey Creek bridge. On September 11, 1960, the remains of Adolph Coors were found by hikers. A resident in Toronto, Canada, reading a magazine that published Corbett's photo, contacted police, telling officers that the wanted man was a former worker at a Toronto warehouse. A widespread search through Canada unearthed several identities used by Corbett. He was finally tracked down at a rooming house in Vancouver, British Columbia, on October 29, 1960, where Corbett was using the alias of "Thomas Wainwright." Corbett was extradited to Colorado, where he was convicted of the kidnapping-murder of Adolph Coors III on March 29, 1961. He was sent to prison for life without parole.

July 4, 1960: Pietro Crasta, a wealthy cheese seller, was kidnapped while driving toward Nuoro, Italy. His abductors demanded a ransom payment of $6,000, but when this amount was not forthcoming, Crasta's body was found on August 16, 1960. Three men were later arrested and sent to prison for the kidnapping.

August 16, 1960: The son of Graeme Thorne, winner of a lottery in Sydney, Australia, was found dead after having been kidnapped by Stephen Leslie and Magda Bradley, who demanded a ransom payment of £25,000. Both were apprehended and sent to prison for life.

August 16, 1960: Avil Terry, eleven, was abducted in downtown Boonville, Indiana, while shopping for birthday gifts for her younger sister. Following a massive search for the missing girl, police arrested Emmett Oliver Hashfield (1907-1974), who had a long record of child molestation, rape and abduction. Hashfield's shack was found to be covered in blood, which he had attempted to disguise by spreading about catsup. After he was questioned, Hashfield admitted abducting the Terry girl and led police to the banks of the Ohio River, where officers found pieces of her body over a widespread area. Hashfield confessed to kidnapping the girl, taking her to the riverbank and raping her, then disemboweling and dissecting her body, decapitating her head and strewing the remains. He later claimed that he had eaten her intestines, but this self-proclaimed cannibalism was dismissed as an attempt to fake insanity. Hashfield was convicted of kidnapping and murder and was sentenced to death on November 5, 1962. His death sentence was commuted when the U.S. Surpreme Court abolished capital punishment in 1972. Hashfield died in prison on February 1, 1974, from complications following a tonsillectomy.

June 5, 1961: Joan Rae Caudle, a housewife in Portland, Oregon, disappeared, her husband filing a missing report. Boys

playing in a vacant lot on the southeast side of Portland discovered the dismembered remains of a woman three days later. Nine days after that gruesome discovery, fingerprint experts matched those of the corpse to that of the missing Mrs. Caudle. Informers told police that the murdered woman had been seen drinking in a bar with Richard Lawrence Marquette, a Portland native with a long criminal career, including charges of rape and robbery. On June 29, 1961, Marquette, thought to be a dangerous predator, was placed on the FBI's "Most Wanted" list. He was identified as a repairman of used furniture in Santa Maria, California, and was arrested, admitting to FBI agents that he had kidnapped and murdered Mrs. Caudle, then led them to more remains of her body which had not yet been discovered. He was convicted and sent to prison for life, but, like so many similar recidivists, he was paroled twelve years later, only to kill again. Betty Wilson was abducted and dismembered by Marquette in April 1975. He was again tracked down and sent back to prison to serve a life term.

March 9, 1963: At about 10 p.m., LAPD officers Ian Campbell and Karl Hettinger, while on their Hollywood patrol, stopped a 1946 Ford coupe with Nevada license plates. The reason the officers had stopped the car was because the small light over the rear license plate was burned out. The officers were surprised by the two occupants of the car, Gregory Ulas Powell and Jimmy Lee Smith, a black who used the alias of Youngblood. Both were convicted felons. Powell trained a gun on the officers, disarming them and taking them with his car to a remote onion field near Bakersfield, while Smith held a gun on the officers. Powell ordered the officers from his car and then shot Campbell five times, killing him. Hettinger raced away into the darkness and managed to escape; he was picked up later by a farm worker. Both Powell and Smith were later apprehended and convicted of kidnapping and murder on September 4, 1963, being sentenced to death eight days later. California's supreme court decided in July 1967, that there had been enough irregularities in the arrest and interrogations of the two killers to warrant a second trial. Both were again convicted, Powell again sentenced to death, but Smith receiving a life term. The state supreme court ruled in 1972 that any official execution was "cruel and unusual" punishment and Powell's execution was commuted to life imprisonment. Smith was paroled in 1982, but several more offenses sent him back to prison. Powell has repeatedly attempted to obtain a parole, but these requests have been routinely denied. Joseph Wambaugh's best-selling novel, *The Onion Field*, made this kidnapping-murder case famous.

June 12, 1963: Obsessed with Nazism and pornography, 25-year-old Ian Brady, of Manchester, England, along with his girlfriend, 21-year-old Myra Hindley kidnapped and killed 16-year-old Pauline Reade, the first of five known murders committed by the pair. The Reade girl, sexually attacked, her throat slashed, was buried in nearby moors (which later earned the killers the sobriquet of the "Moors Murderers"). On November 23, 1963, the couple abducted and killed 12-year-old John Kilbride, who was reported missing from Ashton-under-Lyne. Keith Bennett, a 12-year-old boy who was last seen near the home of Brady's mother, was reported missing on June 16, 1964, murdered by Brady and Hindley. On December 26, 1964, 10-year-old Lesley Ann Downey was abducted and murdered by Brady and Hindley. Emboldened by their many kidnapping-murders, Brady and Hindley permitted Hindley's brother-in-law, David Smith, to witness their next killing, that of 17-year-old Edward Evans, on October 6, 1965. Smith notified police and the murderous pair were arrested. On May 6, 1966, they were convicted of the abduction-murders of Downey, Evans and Kilbride. In the Downey case, officials retrieved the bloody hatchet used by Brady to kill the girl, along with a tape of her last moments sadistically recorded by the thrill-seeking Hindley and one in which the tragic girl vainly pleaded for her life. The killers were sent to prison for life. In 1987, Brady and Hindley confessed to kidnapping and killing Reade and Bennett. Reade's body was found on Saddleworth Moor, but the corpse of the Bennett boy was never located. In that same year, Brady notified officials by mail that he had been responsible for another five killings. Though Brady insisted that he would never seek parole, Hindley campaigned for her freedom for many years. In 1998, an appeals court decided that she would remain in prison until she died. Myra Hindley died in a hospital prison on November 15, 2002, from a chest infection. She was sixty.

Killer Ian Brady.

Killer Myra Hindley.

December 8, 1963: While preparing to have dinner in his room at Harrah's Lodge next to Lake Tahoe in Stateline, Nevada, Frank Sinatra, Jr., the son of one of America's most famous singers, was kidnapped by two gunmen posing as room service waiters. The two men burst through the door to tie up musician Joe Foss, Sinatra's dinner companion, then dragged the 19-year-old Sinatra from the room. As the abductors drove their captive to Los Angeles, where he would be held in a hideout for ransom, Foss broke free of his bounds and called police. Frank Sinatra, Sr. called Peter Lawford, a member of the "Rat Pack," and the brother-in-law of President John F. Kennedy, who, in turn, contacted U.S. Attorney General Robert Kennedy. A small army of FBI agents immediately began

Frank Sinatra, Jr., nineteen, is shown with his sister Tina and mother, Nancy, after his release from kidnappers, who had held him for fifty-four hours.

the search for the abducted Sinatra youth. Sinatra Sr. received the first call from the kidnappers on December 9, and, before hearing any demand, offered $1 million in cash for the safe return of his son. The kidnappers, however, followed their own previously scripted demand of only $240,000. Sinatra Sr. agreed and then flew to Los Angeles. The ransom money was counted out at the City National Bank of Beverly Hills and Sinatra Sr., accompanied by a lone FBI agent, delivered the ransom money. A few hours later, the victim was released, a policeman recognizing Sinatra Jr. walking along a dark street in Bel Air and driving him to his mother's nearby home. On December 13, FBI agents tracked down and arrested Barry Worthington Keenan and Joseph Clyde Amsler, both twenty-three, who had performed the kidnapping and 42-year-old John Irwin, who had placed the call to Sinatra Sr. At his trial, Keenan insisted that there was no kidnapping, that Sinatra Jr. had been part of a hoax, a trumped-up abduction aimed at bolstering publicity for his failing singing career. The jury rejected this explanation and convicted all three men. Keenan and Amsler received life terms for kidnapping, plus seventy-five years for additional, lesser charges. Irwin was sentenced to sixteen years and eight months. Keenan spent less than five years in prison. He was declared legally insane at the time of the kidnapping and his sentence was reduced. He was paroled in 1968. He later cut a deal to sell his side of the story on the abduction to Columbia Pictures for $485,000, but, in 1998, Sinatra Jr. filed a suit to prevent Keenan from receiving the money, his attorneys citing a law that prevents convicted felons from profiting by telling the stories of their crimes. On February 2, 2002, the California Supreme Court struck down the state's so-called "Son of Sam" law (based on the New York law that prohibited David Berkowitz of the "Son of Sam" murders from gleaning book or film profits by telling his story about the crimes, that 1977 New York law struck down by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1991).

March 31, 1964: The body of David Robinson, a child kidnapped in Mount Pleasant, South Carolina, was discovered. His abductor and killer, Joseph Francis, Jr., was later arrested, convicted of the crime and sent to prison.

May 23, 1964: Madeleine Dessault, wife of an airplane manufacturer, was kidnapped in Paris, France, but was released unharmed the next day. Three suspects were later arrested.

July 20, 1965: Frances Johnson, a 58-year-old door-to-door cosmetic sales woman, disappeared from her Tampa, Florida, home. The following day, a Dade County gas station attendant noticed blood dripping from the trunk of a car at one of his pumps. The attendant wrote down the license plate of the car and called the police. The car was later found abandoned and was identified as belonging to the missing Johnson. Fingerprints found on the car matched the prints of Hoyt Budd Cobb, who had broken out of the state prison at Jesup, Georgia, the previous April. The gas station attendant identified Cobb's prison photo as the man who had gassed up Johnson's car at his station. Cobb had been serving a life term for murdering a holdup victim. On September 26, 1965, Johnson's badly decomposed body was found on a footpath northeast of Tampa, Florida. On January 6, 1966, Cobb's name was placed on the FBI's "Most Wanted" list. FBI agents received a tip five months later and located Cobb in Hialeah, Florida, where he had been living under the alias of "Robert Jones." The fugitive surrendered without a fight and was tried and convicted of kidnapping and murdering Johnson. He was returned to prison to serve out two life terms which ran concurrently. In December 1989, Cobb was released on parole.

May 17, 1966: Joseph "Joe Bananas" Bonnano, head of a New York City Mafia family, turned himself into police authorities, who had been searching for him after Bonnano had reportedly been kidnapped and held hostage for nineteen months by rival Mafia members (see "Columbo Goes Public," in chapter on Gangs, Gangsters and Organized Crime).

January 6, 1967: Betty Hill, a 42-year-old housewife, was held hostage in her own home by an intruder in Boulder, Colorado, a $50,000 ransom demanded for her release. Her husband paid the ransom and the woman was released unharmed several days later. This victim is not to be confused with the Betty Hill of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, who, along with her husband, Barney Hill, claimed to have been abducted, examined and brainwashed in September 1961 by aliens while being held captive on their space ship!

April 3, 1967: Taken from his Beverly Hills, California, home, 11-year-old John Kenneth Young was held for a $250,000 ransom, which was paid. The boy was released unharmed on April 6, 1967, found blindfolded and bound in a car parked in a garage in Santa Monica, California. The boy was the son of Herbert J. Young, president of the Gibraltar Savings & Loan Association. A two-year FBI search resulted in the arrest of 38-

John Kenneth Young, eleven, is shown reunited with his parents after they paid abductors $250,000.

year-old Ronald Lee Miller, a former IRS agent, who was indicted for the Young abduction on March 31, 1970, only three days before the statute of limitations ran out. Miller was convicted of kidnapping and was sentenced to a life term without the possibility of parole on November 2, 1970. Agents did not recover the ransom money.

June 30, 1967: A British-owned and operated HS125 air taxi was skyjacked by gun-wielding Francois-Joseph Bodenan, who had ostensibly chartered the plane to fly from Palma de Mallorca to Ibiza, Spain, for a business trip, which included fellow passenger Moise Tshombe, former prime minister of Zaire and the secessionist Katanga Province. Bodenan had lured Tshombe on board in order to deliver him to authorities in Algiers, where he believed Tshombe would be extradited to Zaire for his participation in the assassination of his political rival, Patrice Lumumba in 1961. The plane landed in Algiers, where Tshombe was detained, while Zaire officials sought Tshombe's extradition; he had been sentenced to death in absentia on March 13, 1967 for ordering Lumumba's murder. Tshombe was held under house arrest while the case slowly proceeded through the Algerian supreme court, but Tshombe died of a heart attack on June 29, 1969, before he could be extradited. Bodenan, meanwhile, was released. He was later arrested in Switzerland, where Spanish officials sought his extradition on charges of air piracy and kidnapping. Swiss officials granted the extradition on August 13, 1973, but Bodenan, free on bond, had fled and was never apprehended.

August 19, 1967: Christine Anne Darby was kidnapped in Walsall, England, by Raymond Leslie Morris, who sexually assaulted the 7-year-old child, then suffocated her to death. Morris was apprehended and sent to prison for life.

March 26, 1968: Graziano Mesina, a Sardinian outlaw, was arrested, confessing to the kidnappings of Nino Petretto, son of an auto dealer, and Giovanni Campus, a wealthy landholder, both victims from Ozieri, Italy. The abductions had occurred not long before Mesina's capture. He was imprisoned.

August 28, 1968: Robert L. Dacy, a 39-year-old former convict, kidnapped 4-year-old Stanley Stalford, Jr., from his home in Beverly Hills, California. A short time later, Dacy called the boy's father, who was chairman of the Fidelity Bank in Beverly Hills, and demanded a ransom payment of $250,000. When the ransom payment was to be made on August 30, 1968, Dacy, believing he was driving into a police trap, drove off, but an FBI agent pursued and rammed his car into the auto driven by the kidnapper, capturing him and retrieving unharmed the Stalford boy, who was in the car at the time. Dacy was later convicted and imprisoned.

April 10, 1969: Camelia Jo Hand was abducted from her home in Ocoee, Florida, by Kenneth Ray Wright, who attacked and murdered the child. Wright was sent to prison for life.

May 10, 1969: Anne Katherine Jenkins was kidnapped from her apartment in Baltimore, Maryland, her father paying a $10,000 ransom for the safe return of the young woman. Police suspected Edward Lee Hull and Marie Calvert as being the perpetrators.

September 7, 1969: Mary Nelles was abducted near Toronto, Ontario, her captors demanding and receiving a ransom payment of $200,000. The victim was released unharmed and the kidnappers later caught and imprisoned.

October 24, 1969: Michel Fauqueux abducted Sophie Duguet, the daughter of a wealthy farmer outside of Soissons, France, demanding a ransom payment of £75,000. When the payment was made, the girl was released. Fauqueux later went to prison.

November 5, 1969: The body of Patrick Dolan was found outside of Sao Paulo, Brazil. Dolan, the teenage son of a U.S. businessman, had been kidnapped and a ransom of $12,500 had been paid. His killers were never located.

December 29, 1969: Peggy Rahn and Wendy Brown Stevenson, two children living in Pompano Beach, Florida, disappeared and were not seen again. Police concluded that both children had been abducted.

January 8, 1970: Mared Malarik and Karen Ferrell, both 19-year-old students at the state university in Morgantown, West Virginia, vanished and a widespread search for the girls produced no results. A medium later contacted a newspaper and described the site where the bodies of the girls could be found. Police located the corpses, both decapitated, by following the medium's directions, on April 16, 1970. Six years later, prison inmate Eugene Clawson confessed to the double kidnapping-murders. He was convicted and given life sentences, but immediately recanted his confession and most believe he was innocent of the murders. The missing heads of the girls were

never found. The medium involved in the case, said the real killers were two men, a black man and a white man with blue eyes. They were never located.

August 7, 1970: The black militant movement was at its height in the U.S., when 17-year-old Jonathan Jackson invaded a Marin County courtroom in San Rafael, to abduct a presiding judge and jurors in an effort to release three black prisoners. Jackson was a black militant and bodyguard for black activist Angela Yvonne Davis, who was the lover of Jonathan's older brother, George Jackson, a Black Panther leader and inmate at Soledad Prison, who had, along with others, been charged with murdering a prison guard on January 16, 1970. Jonathan Jackson, armed with four weapons owned by Angela Davis, entered the courtroom of 65-year-old Superior Court Judge Harold Haley, producing an M1 Carbine and stating: "I'm taking over now." He gave guns to three black San Quentin prisoners—37-year-old James McClain, 27-year-old Arthur Christmas, and 31-year-old Ruchell Magee. At the time, McClain was being tried for stabbing a San Quentin guard and Christmas and Magee were present as witnesses in that case. The four blacks trained their weapons on Judge Haley—taping a sawed-off shotgun to Haley's neck—Deputy District Attorney Gary Thomas and three female jurors, forcing them to march in front of them as they left the court building and using them as shields to enter Jonathan Jackson's rented van, which was parked outside the courthouse. When the kidnappers and their hostages got into the van, more than 100 armed officers swarmed about the vehicle, training their weapons on the van. Blazing gunfire suddenly erupted—it was never determined who opened fire first, the kidnappers or the lawmen—the fusillade killing Judge Haley, Jonathan Jackson, James McClain and Arthur Christmas. Gary Thomas was paralyzed after being shot in the spine. Kidnapper Ruchell Magee was slightly wounded as was juror Maria Graham. Two other jurors went unscathed. Angela Davis was then vainly hunted, charged with masterminding the Marin County massacre and placed on the FBI's "Most Wanted" list. She was captured two months later hiding out in a New York motel and placed on trial, charged with murder, kidnapping and conspiracy. She explained in court that Jonathan Jackson had acted on his own, that she had no part in the courthouse kidnapping and that Jackson had stolen the four legally registered guns from her without her knowledge. Jurors believed her story and acquitted her of all charges on June 4, 1972.

Angela Davis, center, is escorted to her trial for the kidnap-killings in Marin County, California; she was acquitted.

April 5, 1971: Renate Putz, the 16-year-old daughter of wealthy parents, was kidnapped from her home in Munich, Germany. Her parents did not return from a vacation until sixteen days later to discover the ransom note left by her abductors, in which DM 300,000 had been demanded. By that time, the girl had been slain.

May 12, 1971: The manager of a U.S.-operated gold mine in Bolivia, was kidnapped by the impoverished natives of a small village, who demanded the ransom of a tractor in order to build a vital road. The tractor was delivered and the manager was released. None of the kidnappers were prosecuted.

June 7, 1971: Alfred Kuser, the Swiss manager of Volcan, a metallurgical firm, was abducted in Bolivia and released after a ransom of $40,000 was paid.

June 12, 1971: Threatening crew members with a pistol, Gregory White, a 22-year-old Chicagoan, skyjacked TWA Flight 358m en route from Chicago to Albuquerque, New Mexico. While airborne, Howard Franks, a 65-year-old passenger, was shot and killed by White, when Franks tried to subdue the skyjacker. White demanded, after the plane flew from Albuquerque to New York City, that he receive a ransom payment of $75,000 and a machine gun, as well as a safe flight to North Vietnam. FBI agents boarded the plane and captured White in a shootout in which one agent was wounded. White was later judged mentally unfit for trial and was sent to an insane asylum on October 7, 1971.

July 2, 1971: Robert Lee Jackson, a 36-year-old native of Townsend, Tennessee, along with his 23-year-old Guatemalan girlfriend, Lydia Sanchez, skyjacked Braniff Flight 14, while it was en route from Acapulco, Mexico, to San Antonio, Texas, with 102 passengers aboard. Jackson demanded a ransom of $100,000 and had the pilot land the plane at Monterrey, Mexico. Getting little response, Jackson ordered the plane airborne, which then flew to Lima, Peru, and then on to Rio de Janeiro. Police in Rio tried to board the plane and arrest the

skyjackers, but Jackson ordered the pilot to take off once more, this time flying to Buenos Aires. Argentinian officials rejected any notions of negotiations and more than 300 policemen surrounded the plane in a 16-hour siege. Jackson and Sanchez then surrendered and were jailed for trial. They were convicted in a Buenos Aires court, Jackson being sentenced to five years in prison. Sanchez was given a three-year prison term.

November 3, 1971: Linda Sutherlin, a resident of Houston, Texas, was reported missing and the same day the body of 16-year-old Adele Crabtree was discovered outside Conroe, Texas. Sutherlin's corpse was discovered near Pearland on November 8, 1971. Detectives learned that Sutherlin had been seen in a bar with truck driver Harry Lanham, who was picked up and interrogated. At first, Lanham would tell investigators nothing, but after repeated questioning in April 1972, he implicated a friend and fellow truck driver, 24-year-old Anthony Knoppa, in the Sutherlin and Crabtree cases, saying that he and Knoppa had been routinely kidnapping and raping girls and young women in the Houston area for some time, and that Knoppa was a killer, "having his own graveyard." Knoppa was arrested and he and Lanham were charged in the two killings. Knoppa insisted that Lanham was the killer of the two girls. Both men had criminal records involving prior rapes. Two earlier rape-murders—13-year-old Colette Wilson of Alvin, Texas, and Gloria Gonzalez of Houston—were then attributed to Lanham. Both Lanham and Knoppa were convicted in the kidnappings and murders of Crabtree and Sutherlin and were given life sentences.

December 24, 1971: After firing a bullet into the bulkhead of Northwest Airlines Flight 734 and telling an attendant to inform the pilot that he had killed a passenger, Everett Leary Holt, a 24-year-old resident of Indianapolis, Indiana, held twenty-nine passengers hostage while the plane, en route from Minneapolis to Chicago, was still airborne. Holt demanded a ransom payment of $300,000 and two parachutes. Holt received the payment when the plane landed at Chicago. He released the passengers, but held onto the crew, who, through ruses, escaped. Disgusted with his failure, Holt threw the money out of the plane, bills blowing every which way and causing scores of officials to scurry after the billowing money. Holt then surrendered. Indicted for air piracy on December 29, 1971, psychiatrists insisted that the skyjacker was mentally incompetent. He was sent to a mental institution.

December 26, 1971: Waving a gun that later proved to be plastic, Donald L. Coleman, a 24-year-old Chicagoan, skyjacked American Airlines Flight 47, en route from Toronto, Canada, to San Francisco, and carrying ninety passengers. Coleman told crew members that he had a pressure-sensitive bomb that would explode if the plane descended to below 2,500 feet and that only he could disarm the mechanism. He next demanded a ransom of $200,000, but his kidnapping came to an abrupt end when passengers and attendants overpowered him. At his trial, Coleman employed an unusual defense, claiming that he had simply been conducting a civic-minded experiment to prove that "anyone could skyjack an airplane," an argument quickly dismissed by a jury, which convicted him of air piracy on June 5, 1972. Coleman was sentenced to two concurrent ten-year prison terms on July 28, 1973, his sentencing delayed by elaborate legal motions by his attorneys. On September 16, 1974, the skyjacker was released on five years' probation.

January 12, 1972: Claiming to be armed with a briefcase packed with dynamite, 22-year-old Billy Eugene Hurst, Jr., from Walters, Oklahoma, skyjacked Braniff Flight 38, flying from Houston to Dallas, Texas. Hurst held seven crew members hostage, while he demanded a $1 million ransom, ten parachutes, a pistol and a safe flight to an unspecified country in South America. When the plane landed, it was dismantled by a ground crew and, upon learning that the craft could not take off, Hurst surrendered. Convicted of air piracy, he was sentenced to prison for twenty years on February 2, 1973.

January 20, 1972: Richard LaPoint, a 23-year-old salesman in Denver, Colorado and a native of Boston, Massachusetts, apparently planned to emulate the 1971 exploits of skyjacker "D. B. Cooper," when he skyjacked Hughes Airwest Flight 800, en route from Las Vegas to Reno, Nevada, with seventy-one people aboard. A Vietnam war veteran, LaPoint demanded and received a $50,000 ransom and two parachutes. He later leaped from the plane as it neared Denver, but sprained an ankle when landing, which slowed down his escape plan. He was spotted and tracked by a search plane that directed ground police to LaPoint's location. The skyjacker was arrested and later convicted of air piracy. On May 25, he was sentenced to forty years in prison.

January 26, 1972: Using a simulated bomb and a starter's pistol, Merlyn L. St. George (AKA: Heinrick vonGeorge, 1926-1972), skyjacked Mohawk Flight 452, en route from Albany, New York to New York City, with forty-five persons on board. St. George, a native of St. Paul, Minnesota, demanded a ransom payment of $200,000 and four parachutes. He received this money and parachutes, but changed his mind about later jumping from the plane and next demanded a getaway car to be parked next to the airplane. Using a flight attendant as a shield, he attempted to get into the car with the cash, but was shot and killed by one of the FBI agents stationed near the plane.

January 29, 1972: Garrett Brock Trapnell, thirty-three, a former mental patient and native of Boston, Massachusetts, skyjacked TWA Flight 2, en route from Los Angeles to New York City, with 101 people on board. Trapnell, who had secreted a pistol on his person and later brandished the weapon when airborne, demanded a ransom payment of $306,800 and safe passage to Dallas, Texas (he later changed his mind, saying he wanted to fly to Europe). Upon the plane's arrival in New York, an FBI agent disguised as an airplane employee, disarmed the skyjacker after wounding him. Trapnell was convicted of air piracy and was sentenced to prison for life on July 20, 1973.

April 7, 1972: Richard Floyd McCoy (1942-1974), of Kingston, North Carolina, armed with two pistols, a hand grenade and plastic explosives, skyjacked United Airlines Flight 885, flying from Denver to New York, and carrying 95 people. The 29-year-old McCoy had the pilot land at San Francisco, where he released the passengers, holding the crew for a $500,000 ransom and asking that six parachutes be delivered to him along with the payment. The plane next flew to Salt Lake City, where McCoy received the ransom payment and parachutes. When the plane again took off, McCoy leaped into space over Provo, Utah. The skyjacker landed safely and vanished, only to be tracked down three days later by FBI agents, who arrested him in his home. During his trial, McCoy faked illness and was allowed to go to the washroom in the courthouse, where he escaped through a small window. He was nevertheless recaptured three blocks away. McCoy was convicted of air piracy and, on July 10, 1972, sentenced to forty-five years in prison. On August 10, 1974, McCoy escaped from the federal prison at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, but was cornered by FBI agents in Virginia Beach, Virginia, on November 10, 1974. The skyjacker elected to shoot it out with agents and was shot and killed in the firefight.

April 7, 1972: Jose Carrion, a Puerto Rican banker, was kidnapped at gunpoint in San Juan by abductor Jose Luis Lugo, who then seized a commuter plane and flew with his hostage and the plane's crew to Camaguey, after demanding and receiving a ransom of $290,000. The plane then flew to Havana, Cuba, at Lugo's orders, where he was given asylum by the Fidel Castro regime. Carrion and the plane were returned to San Juan, but Castro refused to surrender the kidnapper to Puerto Rican officials.

April 9, 1972: Claiming to be armed with a grenade and a pistol, 32-year-old Stanley H. Speck, a resident of Glendale, California, skyjacked Pacific Southwest Airlines Flight 942, en route from Oakland to San Diego, California, with ninety-two people on board. He demanded a ransom payment of $500,000, four parachutes and safe passage to Miami, Florida, but he inexplicably left the plane at San Diego to retrieve some flight charts and was immediately seized by FBI agents. Judged unfit to stand trial, Speck was institutionalized at a California asylum, being released on June 14, 1974, after doctors pronounced him mentally stable.

April 13, 1972: Having a long record of psychiatric problems, Ricardo Chavez-Ortiz, a 34-year-old Mexican, skyjacked Frontier Airlines Flight 91, carrying thirty-three people from Albuquerque to Phoenix. The abductor's ransom demand was in the form of publicity. Upon arrival at Phoenix, he was allowed to broadcast a speech in Spanish which called for world peace and better education for underprivileged children. Following his two-hour diatribe, Chavez-Ortiz surrendered to FBI agents, turning over an unloaded gun. During his trial, the skyjacker wrote a letter to President Richard Nixon, asking that he be put to death if he was convicted. He was instead sentenced to life in prison, but the sentence was later reduced to twenty years.

April 17, 1972: William Greene, a 29-year-old resident of Berea, Ohio, after boarding Delta Airlines Flight 952, en route from Miami to Chicago, sent a note to the pilot in which he said he would destroy the plane unless he received a ransom payment of $500,000 and safe transportation to the Bahamas. The plane landed in Chicago and the pilot persuaded Greene to release the passengers. After an hour of negotiations, officers rushed Greene and subdued him, placing him under arrest. On September 20, 1972, Greene was tried for air piracy and convicted, then sentenced to prison for twenty years. At his trial, defense attorneys attempted to prove that their client was insane, that he had had a mental breakdown following his divorce and believed that God was talking to him through songs he heard on the radio and advertising messages on television. He believed, his lawyers stated, that he was battling Satan on behalf of God, but the attorneys were compelled to admit that their client's acts were not in keeping with the Good Book, in that, prior to the skyjacking, he had gone on a shoplifting spree and had inexplicably adorned himself in female clothing. Greene had skyjacked the plane, his attorneys said, after hearing and seeing a TV ad which stated: "Delta is ready when you are."

May 6, 1972: Brandishing a pistol, 49-year-old Frederick Hahneman, a native of Honduras, skyjacked Eastern Airlines Flight 175, en route from Allentown, Pennsylvania, to Washington, D.C., with 52 people aboard. Upon landing at Dulles Airport, Hahneman allowed all but six persons to deplane and then demanded a ransom of $300,000, several parachutes, jumpsuits and crash helmets, knives and two cartons of cigarettes. Officials met his demands and the plane flew on to New Orleans, Louisiana, where, using his six hostages as human shields, Hahneman reached a waiting airplane and then flew south, parachuting over a jungle in Honduras and near the village of Yoro. Eastern Airlines offered a $25,000 reward for Hahneman's capture and this led Honduran authorities to locate and arrest him. FBI agents showed Honduran officials an arrest warrant on June 1, 1972, and the skyjacker was turned over to them at the American Embassy at Tegucigalpa, Honduras. Hahneman was returned to the U.S. to stand trial, stating that the ransom money had been sent to a "contact" in Panama, who had banked the cash in Hong Kong. Hahneman was convicted of air piracy, kidnapping and extortion and was sentenced to life imprisonment. The ransom money was recouped in May 1973.

May 30, 1972: Nelson Mesquita (AKA: G. D. J. Silva, 1947-1972), a native of Brazil, skyjacked a Varig Airlines flight en route from Sao Paulo to Porto Alegre, with 96 people on board. He brandished a pistol when the plane made a stopover at Curitiba, making a demand for a $260,000 ransom and several parachutes. Before these arrangements were completed, a ground crew dismantled the plane, preventing it

from making a take-off. Heavily armed troops then got into the plane, but before they could capture Mesquita, the skyjacker put the pistol to his head and blew out his brains.

June 3, 1972: Waving a pistol at crew members, Robb D. Heady, a 22-year-old resident of Laramie, Wyoming, and a former paratrooper, who had served in Vietnam, skyjacked United Airlines Flight 239, while it was about to take off at Reno, Nevada, en route to San Francisco. Heady allowed the twenty-nine passengers to deplane, but held the crew members hostage, demanding $200,000 ransom. The money was delivered and the plane took off, the skyjacker parachuting from the plane in darkness over the desert in Wahoe County. He had left $40,000 behind on the plane simply because he could not carry all of the ransom money. Landing safely, Heady made his way to a car he had earlier hidden, but was surprised by FBI agents waiting next to the auto, which they had located and staked out hours before Heady jumped from the plane. Heady was convicted of air piracy and, on August 25, given a 30-year prison sentence.

June 23, 1972: Secreting a submachine gun and a smoke grenade in his carry-on luggage, 28-year-old Martin Joseph McNally, a native of Trenton, Michigan, skyjacked American Airlines Flight 119, en route from St. Louis to Tulsa, Oklahoma, with 101 people aboard. Brandishing the submachine gun, McNally ordered the pilot to return to St. Louis, where some of the hostages were released and where he demanded a ransom of $502,200, several parachutes and a shovel. Before the ransom and the items McNally demanded were delivered, a man drove a Cadillac through a police line and onto the landing area, where he crashed the car into the skyjacked plane, dismantling it. The driver was injured and sent to a hospital; his actions were thought to be that of an over-reacting citizen incensed at McNally's air piracy. The skyjacker, by that time, received the ransom money and the parachutes. He used the hostages to move from the dismantled plane to another jetliner, ordering the pilot to fly to Toronto, Canada. McNally, however, was unsure as to how to use a parachute, naively asking the pilot for instructions on what air speeds allowed a safe jump from the plane. The pilot gave him false information and when McNally jumped, the suitcase carrying the ransom money was swept out of his hand by the airstream left by the jet. The money was later found in a farm field. His submachine gun was found several miles further, that, too, having been torn from McNally's clutches by the airstream. The skyjacker nevertheless parachuted to the ground safely and made his escape, only to be located and arrested in Detroit on June 28, 1972. Two days later, police arrested and jailed Walter J. Petlikowsky, a 31-year-old Polish immigrant, who had helped McNally organize the skyjacking. He was convicted of aiding and assisting a federal fugitive and sent to prison for ten years. McNally was convicted of aircraft piracy and, on December 14, 1972, was sentenced to two concurrent life terms in a federal prison.

June 30, 1972: Ernanno Barca, president of the Buenos Aires branch of the Italian Banco di Napoli, was abducted by four armed kidnappers, who demanded a $200,000 ransom for his return. The ransom was paid by the bank and Barca was returned safely to his family.

July 12, 1972: Melvin Fisher, a 49-year-old Oklahoman, brandished an empty revolver when skyjacking American Airlines Flight 633, with seventy-seven persons on board and while the plane was in flight from Oklahoma City to Dallas. Fisher, apparently aping the 1971 skyjacking of "D. B. Cooper," demanded a ransom of $550,000 and a parachute before releasing his hostages. He reduced the amount in his rambling negotiations, and then inexplicably surrendered his useless weapon to a flight attendant. Fisher was tried and convicted of air piracy and, on September 28, 1972, sentenced to life imprisonment.

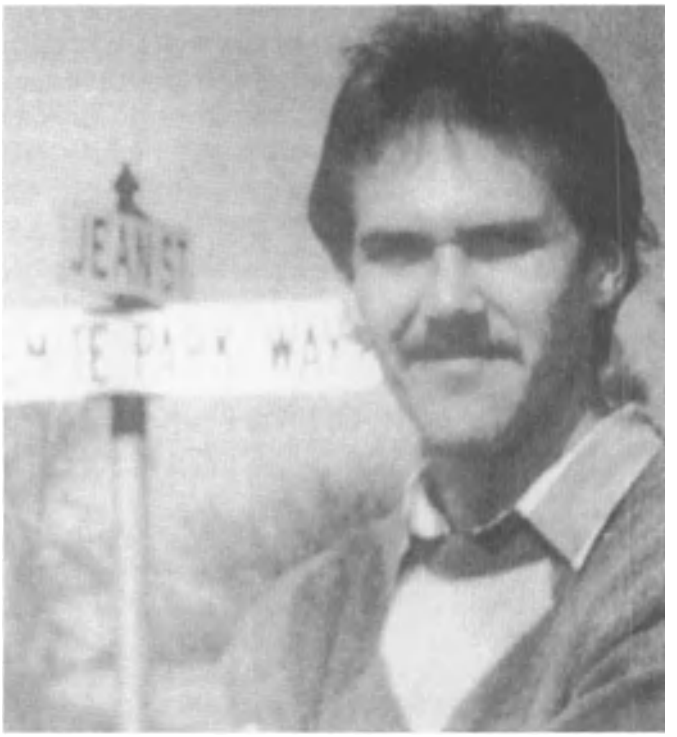
July 27, 1972: Virginia Piper, the wife of a wealthy Minnesota businessman, was kidnapped from her home in Minneapolis. After her abductors received a $1 million ransom, the woman was found alive, tied to a tree in a remote area.

August 18, 1972: Frank Sibley, Jr. smuggled a rifle on board United Airlines Flight 877, en route from Reno, Nevada, to San Francisco, California, with twenty-two passengers on board. While the plane was in flight, the 43-year-old Sibley, a resident of Baltimore, Maryland, retrieved and brandished the rifle, skyjacking the plane and demanding a ransom payment of $2 million, fifteen pounds of gold, and safe passage to Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. He ordered the plane to land at Seattle, Washington, where the ransom was paid, but when Sibley left the plane, FBI agents wounded him in a gunfight and captured him. He was convicted of air piracy and was sentenced to a federal prison for thirty years on October 18, 1972.

October 11, 1972: Friedrich Shutz (AKA: Friedhelm Schuetz), who claimed to have a bomb, skyjacked a Lufthansa Boeing 727, en route from Lisbon, Portugal to Frankfurt, Germany, with fifty-eight persons on board. He demanded a startling small ransom of $650. He received the payment when the plane arrived in Frankfurt, but was shot to death by police when he attempted to flee the airport in a car.

November 7, 1972: Enrico Barrella, an Italian industrialist, was kidnapped in Buenos Aires, Argentina. He was released after his abductors collected a ransom payment of $500,000.

December 4, 1972: Kenneth Eugene Parnell, a 41-year-old native of Amarillo, Texas, who worked as an auditor in a lodge in Yosemite National Park, and who had a long criminal record, teamed up with a fellow employee, 31-year-old Ervin Edward Murphy, to kidnap 7-year-old Steven Gregory Stayner, in Merced, California. Parnell kept the boy in sexual captivity for more than seven years, moving about with the boy through several western states. Parnell, with accomplice Sean Poorman, then kidnapped 5-year-old Timothy White in Ukiah, California, on February 14, 1980, keeping him in a remote cabin. Stayner, then fifteen, helped White escape on March 1, 1980.



Steven Gregory Stayner, who was held by his abductor for seven years.

going to the Ukiah police station. Parnell, Murphy and Poorman were then tracked down and arrested. Poorman turned state's evidence, testifying against Parnell, who was convicted of second-degree kidnapping in the White case and he received a seven-year prison sentence. Parnell and Murphy were then tried for the Stayner abduction, charged with kidnapping and conspiracy. Both men were convicted, Murphy receiving two five-year sentences on each count. Parnell, the chief architect in the Stayner kidnapping, however, received only a two-year sentence for kidnapping and five years for conspiracy, his sentences to run concurrently, including that meted out to him in the White case, a sentence thought so lenient that widespread public opinion turned against California politicians, who had fashioned laws that allowed only the maximum sentences given to Parnell. This kidnapper was paroled on April 5, 1985. Stayner's older brother, Cary Anthony Stayner, accused of kidnapping and murdering four women in 1999, was sent to prison for life. (See entry for **July 21, 1999**.)

December 6, 1972: Felix Azpiazu, a Spanish businessman, was kidnapped in Argentina and a ransom demand of $180,000 was made for his return. The abductors agreed to take a negotiated $100,000 payment and Azpiazu was released on December 8.

December 19, 1972: Amanda Dealey, the 22-year-old daughter-in-law of a newspaper magnate (after whom Dealey Plaza is named and where the assassination of President John F. Kennedy occurred in 1963) was kidnapped in Dallas, Texas. She was released after a $250,000 ransom was paid to brothers Franklin and Woodrow Ransonette, who were tracked down a short time later after their van was identified at the ransom pickup site. Both were sent to prison for terms of 5,005 years, the longest sentences ever meted out by a U.S. jury.

December 27, 1972: Vicente Russo, director-general of a subsidiary of ITT Corp., was abducted in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and was released after his kidnappers reportedly received a ransom payment of between $500,000 and $1 million.

February 3, 1973: Norman Lee, manager of a Coca-Cola plant in Buenos Aires, Argentina, was kidnapped and was later released after an undisclosed ransom payment was made.

April 8, 1973: Francis Victor Brimicombe, president of Nobleza Tabaco Co., a subsidiary of the British-American Tobacco Company, was kidnapped in Buenos Aires, Argentina. He was released unharmed after his abductors received a ransom payment of between $1.5 and $1.8 million.

May 21, 1973: Oscar Castel, president of a Coca-Cola bottling plant in Cordoba, Argentina, was abducted and later released after his kidnappers received a ransom payment of $100,000.

June 6, 1973: Charles Lockwood, a British executive of an Acrow Steel division in Argentina, was kidnapped. A ransom payment of $2 million was paid and Lockwood was released unharmed.

June 19, 1973: Hans Kurt Gebhardt, the 61-year-old manager of a hosiery plant owned and operated by Silvania, S.A., in Buenos Aires, was kidnapped and held for a $1 million ransom. Gebhardt was released unharmed after the abductors reportedly received a payment of $100,000. The kidnappers were not apprehended.

June 25, 1973: Mario Baratella, vice president of the Italian-owned Bank of Rio de la Plata in Buenos Aires, Argentina, was abducted and released after his kidnappers, who had made a $2 million ransom demand, were paid an undisclosed sum.

July 2, 1973: Raul Bornancini, the assistant manager and chief of banking operations for a branch of the First National Bank of New York in Cordoba, Argentina, was abducted while on his way to his office. His kidnappers, who disavowed any political connections, demanded a ransom payment of $1 million. The ransom was paid, and Bornancini was released on July 13, 1973. His kidnappers were not apprehended.

July 14, 1973: Mark Matson, a 16-year-old drifter from Ohio, and his 15-year-old girlfriend, hitchhiked a ride outside of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, with 44-year-old Albert Brust, a burly psychopath, who drove them to his suburban Miami home, where he kept them prisoner, killing Matson and burying his body in his back yard. Brust then subjected the girl to sexual attacks and injuries in a torture chamber he had constructed in one of his rooms. He later drove her to a beach and released her, telling her that if she informed police, he would kill her entire family in Kentucky. She immediately told police, but

her story was discounted by her own parents, who told officers that their runaway daughter was "a pathological liar who is continually making up fantastic stories." Police did nothing until they received a report on July 22, 1973, the caller saying that a dead man was sitting in the back yard of his home. A neighbor had gotten suspicious when seeing that the man remained motionless in a lawn chair throughout a violent thunderstorm. Dade County officers investigated to find Albert Brust dead, a coroner's report stating that he had taken a fatal dose of strychnine.

August 27, 1973: Ian Martin, the British manager of a meat firm, was abducted in Asuncion, Paraguay. Before any ransom could be paid, police located the hideout of the abductors, killing two in a firefight and capturing the others. Martin was rescued unharmed.

September 21, 1973: Accountant David George Heywood, an employee of the Nobleza Tobacco Co., a subsidiary of the British-American Tobacco Company, was kidnapped in Buenos Aires by six gunmen, who demanded a $300,000 ransom payment, which was paid by Heywood's family. The victim was not released, however, until Argentine police located the hideout of the abductors on October 20, 1973, rescuing Heywood and arresting his kidnappers. Officers recovered $260,000 of the ransom money and the culprits were soon convicted and given long prison terms.

October 23, 1973: David Wilkie, Jr., president of an Amoco International Oil Company subsidiary, was abducted in Buenos Aires, Argentina. He was released after a reported ransom of $3.5 million was paid to his abductors.

December 1, 1973: After appearing on a TV commercial in which they were shown eating fried chicken, 6-year-old Keith Arnold and 8-year-old Gerald Craft were kidnapped, while playing football outside the home of Craft's grandmother in Detroit, Michigan. The two black boys were held for a $53,000 ransom, but family members told the kidnappers that they had not received any substantial payments for the TV commercial in which the boys had appeared and were able to negotiate the ransom down to $15,000. Family members agreed to work with police in trapping the kidnappers, leaving a dummy ransom package at a remote site that was staked out by hidden police officers. The abductors, however, evaded police, who were reportedly slow to move in on them. The kidnappers, apparently in response to the bogus ransom payment, killed both boys and dumped their bodies in a field near the Detroit Metropolitan Airport. A week after the Detroit *News* posted a $5,000 reward for the capture of the kidnappers, informants provided police with the identity of a teenage girl, who was arrested and who turned state's evidence that led to the arrest and conviction of the kidnappers—Jerome Holloway, Geary Gilmore and Byron Smith, all twenty-one. The three men were sent to prison for life.

December 21, 1973: Charles Robert Hayes, a superintendent for McKee-Tesca, a construction company operating in La Plata, Argentina, was kidnapped while driving to work. He was held for a $1 million ransom and an undisclosed payment was later made by his firm. Hayes was released on January 31, 1974.

January 3, 1974: Douglas Roberts, an executive with the Pepsi-Cola Co., was abducted in Buenos Aires, Argentina. He was released after his kidnappers were paid an undisclosed sum.

March 6, 1974: Betty Van Balen, a real estate broker, was kidnapped in Roanoke, Virginia, by Larry Gene Cole, while showing him a house for sale. Cole held the woman for a ransom payment of $25,000, which was paid by the woman's husband, Frank Van Balen, a wealthy businessman. Following the victim's safe release in Ansted, West Virginia, the following day, FBI agents pursued the kidnapper, and his wife, Bonnie Ann Cole, stating that Larry Cole had once been a Van Balen employee. He was placed on the Bureau's "Most Wanted" list and a short time later New York State troopers stopped and arrested the Coles as they were driving outside of Buffalo, New York. Both were convicted and sent to prison.

Kidnapper Larry Gene Cole, captured by FBI agents.

March 12, 1974: A Japan Airlines flight carrying 426 passengers from Tokyo to Okinawa, was skyjacked by Katsuhito Owaki, a youth demanding a whopping ransom of $55 million, 200 million yen, fifteen parachutes and mountain-climbing gear. Officials disbelieved Katsuhito's claim that he had a bomb and, when officers boarded the plane disguised as food handlers distributing lunch to the hostages, he was quickly overpowered. Convicted of air piracy, Katsuhito was sent to prison.

March 20, 1974: Described as shy by neighbors and friends, 26-year-old Ian Ball attempted to kidnap England's Princess Anne, planning to demand a £3 million ransom for her return. Ball drove his Ford Escort through a London intersection, blocking the path of the royal limousine in which Princess Anne and her husband, Mark Phillips were riding and which was en route to Buckingham Palace. Brandishing a .38-caliber pistol and a .22-caliber revolver, Ball tried to remove Princess Anne from the limousine, but several male riders in the car intervened. Ball shot down Inspector James Beaton, her bodyguard; Alex Callender, her chauffeur; and reporter Brian McConnell. Constable Michael Hill, who was at the scene, was also shot by Ball before he fled on foot into nearby St. James' Park, where Constable Peter Edmunds later captured him. Judged mentally unfit for trial, Ball was sent to the high security institution of Rampton Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

May 11, 1974: Three skyjackers—Carlos A. Tabares, Jorge Campos, and Pedro Rodriguez Hernandez—seized a Colombian Avianca airlplane with ninety-four people aboard while flying from Pereira to Bogota. Armed with pistols, hand grenades and a parcel they claimed to contain a bomb, the skyjackers demanded a ransom of 8 million pesos (about $315,000). Landings at Pereira and Cali were refused by ground control officials and the plane landed at Bogota, where police officers disguised as mechanics stormed the plane, killing one of the skyjackers and capturing the other two, who were later sent to prison.

August 6, 1974: Maurice Kember, president of Inti, a subsidiary of Coca-Cola, was kidnapped by gunmen outside of his home at Cordoba, Argentina. The $1.5 million ransom demanded by the abductors was never paid. On October 8, 1974, police raided the hideout of the kidnappers and rescued Kember, killing one of the kidnappers and capturing three others, two of whom were wounded. The surviving abductors received long prison terms.

October 17, 1974: Fabrizio Mosna, the child of a wealthy furniture manufacturer, was abducted as he was going to school in Trento, Italy. Before the kidnappers could deliver a ransom demand for $130,000, the boy escaped and the culprits were later arrested and imprisoned.

October 19, 1974: Emmanuele "Lele" Riboli, the teenage son of a wealthy family, was kidnapped in Varese, Italy. The family paid 200 million lire and then raised another 97 million lire to make an additional payment, but the boy was not returned. Niccolo Floris, Ugo Schirra, and Giuseppe Vitzizai, were later arrested and imprisoned for the abduction.

November 10, 1974: James Otis Baker robbed the pharmacy owned and operated by Bernard Grossman in St. Louis, Missouri, then kidnapped Grossman and his 18-year-old clerk, Susan Psaris, taking both to a remote area, where he forced them to kneel while he shot them both in the head. Baker was later apprehended and explained that he had abducted and murdered Grossman and Psaris after becoming incensed when Grossman told him that he had no narcotics to give him at the time of the robbery (which was then a newly-established policy among pharmacists in avoiding drug heists). Baker was convicted of kidnapping, robbery and murder and given two concurrent life sentences, which made him eligible for parole in twelve years, a parole repeatedly denied due to the protesting efforts of the victims' families.

November 12, 1974: Jack I. Teich, a steel industry executive, was kidnapped from his home at Kings Point, Long Island, New York. He was released after his abductor, Richard W. Williams, received a ransom payment of $750,000. Williams was tracked down, convicted and imprisoned.

November 27, 1974: Vonnie Struth, a young housewife living in Seattle, Washington, was kidnapped and killed by Gary Addison Taylor, who had a criminal career for sexual assaults. Police tracked him down in Enumclaw, Washington, charging him with the Struth slaying. He admitted abducting and murdering Struth, and then confessed to kidnapping and murdering several other women, including 23-year-old Deborah Heneman and 25-year-old Lee Fletcher, both from Ohio, and whose bodies were later unearthed in the back yard of Taylor's abandoned home in Onsted, Michigan. Taylor also admitted many other unsolved sexual attacks and at least one other abduction-murder, that of 21-year-old Susan Jackson, who had been kidnapped and slain by Taylor in Houston, Texas. He was convicted and sent to prison for life.

January 13, 1975: Lesley Whittle, the 17-year-old girl from a wealthy family living in Kidderminster, England, was kidnapped from her home by Donald Neilson, who had demanded a ransom payment of £50,000 for her safe return. Neilson had for several years been robbing postal clerks and shooting several of his victims when they resisted his robberies and was dubbed the "Black Panther," because of the black hood he wore during his robberies. Neilson got the idea to abduct the Whittle girl after reading a newspaper account that reported the wealth of the girl's father. After several bungled attempts to collect the ransom (he shot one intermediary six times before fleeing, his victim later recovering), Neilson left a note telling go-betweens to "drop suitcase [containing the ransom money] into hole," which was located near Bathpool Park. On March 7, 1974, officers climbed down a drainage shaft to find the naked body of Lesley Whittle hanging from a wire. Neilson later claimed that the girl had fallen from a ledge, where he had tied her up and was accidentally strangled to death. On

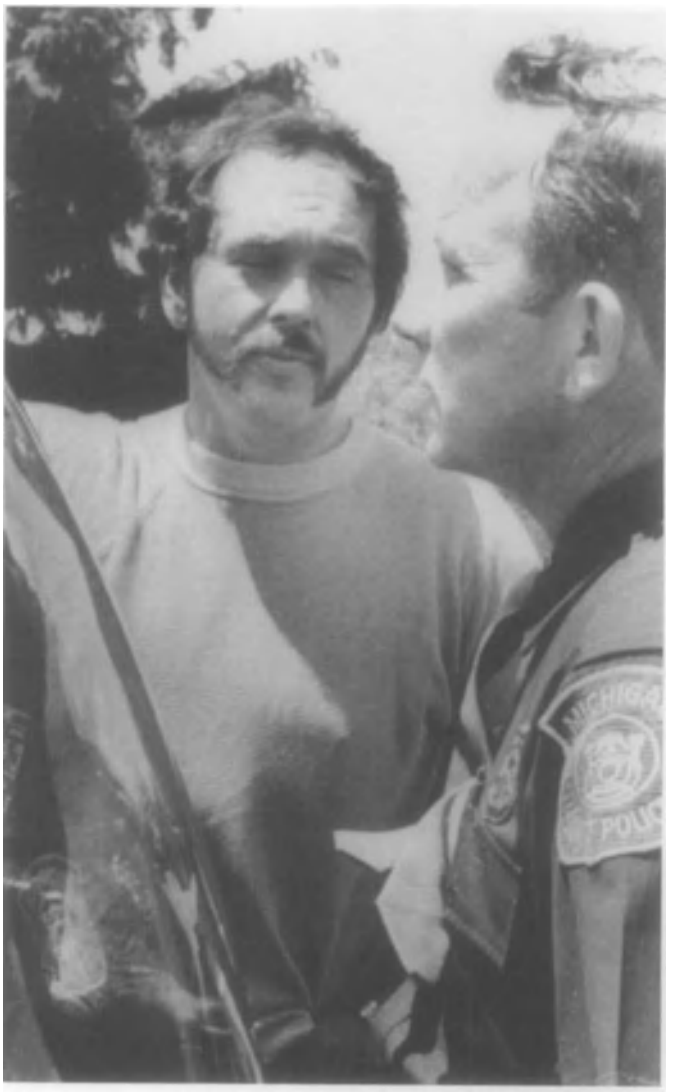
December 11, 1975, two officers, Tony White and Stuart Mackenzie spotted a suspicious man loitering near a post office in Nottinghamshire. When they approached the man, he turned a shotgun on them and then forced them back into their car, ordering them to drive to Blidworth. In the process, Neilson was distracted and White, with the help of some local residents, overpowered the kidnapper. Neilson was later tried and convicted on four counts of murder, including the kidnap-killing of Whittle, and sent to prison for life.

February 22, 1975: Joel Siqueira, Jr., brandishing a pistol, invaded the cockpit of a VASP Boeing 737, en route from Sao Paulo to Brasilia, Brazil. He demanded a ransom payment of $1.3 million, as well as parachutes. When landing at Brasilia, police stormed the plane, wounding and capturing Siqueira in a shootout. He was later imprisoned.

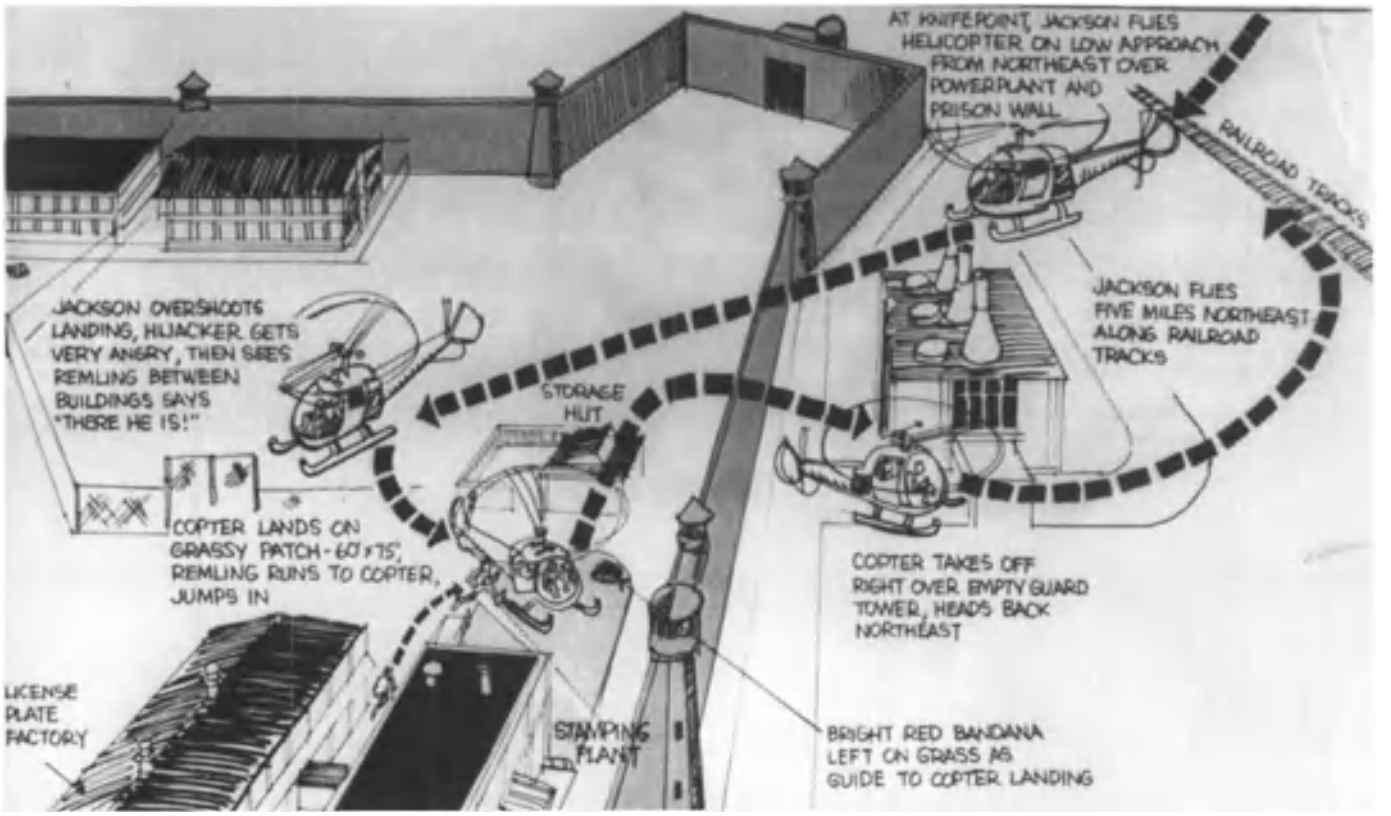
March 25, 1975: Sheila and Katherine Lyon, ages ten and twelve, from Kensington, Illinois, were last seen at a shopping mall. It was concluded that both had been kidnapped.

June 6, 1975: Morris Eugene Colosky, a Michigan native and associate of imprisoned con artist Dale Otto Remling, hired a helicopter to fly him from Plymouth, Michigan, to Lansing, in order to attend a business meeting. While in flight, Colosky produced a five-inch knife and ordered pilot Richard Jackson to fly to the Southern Michigan State Prison at Jackson. Following Colosky's directions, Jackson landed the helicopter on a grassy clearing inside the walls of the prison recreation area, setting down near a spot marked with a red handkerchief. Remling, who was then taking his lunch break, ran to the helicopter, which shot skyward and over the wall in one of the most spectacular U.S. prison breaks on record. As Remling knew, the area where the copter landed was under electronic surveillance and there were no guards present to thwart his escape. Jackson, the knife still held to his throat, was ordered to fly in a northeasterly direction along highway M-106, landing the chopper at a spot where two cars, a red Plymouth and a yellow Volkswagen, were parked. Remling and Colosky sprayed mace in Jackson's face, blinding him, before they alighted from the copter and raced to the cars, which sped down the roadway. Jackson regained his sight and, while airborne, radioed a report of his abduction and the prison break to police, while searching for the perpetrators. He became suspicious of a slow-moving car and directed police to its location. The occupant, Mrs. Jolyne Lou Conn, admitted that she had helped in the escape, but that she was nothing more than a decoy. Remling was apprehended on June 7, at a tavern in Leslie, Michigan. He surrendered to state police without a fight and was returned to prison. Colosky was captured ten days later near Howell in Livingston County. He was indicted by a grand jury on charges of air piracy on June 27, 1975. Convicted, he was sentenced to twenty years in prison. The idea for the escape had been hatched by Remling, who had twice escaped from Soledad Prison in California years earlier. While watching TV in the prison recreation room at the state

Forger and confidence man Dale Otto Remling, who engineered his spectacular prison break in 1975.



Kidnapped helicopter pilot Richard Jackson explains to police how he was abducted by Remling's confederate, Morris Eugene Colosky, and forced to rescue Remling.


AT KNIFEPOINT, JACKSON FLIES HELICOPTER ON LOW APPROACH FROM NORTHEAST OVER POWERPLANT AND PRISON WALL
RAILROAD TRACKS
JACKSON FLIES FIVE MILES NORTHEAST ALONG RAILROAD TRACKS
JACKSON OVERSHOOTS LANDING, HIJACKER GETS VERY ANGRY, THEN SEES REMLING BETWEEN BUILDINGS SAYS "THERE HE IS!"
STORAGE HUT
COPTER LANDS ON GRASSY PATCH - 60' x 75', REMLING RUNS TO COPTER, JUMPS IN
COPTER TAKES OFF RIGHT OVER EMPTY GUARD TOWER, HEADS BACK NORTHEAST
LICENSE PLATE FACTORY
STAMPING PLANT
BRIGHT RED BANDANA LEFT ON GRASS AS GUIDE TO COPTER LANDING

This diagram/sketch depicts how the helicopter escape of Dale Remling from the world's largest walled prison was executed while the kidnapped pilot was held at knifepoint.

A scene from the movie *Breakout*, showing a helicopter rescuing a prison inmate, which inspired Remling's own escape after he viewed this scene on TV in the recreation room of the Southern Michigan State Prison at Jackson.

prison in Jackson, Remling spotted a commercial for a movie entitled *Breakout*, starring Charles Bronson, a film that portrayed a convict airlifted out of a Mexican prison by a helicopter.

July 30, 1975: Former Teamsters president James Riddle Hoffa, sixty-two, left his rural home at Orion Lake, Michigan at 2 p.m., telling his wife Josephine that he would return by 4 p.m., and to grill steaks for their supper. He drove to Machus Red Fox Restaurant in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, where he parked his green Pontiac Granville car in the lot, sitting in it for some time while he waited for three men he expected to meet. Hoffa stated that two of the men were Anthony "Tony Jack" Giacalone, reputed Mafia capo in New Jersey, and Anthony "Tony Pro" Provenzano, one-time Teamsters vice president, and a reported Mafia capo in the Genovese family in New Jersey. After waiting twenty minutes, Hoffa called his wife to tell her that he was still waiting for these men. He was never heard from or seen again. The following day, family members contacted officials to report Hoffa's disappearance and a widespread search for him ensued. A long-time labor leader and one of the most controversial union chiefs in American history, Hoffa had a long record of criminal associations, which brought him under the investigating focus of Senator Robert Kennedy, with whom Hoffa feuded. (Hoffa was linked to Kennedy's 1968 assassination, but no real evidence substantiated that claim.) Federal officials later believed that Provenzano and Giacalone ordered Hoffa kidnapped and killed. Provenzano and Hoffa had been close friends until Hoffa went to prison on a jury tampering conviction. Hoffa reportedly said to Provenzano: "It's because of people like you that I got into trouble in the first place." Provenzano also harbored resentment against Hoffa, thinking that the former Teamsters boss was instrumental in cutting off his $57,000-a-year pension. When the two later had a chance meeting at an airport, they got into a fistfight and Hoffa broke a bottle over Provenzano's head, causing Provenzano to shout: "I'll tear your heart out!" When Hoffa was released from prison and began to make plans to take back control of the Teamsters union, Provenzano reportedly warned him: "Stay out of union politics or else!" In 1982, self-acclaimed Mafia killer Charles Allen told a U.S. Senate committee that Provenzano had ordered Hoffa murdered. Provenzano, while serving a prison term, contacted this author through an intermediary in late 1988, asking if I might be interested in writing a book with Provenzano, one which would "give all the details in the Hoffa case." A second call from the same intermediary informed me that Provenzano had changed his mind and to "forget the book idea." A few months later, on December 12, 1988, Provenzano died from a heart attack while still in prison. After talking with his wife on the day of his disappearance, Hoffa was seen to get into a car that contained several unidentified men. His own locked car was found empty at the restaurant parking lot some hours later. FBI agents later stated their belief that Charles "Chuckie" O'Brien, a close friend of Hoffa's had driven the union boss away from the restaurant in his own car, where he was garroted and his body taken to a mob-controlled fat-rendering plant (later burned down), and where the corpse was utterly destroyed. O'Brien, who suffered from diabetes, retired to Boca Raton, Florida, where he denied all allegations against him. In 2000, FBI officials reported that a single hair from Hoffa's head (matched from Hoffa's hairbrush) was found in O'Brien's car, but Michigan officials stated on August 29, 2002 that this evidence was insufficient in bringing any criminal charges. The kidnapping and killing of Hoffa, according to Mafia informer Jimmy "The Weasel" Frattiano, had been decreed by Detroit Mafia bosses Anthony Zerilli and Michael Polizzi, and others claimed that the actual killers were Thomas Andretta, and the brothers Gabriel and Salvatore Briguglio. Salvatore Briguglio, who was believed to have contacted FBI agents and was about to provide details on the Hoffa murder, was himself shot to death in New York's Little Italy on March 21, 1978. Theories and outlandish claims continued to surface in this nagging unsolved case. In 1989, a mob informer insisted that Hoffa's body had been encased in cement and was buried under the Giants Stadium in East Rutherford, New Jersey. On July 16, 2003, officials in Oakland County, Michigan reported that an informer had told them that Hoffa's body was buried beneath an underground pool located in the back yard of a Michigan home, but that they had declined to initiate an investigation into this claim.

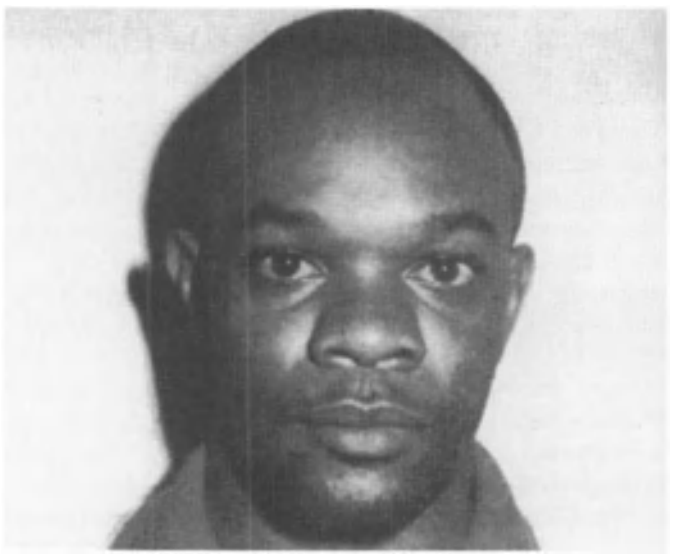
Volatile union leader James Riddle Hoffa, who disappeared and was presumed kidnapped and murdered by underworld associates.

August 9, 1975: Samuel Bronfman II, the 21-year-old son of the president of Seagram Company, Ltd., was abducted from the driveway of his mother's home in Purchase, New York. His

kidnappers demanded a ransom payment of $4.6 million, the money being paid on August 16, 1975. FBI agents tracked the driver picking up the ransom and later identified him as Mel Patrick Lynch, a 37-year-old New York fireman. They raided Lynch's apartment, where they found Bronfman alive, arresting Lynch, as well as Dominic Byrne, Bronfman's 53-year-old chauffeur, who had inexplicably tipped the agents as to the whereabouts of the victim. Lynch and Byrne were charged with kidnapping and extortion, but they surprised prosecutors by saying that Bronfman had staged his own kidnapping in order to extort money from his family. Their story was believed by a jury that convicted them of extortion only. Both were sent to prison.

December 24, 1975: Filiberto Fraccari, a gold dealer, was abducted while going to his home in Verona, Italy, his kidnappers demanding a $3 million ransom. This sum was reduced to $600,000 and the victim was released when the ransom payment was made.

January 24, 1976: Alan Bortnick, a trucking executive in Miami, Florida, was kidnapped and held for a $250,000 ransom, which was paid five days later when the victim was released unharmed. FBI agents identified the abductor as Thomas Edward Bethea, a 38-year-old South Carolinian. Bethea had a long criminal record and was known as a violent felon. His name was added to the FBI's "Most Wanted" list on March



Kidnapper Thomas Edward Berthea, who collected a $250,000 ransom before he was captured in the Bahamas.

5, 1976, but by that time Bethea had fled to Nassau, Bahamas. He was identified and arrested by Bahamian police and then returned to the U.S., where he was placed under arrest by FBI agents, when he landed at the Miami Airport on May 5, 1976. They found three $100 bills on Bethea, all of these bills matching the recorded ransom money. Bethea was convicted of kidnapping and sent to prison.

February 29, 1976: Armed with a pistol, Jose Cardona seized a Columbian Aces Airline plane carrying twenty people, while en route from Medellin to Apartado. He demanded a ransom of $300,000, allowing fifteen persons to disembark at Chiogordo. When the skyjacker saw police closing in on the plane, he opened fire and was fatally shot in the throat by return fire.

March 10, 1976: Abby Drover was kidnapped by Donald Alexander Hay, and confined for six months in an underground chamber beneath Hay's garage in Port Moody, British Columbia, Canada, where she was repreatedly raped. Police found the teenager alive and Hay was given a life sentence.

July 15, 1976: Three masked kidnappers stopped a school bus near the town of Chowchilla, California, which was carrying the driver and twenty-six children, ages ranging from six to fourteen. The driver and children were put into waiting vans and the schoolbus was hidden in a dry creek bed. The hostages were taken to a moving van, which had been buried and accessed, as would an underground bunker, through a ladder descending through a hole. Once the driver and children were inside this underground tomb, the 25-foot van was covered with earth. The kidnappers had taken the name of each child and an article of clothing from each to prove they held the hostages they claimed to have in their custody. Provided inside the buried van was food, water, a portable toilet and mattresses. Air was pumped into the van through rubber

The buried van in which a driver and twenty-six children were held captive by abductors near Chowchilla, California.

Interior of the buried van where the kidnapped children were trapped and given little air, food and water.

Some of the abducted children who escaped from the buried van at Chowchilla.

Chowchilla kidnappers (left to right) James Schoenfeld, Frederick Newhall Woods IV, and Richard Allen Shoenfeld, shown at their trial; all received life sentences.

tubes by two electric fans. Police found the abandoned school bus on the same day of the kidnapping. Within twenty-four hours, the bus driver and the older children managed to escape and then retrieved the younger children. The kidnappers reportedly demanded a $5 million ransom for the safe return of the children, but by then their captives had fled and police were on the trail of the abductors, having obtained license plate numbers for the vans used to transport the hostages to the underground van, which had been buried at a rock quarry near Livermore, California. The license plate numbers soon led to the arrest of Frederick Newhall Woods IV, who was the 24-year-old son of the owner of the rock quarry. The other two kidnappers, 25-year-old Richard Allen Schoenfeld, and his 22-year-old brother, James Schoenfeld, were also apprehended. They all pleaded guilty to kidnapping and were convicted in a bench trial, all three sentenced by Judge Leo Deegan to life in prison.

September 1, 1976: Five kidnappers abducted the two-year-old son of David Kraiselburg, an Argentine newspaper publisher. The boy was never returned, but the following year, police jailed the five suspected kidnappers, who admitted taking the boy and later abandoning their plan to ransom him when they could not find a safe place to hide the child. They also admitted murdering the child and disposing of his body. On September 27, 1977, four of the kidnappers were shot and killed by guards when they attempted to escape the prison at La Plata.

December 13, 1976: Unknown kidnappers abducted 17-year-old Emanuela Trapani in Milan, Italy, while she was being driven to school by one of her father's employees, her father being an executive for the Helene Curtis cosmetic company. Following the delivery of an undisclosed ransom payment, the girl was released on January 27, 1977. It was believed that the abduction had been conducted by members of the Mafia, who routinely kidnapped the children of wealthy Italian businessmen.

January 29, 1977: Mary L. Treadway, of Galesburg, Illinois, was kidnapped from a shopping mall. Her body was later found and two suspects were arrested.

February 8, 1977: Richard O. Hall was abducted in Indianapolis, Indiana, by Anthony Kirtiss, who later released his captive. Kirtiss was sent to prison.

February 11, 1977: Eight hostages were taken at a home for unwed mothers in Cincinnati, Ohio, by Jesse Coulter and his former wife, Rita Gibbeon of Detroit, Michigan. The abductors demanded information about a son Coulter had given up for adoption in 1957. The kidnappers were arrested by a police officer posing as that son and were later imprisoned.

February 14, 1977: Edwin John Eastwood, of Melbourne, Australia, began a kidnapping spree in which he seized sixteen persons. He was later sent to prison.

February 17, 1977: Ernesto Marin, Jr., thirty-nine, abducted 13-year-old Connie Francis Ostos and 12-year-old Belinda Louise Hernandez, taking them to his one-story house on Effie Street in downtown Fresno, California, where he raped them, then stabbed them to death and then dumped the bodies off a path near Trimmer Road in the Fresno foothills. Detectives suspected Marin, a coarse, cretinous person with weightlifter arms, a big beer gut and a thick, black mustache that curled over scowling lips as having been the kidnapper-killer, but they could not establish enough evidence to arrest him. Marin worked as a laborer and barely made enough money to pay the rent for his tiny house, in which he, his wife and ten children lived. It was later learned that Marin abused his children, raping his sons and daughters at will. Investigators interviewed two of the sons, Adam and David Marin, but they appeared terrified and refused to say anything about their brutal father. Adam Marin committed a murder and was sent to prison for life in 1982. David Marin got into a knife fight and was killed in 1988. Detectives all but gave up on solving the Ostos-Hernandez slayings with the death of David Marin, the one person they believed might provide information that would convict his father. Family members, however, contacted police in 1994, telling them that Ernesto Marin had pressured his son David to "set him up" with the Ostos girl, one of David's classmates. Further, police were led to a bodyshop worker, a friend of David's, who admitted that he had helped Ernesto Marin dump the bodies of the girls after Ernesto Marin had raped and murdered them. When asked why he had not then contacted police, the bodyshop worker replied: "I was scared. Marin would have killed me just like he killed those girls." Arrested at the packing plant where he worked in Kingsburg, California, Marin first denied his involvement in the Ostos-Hernandez kidnapping-killings, but one month before his trial in September 1996, he confessed, and in a plea-bargain, received two concurrent life sentences from Judge Gene Gomes.

February 26, 1977: Beverly Capone, a native of Mount Vernon, New York, and an IBM computer programmer, was reported missing by family members. Four days later, police in Toronto, Canada, seized 30-year-old Alex Mengel, an immigrant from Guyana, who had entered the U.S. in 1976 and worked as a tool and dye maker. Mengel led Toronto police in a wild car chase that ended when he crashed his auto and was trapped and arrested on a dead-end street. The auto belonged to the missing Beverly Capone. Inside the car, police found two pistols and what they first thought to be a woman's wig. Upon closer inspection, the item was identified as the scalp of a woman. Mengel, who was wanted for murdering Gary Stymiloski, a police officer in Yonkers, New York, on February 24, 1977. (Stymiloski had stopped Mengel's car and called for backup; he was later found fatally shot in the head as he sat in his squad car.) While Mengel fought extradition from Canada on March 4, 1977, police officers inspected a summer cabin in the Catskills, near Durham, New York, discovering several personal items belonging to the missing Beverly Capone. A search of the area resulted in the discovery of her remains. She had been killed by a knife wound in the chest. Her scalp and facial tissue had been cut off. Police then learned that on February 27, 1977, one day after Capone had disappeared, a man fitting Mengel's description had attempted to kidnap a 13-year-old girl in Skaneateles, New York. The girl told police that a weird-looking man wearing lipstick and wearing a strange wig (Capone's scalp) tried to pull her into his car while she was delivering newspapers, but she managed to escape. On March 26, 1977, Canadian officials extradited Mengel to New York, where he was charged with the murder of Patrolman Stymiloski and the kidnapping-murder of Beverly Capone. While returning from a Greene County arraignment on April 26, 1977, Mengel struggled with a state trooper, trying to seize his gun, and was shot dead by another trooper, who was driving the car.

March 14, 1977: Armed with a rifle and handgun, Luciano Porcari, an Italian auto mechanic, skyjacked an Iberian Airlines flight en route from Barcelona to Palma de Mallorca, Spain, with thirty-six persons on board. He demanded a ransom of $140,000 and the return of his 3-year-old daughter (who was released from the custody of Porcari's former African mistress), which he received when the plane landed at Abidjan, Ivory Coast. The Boeing 727 then flew back to Spain, refueling at Seville before flying on to Turin, Italy, where Porcari then demanded the return of another daughter, a 5-year-old girl, who was in the custody of his ex-wife, Isabella Zavoli. Unlike the officials in Africa, Italian authorities refused to turn over the girl to the skyjacker, sending a case of champagne to the kidnapper, who shared it with his captives. He also distributed about $50,000 of the ransom money he had received to passengers, then released a number of hostages. He then had the plane fly to Zurich, Switzerland, then back to Turin, where his demands for the return of his 5-year-old daughter were again refused. The plane then flew to Warsaw, Poland, then back to Zurich. While mechanics worked on the plane, police stormed the plane and overpowered Porcari after he shot one officer in the leg. His 3-year-old daughter was returned to her mother in Africa and Porcari, judged insane, was sent to a mental institution.

March 17, 1977: Michael Guile, a convicted robber, was trapped by police, holding Pauline Gomez, her husband and a neighbor's child hostage for fourteen hours in their San Francisco, California, home. Guile then fatally shot himself.

March 19, 1977: Ismail Jama Ashan and Mohammed Hassan Guzel, two 18-year-old Turks, skyjacked a Turkish airliner with 174 passengers aboard, while it was en route from Dharbakir to Ankara, pointing guns at the pilot and ordering him to fly to Beirut, Lebanon. They demanded a $300,000 ransom for the return of the passengers and the promise of safe passage to the nearest Palestinian refugee camp. After landing in Beirut, the passengers were released and the skyjackers arrested by Lebanese officials. No ransom was paid and the kidnappers were imprisoned.

March 19, 1977: Carlo Colombo, a wealthy businessman, was released in Bornago, Italy, by kidnappers, after they collected a ransom payment of $1.3 million.

March 22, 1977: Paolo Lazzaroni, a wealthy co-director of a biscuit business in Milan, Italy, was kidnapped, his captors demanding a ransom payment of $5 million. They accepted $730,000 and Lazzaroni was released unharmed.

April 3, 1977: Piero Scosta, the son of a rich Italian ship owner, was kidnapped and released, following a ransom payment of $1.6 million in Genoa, Italy.

April 25, 1977: Edgar Herbert Smith, Jr., was sentenced to life in prison for the 1976 kidnapping of Lefteriya Ozbun, a 33-year-old San Diego woman. At the time, Smith attempted to stab the woman to death while he tried to rape her. Wounded, she nevertheless escaped Smith's car and lived to testify against him. Smith had gained fame after being convicted and sentenced to death for the abduction-murder of 15-year-old Victoria Zielinsky in New Jersey. While awaiting execution over a 14-year period, Smith authored three books and, when tried again on the Zielinsky killing, won his freedom in 1971. In the Ozbun case, Smith's attorneys attempted to have their client placed in a mental institution instead of a prison, claiming that he was a mentally disordered sex offender. Judge Gilbert Harelson denied the request.

May 19, 1977: Colleen Stan, a 21-year resident of Eugene, Oregon, was picked up as a hitchhiker in Red Bluff, California, by Cameron and Janice Hooker, who took her to their home and there Cameron Hooker kept her captive as a sex slave for seven years, torturing and molesting her. She finally escaped her abductor with Cameron's wife on August 9, 1984. Cameron Hooker was convicted of rape and kidnapping on October 31, 1985 and sentenced to one to twenty-five years for kidnapping and sixty years on several rape charges. Hooker, a lumber mill hand, had convinced his naïve victim and submissive wife that he was a member of a powerful international society that controlled law enforcement, industry and government and that its male members enslaved women for pleasure,

Cameron Hooker, who kidnapped Colleen Stan and held her captive for seven years, treating her as a sex slave.

monitoring their every movements with high-tech equipment, and "eliminating" any who attempted to escape their sexual servitude.

May 24, 1977: Gertrude Resnick Farber, daughter of a wealthy television antenna entrepreneur, was kidnapped from her home in Monticello, New York She was buried alive in a wooden box and her kidnapper, Ronald Harrison Krom, demanded a $1 million ransom for her return. The ransom was not paid and the girl was later found dead, Krom leading police to the girl's body. He was imprisoned.

June 5, 1977: Nasser Mohammed Ali Abu Khaled, a 27-year-old paraplegic and a native of Lebanon, produced a pistol and a bomb when skyjacking Middle East Airlines Flight 322, which was en route from Beirut to Baghdad, with 112 people on board. He ordered the pilot to fly to Kuwait City, Kuwait, but when arriving there at night, air control officials refused to permit a landing. They shut down all runway lights, but the pilot, believing that Khaled was about to detonate a bomb, managed to set down the plane safely. Khaled then began negotiating, demanding a ransom of $1 million from Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and Iraq. The plane's air-conditioning unit broke down the following day causing the temperature in the plane to rise to 114 degrees. Many passengers collapsed from the intense heat. Police officers, disguised as mechanics who were to repair the air-conditioning unit then boarded the plane and quickly overpowered the skyjacker. Khaled claimed that he had skyjacked the plane to get money for the treatment of his paralysis, and was later released on "humanitarian reasons."

July 29, 1977: Samir Mohammed Hassan Sharara, a native of Lebanon, displayed a pistol and two hand grenades when skyjacking a Gulf Air VC10 in Dubai, ordering the pilot to fly to Doha International Airport in Qatar, where, upon landing, he demanded a ransom payment of $125,000 and safe passage to an undisclosed destination. He released sixty of the sixty-four passengers in a few hours and while still negotiating with officials, was overwhelmed by security police. He was convicted of air piracy and imprisoned.

August 9, 1977: William Weinkamper, manager of a subsidiary of Gould, Inc., was kidnapped in Mexico City, Mexico, and later released for an undisclosed ransom payment.

September 7, 1977: Andrea Ellirisem, a millionaire from Denmark, was kidnapped at Otumba, Mexico, his abductors demanding a ransom of $40,000. Police located the hideout of the abductors on September 17, 1977, and, following a shootout, Ellirisem was rescued unharmed. His kidnappers were sent to prison.

October 3, 1977: Graziella Ortiz-Patino, the 5-year-old grandniece of a Bolivian millionaire, was abducted outside her home in Geneva, Switzerland. She was returned to her family unharmed on October 13, 1977. It was presumed that the family paid the kidnappers and undisclosed ransom amount. The abductors were not found.

January 23, 1978: One of Europe's wealthiest men, billionaire Baron Edouard-Jean Empain, was kidnapped in Paris, France, by five abductors wearing masks. The 40-year-old industrialist was held for a staggering $8.6 million ransom. His abductors sliced off one of the victim's fingers and mailed this to family members to convince them that Empain was, indeed, their hostage and to expedite the payment of the ransom. The payment was about to be made at a secluded spot south of Paris on March 24, 1978, when police interrupted the proceedings by stopping a car containing five suspects, causing a gunfight. Alain Caillol, the ringleader of the kidnapping gang, was captured and one of the other abductors was killed. Three others escaped. Caillol publicly asked his henchmen to release the hostage and Empain was returned to his family alive. Caillol and others were later sent to prison.

February 17, 1978: Jose Bartolini Berlini, a wealthy Italian toy manufacturer, was kidnapped in Medellin, Colombia, taken from his car by abductors, who, on February 20, demanded a ransom of 40 million pesos (about $1,400,000). Security forces were able, however, to identify the kidnapping car and traced the abductors to an upscale home outside of Medellin. The officers rushed the house, rescued Berlini and arrested three of the kidnappers, Guillermo Zapata Velez, Hernando Lopez Quintero, and Rodrigo Alberto Yepes. All three received long prison sentences.

March 7-8, 1978: Baron Charles Bracht, a Belgian millionaire, was abducted by unidentified kidnappers in Antwerp, detectives finding his abandoned car in a parking lot, where they believed Bracht had been seized. No ransom for his return was made and the victim's body was found at a garbage dump on March 10, 1978. He had been shot to death by abductors who, according to police, had no political motives.

April 10, 1978: Linda Goldstone, wife of a well-known doctor, was kidnapped, raped and murdered in Chicago, Illinois, by Hernando Williams, who was later convicted and sent to prison for life.

September 30, 1978: Aarno Laminparras, a 37-year-old building contractor and resident of Oulu, Finland, skyjacked a Finnair airliner en route from Oulu to Helsinki, with fifty persons on board. Brandishing a loaded pistol, Laminparras demanded ransoms of $170, 750 from the airline and $37,500 from *Helsingin Sanomat*, a Finnish newspaper, for the return of his hostages. The skyjacker had the pilot fly back and forth between Oulu and Helsinki for some time, then ordered the plane to fly to Amsterdam, then back to Finland, where the plane finally landed at Oulu. There Laminparras met with his wife, giving her $125,000 of the ransom money. Police agreed to let the skyjacker go home if he released the hostages, which he did. Detectives followed the skyjacker to his home on the night of October 2, 1978, arresting him at his house and recovering the remaining ransom money. He was later imprisoned.

October 4, 1978: Country singer Tammy Wynette, was kidnapped in Nashville, Tennessee, held for two hours and then released. Her abductor was never apprehended.

January 28, 1979: Irene McKinney, a 49-year-old divorced woman with mental problems, skyjacked United Airlines Flight 8, en route from Los Angeles to New York, with 131 people aboard, claiming that she had a vial of nitroglycerin in her handbag, which she would explode, unless her demands were met. Those demands were ambiguous, at best, as expressed in the note she sent to the pilot, which stated that she was "willing to die for a cause, but I don't know what the cause is." Then she demanded that one of three Hollywood celebrities—Jack Lemmon, Charlton Heston, or Lindsay Wagner—go to the TWA ticket counter at the Los Angeles International Airport and read a statement she had earlier hidden there. Heston went to the designated area, but no one could find the message he was willing to read. Mrs. McKinney then found the message in her own purse, having forgotten to leave it at the TWA counter. When the plane arrived in New York, McKinney released some of the hostages, who told FBI agents that the woman was mentally disturbed. When McKinney later fell asleep, agents quietly put her under arrest, finding a wad of sheets that made up her rambling manifesto in which she envisioned a solar explosion that would alter the world, bringing about a new religion based on technological wonders. Thought to be unfit for trial, Mrs. McKinney, who had recently lost custody of her two children, was institutionalized.

March 8, 1979: Frank and Tammy Galleshaw, the children of a wealthy restaurant owner in Burrillville, Rhode Island, were kidnapped by three of their father's golfing companions and

held for a $500,000 ransom. The children convinced one of the abductors to release them before the ransom payment was made. The culprits were imprisoned.

April 28, 1979: Two men looking for mushrooms near White Lick Creek, Indiana, discovered the naked body of Terry Lee Chasteen, a 21-year-old mother of three children, from Indianapolis, Indiana. Downstream, the men found the bodies of the children, 5-year-old Misty Ann, 4-year-old Stephen Michael, and 2-year-old Mark Lewis. A red and silver pickup truck had been seen in the area that morning and it was later traced to Steven T. Judy, a 22-year-old bricklayer. Judy was arrested and confessed to the kidnapping-murders, saying that he pulled alongside Chasteen's car on Interstate 465, indicating that there was something wrong with her auto. When she pulled over, Judy opened up the hood of Chasteen's car and secretly disabled the engine. He then offered to drive Chasteen and her children to a gas station. While driving, he turned to Chasteen and said: "I guess you know what's going to happen now?" He then drove to White Lick Creek, where he gagged, tied and raped Chasteen, before strangling her to death. He then drowned her screaming children. Judy, who was from a violence-prone home, had a long record for burglary, robbery and rape. In one instance, he had attacked a woman in Indianapolis, Indiana, stabbing her forty times, cutting off her thumb and burying a hatchet in her skull (she miraculously survived to testify against him in that case). He was out on bond and awaiting trial for a robbery at the time he murdered Chasteen and her children. At his trial in 1980, Judy boasted to juries that he had committed thirteen rapes, 200 home burglaries and fifty armed robberies. On February 25, 1980, Judy appeared in the Morgan County Superior Court in Martinsville, Indiana, where he told Judge Jeffrey Boles: "I honestly want you to give me the death penalty because one day I may get out." He turned to the jury and said: "You'd better vote for the death penalty, or it might be one of you or your family next." His wish was granted. Judy was executed in the electric chair at the Indiana State Prison in Michigan City, Indiana, on March 9, 1981, but not before photos of the killer were taken at his request so that he could send to friends these pictures of his newly-shaved head (prepared for the electrodes on the electric chair).

Steven T. Judy, the brutal kidnapper and killer of Terry Lee Chasteen; he asked for the death penalty and got it.

May 7, 1979: Mrs. Harry Chaddick, wife of a wealthy Chicago real estate developer, was kidnapped in Palm Springs, California. FBI agents rescued her and killed her abductors.

May 25, 1979: Etan Patz, six, disappeared after going to a school bus stop in the SoHo district of Manhattan, New York. He was never seen again, police concluding that he had been abducted. Several extortion demands for ransom payments were later made, but these proved to be the actions of cruel hoaxers.

July 20, 1979: Joan Dedrick, wife of a bank official, was kidnapped in Paterson, New Jersey, and held for a ransom of $300,000. After William Dedrick paid the ransom, the victim was released two days later. The kidnappers were apprehended a short time later, were convicted and sent to prison.

July 25, 1979: Nazrul Islam used a knife and toy pistol to skyjack a Bangladesh airliner, which was en route from Jessore to Dacca. Islam ordered the pilot to land a Calcutta's Dum Dum Airport, where some of the passengers were permitted to deplane. Islam then demanded a $1 million ransom, but he was unsure of his ultimate destination. After a fire broke out on the plane and ten-hours of negotiation failed to produce any results, the skyjacker surrendered to police. He was later imprisoned.

August 2, 1979: Michele Sindona (1920-1986), one of the richest men on earth, was reportedly kidnapped from his lavish apartment in the swanky Pierre Hotel on Fifth Avenue in New York City. Sindona, then fifty-nine, was one of the world's most celebrated financiers, one-time consultant to the Vatican and reportedly a manipulator of its vast funds, which he commingled with the illegal revenues from Mafia-controlled rackets in the U.S. and in Europe. At the time of his so-called abduction, Sindona was under indictment on ninety-nine counts of fraud in connection with the collapse of the Franklin National Bank (the worst financial calamity in the U.S. prior to the Enron-Arthur Anderson scandal in the early 2000s). Sindona had been accused of looting more than $45 million from Franklin National, using that institution's money in wild stock speculations. The Italian news agency, Ansa, received a call that announced Sindona's imminent execution, that the financier would be murdered on August 11, 1979, but this did not occur. Instead, Sindona's attorneys in Italy reported that they had received a letter showing a photo of their client, his abductors demanding information about his finances. The kidnappers, however, provided no means by which the lawyers could contact them. The abductors also promised to put Sindona on trial. On October 16, 1979, Sindona, with a gunshot wound in his leg, hobbled into a New York hospital, where he reported that his kidnappers had set him free, based on his promise to pay them an undisclosed amount of money. Sindona was at that time free on a $3 million bond in connection with fraud charges against him. Sindona claimed that he had been kidnapped by a 60-year-old Greek, who spoke halting Italian and had blonde hair. He said that he had been moved about from one hideout to another and had been shot by his abductor after he had attempted an escape. New York officials branded the kidnapping a hoax, stating that Sindona staged his own abduction to obfuscate the criminal indict-

ments against him. When Italian prosecutor Giorgio Ambrosoli was assassinated by Mafia killers, Sindona was implicated in the killing and returned to Italy, where he was held in Voghera Prison, undergoing incessant interrogation into his myriad financial affairs. Sindona offered prosecutors nothing but his own demise. He was found dead in his cell on March 22, 1986, his death attributed to cyanide poisoning. Whether he was murdered or committed suicide is still under debate at this date.

September 12, 1979: German writer Rafael Kappel skyjacked a Luthansa airliner en route from Frankfurt to Cologne, Germany, waving a pistol which later proved to be a toy and demanding that he be granted an interview with German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, one that was to be nationally televised. Negotiators at Cologne agreed and Kappel released four crew members and 121 passengers. He taped a rambling diatribe about the development of nuclear weapons, poor maternity benefits for working women and shabby treatment of psychiatric patients. Kappel then surrendered and was later imprisoned.

October 30, 1979: Alfredo Battaglia, son of a rich jeweler, was abducted in Bovalino, Italy. The kidnappers demanded and received a ransom payment of $300,000 and then released their teenage captive.

April 27, 1980: Jack Miller, Jr. was kidnapped from his father's home in Schaumburg, Illinois. When he was rescued, he was found to be in the company of his mother, Lillian Miller, and Charles Lurie, who were later charged with kidnapping.

May 29, 1980: Edward Kvali, a wealthy Chicago-area real estate investor, was kidnapped and held for a ransom payment of $600,000. His kidnappers, Leo Bonuini and Trenton Nelson, were caught when they attempted to retrieve the ransom money, and were later sent to prison.

June 8, 1980: Oron Yarden, a youth from an upscale suburb of Tel Aviv, Israel, was abducted and slain by kidnappers, who received a $40,000 ransom payment. The killers were never apprehended.

November 27, 1980: Carmen Ortiz, a first-grader, was abducted, sexually assaulted and then murdered in Chicago, Illinois, by Jose Davis, a man who lived in her building. He later confessed and went to prison.

December 2, 1980: Gianluca Grimaldi, the son of a shipping magnate, was kidnapped in Naples, Italy, and was later released after an undisclosed ransom payment was made.

December 7, 1980: Clifford Bevens, the American manager of Ginsa Tire, a Goodyear subsidiary, was kidnapped from his home in Guatemala City, Guatemala and a $10 million ransom was demanded for his return. Bevens and five kidnappers later died when troops attacked the hideout of the abductors.

February 3, 1981: Lori Hocum was kidnapped from her home in Mataire, Louisiana, and later found in a shopping mall. Her father, Ronald Hocum, was later convicted and sent to prison for masterminding the abduction.

May 19, 1981: Three teenage girls were kidnapped and murdered in an area encompassing Vancouver, British Colombia, Canada. The disappearances and killings occurred between May 19 and July 30, 1981. The abductor was never apprehended.

July 17, 1981: Mirta Corsetti, the daughter of a millionaire restaurant owner, was kidnapped from one of her father's restaurants in Torvaianica, Italy. Police tracked down the abductors and freed the girl, retrieving $250,000 ransom money. Six men were later convicted of the crime and sent to prison.

July 21, 1981: Adam Walsh, six, was abducted from a shopping mall in Hollywood, Florida. The boy's severed head was found in a canal by fishermen near Vero Beach, Florida, more than 100 miles north of Hollywood, on August 10, 1981. The torso of the kidnapped boy was never recovered. Ottis Elwood Toole, an illiterate and savage homosexual serial killer, later reportedly wrote to the boy's father, John Walsh, who had established the popular TV show, "America's Most Wanted," saying that he would tell him where to find the remains of his son if he received some money. Toole, at that time, was a condemned prisoner at the state prison in Starke, Florida. The obscene letter was later attributed to Toole's fellow prisoner, Gerard John Schaefer, who allegedly wanted to further torment the Walsh family. Florida officials came to believe that Toole, indeed, had kidnapped, raped and murdered the Walsh boy, based upon specific details in the crime that they believed only the murderer would know, but FBI agents dismissed Toole as a suspect in the case. Toole died in prison on September 15, 1996, and the debate concerning his involvement in the Walsh kidnapping-murder continues to this day. (See chapter on **Murder, Serial Killers**.)

Adam Walsh, who was kidnapped and murdered; his father, John Walsh, established the popular TV show, "America's Most Wanted."

September 26, 1981: Two 13-year-old girls, Cinda Pallett and Charlotte Kinsey, disappeared while attending the fairgrounds in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Both girls had informed their parents that they had been offered jobs unloading stuffed animals at a midway concession at the fairgrounds. Investigators learned that the girls had been seen in the company of a man

before their disappearances. On September 29, 1981, two more girls, Susan Thompson and Sheryl Vaughn, both sixteen, also disappeared after visiting the fairgrounds. No trace of any of the four girls ever surfaced and all were presumed kidnapped and murdered.

January 26, 1982: Jacobo Ramon Larach, general manager of the Pepsi-Cola bottling company in San Pedro Sula, Honduras, was fatally shot when he resisted kidnappers attempting to abduct him.

February 8, 1982: Thomas Monotoc, son-in-law of Ferdinand Marcos, president of the Philippines, was found alive in an area about fifty-five miles east of Manila, after having been kidnapped.

April 3, 1982: Wanda Faye Reddick was found dead in rural Stewart County, Georgia. The 16-year-old girl had been kidnapped on March 28, 1982 from her home in Richland, Georgia. Her abductor had broken into her home and removed all of the bulbs from the light sockets to cover his movements in the house before kidnapping the girl. Two other girls—14-year-old Tanya Nix and 17-year-old Marie Sellers—had been kidnapped and murdered in 1981 in Richland. No one was ever apprehended for these crimes.

April 26, 1982: Four persons were kidnapped by James B. Moran in Akron, Ohio, and forced to travel with him to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he then kidnapped a woman and drove her and her car to Aurora, Colorado. Moran was apprehended and was sent to prison.

April 27, 1982: Heiress Frances Julia Slater was kidnapped during a robbery in Stuart, Florida. The teenager was slain and four persons, including J. B. Parker and Alphonso Cave, were arrested, tried, convicted and sent to prison.

May 15, 1982: Lorraine Borowski, an attractive 21-year-old secretary, was abducted as she unlocked the door of the office where she worked in Elmhurst, Illinois, her kidnappers later killing her. Her body was found five months later and Andrew Kokoraleis (1964-1999), a native of Villa Park, Illinois, was arrested for the crime. He confessed to kidnapping and murdering Borowski, saying that he was a member of a sex-and-murder cult that had committed this abduction and was responsible for eighteen other kidnapping-murders of women in the early 1980s, but he did not name his accomplices. Kokoraleis was convicted and sentenced to death for the Borowski kidnapping-murder. He filed endless appeals to prolong his life and, after exhausting these avenues of escape from the death penalty, was executed on March 17, 1999.

June 22, 1982: Victor Kaire Bassin, a member of a well-known banking family, was kidnapped in Guatemala City, Guatemala. He was released after an undisclosed ransom was paid.

August 7, 1982: Father Renaldo Rivera, pastor of St. Francis Church in Santa Fe, New Mexico, disappeared after responding to a phone call that asked him to rush to the nearby small town of Waldo to administer the last rites to a dying person. He was to meet the caller at a roadway rest stop and from there would be taken to the rural home of the dying person. Rivera's body was found three miles from the rest stop on August 9, 1982. He had been shot to death and his abandoned car was found four miles from the site of the desert murder scene. His kidnapper-killer was never apprehended.

October 3, 1982: Gaby Kiss Mareth, the teenage daughter of a prominent British businessman, was released by her kidnappers in Como, Italy, after they reportedly received $119,000 of the demanded $3.5 million ransom payment.

December 12, 1982: Dino Titone, twenty-two, of Elgin, Illinois, accompanied by Joseph Sorrentino and Robert Gacho, kidnapped and murdered 39-year-old Aldo Fratto and his 26-year-old nephew Tulio Infelise. After receiving a shipment of cocaine from Fratto, Titone and his two accomplices abducted the drug dealer and Infelise, taking them to a rural spot in Lemont Township and fatally shooting them. Police later found Fratto dead and Infelise dying, the latter telling police the identities of his murderers. Investigators tracked down Kathryn DeWulf, the girl friend of Gacho, and she quickly informed on the trio, thus avoiding being charged as an accessory. Arrested, all three men were tried and convicted of kidnapping and murder. Gacho and Sorrentino were sent to prison for life and Titone, the shootist, was condemned to death by Cook County Circuit Court Judge Thomas Maloney in November 1984. On August 12, 1989, Titone signed an affidavit in which he stated: "I am not sure why Judge Maloney convicted me after the case had been fixed, but Roth [Bruce Roth, his attorney] indicated to me that a deal had been made." Roth had received $10,000 from Titone's father to use in bribing Maloney, but the judge nevertheless imposed the death penalty on Titone, thus betraying his agreement with Roth, apparently being frightened off by the then on-going "Graylord" investigations into corrupt figures in the Chicago judiciary. Roth was convicted of bribery and sent to prison for ten years in 1987. Judge Maloney was removed from the bench, and in 1994, sentenced to fifteen years and nine months in prison and ordered to pay a fine of $200,000. In light of this scandal, Titone won a new trial in 1990. Judge Earl Strayhorn vacated Titone's death sentence and Titone was not brought to trial until 1998, Criminal Court Judge Daniel Locallo then resentenced Titone, sending him to prison for life on October 13, 1998.

January 7, 1983: Robert S. Hester, a police officer in Memphis, Tennessee, was taken hostage by seven religious cult members, commanded by Lindberg Sanders, who called himself the "black Jesus." Sanders had called the police department to report a burglar and when Hester and another officer responded, Sanders and others shot and wounded the two

officers, dragging Hester into the house in suburban Hollywood, where he was tortured. Police attempted to negotiate with the abductors and managed to place an eavesdropping device in the house. On January 12, 1983, when officers learned over this secreted line that Hester had been murdered, a SWAT team stormed the house. Sanders and his six followers were found dead after the firefight, some of the fanatics having committed suicide.

January 19, 1983: Eleanor M. Mitchell was arrested in Baltimore, Maryland, on charges of kidnapping several elderly men, drugging them and then robbing them. She was imprisoned.

November 19, 1983: Angela Bugay was abducted from her Antioch, California, home. The body of the 5-year-old girl was found seven days later, police stating that the child had been sexually assaulted and then smothered to death by her kidnapper. The killer was never apprehended. This was the first of what later became known as the Bay Area Child Abductions.

December 23, 1983: David Tomassi, twenty-nine, kidnapped his two young sons from
their mother's Michigan home, later claiming that the boys were being abused by their mother, whom he had recently divorced. For eleven years, Tomassi moved through five states and Canada, raising his sons. He was finally arrested in upstate New York and, on October 4, 1994, charged with kidnapping. The two boys were attending a college preparatory school when their father was tried in a Pontiac, Michigan, court. The sons both pleaded with Judge David Beck not to send their father to prison, saying that he was a good and loving father. Beck, however, thought to set an example of Tomassi and send a message to all those guilty of parental kidnapping by sentencing Tomassi to the maximum term of one year in prison.

June 12, 1984: Kelly Morrisey, a 15-year-old girl from Long Island, New York, was abducted and not seen again. Another teenage girl from the same area, Theresa Fusco, was forced into a van, taken to a remote area and was raped and murdered by three young men, her battered body found on December 5, 1984. A third teenager, 19-year-old Jacqueline Martarella, was reported missing from Oceanside on March 26, 1985. On that day, police had arrested John Kogut, a 21-year-old unemployed landscaper. He and two others, 26-year-old John Restivo and 30-year-old Dennis Halstead, were charged in all three kidnapping murders. They were all convicted and sent to prison for life. The trio reportedly belonged to a Satanic cult that practiced ritual human sacrifice.

July 15, 1984: While jogging near Big Sky, Montana, Kari A. Swenson, a 23-year-old athlete training for the Olympics, was kidnapped by 50-year-old mountain man Don Nichols and his 19-year-old son, Dan Nichols, who took her to their remote camp and chained her to a tree. The elderly Nichols had decided to abduct the young woman so that she would become his son's common-law wife. Two men, Jim Schwalbe and Alan Goldstein, who had been searching for Swenson, stumbled upon the camp of the bearded mountain men and in a struggle, Don Nichols shot and killed Goldstein. Swenson was wounded in the fight by Don Nichols, while Schwalbe escaped to notify authorities. The Nichols, after unchaining their captive, left her at their camp, then fled into the wilds. Searchers rescued Swenson some hours later. Her kidnappers were not tracked down until December 13, 1984, when a sheriff's posse discovered their camp and arrested the father and son. Don Nicholas was convicted of kidnapping and Goldstein's murder on July 12, 1985, and was given an 85-year prison sentence. His son, Dan Nichols, went to prison for twenty years.

January 7, 1985: Saed Madjid, armed with fake weapons—a pistol and a hand grenade—skyjacked a British Airways plane en route from Manchester to London, England, with fifty-one people on board. Upon landing at London, the skyjacker allowed forty-six persons to disembark, then demanded a £100,000 ransom payment, threatening to kill the five crew members he still held hostage. Madjid also demanded a parachute and a safe plane ride to Paris, France. The money and parachute were delivered and the plane took off, but instead of flying to Paris, the pilot landed the plane at Essex, a short distance from London, where the skyjacker fled the plane and, while using a hostage as a shield, was captured. He was convicted of air piracy and sent to prison.

February 7, 1985: Enrique Camarena Salazar, a U.S. drug enforcement agent, and Alfredo Zavala Avelar, his pilot, were kidnapped in Mexico, tortured and then slain by Raul Lopez Alvarez, Rene Martin Verdugo-Urquidez and Jesus Felix Guiterrez, all acting on the orders of drug king Rafael Caro Quintero. The bodies of the two DEA agents were found in Guadalajara, Mexico on March 6, 1985. Caro Quintero had ordered the abduction murders after Salazar had been instrumental in working with Mexican officials to seize large drug caches scheduled for distribution by Caro Quintero's operatives. Alvarez, who was a 26-year-old ex-police officer at the time of the kidnappings, was later identified as the perpetrator and extradited to the U.S., tried in Los Angeles, where a jury convicted him after viewing a videotape of him confessing to the killings and explaining the torture methods used on the two men. On October 29, 1988, Alvarez was sentenced by Federal District Judge Edward Rafeedie to serve one life term, four consecutive sixty-year terms and one ten-year term to run concurrently. Rafeedie ordered that Alvarez be ineligible for parole until after he served at least sixty years of his 240-year sentence. Caro Quintero, who had ordered the kidnapping-murders, was captured in San Jose, Costa Rica on April 4, 1985, and returned to Mexico City, where he was convicted of arms smuggling and impressing local peasants into forced labor on his marijuana plantation. He was given a 34-year prison sentence.

April 31, 1985: Shawn Moore, a 13-year-old native of Green Oak Township, Michigan, vanished after leaving home to buy some soda pop at a neighborhood store. His naked body was

found near a fishing cabin in Caseville, Michigan, on September 13, 1985. Long before that time, officers had interrogated 26-year-old Ronald Lloyd Bailey, who had a long record as a pedophile. Bailey denied having seen the Moore boy, but later fled to Florida, where he was tracked down and arrested for kidnapping and murdering Moore. The victim's decomposing body had been found only a short distance from Bailey's cabin in Caseville. Bailey admitted abducting Moore at knifepoint, then taking him to his cabin, where he repeatedly raped him and then strangled him to death. He also confessed to kidnapping and murdering another boy in 1984. Though he pled insanity at his trial, claiming that his mind had been warped by a therapist who raped him, Bailey was found guilty of kidnapping and murder and sent to prison for life.

May 31, 1985: Sharon Faye Smith, seventeen, disappeared from her home in Red Bank, South Carolina. Her body was later found behind the Masonic Lodge in Saluda County, South Carolina. She had been suffocated to death. In June, Smith's abductor-killer, Larry Gene Bell, called the Smith home nine times to torment the Smith family with vivid descriptions of the rape-murder. He claimed to have given his victim the choice of death by gunshot, drug overdose or suffocation. In Bell's last call, on June 22, 1985, made to the victim's sister, Dawn Smith, the killer alluded to the disappearance of 9-year-old Debra May Helmick, who had been kidnapped from her Richland County home and found murdered in nearby Lexington County. A few days after Bell had told Dawn Smith that "God has chosen you to join your sister in death," he was traced through a phone tap and arrested. On February 23, 1986, Bell was found guilty by a Berkeley County jury after only fifty-five minutes of deliberation. He was sentenced to death. On April 2, 1987, Bell was convicted for the kidnapping-murder of the Helmick girl and sentenced to die in South Carolina's electric chair. Bell, born in 1948, had had a long criminal career before kidnapping the Helmick and Smith girls. In 1975, he had attempted to kidnap and rape two young women in South Carolina and was confined in a state hospital for twenty months, doctors warning state officials not to release him. He was nevertheless released in 1979. While awaiting execution, Bell used every legal loophole to prolong his life on appeals, but after exhausting such motions, he was executed in the electric chair on October 4, 1996. Unlike the grim alternatives he reportedly offered the Smith girl, the state gave Larry Gene Bell no options on the method of his execution.

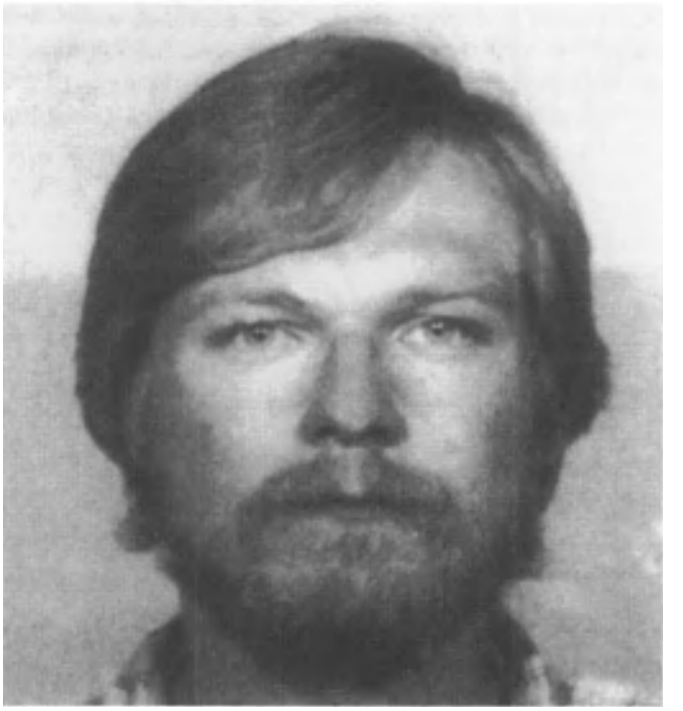
October 14, 1985: Gail Smith, a 20-year-old waitress, began hitchhiking from Fort Worth, Texas, en route to her mother's home at Lake Meredith. Her body was later found by a truck driver alongside a road near Amarillo. Her beaten body was bound with duct tape. Witnesses told detectives that Smith got into a red "Ruger Freight" truck, which was traced to Mangum, Oklahoma. The driver, 42-year-old Benjamin Boyle, his driving schedule showed, had been driving the route where Smith had been picked up. Further, Boyle had earlier been convicted of attempting to kidnap and rape a woman in Colorado Springs, Colorado on November 20, 1979, and, following his guilty plea, had been placed on a five-year probation. Boyle was tried for the Smith case and was convicted of kidnapping and murder by a jury after a three-hour deliberation on October 29, 1986. The jury recommended the death penalty and Boyle, after losing several appeals, was executed on April 29, 1997 by lethal injection. Boyle had also been the prime suspect in the kidnapping-murder of an unidentified woman, whose body was found near Truckee, California, on June 21, 1985.

November 22, 1985: An engineer and a native of Bridgeport, West Virginia, 38-year-old John Crutchley picked up a 19-year-old hitchhiker from California and took her to his home in Melbourne, Florida, where he repeatedly raped the girl. Then, using surgical instruments, he drained half of his victim's blood from her, drinking this over a 22-hour period. Kept handcuffed and manacled in the bathroom of Crutchley's home, the girl nevertheless managed to escape through the bathroom window, leading police back to the home of her attacker on November 23, 1985. Crutchley, dubbed the "Vampire Rapist," was convicted of kidnapping and rape and sent to prison for twenty years. He was later believed to be the killer of two others, Debbie Fitzjohn, who was last seen alive entering Crutchley's trailer in Fairfax County, Virginia, on January 27, 1978 (Crutchley was then a Virginia resident). Her remains were found eleven months later, close to where Crutchley lived. Police at that time, however, did not have enough evidence to convict Crutchley of that murder. Patti Volanski, who had been missing since March 1985, was also thought by police to be another Crutchley victim. Following Crutchley's November arrest for his attack on the hitchhiker, Volanski's identification card was found in Cruthley's office desk. Crutchley said the girl had accidentally left the card in his car after he had given her a ride. Again, police did not have enough evidence to convict Crutchley in the Volanski case. Crutchley was paroled on August 8, 1996, and sent to a halfway house in Orlando, Florida. Two days later, he was arrested on a drug violation, having admitted that he had obtained and used marijuana, which violated his parole. He had obtained the drug on the last day of his incarceration at the Union Correctional Institution in Raiford, Florida. Crutchley was convicted of parole violation and returned to prison to serve out his complete prison term.

October 27, 1986: Two children in Harper City, Liberia, 6-year-old Samuel Johnson and 7-year-old Emmanuel Dalieh, were seized during a parade by politician Joshua Bedell and five others, taken to the home of Alfred T. Davies and beaten to death by Gbassie Toe, their bodies tossed into the Hoffman River after certain body parts had been removed. The internal organs of the victims were then burned as sacrificial juju offerings in order that Bedell might win the upcoming mayoral election in Harper City. The subsequent arrests of the cultists caused widespread rioting in Harper City, causing a change of venue for their trials, which were held in Monrovia, the capital. Bedell, Davies, Toe, Samuel Cummings, David K. Clarke, and Faikai Gardiner were all found guilty of murder and sentenced to death.

December 4, 1986: William Scott Day, thirty-five, who had committed his first kidnapping at age seventeen, escaped the Center for Forensic Psychiatry in Ypsilanti, Michigan, with the help of a guard, who hid Day in a laundry cart. Day and the guard went to Louisville, Kentucky, where Day stole $5,000 of the guard's money and fled. The guard later surrendered to police and was sentenced to two-and-a-half years to seven years in prison for helping a convict to escape. Day then embarked on a kidnapping-murder spree, abducting 78-year-old Mary Catherine Strobel with her own car in Nashville, Tennessee, on December 9, 1986, robbing her of $30, then stabbing and strangling her to death, placing her body in the trunk of the car, which he later abandoned. On January 5, 1987, Day surfaced at Billie's Lounge in Fort Stockton, Texas, where he kidnapped 56-year-old Billie Taylor after she was leaving the lounge to bank the day's receipts. Day robbed and murdered her, the victim's body found on January 6, 1987, about four miles from the town. On January 12, 1987, a policeman stopped a car for speeding about 100 miles west of Fort Stockton. The driver flashed rolls of bills in large denominations and the officer arrested the man, who proved to be Day. The car Day was driving at the time belonged to 53-year-old Stanley Robertson, a retired railroad employee. Day had fatally beaten Robertson that day with a hammer before cutting the victim's throat. Day admitted to police that he had kidnapped and murdered eight persons in Alabama, Arizona, Florida, Louisiana, Tennessee and Texas. He was charged with Taylor's murder on January 14, 1987, and with Robertson's murder on January 22, 1987. He was returned, however, to Tennessee, to stand trial for the murder of Mary Strobel, going to trial in Nashville on September 11, 1989, before Circuit Court Judge Walter Kurtz. Day was convicted of armed robbery, kidnapping and murder, but the jury, unaware of his other murder confessions, debated the death penalty, then recommended life imprisonment. On September 24, 1989, Judge Kurtz sentenced Day to three life terms.

March 28, 1987: Robin Smith, twenty-two, disappeared after leaving a tavern in Puyallup, Washington, with a blond-haired young man named "Herb Johnson." On April 29, 1987, Wendy Aughe, twenty-nine, vanished after leaving a beauty school night class in Bellingham, Washington. Officials looking into these two disappearances got their first break on May 31, 1987, when a car reportedly belonging to "Herb Johnson," was found abandoned near Marysville, north of Seattle. The car had been stolen in Nampa, Idaho, two months earlier. Inside the trunk of the car, detectives discovered a blood-stained jacket that belonged to Robin Smith, along with some human teeth. Smith's decomposing body was found on May 25, 1987, outside of Greenwater, Washington, north of towering Mount Rainier. Investigators working on the Aughe disappearance learned that the woman had disappeared while going on a date with a bartender, who had quit his job the following day. He was identified through fingerprints as 27-year-old Darren Dee O'Neall, a drifter who had deserted his wife and child and was sought for non-support.



Kidnapper Darren Dee O'Neall, who operated in Washington, Oregon and Idaho.

O'Neall bore the word "JUNE" tattooed across the fingers of his left hand, a memorable mark recalled by his tavern employer, as well as a trucker, who gave him a lift near the site where Smith had disappeared. Then officials located the abandoned car of Wendy Aughe outside of Eugene, Oregon. A widespread manhunt ensued for O'Neall, but he reportedly struck again on June 9, 1987, kidnapping and murdering Liza Szubett, near a truck stop in Mountain Home, Idaho. Her body was found near La Grande, Oregon, on June 13, 1987. O'Neall was placed on the FBI's "Most Wanted" list on June 25, 1987. By that time, O'Neall was suspected in kidnapping and murdering three women in Salt Lake City, Utah. He was tracked down and arrested on February 13, 1988, in Florida, and was returned to Washington, where he was convicted and sent to prison.

May 17, 1987: Herbert James Coddington, born in 1959, a gambler who thought himself an expert in playing the odds, and who had written several pamphlets on the subject, abducted Maybelle "Mabs" Martin, her friend Dorothy Walsh, both age seventy, and two young models, ages twelve and fourteen, who worked in Martin's modeling agency from Reno, Nevada, driving them to Lake Tahoe, where he said he was going to use the two girls in a video for an anti-drug campaign. He took the women to his mobile home and locked up Martin and Walsh, strangling them to death, then sexually abused the two girls for three days. Reno police by then had been searching for the women and FBI agents were called into the case, who received information from a part-time model working for Martin. The girl had written down the license number on the car driven by a suspicious man claim-

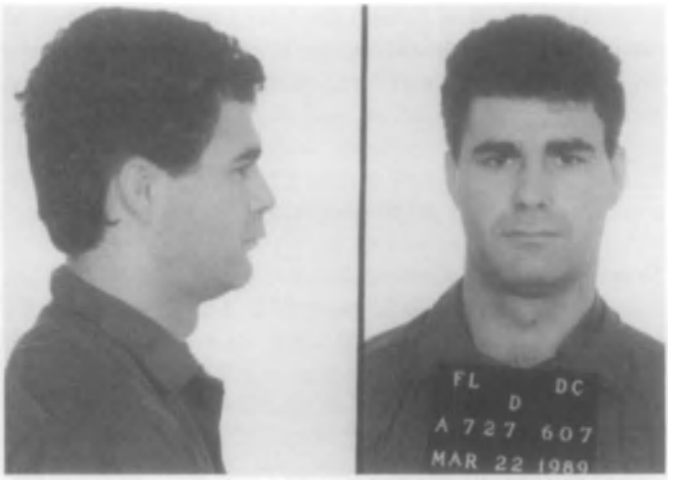
ing to be the producer of film commercials. FBI agents traced the car to Coddington and located his trailer in Lake Tahoe, agent Terry Knowles breaking down the door and arresting the kidnapper. At the time, Coddington had shaved off his mustache and had dyed his hair orange in a futile attempt to disguise himself. He was tried in Placerville, California, on June 20, 1988, and despite his claims that he was insane at the time of the kidnapping-murders (insisting that God had told him to murder Martin and Walsh through changing streetlights), he was convicted and sentenced to death on January 20, 1989. Coddington was also linked to the kidnapping murder of 12-year-old Sheila Keister in Nevada, but was not convicted in that case. Coddington awaits execution at this writing, fighting through appeals to prolong his life. Also at this writing, 594 convicted males and twelve females await execution in California. Some prisoners have managed to preserve their lives as long as twenty-one years through the antiquated appeals system in that state.

June 8, 1987: Julie Magliulo, a toddler, was abducted, her body later found in a remote area of Broward Country, Florida.

July 3, 1987: Sandra Chamberlain disappeared in Palm Beach County, Florida, her body later found floating in a small lake. She had been raped and strangled, her corpse mutilated with a broken piece of glass. Witnesses reported seeing Chamberlain leaving a singles bar with an unidentified man. Investigating officers received a call from Terry Armstrong, who told them that he had seen his neighbor with the victim on the night of her disappearance. Armstrong, however, became the chief suspect after police learned that he had a history of violence, including a conviction for assault in the 1970s. He was charged with the Chamberlain murder and, in January 1989, pleaded guilty to kidnapping and second degree murder. He was given consecutive sentences of forty years for murder and thirty-five years for sexual battery by Palm Beach Circuit Court Judge Thomas Johnson.

July 9, 1987: A victim of Down's syndrome, Jennifer Schweiger, twelve, disappeared from her home in Staten Island, New York. Andre Rand (born Andre Rashan; AKA: Bruchette), a 44-year-old drifter who lived in a makeshift shelter on the deserted grounds of the Staten Island Development Center, was reported to have been with the girl on the day she vanished. He was arrested and charged with her kidnapping on August 4, 1987. The girl's body was found about a week later close to Rand's dilapidated dwelling and he was charged with the girl's murder. Convicted, he was sent to prison for life. Rand was also suspected of having kidnapped and murdered 10-year-old Tiahese Jackson, who had also disappeared on Staten Island. Rand had been imprisoned for the rape and attempted kidnapping of a 9-year-girl in the South Bronx in 1969. He had been released in 1972, and was arrested several times thereafter on kidnapping charges.

July 20, 1987: Ngoc Van Dang, a 25-year-old businessman, was kidnapped south of Orlando, Florida, and thrown into the



Police photos of Anthony Alan Hall, kidnapper and killer of a *Florida businessman.*

trunk of a car, then later removed and, with his mouth, arms and legs taped, was shot seven times, a cross carved into his abdomen. Through informants Elizabeth Rebecca Towne and Daniel Paul Bowen, two drifters, police learned of this abduction-murder and later tracked down and arrested 25-year-old Anthony Alan Hall and 17-year-old Bunny Nicole Dixon, who had long criminal records and had served prison time. They, along with the informants, reportedly belonged to a Satanic cult. Hall and Bowen were tried and convicted of kidnapping and murder and given life sentences. Dixon was sentenced to fifty years imprisonment and Towne drew a seventeen-year prison term.

September 2, 1987: Stephen B. Small, one of the leading businessmen in Kankakee, Illinois, received a phone call at 12:30 a.m. from someone identifying himself as a Kankakee police officer, who told Small that his offices had been burglarized and asked him to come to the offices to check anything that might have been stolen. Small left his house and two hours later his wife received a call from Small's kidnapper, saying: "We have your husband!" The caller told Mrs. Small not to contact the police and await instructions for the delivery of a $1 million ransom payment. Meanwhile, the kidnapper took Small to a remote area near the Indiana state line and placed him in a plywood box under three feet of dirt, providing him with a battery-powered light, a water container and some candy bars, allowing him to breathe through a small plastic tube that led from the box, and to the surface. Police were nevertheless contacted and began to monitor the kidnapper's subsequent calls to Small family members through wiretaps, learning that the abductor had made a call from a phone booth outside a gas station in Aroma Park, Illinois. The gas station attendant gave police enough information to identify 30-year-old Daniel J. Edwards and his blonde girlfriend, 26-year-old Nancy Rish. Both were arrested in Bourbonnais, Illinois, at their residence. By that time, Small was dead, having suffocated about three hours after being placed in the underground box. Edwards was convicted of kidnapping and murder and sentenced to death. Rish received a long prison term. Investigators later

pointed out that had Small called the Kankakee Police Department to confirm the kidnapper's report of the burglary, the police would have undoubtedly arrested Edwards, who was waiting near Small's office, and that Stephen Small would have escaped his terrible death. "People are too trusting," said one official. "In a world occupied by many murderous persons, it is important not to take anyone's word at face value."

November 4, 1987: Tawana Brawley, a 15-year-old black girl living in Wappingers Falls, New York, disappeared from her home and was found four days later near a housing project from which her family had been evicted. Covered with a plastic garbage bag and smeared with human excrement, Brawley told a story of being kidnapped by six white men, who repeatedly raped and abused her, writing racial slurs on her abdomen. Further, she said that one of her assailants had shown her a police badge. Black personalities and activists, such as comedian Bill Cosby, fight promoter Don King, boxer Mike Tyson (who, ironically, had been convicted and imprisoned for rape), and Rev. Al Sharpton, who used the case as a political platform from which to attack white officials, supported the girl and embraced her claims wholeheartedly. Edward Lewis, publisher of *Essence* Magazine, posted a $25,000 reward for the apprehension of the perpetrators. A grand jury, impaneled on February 29, 1988, determined through witnesses and other evidence that Brawley had invented the "attack" in order to disguise her own runaway activities.

Tawana Brawley, who reportedly faked her own rape-kidnapping to cover up her run-away exploits in 1987, which ignited a black racist campaign against whites.

November 4, 1987: Frankie Barnes, nine, vanished after going for a bike ride in Providence, Rhode Island. His bicycle was found two weeks later near an abandoned brewery, but the boy was still listed as missing. On December 14, 6-year-old Jason Wolf disappeared from his home in Providence. His body was found a week later near Mashapaug Pond. He had been killed by blows to the head. Some days later, police received a note telling them where to find the body of the Barnes child, and found the corpse near Tongue Pond. The note bore the faint name of a Providence resident, who was questioned and who told police that his name was most probably being used by 21-year-old William Sarmento, who had recently and vainly tried to win his girlfriend's affections. Sarmento had a long record of violent assaults and was identified as having been seen in the areas where the Barnes and Wolf boys vanished. He was arrested and charged with the two kidnapping-murders, but was judged mentally unfit for trial and was sent to an asylum for the criminally insane.

January 25, 1988: Carlos Hoyos, attorney general of Colombia, was abducted and killed outside of Medellin, Colombia, by drug traffickers. Two of his bodyguards were also slain.

March 6, 1988: Despite repeated warnings from their father to never open a locked freezer in the basement of their North Tampa, Florida, home, teenagers Diane and James Bailey used a screwdriver to pry open the freezer. They discovered to their horror the severed head and torso of a woman. Police were summoned and 45-year-old James Warren Bailey was arrested, along with two of his drug-trafficking confederates, 27-year-old Irvin George Riley and 28-year-old James Albert Whyte. Under questioning, Whyte turned state's evidence, stating that the body was that of prostitute Kimberly Ann Hanlon, who had been part of the drug ring and, after being suspected of holding out profits, was abducted and taken to Bailey's home, where she was raped, shot in the head, dissected with a power tool and then placed in the locked freezer. Bailey, a divorced man who lived with a girlfriend and his three teenage children, was convicted and given three life terms, avoiding Florida's death sentence because the state could not establish aggravating circumstances supporting the death penalty. On January 28, 1989, Riley was given the same sentence. Whyte received a 25-year probation for testifying against his co-defendants.

June 3, 1988: Amber Swartz, age seven, vanished from her Pinole, California, home, and was presumed kidnapped. She was never recovered. Her disappearance was thought to be part of the Bay Area Child Abductions.

June 20, 1988: Posing as a nurse, a middle-aged woman entered the hospital room of Renee McClure in the maternity wing of the High Point Regional Hospital at High Point, North

Carolina, telling McClure that she needed to weigh her newborn son, Jason McClure, at the nursery. Only minutes after the woman carried the child from the room, the duty nurse arrived to realize that the child had been kidnapped. FBI agents entered the case that afternoon. The following day, a tipster called local police, sending officers and FBI agents to the home of Brenda Joyce Nobles, which she shared with Sharon Leigh Slayton, her daughter. A search of the home resulted in the discovery of the missing child, located hidden in a closet. The kidnapper had cut off all his hair in a futile effort to disguise his appearance. Nobles admitted taking the boy, stating that she had faked a pregnancy for her 70-year-old boyfriend, who had refused to marry her unless they had a child together. Nobles purposely gained weight months before the kidnapping so that she would appear pregnant, snatched the McClure child, and then presented the infant to her boyfriend as their own that afternoon, saying that she had given birth that day. Her own daughter had recently given birth, Nobles said, which sparked her idea of kidnapping the McClure boy. Nobles was convicted of kidnapping and sent to prison for twelve years. (See: **September 19, 1955**, Robert Marcus kidnapping.)

July 7, 1988: Linda Lou German (AKA: Jackie Moore), a 26-year-old woman with a prison record for writing bad checks, called a new mother at the Cabell Huntington Hospital in Huntington, West Virginia, arranging to meet her and her family and newborn child the next day. Claiming to be a hospital official, she arrived at the home of 18-year-old Emma Messer and her husband, Bennie Sturgell, and, while holding the child and brandishing a knife, stated that she had to have the baby and if anyone tried to stop her, she would drop the child on its head. Sturgell bit German and retrieved his child safely, while German fled. German appeared at the same hospital in Huntington, West Virginia, on July 12, and, while wearing a nurse's uniform, attempted to steal a newborn child from Dallas Davis, but she was stopped by a supervising nurse. German then went into the room of another new mother, Linda Manns, and told her that she had to take her child's photo. Mrs. Manns turned over little Lindsay Regan Manns and German fled the hospital with the child, going to the home of her mother, Edith Bowman, in Piketon, Ohio. Bowman had read about the abduction in West Virginia, and was suspicious of her daughter, who had in the past faked several pregnancies and claimed to have had four miscarriages. After Bowman insisted that her daughter prove that the child she had brought home was legally hers, German called FBI officials and returned the child, confessing the kidnapping. At her trial, her attorney, W. Michael Frazier, argued that German was legally insane and was afflicted with pseudocyesis, a mental ailment in which women think they are pregnant. German was nevertheless convicted of kidnapping and sentenced to prison for eight-and-a-half years. (See **September 19, 1955**, Robert Marcus kidnapping.)

August 5, 1988: Robert Biddings, thirty-four, attempted to kidnap and rape the mother of a June 1987 rape victim in the same Columbus, Ohio, area where he raped the woman's daughter. The young woman's parents had staked out the spot for nearly a year in trying to catch Biddings if he struck again. In the second attack, the woman's husband drew a gun on Biddings, who was holding a gun to his wife's head, and yelled "Freeze! Police!" Biddings fled, but not before the couple recorded the license plate number of his car. He was tracked down and arrested, then found guilty by a jury on May 26, 1989, on forty counts of rape, kidnapping and robbery. Biddings was known as the "handcuff rapist," in that he handcuffed his victims before abducting them. On May 31, 1989, Biddings, who had bragged of raping at least sixty women, was sentenced to 484 to 955 years in prison.

August 17, 1988: Samuel Andrew Petit, twenty-six, kidnapped two assistant state's attorneys in a parking lot at Punta Gorda, Florida, south of Tampa. After taking his hostages to a remote area in southern Charlotte County, Petit robbed the pair, then shot and killed 27-year-old Norman Langston and wounded 29-year-old Kathy Finnegan, before he fled. He was later apprehended and convicted of kidnapping and murder. Since he reportedly suffered from a terminal disease, Huntington's chorea, Petit asked for capital punishment and was sentenced to death. He awaits execution at this writing.

September 24, 1988: Gerald Bunny, a 23-year-old security guard, kidnapped 5-year-old Tonya McGrew from her trailer home in Tampa, Florida, after the child's baby-sitter refused his advances. Bunny drove the girl to a deserted area, where he strangled her to death and then placed the body in the trunk of his car. The next day, while sleeping in his parents' home, Bunny heard the sound of his car being started. Running outside, he failed to stop the men who were repossessing the auto for late payments. The body was discovered a short time later and Bunny was arrested. Bunny was tried in Tampa in May 1989 in the courtroom of Judge M. William Graybill. Prosecutor Michael Benito sought the death penalty, stating that it takes a minute to strangle a person, thus making the murder of Tonya McGrew premeditated. Public defender Craig Alldredge undoubtedly saved Bunny from the death penalty by convincingly arguing that his client had committed the kidnapping murder on impulse and added that Bunny was slightly retarded, hyperactive and an epileptic, pointing out that he had not gone to the trailer park looking for the victim. Bunny was convicted of kidnapping and first-degree murder on September 25, 1989. He was later given two consecutive life sentences.

November 30, 1988: Lottie Margaret "Maggie" Rhodes, a 5-year-old child from Arlington, Texas, was kidnapped from her home, raped and murdered. Jackie Barron Wilson was tried, and convicted of the abduction-murder on September 22, 1989, and sentenced to death by lethal injection by a Dallas County jury five days later. The 22-year-old truckdriver had once lived in the same apartment complex as the victim and knew her babysitter. Evidence in this case was more than "circumstantial," as later claimed by Wilson. Police found his fingerprints on shards of glass from the broken window in the victim's room. Further, car tire tread marks on the child's back and legs—she had been beaten, asphyxiated and run over by a car—were matched to the tires on Wilson's car. Wilson awaits execution at this writing.

December 28, 1988: Marzio Perrini, a 64-year-old wealthy landowner, was kidnapped outside of Rome, Italy, his abductors demanding a ransom payment of $1.5 million. When the payment was slow in coming, the kidnappers sliced off one of their victim's ears and sent it to a Rome newspaper. Perrini was released otherwise unharmed on July 12, 1989, a week after his mutilation and following the payment to the abductors, who were not apprehended.

January 7, 1989: Father Francis Leslie Craven, whose parish was in Guntersville, Alabama, northeast of Birmingham, disappeared after arriving at the airport in Birmingham. Two days later, Father Craven's body was found burning in a trash dump near Tuscaloosa, Alabama, by a passing motorist. An autopsy later revealed that he had been severely beaten but it was unknown whether or not he was alive when his kidnapper set him afire. An attendant at a gas station near the dump reported that a shaggy-haired white man in his mid-twenties had arrived on foot at his station to purchase a gallon of gasoline and headed back in the direction of the dump. The priest's van was later found burned out, expensive cameras and equipment melted down, which ruled out robbery as a motive for this unsolved kidnapping-murder.

January 20, 1989: Ilene Mischeloff disappeared from her home in Dublin, California. The 13-year-old girl was never seen again and believed to have been part of the Bay Area Child Abductions.

February 7, 1989: Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Ernest Hiroshige sentenced 36-year-old Somesha Shinda (AKA: John Coleman) to 127 years in prison, after Shinda had been convicted on twenty-two counts of rape, kidnapping and child molestation. Shinda had abducted and sexually attacked eleven school girls in South Central Los Angeles between September 1987 and February 1988. He was apprehended after an alert mother saw him tinkering with his car, while watching her daughter going to school. She followed him down the street as he jogged after her daughter, frightening him away when she cried out to her child. The woman had written down the license plate number of Shinda's car, which led to his arrest.

March 23, 1989: Seven-year-old Sara Hodges was reported missing from her home in Newhall, California, and among those conducting a widespread search for her was 15-year-old Curtis Cooper, a next-door-neighbor. Three days later, the landlady of the building where the Cooper family lived, noticed a foul-smelling odor and investigated, finding the decomposing body of Sara Hodges hidden behind the headboard of Curtis Cooper's waterbed. A coroner's report later stated that the girl had been raped and then strangled with a dog leash. Cooper, who had a long record of theft and burglary in Florida, before his family moved to California, was institutionalized. Sara Hodges' father committed suicide at his daughter's gravesite four months later.

June 22, 1989: Karel Van de Hieft, fifty-six, was killed in a shootout between his captor, 33-year-old Stefan Krueger, a West German who had kidnapped Hieft, and Dutch police, who had located the abductor's hideout in Arnhem, Netherlands. Krueger was convicted of kidnapping and sent to prison.

August 10, 1989: Suzanne Jacobs, a 16-year-old high school baseball pitcher, was kidnapped by her coach, Jesse Aguilar, in Loomis, California. The girl attempted to escape by jumping from the moving truck Aguilar was driving, and was injured. A sheriff's deputy stopped his car to assist the injured girl and Aguilar, in front of witnesses, got out of his truck and shot Jacobs behind the ear, severely wounding her. Before the deputy could arrest him, the 42-year-old Aguilar fired a bullet into his own head, committing suicide.

August 14, 1989: Victor Cracknell, the 32-year-old son of a well-to-do businessman, was kidnapped in London, England, and held for five days, while his abductors negotiated a ransom payment of £142,000 (they had originally demanded £1 million). Cracknell was released and police later arrested the kidnappers, who were sent to prison. Most of the ransom money was recovered.

September 16, 1989: Philippe Delaire, thirty-eight, one of Belgium's most notorious criminals, attempted with others to rob a bank in Tilff, Belgium, holding the bank manager, Guy Jeuris, Marie-Madeleine Bolland and her two children hostage. Jeuris escaped so the gunmen held Bolland and her children hostage for six days and demanded a $720,000 ransom and a getaway car for their safe return. The ransom was paid and the car provided, In their attempt to escape, the gunmen were cornered by police. Delaire, who had escaped from a French prison in April 1989, was shot to death and the others captured and imprisoned.

October 5, 1989: Ronald Shelton, twenty-seven, was sentenced to 1,149 to 3,195 years in prison, the longest sentence in the history of Ohio, following his conviction on 220 counts of rape, assault, kidnapping and robbery. Shelton was found guilty of having abducted and raped thirty females in the Cleveland, Ohio, area between 1983 and 1988.

October 22, 1989: Jacob Wetterling, the 11-year-old son of a NAACP leader in St. Joseph, Missouri, was kidnapped at gunpoint by a man wearing a ski mask at a convenience store about a mile from the boy's home. Despite a widespread search and rewards of more than $125,000 for the boy's safe return, Wetterling was never seen again.

October 23, 1989: After stabbing his sister, Ethel Cooper, to death in Chester, Pennsylvania, 34-year-old Steven G. Davis, kidnapped his two sons, 3-year-old Steven Tyson, and 18-month-old Brandon Richard, taking them to the home of his estranged wife, Joan Davis, near Claymont, Delaware. He drowned the two boys in a bathtub, then waited for Joan Davis to appear, sitting in the living room with a shotgun trained on the front door. Police arrived instead, arresting

him. Davis awaited trial at the Gander Hill Prison, where he was severely beaten by other inmates, who traditionally single out child abusers for special punishment. He was moved to a special cell and kept under protective custody, his movements monitored every fifteen minutes. On November 5, 1989, however, Davis managed to commit suicide in his cell by hanging himself with a strip of bedsheet affixed to a fire sprinkler nozzle.

November 10, 1989: Craig Allen Mrozowski, a 30-year-old prisoner escaped from the correctional work release unit in Bradenton, Florida, stopping a car and kidnapping a couple. He later tied up the man and raped the woman before driving the car to Tennessee, where, in a police pursuit, he crashed the auto and fled on foot. He was arrested nine days later in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He was returned to Bradenton to serve out his former term of thirty years—he had served eight at the time of his prison break—and was given an additional sentence for his escape, kidnapping and rape.

January 9, 1990: Olivier Groues, president of Rank Xerox-France, was held hostage in his office in Paris, France, for seven hours by a disgruntled employee, who was overwhelmed by police and arrested after a shootout that resulted in the wounding of Groues. The abductor was sent to prison.

January 30, 1990: A group calling itself the Anonymous Kidnappers, released Cesare Casella in Careri, Italy, after they had held their victim hostage for two years. An undisclosed ransom payment was reportedly made.

February 7, 1990: Newton Alfred Winn, a Florida lawyer, was convicted in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, of extortion, conspiracy to kidnap, and perjury in connection with the 1988 disappearance of 74-year-old Annie Laurie Hearin. He was imprisoned.

February 13, 1990: Arthur Curry, former part-owner of two Michigan hotels, was convicted in Bloomington, Indiana, on four of five counts connected with the kidnapping of millionaire Gayle Cook.

February 23, 1990: Alan Rees, a native of England, was sentenced in Wiesbaden, Germany, to 13 years in prison for kidnapping and extortion in the 1983 abduction of a Lufthansa manager in Bolivia. He had been sentenced in absentia in Bolivia to a prison term of twenty-two years and was to serve out that sentence after serving his sentence in Germany.

June 13, 1990: Given $10 by their father to have dinner at a shopping mall in Oak Ridge North, Texas (fifteen miles north of Houston, Texas), 16-year-old Grace Purkhagen and her 9-year-old sister, Tiffany Purkhagen, vanished, their disappearance reported early the following morning by their parents. Police learned that Grace Purkhagen had told friends that she was planning to meet classmate and sometimes boyfriend, Delton Dowthitt, sixteen. The girls were last seen, officers also learned, talking to two men in a blue-and-white pickup truck outside of a bowling alley. Two days later, police stopped that very truck and arrested its driver, 20-year-old Ben Fulton, for previous traffic violations. Delton Dowthitt was then a passenger in the truck, but neither was linked to the disappearances of the Purkhagen girls. On June 16, 1990, however, police got a tip from Peter Brown, a construction worker, who said that Fulton and Dowthitt had bragged of raping and killing a girl named "Casey." Brown had misunderstood the nickname "Gracie," which was used by the older Purkhagen girl. Brown then led police to an undeveloped subdivision, where the bodies of the two girls were found. Grace Purkhagen had been raped, sodomized, repeatedly stabbed and her throat slit, while Tiffany Purkhagen had been strangled to death by a rope that was still about her neck. Fulton was arrested, but proved he was not at the scene of the crime, though he admitted he was with Dowthitt when police arrested him for traffic violations and was at that time going with Dowthitt to move the bodies. Texas had no law in place that punished accessories after the fact, so Fulton was not charged. He later became a witness for the prosecution. Police by then were searching for Dowthitt, finding that he and his 45-year-old father, Dennis Dowthitt. Both men were later arrested. Delton Dowthitt admitted raping and killing the girls, but later insisted that his father, who had brutally attacked the female members of his family for years, had raped the older girl, sodomized her with a bottle, then stabbed her and cut her throat. His father also ordered him to murder the younger girl, Delton Dowthitt told police, or be killed himself by his father. Delton Dowthitt testified against his father in court and received a 45-year prison sentence. Dennis Dowthitt was convicted of kidnapping and murder and sentenced to death. He was executed at the state prison in Huntsville, Texas, on March 7, 2001.

August 7, 1990: Mauro Goncalves de Oliveira, the suspected leader of a kidnapping ring responsible for more than thirty abductions, was killed in a shootout with police in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

September 15, 1990: Melissa Benoit, age thirteen, vanished after leaving a friend's home in Kingston, Massachusetts. Some days later, FBI agents arrested Henry Meinholz, a 52-year-old Bible school teacher, who was a next-door neighbor of the Benoit family. Meinholz confessed to luring the girl into his garage, then raping and smothering her to death. The body of the kidnapped girl was found buried beneath a coal pile in Meinholz's basement. Tried on November 15, 1991, Meinholz was found guilty of kidnapping and murder by a jury eight days later. He was sentenced to life in prison by Judge Cortland Mathers, who told Meinholz: "It is said that my predecessors in colonial times had a gallows erected on the green in front of this courthouse and summarily sent defendants convicted, as you have been, to be hung. I truly regret that option is not open to me in this case."

March 4, 1991: Two small boys, 7-year-old Christopher Weaver and 9-year-old Daniel Geier, disappeared after riding

their bikes to a small lake near Virginia Beach, Virginia. Police later discovered the brutally slashed bodies and charged 16-year-old Shawn Novak with the abduction-killings. He confessed and was tried as an adult. Novak's attorneys stated that a psychiatrist examining Novak had learned that the boy was obsessed with the game Dungeons & Dragons, which had inspired him to kidnap and murder the two boys. Novak was nevertheless convicted, but Judge John Moore ignored the pleas of prosecutors demanding the death penalty and sentenced Novak to life imprisonment (making him eligible for parole within twenty years).

May 13, 1991: A South African judge in Johannesburg, South Africa, branded as a terrorist Winnie Mandela, wife of Nelson Mendela, leader of the then outlawed African National Congress. The judge found Winnie Mandela guilty of kidnapping four youths, who had been reportedly taken to her home and beaten for not supporting her political cause. She was sentenced to six years in prison the following day, but never served an hour behind bars, being fined and put on probation.

August 10, 1991: Angela Flaherty, a 7-year-old child living in Rawthorpe, England, was reported missing, her body later found in some woods close to her home. She had been raped and strangled, her skull crushed. Anthony Craven, a 17-year-old friend of the Flaherty family, who had condemned the crime to the press, was later arrested and he quickly confessed to kidnapping and murdering the girl, in order, he said, to impress his friends with a sexual conquest, meaning the rape of the little girl. He stated that he had not intended to kill Flaherty, but she continued to scream following the sexual attack and vowed that she would tell everyone about the attack. Craven panicked, he told police, and strangled the girl to death, then used a rock to crush her head and hid the body in a thicket. He was quickly convicted in Leeds Crown Court in May 1992, and sentenced to prison for life.

November 17, 1991: Two hunters found the corpse of a young woman near Glass Hill, Horry County, South Carolina, the remains later identified as that of 17-year-old Crystal Todd, a high school student who had been reported missing a short time earlier. She had been sexually molested and stabbed thirty-five times. Police interviewed forty-eight suspects, asking them to provide semen samples. One of these, 17-year-old Kenneth Register, a classmate of Todd's and a pallbearer at her funeral on November 20, 1991, tested positive through DNA identification. Register was arrested and jailed on February 17, 1992. He was convicted, chiefly on the DNA evidence, on January 22, 1993, and sentenced to life imprisonment.

December 27, 1991: Amanda "Nikki" Campbell disappeared from her Fairfield, California, home and was not seen again. The 14-year-old girl was thought to be part of the Bay Area Child Abductions.

January 11, 1992: Shanda Renee Sharer was abducted from her home in New Albany, Indiana by four teenage girls, who practiced black witchcraft, taking the girl to a rural area where she was stabbed repeatedly and then doused with gasoline and burned alive. Melinda Loveless and Mary Laurine Tackett were sentenced to sixty years in prison. Toni Lawrence was sent to prison for twenty years and Hope Rippey received a fifty-year prison sentence. Loveless had been the ringleader, planning to eliminate Sharer as a lesbian rival for the affections of another girl at Hazelwood Junior High School, the school attended by all of the girls.

April 29, 1992: Sidney Reso, millionaire president of Exxon International, was abducted from his suburban home in Morris Township, New Jersey. His abandoned car was found at the end of the driveway leading from his home and it was concluded by police that his kidnappers had seized him while he was driving to work. A widespread search for the businessman ensued, but without producing any results. In early May, the Exxon company and the Reso family began receiving phone calls and notes, demanding $18.5 million as a ransom payment for the return of Reso. The kidnapper used public phones in northern New Jersey and more than 250 FBI agents staked out these booths, several agents arresting 45-year-old Arthur D. Searle in one of these booths as he was talking to Reso family members and trying to negotiate the ransom payment. Searle, a former New Jersey policeman and a security guard for Exxon, was arrested, along with his 45-year-old wife Irene. At first, the couple refused to cooperate, but Irene Searle admitted her part in the kidnapping, leading officers to Reso's grave in the Bass River State Forest in Burlington, County, New Jersey, on June 27, 1992. She said that her husband had shot Reso in the arm when he resisted Searle's attempt to abduct him and that the victim was later placed in a box and put into a self-storage shed near the Searle home. When the abductors learned that he had bled to death from his wound, they moved his corpse to the forest preserve and buried it in a shallow grave. Searle had sent kidnap notes signed by the "Rainbow Warriors," to mislead police into thinking that members of Greenpeace were behind the kidnapping. That organization had once owned a ship called the Rainbow Warrior. Mrs. Searle was convicted and given two concurrent 20-year prison terms and a fine of $500,000 (which she could never pay), her sentence thought to be lenient in exchange for her turning state's evidence against her husband. Searle was given a 95-year prison term in federal court. A New Jersey court sentenced him to life for murder, plus fifteen to thirty years for kidnapping.

May 20, 1992: Amanda Dee-Ann Craig, eleven, vanished in Van Buren, Arkansas, while walking home from school. State police and FBI agents worked on this case for two years before an informant told officers that he had seen a man acting suspiciously with a girl in Van Buren on the day of Craig's disappearance and that he had written down the license plate of the man's car. FBI agents tracked the car to its owner, Vernon Lynn "Buddy" Hopper, a New Mexico drifter with a long criminal career, having kidnapped and raped two women in Texas, and for which he was convicted on December 15, 1992, and on January 27, 1993. He was serving two 99-year sentences in a Texas prison when agents identified him as the kidnapper of the Craig child. He was then linked to the disappearance of

11-year-old Roxie Moser, who had vanished in Tulsa, Oklahoma, on June 1, 1992. Hopper was convicted of kidnapping and murdering the Craig girl on May 5, 1994. He cooperated with police and led them to a remote spot in the Lincoln National Forest in Roswell, New Mexico, where the remains of the Moser girl were unearthed. Hopper received two life sentences for the Craig and Moser abduction-murders.

July 23, 1992: Terri Edwards, an attractive 21-year-old health care director at the Baylor University Medical Center in Dallas, Texas, failed to arrive at a restaurant to meet her sister and was reported missing. She was last seen driving away from the medical center in her Chevy Blazer. A gas station attendant in Irving, Texas, called police the next day to report the driver of a Chevrolet Blazer stopping at his station and then driving away without paying for gas. That night, police stopped the car and arrested the occupant, Roy Glen Harris, Jr. The 24-year-old Harris admitted that he had stolen the car but that he had nothing to do with the missing girl. Some of Edwards' personal effects, including her Rolex watch, were found in Harris' pockets. A widespread hunt for the girl ensued and, on August 22, 1992, a fisherman found a human head in the Trinity River Bottoms beneath the Jefferson Street viaduct. It proved to be that of the missing Edwards. The rest of her remains were found scattered over a fifty-foot area, the corpse apparently having been savaged by wild animals. Harris, charged with first-degree murder, went to trial on November 2, 1992 and his lawyers cut a deal with prosecutors, allowing him to plead to murder so that he would receive a life sentence, instead of the death penalty.

October 3, 1992: A blackmailer and extortionist, who had been calling and mailing threats to New York socialite, Joan Silverman, called once more, threatening to kidnap Silverman's 14-year-old daughter, Jessica, unless the woman paid him $20,000. Police later identified the caller as the esteemed Chief Justice of the New York's Court of Appeals, Judge Sol Wachtler. He was arrested and held for trial, police learning that Wachtler was the executor of a $24 million estate owned by Silverman's stepfather and that he had, at one time, been having an affair with Silverman, who was a stepcousin to Joan Wachtler, the judge's wife of forty-one years. Wachtler was convicted of blackmail, extortion and attempted kidnapping. He was sent to prison, serving only thirteen months behind bars. During his trial, Wachtler's attorneys had argued that their client was not really responsible for his actions in that he was suffering a mental breakdown at the time he was attempting to blackmail, extort and threaten to kidnap the child of his former mistress. Though thoroughly discredited and removed from the bench, Wachtler continues to this day to make appearances, lecturing on his evil ways.

New York Judge Sol Wachtler (second from left) was convicted and imprisoned for extortion and planning a kidnapping involving the child of a Manhattan socialite.

December 17, 1992: Kristin Huggins, a recently graduated 22-year-old artist, was kidnapped and murdered in Trenton, New Jersey. Police found the girl's abandoned red Toyota the next day, but could find no trace of the missing Huggins. In February 1993, a "psychic" led officers to an area beneath the Southard State Bridge, where the girl's body was unearthed. She had been shot twice in the head. The "psychic" proved, under intense interrogation, that she had had no vision concerning the body and that her information had come from her 29-year-old sister, Gloria Lynn Dunn. When police confronted Dunn, she said that she and her boyfriend, 40-year-old Ambrose Harris, had abducted Huggins as she was getting out of her car on West State Street, going to her first painting assignment, a mural for the Trenton Club. They abducted her and robbed her, then Harris raped and sodomized her before shooting her to death. Dunn plea-bargained a thirty-year prison term for robbery and kidnapping in exchange for her testimony against Harris, who was convicted of robbery, kidnapping and murder on February 20, 1996, and later sentenced to death.

March 4, 1993: Wayne Taira, thirty-three, who was known as the "imposter rapist," because he often impersonated a police officer when kidnapping and raping his victims, was sentenced in Los Angeles, California, to 322 years in prison for nine kidnapping-rapes occurring in southern California in 1986-1987.

June 20, 1993: Charlotte Schmoyer, thirteen, disappeared while working her newspaper route in Allentown, Pennsylvania. Her body was found later that day near a reservoir. She had been stabbed twenty-two times. A widespread search for her kidnapper-killer was conducted without results, but this abduction was later attributed to serial rapist-killer Harvey Robinson, nineteen, who was convicted on DNA and other evidence of two rapes and three murders in Allentown, and who was condemned to death.

July 11, 1993: Joel Souza, thirty-five, despondent over his recent divorce, barricaded himself inside his Antioch, Califor-

nia, home with his two small children and, after a nine-hour standoff with police, killed himself and his children.

June 30, 1993: Stephanie Schmidt, the 19-year-old daughter of a well-to-do family in Leawood, Kansas, and a sophomore at Pittsburg State, disappeared in Pittsburgh, Kansas, at about midnight after leaving friends in a bar and telling them that she had a headache. Calls to her home in the next two days got no response and her locked car was found outside her apartment. Police were then told that she had been seeing Donald Ray Gibson, who, police learned, had been convicted and imprisoned for sexually assaulting a coed in Parsons, Kansas, in 1983. Gibson, who had been paroled in 1992, was missing, his parole officer stating that he had not made an appearance at a meeting on July 6, 1992. Police began to hunt for Gibson, tracing him to California, then Oregon, where, at Coos Bay, he had abandoned his pickup truck after being refused entrance into Canada, as a convicted felon. Pittsburgh police then received a report that Gibson had abducted and raped a woman in Crawford County, Kansas, in April 1993. A nationwide manhunt for Gibson ensued, but the fugitive did not wait to be captured. On July 17, 1993, he called police, surrendering to lawmen, who arrested him in a motel at Ormond Beach, Volusia County, Florida. He admitted kidnapping, raping and murdering Stephanie Schmidt, telling police where to find her body. Officers located her corpse—she had been strangled to death by Gibson—in a rural area ten miles southwest of Pittsburgh, in Cherokee County. Gibson was convicted and sentenced to a life term. In 1994, Kansas state legislators passed the Stephanie Schmidt Sexual Predator Act, which stipulates that sexual predators can be confined in mental institutions for life, even after they have served out their prison terms.

September 1, 1993: Cissy Pamela Foster, fourteen, who had disappeared in Byers, Colorado, was found strangled to death. Her abductor-slayer, Kenyon Battles Tolerton, a paroled murderer, would later be sentenced to life in prison for this crime.

September 3, 1993: Police in Riverside, California, stopped a blue sedan for a routine traffic violation, discovering that its driver, Nicholas Charles Argante, fit the description of a kidnapper who had committed a recent series of abductions and rapes in the area. The blue sedan also fit the description of the car used by the kidnapper-rapist, who had molested five children and a 32-year-old woman. Argante confessed to the crimes and was given a 100-year prison sentence. Police noted that when two of Argante's victims were raped, he was serving a 180-day jail sentence at the Benning Rehabilitation Center, but was released on weekends, the very times when the victims had been attacked.

October 1, 1993: Polly Klass, a 12-year-old girl living in Petaluma, California, was kidnapped from her home by Richard Allen Davis, who raped and murdered her. Davis, who had a long criminal record, was sentenced to death in 1996 (see "A Human Monster," in the chapter dealing with Burglary).

April 27, 1994: Richard Eugene Hamilton, thirty-one, and Anthony Floyd Wainwright, twenty-three, kidnapped Carmen Gabriella Gayheart, a 23-year-old housewife, after she was getting into her 1987 blue Ford Bronco in a parking lot of a shopping area in Lake City, Florida. The car was identified as a stolen vehicle by officers in Brookhaven, Mississippi and they gave chase, which resulted in a shootout and the capture of Hamilton and Wainwright, two hardened criminals, who had escaped from the minimum security prison Carteret Correctional Institution at Newport, North Carolina, on April 23, 1994. Hamilton confessed, stating that he and Wainwright had taken Mrs. Gayheart to a remote area, where she was shot to death. Both men were convicted of kidnapping and murder and were sentenced to death on June 12, 1995.

May 22, 1994: Deborah L. Emerey, thirty-nine, a resident of Quantico, Virginia, was abducted, robbed and strangled to death, her body later found in the Potomac River. Her abductor and killer was identified as Melvin Irving Shifflett, who had a long criminal record that included robbery, rape and abduction. He was suspected of kidnapping and strangling to death 20-year-old Patricia E. Smith, who vanished after leaving a bar in Tysons Corner, Virginia, with Shifflett on the night of November 30, 1978. Her body was later found near Leesburg, Virginia. In 1979, Shifflett was convicted of abducting,

Kidnapper-killer Melvin Irving Shifflett, who had been abducting and sexually attacking women since 1978.

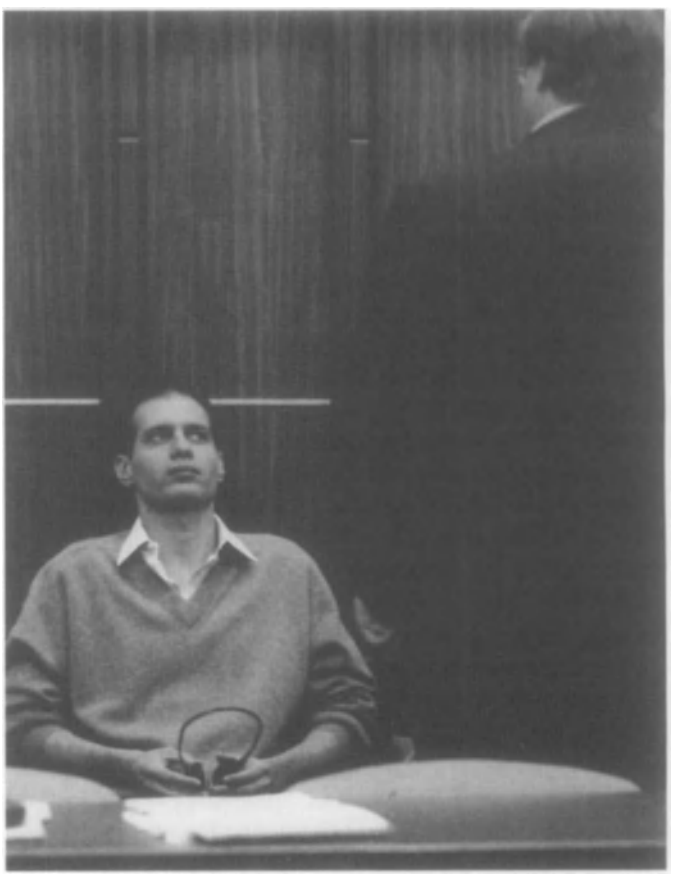
sodomizing and stabbing a Woodbridge, Virginia, woman and served ten years in prison for this crime before his release. In November 1994, Shifflett abducted a woman from her home in Prince William County, taking her to a nearby parking lot, where he sexually attacked her, and was in the process of smothering her to death when he was stopped by passersby. He was convicted of rape and assault and given an 85-year prison sentence. It was while Shifflett was serving this term that police linked him with the Emerey slaying, for which he was tried and convicted in 1996, receiving a life sentence.

September 13, 1994: Three British soldiers stationed at Dhekelia on Cyprus, after guzzling beer all night, forced a motorcycle carrying Louise Jensen, a pretty, young Danish tour guide, and her boyfriend, to the side of the road. They beat the boyfriend and grabbed Jensen, and drove off. The three soldiers took the girl to a secluded spot and repeatedly raped her, then killed her. Police, called by the boyfriend, tracked down and captured the three men, 24-year-old Allan Ford, 28-year-old Justin Fowler, and 24-year-old Geoff Pernell. All three were convicted of assault, kidnapping and murder and given life sentences.

September 24, 1994: Lisa Rene, a 16-year-old high school student, was abducted from her home in Arlington, Texas, by a group of drug traffickers, out to punish the girl's two older brothers, who had taken $5,000 from the ring and had not delivered the promised drugs. The brothers identified ringleader Orlando Cordia Hall, twenty-three, his 19-year-old brother, Demetrius Kenyon Hall, 23-year-old Marvin T. Holloway, 21-year-old Bruce C. Webster and 22-year-old Steven Christopher Beckley. All were arrested but refused to say anything about the missing Rene girl. Beckley then broke down and led FBI agents to a 144-acre state nature preserve near Pine Bluff, Arkansas, where the girl's remains were unearthed from a shallow grave. An autopsy later reported that the girl had been repeatedly raped, then buried alive in a four-foot grave in which she suffocated to death. The victim and her kidnapping killers were all blacks. Orlando Hall was convicted of kidnapping and murder and sentenced to death on November 6, 1995. In a separate trial, Webster was also convicted of the same crimes and received the death penalty. Beckley received a 30-year prison term (for turning state's evidence, even though he was one of the three gang members who raped and murdered the girl). Demetrius Hall got a 25-year prison term (he also testified against his older brother), and Holloway, who was not present at the murder site, received a 15-year prison sentence.

February 28, 1995: Roy Andrew Johnson, a 58-year-old music professor at the University of Arizona, was kidnapped in Tucson, Arizona, while en route to a church music program, where he, a master organist, was to perform. Johnson's 1993 silver Ford Taurus was later found in a remote spot in Pima County. A witness told police that she and her boyfriend, had been passed by that very car, driven by a former boyfriend, 28-year-old Beau John Green, a drifter, thief and drug abuser. Green was located at a desert campsite, where he was living in a tent, and arrested, charged with kidnapping, robbery and murder. He was identified as having used Johnson's credit card to buy expensive clothing in Tucson and his fingerprints were found on the victim's car. Johnson's body was then found in a mountainous area. He was still wearing the tuxedo he had worn for the organist program. Half the side of his head had been beaten to a pulp. Police theorized that Green had jumped into the professor's car and forced him to drive to the mountains, where Green robbed and killed him. Green was convicted of kidnapping, robbery and murder and, on July 29, 1996, was sentenced to death by Superior Court Judge Bernardo Velasco.

June 29, 1995: Aurelina Leonor, the mastermind in the abduction of 68-year-old Harvey Weinstein, a wealthy clothes manufacturer, in August 1993, was convicted of kidnapping and was sentenced to twenty-five years to life. Two of her henchmen, Fermin Rodriguez and William Rivera, who testified against their leader, received shorter prison sentences. Weinstein had been abducted outside of a nightclub in Queens, New York and then buried in a pit in an abandoned rail yard near the Hudson River in upper Manhattan. He was rescued when one of Leonor's goons was arrested and led police to the site.



Cuban migrant worker, Juan Carlos Chavez, shown at his trial, who was convicted and sentenced to death for kidnapping and killing a 9-year-old boy.

Abduction-killers Lavern Ward (sentenced to life in prison), Jacqueline Annette Williams (sentenced to death), and Fedell Caffey (sentenced to death).

September 11, 1995: Jimmy Ryce, age nine, got off a school bus wearing a backpack and going to his home, a few blocks distant, in the Redland area south of Miami, Florida. He was not seen again. A widespread search for the brown-haired, blue-eyed boy was conducted with no results. His disappearance was featured on the TV Show, "America's Most Wanted," and a $100,000 reward was posted for the boy's safe return. Still, no leads were forthcoming. On December 6, 1995, a ranch owner in southern Florida became suspicious of one of her workers after some of her jewelry and a gun disappeared from her home. She personally searched the trailer occupied by Cuban migrant worker, Juan Carlos Chavez. She found the jewelry and gun, as well as the backpack containing Jimmy Ryce's schoolbooks. She called police and Chavez was arrested, being charged with the Ryce kidnapping. At first, Chavez said he had found the backpack in a field. Then, under lengthy interrogation, admitted that he had kidnapped the boy, taken him to the trailer (provided to him by the rancher as part of his pay), and sodomized the boy, then shot and killed him when the boy tried to escape. He said he then dismembered the body and hid the body parts in plastic containers on the ranch, filling these with concrete to hide the remains. Chavez was not brought to trial until September 1998. He then recanted his confession and insisted that Edward Scheinhaus, the son of the ranch owner, had actually murdered the Ryce boy and had framed him for the killing, a charge proved to be unsupportable. Chavez said that his confession had been coerced on the threat of deportation back to Cuba, where, he claimed, he had been a counter-revolutionary fighting against the Communist dictatorship of Fidel Castro, and that if sent back to Cuba he would have been summarily executed. Prosecutors quickly exposed this excuse as being the standard ploy used by most Cuban immigrants committing crimes in the U.S. A jury convicted Chavez of kidnapping and murder on September 18, 1998. He was later sentenced to death.

October 26, 1995: Wearing ski masks and brandishing weapons, three men—24-year-old Kenneth Johnson, 23-year-old James Alexander Hopson, and 20-year-old Noel Raul Cordoba—robbed a young couple returning to their home in north Dallas, Texas. The three men forced the couple into their car and drove to a remote area, where they were repeatedly raped. The hysterical couple arrived naked at a rural house four hours later to report the attack. The perpetrators were apprehended and tried separately. Johnson was given two life terms for kidnapping and rape and 99 years for robbery. Hopson was sentenced to five concurrent life terms and Cordoba received a 99-year term for robbery.

November 16, 1995: Three blacks, Jacqueline Annette Williams, accompanied by Fedell Caffey and Lavern Ward, invaded the Addison, Illinois, home of Debra Evans, a white woman who had been married to Ward and was pregnant with his second child. The trio killed Evans, the cut her full-term baby from her womb. They also brutally killed Evans' 10-year-old daughter, Samantha, and kidnapped her 7-year-old son Joshua, whose body was later found in an alley in Maywood, Illinois. These two children were white and from a previous marriage. A fourth child, 2-year-old Jordan, who was also Ward's child, was left alive with the bodies of his mother and sister, after the savage killers fled. Police soon tracked down the slayers in Williams' home in Wheaton, Illinois, arresting all three and charging them with kidnapping and murder. Williams explained that she had been living with Ward and, since she could not give birth, wanted a child of her own, Evans' unborn baby. Williams, who displayed a calculating and cold-blooded personality throughout her trial, had hatched the plan to steal Evan's child. She was convicted of first-degree murder on March 20, 1998, and sentenced to death. Williams, who blatantly used the race issue to defend herself (as had attorneys defending O. J. Simpson in a sensational

murder trial that same year—see Murder, Celebrity Slayings), stated at that time: "There was not one black juror on my side. It's not fair. I got screwed around. They just want to see three blacks die for killing three whites." Ward was also convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. Caffey, a resident of Schaumburg, Illinois, the person who actually murdered Evans and cut her baby from her womb, was convicted of first-degree murder on November 10, 1998. Described by a prosecutor as "a cold-blooded murderer of defenseless women and children," Caffey was sentenced to death in January 1999. The death sentences of Caffey and Williams were commuted to life terms in Governor George Ryan's blanket clemency order, issued forty-eight hours before he left office on January 11, 2003. The abduction-killings of the Evans family by Williams, Ward and Caffey remained one of the most heinous and vile crimes on record, until it was duplicated less than three years later in Chicago, by three other kidnapping murderers. (See: **March 28, 1998**, Grabriel Solache.)

April 9, 1996: Police broke into the home of 66-year-old Claude Vitrey and his 60-year-old living companion, Denise Bouchard, in Paris, France. Known for their generosity to poor people, the couple had, in 1995, taken in 32-year-old Mohammed Meroue and 30-year-old Mahmoud Benchaiba, who then took over the couple's small apartment, using it as a center for their drug trafficking. They locked Vitrey and Bouchard in a small room, keeping them prisoner for more than a year and allowing only one of them to leave the room for short periods to go to the bathroom, stealing their $1,200-a-month pension and feeding the starving couple only a few scraps of food each day. Police finally identified the apartment as an outlet for illegal drugs, which caused their raid. They found syringes littering the floor and the kidnappers in stupors—they had become drug addicts themselves. The elderly couple was released and both kidnappers were convicted and sent to prison.

April 24, 1996: Zaho Ming and three of his gang members were sentenced to death in Anhui Province, China, for abducting and selling 119 women from 1989 to 1994, the victims being sold to farmers seeking to have sons.

August 10, 1996: Mamoru Konno, the 57-year-old president of Sanyo Video Component Corp. USA, was kidnapped after a company baseball game in Tijuana, Mexico, and held for a $2 million ransom payment. The cash payment was delivered to the kidnappers by a state police officer driving a Sanyo company car on August 19, 1996, the abductors telling the policeman where Konno could be found. The victim was found unharmed a short time later in an abandoned building. Police stated that they knew the kidnappers, saying that six men were operating a kidnapping ring in Tijuana, but none were ever apprehended and it was later claimed that the state police were working with the abductors in this and other kidnappings. This was at a time when Mexico was considered a lawless "narco country," controlled by drug lords.

August 28, 1996: Kimmi Hardy, thirty-five, lured 34-year-old Theresa Lynn Lund to her home in Keokuk, Iowa, and shot her twice in the head, killing her and stealing the dead woman's baby, Paul Lund, which she later passed off as her own. Hardy's irrational scheme was exposed when the victim's body was discovered. Hardy was convicted of kidnapping, child-stealing and first-degree murder. On March 6, 1997, Judge David Hendrickson sentenced Hardy to life in prison without parole for murder and twenty-five years for kidnapping.

September 7, 1996: Richard Paul Elliott, age forty-seven, picked up a 32-year-old prostitute on Pulaski Highway, a popular open-air sex market in the Baltimore, Maryland, area, one that was seldom patrolled by police. Elliott drove her to his home, knocked her to the floor and dragged her to a dungeon-like chamber he had constructed in his basement apartment and there stripped her and repeatedly raped her while she was chained to the wall and ceiling of the room. He kept the woman prisoner for six days, torturing and abusing her. On September 12, 1996, Elliott abducted another prostitute, a 29-year-old woman, from the Pulaski Highway area, taking her to his dungeon, where he chained her to the wall next to his other captive and subjected her to the same treatment as the other woman, threatening both females with "slow death." A short time later, Elliott left the apartment "on business," and one of the captives managed to free herself and the other woman. Both victims fled naked across the street to a neighbor's house, where they called police. Officers could not find Elliott, however, and then learned that he had been shot to death on September 15, 1996, by 45-year-old Robert Webster, in the small upstate New York town of Andes in Delaware County. Elliott had gone to Andes to confront Webster about a real estate deal that had gone sour some years earlier. Webster was not charged.

September 23, 1996: Thomas Loveless, Jr., and Michael Foldenauer, both sixteen, were charged with the abduction, rape and murder of their classmate, 15-year-old Tiffany Rebecca Tull. After her kidnapping in Little Axe, Oklahoma, the boys raped her and then Loveless reportedly shot her to death with a .12-gauge shotgun. Both youths were convicted and sent to prison for life.

October 3, 1996: Lance Sterling Alexander, who was wanted for the molestation of a 4-year-old girl in June 1996, and the October 1, 1996 murder of William Jason Mowdy, burst into a child center in Salem, Oregon, and, apparently at random, grabbed 7-year-old Kristina Jacobson, fleeing with her in a stolen car. Police pursued the kidnapper along Interstate 5, as the abductor fired at ten following police cars, alternately reloading and firing and then holding the gun against the head of the terrified child. Traveling at fast speeds, Alexander crashed the car, which overturned. He and his victim were still alive, but the kidnapper held a gun to the child's head while he sat in the car and waited for police to close in. A police sharpshooter then shot Alexander dead, while other officers retrieved Jacobson, who suffered only minor injuries.

October 4, 1996: Two girls, 16-year-old Sarah Hajney and 16-year-old Jennifer Bolduc, disappeared while apparently going to school in McLean, New York. Hajney's abandoned

1992 Chevy Lumina was found later that night near Courtlandville, New York. The back seat of the car had been smeared with motor oil and forensic examiners found beneath this coating chunks of human flesh, the same kind of remains also found in the trunk. Witnesses, described a man coated with motor oil leaving the scene of the abandoned car that day and a mechanic later said that he had given a ride to 31-year-old John Andrews, whose car had reportedly broken down that day near the site of the abandoned Chevy. Moreover, fingerprints taken from the car matched that of Andrews. Andrews, who worked in Courtla0ndville as an electrician and was a next-door neighbor of Hajney's, was charged with the murders of Bolduc and Hajney. Officers then searched an area about a remote cabin Andrews had in rural Chenango County, and there unearthed bloody rags, bone fragments and chunks of human torsos—the remains of the two missing girls. These human artifacts had been spread and dumped over a large area, the suspect hoping, it was concluded, that wild animals would consume these savaged body parts and thereby eliminate any possibility of authorities later finding the evidence. Police by then had learned that Andrews, a loner from Dryden, New York, had been sentenced to eight years imprisonment at the disciplinary barracks at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas in 1990. This sentence was imposed after Andrews was convicted for the attempted rape of a woman living next door to his apartment at the U.S. Air Force base at Spangdahlem, Germany, where Andrews served as a sergeant. Andrews was released early from Leavenworth for good behavior in 1995. Tight-lipped about the Hajney and Bolduc abduction-murders, Andrews refused to tell police how he kidnapped the girls and then murdered them and reduced their bodies to small pieces. While Andrews was awaiting trial at the Tompkins County Jail, a guard passing Andrews' cell on the night of November 2, 1996, found the prisoner dead. Andrews had hanged himself from a noose made from shoestrings and affixed to a hook on the wall of his cell.

November 20, 1996: Marshall Wais, a 79-year-old industrialist, was abducted from his home in San Francisco, California, by kidnappers holding a gun on the victim. A ransom payment of $500,000 was demanded and paid the same day at a drop-off site in the Golden Gate Park. After the kidnappers received the money, they released Wais, giving him $20 cab fare. Police, hiding nearby, then captured and arrested 35-year-old Michael K. Roberts and 64-year-old Thomas William Taylor. Both were convicted of kidnapping and were sent to prison.

December 1, 1996: Brian Steven Ramirez Ortiz, a 4-year-old boy, was kidnapped in Pereira, Colombia, and held for a $5,000 ransom payment, but the abductors killed the boy by bundling him inside a large plastic bag and locking him in a closet, causing him to suffocate. Two suspects were later arrested. Colombia had to this time the highest abduction/kidnapping rate in the world with more than 900 persons kidnapped in 1996, 110 of these victims being minors.

December 26, 1996: JonBenet Ramsey, the precocious, talented 6-year-old daughter of millionaire John Ramsey and his wife Patsy, was reported missing by her parents, who had found a ransom note on a staircase in their mansion at Boulder, Colorado. A short time later, Ramsey, accompanied by a police woman, found his daughter dead in the wine room of the house. She had been strangled to death with a cord. Despite a massive hunt for the kidnapper-killer, the culprit was never identified, although many suspects were scrutinized, including the parents themselves. (See, Murder, Unsolved Killings.)

March 29, 1997: Working as a $7-an-hour security guard, Philip Noel Johnson (AKA: Roger D. Lawter, Michael D. Gray), pulled a gun on two of his fellow guards at the Loomis, Fargo & Co., headquarters in Jacksonville, Florida, forcing them into a truck, which he loaded with more than $20 million in cash. He handcuffed one of the guards, James Brown, to a radiator at his home, then later drove off with the second guard, Dan Smith, and the cash, driving all night and stopping only once to drop off many of the money-stuffed bags. The following day, Johnson took Smith from the truck and handcuffed him to a tree near the Blue Ridge Parkway outside of Asheville, North Carolina, before continuing his flight. The FBI placed Johnson on its "Most Wanted" list and offered $500,000 for his capture and conviction. Agents tracked him to Mexico, then waited for him to return by bus to the U.S., arresting him on August 30, 1997, when the bus he was riding (en route from Mexico City to Houston, Texas) crossed the U.S. border. Agents by then had located the loot, finding more than $18 million in a storage facility rented by Johnson in Mountain Home, North Carolina. Johnson, who had lived a loner's life, told agents that he had committed the robbery (one of the largest on record) to punish his employer for paying him "slave wages," and that he intended to give twenty percent of the money to poor people in Central America, then return the rest to the company. He was convicted of kidnapping the two guards, money-laundering and robbery and was sentenced to twenty-five years in prison on January 20, 1999.

June 2, 1997: Jason Stephens and Horace Cummings, both twenty-three, broke into a home in Jacksonville, Florida, robbing the place and kidnapping 3-year-old Robert Sparrow III. After brutally killing the boy, the kidnappers fled, but were later caught separately in a statewide manhunt. Both were found guilty of kidnapping, robbery and murder and sentenced to death.

October 8, 1997: Yaacov Schwartz, a 63-year-old Israeli, who had been missing for two days, was found tied up in an abandoned building in Jerusalem, Israel. Schwartz later admitted that he had faked his kidnapping during a state visit by U.S. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright to "unite the Israeli people."

November 17, 1997: Officials in San Juan, Puerto Rico, announced that Crystal Leann Anzaldi, who had been kidnapped

in San Diego, California, on December 8, 1990, had been found and Nilza Gierbolini Guzman, thirty-five, had been arrested for abducting the child. The abductor had falsely claimed to be the girl's mother and had been investigated earlier on charges that she had abused the child. After checking more than 500 photos on the Internet site, The National Center for Missing and Exploited Children, San Juan police found a match, identifying Anzaldi from a photo and posted information describing the missing girl with a tiny birthmark to the left of her nose. The girl was restored to her parents and Gierbolini Guzman was convicted and imprisoned.

December 4, 1997: Jerry Scott Heidler, twenty, was arrested and charged with the murders of Danny and Kim Daniels and two of their seven children, 16-year-old Jessica Daniels and 8-year-old Bryant Daniels, all found shotgunned to death in their home at Santa Claus, Georgia. Heidler, who had developed a relationship with Jessica Daniels, apparently killed the family members after he was interrupted while burglarizing the Daniels house. He then kidnapped three more Daniels children, all girls, fleeing in his van. He raped the ten-year-old girl and later released the three children before driving off in his van. The girls were found wandering about in their nightclothes by Bacon County police officers. All three girls later identified Heidler in a photographic police lineup. Heidler was later convicted of kidnapping and murder and sentenced to death.

December 5, 1997: Jack Volgares, forty-two, was sentenced to life imprisonment for violently abusing and abducting the body of his 7-year-old stepdaughter, Seleana. Earlier that year, Volgares, a resident of Ironton, Ohio, had yelled at the girl and shoved her about so that he caused her to go into convulsions, lose consciousness and die some hours later. Volgares and his 28-year-old wife, Mona Volgares, then dumped the body in a trash can and buried the can in the back yard of their home, before leaving town. Neighbors and relatives unearthed the body after discovering a strong odor in the back yard of the Volgares home. The parents were tracked down and arrested, Mona Volgares receiving a prison sentence after her husband was sent behind bars for life.

December 11, 1997: John E. Armstrong, thirty-nine, attempted to escape pursuing police attempting to arrest him for the murder of a man in Winter Park, Florida two days earlier. He invaded a home and drove the adult occupants outside at gunpoint, then held two small children hostage while SWAT teams prepared to storm the building. A 57-hour siege ensued, with Armstrong's relatives arriving to beg him to surrender and release the children. Finally, police were able to drop a microphone no larger than a button through the window of the house to hear the children laughing as they watched cartoons on TV. They also heard the loud snoring of the kidnapper and suddenly burst into the house. Officer Scott Perkins leaped upon Armstrong just as he awakened and was reaching for his gun, which went off, killing the kidnapper. Armstrong had had a long criminal career, having served three years and nine months for robbery, being released early from a twelve-year sentence through a new Florida program designed to disgorge convicts from the state's overpopulated prison system.

December 19, 1997: Donald Nichols (1964-1997), of Moreno Valley, California, kidnapped 24-year-old Angel Zingarelli, a woman who had worked with him at a Sam's Club store. They had been dating for about three years, but had broken up some months earlier. Nichols tied up his parents in their home, and then drove off with Zingarelli in her red Pontiac Firebird. Police tracked down the couple on December 22, 1997, in Riverside, California, when the Pontiac drove through the Canyon Crest area. They located the car in a parking lot of an apartment complex and spotted Nichols walking along a third-floor balcony, wrapped in a blanket. When an officer approached him, Nichols put a gun to his head and blew out his brains, his body toppling into a jacuzzi below. Police then found Zingarelli's body in the trunk of the Pontiac. Nichols had apparently shot and killed her.

March 28, 1998: At about 7 a.m., two men, 23-year-old Gabriel Solache and 25-year-old Arturo DeLeon-Reyes, broke into the apartment of Jacinta and Mariano Sota on North Leavitt Street in Chicago. The invaders repeatedly stabbed the couple as they slept, as many as sixty times, killing them, and then abducting their children, 2-month-old Maria and 3-year-old Santiago Soto. Present at the killing and kidnappings was 22-year-old Adriana Mejia, who took the children to her own home, presenting her husband Rosario Mejia, with Maria as their own child. She had faked a pregnancy by putting on weight and claimed that she had given birth to the kidnapped child. Rosario Mejia was suspicious because of the size of the little girl and when he saw photos of her on television reports relating to her parents' murder, he went to the police. Adriana Mejia was arrested, along with Solache and DeLeon-Reyes, who lived in the Mejia building. Police learned that Mejia had, for five days, scouted several Chicago hospitals and clinics, looking over newborn children and their mothers, and selected Jacinta Soto, after seeing her with her children, as her victim. She paid $600 to Solache and DeLeon-Reyes to murder the Sotos and kidnap their children. Convicted of kidnapping and murder, Adriana Mejia and DeLeon-Reyes were sentenced to life terms and Solache was sentenced to death, but was reprieved when Illinois Governor George Ryan, forty-eight hours before leaving office on January 11, 2003, issued an across-the-board clemency order to 167 death row inmates in the state, reducing the death penalty punishment for 163 men and four women to life imprisonment without parole. Ryan's act was widely criticized as being politically motivated. The Mejia case was alarmingly similar to another Illinois kidnapping-murder involving Jacqueline Williams, who had also faked a pregnancy and who, with the help of confederates, had cut a nearly full-term fetus from the womb of an Addison woman, murdering her and stealing her child. (See **November 16, 1995**, Jacqueline Annette Williams.)

April 16, 1998: Stephen Fagan (AKA: Dr. William Martin), was arrested at his million-dollar home in Palm Beach, Florida, and charged with the kidnapping of his two daughters, abducted by Fagan in 1979, when the girls were ages five and two. Fagan's ex-wife, Barbara Kurth, a one-time hatcheck girl who had become a microbiologist, had been searching for her

daughters for twenty years, as had Massachusetts authorities, who had listed Fagan as a "Most Wanted" person for abducting his children. At that time, Fagan, a former nightclub bouncer who earned a law degree, took his children to Florida, where he married two wealthy women under an assumed name, raising his daughters in luxury. Returned to Boston, Massachusetts, Fagan posted a $250,000 bond and insisted, as he had at the time of his divorce from Kurth, that his ex-spouse was an unfit mother and an alcoholic, who had allowed her children to go hungry and run around dirty and naked. The daughters, now grown, completely supported their father and told Massachusetts authorities that they wanted nothing to do with their mother. Believing prosecution would be futile, officials cut a deal with Fagan, who admitted to the charge, but spent no time in prison.

April 14, 1998: Lawrence Singleton, seventy, was sentenced to death by Florida Judge Bob Mitcham, following his conviction for abducting and murdering 31-year-old Roxanne Hayes in his Orient Park, Florida, home on February 19, 1997. Singleton was by then nationally known as a human monster. He had kidnapped Mary Vincent, a 15-year-old runaway from Las Vegas, Nevada, while she was hitchhiking outside of San Francisco in 1978. Singleton, a truck driver at the time, promised to drive Vincent to Los Angeles, but he raped her and then used an ax to chop off her forearms, leaving her for dead in a culvert outside of Modesto, California. She miraculously survived to testify against him in a trial that resulted in his conviction and a fourteen-year prison sentence. Singleton was released in 1987, and, when no California community would allow him residence, moved back to his home town of Tampa, Florida. In the Hayes murder, Singleton blatantly admitted his guilt, stating: "They framed me for the first time [the Vincent case], but this time I did it." He awaits execution at this writing.

Kidnapper-killer Lawrence Singleton, seventy, is shown at his Florida trial; he received a death sentence.

April 20, 1998: Donald A. Flagg, a 48-year-old body shop worker in Newark, Delaware, spotted 49-year-old Debra Puglisi planting roses in the front yard of her home at Academy Hills. Smoking crack cocaine, Flagg suddenly decided to rape Mrs. Puglisi, parking his car on a side street and slipping into her house. The woman's husband, according to later police reports, arrived home unexpectedly, and Flagg shot and killed 50-year-old Anthony Puglisi, Jr., a funeral director, the shot unheard by Debra Puglisi, who was still working on the front lawn, with sounds of nearby construction and lawn mowers drowning out the shot. Flagg then dragged Puglisi's body into a bedroom, went to the kitchen and took several beers from the refrigerator, drinking them as he waited for Mrs. Puglisi to reenter her home. When she came into the kitchen to wash her hands, Flagg struck her on the head, dragged her into the basement and raped her. He then backed his car up to the front of the house and put Mrs. Puglisi into the trunk, driving to his own home, a house that sat on a cul-de-sac in Wellington Woods. When the always punctual Mr. Puglisi did not appear at his office, employees called police. Officers went to his home to find his body and first suspected the missing Mrs. Puglisi as having a hand in her husband's demise. At that time, the unfortunate woman was being sexually assaulted and tortured in one room after another in Flagg's house. Flagg kept her a prisoner, gagged and bound, for five days. On April 24, 1998, when Flagg left for work, the woman managed to chew through a rope binding her, loosening it so that she eventually freed herself. She called police, screaming over the phone: "Please come and get me! Help me! Help me!...He killed my husband!...He said he saw me in the yard and wanted me! He was waiting in my house for me!" The hysterical woman was rescued by police a short time later and taken to a hospital. Officers later that day arrested Flagg at his work in Newark, charging him with rape, kidnapping and murder. After a three-week trial in 1999, Flagg was convicted of the murder of Anthony "Nino" Puglisi, and the abduction, rape and imprisonment of his wife. The jury voted 7-5 to recommend life imprisonment for Flagg. He was given ten life sentences, plus 209 years, and sent to the Delaware Correctional Center in Smyrna. Mrs. Puglisi later remarried and wrote a book about her nightmare experience.

June 27, 1998: While playing outside her home in New Philadelphia, Ohio, 5-year-old Devan Duniver suddenly disappeared. Following a widespread search, her body, suffering many knife wounds, was found in a wooded area near her house. One of the searchers, 12-year-old Anthony Harris, who had reportedly threatened the Duniver child on several previous occasions, but who had participated in the search for her (after the victim's mother paid him $5 to hunt for the child), came under suspicion and was arrested. Harris confessed to killing the girl, but later recanted his story. He was tried as a juvenile and given an eight-year sentence in a reformatory.

August 26, 1998: Lawrence Wallace, twenty-eight, and Taki Peacock, two black thugs living on Chicago's South Side,

were convicted of kidnapping and murdering black businessman Rufus Taylor, sixty, in August 1995, robbing him in his garage and then forcing him into the trunk of his Jaguar and driving off with him. The kidnappers took Taylor to Riverdale, Illinois, where Wallace shot him to death. Peacock was later sent to prison to eighty years and Wallace was given a life term.

September 8, 1998: Sherilee Nicholas was kidnapped from her home in Belize City, Belize. The remains of the 13-year-old girl were found on October 9, examiners reporting that she had been raped and then stabbed to death (more than forty times). Her abductor and killer was never located. This was the first of several unsolved kidnapping murders occurring in Belize (formerly British Honduras, becoming an independent country in 1981). These disappearances and murders were labeled the Belize Child Abductions.

October 5, 1998: Christopher and Kyndra Fink, both twenty-three, were arrested in a remote Montana area, and charged with kidnapping. They had reportedly abducted their 21-month-old son David from the Primary Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah. David Fink had been placed in this institution after officials found him in a malnourished condition in the Fink home. Charged with aggravated assault and kidnapping, Chistopher Fink was said by officials to believe that his son was a prophet and that he fed the infant only fruit and vegetables, a claim Fink later denied.

October 7, 1998: Jay Blades, a 9-year-old girl, was kidnapped from her home in Belize City, Belize. The child's body was found nine months later in what was the second of the Belize Child Abductions.

November 3, 1998: After leaving her home in Jacksonville, Florida, to play with friends, 8-year-old Madlyn "Maddie" Rae Clifton disappeared. Hundreds of volunteers aided police in searching for the girl, going from door-to-door distributing leaflets bearing the image of the vanished girl. Her parents begged for the girl's safe return through the media and more than 70,000 leaflets showing the girl's picture were distributed to those attending a Jacksonville Jaguars football game. Although police had searched the blue-collar neighborhood where the Cliftons lived, they again made a thorough sweep and at the home of Joshua Phillips, officers detected a strong odor. Mrs. Phillips attributed the smell to family pets, but she nevertheless began a search of her own house, smelling an overpowering odor in the room of her son, Joshua Earl Patrick Phillips, fourteen. The odor came from the boy's waterbed and, pulling aside the frame, she saw the feet of the Clifton girl. Melissa Phillips immediately called police who retrieved the body, which was found bound in tape in a fetal position. She had been stabbed nine times and struck in the head. There was no evidence of sexual molestation. The Phillips boy was arrested and charged with the kidnapping and murder of the girl. Because of the widespread publicity on the case in Jacksonville, Phillips' trial was held in Bartow, Florida, where, on July 8, 1999, Phillips, tried as an adult at age fifteen, was convicted by a jury after deliberating less than two hours. His conviction carried an automatic prison sentence of life. The death penalty is prohibited in Florida for anyone under the age of sixteen. Phillips, through his attorney, Richard Nichols, admitted kidnapping the girl, but had not intended to murder her and that her death was the result of "panic that bordered on madness." Nichols sought to avoid a conviction of murder in the first degree, asking that the boy be convicted of manslaughter. Prosecutor Harry Shorstein said that the boy's statements to police indicated that the murder was premeditated and his argument convinced the jury. About a month before the abduction-murder, Maddie Clifton and her 12-year-old sister were warned not to play any more with the Phillips boy after he talked about sex in front of the girls.

November 8, 1998: The naked body of 15-year-old Samantha Gordon was found floating offshore of Belize City, Belize, by a government patrol boat. She had been stabbed and slashed several times, one of her hands cut off. She was the third victim in the Belize Child Abductions.

December 15, 1998: Kuan Nan Chen, the son of a wealthy Los Angeles developer, was kidnapped from the garage of his home in San Marino, California, and held in a Los Angeles hideout, his abductors demanding a ransom payment of $1.5 million. The money was to be delivered to confederates in Fujian Province, China. On January 4, 1999, Fu Shun Chen, the victim's father, delivered a ransom payment of $500,000 to two men in Fujian Province, who were promptly arrested by Chinese authorities. At the time his father was delivering the ransom money, Kuan Nan Chen was rescued by Los Angeles police officers, who had located the hideout of the kidnappers through phone taps and a tip from a neighbor. Xu Lin Wang, a 26-year-old resident of Temple City, California, and 27-year-old Xue Nan Wang, of New York City, were arrested and later convicted and imprisoned for the crime.

January 1, 1999: U.S. Immigrant officials stopped a car at the Rainbow Bridge in Niagara Falls, New York, ordering the driver, 37-year-old Jamal Nasser Aziz, who appeared unduly nervous, to open the car's trunk. Inside the trunk, officials found a young woman, Mine Betoor, who was bound and gagged, along with 29-year-old Wahid Nader, who was holding her captive. Betoor told officials that her parents had arranged a marriage with Nader, but when she refused, Nader and his uncle, Aziz, both natives of Afghanistan, kidnapped her and attempted to smuggle her into the U.S. from Canada. Betoor told officials that Aziz had threatened to kill her if she made any noise or tried to escape. Nader and Aziz were convicted of kidnapping and imprisoned.

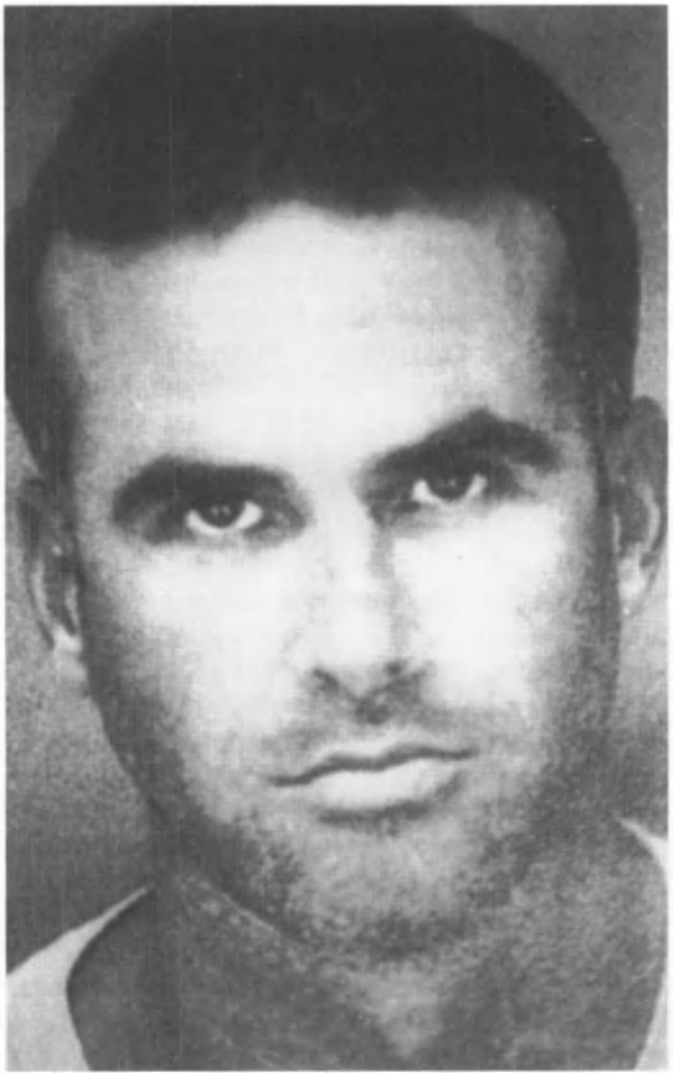
January 15, 1999: Alabama Governor Fob James, in one of the last acts of his term, commuted the death sentence of convicted kidnapper-killer Judith Ann Neeley, who had committed one of the most savage acts of murder in the state's history. In September 1982, Neeley had abducted 13-year-old Lisa

Ann Millican from a shopping mall in Rome, Georgia, taking the girl to her home, where she forced her into sex with her husband, Alvin Neeley. After sexually abusing the child for three days, Judith Ann Neeley drove the girl to Little River Canyon, Alabama. She gave the girl six injections of drain cleaner, but when this failed to kill the child, Neeley shot the girl in the head and pushed her body off a cliff. Though she claimed at her trial that her husband had ordered the murder, Neeley was convicted of the killing and sentenced to death. Alvin Neeley was conficted of kidnapping and child sexual abuse and received a life sentence. Governor James, who went duck hunting immediately after commuting Neeley's sentence, gave no reason for his action.

March 22, 1999: Jackie Malic, age twelve, vanished from her school in Belize City, Belize, during a recess. Her mutilated body was found two days later. This kidnapping-murder was attributed to the fiend committing the Belize Child Abductions.

June 26, 1999: Erica Wills, age nine, vanished from her home and her mutilated body was discovered on July 28, 1999, near Gracie Rock, Belize. She was presumed to have been another victim of the Belize Child Abductions.

July 21, 1999: Joie Armstrong, a 26-year-old teacher and naturalist who worked for the Yosemite Institute, was reported missing from her home in Yosemite Valley, California. Police found her car parked outside her home and the door to her cabin open, music playing on a stereo. That afternoon, police found her decapitated torso in a nearby drainage ditch, her head missing. On the following day, officers identified a blue-and-white SUV parked on a rural road, its owner, Cary Anthony Stayner, thirty-seven, sitting naked by a river and smoking a joint of marijuana. Tire tracks from his SUV matched those found near the Armstrong cabin and his fingerprints were found in Armstrong's house. Stayner quickly admitted abducting and murdering Armstrong and then told police that he had also kidnapped and murdered three other women in the Yosemite National Park. Stayner worked as a handyman at the Cedar Lodge in El Portal, near Yosemite. Three females who were registered at this lodge—42-year-old Carole Sund, her 15-year-old daughter Julie and 16-year-old Silvina Pelosso, a family friend—had been reported missing from the lodge on February 13, 1999. On March 18, 1999, the bodies of Carole Sund and Silvina Pelosso were found in the trunk of Sund's burned-out car, discovered at Sonora Pass, about 100 miles north of El Portal. Both victims had been strangled to death. Police then received a note from the kidnapper, directing them to the corpse of Julie Sund, her decomposing body found on March 25, 1999, near the Don Pedro Reservoir. The girl was found bound at the ankes with rope and her throat slit so deeply that her head was almost decapitated. After pleading guilty in the Armstrong case, Stayner was sent to prison for life. Stayner, with a long history for violence, was suspected of murdering his uncle, Jesse Stayner, in 1990, as well as possibly kidnapping and murdering several other women. Stayner's younger brother, Steven Gregory Stayner, was kidnapped by Kenneth Eugene Parnell in 1972, and held captive for seven years. (See entry for **December 4, 1972**.)



Cary Stayner was sent to prison for life following his conviction for the 1999 abduction-murder of teacher Joie Armstrong in California.

February 15, 2000: Naomi Hernandez, fourteen, disappeared after being sent by her grandmother to collect rent on a family-owned property in Belize City. The body of the child, her head decapitated and her left arm cut off, was found floating by a patrol boat cruising the waters off Belize City, Belize. The slain child was another victim in the Belize Child Abductions.

March 29, 2000: A young woman appeared in San Jose, California, claiming to be Amber Swartz, reportedly kidnapped on June 3, 1988, from her Pinole, California, home. The claimant gave police information about the Swartz abduction and was fingerprinted. She was identified days later as 21-year-old Amber Marie Pattee, who was exposed and charged with perpetrating a hoax.

CHAPTER NINE:
MURDER/CELEBRITY SLAYINGS

The act of murder, man's most heinous crime, has been practiced throughout history by all manner of celebrities in the highest social stratas. These headline-capturing killers—members of the aristocracy and the wealthy class, bankers, physicians, attorneys, politicians and modern-day media creatures—have riveted the attention of the public, turning their bright fame to dark infamy. Such slayers loomed large in the collective imagination of their times, their lethal acts expanding their images and enhancing their legends through the ploys of publicity, which even the stark reality of homicide could not easily destroy. These uncommon humans all committed the common crime of murder and yet, for many, their fame ironically increased through such reprehensible acts.

In many such murders, the celebrity was the victim, the killer often seeking the fame held by his prey, as if to make it his own, as if to don his victim's mantle of fame by taking that life. Such was the traditional reason for many murders in the Old West, where the novice gunfighter aspired to attain the notoriety of his victim, the established gunslinger, by killing him with a faster draw and thus earn himself a niche, no matter how infamous, in the annals of history. Jack McCall, a cowardly roustabout in Deadwood, had no thought of slapping leather with the "Prince of Pistoleers," James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok. He simply shot his victim in the back, while the famed gunfighter sat in a saloon playing poker. After shooting "Wild Bill," McCall was no longer a seedy drunk, but the famed killer of a famous gunman.

In more modern days, killers like David Mark Chapman, the slayer of Beatle John Lennon, became so attached to his singing idol that he assumed his victim's personality, this mentally disturbed but ardent fan imitating his victim in almost every physical detail, even marrying a woman of Japanese extraction, as had Lennon. Only days before murdering Lennon, Chapman took his victim's name to add to his adopted personality. Such personality envy had long been translated into a murderous mania. It took the life of 51-year-old political activist Allard Lowenstein on March 14, 1980, when his protégé, Dennis Sweeney, lethally shot the political activist five times in his Rockefeller Plaza offices in New York. Sweeney, later sent to an insane asylum, stated that Lowenstein had "been controlling my life for years. I've put an end to it." A similar identity problem existed in the troubled mind of 22-year-old Paul DeWitt, who, on September 9, 1980, stabbed to death Everett Clarke, his drama coach and the voice of "The Whistler," of radio fame, in Clarke's offices at Chicago's Fine Arts Building.

The motives had sharper definitions in many other celebrity slayings. Even among the rich, money was often a prime motive, as was the case of Dr. Bennett Clarke Hyde, who, in

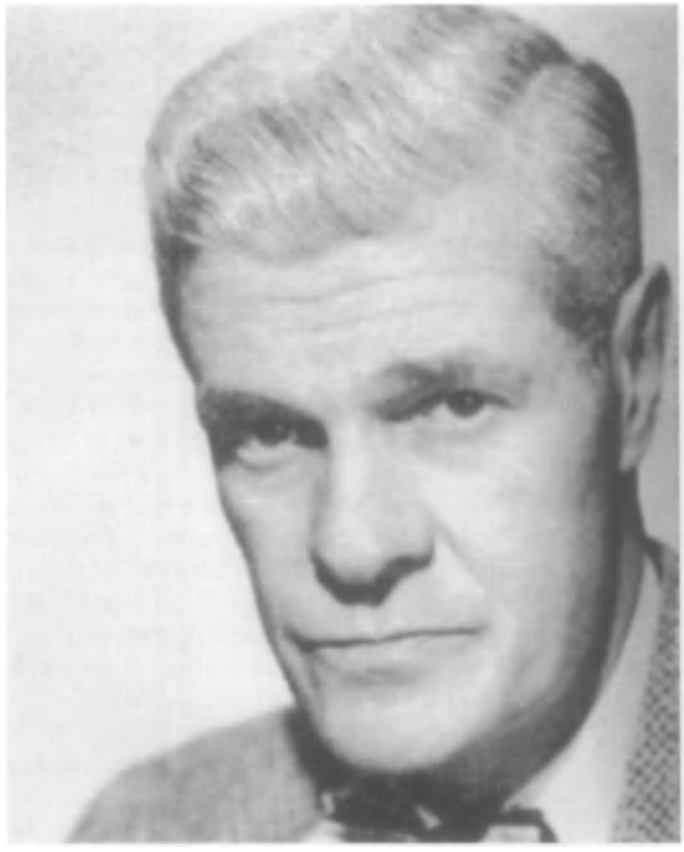
New York political activist Allard Lowenstein, killed in 1980 by a deranged man, who once followed his radical chic cause.

Dennis Sweeney murdered Allard Lowenstein because "he was controlling my life"; Sweeney was sent to an asylum.

Chicago's Everett Clarke, the radio voice of "The Whistler," who was murdered by one of his own drama students.

1909, embarked upon the wholesale murders of his in-laws, so that his wife and he could inherit a fortune. The same ambition motivated Dr. Arthur Warren Waite, who also attempted to eliminate his in-laws in 1916. The fiery Candace "Candy" Mossler, stood trial with her 24-year-old nephew, Melvin Lane Powers, for the June 30, 1964 murder of her tycoon husband, Jacques Mossler, in their lavish home in Key Biscayne, Florida. Again, prosecutors insisted, the motive was money—Candy wanted to obtain Mossler's $7 million fortune and, to achieve this end, she sent her burly nephew to fatally stab her oil-rich husband thirty-nine times. Such classic murder-for-profit cases was epitomized by the icy entrepreneur Claus von Bulow, who reportedly overdosed his wealthy wife with insulin injections in 1979-1980 to obtain the millions she had left him in her will. Obsessed in obtaining wealth at any cost, rich socialite, Patrizia Reggiani Martinelli—called Italy's "Black Widow"—simply hired a hit man to murder her ex-spouse and fashion tycoon, Maurizio Gucci, in 1995.

In some instances, murder by a celebrity was due to overwhelming debt, as was the case of Charles Chapin, the famed editor of the New York *Evening World*. While drowning in debt from his wild stock speculations, and unable to bear the thought that his beloved wife of thirty years would go through life as a pauper, Chapin shot Nellie Chapin to death on the night of September 16, 1918, while both were in bed in their suite at New York's Hotel Cumberland. Chapin went to prison for life, allowed to cultivate the prison's gardens and gleaning



Actor Paul Kelly, who shot a man to death in a Hollywood triangle; he served a short prison term before returning to the cameras and the crime he committed was almost forgotten by Hollywood producers and the public alike.

One-time child actor Robert Blake (right), with Scott Wilson, appearing in the 1967 film, *In Cold Blood*, a movie that reportedly proved prophetic in that Blake was charged with murdering his wife in 2001 (tried in February 2004).

another type of fame as the "Rose Man of Sing Sing," until his death in 1930.

Money brought about the killing of actor Sal Mineo in 1976, and money stimulated the gruesome, homosexual murders of silent screen star Ramon Novarro in 1968 and media tycoon John S. Knight III in 1975. Burglars in search of money brought about the deaths of scores of distinguished citizens. Typical was the case of Henry C. Heinz, the leading banker in Atlanta, Georgia, who interrupted burglar Horace Blalock as the intruder was rummaging through Mrs. Heinz's sewing bag, thinking it to be a purse, while in the darkened library of the Heinz mansion on the night of September 29, 1943. Heinz, in a wild struggle that overturned furniture and lamps, was shot to death by Blalock, before the burglar fled. He was later identified, convicted and sent to prison, being paroled on May 18, 1955. An almost identical crime occurred when millionaire burglar Bernard C. Welch, Jr., invaded the posh home of Michael J. Halberstam, one of the most distinguished physicians in Washington, D.C., and fatally shot Halberstam during a burglary on the night of December 5, 1980 (see chapter on Burglary).

Some celebrities not only committed murder, but received little or no punishment for their crimes. Sherman Billingsley, the famed owner of New York's Stork Club, reportedly shot and killed a bootlegger in the early 1920s, but was never brought to trial. Paul Kelly, the taciturn tough-sounding actor of the 1920s-1940s, shot and killed a man in a love triangle and did only a brief prison stint before returning to the cameras. The same fate befell football star and movie actor O. J. Simpson, who narrowly escaped conviction in his wife's 1994 murder, although his guilt was so blatantly evident that he was not again invited to go before the cameras.

Oddly, Simpson came to the defense of fellow actor and aging child star Robert Blake, after Blake was charged with the shooting murder of his wife Bonny Lee Bakley, outside an Italian restaurant in Studio City, California, on May 4, 2001 (he awaits trial at this writing). Irrespective of Blake's possible guilt in this homicide, his money, influence and image, as has been the case in too many celebrity killings, may assure his acquittal, typically and unequally tipping the scales of justice in favor of the powerful. Such inequitable results were prosaically summed up by none other than William Barclay "Bat" Masterson (1853-1921), the intrepid peace officer of the frontier, who became a celebrated sports writer for the New York Morning *Telegraph*. He was found dead at his desk in the city room, his head resting on an open-carriage cast-iron Underwood typewriter. Found rolled into the typewriter was a sheet of copy paper on which Masterson had written his last words: "I have found that things break about even in this old world of ours. For instance, ice—the poor get it in the winter and the rich in the summer."

Opposite page at left: A policeman itemizes the debris in the ransacked Philadelphia home of media tycoon John S. Knight III, who was murdered by three homosexual hustlers in 1975.

A CUCKOLDING KILLER/February 15, 1551

Though born into British bluebloods, Alice Arden (1516-1551) conducted her private life like a common street-walker. Arden was the stepdaughter of Sir Edward North whose father had won world renown as the translator of Plutarch. Her husband, Thomas Arden was wealthy and of the gentleman class who gave his wife every comfort, moving her into a large mansion in Faversham, England, in 1544. Alice, however, betrayed his trust at every opportunity to see her lover, Richard Mosby (or Mosbie), a rakish tailor who had once been a servant in the North household and who had maintained a sexual liaison with Alice since seducing her when she was but a teenager. Arden, on the other hand, was a man twice her age, one who was retiring and considerably less passionate than the interloper, Mosby. Tiring of her pretended marriage, Alice, a practical schemer, made plans to kill her husband so that she could spend the rest of her days with the ardent Mosby.

Unlike most wives with murder on their minds, Alice Arden made no secret of her desire to get rid of her husband. She solicited ideas from known enemies of Thomas Arden. There were many. One such was a painter named Clark who proposed that he paint Alice on a large canvas, this portrait to hang in Arden's bedroom. He would temper the oil with poison and when Arden retired he would breath in the poison fumes emanating from the canvas and die in his sleep. The fumes would be gone by morning, Clark promised, and thus the murder weapon would vanish along with the unwanted spouse.

Alice told Clark that such a plan was too risky. A servant might enter the room and breathe the fumes or she herself might die of the deadly oils while sitting for the portrait. No, Clark's plan would not do. She preferred a more direct approach. Alice went to a man named Green who hated Thomas Arden since having been bested by Arden in a land dispute. Alice offered him £10 if he would provide two men, who would kill her husband. Green, in turn, hired two local Faversham ruffians named Shakebag and Black Will to perform the deed.

On February 15, 1551, Mosby invited Thomas Arden to a game of backgammon, making sure that the victim's back was to a large closet. (Shakebag and Black Will had been hiding in Arden's huge mansion for some time with Alice providing them with food and drink until the opportunity to kill her husband presented itself.) As Arden and Mosby began playing, Mosby suddenly shouted, "And now, sir, I may take you if I will!"

"Take me which way?" replied Arden, puzzled at the sudden outburst, not realizing that this was the signal to the assassins to strike. Black Will leaped from the closet and began to strangle Arden with a towel. Mosby grabbed a heavy pressing iron and brought this down upon Arden's head several times. He fell apparently dead to the floor and the killers, aided by a servant named Michael, dragged the body into the counting room. The resilient Arden, however, came to life again and Black Will smashed him on the head, a killing blow.

Alice Arden wanted to make sure. She rushed into the room with a long knife and plunged this several times into her husband's chest. The body was then taken to a nearby field and left there. Alice then sent out word by some servants to the local townspeople that her husband had not returned to dinner and that she was worried that he might have been attacked by highwaymen, who were then plagu-

A contemporary print shows the murder of Thomas Arden in 1551 by his wife Alice, her lover and several servants.

ing the area. Villagers carrying torches conducted a search of the fields and Arden's body was discovered hacked to pieces.

Alice was confident that the local authorities would conclude that Arden had been the victim of highwaymen. She neglected to see, however, that her plan was impossible from the beginning due to its inept execution. Bloody carpet hairs covered the shoes of the victim and a trail of blood led from the mansion to the garden. It was obvious to the local mayor that Arden had not been killed on a lonely road, but inside his own house and his body then dragged outside. A search of the grounds around the mansion unearthed the bloody towel and knife used to murder Arden. The Mayor bluntly told Alice that he suspected her of having a hand in her husband's demise. Alice became indignant, replying archly, "I would you should know that I am no such woman!"

The Mayor showed her the bloody towel and the gore-coated knife. Alice Arden trembled for a moment in silence, then confessed to the murder, dramatically taking the bloody towel and pressing it to her face, moaning, "Oh, the blood of God, help for this blood that I shed!" Mosby was found in his room, pretending to be asleep. He was awakened and accused of the killing. Boldly he denied committing the crime which was equally stupid in that his hose and purse were still covered with his victim's blood. Green, the man who had supplied the killers, fled with Black Will and Shakebag. Black Will was captured near Flushing and hanged. Shakebag, who had only stood by as a lookout during the murder, was hunted down near Southwark and run through by swords in the hands of his pursuers.

The killing of any high born person in England at that time unleashed savage retribution on the part of the authorities, who ordered wholesale arrests and executions, a sweeping revenge that encompassed the innocent as well as the guilty. One of Alice Arden's maidservants, who knew nothing of the murder, was burned at the stake. George Bradshaw, who had carried messages between Alice and Mosby, unaware of their contents, was seized and instantly hanged. Adam Fowl, who ran a local inn, the Fleur de Lys, was strapped to the underside of a horse and taken to London where he was thrown into the darkest dungeon of Marshalsea Prison. His crime had been serving two tankards of ale to Alice and Mosby when they stopped at his inn during one of their clandestine meetings.

The servant Michael was hanged in chains at Faversham, while Mosby and his sister Susan, who had helped in the murder plot, were taken to Smithfield, where they were hanged at the same time. Alice Arden found no quick relief at the end of a rope. She was made into a public spectacle and served as a warning to any other rebellious wives, who thought to murder their husbands. She was taken to Canterbury and, after thousands of spectators had been assembled, rode to the stake in an open cart on March 14, 1551. She was tied to a stake and then slowly burned to death while the great throng dinned catcalls and insults into her ears throughout her prolonged and torturous death.

THE MURDER OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY/ September 15, 1613

Lady Frances Howard (1593-1632) was at the center of one of England's most famous Royalist intrigues of the Seventeenth Century. Jealousy, passion, and greed were at the heart of the matter, and, in the end, one of the court's most learned men paid with his life.

Frances Howard, at the time she joined the royal court of James I.

Frances Howard was only fifteen when she was introduced to Robert Carr, the homosexual lover of King James I. By currying the favor of the king, Carr had become the second-most powerful figure in the land. His sexual favors were rewarded with a peerage. James, a bloated and petulant monarch, had made his dandy the Viscount Rochester.

Carr had made the acquaintance of Sir Thomas Overbury, a knight of high intellectual capacities, but one who showed slavish devotion to those considered favorites of the King. It was Overbury who introduced Carr to Frances Howard, the daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. The 15-year-old charmer turned the head of Viscount Carr. He temporarily forgot about his royal obligations in his obsessive pursuit of the teenager. Carr, who was unable to read or write, engaged Overbury to write his love letters. At first Overbury was a willing participant to the intrigue and eager to please Carr. When Frances Howard's husband, the 14-year-old Earl of Essex, returned from his travels, Overbury condemned the relationship as immoral.

Angered with Overbury and fearing that he might make her reckless sexual liaisons public, Howard enlisted Anne Turner, a reputed witch and alchemist, to help her prepare a poison to be administered to the truculent Overbury. Meanwhile, Carr inveigled the King to imprison Overbury in the Tower of London on a petty charge. The guards who stood

Frances Howard, at the time she became Countess of Somerset.

watch over Sir Thomas were replaced with men sympathetic to the scheming Carr and his mistress.

Anne Turner then went about her lethal chores, securing poison from a physician named James Franklin. Tarts and various candied jellies were laced with rose algar, sublimate of mercury, arsenic, and diamond powder, before being fed to Overbury by Sir Gervase Helwys and his assistant Richard Weston. There was enough poison in the delicacies to kill twenty people. Not surprisingly, Overbury died on September 15, 1613. Three days later, Frances' marriage to the Earl of Essex was annulled and King James bestowed on Carr the title of Earl of Somerset. Carr married Frances in a great ceremony, and soon they became the favorites of the court, commanding enormous power and prestige.

Their crime might have been covered up if not for the deathbed confession of Paul de Lobel, an apothecary's assistant who had participated in the poisoning plot. De Lobel named the conspirators, and on October 23, 1615, Richard Weston was hanged at Tyburn. He was followed in death on November 9, 1615 by Mrs. Turner. Sir Gervase Helwys and James Franklin marched to the gallows on Nov. 20, 1615 and Dec. 9, 1615. A great public outcry led to the arrest and conviction of Carr and his wife on May 24, 1616. Lady Somerset was prosecuted by Sir Francis Bacon, who treated her, at the king's behest, with only the greatest respect.

Both were convicted and ordered to hang, but through King James' intervention Carr and his wife were spared the death penalty. The king no doubt feared that he might also be named as a co-conspirator by the vengeful Carr, so he was anxious to placate the culprits. Though they escaped the gallows, it can be said that Carr and Lady Somerset endured a fate perhaps worse than death. They retired to their country estate, where they soon grew tired of each other. The rancor Lady Somerset felt for her husband was such that she did not speak to him for five years. She died in 1632 from a painful uterine disorder.

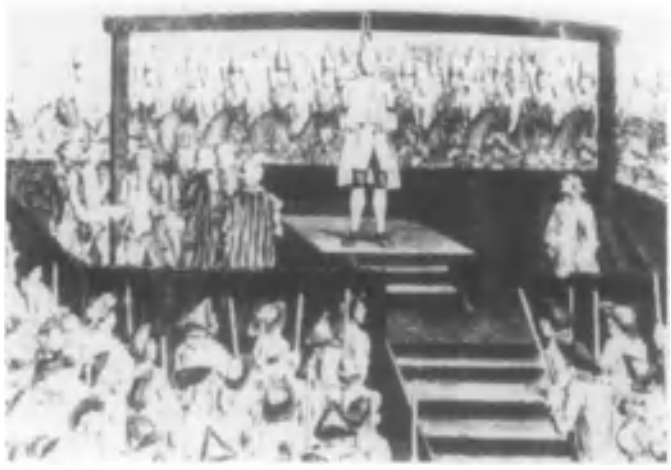
"I HAVE SPARED HIS LIFE"/January 18, 1760

Lawrence Shirley Ferrers (Fourth Earl Ferrers, 1720-1760), a descendent of England's royal Plantagenet family, possessed great wealth and he enjoyed a high social standing. He was also a short-tempered, volatile man, who, through arrogance and pride, put himself above the law. In 1752, Ferrers married the daughter of Sir William Meridith, a union that quickly soured. His cruel treatment caused his wife to petition Parliament for a legal separation, which was granted in 1758, along with an official order that Ferrers pay his aggrieved ex-spouse considerable and protracted payments.

This governmental degree only served to bring Ferrers' lethal personality to the surface. Anyone who offended him, or he thought offended him, became the target of his murderous wrath. On one occasion, armed with a gun, Ferrers threatened his servant and ordered him to kill his own brother. The servant, however, fled and told Ferrers' brother what had happened. The brother and his wife left the estate immediately. Not so lucky was a man named John Johnson, who was named by the courts to act as the receiver of the rents on behalf of Ferrers' estranged wife. Johnson had first refused to accept the task, but Ferrers himself persuaded him to do so.

The relationship between the two men grew strained. Ferrers suspected Johnson and the trustees of his estate of

The titled Lawrence Ferrers is shown fatally shooting his steward, John Johnson, in 1760.



The public hanging of Lawrence Ferrers drew a large crowd of spectators to Tyburn.

cheating him out of a contract for some coal mines. The charge was unfounded, but Ferrers nevertheless resolved to kill Johnson. At the time, Ferrers was living in the village of Stanton-Harold in Leicestershire, and Johnson was his tenant. On January 18, 1760, Johnson arrived at Ferrers' door as ordered. Ferrers produced a written "confession" of Johnson's imagined villainy and ordered him to sign it. When Johnson refused, Ferrers ordered him to drop to his knees. He shot Johnson in the chest, then summoned a surgeon to attend to his victim's wounds.

By the time the surgeon arrived, Ferrers had consumed a large quantity of port wine. He told the doctor, "Now I have spared his life, I desire you would do what you can for him." The physician could do nothing for Johnson, who died the next morning. The physician reported the blatant killing to authorities, who ordered Ferrers arrested. Ferrers, however, locked himself in his house and refused to surrender to officials. Meanwhile, a mob gathered outside his home. A collier named Curtis finally helped take Ferrers into custody and accompanied him to the local jail. A charge of willful murder was returned and Ferrers was bound over for trial, arriving in London on February 14, 1760.

Ferrers' body, on public display at Surgeons' Hall, before it was dissected.

After two months' confinement in the Tower of London, Ferrers was brought before the House of Lords on April 16, 1760. There was no question about his guilt, so the issue of his sanity occupied much of the deliberations. Ferrers defended himself, claiming that he had not been in his right mind when he fatally shot Johnson, but his defense arguments failed to persuade his peers. A verdict of guilty was returned, and on May 5, 1760, Ferrers was taken to Tyburn to be executed. After the hanging, the body was removed to Surgeon's Hall for dissection and public display, according to the sentence of the court.

WAS MOZART MURDERED?/December 5, 1791

Almost from the moment of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's untimely demise on December 5, 1791, his death in rumor, gossip, song, poetry, and literature has been attributed to his arch rival, Italian composer Antonio Salieri (1750-1825). Mozart (Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Mozart, 1756-1791) was a boy prodigy who startled the world with his virtuoso playing of the harpsichord, violin, and organ from age four, composing small musical pieces before his fifth birthday. His father, court composer and violinist Johann Georg Leopold Mozart, took his son and daughter, Maria, from their native Salzburg on several tours which saw the children enthrall the crown heads of Europe. When at home, little "Wolferl" mesmerized Austrian emperor Francis I, who would sit at the boy's side while he played, calling him "my little magician."

Mozart as a child, 1763; painting by Pietro Antonio Lorenzoni.

A precocious and outgoing child (he would never lose his mirthful childishness as an adult), Mozart captivated queens and future queens of Europe with his charming personality. As a child, he once slipped on the marbled floor of the Austrian palace housing archduchess Marie Antoinette, later to become the hapless queen of France. She picked up the little boy who abruptly kissed her cheek and said: "You are very kind. When I grow up I will marry you."

At age nine, Mozart astonished the king of England by playing every piece of music put before him, compositions he had never seen until that moment. Later that year, he composed his first symphony (he had already published several sonatas at age seven). In 1769, Mozart was given the honorary title of concertmaster to the Archbishop of Salzburg, a demanding prelate who paid the gifted child very little money.

In 1767, at the age of eleven, Mozart responded to the suggestion of Austrian emperor Joseph II by composing an opera *buffa La Finta Semplice*, which was then acknowledged to be an "incomparable work," yet it was at this early age that Mozart felt for the first time the seething envy of his musical elders whose deep resentment of his outstanding genius caused his work to be suppressed. When the Archbishop of Salzburg heard of the rejected work, he ordered that it be performed at his palace and was so overwhelmed by the compositions that he made Mozart his maestro di capella, a position that was unfortunately honorary and paid next to nothing.

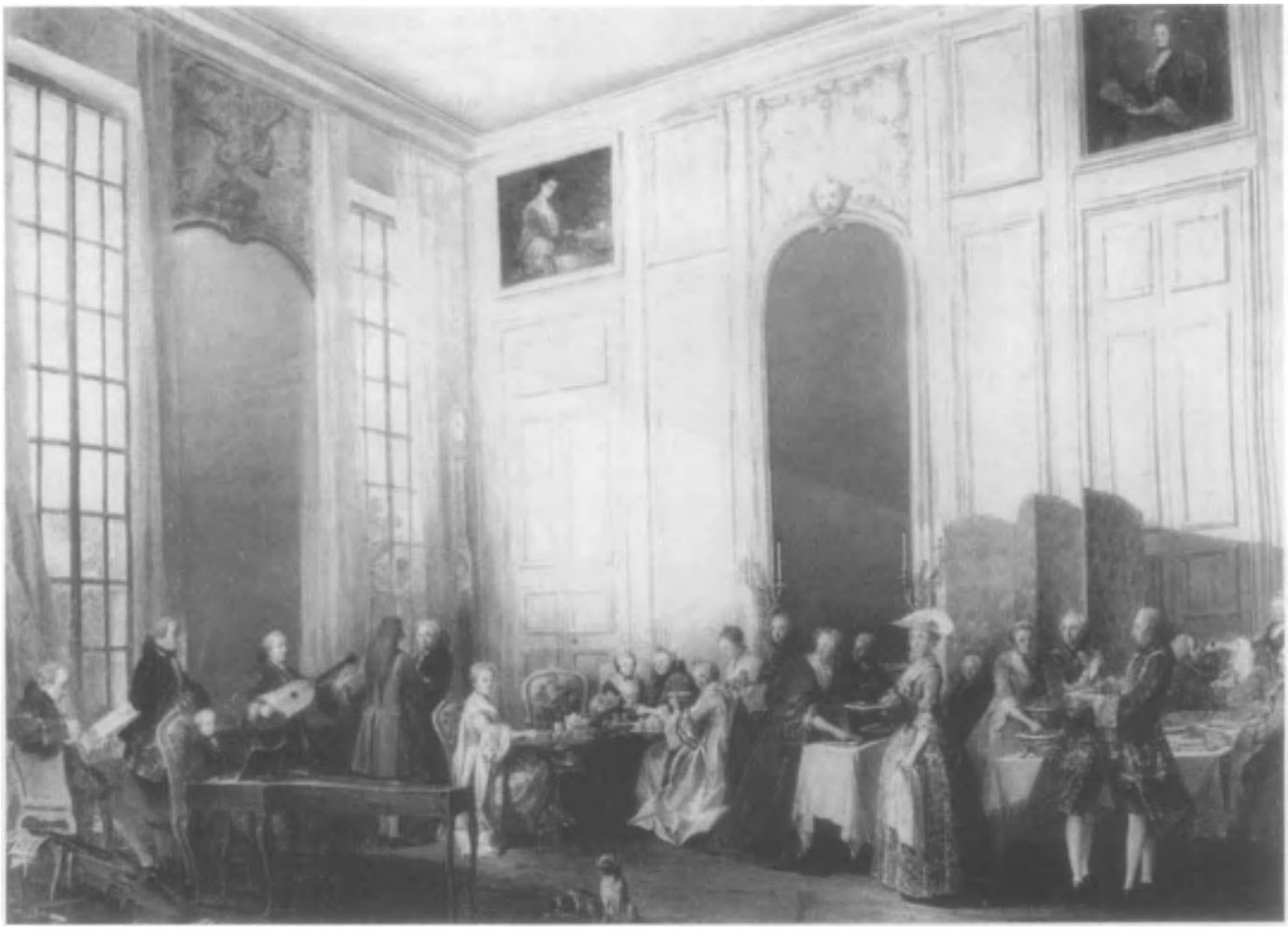
Seeking funds, Mozart, accompanied by his father, went to Milan, Italy, in 1770, where the boy genius composed his second operatic masterpiece, *Mitridate, r di Ponto*, which was produced at Teatro Reggio Ducal and won for Mozart instant acknowledgment as one of the great composers of that day or any other. This work was performed on December 26, 1770, and the greatest musical professors of the day earlier scoffed at the idea of a 14-year-old boy orchestrating a full opera for the largest orchestra then in the world at Teatro Reggio Ducal. Further, this boy led that orchestra by playing the harpsichord throughout its twenty performances. Again, jealous and viciously envious competitors denounced the boy, but even their shrieks were drowned out in the overwhelming praise he received. Reportedly, one of those who witnessed the explosive success of Mozart was a 20-year-old impoverished, but musically gifted youth, Antonio Salieri, and, from that moment on, he hated this genius with an insidious and lifelong passion that, some would later claim, evidenced itself in Mozart's murder.

Child prodigy Mozart playing at the piano, November 1763, accompanied by his father, Leopold Mozart, and his sister Nanneri; watercolor by Louis Carrogis de Carmontelle.

Mozart went on creating at a furious pace, producing masterpiece operas including *Idomeneo, r e di Creta* (1781), *Die Entfhurung aus dem Serail* (1782), Le nozze di Figaro (1786; English title: *The Marriage of Figaro*), Don Giovanni (1787), *Cosi fan tutte* (1790), and *Die Zauberflote* (1791; English title: (*The Magic Flute*). He married a beautiful, but capricious soprano, Constanze Weber (1763-1842), who was as financially irresponsible as her inspired husband. Though Mozart received many commissions, he was denied a high musical office in his native Austria. Oddly, this was due to the mortal enemy his music had made, Salieri, who had traveled to Austria with F.L. Gassmann, and who convinced Emperor Joseph to sponsor him. Salieri's own operas, *Le Donne Letterate* (1770) and *Armida* (1771), were great successes in Vienna, at the same time that Mozart was taking Italy's musical world by storm.

When Mozart returned to Vienna, he supported himself by teaching and taking occasional commissions, but he was denied any significant court-appointed positions, thanks to Salieri's venomous intrigues. Although highly respected for his own fine work, Salieri saw in Mozart a posthumous threat to that work, one that would overshadow and eclipse almost all the composers of that great musical day so that posterity would remember Mozart and ignore Salieri. This was undoubtedly Salieri's gnawing fear, one that reportedly led to murderous loathing.

There was much in Mozart's background to point to Salieri's bone-marrow resentment of his rival. The Austrian genius had been raised in comfort, encouraged from the cradle to perform and excel, pampered and cuddled in his infant creativity by the kings and queens of Europe. Mozart had been given every opportunity and had taken rich advantage of the stage opened to him. His father had long been recognized as a respected composer. From childhood, the world and the future belonged to Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. To Salieri the world had offered little hope of success or recognition. Born in Legnano, Italy, Salieri's merchant father died bankrupt and the youth had to beg the support of the rich Mocenigo family, who grudgingly secured for the boy a berth in the choir school of St. Mark's in Venice. Here he diligently studied music and inched his way toward musical composition. He did not possess the



Mozart (lower left-hand corner at piano) is shown as a child playing for guests at a tea in the residence of Prince Louis-Francois de Conti, in 1766; painting by Michel Barthelemy Olivier.

lightning burst of imagination and dynamic composition of Mozart. He was a meticulous creator of impressive church music. Where the unpredictable Mozart arrested, disturbed, and inspired the spirit, Salieri soothed it.

Salieri worked with and showed respect for Haydn, Beethoven, Gluck, and all the other composers of that illustrious musical era. To only one did he display a fist of malice, a mask of hate—Mozart. This cancerous loathing for Mozart is quite clear to anyone comparing the works of both composers; they both sought to dominate Italian opera. Mozart succeeded and was Salieri's only rival, one he could never dominate. It was easy for Salieri to be on affable terms with all other composers; none but Mozart competed with him for the high honors that Italian opera could bestow. The honors and the kudos went to Mozart. He was the light, Salieri only an interesting reflection.

It was written by the Russian poet Alexander Pushkin that Salieri attended the premiere of Don Giovanni, but so consumed by envy was he that he could not restrain himself from hissing during the performance, causing the startled audience to look in shock to his box. Realizing that he had dropped his guard, Salieri rose and left the opera, his secret hatred for one greater than himself momentarily, blatantly exposed. Pushkin's chilling portrait of Salieri's grotesque envy ends with the poet's conclusion: "The envious man who was capable of hissing at Don Giovanni was capable of poisoning its creator."

Was Pushkin accusing Salieri of murder? When the poet wrote his drama masterpiece *Mozart and Salieri* in 1826 (adapted as an opera by Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov in 1898), Salieri had been dead less than a year and it was much rumored then, as it had been immediately after Mozart's death in 1791, that, indeed, Salieri had poisoned the Austrian genius to finally rid himself of his tormentor. Pushkin's intent, however, was not to accuse Salieri of actual physical murder, but a murder of spirit, a murder of the soul, since it was Salieri who intrigued against Mozart in his last years, plotting to keep the composer penniless, whispering calumnies about the composer into the ears of patrons and aristocrats, who subsequently declined to sponsor Mozart, and forming a critical cabal that negated and rejected all the work Mozart produced.

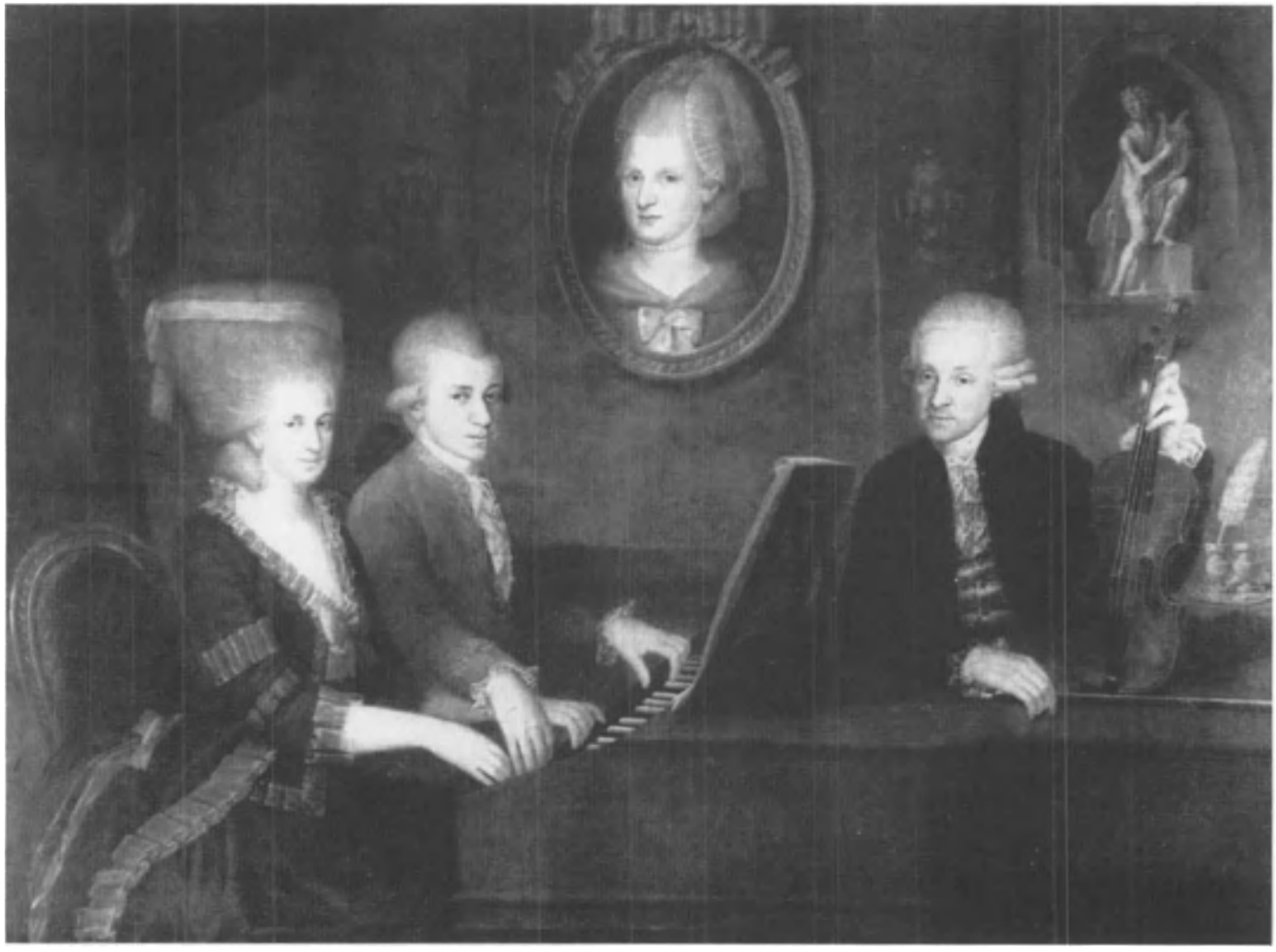
The composer's production in his last years was stupendous. (Mozart would die leaving more than 600 musical compositions completed.) To support himself he wrote operettas, arias, duets, tercets, and quartets with orchestral accompaniment. He traveled about Europe writing almost to order as each commission appeared. This furious work exhausted the composer and he soon fell ill, but his impoverished condition demanded that he take on one more work, a commission offered

Mozart at Verona, 1770; oil painting by Saverio della Rosa.

from a mysterious stranger demanding that Mozart hurriedly complete a *Requiem*. Mozart accepted the commission (some time in July 1791) but he expressed his superstitious fears that this stranger, who would not identify his master, represented not an admiring aristocrat, but death itself, and was a harbinger of his own demise. Mixed with this foreboding was Mozart's illness, diagnosed by some as a form of typhus or "high military fever," a euphemism of the day for a fever accompanied by a rash. Yet this was no more than a misleading rumor. Actually, no real diagnosis was ever made by Mozart's attending physicians.

Mozart had just returned from Prague when he began to feel ill. His feet and hands began to swell and he vomited his food. He grew weaker and weaker, but continued to work on the Requiem for the mysterious stranger who made two more furtive visits to the composer with payments. This stranger has been assumed to be, by some, a cloak-wrapped, hat-shrouding figure who was none other than Salieri in disguise, his sinister aim being to drive Mozart to his death, knowing he was ill, but also knowing that the composer would complete his musical task though it meant his death, such was his dedication to his art.

It was later learned that the messenger was a representative of Count Franz von Walsegg, who later stated that he had commissioned the Requiem to honor his late wife and that he



Mozart with his sister and father (and portrait of his mother), winter, 1780-1781; painting by Johann Nepomuk della Croce.

had operated so secretly because he intended to pass off Mozart's work as his own. This story in itself is strange in that von Walsegg brands himself a thief after Mozart's death when there is no motivation for such a self-destructive admission. But it is not so strange to consider the commission coming from von Walsegg, friend of Antonio Salieri, if the Salieri murder conspiracy theory is to be accepted.

Salieri was much on Mozart's fever-wracked brain toward the end of his days. He spoke of this powerful enemy, illustrating how Salieri had purposely failed to intervene with the emperor on his behalf and plotting against his receiving commissions and recognition for his work, intriguing with Austrian aristocrats to keep Mozart from being named to any significant musical post that would afford him a reasonable income and some relief against the exhausting, killing routine of his work. Mozart complained that he had "the taste of death" on his tongue and that he sincerely believed he was slowly being murdered. "I shall not last much longer," he told his wife. "I am sure that I have been poisoned. I cannot rid myself of this thought." Constanze related this to Mozart's first biographer, Franz Niemetschek, and repeatedly quoted his remarks to her second husband, Georg Nikolaus von Nissen, who also wrote a biography of the composer. It was this statement, coupled with remarks that implied that Salieri was behind the poisoning, that identified, without direct accusation, charge or trial, Antonio Salieri as the killer of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Mozart about a year before his mysterious death, 1789-1790; painting by Joseph Lange.

The room at the Villa Bertramka, in Prague, where Mozart composed most of one of his masterworks, *Don Giovanni*.

Just how the poisoning was accomplished, if in fact such poison was administered to Mozart, has never been satisfactorily explained, yet the symptoms of Mozart's illness, the swelling of the limbs, the "taste of death" in his mouth, the vomiting, all of this could easily be attributable to arsenic, then the most popular method of murder. The Borgias had used arsenic with great effect during the Renaissance. The French had used arsenic with such regularity to rid themselves of unwanted relatives that it became known as poudre de succession ("inheritance powder"). A clever crone living in Naples, Italy, known as La Toffana or Toffania (1653-1723), sold arsenic wholesale to women wanting to get rid of truculent husbands, disguising the lethal grams by mixing them with the herb Cymbalaria, which gave the powder properties which prevented identification of the usual symptoms of arsenic poisoning, or so it was claimed.

In Mozart's day, such murder methods were still very much in vogue, guns and knives too uncivilized to be employed by any intellectual murderer. Poison was the method of the secret killer. Since arsenic had a distinct taste, it was best administered with strong wine. Some later claimed that Salieri, always mindful that he had enough enemies to fear, protected himself against just such a demise by never drinking anything but water so that his taste buds could detect the presence of arsenic at a sip.

A great deal of this kind of speculation regarding Mozart's death was encouraged by the odd fact that no death certificate was made out which specified the composer's illness. He was casually attended by Dr. Nicholas Closset who thought so little of his distinguished patient that even when he was contacted at the theater and told that Mozart was dying, Closset refused to leave until the drama ended. When he did arrive at Mozart's home, he applied cold compresses to the composer's fever-wracked head, which apparently sent Mozart into shock and caused his death two hours later. He was in a coma for the last few hours of his life and did not speak, according to one account. Yet his wife insisted later that he talked intelligently about the completion of his Requiem with others right up to his last moments, telling several composers gathered at his bedside how he wanted the kettle drums to be used in the Requiem, making the sound of these kettle drums, this being his last utterance.

Following Mozart's painful death on the morning of December 5, 1791, a great deal of speculation ensued. Some claimed the composer died of typhus, tuberculosis, grippe, meningitis, heart failure, dropsy, or rheumatic fever. The arsenic theory blossomed, as did a similar theory about mercury poisoning, but nothing could be proved. The body was never examined, no autopsy was ever performed. And, because of the manner in which Mozart found his lowly grave, no autopsy could ever be made, let alone exhumation made, since the body of this greatest of operatic composers could not be found. He was buried the following afternoon with only five friends to see him interred. One of these faithful mourners was none other than Antonio Salieri.

Mozart's wife, Constanze, having been overcome with grief, was not present to oversee what became a shameless display of disaffection and disregard for the dead genius. Salieri and four others followed the body to a pauper's grave. It was sewn into a sack and thrown into a hole, covered with earth, no gravestone nor marker to signify the resting place of the great composer. This brutal treatment was later explained as merely the practice of a new austere burial system ordered by the practical Emperor Joseph who hated burial pomp and had outlawed for a short time the use of coffins. Moreover, it was later reported that a violent rainstorm drove off the five mourners so that they never even accompanied the body to its final resting place and that two itinerant grave-diggers, unaware of the prestigious corpse they were burying, flung the body into its pit and neglected to erect a marker so that the identification of this lonely grave and its occupier was forever lost to history.

Examining records for the weather of that day, it appears that there was no storm and that the mourners had no reason to abandon Mozart to his oblivion. There was also no earthly reason for Salieri's presence, although his defenders later claimed that because he accompanied his rival to the grave was proof enough that he had nothing to do with Mozart's death and, in fact, made a purposeful display of grief as a sign of regret at having mistreated the genius when he was alive. Yet it could be as easily said that Salieri, if guilty of poisoning his hated superior in art, followed the body to its last resting place to make sure that there would be no marker, no gravestone to which generations of admirers could later come. He, Salieri, would deprive Mozart of this signal honor as he had deprived him of the court honors and positions in life; Salieri's vengeance thus reached beyond death and into posterity.

The presence of Salieri at Mozart's nameless grave, if he indeed had been the instrument of the composer's death, would have been in keeping with a long-standing tradition in which the killer visits the grave of his victim. Dozens of subtle murderers have attended the funerals of their victims, either to allay suspicion their absence would otherwise create or even to gloat over their lethal achievement. In Salieri's instance this would no doubt have been felt a triumph over his artistic foe, one he had never enjoyed in life. If he did attend this miserable funeral out of belated regret or in merely observing the proper decorum, it would stand to reason that Salieri would also never have permitted the disgraceful act of burying Mozart in an unmarked grave. His defenders have never addressed that question. Moreover, if Salieri had had Mozart poisoned with arsenic, he would have known that the body would best be buried in a plot never to be located, that the corpse, if later exhumed and carefully examined, even in that early day, would certainly have revealed the presence of arsenic.

A sensational case, that of Mary Blandy in 1752, almost four decades before Mozart's strange death, involved an exhumed body that had clearly shown evidence of arsenic. Miss Blandy's sensational trial in England featured a crude, but dramatic display by a physician, Dr. Addington, wherein he was able to prove that Miss Blandy's father had been poisoned with arsenic. This poison was long in evidence after

death, as anyone employing it in Mozart's day would have known. No, it would have served Antonio Salieri's end to make sure that Mozart's grave was never found and that his body was never exhumed and examined. Salieri, it was also later claimed, after dominating the court and church music of Austria for fifty years, attempted to commit suicide and, failing, lingered long enough to confess his murder of Mozart. No proof exists that such a confession was ever made. Salieri did portray the image of the understanding artist following Mozart's death, befriending the dead composer's wife and securing a music position for his arch rival's son, Wolfgang Xavier. But then such a show of consideration would further remove suspicion from him, it could also be claimed. Years later Constanze wrote a letter to a friend in Germany in which she stated that her son "would not, like his father, have to fear envious men who had designs on his life."

According to another theory, subscribed to by many who have long chronicled the strange rites and customs of secret societies, Mozart was murdered by Salieri and others for violating the secret rites of the Masons. The Masons had had a long and strange history of taking revenge on one of their own, especially any sworn member, who ever dared to reveal the secret rituals of this ancient brotherhood. Not only was Mozart a Mason, as many were later to ruefully point out, but he had blatantly violated the masonic rituals by exposing these cabalistic rites in one of his last works, *The Magic Flute*. Mozart, like most of his musical contemporaries, including Salieri, was a high-ranking Mason and it was thought that he had betrayed the brotherhood when composing The Magic Flute, which, on the surface, appeared to be pro-Mason but was, in reality, a subtle mockery of its sacred customs and misapplication of The Queen of the Night, the Men of Armor, and other Masonic figures proscribed from public display. There was even one claim that this opera was Mozart's subtle signal to the world that he intended to establish his own version of a Masonic order, a lodge which he intended to call "The Grotto."

Composer Antonio Salieri, Mozart's bitter rival, whose jealousy many claimed caused him to murder the great composer, a claim dismissed by other historians.

Salieri, therefore, according to this theory, easily coupled his personal hatred for Mozart with his Masonic obligation to rid the brotherhood of a mocking violator of all the society held dear and sacred. In the light of Masonic victims of the past and that day and days to come, if one subscribes to this conspiratorial theory, Mozart was not an exceptional victim of the brotherhood's wrath, but a typical choice for elimination. The sect of Masons to which he belonged stemmed from the Knights of Malta, established during the Crusades, a militant, bloody organization that especially selected governmental and social leaders to assassinate. These killings did not constitute random bloodletting, but were carefully selected as a way of controlling the destiny of western civilization. Since most of the original founders of this Masonic sect were noblemen, they sought to protect the aristocracy at all costs, and any king who either diminished their power through liberal concessions to the masses or oppressed them in any way to increase the power of the monarchy became likely candidates for assassination.

Initiates into the brotherhood, upon reaching certain degrees of status, were shown by senior Masons the ritual of murder enacted upon any who betrayed the brotherhood. In Mozart's day, this rite was not figurative, but utterly literal and remained so for some time to come. Among the listed royal victims murdered by the most virulent Masonic sect, those thought to be powerful enemies of Freemasonry, were Leopold II of Austria and Gustavus III, king of Sweden, both dying a year after Mozart, the Swedish sovereign dying of a gunshot wound received at a masked ball in a bizarre plot. It was claimed with some logic that the horrendous 1888 slashing deaths by the anonymous Jack the Ripper in London involved the Masons, and the Masonic presence in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln was real. Those in the performing arts who had demonstrated their hostility towards the Masons, it was said, were murdered by the sect to prevent these influential artists from molding public opinion against the brotherhood. Gotthold Lessing, the renowned German drama critic, and the poet Schiller were claimed to be in this number, as was Mozart, undoubtedly the most influential composer of his era.

Such killings enacted against fellow masons who showed themselves turncoats to the society were reportedly long in evidence after Mozart's death. In the U.S., a Mason named William Morgan, to earn much-needed funds, wrote a pamphlet revealing the secret rituals of his Masonic lodge. Morgan, a Royal Arch Mason, before printing the booklet, sent off a copy of his manuscript to have it copyrighted and it was detected by

England's Mary Blandy (1719-1752), who poisoned her father to death with arsenic, the same method some claim that was employed in the murder of Mozart; Blandy, with a leg iron on her left foot, was hanged at Oxford.

another Mason who, according to the story, promptly took action. Morgan was abducted and taken to Fort Niagara, New York, sometime in 1826 where he was bound and gagged and thrown into the Niagara River to meet a watery death.

This river murder was much in keeping with Mozart's shabby and anonymous burial. It was part of the Masonic blood ritual to make sure a condemned member went to rest in "no decent burial ground." This, of course, would explain why Salieri and his fellow Masons, irrespective of their contempt for their fallen brother, accompanied Mozart to his obscure plot of earth, to make sure that the corpse would be interred in a place of unhallowed ground, unmarked, lost forever, finding "no decent burial ground." This conspiracy is a tale unproven, but one that is strung together with the threads of enough historical consistency to warrant attention, if not concern. Mozart's tragic, premature end and the shameful way in which his remains were treated, his own deathbed words of being poisoned, the near-sinister posture of Antonio Salieri, all of this points to no clear indication of murder, but the question of murder is undeniably present, chillingly real. It will be asked again and again, from this century to the next. The evasive answer, sadly, resides within a lost grave under obscure earth.

"TO KILL WITHOUT REMORSE"/ December 14, 1834

Pierre Francois Gaillard Lacenaire (AKA: Mohossier, 1800-1836) was destined to remain a minor literary figure in France's illustrious history of belles lettres. His ruthless dedication to add murder to his criminal pursuits, however, brought him to national attention. Lacenaire had a dark, brooding philosophy that was early on expressed in pamphlet form, these meager writings later transforming this petty swindler and murderer into a kind of anti-hero. "To kill without remorse is the highest of pleasures," Lacenaire wrote in one of his essays. "It is impossible to destroy in me my hatred of mankind. This hatred is the product of a lifetime, the outcome of my every thought. I never pitied any one who suffered, and I don't want to be pitied myself." The famed author Victor Hugo was one who did take pity. So, too, did the Russian novelist Fyodor Dostoyevsky, whose inspiration to write *Crime and Punishment*, stemmed partly from his deep familiarity with the Lacenaire case.

This literary oddity was born in Francheville, France, the son of a wealthy merchant in the iron trade. According to Lacenaire's memoirs, he was a neglected child who took a

France's Pierre Lacenaire, an embittered writer, who was also a thief, forger and cold-blooded killer, was beheaded by the guillotine in 1836.

back seat to his pampered older brother, a situation that profoundly influenced his thinking. He was a docile but petulant student at the Alix Seminary, where an instructor would later recall that he was "remarkable for his love of work." Upon completion of his studies, Lacenaire—a name he added to the family name of Gaillard—went to Paris to study law, but economic misfortunes made it no longer possible for him to pay for his continuing education. Lacenaire worked at a number of unproductive jobs as a merchant and bank solicitor until, with no other recourse, he decided to join the army. He fought on the side of the rebels in Morea, on the Greek Peloponnesus, then returned to France in 1829 to face yet another family setback. He discovered that his father was bankrupt and his own financial resources were depleted.

Russian novelist Fyodor Dostoyevsky, who used Lacenaire as a role model for his book, *Crime and Punishment*.

Author Victor Hugo visited the condemned Lacenaire in his cell to listen to the killer recite his scathing verses.

During this period, Lacenaire fought a duel with the nephew of the celebrated novelist, orator, and statesman Benjamin Constant. He emerged the victor, but he came away from the experience with an entirely different view of life and death. For the first time he realized that it was possible to kill without feeling any personal remorse.

In 1829 Lacenaire received his first prison sentence on a charge of swindling. Following his release from jail in 1830, he embarked upon his short-lived literary career. In the next three years, he wrote numerous lyric poems, songs, and essays, none of which earned him a living wage. Not satisfied with the artist's life, he once again resorted to fraud, which got him a thirteen-month sentence in the jail at Poissy in 1833. While he was incarcerated awaiting trial, Lacenaire met a man named Vigouroux, the editor of *Bon Sens*, a radical political journal that attacked the structure of government and the French monarchy. Vigouroux found a willing advocate in Lacenaire, an early-day existentialist bored with the normal values of that day. He agreed to write an essay, *On the Prisons and the Penitentiary System in France*, for the news supplement.

Lacenaire's riveting article described the horrors of the French penal system. "In this atmosphere of licentiousness, of cynicism in act and speech, of hideous and revolting stories of crime, for the first time the wretched youth finds himself blushing at the last remnant of innocence and decency, which he had still preserved when he entered the prison; he begins to feel ashamed that he is less of a scoundrel than those about him, he dreads their mockery and their contempt; for, make no mistake, there are such things as respect and contempt even in the galleys, a fact that explains why certain convicts are better off in jail than in a society, which has nothing for them but contempt ..."

Despite his new fame as an essayist, Lacenaire was resigned to being a professional cheat and thief. Following his release from prison in 1834, Lacenaire took on a partner, Pierre Victor Avril, a former carpenter, who had also turned to crime. "I was the intelligence, Avril the arm," Lacenaire would say. They contrived a plot to decoy a bank messenger to their lodging on the pretense of cashing a forged bill and killing him, as bank messengers in those days carried large amounts of cash to complete their transactions.

Lacenaire selected a man familiar to him. The bank messenger Chardon had served time in the same jail as Lacenaire five years earlier, where the two men developed a mutual dislike for each other. Lacenaire explained later, "I have overcome all my passions, save one, revenge." On the morning of December 14, 1834, the two thieves called on Chardon at his residence on the Rue Martin. Chardon invited them to an outer room, where the two men attacked him. As Chardon struggled to free himself from Avril's vise-like grip, Lacenaire stabbed him with a dagger, then Avril used a hatchet to kill him. Hearing Chardon's infirm mother stirring in a bedroom, Lacenaire entered the room and struck her with a file, then removed the bed mattress and used it to suffocate her. Avril then looted the place, taking several dish covers, a soup ladle, and a black silk cap. The value of the items the thieves took barely exceeded 500 francs, far less than what they had intended when they planned the robbery. Still, Lacenaire and Avril appeared satisfied. They celebrated "the perfect crime" over cognac at the Reaped Ear pub, and then went to the theater.

The commissary of police found the bodies two days later. Two weeks after the murders, Lacenaire, posing as "Monsieur Mahossier," appeared before a teller at a bank on the Rue Montorgueil. He said he wanted to negotiate a bill drawn by one of his debtors and that he wanted the matter settled by December 31, 1834. When Lacenaire left, the teller instructed a messenger to take 3,000 francs to the address Lacenaire had given him after the messenger completed his appointed rounds. The 18-year-old messenger, whose name was Genevay, complied. He appeared at Lacenaire's residence late in the day on December 31. Upon being admitted, the messenger placed the money on the table and was about to leave when he was struck from behind by a Lacenaire henchman named Francois

A page from Lacenaire's memoirs which depicts the author as being controlled by the Devil.

(also known as "Red Whiskers"), an ex-soldier Lacenaire had hired for the job. Genevay, his shoulder ripped open by the same bloody file used on Chardon, cried out in pain. His screams could be heard on the street, and Francois, an amateur criminal, fled in panic.

Genevay survived to report the matter to the police. Inspector Canler of the Surete believed the attack was nothing more than a simple case of robbery and assault. He diligently traced the gang's movements to the Faubourg du Temple, an inn in the country where Francois was hiding out. A check of the registry showed the name of "Mahossier." The landlady recalled this person also went by the name of "Monsieur Bton." Francois was brought before Genevay, who had accompanied investigating officers and he promptly identified Francois as the assailant. Then a hunt for Bton or Mahossier ensued.

Inspector Canler interviewed 500 suspects before locating Bton in a Paris jail. The inspector loosened Bton's tongue by plying him with wine and promising him his freedom if he cooperated. Bton told Canler that an associate named Gaillard, which literally means the "gay one," was the man police sought, admitting that he had introduced Francois to Gaillard (Lacenaire). But Canler had little success finding the "gay one." Lacenaire was by then covering his tracks. He had betrayed his partner, Avril, who had been imprisoned, along with Francois, in the Poissy jail, after authorities received a tip from Lacenaire that Avril had committed a forgery.

Reflecting on their partner's betrayal, the prisoners decided to inform on Lacenaire, identifying him to Chief Inspector Pierre Allard of the Surete. When police officers arrived at his residence, Lacenaire merely shrugged at their accusations and confessed to the Chardon murders, the Genevay assault, and a dozen lesser crimes. "You realize, of course, that it will finish you," Canler interjected. "I know that. It doesn't matter so long as it finishes them too," Lacenaire smirked, intending to have his associates march to the guillotine with him.

During his incarceration Lacenaire was visited often by Victor Hugo and Theophile Gautier, France's most celebrated writers, who listened attentively as the killer recited passages of original verse. From an adjacent cell Francois roared his disapproval. "Here's a pretty orator! Gabbler! Gabbler! How they all listen to Lacenaire. They'll be applauding him soon!" The trial of the three felons began at the Court d'Assizes of the Seine Department on November 12, 1835. Lacenaire was defended by a former schoolmate, who had attended the Alix Seminary with him, but the lawyer died in the middle of the trial. "I wash my hands of it," Lacenaire said, quoting the words of Pontius Pilate. He was reconciled to his fate.

A four-day trial ended in conviction. Francois received a life sentence. Avril and Lacenaire were condemned to death. On January 9, 1836, the two men walked to the guillotine at the St. Jacques barrier on the south side of Paris. Lacenaire looked his executioner square in the eye and said: "Nothing simpler. I am not afraid!" The blade was dropped at 8:33 a.m. This would-be literary lion of France went to his death gripping hatred for society. He had longed for death, his self-pitying memoirs showed, at one point writing: "All night I strode along the quay. I lived ten years in an hour. I wanted to kill myself and I sat on the parapet at the Pont des Arts, opposite the graves of those stupid heroes of July [the French Revolution] ... Henceforth my life was a drawn-out suicide; I belonged no longer to myself, but to cold steel [the guillotine] ... Society will have my blood, but I, in my turn, shall have the blood of Society." Only seconds after his decapitation by the guillotine's rushing blade, the executioner held high the severed head of Lacenaire, a grisly gesture greeted by roaring cheers and applause from blood-lusting spectators, a crowd of thousands, numbering far in excess the few readers who had purchased the scant writings of this lonely, lethal essayist.

A MURDEROUS FRENCH DUKE/ August 18, 1847

The Duke de Praslin (Theobald Charles Laure Hugues, Duc de Choiseul-Praslin, 1810-1848) was the scion of a distinguished noble French family that was directly related to the line of the reigning King Louis Philippe. In 1829, at the age of nineteen, Duke de Praslin married Fanny Sebastiani, who also came from a noble line and was the niece of the Duke of Coigny.

Petite and pretty, de Praslin's bride brought with her a huge dowry, which enriched the dwindling de Praslin coffers. The union produced ten children and the couple seemed relatively happy, spending their days in a comfortable Paris house on the Rue St. Honor, which belonged to the Sebastiani family. They also spent time in a gloomy, dank castle in Melun, the ancestral de Praslin estate.

The many de Praslin children needed considerable supervision and, in 1841, an attractive, intelligent, and utterly desirable housekeeper and governess arrived. Her name was Henriette Deluzy-Desportes, but the de Praslin family referred to her as Mademoiselle Deluzy. The duke, by then tired of his wife, who had worn herself out in twenty years of childbirth and maintaining a staggering household, slowly attached his affections to the reliant, strong-willed governess.

For six years, de Praslin carried on a cautious affair with Deluzy, who actually became the female head of the house and the woman the de Praslin children turned to for emotional support. The duchess was all but ignored in this strange atmosphere. Finally, unable to endure the impossible situation anymore, she asked the duke to break off the affair and send Deluzy away. He refused, curtly informing his wife, "My dear, if she goes, so do I."

The duchess then played her last card, threatening to divorce her husband unless he gave up his mistress. Fearing the loss of his wife's considerable income, de Praslin promised that he would set matters straight and call a halt to his unfaithful practices. He suggested that his wife take the children to the Melun estate, while he made final arrangements to send Deluzy away.

In July 1847, the duchess and the children went to the country but de Praslin, instead of dismissing the voluptuous governess, rented a luxurious apartment for her in Paris and spent almost a whole month in Deluzy's bed. The duchess returned to her Paris house to find her husband absent. Fanny de Praslin went to bed with nervous apprehension. She noticed that the hinges of the door leading to her bedroom had been removed. She consoled herself that she was safe, nevertheless, since the house was full of servants and her husband's bed chambers were close by. A cord was close to the duchess' bed which, when pulled, would ring bells in the servants' quarters, summoning them.

About 4 a.m., on August 18, 1847, the still house was suddenly filled with the piercing shrieks of a woman, screams so loud that they could be heard in the street outside by passersby. This was followed by choking and coughing sounds and then ominous silence. Responding to these cries inside the house were two servants, August Charpentier, de Praslin's

The Duke de Praslin, one of France's wealthiest men, who murdered his wife in 1847 for the love of another woman.

Fanny Sebastiani, the goddaughter of Emperor Napoleon I, married the Duke de Praslin and suffered death at his hands.

The magnificent chateau, where the de Praslins dwelled and where Fanny was murdered.

valet, and Emma Leclerc, the personal maid to the duchess. The doors to the duchess' bedroom were bolted and the entrance to her bathroom was jammed shut with a wedge. The valet found that the exit from the bedroom to the garden was also locked and he broke a panel of glass, getting inside a passageway that connected the bedrooms of the duke and duchess. The door between the bedrooms was unlocked.

Inside the dark bedroom of the duchess, the valet could smell gunsmoke and blood. He was joined by another servant and the two of them investigated the bedroom, finding Fanny de Praslin lying on the floor, her head against a sofa. Her nightgown was covered with blood and more than forty savage wounds had pierced her flesh.

Charpentier looked through the window of the bedroom and saw for a fleeting moment a tall, gaunt figure wearing a red brocaded nightgown, a vision he later described, "like a red devil!" Charpentier turned to another servant named Merville and gasped, "The duke."

"Then why doesn't he give the alarm?" asked Emma Leclerc, who stood now holding a guttering candle over the grisly scene. Examining the duchess, the servants grimaced in horror as they discovered sword cuts slashed across the small woman's breasts. Furniture was toppled everywhere and a trail of blood indicated that the duchess had tried to escape by running madly about the room, chased by a monster, who savagely slashed at her. There was a discernible trail of blood leading from the bedroom to the door that led to the duke's bedroom. Suddenly, the duke strode into the room, standing before his slain wife and servants and then exclaimed in a calm voice, "Oh, my God in Heaven! Some monster has murdered Fanny! Get a doctor!"

August Charpentier knew it was too late to call a doctor. He went into the street and stopped a policeman. Chief Inspector Pierre Allard of the Surete, the very man who had supervised the investigation in the notorious Lacenaire case thirteen years earlier, arrived a short time later. He examined the bedroom and found a pistol under a divan. He sniffed its muzzle but realized it had not been fired. The duchess' head had been crushed with a heavy instrument and Allard believed that the pistol had been the murder weapon. Allard asked the duke if he knew the owner of the pistol. "Yes," replied the duke in a

Servants are shown entering the duchess' bedroom to find Fanny de Praslin dead, stabbed more than forty times.

The many murder weapons used by de Praslin to rid himself of an unwanted wife.

King Louis-Philippe of France was reluctant to sign the order for de Praslin's execution; he sent the duke a bottle of poison, with a note telling him to commit suicide to preserve the image of the French aristocracy.

rather off-handed way, "It is mine." He then said he had grabbed the pistol in his bedroom when he heard his wife's screams and had run into her bedroom, where he found her lying on the floor. When he lifted her, he said, his clothes became coated with blood. He did not want to frighten the children, he said, so he went to his bedroom to change, then returned to his wife's bedroom to find the servants bending over his wife's body.

Allard checked all of the duke's swords and knives and found them to be spotless and in their wall mounts. The duke sat in a chair implacably staring back at his inquisitor. Allard pointed out the trail of blood that led from the duchess' bedroom to that of the duke's. De Praslin reminded the inspector that he had already admitted lifting his wife's bleeding body and that her blood had soaked his clothes and caused the trail when he went to his room to change. Allard then pointed out that the butt of the Duke's pistol was coated with blood and that hairs obviously from his wife's head still clung to it. The gun, Allard pointed out, had not been seized to ward off a murderous home invader, but had been employed as a murder weapon.

The Luxembourg jail, where de Praslin swallowed poison and broken glass, suffering a painful death.

Moreover, Allard had noticed that the duke was limping and he asked de Praslin to explain this injury. The aloof De Praslin assumed an injured and offended air. He finally responded airily, "I have no further explanations to make. I am a peer of France. I do not account for myself to police officers." With that, he dismissed Allard, but the inspector had already decided that the duke was, indeed, the murderer. He concluded that it would be dangerous to place such a distinguished personage in custody, that to do so was to risk his career, but he believed he had no choice. Armed with considerable evidence, Allard went to ministers of the king some days later and accused the duke of murdering his wife. He had obtained the diary kept by the duchess, along with her letters, all of which were filled with descriptions of her husband's infidelities with Deluzy. Here, of course, was the motive for the murder. De Praslim killed his wife so that he could be with his sensual

The de Praslin murder case was profiled in the moody 1940 film, *All This, and Heaven Too*, with Charles Boyer (shown in bed at left) as the duke and Bette Davis, right, portraying the governess (Henriette Deluzy-Desportes).

mistress. King Louis Philippe reluctantly signed the order for de Praslin's arrest.

Inspector Allard first came under heavy criticism for arresting a nobleman. But the intrepid Allard prepared a meticulous report, describing in detail how he had inspected the butt of the pistol with a magnifying glass and found the hairs affixed to it, mingled with blood. Moreover, he had taken some hairs from the murder victim's head and matched these to those on the gun. This proof, coupled with the duchess' letters and diary, convinced the king that de Praslin would have to face a trial that would certainly prove sensational and embarrassing to the crown. To avoid a scandal that might also taint the aristocracy, the king reportedly sent de Praslin a small bottle of poison and a message that he should do the honorable thing and preserve the good image of his peers by committing suicide. De Praslin not only drank the poison, but broke up the bottle and swallowed the small shards of glass in an attempt to hide the evidence causing his demise.

There were some bizarre sequels to this murder. Before her death, the duchess had had a recurring nightmare, one which she had described to friends and servants. She had dreamed of awakening to see the Devil standing over her, dressed in a shiny bright red costume, moving ominously toward her and then retreating until disappearing into a wall. Years after the duke and duchess were dead, one of their children found a bright red brocaded bal-masque costume of Mephistopheles. The duke had apparently worn this on several occasions, appearing before his wife at night in an attempt to drive her insane, a condition which would have allowed him to divorce her.

Henriette Deluzy was also arrested and jailed for three months while Allard and other officers incessantly interviewed her. She repeatedly stated that she had had nothing to do with the murder of her employer the duchess, and Allard was finally convinced of her innocence and released her. Deluzy migrated to the U.S., settling in New York, where she later became the principal of the Female Art School. She married the Reverend Henry M. Field in 1851 and moved in high literary circles, becoming one of the most distinguished women in New York, although her past, on rare occasions, emerged to haunt her. At one high-society gathering at the Century Club, a Count Goureski, familiar with the de Praslin scandal, hissed repeatedly through his false teeth at Henriette Field, "Mur-der-ess! Mur-der-ess!" The elderly count was finally asked to leave or be thrown through a window.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, who lived near the Fields, learned of Deluzy's scarlet past and, used her as the role model for his mysterious character Miriam in *The Marble Faun*. When Henriette Field died in 1875, her funeral was attended by all the literary and high society lights of the city and her casket was borne to its grave by such luminaries as William Cullen Bryant and Peter Cooper. The famous diarist George Templeton Strong marked her passing: "Died. Mrs. Henry Field ... I knew her at one time quite well and she was universally liked, being uncommonly clever and cultivated. Her plainness made it incredible that the Duke de Praslin should have been in love with her."

THE PARKMAN MURDER/November 23, 1849

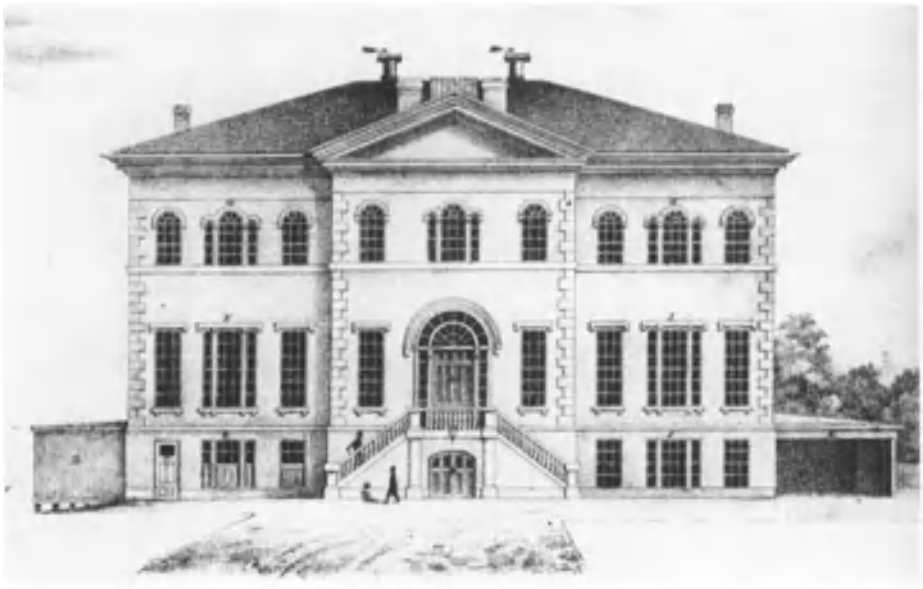
Dr. John White Webster, who earned his medical degree from Harvard and was a professor of chemistry and mineralogy at the Massachusetts Medical College in the 1840s, stepped beyond the halls of the academy to become one of America's most notorious killers. His office was directly below that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr., who would later offer testimony in Webster's sensational murder case, one involving the killing of Dr. George Parkman, a savage crime that shocked that gentler age and providing a grim story that filled the pages of the national press for months.

Dr. John White Webster, an esteemed medical teacher, who murdered his creditor, Dr. George Parkman.

Webster apparently was forced to borrow money from various sources to cover the debts he had incurred from his high living. Far from a reclusive bookworm, the Cambridge physician enjoyed entertaining the cream of the literary set. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a frequent guest at Webster's table. To remain in good standing with the scions of Boston society, Webster was required to spend money he did not have. With an annual salary of $1,200, Webster could ill afford extravagant parties. He soon found himself borrowing large sums of money from his closest friends.

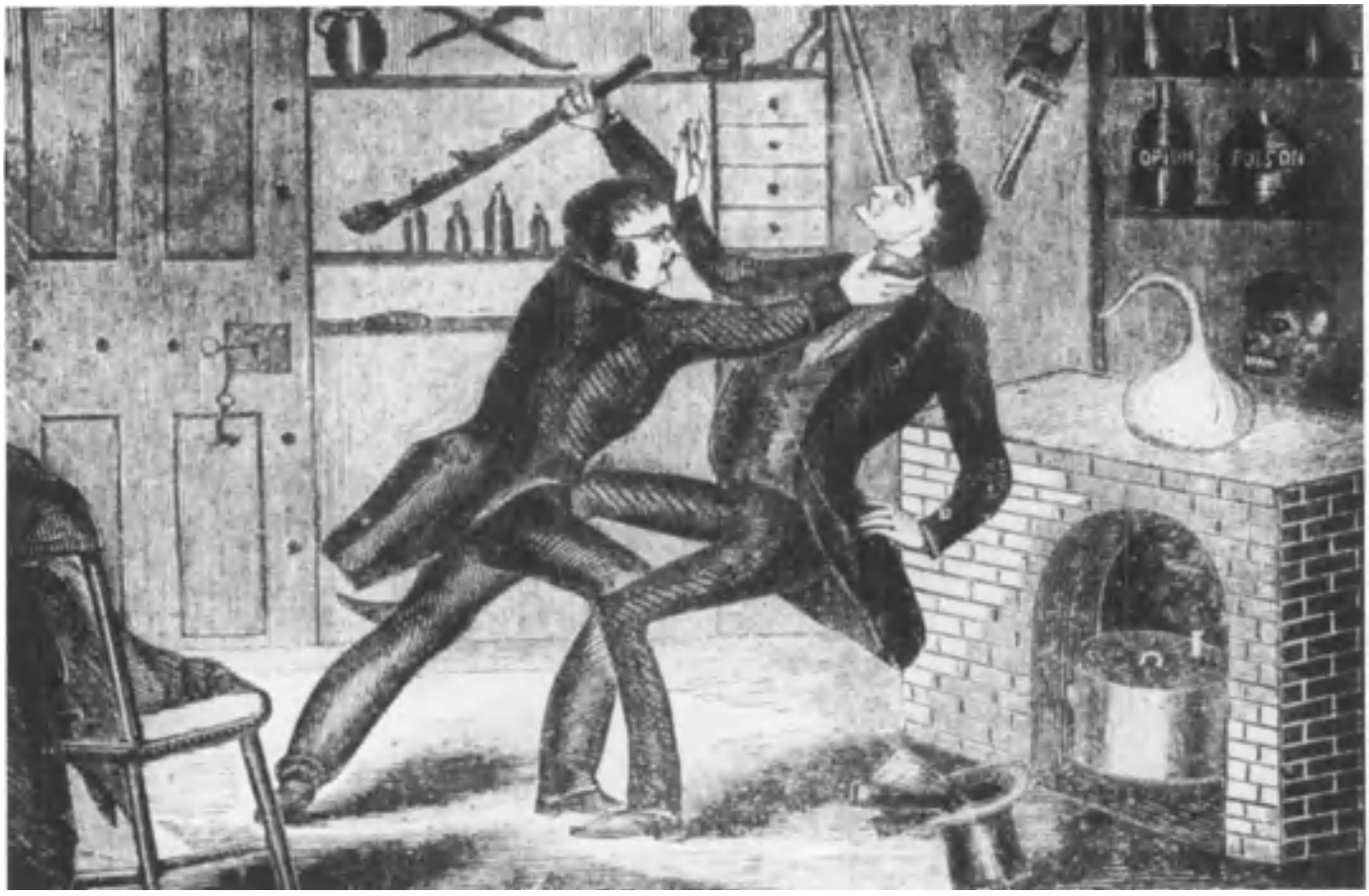
Dr. George Parkman, a money-lending skinflint, who dunned Webster for the return of his $400 loan.

Parkman, a colleague of Webster's who donated the land upon which the Massachusetts Medical School



The Massachusetts Medical College at Harvard University, where Dr. Webster taught and where, in his laboratory, he murdered Dr. Parkman.

nia, but the telling blow had smashed Parkman's skull and killed him. Reflecting on Parkman's angry denunciations months later, Webster wrote: "I was excited by them to the highest degree of passion." Fearful of the consequences, Webster decided to use his medical skills to dispose of the body. After locking the office doors, he hauled the body into his washroom and cut it into pieces. The college janitor, Ephraim Littlefield, had witnessed an earlier argument between the two men and had seen Parkman arrive earlier that afternoon, obviously angry. The door to Webster's office and the door to an adjoining office were locked. Littlefield touched the wall that backed Webster's assay furnace and found it hot. Even as Littlefield stood wondering what Webster was doing, the doctor was busy burning Parkman's severed head.

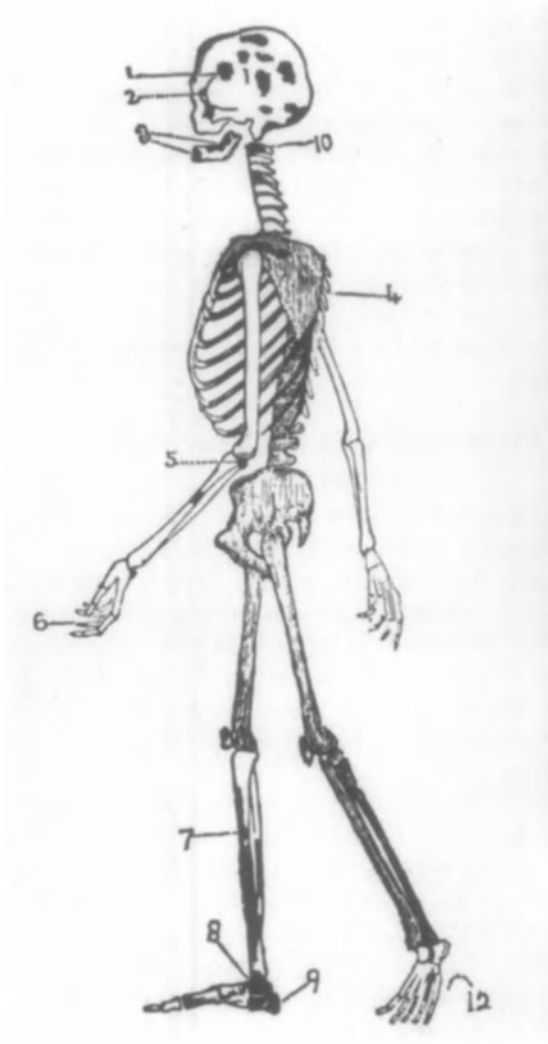


Dr. Webster shown beating Dr. Parkman to death with a piece of kindling in his medical laboratory on November 23, 1849; he then dissected the body and attempted to burn the remains in his furnace.

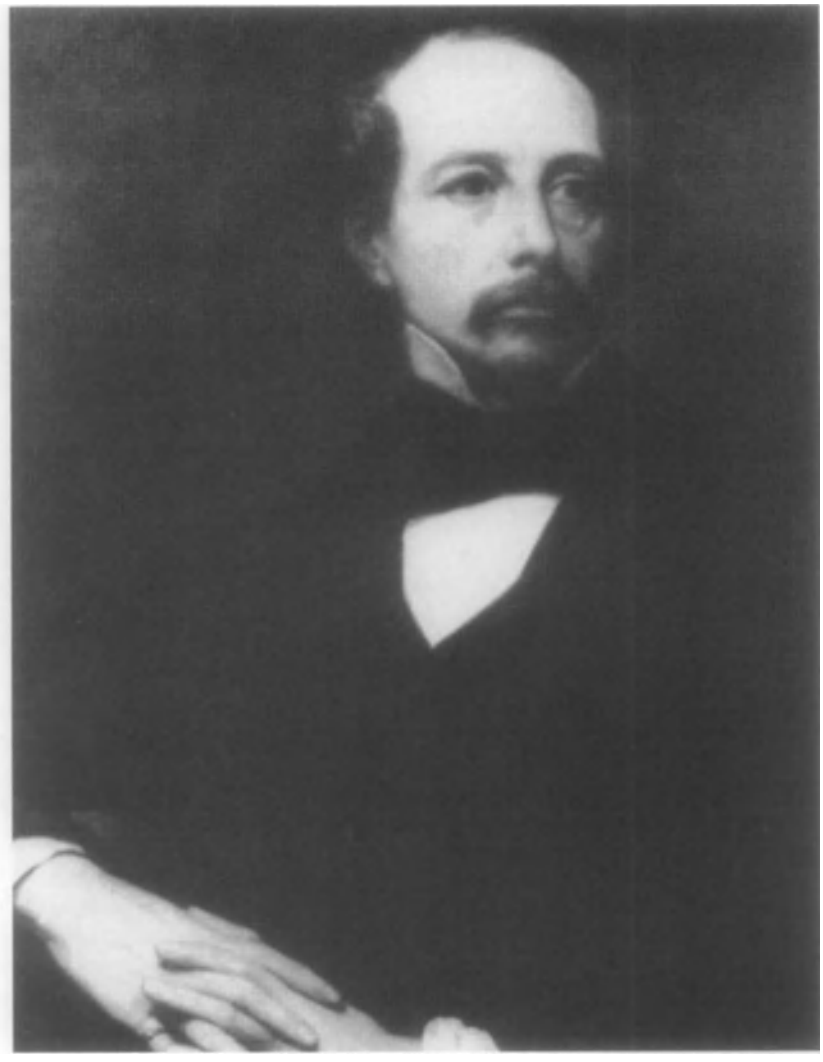
Webster disposed of most of the body parts, but, ever the academic, kept a few bones as specimens for teaching and research, grim artifacts later used in securing his conviction. Three days after Parkman's murder, a $3,000 reward was offered for the safe return of the missing Parkman, the reward posted by Parkman's brother-in-law, Robert Gould Shaw. Rumors to the effect that the good doctor had been abducted by a kidnapping gang and was to be held for ransom circulated through town. Spurred on by the promise of a sizeable reward, most of Boston's inhabitants turned out to search for the missing man. The tenement districts were invaded by search parties, and every suspicious character and drunkard was taken in for questioning.

An Irish immigrant who was found with $20 in his pocket became a suspect, but he was released after some questioning. Littlefield, the snooping janitor, however, conducted his own investigation. He tried to gain access to Webster's dissection vault, but found that the chamber was securely locked. The janitor spent the next two days tearing apart the wall that covered up Webster's bloody deed. Finally, Littlefield broke into the locked vault. He found a bloody pelvis and parts of a leg, and immediately contacted the police.

A diligent police investigation uncovered more of Parkman's body parts and Webster was arrested and charged with the murder. When en route to jail he tried to commit suicide by taking strychnine, but vomited the poison before it had any effect. His trial received tremendous public attention. By not allowing any of the spectators to sit in the gallery longer than five minutes, more than 60,000 spectators witnessed the trial. Many of them had come from as far as New Orleans. Webster, who pleaded that he had not intended to commit the murder, but was only acting from uncontrolled anger, was convicted and sentenced to death. The jury was convinced of his guilt, believing he had committed premeditated murder because he had dissected the body, and then tried to conceal it from view.



A reconstructed skeleton of Parkman's body; numbered bones were retrieved from Webster's furnace.



British author Charles Dickens, who, upon his arrival at Boston, asked to see "the room where Dr. Parkman was murdered."

Webster was hanged in August 1850. A letter written shortly after Webster's execution reveals the extent of the horror that was felt by the residents of this genteel New England community. It read in part: " ... the terrible Cambridge tragedy still seems to darken our sky though it is a great comfort to know the poor doctor seemed to die penitent. He wrote a letter to Dr. Parkhurst (the Reverend) entreating that some softer feelings might at least be recovered towards his family, that his wife and children were wholly innocent, and that she had often expressed her gratitude to him for his (the Reverend's) help in her spiritual culture. I hear she is tranquil, but what their plans are I know not."

The Parkman murder remained a lively topic of discussion for years, much to the embarrassment and chagrin of his socially connected family. Twenty years after the murder the celebrated British novelist Charles Dickens visited the city. When asked which tourist attraction he most wanted to see, Dickens replied: "The room where Dr. Parkman was murdered."

THE MURDERING "COUNT" PRADO/ January 15, 1886

An articulate Frenchman and self-styled nobleman of questionable origins, "Count" Louis Prado (AKA: Linska de Castillon, Pranzini, the American) was known for attracting wildly different types of women. He never divulged his familial background in any detail, though he reportedly was the son of the president of a South American country. Prado's luck as a criminal wore out at the same time as his skills with women. He would have gotten away with murder if he had not offended two mistresses who were arrested in connection with a robbery he committed.

Paris police were unable to catch the killer of Marie Agaetan, found with her head almost severed by a razor in her apartment in the Rue Caumartin on January 15, 1886. Many people were arrested for the murder, but all were released due to lack of evidence. The Agaetan case might have been placed on the permanently unsolved list if not for a robbery committed by Prado on November 28, 1887, one in which he tried to steal diamonds from a room at the Hotel du Palais in Paris, but was thwarted by a hotel employee. He fired two bullets at police chasing him, gravely wounding one, and was arrested for attempted murder.

Murderer Louis Prado was captured by Paris police during a robbery; he was executed in 1888.

Several weeks later, Prado's two mistresses, Eugenie Forestier, twenty-seven, and Mauricette Couronneau, the mother of his child, were arrested for holding some jewelry stolen from a shop at Royan, these jewels having been bestowed upon the unwitting females as gifts from Prado, who had served four months' imprisonment for theft in 1883. The humiliation of her arrest so angered Forestier that she turned state's evidence against her former paramour in connection with the murder of Agaetan.

Like the murderer Dr. Karl Pranzini, with whom he is often compared, and whose last name he even used as an alias, Prado all but confessed his guilt to his mistress the night he committed the murder. Prosecuted from November 5 to November 14, 1888 at the Paris Assizes, Prado's eloquence was ineffective against his mistress' testimony. Forestier recalled how he repeatedly got up to wash his hands during the night of January 14, 1888—the night of the Agaetan murder—to destroy his bloodstained clothing, throw out a razor, and give her a 100-franc note apparently cut with a razor.

"Dr." Karl Pranzini, who murdered a woman and her daughter in Paris during an 1887 robbery (he was guillotined that year); Prado often used Pranzini's name as an alias.

Other witnesses confirmed that Prado, tried under what he said was his real name, Linska de Castillon, was the man seen with Agaetan the night she was slain. Prado's faithful Spanish wife, herself in possession of jewels stolen in Royan, supported her husband even after meeting his mistresses. Her one-sided fidelity was not enough, however, and Prado, thirty-four, was found guilty of murder and executed December 28, 1888. The mistresses were acquitted.

THE KNICKERBOCKER CLUB MURDERS/ 1898

Handsome, debonair playboy Roland Burnham Molineux (1868-1917) was a Yankee blueblood whose father, General Edward Leslie Molineux, distinguished himself in the Civil War. The son frequented the prestigious Knickerbocker Athletic Club on East Forty-Fifth Street, New York City, and was well known to its board of directors as a gadfly. Molineux continually harassed the club managers to cancel memberships of people he didn't like or those he thought to be his social inferiors.

In matters of the heart, Molineux was also persistent. In the fall of 1898, Henry C. Barnet, a wealthy produce broker who was also a member of the Knickerbocker Club, was courting Blanche Cheeseborough, an attractive young woman who had also attracted Molineux's covetous eye. Barnet received a box of Kutnow's Stomach Powder, a popular patent medicine, through the mail. Although he had not ordered it and did not know who the sender was, Barnet ingested the contents of the package and became deathly ill. His physician was of the opinion that something other than the powder had brought on the illness. But before he died, Henry Barnet blamed the powder and called himself a "damned fool" for accepting medicines sent through the postal system. The cause of death was

The handsome New York playboy-killer, Roland Burnham Molineux (shown in work-out clothes), who poisoned rivals and those he thought unfit to be members of his Knickerbocker Athletic Club.

New York's prestigious Knickerbocker Athletic Club, which became the center of a number of poisonings in 1898.

Harry Cornish, the club's athletic director, angered Molineux, who sent him a bottle of "patent medicine," laced with cyanide, but Cornish's aunt took the medicine instead and died.

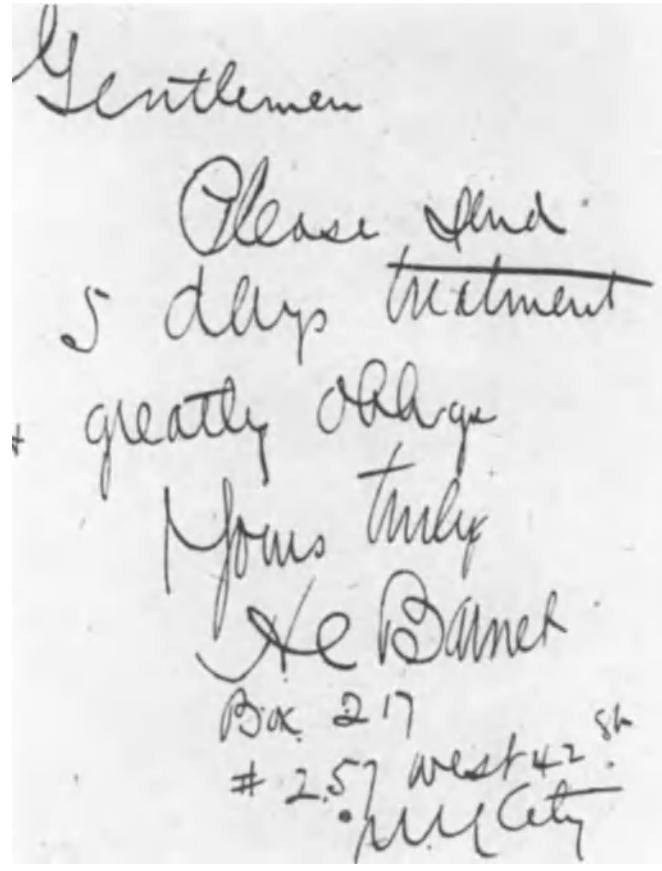
listed as the aftereffects of diphtheria. Eleven days later Blanche Cheeseborough married Molineux.

On December 23, 1898, Knickerbocker Club athletic director Harry Cornish received in his mail a small box containing a bottle of headache remedy and a silver toothpick holder. Cornish took it as a practical joke. The bottle was obviously a humorous warning not to overdrink on the holidays. Cornish gave the bottle to his aunt, Katharine Adams, saying he had no use for it. On December 28, 1898, the woman complained of a severe headache. Cornish suggested she try a teaspoon of the remedy mixed with water. Mrs. Adams complained of the medicine's bitterness and within moments fell to the floor in convulsions and died. Cornish, who had sampled the potion, also became sick.

An autopsy report showed that Adams died from cyanide poisoning. The Knickerbocker Club's doctor, having remembered Cornish's story about the gift bottle, went to Cornish's home and analyzed the bottle's contents. It contained a lethal amount of cyanide of mercury. The police were immediately called. The toothpick holder, it was determined, came from Hartdegen's jewelry store in Newark, New Jersey, and had been sold on December 21, 1898 to a man asking for a suitable bottle to add to a lady's dressing table. A wigmaker told police he had sold a red wig on December 21, 1898 to a man bearing a striking resemblance to Molineux. Next, the police found out that the killer had rented two postal boxes, one to receive mail for "H. Cornish," and one for "H.C. Barnet." The press checked the mailing lists of several patent medicine companies. A Cincinnati firm reported that they had sold two boxes of Kutnow's Powder to an "H.C. Barnet" and "H. Cornish" on December 21, 1898. The handwriting was nearly identical to the lettering on the package sent to Cornish. Subsequently, Molineux was identified as the individual who had rented the postal boxes.

Molineux was arrested and charged with poisoning Mrs. Adams. His trial lasted from November 14, 1899, to February 11, 1900. The murder motive, Assistant District Attorney James W. Osborne explained, came from the personal enmity Molineux harbored against Cornish. On more than one occasion he threatened to quit the club unless Cornish was fired as athletic director. The details of Molineux's profligate life-style made sensational reading. A New Jersey woman named Mary Melando told the court that the defendant had seduced her at the age of thirteen, and then shared living quarters with her. Though she did not wish to testify against Molineux in court, Melando admitted that some stationary submitted in evidence against him was the same type she had found in the drawer of his desk.

The jury considered all the evidence and, after an eight-hour deliberation, Molineux was found guilty. Three weeks later, he was sentenced to death and was sent to Sing Sing to await execution. For the next eight months he remained on death row, while his attorneys argued for a new trial. During this time, he wrote a memoir of prison life titled The Room with the Little Door, which became a critical success in the literary world. On October 15, 1901, the higher court set aside


Gentlemen
Please send
5 days treatment
+ greatly oblige
Yours truly
H.C. Barnet
Box 217
257 West 42 St.
City

A forged letter written by Molineux (he used the name of one of his victims, Henry C. Barnet), requesting patent medicine, which the killer dosed with cyanide; this letter and others were later used in court to convict Molineux of the Knickerbocker Club murders.

the judgment and ordered a new trial on the grounds that the testimony concerning Barnet was inadmissible.

The second trial commenced in 1902, and this time Molineux returned to court with a new lawyer and public opinion decidedly in his favor. The long months of incarceration won him much sympathy, and attorney Frank C. Black, a former governor of New York, succeeded in producing handwriting experts who refuted the testimony given in the first trial. Black also contended that Cornish had murdered Mrs. Adams in order to court her daughter. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty. Molineux's celebrity status landed him a job with several newspapers, and theatrical impresario David Belasco produced one of his plays. In 1913, following his divorce from Blanche and subsequent remarriage, Roland Molineux was committed to an insane asylum for what was ostensibly called a "nervous breakdown." He died in the King's Park State Hospital on November 2, 1917. "Couldn't make much sense of him," commented an attendant at the hospital. "He raved a lot about poisons and a 'better class of people.'"

"HE DIED OF BAKED BANANAS"/ September 23, 1900

William Marsh Rice was an enterprising New Englander who left his home in Springfield, Massachusetts in the 1830s to seek his fortune in Houston, Texas, then a raw frontier town, which held great promise for men of vision and destiny. Rice quickly proved that he was such a man. He made a fortune in land speculation, retail merchandising, and oil. He developed large portions of the Southwest, owning entire blocks of real estate in Texas, Georgia, Louisiana, and Oklahoma.

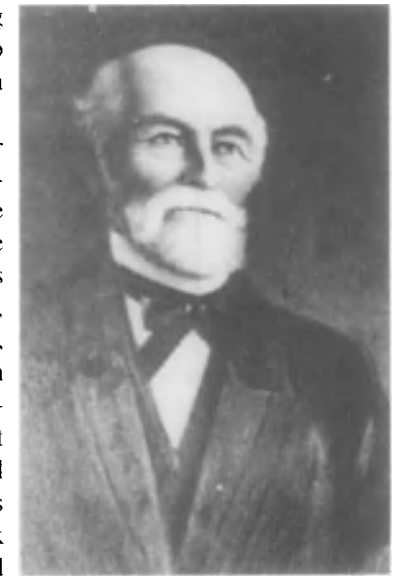
Though he was enormously wealthy, Rice had no children to inherit his great fortune. He lived with his second wife Elizabeth in a pretentious mansion in Dunellen, New Jersey. After she passed away in July 1896, the aging widower moved to New York City, where he took up residence in the Berkshire Apartments, a radical departure from the ostentatious lifestyle he had led in New Jersey. Rice' constant companion during these years was his 23-year-old secretary Charles F. Jones, whom he met at the Capital Hotel in Houston, one of the many properties he owned in the Lone Star state.

Jones, who had worked as a clerk at the hotel store, accompanied Rice to New York in May 1897, serving as secretary, valet, and devoted servant. They lived a simple life, receiving few callers, while going about their business quietly. Seemingly content in old age, Rice was tormented by one major problem. His late wife had left behind a will bequeathing a large chunk of the Rice fortune to her relatives, under the terms of the Texas community law, which stated that the husband and wife were equal partners even though the assets were in the name of the husband. Rice maintained that he had been a resident of New York since 1865, though business concerns drew him back to Texas in 1893.

Shortly before his wife's death, Rice brought a suit against O.T. Holt, executor of the estate in an effort to have the will declared null and void. He was adamant in this matter, for the old man desired to leave behind a legacy "for the good of mankind." In 1891, he incorporated under Texas law the not-for-profit "Rice Institute," which was designed to advance the arts, science, and literature. In 1893 and again in 1896 he drafted wills naming the Rice Institute as residuary legatee, which accounted for about fifteen-sixteenths of his entire estate.

In 1899, with matters at an impasse, Holt enlisted the aid of Albert T. Patrick, a 34-year-old Texas lawyer whose shady dealings nearly resulted in disbarment proceedings brought against him. Patrick moved to New York to avoid any unpleasantness, but in the process he created some of his own. The lawyer interviewed a score of acquaintances in a vain attempt to prove that Rice was actually a New York resident. In the process he hit upon a novel scheme. In November 1899, Patrick dropped by the Berkshire apartments to pay a social call on the impressionable Jones.

Patrick introduced himself as Mr. Smith, a cotton buyer from Texas who was eager to transact some business with Rice. Since it was late at night, Jones informed the stranger that his employer could not be disturbed. Patrick nodded. He wasn't really interested in meeting William Marsh Rice, but was more interested in cultivating Jones, the one man who could help him realize a fortune.



Texas tycoon William Marsh Rice, murdered for his millions in 1900.

Patrick returned later to confess his true identity. He explained that he had been acting on the behest of Elizabeth's heirs. What he proposed, at least on the surface, appeared to be a foolish plan. If the $55-dollar-a-week secretary could draft a letter on Rice's personal stationery admitting his Texas residency, Patrick would then have the old man sign it himself. In return, the gullible Jones was promised a $250 honorarium. Jones agreed and prepared the document to Patrick's specifications. But when the lawyer was slow in handing over the money, Jones slipped it into the drawer. "No money, no letter," Jones told Patrick.

Patrick's greatest skill was persuading people to his way of thinking. He was an effusive, self-assured man who inspired confidence in others. It wasn't long before he had convinced Jones to show him a copy of the 1896 will with the promise of more money yet to come. Patrick then drafted a will suitable to the interests of his clients. By the terms of the new will, Rice would leave half of his estate to Albert Patrick, named as sole executor. The remainder would go to the relatives with only a small portion earmarked for the Rice Institute. "I want you to type this on Mr. Rice's typewriter and using his stationery," Patrick told Jones. "I'll make sure it's witnessed and signed." In return for his agreement to appear on the witness stand and testify to the legitimacy of the will, Jones was promised that he would receive a handsome sum of money. One lingering problem which Patrick was unable to address concerned Rice himself. Why would he sign a document so detrimental to his own interests? Patrick had already answered that question in his own mind: he would murder the millionaire.

Patrick diligently drafted a will that bequeathed $10,000 a year to Rice Institute for as long as the old man should live, and as an added gesture of "good will" it was decided to set aside $5,000 for the construction of a monument to tower above the old man's grave. Albert Patrick used a bottle of ink from Rice's own desk to replicate Rice's signature on several bank drafts, which were then cashed. The new will was completed on June 30, 1900. It was witnessed by two of Patrick's office employees: David L. Short and Morris Meyers. Short was introduced to Rice as the commissioner of deeds for the State of Texas, and very sympathetic to the old man's plight. These two men functioned as "plants" whose sole purpose was to establish Patrick's close ties to Rice.

In August, Patrick dropped by to see Jones. He inquired about the old man's health, adding: "Don't you think Rice is living too long for our interest?"

"It does seem that way," Jones replied, suggesting that Dr. Walter Curry, Patrick's long-time friend might be enlisted to the cause. "He wouldn't do a thing of that kind!" Patrick intoned. "There must be some simple measure we can take." Jones suggested chloroform. He had read in a magazine that it was virtually impossible to detect the drug in an autopsy. Jones agreed to procure the substance. He sent $5 to his brother in Texas for a bottle containing four ounces of chloroform. Patrick instructed his young friend to start administering mercury tablets to Rice in order "to break him down." On Sept. 1, 1900, the trusted valet started giving Rice two mercury tablets a day until he began suffering the ravages of diarrhea. Patrick stepped up the dosage until Rice's condition began to worsen.

Charles F. Jones, the gullible young assistant to Rice, who was manipulated into murder.

About two weeks later a lady friend of Rice's, Mrs. Van Alstyne visited her ailing friend and advised him to eat nine bananas to unclog his stomach. Jones then gave him some more mercury. Albert Patrick would ruefully recall: "It was silly to have given him the mercury pills. If he had been left alone he might have died from eating the bananas."

On September 23, 1900, Jones supplied the coup-de-grace. Slipping into Rice's bedroom late that night, Jones constructed a "cone," which he fashioned from some towels and placed this over the sleeping man's face. He dropped a sponge soaked with chloroform into it, gradually increasing the quantity. A half-hour later he conveyed the news to Patrick by telephone: "Mr. Rice is very ill," meaning that Rice was dead. Dr. Curry was summoned and he signed the death certificate in the following manner: "Cause of death: old age and weak heart; immediate causes indigestion, followed by diarrhea and mental worry." Patrick issued instructions that Rice be cremated right away. A forged cremation letter was handed to John S. Potter, the embalmer.

The letter might have served its purpose if Patrick had shown some discretion. But the next morning he sent David L. Short to the bank to cash a $25,000 check "endorsed" by Rice. The clerk at the banking house of S.M. Swenson and Sons examined the signature on the check and grew suspicious. He couldn't help but noticing that the name of the payee on the face of the check was "Abert T. Patrick." But the endorsement was signed "Albert T. Patrick." A second bank clerk named Walter O. Weatherbee said that the check required a proper endorsement in order to be cashed. Bank Manager Eric T. Swenson attempted to phone Mr. Rice, but Jones explained that the check was good, and was consistent with the old man's instructions. Swenson was still suspicious. Pressed for a further explanation, Jones admitted that his employer had died.

Patrick appeared at the bank to inform Swenson that he held a $65,000 check that had been signed by Rice, and all of his securities and bonds. He curtly informed the bank proprietor that the body was being cremated the next day.

Swenson then asked: "What did Mr. Rice die of?"

Albert T. Patrick (right), the scheming attorney, who arranged through Charles Jones to kill Rice and acquire his millions through a forged will.

Without a moment of hesitation, Patrick replied: "He died of baked bananas."

"What? Bananas? Patrick explained that Rice's friend, Mrs. Van Alstyne had suggested that Rice eat baked bananas to relieve his diarrhea. "He got nine of them and ate them, and I believe that is what killed him."

By now Swenson suspected treachery. He contacted the New York District Attorney and the city Detective Bureau, which launched an immediate investigation. It was only then that the relatives learned about Rice's untimely death. An autopsy revealed that Mr. Rice had expired from congestion, caused by a "gas or vapor." On October 4, 1900, Jones and Patrick were arrested on forgery charges and were incarcerated in the Tombs. Turning to his young henchman Patrick said: "it's over boy."

"What can we do?" Jones asked.

"I suggest that *you* commit suicide," Patrick replied. Patrick was bailed out three months later, but was rearrested and charged with murder after Jones confessed the plot to the District Attorney.

Charles Jones was offered a deal. In return for his cooperation the prosecution agreed to drop all pending charges against him. Jones readily agreed, supplying all the damaging evidence when the trial convened on January 22, 1902. Patrick entered a not guilty plea, accusing his one-time partner of being "an incredible liar." The balding lawyer conducted his own defense, but he was unable to shake the testimony of the

experts, who stated that the signatures on the Rice bank checks were definite forgeries, shown by the "breaks in continuity and pen lifts." The jury retired on March 26, 1902. After a brief deliberation Patrick was convicted of murder and sentenced to death in the electric chair by Judge John William Goff, who later went on to become a justice of the Supreme Court. Jones, the actual killer, was freed. He returned to Texas and dropped out of sight. Patrick however, continued to fight to have his conviction overturned.

Using money supplied by his millionaire brother-in-law John T. Milliken, Patrick succeeded in winning a new trial from members of the state legislature. However the governor vetoed the idea. The matter was taken before the U.S. Supreme Court which denied Patrick's appeal. Before the sentence of death could be carried out, however, Governor Frank Higgins commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. The decision was roundly criticized by the media. Edmund Pearson commented in the New York *Tribune* that: "if he got out, he would be invaluable as a counselor to tell murderers how to escape." Patrick's legal wranglings continued until November 28, 1912, when Governor John Dix granted him an unconditional pardon on the grounds that "the hostile atmosphere which surrounded the defendant when he was tried precluded a fair trial."

Dix cited a 1910 report issued by the Medico-Legal Society of New York, which concluded that Rice could not have died from chloroform poisoning judging by the condition of the lungs at the time of the autopsy. It was alleged at the time that Milliken offered to deposit $100,000 in any financial institution the governor so desired. He vowed to forfeit the money to charity if his brother-in-law failed to prove his innocence within a year of release. Patrick walked out of Sing Sing a free man about the same time that the Rice Institute opened its doors to its first students. He retired to the Southwest to practice law. Patrick died some years later without making good on his brother-in-law's boastful claim.

The legacy of William Marsh Rice endures on the campus of the liberal arts university in Houston bearing his name. If Albert Patrick's scheme had been carried out to the fullest extent, it is unlikely that the school would have become a reality. Instead, a $5,000 marker would be the only testament to the vision of this great philanthropist, who is remembered in a bronze statue of his likeness that towers in the center of the Academic Court of the Rice Institute.

THE ERRANT COLONEL GRIFFITH/1903

Like William Marsh Rice, Colonel Griffith J. Griffith (1852-1919) was a most generous philanthropist. During his lifetime, he gave Los Angeles, California, two of its greatest landmarks, the 4,100-acre Griffith Park, complete with the copper-roofed Griffith Park Observatory, and the Greek Theater, still one of the most exceptional outdoor amphitheaters in the U.S. But there was a darker side to Griffith, as well, a side shaded by his excessive abuse of alcohol.

His chronic drinking caused Griffith to have delusions, the most prominent of which was that his wife, Christina Griffith, was trying to poison him. This hallucination grew, in part, out of Griffith's hatred for the Roman Catholic Church. Christina Griffith was involved in several community activities associated with the church and in his liquor-damaged mind, Griffith thought that after his wife killed him, the Catholic Church would attempt to take the fortune he had built in real estate. In his mind, Griffith plotted ways to head off this imagined intention.

Griffith's "counter-scheme" was carried out one summer day in 1903 while he and Christina were vacationing at the Arcadia Hotel in Santa Monica, California. In their suite, he handed his wife a prayer book, ordered her to kneel and pray, and took out a pistol. As she pleaded for mercy, he began to read a series of questions regarding her loyalty to him and her alleged plot to poison him.

"Oh Papa, you know I have always been true to you!" she tearfully insisted.

Griffith ignored her pleadings. He placed the gun to his wife's temple, but as he pulled the trigger, she jerked her head away. The bullet destroyed her left eye.

Wounded and fearing for her life, Christina jumped out of the hotel room window and fell two stories onto a veranda.

Colonel Griffith J. Griffith (who donated Griffith Park to Los Angeles), shot out his wife's left eye in an attempt to kill her in 1903.

breaking her leg. She limped away and found help. When Griffith was located, he insisted that she had shot herself with his pistol.

The city of Los Angeles, acknowledging Griffith's high standing and valuable patronage, was prepared to ignore what they determined was simply a "domestic squabble," but Mrs. Griffith's family was bent on pressing charges. These relatives hired a team of accomplished prosecutors, led by former California Governor Henry T. Gage. Griffith's counsel was the famous, highly successful defense attorney, Earl Rogers. Rogers was well-versed in an emerging field called "psychiatry," and his plan was to call for a defense of insanity due to alcohol abuse.

Early in the proceedings, Rogers created an uproar by demanding a continuance to give him time to effectively defend his client. He then suddenly withdrew the continuance on the first day of the trial. The prosecutors were caught off guard; they had devoted all their time to gathering evidence to reject Rogers' continuance plea and had not further organized their strategy.

The jury eventually found Griffith guilty of assault with intent to murder. He was sentenced to two years in prison and released on good behavior after serving one. He died in 1919. Although his defense probably eased Griffith's sentence, Rogers took the loss hard, and was rumored to have flirted with suicide for some time after the trial. He died, destitute and alone, in a Southern California rooming house in 1922.

PERILS OF A FLORADORA GIRL/June 4, 1904

On June 4, 1904, New Yorkers out for a morning stroll on West Broadway near Franklin Street were jarred by the sharp sound of a gunshot coming from a passing hansom cab. Without so much as looking through the trap in the top of the cab to check on his passengers, the driver drove swiftly to the nearest pharmacy. Passersby who rushed to the aid of the cab's occupants found a dying man and a grieving woman inside. Recognizing the gravity of the victim's wound, the driver proceeded to the Hudson Street Hospital, where Francis Thomas "Caesar" Young was declared dead on arrival, the result of a bullet wound in his chest.

As the facts of the shooting were revealed, the public learned that Young, a well-known gambler and man about town, had been conducting a secret affair with attractive Nan Randolph Patterson, the cab's other occupant. The 22-year-old Patterson, was a member of the road company of the popular Floradora review. She came from a well-respected family, her father being the supervising architect at the U.S. Treasury. Following a disastrous marriage to a teenaged beau that ended in divorce, Patterson became a Broadway showgirl, joining the Floradora troupe.

It was not uncommon for the "Floradora Girls" to find wealthy husbands from among the fawning admirers along the "Great White Way" of Broadway. The New York theatre world was a happy escape for many young dandies and rich society gentlemen, who were locked in troubled or mundane

Nan Patterson (second from right) when she appeared with the famous Floradora Sextette in New York; these chorus girls were much-sought by social lions and millionaires.

An artist's rendering of how Nan Patterson shot and killed her lover, Caesar Young, a married gambler who jilted her, while the couple rode in a hansom cab on June 4, 1904.

Another artist's rendering shows how Caesar Young awkwardly and improbably shot himself to death (according to the path of the lethal bullet), while Nan Patterson sat next to him.

marriages. Men of financial means often sought an after hours tete-a-tete with winsome chorines, and this was Caesar Young's intention when meeting the fetching Nan Patterson in 1902.

Young was an amateur athlete in his early days in England. After settling in America, he became a racetrack gambler. He had an uncanny ability to pick winning horses, and developed a reputation of being a fair judge of talent in breeding race ponies. Young had been married for ten years when he met Patterson on board a train bound for California. The two carried on their affair publicly, with little regard for the rigid social proprieties of the day.

Caesar Young attempted to placate both his mistress and his wife, sometimes keeping them in separate hotels in New York City. He juggled his social calendar precariously, spending days with his wife and nights with Patterson. Patterson reportedly campaigned hard and long to have Young divorce his wife and marry her, once even feigning pregnancy. Young, however, was unwilling or unable to leave his wife. When the pressure got to be too great for him, he offered to pay Patterson's passage to Europe. She refused, and Young and his wife booked passage instead. The voyage was apparently intended to break Patterson's hold on Young and renew the bonds of his marriage.

On June 3, 1904, the night before the Youngs were to sail to Europe on board the *Germanic*, Young and Patterson spent the evening together. They drank and argued into the early hours of the morning. Patterson pressed Young to leave his wife. Witnesses to their conversation that evening claimed that Young had called Patterson insulting names and had thrown $100 at her. "I never want to see you again," he was heard to shout in a Manhattan restaurant. Patterson, in turn, warned that Young would not be able to escape her fury.

Despite this threatening encounter, Young met Patterson early the next morning. He left the hotel room he was sharing with his wife around 7 a.m., telling her he was going out to buy a new hat and get a shave, and promising to meet her at the dock before the ship's 9:30 a.m. departure time. He met his estranged lover near Columbus Circle, where they repaired to a tavern for a brandy and whiskey breakfast, then rode together in the hansom cab.

When the hansom arrived at the hospital after the shooting, a gun, still warm from being fired, was found in Young's coat pocket. Patterson claimed that he had shot himself in the

Nan Patterson, shown passively responding to a harassing Assistant District Attorney, William Rand, in one of her three grueling trials, emerged victorious, finally being set free in 1905.

chest because he was despondent about leaving her. "Caesar, Caesar, why did you do this?" Nan sobbed. It seemed unlikely to the police that if Young had shot himself, he would have carefully placed the gun back in his pocket. Despite her protestations of innocence, Patterson was formally charged with Young's murder and put on trial in November 1904 at the old Felony Court on Lower Broadway.

Patterson was defended by the pugnacious Abraham Levy, a veteran of more than 300 homicide cases. He was opposed by Assistant District Attorney William Rand, who hammered away at the defense's contention that Young was a suicide victim. The direction of the bullet's entry and the powder burns made it impossible for Caesar Young to have fired the shot, Rand insisted. The canny Levy appealed to the sympathy of the jury, making exaggerated references to Nan's brokenhearted father (who looked and played the part well) throughout the weeks of testimony.

Nan stuck to her story throughout the trial. Attorney Levy implored the jury to believe that Caesar Young had met her in Columbus Circle to beg her forgiveness and shot himself in desperation when she refused to give it. "Do you believe that this empty, frivolous, if you like, pleasure-loving girl could conceive the plot that would permit her at one second to kill and in the next cover this act by a subtle invention?" Levy said to the jury. Rand found it difficult to win a conviction from an all-male jury against so charming a defendant.

When a juror became seriously ill during the deliberations, a mistrial was declared. Undaunted, Rand pursued the matter further. The second trial, which began in December, ended with a hung jury. When the third trial ended on May 3, 1905 with yet another deadlocked jury, the judge ordered all charges against Nan Patterson dropped. The outcome of the case pleased her many admirers, who cheered her as she left the courtroom.

Patterson celebrated her freedom by getting drunk. Her liberation was such a popular cause that a children's ditty grew out of it: "Nan is free, Nan is free,/She escaped the electric chair,/Now she's out in the open air." Nan Patterson was unable to capitalize on her new-found notoriety. She was given star billing in several popular musicals, including a Pennsylvania production of the Lulu Girls, but theatrical offers diminished after it was quickly learned that she had little or no talent for the stage. After remarrying (and later divorcing) her first husband, Nan Patterson faded from public view, remembered as a titillating curiosity of that much-gilded Edwardian era.

Heir to a Pittsburgh coke fortune, playboy Harry K. Thaw was kicked out of Harvard for gambling, then took a suite of rooms in a New York whorehouse.

Evelyn Nesbit in the days when she was a model for artists and photographers.

"THIS MAN RUINED MY WIFE!"/June 25, 1906

Few murders among America's social elite and super rich rivaled the sensational 1906 murder of architect Stanford White by the demented millionaire Harry Kendall Thaw (AKA: John Smith, 1872-1947). The slaying of White was a public affair, committed in front of hundreds of horrified spectators. Thaw performed this deed with arrogance and disdain, as if dismissing an annoying servant or an unwanted party guest. Thaw was used to having his own way since childhood, and as far as he was concerned, his killing of Stanford White, ostensibly over an affair with Thaw's beautiful wife, Evelyn, was merely a nasty chore he was compelled to perform. Ironically, his wife, the former Evelyn Nesbit, had been, like Nan Patterson, a member of the Floradora Sextette.

The pampered Thaw was the son of a Pittsburgh magnate who had cornered the coke market in a short time and had accumulated a then staggering fortune of $40 million. Harry Thaw was the profligate heir to this fortune. Terribly spoiled by an overindulgent mother, Thaw's education was a shambles, although he was sent to the finest schools, including Harvard, where he ignored his studies and spent most of his time conducting high-stake poker games in his suite of rooms off campus. He was finally dismissed for gambling activities. Thaw's father was so vexed at his son's wastrel ways he reduced his allowance to $2,000 a year. Thaw whined and carped until his mother awarded him an additional $8,000 a year. Still the headstrong Thaw complained that this was only pin money for a man of his esteem and standing.

Taking a lavish suite of rooms in Manhattan, Thaw attempted to buy his way into several prominent men's clubs, but he was barred because of his eccentricities. Incensed, Thaw rented a horse and tried to ride it into these clubs, knocking down doormen and porters. He was arrested and escorted home. His mother paid his fine. A short time later, Thaw participated in a marathon poker game with New York sharpers and lost $40,000. His mother paid the gambling debt.

To vent his wild rages and satiate his sexual perversions, Thaw took another apartment inside one of New York's fanciest bordellos. There he brought young, gullible women, promising them careers on Broadway or, at least, in the chorus lines of important musicals. After Thaw inveigled the women to his brothel apartment, he fiendishly attacked them, raping them and beating them with sticks and whips.

The bordello madam, Susan Merrill, later stated that she heard a woman screaming in Thaw's apartment and when she could bear it no longer, forced her way inside. She later testified: "I rushed into his rooms. He had tied the girl to the bed,

Evelyn Nesbit as a chorus girl, playing the role of a singing peasant; White spotted her in the chorus and began dating her, making her his mistress and lavishing riches upon her while he kept her in luxurious style.

Famous and wealthy, architect Stanford White was noted for designing many New York monuments and mansions; at night he lived the life of a rajah, taking his pick of Broadway beauties, including the ravishing Evelyn Nesbit.

naked, and was whipping her. She was covered with welts. Thaw's eyes protruded and he looked mad."

Merrill ordered Thaw out of the house, and when he refused, she called the police. The millionaire playboy was escorted from the brothel despite his protests that he had paid rent a year in advance. He was barred from the brothel and Madam Merrill was happy to repay him his advance rent. A short time later, Thaw was ejected from one of the finer Fifth Avenue shops.

The sales manager refused to have his models show the latest gowns to a bevy of Broadway tarts Thaw paraded into the emporium. At this point Thaw had what was later described as a "sort of fit. His eyes bulged and rolled, and he screamed like a child having a tantrum." Police escorted the playboy outside and sent him home; the whores were locked up. In retaliation, Thaw rented a car the next day and drove it through the shop's display window, almost running over the gaping manager. Thaw was again arrested and fined.

Mrs. Thaw advised her son to leave Manhattan and take a European vacation. Thaw sailed for Paris where he scandalized a city that was weaned on scandal. He rented an entire floor of the Georges V Hotel and invited the city's leading prostitutes to a party that lasted several days and cost him $50,000. He was finally asked to leave the hotel after he was discovered whipping naked women down the hotel corridors.

Another product of Pittsburgh at that time was a 16-year-old sultry brunette, Evelyn Nesbit. She came from poverty and had little formal education, but she had singing and dancing talent and, after being a photographer's model for a short period of time, soon won a spot in the prestigious Floradora Sextette. While performing in the Floradora chorus, she caught the lecherous eye of Stanford White, the most distinguished architect in New York. White, who was tall and heavyset, weighing some 250 pounds, wore a sweeping handlebar mustache and was always sartorially dressed, glittering with a diamond stickpin, gold watch chain, an expensive jewel-encrusted watch fob, and rings.

White was many times a millionaire, having made a fortune designing the resplendent Fifth Avenue mansions of New York's wealthiest movers and shakers. He was a high society

Evelyn Nesbit wearing her "gorgeous Japanese kimono," posing in this photo for Stanford White in his posh New York studio in 1902, and where, she later told her husband, Thaw, White seduced her in a mirror-covered room.

Evelyn Nesbit in 1905, when she met and married millionaire Harry K. Thaw, and became his sadomasochistic slave, forced to relate to her husband real and imagined sexual transgressions by her former lover, Stanford White.

architect, who catered exclusively to the super rich, although he was known widely for having designed the elegant Washington Square Arch and the Hall of Fame at New York University. He had also designed Madison Square Garden, including its restaurant, arcade, fashionable shops, the amphitheater, where prizefights and horse shows were held, and the magnificent roof garden, where resplendent musicals were performed for open-air audiences, who dined while watching the shows.

The tower of Madison Square Garden was reserved by White for himself. There he maintained a lavish home-away-from-home (he was married but seldom saw his wife). This apartment featured a red velvet swing which hung from the ceiling of the tower. According to Evelyn Nesbit's later statements, White was in the habit of bringing his mistresses and one-night stand show girls to the tower where he would swing them high so that he could lasciviously look beneath their billowing skirts. (The portrait of White as a lewd and lustful old man was painted by Nesbit at her husband's trial, certainly a colored, prejudiced view which was designed to vindicate Thaw's murderous actions, although White's skirt-chasing habits were certainly well known long before he ever met Nesbit.)

For three years, Nesbit carried on a relationship with White. He lavished gowns and jewels on her, paid for her stylish apartment and chauffeured limousine, and took endless photos of her in seductive poses. When he tired of her, he sent her away to a finishing school.

Harry Thaw had also seen Evelyn Nesbit on the stage briefly and knew that she was White's pampered mistress. While she was in boarding school, he contrived to meet her and then pursued her slavishly until she accepted his marriage proposal. Thaw, however, after the nuptials on April 4, 1905, was more concerned with White than he was with his own wife, persecuting Nesbit for her former relationship with the architect. He insisted that she refer to White as "The Beast" or "The Bastard." When she refused, he told her that she must, at least employ the letter "B" whenever she mentioned White. This Nesbit did.

Thaw took his 19-year-old bride to Europe, but it turned out to be a nightmarish honeymoon. Aboard the luxury liner carrying the couple to France, Nesbit later claimed, Thaw tied her to a bed and whipped and beat her until her body was coated with red welts. She finally told her unhinged husband what he wanted to hear or all she could imagine that was vile and rotten about Stanford White.

Nesbit told Thaw that White had tricked her into going to the Madison Square Tower apartment on the promise of marriage, but once there, he stripped and raped her, and then forced her to mount the red velvet swing naked while he took obscene photos of her. This story, following the perverted design of both Thaw and his wife, drove Thaw into blind rages and he forced his wife to repeat this story often so that he could work himself into a frenzy about White, vowing terrible revenge against "The Beast."

The popular rooftop open-air theater of the Madison Square Garden, which White had designed and where, in front of hundreds of horrified spectators, Harry Thaw shot and killed Stanford White on June 25, 1906; while panicking spectators raced for elevators and stairways, Thaw held the murder weapon above his head to indicate that he did not intend to murder anyone else that sultry night.

On the warm night of June 25, 1906, Harry Thaw took his berserk revenge on Stanford White. Harry and Evelyn Thaw were dining in Rector's with two of Thaw's friends, when White and a party of people left one of the private dining areas. Thaw stiffened as Evelyn passed him a handwritten note which read "The B. is here." She had followed his instructions of informing Thaw any time she saw White in public. Thaw crumpled the note and pocketed it, then patted his wife's hand and said: "Yes dear, I know he's here. I saw him. Thank you for telling me."

A few hours later White was sitting at the best table on the Madison Square Garden rooftop to witness a new, frothy musical, "Mamzelle Champagne." White was interested in one of the chorus girls and had arranged for an introduction to the girl through the stage manager following the performance. Harry and Evelyn Thaw, and two of their friends also arrived at the Madison Square Garden rooftop.

When Evelyn saw White sitting alone and watching the show, she asked Thaw to take her home, particularly after noticing her husband's agitated state. She told Thaw that the show bored her and he got up and began to escort her and their friends to the elevator. Suddenly, he was gone. Minutes later he stood glaring down at Stanford White. The architect looked up at Thaw, whom he knew and disliked. "Yes, Thaw, what is it?" White reportedly asked the staring young man. Without a word, Thaw reached into his pocket and withdrew a revolver, pointing it only a few feet from White's head. He fired one shot and then two more. White, his face a mass of blood, collapsed on the table, then fell sideways, taking the table with him. He sprawled dead on the floor with a bullet in his head and two more in his shoulder.

A terrible silence engulfed the crowd. The show stopped, performers frozen on the stage. The band did not play a note. Hundreds of customers present gaped at the bizarre scene of Thaw standing over the fallen White and then piercing screams came from some women and everyone made a mad dash for the exits, knocking over tables and chairs in a panic to escape what they thought was a madman on the loose. Thaw, to signal no further murderous intent, raised the revolver over his head and emptied the remaining three live cartridges from the weapon, which fell to the floor. He said something that was later interpreted to mean: "I did it because this man ruined my wife!" Some claimed that Thaw said: "This man ruined my life."

Within seconds, Thaw, still holding the weapon above his head, made his way to the elevator, where his wife and his friends waited in shock. "My God, Harry," Evelyn said. "What have you done?"

The roof garden was by then in pandemonium with women screaming and men shouting for police officers. The manager leaped upon a table and shouted to the band: "Go on playing!" To the stage manager he cried: "Bring on the chorus!" At this

Millionaire murderer Harry K. Thaw in his cell in the Tombs, dining on a catered meal from Delmonico's; his meals were brought to him from the finest restaurants throughout his imprisonment during his trial.

Thaw is shown with his protective and over-indulgent mother, Mrs. William Thaw, who vowed that she was "prepared to spend $1 million to save my son's life"; she spent twice that amount, even, reportedly, bribing jurors.

moment, a doctor was leaning over White and saw part of White's face blown away, his entire head was blackened by powder burns from bullets fired at close range. The physician pronounced White dead.

In the elevator lobby, Thaw, still clutching the weapon, was confronted by an off-duty fireman who said: "You'd better let me have that gun." Thaw meekly turned it over. A policeman then arrived and Thaw submitted to arrest. He was marched to the Center Street Station, where he said his name was John Smith, adding that he was a student living at 18 Lafayette Place, New York City. He was searched and his own identification papers quickly revealed his true identity.

"Why did you do this?" a sergeant asked Thaw.

Thaw stared blankly at the policeman for some moments, then replied: "I can't say." He refused to make any more statements until his lawyer arrived. Thaw was charged with murder and placed in a cell in the New York Tombs to await trial. Fifteen months passed before Thaw was brought into court, a stalling tactic designed by Thaw's brilliant defense attorney, California criminal lawyer, Delphin Delmas, who had defended hundreds of clients in murder trials and claimed never to have lost a case.

Delmas was called "the little Napoleon of the West Coast bar." Hired for an estimated $100,000 by Thaw's mother (the figure was never substantiated and it may have been twice that amount), Delmas told the elderly Mrs. Thaw that because her son chose to execute his victim in public, the best they could hope for would be to keep him out of the electric chair. To that end, Delmas mounted a crusade to blacken the name of the victim, a shameless and brazen technique to win Thaw any kind of sympathy.

Press agent Ben Atwell was hired by Mrs. Thaw to destroy the image of Stanford White and stories soon began to appear in New York newspapers, which detailed White's profligate ways. One story dealt with 15-year-old model, Susan Johnson, who had been inveigled to White's Madison Square Tower apartment, which the *Evening Journal* described as being "furnished in Oriental splendor." The tale was told how Susan Johnson was plied with liquor, seduced, and soon afterward abandoned by the heartless White to make her way penniless through life. The vilification campaign against White went on day after day, month after month, until, it seemed that Stanford White had seduced half the female population in New York City.

Mrs. Thaw made no excuses for unleashing the dogs of slander and libel against the dead Stanford White. "I am prepared to spend $1 million to save my son's life," she had announced. The publicity campaign and legal fees for her son's

This photo of a sultry Evelyn Nesbit Thaw was released at the time of her husband's trial, ostensibly by the defense, to show that she had driven her husband to commit murder.

Evelyn Thaw is shown whispering her testimony during her husband's murder trial to District Attorney William Travers Jerome, her testimony too shocking for an open court.

defense, it was later estimated, cost Mrs. Thaw more than $2 million.

Thaw himself was not spared negative publicity. His sordid exploits with prostitutes and his wife were leaked to the press by the prosecution, which was headed by the famous William Travers Jerome, New York's district attorney. Said Jerome before the trial: "With all his millions, Thaw is a fiend! No matter how rich a man is, he cannot get away with murder, not in New York!" Jerome's aides unearthed a lawsuit filed against Thaw in 1902 that had been brought by Ethel Thomas. Her story was almost identical to the one later told by Evelyn Nesbit. After meeting Thaw, Thomas had been swept off her feet by Thaw who oozed affection and respect. He had given her flowers, jewels, and clothes.

"One day," Thomas stated in her deposition, "I met him by appointment and we were walking toward his apartment at the Bedford, and he stopped at a store and bought a dog whip. I asked him what that was for and he replied laughingly: `That's for you, dear.' I thought he was joking, but no sooner were we in his apartment and the door locked than his entire demeanor changed. A wild expression came into his eyes and he seized me and with his whip beat me until my clothes hung in tatters."

The most bizarre ploys were used by the defense to create hatred for White and glean sympathy for the "befuddled" Thaw. One story related how a medium had conducted a seance on July 5, 1906, and that a "spirit from beyond appeared to insist that he, a long-departed soul named Johnson, had guided Harry Thaw's hand" and the spirit was the true killer of Stanford White, not Thaw!

Famed Los Angeles criminal defense attorney Delphin M. Delmas, called the "Napoleon of the West," was hired for a fortune by Mrs. William Thaw to save her son's life.

Finally, on January 21, 1907, Thaw was brought to trial. Thaw himself took the stand to appear penitent and remorseful, saying: "I never wanted to shoot that man. I never wanted to kill him ... Providence took charge of the situation." Apparently Thaw had read the account of the seance and was now pinning the blame on the spirits. Delmas and his battery of lawyers insisted Thaw was not in his right mind when he killed White, that he suffered from "dementia Americana," a neurosis coined by Thaw's attorneys who explained that such a mental malady was singularly American, one wherein American males believed that every man's wife was sacred and if she were violated, he would become unbalanced, striking out in a murderous rage.

District Attorney Jerome fought back against this psychological gobbledygook, cross-examining Evelyn Nesbit

Harry Thaw, right, in 1908, after a jury found him not guilty by reason of insanity; he was sent to the New York State Asylum for the Criminally Insane at Matteawan.

with dogmatic persistence. He asked about the character of her husband and her replies were so explicit that she insisted on whispering her answers to him. Her responses were later whispered for the court reporter recording the trial transcript and then her sordid stories were shown in printed form to the jury members. By then, however, the jury believed that Stanford White was a beast in human form and deserved to die, that he had ruined the lives of dozens of young women and that Thaw, who was unhinged at the time of the shooting, was merely doing what any noble-minded American male would do, taking vengeance for wronged women all over the U.S.

By April 11, 1907, the jury was deadlocked. Its members could not agree, seven holding for conviction, five others insisting on a not guilty vote. Thaw was tried again, and, on February 1, 1908, he was found not guilty "by reason of insanity." This was the verdict Delmas had sought. His client would not face the electric chair. Thaw was sent to the New York State Asylum for the Criminally Insane at Matteawan, New York, ordered to remain there for life.

When Mrs. Thaw's millions could not move the courts to release her son, she reportedly financed Thaw's escape on August 17, 1913. Thaw was escorted through unlocked doors to freedom, where a limousine was waiting for him. He was

Evelyn Nesbit with second husband, dancer Jack Clifford in 1915; she attempted to revive her theatrical career, but her star had faded and she was later reduced to sideshow attractions.

driven to Canada and a luxury apartment. The U.S. State Department brought heavy pressure against Canadian officials to have Thaw returned to the U.S. and he was finally turned over, but he was placed in a Concord, New Hampshire, jail where, as had been the case in the New York Tombs while he awaited his trials, Thaw dined on catered meals and was offered every convenience and comfort. His lawyers battled extradition to New York until December 1914 when they secured another trial for the murderer.

Harry Thaw, shown upon his release from an asylum for the criminally insane, sailing for Europe on the *Aquatania*; he had escaped in 1913 from Matteawan, and was shielded by his mother until he was recaptured.

Thaw and Nesbit are shown at a brief re-union in 1925, but their conversation was strained; Thaw died in 1947 and Nesbit, after struggling with alcohol and drugs and performing small parts in B-movies, died in a Hollywood nursing home in 1967.

Farley Granger, playing Thaw, holds a revolver high above his head after shooting Stanford White (played by Ray Milland, slumped at table) at Madison Square Garden in the 1955 film, *The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing*.

In the third trial, the same evidence and testimony was examined, but the jury, on July 16, 1915, returned a verdict of not guilty and also stated that Thaw was no longer insane and urged his release. He was set free. In 1916, Thaw was back in the news, accused of kidnapping, beating, and sexually molesting 19-year-old Frederick B. Gump. He was arrested, jailed, and went through another trial, where he was declared insane. Another hearing was held and Thaw was declared sane and the charges were dropped. It was reported that Thaw's mother had bestowed more than $500,000 on the Gump family to convince them to drop the charges. Thaw then resumed his eccentric lifestyle, buying his way through life. He died in February 1947 of a heart attack, a wizened, shrunken creature of seventy-six.

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw had her moment of glory and infamy during the Thaw trial and for some years afterward. She was abandoned by the Thaw family, who reportedly bought her off. She later appeared as a vaudeville attraction, billed as "the girl in the red velvet swing." In 1915, though she had long been divorced by the irresponsible Thaw, Nesbit insisted that her newly born son was Thaw's child, that she had bribed guards at Matteawan to allow her into Thaw's rooms for a night of bliss. Thaw angrily denied this and his parentage. His lawyers reportedly paid her off and she, like Nan Patterson before her, faded from the limelight.

THE MURDERING FORTUNE-HUNTER/1909

Dr. Bennett Clarke Hyde (b.1869) was an opportunistic physician who reportedly tried to wipe out an entire family through systematic poisoning. At age forty, the tall, good-looking Hyde was married to the niece of Thomas Swope, the richest man in Kansas City, Missouri. Hyde was the medical adviser to the Swope family and lived in Swope's huge mansion. Swope, in 1909, was eighty-two and in ill health. He appointed James Hunton, an old family friend, as executor of his will and estate.

Hyde realized that to control the Swope millions, he would have to position himself in Hunton's role. When Hunton fell ill in September 1909, Hyde treated him, or, more specifically, mistreated him by using an ancient cure-all advocated by doctors. He bled Hunton to "purify" his blood. In truth, Hyde simply bled the old man to death and then attributed the cause of his death to apoplexy, signing Hunton's death certificate himself.

Swope was so overwhelmed by the death of his good friend that he himself grew ill and Dr. Hyde tended to him. A nurse attending to Swope later reported that Dr. Hyde took her aside one day and said to her: "Now that Hunton is dead, Mr. Swope will require a new administrator for his estate. I think it would be a good idea if you suggested to Mr. Swope that I take over those duties." The nurse refused, telling Hyde that it was not her place to make such suggestions. Hyde then went into Swope's bedroom and gave him a number of pills. In a few minutes, Swope's pallor turned a marked blue and his skin was cold to the touch, according to the nurse.

"I wish I hadn't taken those pills!" Swope cried out to the nurse.

Hyde told the nurse to leave the millionaire's room, ordering her to boil some water. When she returned with the water about ten minutes later, she saw Hyde covering Swope's face with a bed sheet. "He's gone, poor soul," the doctor told her.

"What? Already?" The nurse checked Swope's pulse. There was none. He was dead and the nurse found it hard to believe that the patient could have died in such a short amount of time, especially from the symptoms he had manifested.

"At that age, they can go quickly." Dr. Hyde told her. He then added that the cause of death was apoplexy, the same malady that had also ended Hunton's life. Swope's millions were then distributed to several nephews and nieces. Mrs. Frances Hyde received more than $250,000, of which her husband immediately took control. Though that was a great fortune for the day, Dr. Hyde meant to obtain the rest of the Swope millions.

Four of the five nephews and nieces were quickly stricken by what their doctor diagnosed as attacks of typhoid. Christian Swope, one of the nephews, died in November 1909, while being tended by Hyde in the old Swope mansion, but the others recovered. Hyde reported the death as a result of typhoid. The family nurse, who had held deep suspicions about Dr. Hyde, went to Frances Hyde and told her: "People are being murdered in this house."

Instead of becoming alarmed, the devoted spouse angrily fired the nurse and then reported the nurse's statements to the

Dr. Bennett Clarke Hyde, who thought to systematically kill all the wealthy Swope family members of Kansas City, Missouri, to gain a huge inheritance; he was charged with murder in 1910.

Frances Swope Hyde was the only member of the Swope family who believed in her husband's innocence and remained at his side through four long trials.

family lawyer, which brought suspicion upon Hyde himself. The lawyer cautioned Mrs. Hyde to employ another doctor to tend to the still-living nieces and nephews. Another doctor was brought in and he consulted with a bacteriologist, who reported that there were no typhoid germs in the family's water supply system. Hyde no longer tended to the sick Swope relatives and they quickly recovered.

While under suspicion, Hyde began taking long walks at night and was followed on one of these nocturnal sojourns. He was seen taking something from his pocket, which he crushed into a mound of snow. The object, a capsule, was retrieved by the person following the doctor; it proved to contain grains of potassium cyanide, a deadly poison. Family members went to the police and a full-scale investigation ensued. The bodies of Hunton and Swope were exhumed and were found to contain strychnine and cyanide. Hyde had cleverly poisoned both men with the two poisons, knowing that each poison would disguise the symptoms of the other.

The physician was charged with murdering Swope and Hunton on February 9, 1910. The resulting trial made headlines coast to coast. Shocked readers learned how Hyde intended to murder off the entire Swope family to gain the family millions. Only Frances Hyde believed her husband innocent and she put up the money to cover the $100,000 bond to free her husband until the conclusion of his trial.

During the trial, a pharmacist testified that Hyde had purchased both strychnine and cyanide from him. At the time, said the pharmacist, Hyde said he needed these deadly poisons to get rid of wild dogs that had been "howling near my house and causing me no end of sleepless nights." Then Dr. L. Stewart, a bacteriologist, testified that Hyde had come to him, stating that he intended to take up the study of bacteriology and, for that purpose, he needed typhoid germs.

Stewart gave these cultures to Hyde but, a short time later, he grew nervous about releasing such dangerous germs to Hyde and went to Hyde's home, asking that the cultures be returned. Hyde told him that, unfortunately, he had dropped the glass slides containing these cultures and that he had thrown them out for fear of contamination. This was only a few days before Christian Swope died of typhoid.

Such damning testimony brought a verdict of guilty after a month-long trial. Dr. Hyde was given a life term but, before leaving for prison, the physician turned to reporters and used his greatest weapon, his wife, who was convinced of his innocence. "This case is not closed," Hyde told members of the press with a smug smile. "My wife Frances will not forsake me. She knows that this is a plot by certain members of the Swope family to get rid of me. They have hated me from the start, thought of me as an interloper. Yes, Frances will know what to do."

Frances Swope Hyde remained loyal to her murderous husband, as he knew she would. She hired the most expensive and talented lawyers available and they bombarded the courts with every known appeal. Mrs. Hyde went so far as to hire a publicist, who spread the news that the Swope family had formed a conspiracy to defame her husband. By that time, Mrs. Hyde had denounced her entire family and had vowed her undying loyalty to her imprisoned husband.

Mrs. Hyde's lawyers found some technical errors in her husband's trial and convinced the Supreme Court of Kansas to order a new trial in 1911. At the end of this trial, one juror grew ill and the proceedings were declared a mistrial. This juror's ailments were never disclosed and it was claimed that he was bribed to feign sickness. A third trial ended in a hung jury. It was again claimed that Mrs. Hyde's money was used to bribe several members of this jury to bring about a hung jury.

Hyde was sent to trial a fourth time in 1917, and this trial, like the two before it, had been the systematic plan of Hyde's clever lawyers. As soon as this trial commenced they moved to have their client released, pointing out a rule of law that stated that their client had gone to trial three times and, according to existing laws, could not be tried a fourth time.

Dr. Bennett Clarke Hyde was released and went to live with his wife. He no longer practiced medicine. Almost a decade later, Mrs. Hyde separated from her husband. She had complained to him one day of a stomach ache and he told her that he would prepare a special medicine for her. At that juncture, Mrs. Hyde thought it was time she left her husband, preferring the treatment of another doctor and, apparently, the preservation of her own life.

THE MURDER OF A CHAMPION/ October 15, 1910

Acting out of jealousy over a woman's affections, Walter Kurtz shot and killed possibly the greatest middleweight boxer in history. Stanley Ketchel, born Stanislaus Kaicel on Sept. 14, 1886, in Grand Rapids, Michigan, earned the nickname of the "Michigan Assassin" early in his career. After running away from home at the age of sixteen, Ketchel worked his way west doing menial labor on the railroad and in mining camps. Before he could accomplish his dream of becoming a cowboy, he discovered a talent for fighting. Ketchel's temper frequently got him into fights which he invariably won.

In Butte, Mont., in 1903, Ketchel got his big chance. The Big Casino saloon management offered a $50 purse to anyone who could defeat the local champion, Kid Tracey. Tracey's reputation was such that Ketchel was the only opponent. Although Tracey and everyone else discounted the slightly built, teenaged opponent, Ketchel knocked Tracey out in the first round.

After this first formal victory, Ketchel traveled throughout Montana racking up victory after victory. He had a particularly vicious style in the ring, which he achieved by imagining that his opponent had insulted his mother, for whom Ketchel bore a deep affection. His "maniacal" style, however, gained him fifty-nine wins in sixty-three fights in his professional career, forty-nine by knockouts. He won the middleweight championship in 1908, by beating Jack Sullivan. He lost this crown in the same year to Billy Papke on a foul, but reclaimed the title in the same year by beating Papke to a pulp.

Within a year, Ketchel fought what many thought was the greatest fight of his career, one arranged by his manager, Wilson Mizner. The only prizefighter of note that Ketchel had not yet fought and beaten was heavyweight champion

Tenacious prizefighter Stanley Ketchel became middleweight champion in 1908.

Jack Johnson. Ketchel agreed to fight Johnson even though Johnson outweighed Ketchel by forty pounds. Johnson scoffed at the smaller man and refused to train for the fight, expecting to win easily.

To his surprise, the fight went into the twelfth round before Ketchel finally succumbed to one of Johnson's powerful punches. During that fierce battle, Ketchel's savage onslaught all but devastated the black champion. At one point, Ketchel landed a right cross that rocked Johnson and sent him crashing to the canvas. (Johnson later stated that Ketchel's punch was the hardest he ever received.) He barely managed to evade a ten-count. Johnson stood up and furiously attacked Ketchel, almost cartwheeling (as motion pictures of this classic fight show) across the ring to land his own knockout blow on Ketchel's chin.

Although Ketchel went on to win a few more fights, the Johnson fight had ruined his health. In the fall of 1910, he traveled to Conway, Missouri, to stay at a ranch owned by R. P. Dickerson, a close friend. Once there, Ketchel became involved with Goldie Smith, the buxom, blonde ranch cook. Smith was also involved with one of the ranch hands, Walter Kurtz, actually a Navy deserter whose real name was Walter Dipley. Smith told Ketchel that Kurtz had been her lover before Ketchel had arrived at the ranch and that she was worried he might become violent over their affair.

"I'm not worrying about that stiff," Ketchel said.

Kurtz, however, planned lethal revenge and, on the morning of October 15, 1910, entered the ranch's dining room, where Ketchel was having his breakfast. He pointed a rifle at the champion and shouted: "Throw up your hands!"

Ketchel glared at the ranch hand and then waved him off, saying: "Beat it, you bum!"

"You may be a prizefighter," replied Kurtz, "but you can't come down here and insult my woman without paying for it!"

Ketchel started to rise from his chair when Kurtz fired a single shot from the rifle, the bullet striking the fighter in the back, mortally wounding him. Ketchel fell to the floor and Kurtz went to him, rifling the victim's pockets and taking $2,000 in cash he knew Ketchel always carried. He slipped Ketchel's diamond ring from his finger and then fled. Ketchel was taken to a hospital in Springfield, Missouri, where he died that night.

Kurtz, who had fled on foot to a nearby farmhouse, was captured by a farmer who held a shotgun on him until police arrived. He mounted a weak defense at his trial, saying to a jury: "Well, I told Ketchel to throw up his hands and I had to shoot him when he did not obey." He was convicted and sentenced to prison for life, but was paroled in 1934.

The death of Stanley Ketchel was widely mourned; many thought him to be the greatest fighter who ever entered a boxing ring. His body was taken home to his mother and buried in the family plot outside of Grand Rapids, Michigan. His manager and friend, Wilson Mizner, learned of Ketchel's murder with shock and disbelief. Mizner wept, then said: "That darling kid can't be dead. Start counting over him—he'll get up!"

Ketchel, left, is shown meeting heavyweight champion Jack Johnson, center, before a classic fight in Coloma, California on October 16, 1909; Ketchel was murdered by a jealous ranch hand the following year.

"HERE YOU GO! HERE I GO!"/ JANUARY 23, 1911

Fitzhugh Coyle Goldsborough (1880-1911) was born into a wealthy Philadelphia family and had two interests in life: reading popular sentimental novels and doting on his socially ambitious sister. If Goldsborough ever heard his father chastise his sister for some slight offense, Fitzhugh would rush to her defense, threatening his father with physical harm if he so much as laid a hand on the girl. His father and mother excused these outbursts, believing their high-strung son was simply overprotective of his sister and they interpreted his pathological obsession with his sister's welfare as deep affection. But there was a strain of madness in their volatile son.

In 1911, a novel by David Graham Phillips, *The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig*, captured Goldsborough's overactive imagination. The story concerned a selfish, egocentric young woman of the leisure class, a character with whom Goldsborough and his sister both believed to be the sister, though they had no reason to believe that Phillips knew her.

Phillips was a rising star in the New York literary world. Born in Indiana, he had attended Princeton before becoming a reporter for the New York *World*. Phillips once said that, given the choice, he would "rather be a reporter than president." He attained success with such best-sellers as *The Great God Success*, and had, at age forty-three, just finished another book, *Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise* (published posthumously in 1917 and thought by critics to be a minor masterpiece, which was brought to the screen in a fine 1931 film starring Greta Garbo and Clark Gable) when he encountered Goldsborough in New York's Gramercy Park on January 23, 1911.

Before that fatal moment, Goldsborough had concluded from the Phillips' novel he had been reading that the writer had purposely wronged his sister. He never bothered to learn whether or not Phillips even knew the girl (he had never met her) before he set out to murder the novelist.

Phillips had stepped out of his Gramercy Park apartment to mail a new short story to the *Saturday Evening Post* when Goldsborough approached him. The withered, poorly-dressed young Goldsborough could have been mistaken for a tramp, and Phillips reached into his pocket for a few pennies to give to Goldsborough.

Goldsborough took a few steps backward, refusing the handout and startling the writer, who noticed a wild look in his blinking eyes. The young man suddenly produced a pistol and shouted: "Here you go!" He moved his arm in an arc, describing a purposefully-made circle in the air, firing a pattern of shots designed to hit the victim in several fatal areas of his body, striking Phillips from the chest to the knees.

Seconds later, without looking at Phillips, who had fallen

Fitzhugh Coyle Goldsborough, the pampered, unbalanced son of a wealthy Philadelphia family, who murdered a man he never knew in 1911 over an insult that he imagined.

Novelist David Graham Phillips, who was fatally shot by Goldsborough in New York's Gramercy Park over an imagined insult he had written in one of his books.

Opposite page left: Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in the 1932 film, *Susan Lenox—Her Fall and Rise*, based upon the Phillips' novel, which was published six years after he was murdered by Goldsborough.

to the ground and was writhing in pain, Goldsborough turned the gun on himself. To startled passersby, he shouted: "Here I go!" and placed the pistol to his temple, firing a single shot that blew away part of his head.

Phillips was carried to the Princeton Club, where he lay on a sofa only a few feet from where Stanford White's coffin had been placed in an elaborate funeral following White's murder by another social elitist and madman, Harry Thaw. Removed to Bellevue Hospital, doctors at first believed that Phillips would survive his wounds. He could not explain the reason why Goldsborough had shot him, but told police from his sickbed that on the morning of the shooting he had received a strange telegram signed with his own name, one that made no sense to him, but he presumed that it had been sent by the deranged Goldsborough.

Police later learned the real motive for the murder when Goldsborough's parents came forward to explain their son's peculiar obsession with *The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig*. By then it mattered little, since Phillips was dead, having taken a turn for the worse the day after the shooting. Before he died, the promising and robust author told physicians: "I can fight two wounds, but not six."

THE DENTIST AND THE PECK MILLIONS/ 1916

Like the methodical Dr. Bennett Clarke Hyde before him, Dr. Warren Waite, a practicing dentist, was a patient slayer in eliminating his in-laws in order to obtain their fortune. Born in Grand Rapids, Michigan to struggling farmers, Waite looked covetously upon the richest family in town as his exclusive prey. He dated Clara Louisa Peck through high school and continued his relationship while he was a student at the University of Michigan, where he studied dental surgery. After going to Europe to continue his studies, Waite maintained a prolonged and passionate correspondence with Clara Peck, whose father was John E. Peck, a lumber king and worth millions.

The local papers in Michigan, as was the editorial custom of small-town papers, dutifully reported Waite's progress, noting that he had graduated from the University of Glasgow with honors and had gone on to practice his dentistry on the mouths of the mighty, until he was appointed the chief dentist to the most powerful mining corporation in South Africa. Clara Peck had remained faithful throughout the travels and travails of the wandering dentist and was overjoyed at the news that he would soon be returning home to Grand Rapids.

Waite appeared in town on Christmas Day, 1914. He promptly resumed his love affair with Clara Peck, despite the objections of her wealthy father, who thought the prospective

Michigan heiress Clara Louisa Peck, who married the handsome Arthur Warren Waite in 1915, little knowing that her husband intended to murder her parents in order to gain their fortune.

Tall and charming, Dr. Arthur Warren Waite had schemed to marry Clara Peck before embarking on his insidious plan of murder, creating a fake past as a successful dentist in Europe.

Mrs. John E. Peck, Waite's mother-in-law, visited her daughter and son-in-law; Waite administered lethal bacterial doses to the elderly woman, while he sang her favorite tunes at her deathbed.

Lumber tycoon John E. Peck, who also visited his daughter and solicitous son-in-law, and met the same fate as his wife on March 12, 1916, also dosed to death with deadly bacteria.

son-in-law too ambitious. Nevertheless, the couple married on September 9, 1915. Peck gave the newlyweds a lavishly appointed, rent-free apartment on Manhattan's Riverside Drive and an allowance of three hundred dollars a month. Waite appeared to set up his dental practice, but he spent most of his time playing tennis and having little time for his wife. Clara Peck Waite was more than patient. When her parents objected to Waite's time-wasting, Clara sprang to her husband's defense, writing to her father: "But he has his profession and his tennis. He's Metropolitan Amateur champion. Isn't that wonderful?"

The enterprising Waite, however, was not playing that much tennis. He spent most of his time carrying on a torrid affair with Margaret Weaver Horton, the wife of Henry Mack Horton, a distinguished aeronautical engineer. To keep the beauteous, raven-haired Mrs. Horton in style (their trysting was elitist, confined to the uppercrust Plaza Hotel), Waite needed money, much more than his in-laws had bestowed upon him. He had carped about money even on his wedding night, shouting at Clara that the apartment and monthly allowance amounted to a pittance. "I expected fifty thousand dollars outright!" he had roared.

There were other ways than working to obtain the necessary funds to finance his affair with Mrs. Horton, the dentist reasoned. He would murder the Pecks and the inheritance of their fortune would fall to his wife and subsequently come under his control. (In this regard, Waite almost duplicated the modus operandi of Dr. Bennett Clarke Hyde. In fact their cases are so similar as to suggest that Waite had studied the Hyde case in detail and decided to employ Hyde's murder methods, but avoiding the pitfalls that ensnared that 1909 killer.)

Waite suddenly missed the company of his in-laws, and invited Mrs. Peck to visit him and her daughter in New York, staying in their apartment. She arrived on January 10, 1916. Ten days later she was dead. Her sudden death shocked the family, but it was fondly remembered how Waite had shown his mother-in-law every kindness during her brief and fatal illness. He had brought the sick woman flowers every day, and provided footwarmers. He played her favorite tunes on a record machine and crooned to her in his fine tenor voice. His consideration extended to detailed funeral preparations, which included a prompt cremation, in order, Waite compassionately explained, to avoid a drawn-out funeral that might vex grieving family members.

John Peck was appreciative of his son-in-law's kind treatment of his ailing wife and began to tell his associates how considerate his son-in-law had become. So impressed with Waite was the lumber tycoon that he agreed to stay in New York with his daughter and her husband. In less than a month, on March 12, 1916, he, too, was dead. Again, Waite urged cremation, but this time Clara and her brother, Percy Peck, objected, saying that their father's body had to be shipped back to Grand Rapids, where he would be given a funeral befitting one of the state's leaders of industry. The Waites accompanied the body to Michigan, but Waite was too busy to remain long, returning to New York to attend to his burgeoning dental business, which really amounted to no more than a few disgruntled patients.

In Waite's absence, Percy Peck received a telegram from someone named "K. Adams," which read: "Suspicions aroused. Demand autopsy. Examine body." Peck was already suspicious and had for some time believed his brother-in-law was less than an honorable man. He had his father's body examined, doctors discovering that the old man's intestines were loaded with arsenic and chloroform had been found in the dead man's brain tissue. Percy Peck tried in vain to convince his sister that her husband was a plotting murderer whose only aim was to acquire the Peck fortune through eliminating its family members.

"I won't think of it," Mrs. Waite stated emphatically.

"Clara," her brother said, "don't you honestly think Warren killed Mama and Papa?"

"Nonsense," replied Clara. "He wouldn't have poisoned them. He loved them too much."

At this family gathering, Clara's maiden aunt, Mrs. Catherine Peck, rushed to Waite's defense, pointing out that her wonderful nephew-in-law "neither drinks or swears. I like him so well I gave him a three thousand dollar wedding present." She added that she also gave Waite thirty thousand dollars to invest in the stock market. Clara Peck Waite, however, was in for a shock when learning that New York police

Mrs. Elizabeth Hardwicke (left, shown with Clara Peck), a distant Peck relative, sent a telegram under the alias of "K. Adams," urging authorities to examine John Peck's body.

New York police experts are shown examining Waite's test tubes and microscopic slides in the dentist's apartment; they found the deadly typhoid and anthrax germs Waite had used to murder his in-laws.

Embalmer Eugene Oliver Kane (his bowler hat tilted to hide his face from news photographers) is shown with his wife after being arrested for putting arsenic into the veins of John Peck, in order to disguise Waite's lethal germ doses.

examiners had discovered an atomizer used by Dr. Waite, one that was filled with typhoid and anthrax germs. Mrs. Elizbeth Hardwicke, a distant Peck relative, then told NYPD detectives that she had seen Waite on several times in the company of the attractive Mrs. Horton. Mrs. Hardwicke had come to believe that Waite intended to murder the entire Peck family in order to gain the Peck fortune so that he could then live in luxury with the beguiling Mrs. Horton. It was Mrs. Hardwicke who had sent the mysterious telegram to Percy Peck. She also detailed her murder theory to the police, who embraced her story and arrested Waite for murder.

Waite laughed uproariously when handcuffed and taken to a police lockup, saying to detectives: "Why, the thing is too absurdly amusing to even discuss it."

It was not amusing to investigators, who then learned that Waite had tried to use his germ-laden atomizer on Clara Peck. She had refused to inhale the atomizer several times at Waite's urging after she contracted a slight cold. Before that time, Waite had convinced her to revise her will, one in which she left her entire estate of a half million dollars "to my beloved Warren." Investigators learning of this quickly concluded that although she never made any statements to the effect, Mrs. Waite had grown suspicious of her overly solicitous husband.

Detectives then detained Oliver Eugene Kane, the timid and frightened embalmer, who had prepared John Peck's body. He broke down immediately, blurting: "Waite told me that the D. A. was going to ask me for a specimen of my embalming fluid. He asked me if I could put some arsenic in it. I said I couldn't because it's against the law to put arsenic in embalming fluid." The quivering and quaking little embalmer then told detectives that Waite had thrust nine thousand dollars into his hand. "I-I—kept the money," Kane said. "I was so scared I buried it out in the sand at Orient Point on the tip of Long Island. But I didn't put any arsenic in the fluid."

Confronted with Kane's statements, Waite confessed, but not before swallowing a handful of sleeping pills in a frantic suicide attempt. A detective stuck his fingers down the dentist's throat, causing him to vomit, then go into a dead faint. When revived, Warren Waite took another tack, claiming insanity. He screamed: "A bad man from Egypt dwells in my body! He makes me do bad things! He struggles for possession of my soul!"

Waite then abandoned this position and gave the police a long and coherent confession. His life had been nothing more than a sham, he said. He had graduated from the University of Michigan by using another student's work. He had forged his postgraduate certificate at Glasgow and had secretly written and mailed reports of his sterling career in Europe, which the local papers printed without challenge. He had done all of this, he said, as part of an elaborate plan to obtain the Peck fortune, one which he coveted since his impoverished boyhood. That plan, Waite admitted, involved the murder of each and every Peck relative.

While working at New York's Flower Hospital, Waite explained, he stole drugs, and collected deadly bacterial slides. He droned in chilling detail: "In November 1915, to test my knowledge and to test the effect of germs, I inoculated myself with cultures of anthrax, typhoid, and pneumonia. By the time

Dr. Arthur Warren Waite (center) is shown under arrest, charged with the murders of his in-laws.

Defiant and smug, Waite, center, stands outside the courtroom where he had been convicted and sentenced to death; he went to the electric chair on May 1, 1917.

Mrs. Peck arrived in January 1916, I was ready for her." He went on to say that he sprayed Mrs. Peck's food with anthrax and typhus germs, and, when she fell ill, pretended to administer curative drugs by spraying her throat with deadly germs—typhoid, influenza, anthrax, diphtheria, and tuberculosis, plus giving her powdered sleeping tablets each night. "It took just ten days," the killer gloated.

The same routine was practiced on John Peck, but he proved too tough. To hurry the old man's demise, Waite put damp sheets on Peck's bed and let him lie in drafts. He burned flypaper and left open containers of chlorine gas in Peck's bedroom. Still, the tycoon did not die. "Finally, I resorted to arsenic," Waite said. "Even that didn't kill the old fellow. On the last night, I tied a rag soaked with chloroform over my father-in-law's face and I held it in place with a pillow until he was dead."

Waite was not finished, adding as if an afterthought: "Oh, yes, Aunt Catherine. I tried to kill her, too." He grinned at the grim-faced detectives—in fact he had been grinning throughout his entire confession—then stated: "I kept her car windows open when I took her riding. I put ground glass in her marmalade, but she thought it was sand and returned it to the grocer."

"Are you crazy?" one of the detectives asked Waite.

"I think not," Waite replied calmly, "unless it is crazy to want money."

Tried and convicted, Waite was sentenced to death. Upon hearing this sentence in court, he sighed, then exclaimed: "What a relief!"

Warren Waite, poor boy gone wrong from the start, sauntered to the electric chair on May 1, 1917. He sat down calmly in the death seat. As electrodes were affixed to the shaved areas of his body, he looked about and with his last words commented: "Is this all there is to it?"

MURDER AT THE SAVOY/July 19, 1923

Frenchwoman Marie-Marguerite Laurient (b. 1891) began her affair with Egyptian Prince Ali Kamel Fahmy Bey in May 1922 in Paris, following her divorce from her first husband. The 23-year-old Prince Ali, attached to the French legation in Cairo, was extravagant and allegedly had a sadistic bent. It was rumored in Egypt that Ali was homosexual, but this was not in evidence when he passionately pursued Laurient, who had years before her marriage called herself Maggie Mellor. He was captivated by the elegant brunette divorcee, who was ten years his senior, and took her back to Cairo where he suggested they live together.

When Laurient balked, the prince proposed marriage, and Laurient accepted, but with conditions. A contract was drawn up that permitted her to wear western-style clothing and to divorce the prince at any time. In return, she would convert to the Muslim faith, thereby ensuring Ali's inheritance. But when the religious ceremony took place, Fahmy ordered the divorcee clause removed, allowing him to take three wives if he pleased.

Marguerite found Fahmy to be an abusive husband. He frequently beat her and assigned a houseboy to follow her throughout her day, even when she undressed. The couple traveled to London on July 10, 1923, and registered at the elegant Savoy Hotel. That night they quarreled bitterly about an operation Marguerite was scheduled to undergo. Prince Ali wanted it performed in London, but Marguerite insisted on travelling to Paris to have it done. While they ate supper in the hotel dining room, a band leader strolled by the table to take requests. "I don't want music," Marguerite told the band leader in French—she did not speak a word of English. "My husband has threatened to kill me tonight!"

The band leader thought the elegant-attired woman was making an amusing remark and suavely replied: "I hope you will still be here tomorrow, madame."

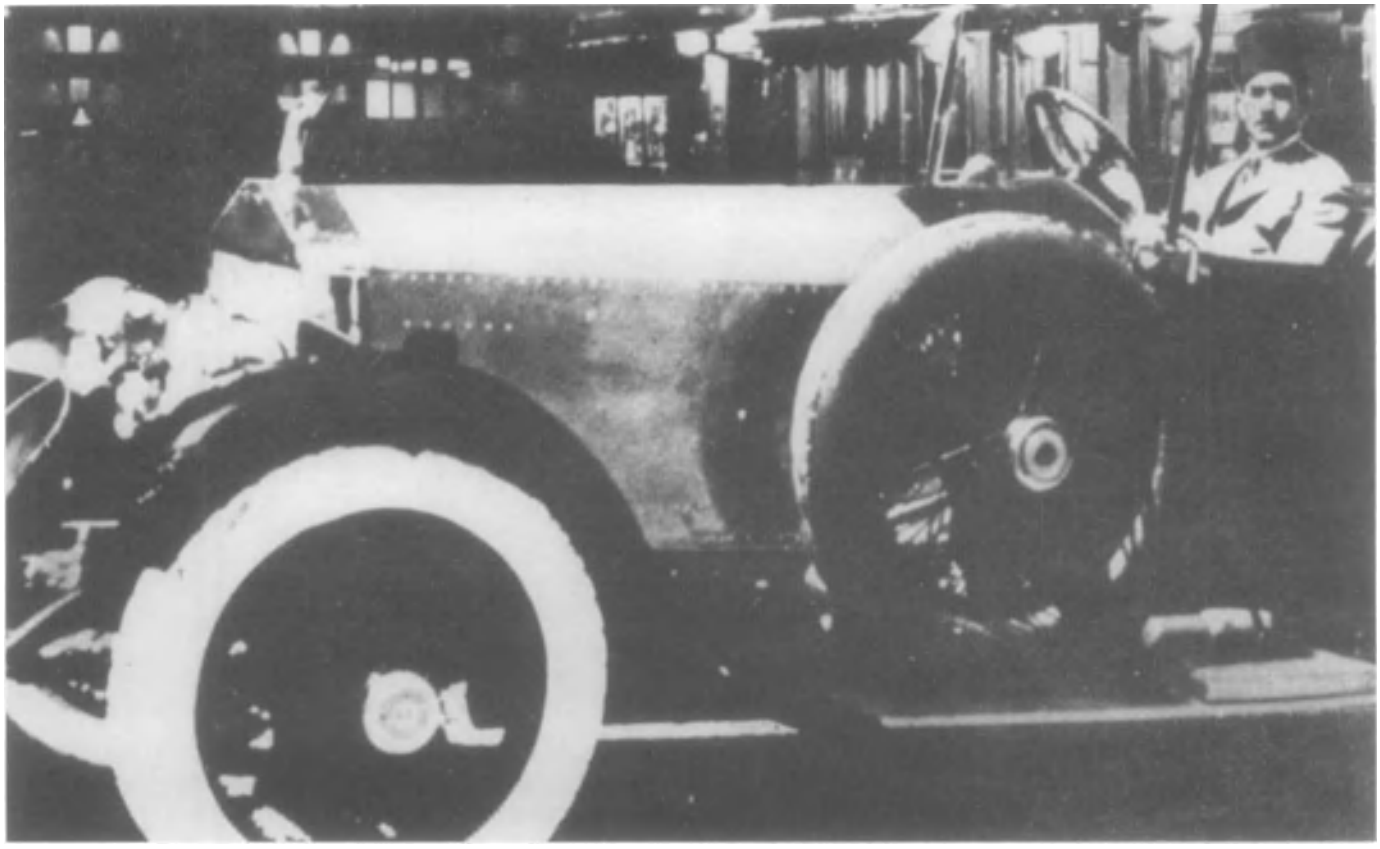
The couple retired to their suite at 1:30 a.m. A luggage porter passing their door a short time later saw Fahmy burst from the room in agitation, his face scratched. "Look at my face!" he shouted to the porter. "Look at what she has done!" But the porter only reminded him to keep quiet. Seconds later three shots rang out. The porter rushed to the room to find the prince lying on the floor of his suite.

The hotel manager was summoned. Princess Fahmy, tears running down her cheeks, had thoughts only for herself. As she stood next to her fallen husband, she said: "Oh, sir, I have been married six months, which has been torture for me. I have suffered terribly."

Wounded, Fahmy was taken to a hospital where he died a short time later. Princess Fahmy was charged with his murder. The lurid trial of Marguérite Fahmy opened in London's Central Criminal Court on September 10, 1923, before 49-year-old Mr. Justice Rigby Swift. The prosecution was headed by the redoubtable Percival Clarke. It was thought that the Fahmy case was open and shut, and that Princess Fahmy would soon be behind bars for life or, worse, go to the hangman. She was, however, represented by two of England's most able lawyers, Sir Edward Marshall Hall and Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett. Hall's defense was brilliant if unorthodox.

Hall portrayed the prince as a stalking brute whose entourage of perverts and degenerates had made Marguérite's life miserable, and who, on the night in question, tried to kill her. Hall had obtained a telling piece of evidence from the prison medical officer at Holloway Prison, where Princess Fahmy had been jailed, following her arrest. The physician stated that he examined the woman at that time and found three abrasions on the back of her neck, apparently caused by a man's hand. Fahmy had tried to strangle his wife on the night of the shooting, Hall said, and she had simply defended her life when her lethal husband advanced toward her with gun in hand, wrestling the gun away from him and then pulling the trigger of the Browning .32-caliber pistol.

In a chilling recreation, Hall took the actual murder weapon and demonstrated the shooting for the benefit of the jury. For an instant he pointed the weapon at the jury, acting out the role of Prince Ali, who had reportedly advanced on his wife in a threatening manner. Hall crouched and snarled and hissed in a convincing imitation of the murderous Fahmy. The hushed courtroom then watched Hall drop the gun to the floor. The lawyer later insisted that that part was an accident, but it had a powerful effect on the jury, which returned a verdict of not guilty after only an hour's deliberation. The jurors all but ignored the fact that Princess Fahmy had shot her husband at point-blank range.



Prince Fahmy Bey, shown in his Rolls Royce outside London's posh Savoy Hotel, where he was shot to death by his attractive wife in 1923.

Princess Marguerite Fahmy, reportedly an abused wife, who stood accused of murdering her sadistic husband in a sensational trial.

The brilliant Sir Edward Marshall Hall, who won an acquittal for Princess Fahmy, a victory that added greatly to his illustrious legal career.

The acquittal of Princess Fahmy created a sensation in England and on throughout Europe. Hall's defense had been laced with prejudice in depicting Egyptian culture as uncivilized and catering to myriad perversions and that the murder victim was a millionaire "Oriental" who preyed upon Western women to degrade them and destroy their values of decency. Criticized for such conduct, Hall defended himself, saying: "The only thing that I remember saying that might be misunderstood was that it was a mistake for Western woman to marry Eastern man, and his idea of his rights toward a wife were those of possession instead of mutual alliance."

Princess Fahmy enjoyed the limelight for the next few years, even appearing in some minor French films. Oddly, the sloe-eyed, sultry woman enacted in one movie the role of an Egyptian wife, the very role model she had resisted in real life to the point of homicide.

"THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY"/ May 21, 1924

Although the calculating and coldblooded murder committed by Nathan F. Leopold, Jr. (1906-1971) and Richard A. Loeb (1907-1936) was labeled a kidnapping, it had little or nothing to do with abducting anyone for ransom or sexual satisfaction. It was merely a devise, a clever ruse to shroud the real but murky intent of the killers, which was murder in its most fiendish conception. Their unconscionable act was heralded by a sensation-hungry press as "the crime of the century," but that grim appellative would later be applied to the 1932 Lindbergh kidnapping (see chapter on Kidnapping), and the perplexing assassination of U.S. President John F. Kennedy in 1963 (see chapter on Assassination). In 1924, however, the crime committed by Leopold and Loeb stunned the nation, shocked the world and resulted in one of the most dramatic criminal trials on record in the worldwide community of man.

Richard Loeb as a boy in his cowboy costume, brandishing a six-shooter, and a fierce image that latter-day psychiatrists interpreted as inherent aggression.

Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb were the products of great wealth, two brilliant students, who had been allowed to expand their personalities and intelligence at will without having to work or worry about money. They had, since early childhood, been given everything, and as a result, they indulged their fantasies as their millionaire parents had satisfied their childish cravings. These two University of Chicago students, brilliant by comparison to other youths their age, had proven themselves superior in all their pursuits.

The resplendent Loeb mansion in Chicago's Hyde Park, where Richard Loeb was spoiled by his millionaire parents, who ignored his odd behavior.

Leopold, with an estimated I.Q. of 200, had graduated from the University of Chicago at age eighteen, the youngest ever to do so. He spoke nine languages fluently and was an expert botanist and ornithologist. There was, however, little warmth in his home. Leopold lived in a loveless household. Money replaced affection. His father, Nathan Leopold, Sr., was a millionaire transport tycoon who assigned a governess to his son at an early age. Babe, as Leopold had been nicknamed, came under the supervision of a sexually disturbed woman who had the boy practice all sorts of sexual perversions with her, distorting his young mind.

Early on, the Leopolds noticed their son's reluctance to associate with girls and they unreasonably placed him in an all-girl's school to correct his attitude. The governess went with the boy, continuing to warp his sexual growth. Moreover, this strange situation caused Leopold to reject female companionship altogether. By the time Leopold graduated from college, his mother was dead and his father, as usual, compensated for the loss by showering his son with money. He gave his son $3,000 and sent him on a European tour.

When Leopold returned, he was given a new car and a $125-a-week allowance and then ignored. Leopold immersed himself in the works of Friedrich Nietzsche, advocate of the superman concept. But the youth was anything but the physical ideal. He was stoop-shouldered and undersized. He had an overactive thyroid gland and he was physically unattractive with huge, bulging eyes and a weak chin. He was a sexual deviate at age fourteen, when he met Richard Loeb, another early-aged homosexual.

Loeb was later to fulfill Leopold's concept of the superman. He was also the son of a millionaire, and like Leopold,

The Leopold mansion in Hyde Park, where Nathan Leopold's millionaire parents indulged his whims and left him to his own strange pursuits.

The mansion in Hyde Park, which was the home of Bobby Franks, the randomly selected murder victim of Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold.

had been spoiled with gifts and money since childhood. At thirteen, Loeb became Leopold's sexual master and continued to dominate him until they sought what they considered the ultimate thrill, that of murder. Loeb was always the leader. He grew up a tall, handsome, and clever youth. He was a charming and captivating conversationalist.

Loeb's father was a senior executive for Sears, Roebuck, and Co., and he bestowed a $250-a-week allowance on his son, a sum that amounted to twice that earned by most men during the early 1920s. Loeb also suffered from physical defects. He had a nervous tic, stuttered at times when nervous, and suffered fainting spells, which had been interpreted as petit mal epilepsy. He often talked of suicide with Leopold, and his character, beneath the glossy charm he showed to others, was decidedly morose and fatalistic.

A graduate of the University of Michigan at age seventeen, Loeb believed himself to be an excellent detective, and his most passionate daydream was to commit the perfect crime. He often talked of this with Leopold, who encouraged his superman theories with such a crime. The two not only satisfied each other in their sexual liaison, but they fed upon each other's egos and together believed themselves to be perfect human beings. The youths had two driving obsessions. With Leopold it was abnormal sex, and with Loeb, crime.

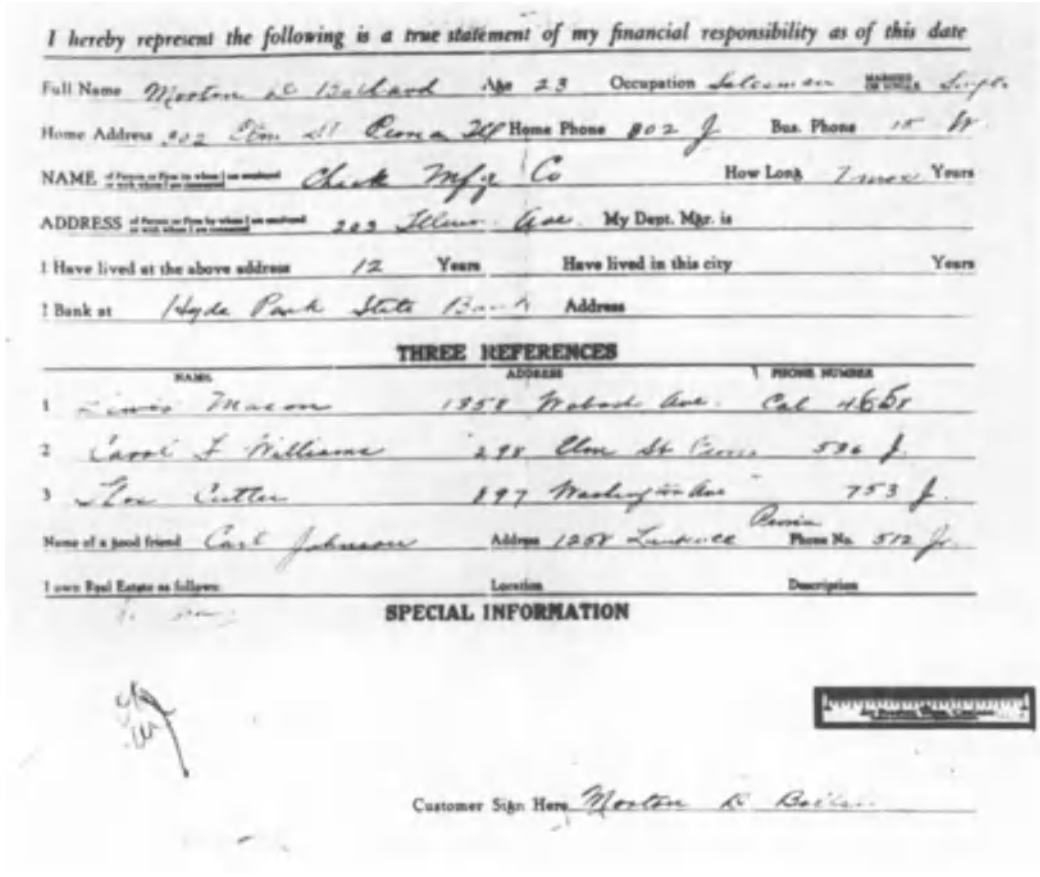
Leopold and Loeb were later termed by their own defense attorneys as "moral imbeciles." It was Loeb who led the pair into active crime. At first Leopold resisted the idea, but Loeb perversely withheld his sexual participation until Leopold agreed to commit crimes with him. They signed a mutual pact in which both agreed that they would support the other's needs, no matter how perverse, degenerate or amoral.

This agreement had been signed when Leopold was fourteen and Loeb was thirteen and the youths embarked on setting fires, touching off false fire alarms, committing petty thefts, and vandalizing the homes of their wealthy neighbors. They spent months creating an elaborate system in which they could expertly cheat while playing bridge, the game of the rich and socially esteemed, the very caste to which Leopold and Loeb belonged and which they held in high contempt, the same contempt they extended to the ignorant and uneducated. They constantly argued with each other, but neither formed friendships with other children. The arguments grew violent and Loeb beat up Leopold on several occasions. Both boys threatened to murder each other some day. Loeb laughed at this idea, saying he would kill himself before Leopold could murder him.

When Leopold told Loeb that he would be going on an extended tour of Europe, Loeb proposed that they commit a spectacular crime before Leopold's ship sailed. Leopold was reluctant, but Loeb appealed to his lover by cleverly positing the idea as worthy of Friedrich Nietzsche, Leopold's intellectual idol. Loeb wrote Leopold a note which read: "The superman is not liable for anything he may do, except for the one crime that it is possible for him to commit—to make a mistake." This prompted Leopold to reconsider Loeb's proposition. The most dangerous crime, the most serious crime, was the only type of crime that Loeb would consider and that, of course, was murder.

They would kidnap and kill someone, and then send a ransom note and collect money for a victim who was already dead, mocking the awful crime they meticulously planned to commit. They were utterly unconcerned with the identity of the victim, as long as that person came from wealthy parents, who could afford to pay the ransom.

Loeb took Leopold to his room and showed him a typewriter that he had stolen in November 1923 from the University of Michigan, when he graduated. Since this typewriter could not be traced to them, Loeb reasoned, the ransom note could be typed on it. The next step was to obtain a car that could be used for the kidnapping. Both boys knew, of course,



I hereby represent the following is a true statement of my financial responsibility as of this date

Full Name Morton D Ballard Age 23 Occupation Salesman Married or Single Single

Home Address 202 Elm St Peoria Ill Home Phone 802 J Bus. Phone 15 W

NAME of Person or Firm to whom I am employed Clark Mfg Co How Long 2 mos Years

ADDRESS of Person or Firm by whom I am employed 203 Illinois Ave My Dept. Mgr. is

I Have lived at the above address 12 Years Have lived in this city Years

I Bank at Hyde Park State Bank Address

THREE REFERENCES

	NAME	ADDRESS	PHONE NUMBER
1	Louis Mason	1958 Mohawk Ave.	Cal 4665
2	Carol F Williams	298 Elm St Peoria	596 J
3	Tom Cutler	197 Madison Ave	753 J

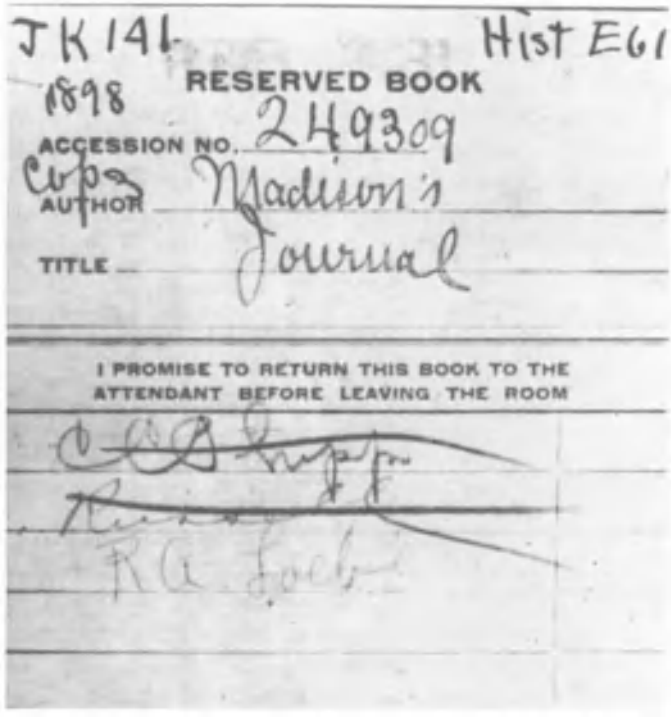
Name of a good friend Carl Johnson Address 1258 Lawrence Ave Peoria Phone No. 572 J

I own Real Estate as follows: Location Description

SPECIAL INFORMATION

Customer Sign Here Morton D Ballard

The contract for the rental of the murder car which Leopold signed, using the alias of Morton D. Ballard, a document later used against him.



JK 141 HIST E61

1898 RESERVED BOOK

ACCESSION NO. 249309

AUTHOR Corp Madison's

TITLE Journal

I PROMISE TO RETURN THIS BOOK TO THE ATTENDANT BEFORE LEAVING THE ROOM

R A Loeb

Richard Loeb's name appears on a library card that he mistakenly left at the Morrison Hotel, when he and Leopold checked in under assumed names, one of the many mistakes made by the killers.

that their own cars might be identified, so they established fake identities which would enable them to rent a car. This element of their plan was elaborate, but it provided the youths with some dramatic play-acting.

One spring morning in 1924, Leopold, using the alias of Morton D. Ballard, checked into Chicago's Morrison Hotel. He registered as a salesman from Peoria. He then went to the nearby Rent-A-Car agency and selected a sedan. The salesman asked for a reference and Leopold gave him the name of Louis Mason, along with a phone number. The salesman called Mason (who was really Loeb) who gave "Ballard" an excellent recommendation. Leopold then took the car around for about two hours and returned it to the agency, telling the salesman that he would pick it up later when he needed it. Loeb and Leopold had already used their aliases to open up bank accounts. They intended to deposit the ransom money in these accounts.

Several weeks before the crime, Leopold and Loeb had boarded the 3 p.m. train for Michigan City, Indiana, which was just outside Chicago. Loeb brought along some small parcels to simulate the size of those in which the ransom money would be paid and threw these parcels from the rear platform of the observation car at points selected by Leopold, open fields where Leopold had, months before, spent time studying birds.

Returning to the car rental agency, Leopold obtained a car on May 20, 1924, and he and Loeb then drove to a hardware store on 43rd and Cottage Grove Avenue. Here they purchased a chisel, a rope, and hydrochloric acid. All these were tools of murder. The rope was to be used to garrote their victim, the chisel to stab him in case he struggled too much, and the acid to obliterate their victim's identity. The murderous pair debated the use of sulfuric acid before opting to use hydrochloric.

On the morning of May 21, 1924, Loeb wrapped adhesive tape about the handle of the chisel to allow a firmer grip. This, along with the rope and acid, were placed in the rented car, along with strips of cloth to be used to bind their victim, and a lap robe to cover the body. A pair of hip boots were also put into the car to be used in burying the body in a swamp the killers had previously selected. Both Leopold and Loeb each pocketed a loaded revolver, and Loeb carried the ransom note

typed the day before. This note demanded $10,000 for the return of the victim, who they had no intention of returning.

Neither boy needed the ransom money, but they had to make it appear that the kidnappers were lowly, money-craving underworld types, motivated by cash, not the "supreme thrill" they both sought. This element of the plan Loeb thought to be the most ingenious. Police, he told Leopold, always pinned their investigations on motive and worked backward; with the false clue of cash-hungry kidnappers planted, the police would never look for two respectable, well-to-do students. Never, he said.

The most bizarre aspect of these dark procedures was the fact that on the very day they planned to commit the crime, May 21, 1924, the boys had not yet picked out a victim. This cold indifference was the root of their inhumanity, their utter lack of moral code. They did not care about the human life they were about to take. The identity of their victim was of total unconcern to their clinical minds. The person to be killed was merely another element of their test to prove their own superiority. The victim was a number, an object, a thing. Leopold and Loeb sat down and wrote out a list of possible kidnap victims. First they thought to kidnap and murder Loeb's younger brother, Tommy, but they dismissed the idea, only because both felt that it would be difficult to collect the ransom from Loeb's father and that Loeb might arouse suspicion.

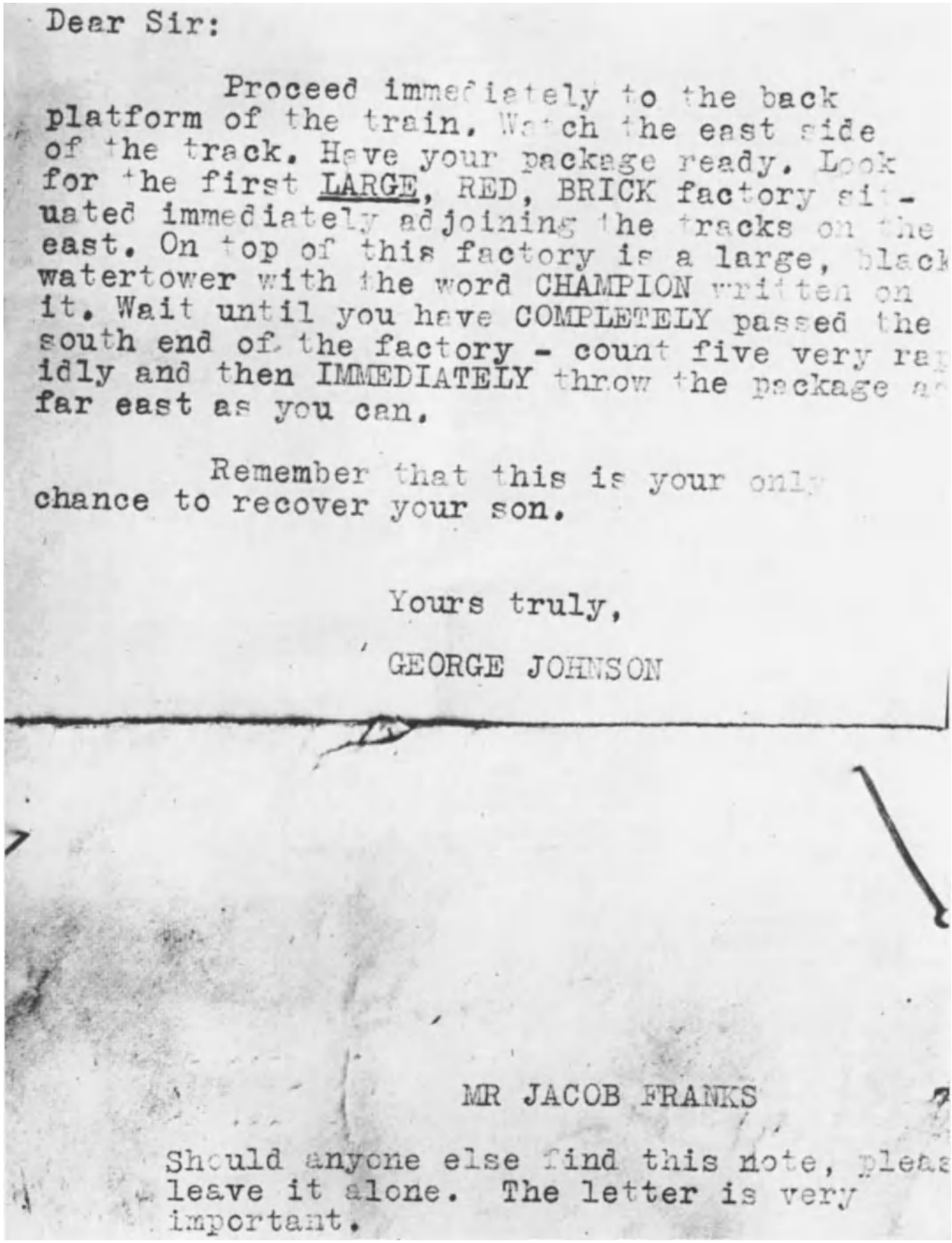
Little William Deutsch was then discussed. He was the grandson of multimillionaire philanthropist Julius Rosenwald. He, too, was eliminated since Rosenwald was the president of Sears, Roebuck and Co., and thus, Loeb's superior. The Deutsch boy was simply "too close to home" for the murderous youths. Richard Rubel, one of their few friends, was also considered as a candidate for the kidnapping-murder. Rubel often had lunch with Leopold and Loeb, but he was dismissed after the killers concluded that his father was a tightwad and would probably refuse to pay a ransom for his son.

What to do? The boys finally decided to pick a random victim in the neighborhood. They got into the rented car and cruised around a few blocks near Leopold's home, focusing upon the young boys coming and going from the Harvard Preparatory School. This was an exclusive school which was attended by children of wealthy parents.

As they drove about, the killers casually discussed their problem. They agreed that they should select a small child since neither of them was strong enough to subdue a child with any strength. They stopped next to the Harvard School yard, spotted little John Levinson, and decided then and there that he would be their victim. But since neither knew the address of the Levinson family, they drove to a nearby drugstore and looked it up in the phone directory. They wanted to make sure that they would have the correct address in order to send the ransom note. By the time the pair drove back to the schoolyard, the Levinson boy was leaving. Leopold, who had brought along binoculars for the purpose of selecting a victim at some distance, spotted Levinson across the field.

Loeb drove at considerable speed around the block in order to catch up with their prey, but the Levinson child went up an alley and vanished. Frustrated, the pair drove about aimlessly, searching for a victim. As they drove down Ellis Avenue, they spotted some boys playing. One of them was

Right: Heir to millions, 14-year-old Bobby Franks was selected by Loeb and Leopold at the last minute as their murder victim.



Dear Sir:

Proceed immediately to the back platform of the train. Watch the east side of the track. Have your package ready. Look for the first LARGE, RED, BRICK factory situated immediately adjoining the tracks on the east. On top of this factory is a large, black watertower with the word CHAMPION written on it. Wait until you have COMPLETELY passed the south end of the factory - count five very rapidly and then IMMEDIATELY throw the package as far east as you can.

Remember that this is your only chance to recover your son.

Yours truly,

GEORGE JOHNSON

MR JACOB FRANKS

Should anyone else find this note, please leave it alone. The letter is very important.

The ransom note sent by Leopold and Loeb to Jacob Franks, which promised the return of Bobby Franks if they received

Bobby (or Bobbie) Franks, a distant relative of Loeb's. "He's perfect," Loeb stated, telling Leopold that the Franks child came from great wealth, that the boy's father, Jacob Franks, was a multimillionaire box manufacturer, and could certainly afford to pay the ransom for his child, one he doted upon. After parking the car at a curb, Loeb called 14-year-old Bobby Franks to the car. Loeb asked Bobby if he wanted to go for a ride.

"No thanks," Bobby said. He looked at Leopold who gave him a long, hard stare. "I don't know this man," Franks said, pointing to Leopold. There was some apprehension in his voice. "Besides, I have to go home," he said. Loeb persisted, telling Bobby that they would drive him home. He recalled playing tennis with the Franks boy and knew the child had an avid interest in the sport. Loeb then told Bobby that he had a new tennis racket he wanted to show him.

The Franks boy got in the back seat of the car. Leopold remained in the front seat behind the wheel, driving and Loeb got into the back seat with Bobby Franks. Leopold drove northward as Loeb fondled the rope he intended to use to strangle Franks. He quickly discarded this idea as being too clumsy. He grabbed the chisel and with four lightning moves, stabbed the startled child four times. The helpless child fell to the floor, gushing blood from savage wounds to the head.

Leopold turned briefly while driving to look in the back seat to see the dying boy. He saw the contemptuous sneer on Richard Loeb's face. Loeb had enjoyed killing the child and said so. Leopold winced at the sight of the blood and groaned: "Oh, God, I didn't know it would be like this!" Leopold continued driving through heavy traffic. Meanwhile, Loeb ruthlessly tied up the child, stuffed strips of cloth in his mouth, and then threw the lap robe over him.

Bobby Franks lay on the floor of the back seat of the sedan slowly bleeding to death. Leopold kept driving about aimlessly until dusk. He then parked the car and the boys went to a restaurant to get sandwiches. They were waiting for the cover of darkness before hiding the body at a site selected earlier. Leopold called his father and told him he would not be home until late that night.

The boys then got back into the car and began driving south. They stopped at another restaurant and ate a heavy meal, finding themselves famished, even though they had just eaten sandwiches. Outside, parked at the curb, the windows of the car open, the lap robe and the body of the Franks boy beneath it was open to the view of all passersby. This was another element of the contempt the killers displayed for the ability of anyone to detect their crime.

It was Loeb's belief that no one in the world cared about anyone else. He joked with the somber Leopold about the fact that anyone passing the car outside could lean through the windows and pick up the robe and discover the body. "But nobody will," he said in a low voice. Both were wholly insensitive to the murder they had committed. They ate their way through a five-course meal, concerned only with completing the routines they had established for themselves.

At nightfall, the killers got back into the car and drove to an area called Panhandle Tracks at 118th Street. Here a swamp drained into an open culvert and this was the spot they had selected as the burial site for their victim. Loeb got into the back seat of the car and checked the Franks boy. "He's dead," he announced proudly. He then stripped the boy of his clothes and poured the acid over the child's face to mar his features and prevent identification. While Loeb was performing this monstrous task, Leopold was slipping into his pair of hip boots. He then took the child, walked to the culvert, and stuffed the body into the pipe.

Jacob Franks (shown in court), never paid the ransom for his abducted son Bobby, learning that the boy was dead before he could make payment.

It was difficult work and Leopold removed his coat. As he did so, he made the one mistake that would spoil the so-called "perfect crime" he and Richard Loeb had so carefully planned. His glasses fell from the pocket of his coat. Moreover, he believed that he had thoroughly hidden the body of their victim, but in the darkness he failed to notice that a small, naked foot protruded from the drainpipe. He grabbed his coat and went back to the car.

The boys then parked the car near a large apartment building. They noted that the back seat and the lap robe were stained with Bobby's blood. They abandoned the car and then burned the robe in a vacant lot. They went to Leopold's house and there burned all of Bobby's clothes, except the metal he had been wearing, his belt buckle and class pin. They typed the Franks' address on the envelope of the ransom note and then left, driving to Indiana where they mailed the note and buried the class pin, belt buckle, and shoes of Bobby Franks.

The killers then drove back to Chicago and Leopold called

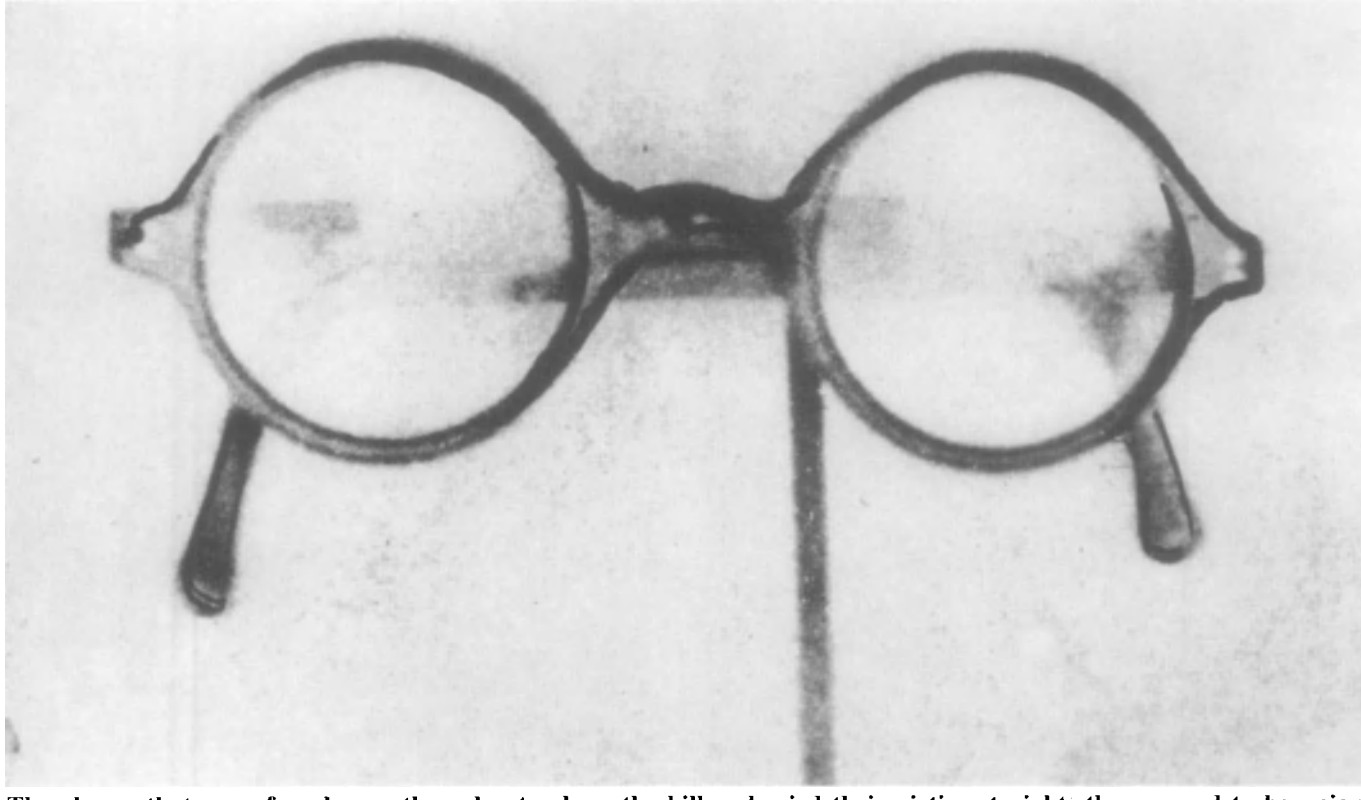
In an incredible photo, Richard Loeb (wearing light coat at extreme right) is shown helping detectives search for the missing Bobby Franks; Loeb's ego compelled him to subtly challenge the police by appearing to help them in their quest for the boy he had murdered.

Jacob Franks, who had been worried ever since his child failed to come home that afternoon. Leopold told Franks: "Your boy has been kidnapped. He is safe and unharmed. Tell the police and he will be killed at once. You will receive a ransom note with instructions tomorrow." Without allowing Franks to respond, Leopold hung up. The boys then made themselves drinks and played cards until past midnight in Leopold's room, working out the final details of their "perfect crime."

A ransom note signed "George Johnson" was delivered to Franks the next day. It demanded that Franks pay $10,000 for the return of his child, the payment to be made in twenty- and fifty-dollar bills. The bills were to be placed in a cigar box and this box was to be wrapped in white paper and then sealed with wax. Franks would receive more instructions at 1 p.m. that day, the note stated. Franks had by then notified the police of his son's kidnapping through his lawyer. The police were told that the Franks wanted no publicity in fear that the kidnappers would murder their child, as the anonymous caller had threatened.

Meanwhile Leopold and Loeb had second thoughts about the bloodstains in the rented car. They retrieved it, drove to the Leopold house, and parked it in the family garage. Sven Englund, the Leopold family chauffeur, noticed the boys scrubbing down the back seat of this car. When he asked them about it, they told him that they had been drinking

Chicago police detectives are shown inspecting the culvert, where a railroad worker found the body of Bobby Franks; he had been stabbed, strangled and beaten to death.



The glasses that were found near the culvert, where the killers buried their victim at night; they proved to be unique prescription glasses that belonged to Nathan Leopold, Jr.

The typewriter, which the killers used to write the ransom note—its keys ripped out by Loeb—was recovered from the Jackson Park lagoon, where the boys had tossed it, and later traced to the killers, another mistake made in the so-called "perfect crime."

An apprehensive Richard Loeb, sits uncomfortably at the wheel of the Willys-Knight car that had been rented on the day of the murder, while State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe interrogates him; by this time Crowe was convinced he had nabbed the killers.

Classmates of the slain Bobby Franks carry his coffin-encased body, en route to a funeral home; at that moment Leopold and Loeb were held in hotel suites, where detectives played a cat and mouse game with the two murderers, trying to "break" them.

State's Attorney Robert Crowe, center, and his staff pose with Loeb, left, and Leopold, right of Crowe, following the confessions of both youths; they blamed each other for the actual killing but most assumed Loeb had murdered Bobby Franks.

Clarence Darrow, America's most celebrated criminal defense attorney, center, is shown with Nathan Leopold, Sr., and Jacob Loeb, who reportedly paid him fabulous retainers to save the lives of their murderous sons. (Another report had it that Darrow received only $30,000 from the elder Leopold, and that the senior Loeb paid nothing, reneging on his promise to pay an estimated $1 million.)

Darrow, center, with his clients, Leopold, left, and Loeb, right, before the bench at their arraignment for murder; Darrow's clients proved to be arrogant and often uncooperative, while he attempted to mount what all believed to be a hopeless defense.

wine in the back seat of the car, borrowed from a friend, and had spilled wine on the seat. They were merely trying to remove the stain before returning the car to their friend.

Englund, who had been berated and humiliated by both Leopold and Loeb over the years, would later prove his lack of affection for Leopold by staunchly maintaining that Leopold's own car never left the family garage on the night of the Franks murder, rebuffing Leopold's claim that he and Loeb had been using Leopold's car that night, cruising for girls.

Upon reflection, Loeb concluded that the murder plan was not perfect after all. The typewriter on which the boys wrote the ransom note bothered Loeb. Even though it was an item stolen the previous year, he feared its discovery. Leopold drove through Jackson Park slowly while Loeb tore the keys from the typewriter and threw them into a lagoon. He threw the dismantled typewriter into another lagoon. By then it was time to contact Jacob Franks once more. Loeb boarded a train en route to Michigan City. He went to the observation car and, at the writing desk of this car, left a note addressed to Jacob Franks in the telegram slot of the desk, behind many forms.

This move would present yet another wrinkle in the "perfect murder" plan. Loeb wrote on the envelope: "Should anyone else find this note, please leave it alone. The letter is very important." Loeb got off the train at 63rd Street to be met by the waiting Leopold. Apparently, the boys intended to inform Franks that the note was on the train and have the victim's father personally retrieve it. However, Andy Russo, a train worker, rummaged through the forms in the telegram slot looking for a piece of paper to write on and found the letter addressed to Franks. Russo personally delivered the letter to Franks the next morning.

By this time, however, Jacob Franks knew that his little boy was dead. A member of a train crew work-

ing alongside the culvert, where the body had been hidden spotted the boy's foot sticking from the drainpipe and the corpse was quickly removed and identified by a member of the Franks family. The newspapers were given the full story and huge headlines announced the brutal murder.

A massive, widely publicized manhunt for the ruthless killer ensued. Scores of suspects were picked up, hustled into police headquarters, and grilled. Leopold and Loeb quickly realized that no ransom would ever be paid and that their perfect crime had serious flaws. Leopold grew silent and morose. He kept to his room, staying out of the limelight. Richard Loeb, however, reveled in the manhunt and played amateur detective. He boldly approached police officials searching through his neighborhood for clues and arrogantly offered his sleuthing services.

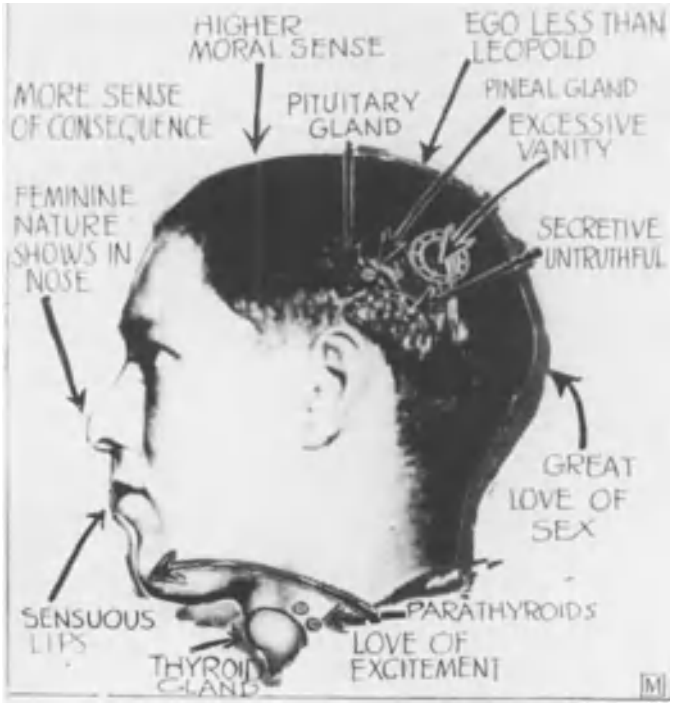
Loeb babbled his crime theories into the ears of detectives and followed them about during their investigations. To one he remarked: "If I were going to pick out a boy to kidnap or murder, that's just the kind of cocky little son-of-a-bitch I would pick." The detective took a long look at Richard Loeb and then encouraged him to talk further, inviting the self-appointed sleuth to accompany officers on their quest for the killer. Such conduct on the part of killers was not uncommon. In this instance, Loeb's voluntary aid to the police was spawned by his desire to present himself as a suspect and still outwit them. It was all a game, a challenge to Loeb, who felt himself superior to the "dumb coppers" who bumbled about looking for a killer, who was right beneath their noses and secretly jeering at them.

Then the "bumbling" police began to make discoveries that unnerved Loeb. Loeb's stolen typewriter was found in the shallow waters of the Jackson Park lagoon and the keys to it were found in another lagoon. Then the bloody, tape-wrapped chisel was found. The most startling discovery was that of Leopold's glasses. The police traced the horn-rimmed glasses to the manufacturer, Albert Coe and Co. Officials at the firm reported that the glasses were unusual, the frames being specially made for only three people. One pair belonged to a lawyer, who had been visiting Europe for some time. The second pair was owned by a woman and she was wearing them when police arrived to interview her. The third pair had been sold to Nathan Leopold, Jr., dear friend of Richard Loeb, the boy who had been dogging the footsteps of investigating detectives, the self-appointed Sherlock Holmes of Chicago.

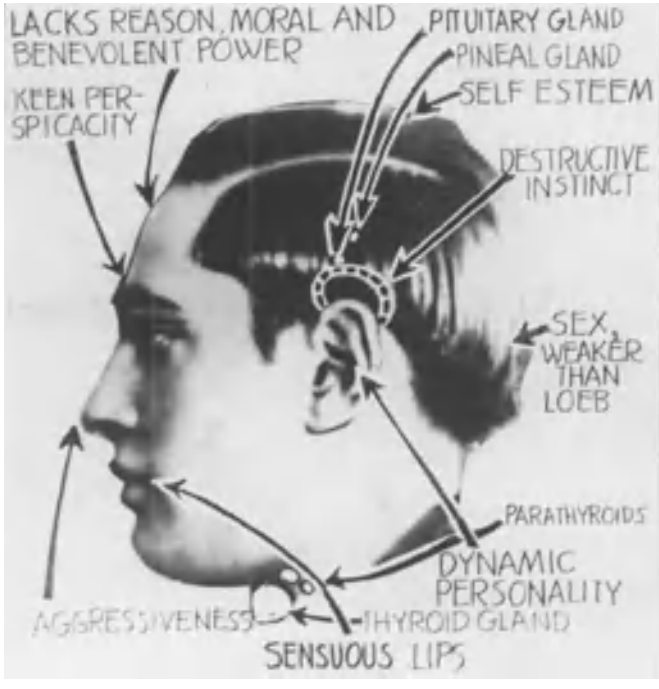
Robert E. Crowe, the shrewd, tough state's attorney for Cook County, had Leopold brought into his office for questioning. He showed him the glasses and asked him if they were his. Leopold said no, his glasses were at home. Crowe sent Leopold back home with two detectives, but thorough searching of the Leopold home failed to produce the glasses. Then Leopold was told that the glasses had been found near a culvert at 118th Street, and Leopold, thinking fast, told Crowe that he often went to that area for his bird-watching studies.

Crowe was hesitant to charge Leopold, initially believing that he was a victim of circumstance. He came from incredible wealth and his social position was lofty. There was no

Chicago newsmen are shown in the press room of the courthouse where the Leopold-Loeb trial occurred, these scribes drinking coffee spiked with bootleg booze; Jake Lingle, of the Chicago *Tribune* (third from left in hat, holding a sandwich) was murdered seven years later on orders of crime czar Al Capone—see Gangs, Gangsters and Organized Crime); Hilding Johnson (in foreground at right, wearing cap), a star reporter for the Chicago *Daily News*, became the role model for the colorful "Hildy Johnson" in the celebrated play (and later film), *The Front Page*, by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur.



This annotated illustration of Richard Loeb, created by phrenologist James N. Fitzgerald, purports to pinpoint the criminal nature of Loeb through an examination of his physiological characteristics.



Fitzgerald also created a "criminal profile" of Nathan Leopold, Jr., again pinpointing the degenerative nature of the murderer, employing the methods of phrenology, which has long since become a discarded science.

reason for Crowe to believe that Leopold had anything to do with the killing of Bobby Franks. Yet he had Leopold interrogated by two detectives who kept questioning him about his glasses and his whereabouts on the night of the murder.

Leopold first stated that he could not recollect what he was doing on the night of May 21, 1924, but he later said that he and his friend Richard Loeb had been driving around looking for girls and picked up two attractive girls named Edna and Mae. He could not remember their last names. The four of them, Leopold insisted, had gone to a Chinese restaurant on the South Side and had dinner on the murder night. Leopold then said that he and Loeb had been drinking gin out of a flask and that he did not want to talk about his outing with Loeb and the girls because Loeb's father strongly disapproved of drinking and he did not want his friend Loeb to get into trouble.

Leopold truthfully said he did not know the murdered boy, but was acquainted with his family. He admitted to reading "everything I could find" about the murder in the local papers. He also said that he had seen photos of the glasses found at the murder site, but he never believed them to be his own, which he had lost near the spot some time earlier. Leopold stressed his ability to buy anything he wanted, implying he had no need to kidnap anyone to obtain ransom money. "My father is rich," he said. "Whenever I want money, all I have to do is ask for it. And I earn money myself teaching ornithology."

Crowe realized that, despite Leopold's high social position, he was a primary suspect in the killing of Bobby Franks. He ordered Leopold taken to a comfortable room in the LaSalle Hotel and questioned further. Crowe also ordered Richard Loeb picked up and taken to another room in the same hotel. He was also to be questioned to see if his statements contradicted Leopold's. They did.

Loeb insisted that on the murder night he was at home. He had not gone anywhere with Leopold. He said nothing of the two girls. No one but Crowe and a few high-ranking police officials really believed that either boy was guilty of the Franks murder. Newspaper reporters who knew the boys were allowed to interview them and felt they were innocent, caught in a web of circumstantial evidence.

Both boys remained calm and freely talked to reporters and the police. They were officially under arrest, but they were not formally charged. They were held as "guests" of the city while the lengthy interrogations went on. Their families did nothing to free them, believing that the youths would soon be released and that the questioning was merely a matter of routine.

Crowe continued to play the fatherly host to the boys. He even took them to the posh Drake Hotel where they leisurely ate an expensive dinner for which the city paid $102, a lavish sum for those days. For Crowe it was money well spent. One reporter later claimed that he interviewed Leopold who modestly displayed "his superior education." The reporter was so impressed with the calm demeanor of Leopold that he asked a psychiatrist friend to interview Leopold, which he did. The psychiatrist later stated that "this boy certainly had no part in the murder." The psychiatrist later denied having made any such statement.

Leopold appeared to be cooperative at every turn. He

Clarence Darrow, right, in a masterful summary, is shown addressing Judge John Caverly, extreme left, in August 1924, one that moved the juror to tears and undoubtedly brought about Caverly's decision to imprison the youths for life.

Darrow, center, at the defense table, his youthful clients sitting behind him; he was exhausted by the trial, later stating: "From that day, I have never gone through so protracted a strain, and could never do it again, even if I should try."

Their lives saved, Nathan Leopold, Jr., left, and Richard Loeb, center, still smug and contemptuous of the law, are escorted into Illinois State Prison at Joliet to serve out life terms.

The prison photos and record of Richard Loeb; he was an incorrigible homosexual at Joliet, sexually preying upon any prisoner he coveted and paying off guards to look the other way during his attacks; he was stabbed to death in 1936 by a prisoner he attempted to rape.

said to one reporter: "I don't blame the police for holding me. I was at the culvert the Saturday and Sunday before the glasses were found and it is quite possible that I lost my glasses there. I'm sorry this happened only because it will worry my family. But I'll certainly be glad to do what I can to help the police."

It was apparent that Leopold was enjoying the limelight shed upon him by the press. He pontificated on art, literature, politics, sports, and especially philosophy, as if giving lectures, pointing out that he favored such writers as Oscar Wilde and Friedrich Nietzsche, but he added: "I won't add Socrates, for I never thought such a lot of him." Loeb adopted the same kind of superior air. For sheer arrogance and bluff, their equal had never been seen.

Leopold and Loeb family members believed that the police were merely using the boys to see if they had information that might lead to the identification of the real killer. Nathan Leopold, Sr., said: "While it is a terrible ordeal both to my boy and myself to have him under suspicion our attitude will be one of helping the investigation, rather than retarding it ...The suggestion that he had anything to do with this case is too absurd to merit comment." Loeb's father had been ill for several weeks and made no comment from his sickbed, but Mrs. Loeb coolly told a reporter: "The affair will so easily straighten itself out."

While the police were politely interrogating the boys, two newspaper reporters, Al Goldstein and Jim Mulroy, of the Chicago Daily *News*, conducted their own dogged investigation. They interviewed dozens of persons, chiefly the friends of Leopold and Loeb. One of them, Arnold Maremont, told Goldstein that he was a member of a legal study group to which Leopold belonged. The group met once a week to write "dope sheets" to prepare for examinations. Maremont stated that several of these meetings were held in the library of the Leopold mansion. He recalled that Leopold usually had a large Hammond typewriter, which the group used to prepare the "dope sheets." But in one meeting Leopold produced a small portable typewriter that was used to type some "dope sheets."

Maremont had some of these sheets typed on the portable typewriter, which Loeb had stolen in 1923. Goldstein and Mulroy took these pages to H.P. Sutton, an expert working for the Royal Typewriter Company. Sutton compared the "dope sheets" and the ransom letter and pronounced that they were one and the same. When confronted with this, Leopold still held onto his nerve, saying that the typewriter belonged to Maurice Shanberg, who had brought the typewriter to the study group.

Shanberg angrily denied this allegation and then Leopold, thinking quickly, stated that another student friend, Leon Mandel, owned the typewriter. Mandel was in Europe. Then Leopold said that the typewriter was still somewhere in his house. Another thorough search in the Leopold home failed to unearth the typewriter. Of course, the typewriter was the one found in the Jackson Park lagoon.

More and more evidence mounted against the boys. Sven Englund, the Leopold chauffeur, was brought in for questioning. Englund told Crowe that Leopold, contrary to Leopold's claim, had not used his red Willys-Knight car on the night of the murder. Leopold had insisted that he had been driving this car around that night with Loeb and two girls in it. Crowe turned to one of his aides and exclaimed: "God damn it! I think we got them!"

Crowe then ordered Richard Loeb into his office and Loeb was confronted with this new evidence. When he heard that Englund had insisted that he had been working on Leopold's car on the murder night, trying to fix its noisy brakes, and that it never left the garage, Loeb's face went ashen. He slumped in his chair and found it difficult to speak. Finally, he said: "My God! He told you that?" He asked for a cigarette and then let out a brief, low-voiced curse.

Leopold, in another room, was faced with the same evidence given by Englund. He remained passive and silent. "There were no two girls in that car, were there, Nathan?" one of his interrogators said. "Just one little boy, Bobby Franks. Why don't you come clean and get it off your conscience? Your alibi about driving around with Dickie Loeb and those girls is exposed as a lie by your family chauffeur." Leopold merely smiled, proving his superiority to such police tactics.

Loeb, on the other hand, had lost his composure as the questioning went on into the early morning hours of the day after the boys had been picked up. He trembled and was visibly shaken with each new question that pointed to his guilt. Crowe studied him for some time, realizing that though he was the leader of the pair, he was the weaker of the two and his veneer of bravado and haughty airs had evaporated. He showed all the signs of a trapped animal. Crowe then decided to bluff with the more stoic Leopold. At 4 a.m., he walked into the room, where Leopold sat calmly puffing on a cigarette and said: "Well, your pal has just confessed, told us the whole story."

A sneer passed Leopold's face: "Do you think I'm stupid. I'm not going to believe that. Anyhow, it's impossible. There's nothing to confess!"

Crowe had all the evidence and more. His men had tracked down the rented car used in the murder and then traced its user to the Morrison Hotel. The car rental agent and employees at the hotel identified a photo shown to them by detectives as that of Morton D. Ballard, the young man who had rented the car and had checked into the hotel. Crowe walked back and forth in front of Leopold, saying nothing. He then stopped and slowly removed his glasses, wiping the lenses meticulously as he stared down at Leopold, who stared back at him.

Crowe then slipped the glasses into the breast pocket of his coat, much in the manner Leopold claimed he had done before losing his glasses at the culvert area. Leopold smiled slightly at the ploy, but his smile faded when Crowe began to talk quietly. Said Crowe: "What about your getting the other automobile at the Rent-A-Car Company because your car was red and too conspicuously? What about the false identity at the Morrison Hotel? What about waiting in hiding on Ingleside Avenue for Johnny Levinson to appear? Your friend says you planned the kidnapping. He says you were the one who killed Bobby Franks."

Leopold crushed a cigarette angrily into an ashtray and then nervously lit another. He realized that only Richard Loeb could have provided the information Crowe had re-

The cells occupied by Loeb and James Day, the man who killed Loeb; guards were reportedly bribed by Loeb to put Day close to him.

James E. Day, who stabbed Loeb to death, was later acquitted, the killing termed "justifiable homicide," in that he was defending himself against a predator.

Nathan Leopold's cell at Joliet, where he was allowed to keep birds and pursue his ornithology studies.

lated. He had not, but Crowe had pieced this information together from various statements the boys had made to their interrogators.

Leopold concluded that his alibis and excuses were useless. He began to confess and Crowe had a court stenographer take down his statements. He then marched into the hotel room where Loeb sat and played the same game. Loeb nodded slowly and then he began to confess, detailing the murder of Bobby Franks. Their stories matched in every detail except one. Each said that they were driving the car when Bobby Franks was killed and that the other did the actual murder.

Most authorities later determined that Loeb was the actual killer. Their conclusion was based upon Loeb's statements; he described in exact detail how Leopold killed the Franks child, while Leopold could only offer slight information on how many times the boy was stabbed and how the rags had been stuffed down his throat to prevent his crying out. Both were nevertheless charged with murder.

When the boys were first brought together after their confessions, Loeb said to Leopold: "We're both in for the same ride, Babe, so we might as well ride together." Leopold turned to a detective and repeated his claim that Loeb was the killer. Loeb, hearing himself denounced by his best friend, sneered and turned to Crowe, saying: "He's only a weakling after all."

The fathers of these merciless killers realized that their sons were headed straight for the electric chair. They also knew that one man might save them from that fate, Clarence Darrow, the greatest criminal attorney of the day. Darrow was hired to defend the boys, but he knew that he had no hope of freeing the boys. Their guilt was completely established. They were also so unsavory that he could not make appeals on behalf of their inhuman characters. He took on their defense for only one reason.

The case offered an opportunity for him to attack the concept of government-sanctioned execution. "While the State is trying Loeb and Leopold, I will try capital punishment," he declared. He wisely chose to abandon a jury trial and pleaded his clients guilty before Judge John R. Caverly. Darrow knew Judge Caverly to be a fair-minded and exceptionally conscientious jurist, and he played to Caverly's sensitivities regarding the taking of human life.

For thirty-three grueling days, Clarence Darrow put on one of the greatest and most dramatic performances ever seen in a U.S. courtroom. His tireless assault on capital punishment remains a classic argument to this day. He fought with all his strength and intellectual powers. He also exhausted every ounce of his emotion to save two boys he himself had branded as guilty.

Darrow's summation was stunning. He ended with: "I am pleading for the future ... I am pleading for a time when hatred and cruelty will not control the hearts of men, when we can learn by reason and judgment and understanding and faith that all life is worth living and that mercy is the highest attribute of man ... If I can succeed ... I have done something for the tens of thousands of other boys, for the countless unfortunates who must tread the same road in blind childhood ..."

Judge Caverly was deeply moved by Darrow's appeal. He also stated that Illinois had never executed boys of the age of Leopold and Loeb, and having that precedent, sentenced both youths to life imprisonment for the murder of Bobby Franks and ninety-nine years each on the charge of kidnapping. Clarence Darrow had achieved the impossible. He had saved the lives of two youths who had, in everyone's mind, been destined for the electric chair.

Darrow's fee was reported to have been $1 million but he had difficulty in obtaining the one and only payment he did receive, $30,000 paid by Nathan Leopold, Sr. Loeb's father reportedly paid not a red cent. Jacob Loeb disowned his son, Richard, after the sentence and died a few months later. When Leopold finally paid Darrow, he handed him his check and then said to Darrow with the same kind of arrogance displayed by his son: "The world is full of eminent lawyers, who would have paid a fortune for a chance to distinguish themselves in this case." With that he walked wordlessly from the offices of the man who had saved his son's decidedly worthless life.

Leopold and Loeb were sent to the Northern Illinois Penitentiary at Stateville, outside Joliet. Though Judge Caverly had stated in his deliberation that both boys were to be kept separate for the rest of their lives, this order was immediately ignored once the boys were put behind bars. They were placed

Nathan Leopold, Jr., shown overjoyed at the time of his prison release in 1958; he moved to Puerto Rico, where he married in 1961, working as a technician and dying in 1971.

in cells separated only by one other cell. The "Fun Killers," as the press had dubbed them, were allowed desks, filing cabinets, and their own private libraries. Their cells, which were in a special wing, were left open at night so they could visit each other.

Leopold and Loeb were separated from the rest of the prisoners and given special meals, often catered from restaurants, in the officers' mess. Both youths were permitted to walk freely outside the prison, where Leopold kept a garden. They washed in the officers' shower and they were provided with bootleg liquor and even narcotics for which they were charged $1 a shot. Visitors were allowed to see the boys at all hours and at any time, in total disregard of prison rules. Leopold and Loeb could make phone calls at any time from a phone in the prison storeroom. They had all the money they could use to bribe the guards and officials to continue living lives of relative comfort.

Richard Loeb was the worse offender of the two. While Leopold retreated into books and his garden, Loeb sauntered about the prison, selecting any young prisoner he admired and then foisting his homosexual attentions on his victim, while guards ignored his vile sexual assaults. In 1936, Loeb was attracted to a young prisoner, James E. Day. Loeb accosted Day in the library on one occasion and said that he loved him and that Day should "be broad-minded and be nice to me." Day, disgusted at such behavior, pushed Loeb away. But Loeb insisted that Day respond to his affection. Day later stated: "I never had a peaceful day. He was always after me. I became desperate. I had to get him off my back. I was looking for the right day."

The day occurred on January 28, 1936. Day was in the shower alone and Loeb entered, stripping and then trying to assault Day. Loeb brandished a razor and barked at Day: "Do as you're told! Keep your mouth shut and get your clothes off!" Day pretended to go along with the idea but then, when Loeb was off guard, Day kicked him in the groin and the two men struggled for the razor. In the fight Loeb slashed Day several times, until Day wrenched the razor away from him and used it to fatally slash Loeb. Loeb staggered naked from the shower, walking down a corridor before falling into the arms of another convict.

Loeb had been slashed fifty-six times. He was rushed to the prison hospital where his mother visited him within hours. Leopold was brought to his bedside and held his hand. Loeb said to his partner in murder: "I think I'm going to make it." He died a few minutes later. When Clarence Darrow was informed of Loeb's passing, he remarked: "He is better off dead. For him death is an easier sentence."

Nathan Leopold continued to be the star boarder at the penitentiary until his parole on March 13, 1958. He said at a press conference: "I am a broken old man. I want a chance to find redemption for myself and to help others." To that end, he traveled to Puerto Rico, where he worked as a laboratory technician in a small church. He later met Trudi Feldman Garcia de Quevedo, a widow who owned a flower shop. They married in 1961.

Leopold then wrote a book, *Life Plus 99 Years*. At a press conference connected with the book's release, Leopold was asked about the murder of Bobby Franks. He replied: "The crime is definitely still the central part of my consciousness. Very often it occupies the forefront of my attention, and I can think of nothing else. More often, it is not the center of my attention, but it always is present in the background." It was the same kind of mannered, cautious statement that Leopold had made when he was first confronted with his awful guilt by police in 1924.

A year after Leopold's release, the 1959 film, *Compulsion*, was released, starring (left to right) Bradford Dillman (in a Loeb role model), Dean Stockwell (in a Leopold role model) and Orson Welles (in a jarring role model of Clarence Darrow).

Bobby Franks, three decades after his death, was a memory in the mind of Nathan Leopold, where the victim had been an idea in Nathan Leopold's mind in 1924. Nothing really had changed. For all the posturing of remorse and rehabilitation, Leopold still observed his crime and his long-dead victim as a distant intellectual entity, not as a flesh-and-blood young boy whose life he and the equally perverted Richard Loeb had snuffed out in the exercise of their "perfect crime." Nathan Leopold, Jr. had gone on to live out a life. Bobby Franks had perished at age fourteen, slaughtered by two bestial killers who feared only the failure of their own mad schemes.

"THE REAL McCOY"/August 24, 1924

Norman Selby (AKA: Kid McCoy, The Real McCoy, 1873-1940), was a rough and tumble prizefighter from the bare-knuckle era, who left behind an enduring cliche in American slang: "the real McCoy." Although during Prohibition the phrase meant pure unadulterated alcohol, it originated before the turn of the century when Selby was in his heyday. "I'm in a saloon with a charming lady as usual," the fighter recalled. "A drunk is making passes at her. I try to brush him off without too much fuss. `Beat it,' I says. `I'm Kid McCoy.' He laughs and says: `Yeah? We'll I'm George Washington.' I have to clip him a short one and down he goes. He wakes up ten minutes later, rubs his jaw, and says, `Jeez, it was the real Mc-Coy!'" That oft-told tale was recounted by Damon Runyon and other literary lions, who wrote of Selby's checkered career in and out of the prize ring.

Selby, calling himself Kid McCoy, won the middleweight and welterweight championships in 1895 and 1897. He flattened the reigning champion, Tommy Ryan, in a grueling fifteen-round affair after bluffing his opponent into thinking he was something less than advertised. Selby had sent a letter to Ryan before the bout begging him to "go easy," and carry him for a few rounds. Ryan eased up on his calisthenics and was wholly unprepared for what was to follow in the ring. "The bastard played possum!" cried Ryan after losing the decision.

Selby retired in 1897 at the age of twenty-four. He was worth half-a-million dollars, part of which was invested in a Broadway cabaret that became the favorite watering hole for celebrities of show business and the sporting world. In 1900 Selby was lured out of retirement for a bout with "Gentleman" Jim Corbett who beat him easily. Within the next two decades Selby married nine different women each one of whom took a sizeable chunk of his assets in divorce settlements. In 1924, his fortune all but gone, the out-of-shape ex-fighter moved to Los Angeles to work as a Hollywood movie extra. He accepted employment as a security guard in an aircraft factory and became friends with Hub Kittle, a celebrated flyer and a likely suspect in a number of holdups.

About this time, Selby began a dangerous affair with Theresa Mors, the wife of Albert Mors, one of Los Angeles' leading art and antique dealers. Mors did not appreciate it when the boozing fighter fell in love with his wife. His rancor only increased, when his wife filed for divorce and went to live with the "real McCoy" in an apartment at Hoover and Seventh streets. Happily in love, Selby proposed marriage and Mors readily accepted. Meanwhile, Mors filed a countersuit against his estranged wife naming Selby as corespondent. He advised the U.S. Treasury Department that Theresa Mors was involved in smuggling diamonds. By this time Selby had had enough. He warned Mors to leave his lover alone. Mors then had the police remove Selby from his home.

Norman "Kid McCoy" Selby, a boozing, brawling prizefighter who won the middleweight and welterweight titles in 1895 and 1897, married ten times and by 1924 was penniless when he was convicted of manslaughter and assault.

The press by now had gotten hold of this scandal and everybody had an opinion to offer to these snooping scribes. Sam Schapp, who owned a millinery store next to the antique dealer, described Selby as a dangerous opportunist bent on securing a $125,000 property settlement bound to come Mrs. Mors' way after her divorce went through.

By this time, Theresa Mors began to hedge in her relationship with Selby, but not enough to suit her estranged husband. Albert Mors began acting crazy. He stole from his wife, and then on the night of August 12, 1924, moved out of the

General Douglas MacArthur, among a bevy of famous people—including New York Governor Al Smith, entertainer Sophie Tucker and actor Lionel Barrymore—asked that Selby be paroled; the fighter was released in 1932, dying eight years later.

family home in the Hollywood Hills to take up residence at the Westgate Hotel. He signed an alias on the guest register.

The room overlooked an alley only a few doors away from the flat Selby and Mrs. Mors had rented. Around midnight the tenant who lived one floor below heard a dull thud coming from Selby's apartment. She then looked out her window and saw a man racing down the stairwell; the fleeing man, she later claimed, was Albert Mors. Two hours later a drunken Selby appeared in a Hollywood police station asking to see the officer, who had forcibly removed him from Mors' home some days earlier. "It's lucky for him he's not here," Selby stammered. "And why was that?" asked one police officer. "Hell, I'll be in the can tomorrow," Selby replied cryptically.

The police drove Selby home and told him to sleep it off. At 3 a.m. the following morning Selby appeared at the bedroom window of Jennie Thomas, his sister. Looking haggard and drunk, Selby explained that he had just killed Theresa Mors. He then stumbled from the house and headed toward Mors' antique store, where he waited patiently for the owner to arrive. Armed with a .32-caliber pistol, he captured a janitor, Mors, and a clerk, ordering them all to sit quietly on one side of the room as the first customers entered. Selby then forced the customers to surrender their cash and valuables and freed only those who appealed to him. Later that morning, Selby shot and wounded a customer, who tried to escape. Fleeing from the store, he ran into Sam Schapp and his wife. "My God! What are you doing?" Schapp asked. Before they could make any sense of the situation, Selby turned his gun on them and shot them down.

Selby commandeered a passing car and tried to escape on foot, but was brought down by a passing policeman. Investigators later found Theresa Mors lying dead on the floor of her apartment, neatly covered by a bed sheet and a picture of Selby perched at her side. Questioned by Captain Herman Cline of the Los Angeles police, Selby, after he had sobered up, explained that Theresa Mors had committed suicide because of her despondency over her husband's attempt to frame her on smuggling charges. He went on to say that he had struggled with her, but the gun had gone off accidentally. Then, believing that he had killed the woman, Selby tried to drink himself to death, but had only succeeded in passing out. He recalled little or nothing about his armed invasion of Mors' shop.

Selby was arraigned on murder, armed robbery, and assault charges. The prosecution charged that the defendant had murdered his lover because she had decided not to marry him and planned to return to New York. Defense attorney Jerry Giesler represented Selby. Under cross-examination, he demanded an answer from Mors as to why he had checked into the Westgate Hotel on the night of the murder, a perplexing question that went unanswered. Giesler, whose client list would one day be studded with the names of some of Hollywood's biggest celebrities, tried to convince the jury that Theresa Mors stabbed herself with a butcher knife and then inflicted a gunshot wound. However, even he was forced to admit that such a maneuver would be difficult if she had in fact used her left thumb to pull the trigger.

The murder charge was reduced to manslaughter and Selby was found guilty after ninety-nine hours of deliberation. He was sentenced to one to ten years for manslaughter and one to fourteen years on each of the assault charges. He served eight years at San Quentin, during which time Governor Al Smith, Sophie Tucker, Douglas MacArthur, and Lionel Barrymore petitioned for his early release. Selby emerged as a tragic, but sympathetic figure who had won himself many friends during his incarceration. He was released in 1932 and married for the tenth and last time. In 1940, the year he died, Selby reflected on his times. "It's no fun telling people you're Kid McCoy if they've heard of you before." They hadn't. He died a forgotten man.

THE SUN-WORSHIPPER AND HIS "FIRE PRINCESS"/December 10, 1929

Following WWI, wealthy Americans, many of them young and purposeless, went to Europe, specifically Paris, where they embraced the expatriate life. Their lifestyle, though labeled as vice-ridden at home, was an expression of art in Europe. One of the leaders of these youthful effete, dilettantes was a young man who lived only for himself, Henry Grew "Harry" Crosby

Harry Crosby in bronze; he was a Morgan heir and a playboy with a death wish.

(1898-1929). He was a sensualist and a part-time poet, a publisher of small books written by avant-guard writers. Crosby had made a career of glorious disillusionment; his fatalism was his only confidence. He was the saint of sophisticated sin, this heir to one of America's great fortunes. Crosby was the nephew and godson of billionaire J. Pierpont Morgan, and he would stain that illustrious heritage with murder and suicide.

Crosby, born into great wealth on June 4, 1898, in Boston's Back Bay, could boast of a lineage (though he expressed hatred for all that was ancestral in America) that ran to the marrow of the founding fathers. He was related to Alexander Hamilton, William Floyd, and other luminaries of the American Revolution. Riches had flowed into the Crosby coffers since the early seventeenth century when another relative, General Stephen Van Rensselaer, established a fiefdom on his land (through a Dutch grant) that ran for twenty lucrative miles along the Hudson River.

Harry's father, Stephen Van Rensselaer Crosby, a pillar of Harvard and Back Bay society, was the eternal club man who became a partner in the banking investment firm of F.S. Mosely. Harry's family ties knotted tightly about the vast fortunes of the richest man in America, if not the world at that time, J. Pierpont Morgan. It was as natural as sunrise that Harry would attend the exclusive St. Mark's preparatory school and then go on to Harvard. World War I interrupted the schedule with Harry sailing to France to become an ambulance driver just after taking his entrance examinations to Harvard in 1917.

For Crosby and his schoolmates, the war in Europe provided high adventure, an exciting excursion into danger. They looked upon the war as members of their class had earlier viewed those traditional European tours taken by the offspring of the rich before entering college. The difference became abruptly apparent when the youthful Crosby encountered horrible, mutilating death on the Western Front. The shock of recognition changed his life forever, especially after his close friends, Oliver Ames, Jr., Richard Fairchild, and Aaron Davis Weld, were killed in battle.

Worse still, on November 22, 1917, the 19-year-old Harry Crosby was hemmed in by a barrage as he attempted to rush his ambulance to a field hospital near Verdun with a friend bleeding to death inside. It was a brutalizing incident he was never to forget, writing ten years later in his diary (absent of almost all punctuation, a writing quirk): "The hills of Verdun and the red sun setting back of the hills and the charred skeletons of trees and the river Meuse and the black shells spouting up in columns along the road to Bras and the thunder of the barrage and the wounded and the ride through red explosions and the violent metamorphose from boy into man."

Crosby's abrupt loss of innocence was replaced by anger and resentment. He blamed God for the war and, in justifying his own slim survival, he concluded that there was a bit of the Superman about him; that he had been forged into a special human being who was, by birth and station, already special in his own mind, not unlike the egotistical postures assumed by Nathan Leopold, Jr. and Richard Loeb, who had attempted to commit "the perfect crime," and failed.

Crosby returned home with medals on his chest, including the Croix de Guerre, which he coveted and likened to achieving an "H" grade in college. Crosby impatient to get out of the service at war's end, begged his parents to prevail upon his omnipotent uncle, J. Pierpont Morgan, to "try and get me a discharge," according to Crosby's War Letters. "Anything can be done by means of graft." Whether or not Crosby meant for Morgan to use his considerable influence or merely buy off authorities to get him released early is not known. But there certainly was a thick venal streak in Crosby, among myriad eccentricities and vices, all of which, in his short life, he would tax to exhaustion.

When he was mustered out, Crosby arrived in New York and immediately went to the Morgan mansion where, in the

Harry Crosby is flanked by his wife Caresse (left) and his sister Kitsa, at Deauville, France, in the early 1920s.

absence of his uncle, he ordered a feast which he devoured alone while servants did his bidding. (He called them "lackeys" and "menials.") Then he began to down goblet after goblet of ancient, priceless wine until he was drunk. In that state, he later arrived by train in Boston, staggering into the arms of his waiting family.

Harry's intoxication did not alarm Mr. and Mrs. Crosby; he was their only son and his ordeal in France was excuse enough for his unpredictable behavior. Crosby was quick to take up the same rationale, using his war experience for the rest of his short life as an excuse to wallow in the libertine life.

At first, Crosby seemed to adjust, entering Harvard where his grades were less than spectacular. He studied literature and language, excelling in French in which, by virtue of his war experience, he was fluent. Crosby, like many other veterans of that day, was allowed to earn a "War Degree" at Harvard, which granted a shorter time of study in achieving a degree as compensation for serving overseas. He graduated in 1921.

A year earlier, Crosby had met and fallen in love with a married woman; he was to develop a habit that approached mania of trysting with married women for the rest of his days. The buxom, attractive female, six years older than Crosby, was Mrs. Richard Rogers Peabody (maiden name Mary Phelps Jacob), whom everybody called Polly. They met at a beach outing and both were smitten. Crosby told his parents that he intended to marry Polly, no matter what the consequences.

The Crosbys recoiled in shock. Polly would have to divorce her husband, another scion of a Back Bay fortune, to marry their son, and divorce, at that time, was inconceivable. Yet Harry persisted, telling his father that he would kill himself if he failed to have Polly as his bride. Polly reciprocated Harry's dedication. Her husband, the youthful Mr. Peabody, was a gentleman about it all. He told his wife to think it over during a trial separation. Polly did exactly that, going to New York with Crosby. At the end of six months, she still asked for a divorce and Peabody, who became addicted to alcohol (he would later write about his alcoholism in *The Common Sense of Drinking*), agreed to let his wife go.

Harry and Polly married seven months after she received her divorce. Before that time, Crosby himself took to drink. He had accepted a desk job, arranged by his father, in the Shawmut National Bank in Boston, and hated it. He told his parents that he found Boston stifling, that the environment strangled his will to write great works. He promptly went on a six-day binge and quit his job. Next he begged uncle Jack (Morgan) to get him a job in Paris, something that would allow him and Polly to live in the "City of Light" where he could follow his artistic urges.

Morgan arranged for Crosby to work in the Paris offices of Morgan, Harjes & Co. Delighted, Harry asked Polly to marry him and they were wed on September 9, 1922, in New York City. Two days later, they sailed to France on the Aquitania. It was all idyllic, a fantasy come true; but then again, Harry Crosby had been born into fantasy and he always got what he wanted.

Crosby at the Four Arts Ball in Paris, 1928, with one of his many conquests, the identify of this woman unknown.

After living in expensive Paris hotels and running up staggering bills paid for by Crosby's relatives, Harry and Polly took a series of apartments, finally renting the huge flat once occupied by Princess Marthe Bibesco in St. Germain. For a year, Crosby halfheartedly worked at his uncle's banking concern, but he spent more time during each workday strolling the boulevards, drinking in bistros, and chasing women, than he did in his office.

Another rich relative, an older cousin, Walter Van Rensselaer Berry, who had been living in European luxury for more than a decade, learned of Harry's writing ambitions and suggested that he quit his job with Morgan. Crosby, using his older cousin as a sanction of the literary life, quit, and wrote his parents that he was, from that point on, dedicating his life to the muse, so would they please sell off a few thousand shares of the great amount of stock he held and forward spending money? The money, as usual, was pro-

Crosby at the wheel of his Bugatti, 1926; like T. E. Lawrence ("Lawrence of Arabia"), he was obsessed by speed, as well as the rays of the sun.

Caresse Crosby, who imagined herself a patron of the arts, shown in one of her dramatic poses.

vided. (Berry may well have been the role model for the wealthy uncle in W. Somerset Maugham's 1944 novel, *The Razor's Edge*, and his portraits of the rich young couple squandering their lives being based on the self-indulgent Crosbys.)

By 1923, the Crosbys set the style of the young rich expatriates in Paris. They exuded a sort of glossy, intellectual hedonism. Harry's new lifestyle as a self-styled artist now demanded that he seek release and "enlightenment" with women other than his wife. Among the many affairs he openly conducted was a torrid interlude with Constance Coolidge who was the niece of Frank Crowninshield, editor of *Vanity Fair*.

The darkly attractive and willful Constance, divorced from diplomat Ray Atherton, had once been the scandal of China, where her husband had been stationed. There she had raced horses and carried on in such a manner as to earn herself the sobriquet of "The Queen of Peking." Crosby, who met her at a racetrack in Paris, called her "The Lady of the Golden Horse." He was forever dubbing his mistresses with romantic names: Helen of Troy, The Tigress, The Lady of the White Polo Coat, The Sorceress, Nubile, The Youngest Princess, The Fire Princess. These were the names he used in his diaries in referring to his many sexual escapades.

Polly, whose name the Crosbys later changed to Caresse for alliterative, arcane reasons, seemed not to care about her husband's sexual adventures. She knew these "other" women well; they were social acquaintances and many of these ladies were introduced to her womanizing husband by none other than herself. Some in her careless social set went so far as to say that her indifference toward her husband's sexual adventures was rooted to her own latent lesbian nature.

Yet Harry was inexplicably loyal to Caresse. Constance Coolidge insisted Harry leave Caresse for her. When he refused, she went off to marry the Comte de Jumilhac, thereby becoming a rich and landed countess. Harry continued to see her periodically, considering her part of his stable.

There were others, many of them, including petite, dark Polia Chentoff, a Russian painter who excited the Crosbys with her weird, bizarre tales of famine in revolutionary Russia. On one occasion, she said that the people in her village were so hungry that they ate an American missionary who had brought them a little food.

While Harry's harem increased in numbers, Caresse was not idle. She, too, took on a series of lovers, boldly mentioned by Crosby in a letter to his overindulgent mother. "Caresse's boy friends are," wrote Crosby casually, "the Comte Civry, the Tartar Prince, Ortiz, Frans de Geetere (the husband of a couple who had been living on a barge docked on the Seine), Lord Lymington ..."

As early as 1923, Crosby had gotten the reputation of a crazy millionaire American who gave vent to any sensual urge and wrote poetry on the side. One of Harry's passions was attending the raucous Four Arts Balls which heralded the closing of the art academies in Paris each summer. These were nothing more than costume orgies into which Crosby hurled himself with glee.

In 1923, Crosby attended the ball wearing a Roman toga. He returned to his apartment stripped of this garment, his underpants, and all his money. Emerging completely drunk and stark naked, he staggered down the street and into his lodgings, to the amazement of his bug-eyed neighbors. Had this been the conduct of a resident Frenchman, the police would certainly have been summoned, but Crosby was too rich to arrest. Two years later, he found a monkey at the ball and got it drunk.

In 1926, Harry and Caresse shocked even the wild students attending the ball. Crosby appeared as an Incan chieftain, donning a loin cloth and coating his almost naked body with red ocher. Around his neck he wore a necklace of dead pigeons. Caresse matched Harry's abandon by appearing with a turquoise wig and was naked from the waist up, displaying her large breasts to hundreds of hooting students. (Caresse Crosby consistently complained that no female undergarments served as a proper halter for her mammae and, so she later claimed, she invented the brassiere.) The ball culminated with Caresse, breasts flopping wildly, being carried about the ballroom in the mouth of a papier-mache dragon, supported by dozens of students.

These balls were held in enormous halls, where as many as three to five thousand people jammed inside. Half of the guests were whores plying their trade. The police looked the

other way on these occasions, tolerating any and all excesses, except assault and battery. It was not an uncommon sight, following the closing of the ball, to see hundreds of naked men and women dancing in the streets and atop cabs, and scores more fornicating in doorways and near the hall.

Before the balls, the Crosbys invariably gave a party which became the pre-ball party. Hundreds flocked into their spacious apartment to guzzle their gin-laced punch and fall to the floor in amorous embrace. In 1927, Crosby threw a party that alarmed even his own sense of expansive tolerance. Males in attendance mobbed his maid and almost raped her. Ushering out most of the guests, Harry retired to the bathroom with Caresse and other close friends, and all stripped and sank into the hot water held by an enormous, specially built bathtub. Then Harry painted himself green, grabbed a bag of snakes, and headed for the ball, where he distributed the reptiles as necklaces to horrified guests.

When bored with Paris, Harry would suddenly hustle Caresse off to Athens or Africa to see the sights and sample the perversions. In 1925, Harry and Caresse traveled to Tunisia, where they both made love to an 11-year-old girl named Zara. In Constantinople, on a later trip, Harry scouted the city to find just the right kind of entertainment and one night took Caresse to an enormous whorehouse, where they paid exorbitant prices to watch couples fornicate.

In Egypt, they visited a huge brothel, one of Harry's favorite visiting spots; the Crosbys sank into utter sexual perversion, seeking out young girls with which to sleep. It was here that they (especially Harry) developed an insatiable taste for opium and hashish, buying the drugs in great quantities. Crosby consumed so much opium on one occasion that he almost died from an overdose (he developed the habit of swallowing opium pills and mixing this with champagne).

The ancient land held a deep and morose fascination for the American millionaire. He collected strange artifacts from its crypts and tombs. On one occasion, he paid a large sum for three mummified hands of young girls, each having a blue ring on the forefinger. Another time he bought the skeleton of a young girl, which he pridefully hung in the library of his Paris apartment at 19 Rue de Lille. What cabalistic rites attended these purchases was never learned. Yet the mysteries of Egypt continued to hold Crosby in a trance throughout his short life.

His uncle, Walter Van Rensselaer Berry, had had an abiding interest in all things Egyptian, and his influence upon Harry to seek the answers to that land's mystical secrets was permanent. It was in Egypt that Harry Crosby became enamored with sun worship, following the ancient Egyptian rites to the sun god, Ra. He thought of the sun as God, and at every opportunity stripped naked and baked beneath its rays, absorbing its heat, its fire, until, toward the end of his life, the normally pale-skinned young man from Boston appeared to friends as a "red Indian."

Walter Berry further enriched Crosby's life when he died on October 12, 1927, leaving to Harry most of his estate and his collection of rare books, almost eight thousand tomes. This behest infuriated author Edith Wharton, who expected not only Berry's fortune, or part of it, but also Berry's library of priceless volumes. (The two had been lovers and Berry, an aristocratic, knowledgeable intellectual, had served as Mrs. Wharton's mentor.)

Crosby with a 13-year-old Berber girl in Touggpourt, Algeria, 1925; he holds an opium pipe, which provided one of his favorite pastimes.

Crosby made a mocking celebration out of his cousin's funeral. He supervised with elaborate pomp the cremation of his cousin and sneeringly greeted distinguished mourners at the funeral in Paris, while Crosby and Wharton vied for the dead man's library. Crosby feared that Mrs. Wharton, who, under the Berry will could choose whatever books she wanted, would swallow the entire library. Harry thought of her as "a bad sort," and Mrs. Wharton, according to Geoffrey Wolf, writ-

ing in *Black Sun*, told a friend that "Walter's young cousin Crosby turns out to be a sort of half-crazy cad." In the end, Mrs. Wharton selected only a few books and Harry received the bulk of the library.

That he read any of these rare volumes is debatable. What he did do with many of the books would have caused Mrs. Wharton, had she known, to collapse with apoplexy. The Berry library caused the normally spacious Crosby apartment to overflow with books; they were everywhere—in shelves on the walls and piled high on the floors of many rooms, so that the Crosbys had to move about the place through narrow paths. Harry solved the problem by giving hundreds of books away to complete strangers, cab drivers, prostitutes, bartenders, those whose interest in ancient literature was considerably less than ravenous. Crosby then amused himself by donning disguises, a rag peddler, say, and slinking through the open-air book stalls lining the Seine where cheap books were sold. He would slip from a bag slung about his shoulders many of his cousin's priceless books and secretly bury them among the tawdry novels. It amused him to think that uneducated book buyers would casually pick up one of Berry's cherished volumes for a few francs, not knowing the book's true value, which would also be the case with the unschooled book dealers along the Seine.

Crosby's own literary aspirations were grossly inflated by himself, his wife, and his friends. He and Caresse started the Black Sun Press to publish their own awkward poetry and then expanded to include the most well-known writers of the day, including Ernest Hemingway, James Joyce, Ezra Pound, and others, but these writers merely tolerated the Crosbys, giving them fragmentary works that were expensively published and for which the authors received handsome payments. D. H. Lawrence, for instance, demanded that the millionaire playboy pay him for a short work in gold pieces, and Harry dutifully complied.

Literary figures Crosby admired repeatedly told him he was a talented poet. They should have known better, but perhaps they were merely stroking the golden goose. As a result of such boulevard flattery, Crosby began to submit his material to other publications, but not before he made substantial financial contributions to such struggling expatriate periodicals as *Transition*. In this fashion, Crosby's neurotic, erotic poetry found a wider audience than the Black Sun Press could provide. To the literary set, he quickly became known as a weird playboy poet whose work screamed doom and death.

To Ernest Hemingway, Crosby was certainly nothing more than a rich social acquaintance who paid the way at the restaurant and racetrack during the author's lean years. It amused Hemingway, once he learned of Crosby's fanatical sun-worshipping, to jibe him about it. From Cuba in 1929, Hemingway sent Harry a newspaper clipping that ridiculed sun-worshippers, but it did not daunt Crosby's belief in the ancient rite.

By 1928, Harry Crosby had become hopelessly involved in himself. He lived only for pleasure. More and more, he escaped the real world to indulge in his fantasies, not unlike the time when he was on the way to a Paris bank to place Caresse's expensive jewelry in a safe deposit box. He spotted an attractive female relative, a distant cousin, and drank with her, attempting to seduce her. When Crosby departed the cafe, he left Caresse's jewels behind; they were never found. Crosby's drinking increased; he sank into prolonged stupors from drugs and great quantities of absinthe (wormwood alcohol, banned even in Paris where the deadly drink had driven poet Paul Verlaine insane and killed others).

In 1928, Caresse and Harry moved into an old mill in the Ermenonville forest, near Paris, on the 9,000 acre estate of Armand de la Rochefoucauld, renting it by the year. Renovating the place, the Crosbys turned the crumbling structure into posh spa-like quarters. They invited phalanxes of artists, writers, and bon vivants to spend weeks with them, drinking and cavorting. Hart Crane, the distinguished poet, who was published by Crosby, came to marvel at the luxury at the new Crosby dwelling and flaunt his insatiable homosexu-

Harry Crosby baking under the sun, which he worshipped like the Egyptian pharaohs of old, the burning orb becoming for him a symbol of life and death.

ality by seducing Crosby's chauffeur. (Crane would commit suicide in 1932 by jumping from a ship while sailing from Mexico to New York, swimming directly into the propellers.)

Guests at the Crosby mill were encouraged to drink themselves blind night and day, and when not blind with booze, to amuse themselves in the gleaming, enormous pool (into which they consistently jumped fully-clothed), or participate in donkey races which Harry religiously conducted. Some of the guests stayed but briefly at Harry's wild retreat. Writers Robert McAlmon and Kay Boyle, as recalled in *Being Geniuses Together*, left one of the wild parties late at night, going from the main building to the guest cottages after a riot erupted. "It's too damned depressing," McAlmon groaned to Boyle, "so depressing that I can't even get drunk. They're wraiths, all of them. They aren't people. God knows what they've done with their realities."

Reality had long run out on Harry Crosby. He shielded himself from it with money and the rays of the sun. Crosby was forever adorning his body with pagan symbols; in Africa he had crosses tattooed on the soles of his feet. In 1928, he paid a Hindu to tattoo a huge sun on his back in the dead of night as he lay face down in a boat wallowing on the Nile. It was also in 1928 that Harry Grew Crosby began planning his suicide and that of his wife. Caresse agreed with her husband to end their lives on October 31, 1942, a date arrived at through crazy-quilt theories of Harry's own mad invention, a doomsday date approximating their twentieth wedding anniversary.

The year 1928 was momentous for Crosby. It was also in that year, on July 9, 1928, that he met at the Lido Bar in Paris 21-year-old Josephine Noyes Rotch, a darkly attractive Boston socialite. He fell madly in love with her, calling her his "Fire Princess." For three weeks they carried on a torrid affair, but when Harry refused to leave Caresse for her, Miss Rotch sailed for the U.S. The following year, on June 21, 1928, she married Albert Bigelow, a wealthy member of a distinguished East Coast family.

Crosby brooded over the loss of another mistress. His extravagances increased as did his erratic behavior. He leaped into a cab one night to drive down the Champs Elysees in Paris, hurling gold coins to startled passersby. He bought racehorses he never raced, and lost fortunes through reckless, stupid gambling, paying for his debts by selling off huge blocks of stock. (In 1929, Crosby wired his father: "Please sell ten thousand dollars worth of stock. We have decided to lead a mad and extravagant life." This wire came as no surprise; the Crosbys had led nothing but the life of wastrels to that time.)

Desperate to occupy his hours with something, anything, that would provide stimulation, Crosby suddenly became obsessed with flying. This new mania led him to take many commercial flights between Paris and England (at a time when only a handful of passengers, at great expense, could cram aboard the small planes available, traveling at about 100 m.p.h. and at an altitude of no more than 1,000 feet). Looking down from a plane on one flight, it occurred to Harry Crosby that it would "be fun to drop bombs" on the peaceful French countryside below.

Crosby took flying lessons and, in his gnawing vanity, saw himself as another Lindbergh, to whom he bore a striking resemblance. He saw himself as a hero, a pathfinder, but he never went beyond student status as a pilot. Next came fast racing cars. Crosby raced for weeks, but soon exhausted his zest for dirt tracks, sputtering engines and oil-smeared hands. For a while, the would-be literary giant decided to become the world's greatest photographer and purchased almost every known camera. He tired of this, too.

Caresse tolerated her husband's excesses and went her own way, becoming engrossed with the duties of a publisher at Black Sun Press. Harry thought only of Josephine, his fire princess, and corresponded with her. His thoughts also, more and more, turned to suicide, about which he wrote reams of poetry and talked incessantly. He had apparently little regard for his own poetry. Early in March 1929, while staying at the old mill, he dragged out eighty-some copies of his self-published book, *Red Skeletons*, and blew them to pieces with a shotgun. He then burned the remains.

On November 18, 1929, Crosby received a wire from Mrs. Josephine Rotch Bigelow, urging him to come to her in America. Harry was at first reluctant to return to his native land. His last visit in 1928 produced in him a hatred for his hometown. In one poem, he called Boston a "City of Dead Semen." Worse, on that trip Harry had barraged Boston's liter-

Writer Ernest Hemingway, who sent Crosby a newspaper clipping that ridiculed sun-worshippers in 1929, the year Crosby decided to end his life.

ary bastion, *Atlantic Monthly*, with more than fifty poems, all of which were rejected.

But Crosby did return to America, accompanied by Caresse. Keeping him company on the boat trip was an other old flame, Constance, the Comtesse de Jumilhac. After going to Boston, Harry met with Mrs. Bigelow on November 28, 1929. Caresse went to New York and registered at the Savoy-Plaza Hotel on November 25, 1929. Her husband showed up three days later but stayed only a week. Harry then took a train to Detroit, where he had arranged to meet Mrs. Bigelow. He and Josephine registered under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crane, using the name of Crosby's poet friend, Hart Crane. The love tryst lasted for two days before both returned to New York and their spouses.

Crosby began drinking heavily in early December as he and his wife prepared to return to Paris. Hart Crane gave them a party, but Harry seemed disinterested, even when Crane let in a horde of drunken sailors whom he, Crane, attempted to seduce on the spot. Unknown to Caresse, her husband had broken more than his marriage vows; it was already settled in his mind that he would not live up to their suicide pact scheduled for 1942. He intended to end it in 1929 "with a bang, not a whimper," (Harry's convolution of T. S. Eliot's premise), and with another woman, the fire princess.

December 10, 1929, was an auspicious day for the Crosbys. They were to dine in the august presence of J. Pierpont Morgan, Harry's uncle. That morning, Harry and Caresse attended an exhibition by a sculptor, who had completed a bronze sculpture of their dog, Narcisse Noir. Then Harry abruptly left his wife, kissing her and telling her he would see her and his mother at "uncle Jack's." From there, they would join Hart Crane for dinner and the theater.

Following a quick lunch, Crosby took a cab to 1 West 67th Street, the address of the Hotel des Artistes and going to the duplex studio occupied by his friend, Stanley Mortimer, a portrait painter. Here, he met Mrs. Josephine Bigelow. They had met several times at Mortimer's and the artist, an obliging friend, had given Harry a key to his ninth-floor abode. They arrived together at noon to be greeted by Mortimer. They had a few drinks and then Crosby led Josephine to an upstairs bedroom with an overhanging balcony. Mortimer continued painting, but the couple leaned over the balcony and "kidded me," according to Mortimer later. "Crosby gave me a signal and I got on my street clothes and went out."

Crosby spent unknown hours in Mortimer's place with Mrs. Bigelow, who was later described as a "strange wild girl who delighted in saying things to shock people" and who was extremely possessive of Harry. Meanwhile, Crosby's wife and mother spent an uncomfortable tea-time with uncle Jack Morgan in the financier's behemoth mansion, trying to explain the absence of the errant Harry. Caresse and Mrs. Crosby finally left the Morgan house without waiting for Harry, returning to the Savoy, where they dressed for dinner. Still, Harry did not arrive. They went to the Caviar Restaurant and met Hart Crane. Halfway through the meal, she later claimed, Caresse had a terrible premonition, and left the table to phone Stanley Mortimer at his mother's house (this, of course, made it obvious that Caresse knew all along that her husband was not only meeting with Mrs. Bigelow, but was using Mortimer's apartment as a love nest). Mortimer told Caresse that he would go by his apartment and check on Harry.

Josephine Rotch Bigelow, a married woman who became Crosby's "Fire Princess;" he murdered her in December 1929, before taking his own life.

The artist reached his studio at 9:30 p.m. and found it bolted from inside. He knocked and called, but no one answered. Desperately, he raced to the superintendent of the building and demanded that he break down the door. The man wielded an ax to batter down the door. Inside, Mortimer found Harry Grew Crosby and Josephine Rotch Bigelow—he was then thirty-one, she twenty-two—both dead on his bed. A bullet hole was in Josephine's left temple, another in Harry's right temple. Both were fully clothed, according to later newspaper reports. Their left hands were entwined and Harry's free arm was wrapped loosely about her neck, the right hand clutching a .25-caliber Belgian automatic pistol.

Police arrived to find more than $500 in cash stuffed in Harry's pockets, along with the steamship tickets which Harry and Caresse were to use on their return voyage to France. Crosby had removed a gold ring, one he called his "sun ring," which he had promised his wife he would never take off. It had been flattened, as if he had stomped on it.

Caresse learned of the suicide-murder, as it was later termed by police, late that night. She did not go to the scene of the crime, nor did the Crosbys utter a word of the disgrace their son had brought down upon the family name. It became practice for decades that none of the Crosby relatives ever mention the name of Harry Crosby again.

The bizarre end of Harry Crosby and his Bryn Mawr-trained mistress captured the nation's headlines. The Chicago *Tribune*, which bannered the deaths with the headlines, CROSBY DIED FOR A THRILL, stated that: "As a writer and publisher and a wealthy, amusing fellow besides, Crosby just about set the pace for the whole crowd of expatriates, who credit him with having `lived more fully than any man of his generation.' None of his fast-moving crowd believe Crosby committed suicide for love, and are sure he sought death just to see what it was like ..."

But for Josephine, according to Deputy Chief Medical Examiner Thomas Gonzalez of New York City, there was no such intention. Gonzalez, along with Inspector Mulrooney, stated that, from the position of the bodies and the varying states of rigor mortis, Crosby had murdered Josephine, then spent several hours alone in the apartment before killing him-

self. Gonzalez was quoted as saying that homicide was obvious, along with "the expression of smiling expectancy on the dead face of the beautiful young wife, indicating that she had gone to her rendezvous expecting a caress, not deadly bullets."

Albert Bigelow arrived in New York from Boston the following day, while his wife and Harry were taken to separate mortuaries to await burial. The outraged husband, a Harvard man, told a reporter from the New York *Daily News*: "This man lured her to his apartment and murdered her. I don't believe in any suicide pact no matter what the police or anybody else says, and I believe my wife to be the victim of a mad poet who turned murderer because he could not have the woman he wanted and who was true to me."

Bigelow proved his loyalty to Josephine by having her remains buried in the family plot at Old Lyme, Connecticut. Harry's body was cremated two days later, and the remains were given to Caresse in an expensive urn which she took with her to Paris. (She would die on January 24, 1970, still promoting Harry Crosby to the world as an offbeat, misunderstood rebel poet who simply happened to be rich and had ended his young life more at the instigation of a reckless age than from his own hand.) Critic Malcolm Cowley further eulogized Crosby in his 1920s literary memoirs, *Exile's Return*, remarking about this supremely self-indulgent young man: "Harry Crosby, dead, had ...become a symbol of change ...In spite of himself he had died at the right time." It was Cowley's thought that the death of Harry Crosby signaled the close of the Roaring Twenties, the age of excess, only moments before a great night of depression and war blanketed the world.

Poet e.e. cummings (who used the lower case in his name) had the last succinct words, dealing with the murder-suicide as would a deadline-hounded newspaper editor, captioning the strange deaths with:

2 Boston
Dolls found
with
Holes in each other
's lullaby

THE MASSIES OF HAWAII/January 8, 1932

In the fall of 1931, Hawaii, then an American Territory, was a wild mixture of cultures—Hawaiian, Japanese, Filipino, Portuguese, Korean, and Americans. Racial unrest was the norm. In early September, the city of Honolulu began to experience a rash of rapes in which white women were dragged into an old touring car occupied by five "little swarthy men," taken to secluded spots, and sexually attacked. On the night of September 21, 1931, attractive 20-year-old Mrs. Thalia Massie, wife of Navy officer Lieutenant Thomas Massie (1900-1944), left a party at the Ala Wai Inn to cool off by taking a walk alone down the poorly lighted John Edna Road. Suddenly an old Buick drove alongside her and stopped. Five men were inside of it, Horace Ida, a Japanese who owned the large touring car; David Takai, another Japanese; Henry Chang, a Chinese; and Hawaiians Ben Anekuelo and Joe Kahahawai, a tough, well-built young man, who was a professional boxer.

Recently graduated from Annapolis, Ensign Thomas H. Massie is shown with his 16-year-old bride, Thalia Fortescue.

Four of the men leaped out of the car and grabbed Mrs. Massie, throwing her into the back seat of the car and speeding off to the Old Animal Quarantine Station, which Mrs. Massie recognized. She was dragged out of the car and when she offered resistance Kahahawai sent a powerful punch to her jaw, breaking it. Thalia Massie went limp and the five men pinned her to the ground and then took turns raping her.

After her attackers departed, Mrs. Massie, battered and bleeding, managed to stagger to Al Moana Drive and flagged down a car. She was taken home and Lieutenant Massie, still attending the party, was called. He rushed home to find his wife's face battered, her lips cut and bleeding, her eyes swollen and blackened. "I thought at first that she had been hit by a truck," Massie later recalled.

Thalia Massie collapsed into her husband's arms, sob-

Thalia Fortescue Massie, shortly before she was abducted while she was walking along a lonely road and brutally beaten and raped by five non-whites outside Honolulu, Hawaii, on the night of September 21, 1931.

Social grande dame of Long Island, New York, Grace Hubbard Bell Fortescue, a woman of iron will, flew to Hawaii after hearing that her daughter had been attacked and, upon arrival, took charge of exacting revenge.

bing: "It's awful, Tommy, the shame! I just want to die!" She then related the story of being raped by five natives of mixed race. She produced a scrap of paper on which she had written the number 58895, the license of the car the men had been driving. Police were summoned and the Buick was tracked down to Ida, who quickly involved the others.

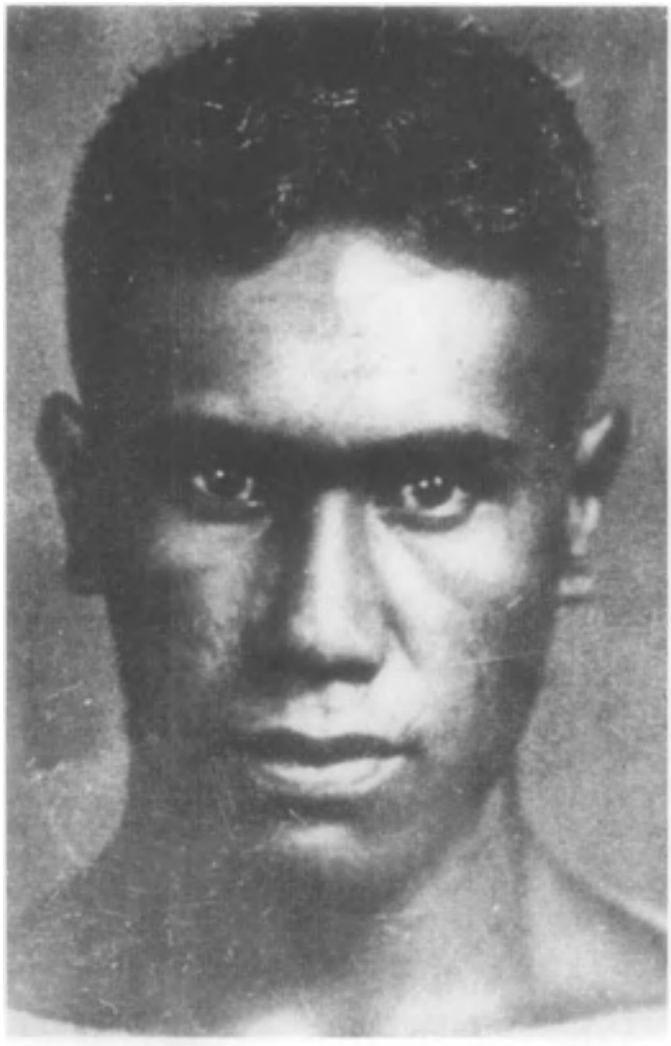
These same five men had been arrested many times in the past, separately and in a group, for committing a number of sex crimes. All five had been previously accused of raping a Mrs. Peebles, but because of "lack of evidence" had been released. The five men were brought before Mrs. Massie, who identified each one of them as her attackers, adding: "I'd know those savages anywhere."

The news of this rape shocked the island and the story made front-page news in mainland U.S. newspapers. What was doubly shocking at that time was that the Massies were members of the social elite in Hawaii and came from distinguished, upper-class families. Lieutenant Thomas Massie was a quiet, gentle officer who had graduated with honors from the Naval Academy at Annapolis and came from a wealthy, much-respected Kentucky family.

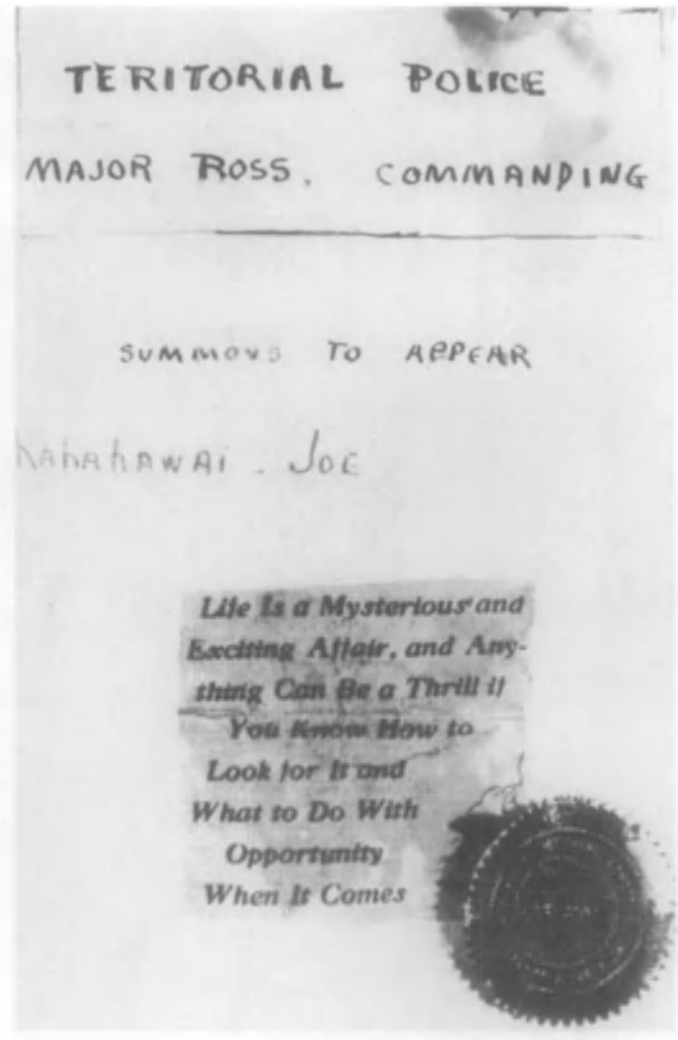
Thalia had married Massie when only sixteen, but she had the blessing of her mother, Mrs. Grace Glanville-Fortescue, a wealthy society woman, whose husband was a retired army major. Mrs. Fortescue herself came from a prestigious Long Island family and was the niece of inventor Alexander Graham Bell. She and her daughter Thalia were listed in the Social Register.

While the rapists were jailed pending trial, Fortescue flew to Hawaii to be near her daughter. She was infuriated that such a brutal crime could be perpetrated against a white woman and said so publicly and to her friends in Hawaii, all members of the island's social elite. Fortescue also met with Admiral Yates Stirling, commander of the Navy base at Pearl Harbor. Stirling was livid about the attack. He told Fortescue that "our first inclination is to seize these brutes and string them up on trees, but we must give the authorities the chance to carry out the law. It will be slow and exasperating, but we must be patient."

On November 19, 1931, the five accused men were brought to trial. Hospital doctors testifying at the trial were of little help to the prosecution, stating that, indeed, Mrs. Massie had



Joseph Kahahawai was accused of being one of the five men who raped Thalia Massie, but a jury set him and the others free, which incensed Massie and Mrs. Fortescue, who then planned their own brand of justice.


TERITORIAL POLICE
MAJOR ROSS, COMMANDING
SUMMONS TO APPEAR
KAHAHAWAI, JOE
Life Is a Mysterious and Exciting Affair, and Anything Can Be a Thrill if You Know How to Look for It and What to Do With Opportunity When It Comes

The bogus summons (created by Mrs. Fortescue, along with the cryptic newspaper text) that convinced the naive Joseph Kahahawai that he was under arrest and allowed his abductors to drive him away to his death.

been attacked, but they had found no real evidence of rape, no presence of sperm in her body. She was not, as popularly thought, pregnant at the time of the attack. Five white men and seven men of mixed races listened to arguments for fifteen days and then decided that there was not sufficient evidence to convict the defendants, even with Thalia Massie's sworn statements that each of the accused had raped her.

This travesty of justice inflamed the white community on Oahu. The rage over the jury decision was centered on the seven jurists of mixed races who, it was said, had freed the rapists because they were of their own race or nationalities (not unlike the prejudicial decision by the almost all black jury that acquitted O. J. Simpson more than sixty years later). Admiral Stirling summed up the attitude of the white community by later writing: "The criminal assault of a white woman by the five dark-skinned citizens had gone unpunished by the Courts. Sympathies have been aroused in favor of the accused men. Conviction was thus impossible."

The defendants did help their cause by making sneering remarks about Mrs. Massie and strutting about Honolulu as if they were victors of a boxing match. (These men were later portrayed in a far-from-the-truth TV movie as innocent youths who had been pilloried by a white society. In truth they all had police records as sex offenders.) The conduct of the defendants so enraged a group of Navy officers that, on the night of December 13, 1931, a group of officers seized Horace Ida and drove him to a remote spot, where he was beaten and pistol-whipped into unconsciousness and then left to make his way back to Honolulu. Ida had been dealt with in the same manner as had been Mrs. Massie, proper and ironic retribution in the minds of the men who attacked him.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Massie showed the signs of a nervous breakdown. The trial had been a tremendous strain on her and she had been held up to ridicule by defense attorneys whose snide inferences portrayed her as a loose woman, a flirt who invited the advances of white Navy officers. Groundless rumors following the trial had it that Mrs. Massie had not been raped by men of other races, but by a group of white Navy men, and that she had put the blame on the hapless Hawaiians.

Thomas Massie was also shattered during and after the

Sailors Edward J. Lord, left, and Albert O. Jones, both members of the submarine boxing team, were recruited by Massie to aid in the abduction of Joseph Kahahawai.

trial. He was a taciturn young man who said little, keeping his emotional problems to himself. On rare occasions he stated that his wife had been victimized not only by the rapists, but by the publicity attending the trial; her reputation was ruined and he sought some sort of justice beyond the court system which had failed them.

To that end, Massie enlisted the aid of two sailors, Edward Lord and Albert Jones, who served under his command and held him in great respect. Massie had learned that Joe Kahahawai, the worst offender of the rapist group, reported each day to the court as a condition of his release. On the morning of January 8, 1932, Massie drove up to the courthouse with Jones. Massie was behind the wheel of a rented Buick, disguised as a chauffeur. Jones, in civilian clothes, got out of the car when Kahahawai appeared and stopped him before the Hawaiian entered the court building, showing him a fake summons to appear before a special tribunal. Kahahawai, who understood little English, shrugged and got into the Buick. Massie drove to a bungalow Fortescue had rented in Ala Moana Valley.

Lord posted himself on guard in front of the bungalow while Massie and Jones escorted Kahahawai inside. The Hawaiian stood before a desk behind which Massie sat, acting as inquisitor, while Jones held a gun on the burly boxer. Said Massie: "Okay, we're here to get the truth out of you and to beat it out of you if necessary. If you don't talk before the police get here, we'll beat you to ribbons. Now tell me, who kicked my wife, broke her jaw, and raped her?"

Kahahawai shook his head and said he was innocent.

Massie persisted, stating: "You're a prizefighter. Of course it was you who hit her. Be a man and admit it!"

Kahahawai then broke down, according to the later statements of Massie and Jones, mumbling: "Yeah, I did it all right. We all did it, all right. We attacked your wife."

What happened next was the subject of courtroom debate and historical argument for decades to come. Massie went into a blind rage at hearing this offhand admission of a brutal crime against his wife and grabbed a revolver and shot Kahahawai

Kahahawai was taken to this bungalow, which had been rented by Mrs. Fortescue, and where Massie performed his kangaroo court, grilling the man until he admitted raping his wife, which sparked a murderous response.

Policemen remove the naked body of Joseph Kahahawai from the back seat of the Buick, which was stopped by officers after a five-mile chase, which was carrying Mrs. Fortescue, Massie, Lord and Jones; all were arrested.

once in the chest, killing him on the spot. Jones was interviewed many years later and claimed that Kahahawai leaned or lurched toward Massie at this point in the questioning, while Jones, who was holding a revolver on the man, instinctively squeezed the trigger, shooting the boxer dead.

Mrs. Fortescue and seaman Lord appeared in the living room of the bungalow at the sound of the shot and, after a hurried conference, decided to dump the body in a remote spot. At first Jones and Lord put the body in a bathtub, stripped it, and washed away all the blood. Then they wrapped it in a blanket, and placed the body in the back seat of the Buick. Massie, Fortescue, Jones, and Lord then drove toward Koko Head, thinking to dump the corpse in a canyon there.

Police, however, had already been looking for Massie, Jones, and Kahahawai, who had been seen leaving the courthouse at 8:30 a.m. by Kahahawai's cousin. They intercepted the Massie car and quickly discovered the body of the dead boxer. Fortescue, Massie, Jones, and Lord were taken into custody and charged with murder. The wealthy Fortescue immediately hired America's most famous criminal attorney, Clarence Darrow, who flew from Chicago to Hawaii to defend the foursome. The Massie case became an overnight sensation, a national cause celebre, with the races violently divided. Riots broke out in Honolulu and in various parts of the U.S., where race tension and strife was high.

Before his trial, Massie made a brief statement: "I'm sorry that this man has been shot, but it was no more than he asked for and deserved." By this statement, Massie established the line of defense in the trial, one which Darrow would vigorously pursue, that of the unwritten law, where a man defends his wife's honor at all costs and at all hazards to his own safety and well-being (the same defense that had been mounted in the notorious Harry Thaw murder case).

The U.S. Navy, rather than disavowing the actions of one of its officers, backed Massie to the hilt. Stated Admiral Stirling: "An Hawaiian rapist had been killed by the family of the tortured girl because they felt that legal justice was impossible." In Washington, D.C., Admiral William Lee Pratt, chief of Naval operations, went even further, issuing the following statement to the press: "American men will not stand for the violation of their women under any circumstances. For this crime they have taken the matter into their own hands repeatedly when they have felt that the law has failed to do justice."

Sympathies were generally with the defendants, although the Honolulu *Star Bulletin* thundered against the killing of Kahahawai, saying: "People who take the law into their own hands always make a mess of it ... There is no justification in civilized society for lynch law methods or premeditated killing of any kind." Stated the Honolulu *Advertiser*: "Vengeance which takes the form of private execution cannot be condoned."

Most were concerned with how Clarence Darrow would defend his clients, who were obviously guilty of murder. The greatest lawyer in the land had been reluctant to take the case, stating privately that he did not like "the smell of it." But his financial difficulties at the time were acute and he accepted Mrs. Fortescue's fee of $25,000 and an all-expenses paid trip to Hawaii for himself and his wife.

On April 5, 1932, Darrow appeared with his clients before Judge Charles Davis, stating that Massie had killed Kahahawai out of "mental illness brought on by extreme provocation." As usual, Darrow's magnetic presence in the courtroom held everyone in fascination. He walked about in his rumpled clothes, his silvery hair falling in front of his forehead.

Darrow intoned dramatically the series of events that led up to the killing of Kahahawai, emphasizing the awful ordeal undergone by Mrs. Massie at the hands of savage rapists, depicting how Mrs. Massie had been humiliated by the traumatic experience and how she had been emotionally unstable thereafter. The same kind of emotional instability seized the mind of Thomas Massie, Darrow pointed out, one which clouded his reason and judgment and led to the shooting of the murder victim.

Throughout Darrow's orations and the court proceedings, Mrs. Fortescue proudly held up her head. She was dressed in the height of fashion, wearing a cloche hat and a red dress. Massie sat immobile, his blank expression interrupted only

Famed criminal attorney Clarence Darrow, center, who undertook the near-impossible defense; he is shown with defendants (left to right) Edward J. Lord, Mrs. Fortescue, Thomas Massie and Albert O. Jones.

Hawaii's Governor Lawrence Judd, to avoid more racial riots, commuted the sentences of the defendants (they were all convicted of second-degree murder and faced ten years in prison) to one hour in custody.

Admiral Yates Stirling, U.S. Navy Commander at Pearl Harbor, felt that the matter should have been settled immediately after the attack on Thalia Massie by the speedy execution of the five men who attacked her.

The defendants and friends are shown with Darrow, after their release from custody; they spent only one hour in the dock, their commutation causing more widespread rioting throughout the troubled islands.

when he bit his thin lips on occasion. The sailors, Lord and Jones, sat passive, staring ahead. The burning black eyes of Joe Kahahawai's parents were constantly focused upon the defendants as they sat in the spectator's gallery. Across the aisle from them sat Thalia Massie, dressed in black. Darrow's brilliant defense worked only to reduce the status of the charge against the defendants. Prosecutor John Kelley was obviously overwhelmed by Darrow's magical addresses and confined himself to the facts in the case. That was enough for a conviction, although it was not the first-degree murder conviction Kelley had sought.

All four were convicted of second-degree murder and sentenced to ten years imprisonment. Darrow immediately stated that he would appeal the case to the U.S. Supreme Court, but officials had had enough of this case. Riots against blacks, Orientals, and Hawaiians had broken out throughout the islands and on the mainland. Further court hearings would only ferment more race riots and unrest, prosecuting attorneys told Darrow after the conviction.

Prosecutors recommended leniency toward the defendants and this plea was acted upon by the much-harassed Governor Judd who was tired of calling out hundreds of national guardsmen to quell riots taking place over the Massie case. Judd signed an order that commuted the sentences of the four convicted murderers, reducing their time to one hour to be served in the courtroom dock. The defendants were placed in the dock and sat motionless and silent for an hour and then walked free.

Fortescue and Thalia Massie immediately sailed back to the U.S. mainland. Massie and the two seaman remained on duty in the islands. Massie himself would remain in the Navy, later serving on the U.S.S. *New Mexico*, a battleship which saw heavy action in World War II. He later died in obscurity. Thalia did not remain married to Thomas Massie for long. She filed for divorce in Reno, Nevada, which was granted on February 23, 1934. At the time, she told reporters that the crime against her had caused so much strain between her and her husband that their marriage disintegrated.

"Do you think you'll marry again soon?" a reporter asked Thalia Massie.

"Sure," she snapped back sullenly. "I'm going to marry Clark Gable, didn't you hear."

That night the despondent woman went to a Reno nightclub and ordered a drink into which she poured poison. She collapsed shortly after drinking the mixture and was rushed to St. Mary's Hospital where she recovered. Thalia Massie then took a train to New York where she booked passage on the *Roma*, a liner sailing to Italy. At sea, Mrs. Massie told other passengers that she did not care to live any longer. She was found hours later bleeding to death in her cabin, her wrists slashed. She was saved by a ship's nurse and Dr. Valliga, the ship's captain.

Thalia Massie survived her deep depressions, however, and later moved to Eugene, Oregon, living under her maiden name, Thalia Bell. She later married a man many years her junior and died on July 3, 1963. Although it was not listed as such, Thalia's death may have been a suicide. According to one newspaper account, "she was found in the bathroom of her apartment, barbiturate bottles scattered about her." Her proud and aristocratic mother, Mrs. Grace Fortescue, had already died years earlier.

A TITLED VICTIM IN KENYA/ January 24, 1941

Sir Henry John Delves Broughton (AKA: Sir Jock, 1884-1942), 57-year-old British aristocrat, married the ravishing young Diana Caldwell, a 27-year-old socialite, and in a prenuptial agreement guaranteed her an estimated yearly income of £5,000. This "May-September" marriage was not expected to last. Broughton was overly possessive of his new bride and his alluring wife attracted a flock of young male (and even female) admirers with whom she would allegedly have brief affairs, further inflaming her spouse's inherent jealousy. It was a dangerous proposition for both, made more explosive when Broughton decided to lead a new lifestyle in a savage country.

With his new bride, "Sir Jock," as Broughton was known to his friends in the fashionable London clubs, arrived in Kenya on November 12, 1940, to begin a new life. His well-appointed home outside Nairobi, however, held no fascination for the vivacious Lady Broughton. In this last outpost of the crumbling British empire, Diana met Josslyn Victor Hay, the dashing twenty-second Earl of Erroll and immediately embarked on a torrid affair with the handsome swain.

Hay was eighteen years younger than Henry Broughton, and infinitely more interesting to Diana. Hay had many female admirers, most of them married to men of title, and was, in the words of an English divorce judge, a "very bad black-

Sir "Jock" Boughton (left), a wealthy sportsman, shown here at the races with friends, married a beautiful woman thirty years his junior, a union that was soon undone when she fell in love with another man.

The handsome Josslyn Victor Hay, the 22nd Earl of Erroll (shown with his wife, who died in 1939), murdered on the night of January 24, 1941, a homicide charged to the cuckolded "Sir Jock" Boughton, who, through money and influence, went free.

Greta Scacchi, right, shown with Geraldine Chaplin, left, played the role of Diana Caldwell Boughton in the 1987 film, *White Mischief*, which was faithfully based upon the sordid uppercrust society of Kenya in 1941 and the murder of Sir Josslyn Hay.

guard." On January 20, 1941, less than two months after his arrival in Africa, Broughton wrote to a friend about the futility of his situation. He knew that Diana had fallen in love with Hay. "They say they are in love with each other and mean to get married," he confided. "It is a hopeless position and I am going to cut my losses. I think I'll go to Ceylon." That same day, Broughton told the police that someone had stolen two Colt revolvers from his home.

Diana Caldwell Boughton, who moved to Kenya with her husband and where she conducted a lethal affair.

On the afternoon of January 23, 1941, Hay, Broughton, and Diana discussed their situation over drinks and dinner at the Muthaiga Country Club. "Diana tells me she is in love with you," Broughton said matter-of-factly.

"She never told me that, but I'm frightfully in love with her," Hay replied curtly. Form dictated that the two aristocrats try to arrive at some understanding. Afterward, Hay would remark to his friend Lieutenant Lezard, "Jock could not have been nicer. He has agreed to everything. As a matter of fact, he has been so nice it smells bad!"

That night, Broughton had too much to drink and was driven home by a friend, leaving his wife with Hay. At 2:30 a.m., Hay brought Diana home, said his goodnight on the porch, and then climbed back into his car and drove down the Ngong Road. A short distance from the house, his car careened into a gravel pit. The next morning, a passerby found him slumped over the steering wheel. He had been shot in the back of the head.

Several weeks later, Broughton was arrested and charged with murder. He was the only one with an obvious motive, and the bullet extracted from the victim's brain had been fired with a black powder propellant, which was unobtainable in Kenya. Broughton's African houseboy would later tell the court that he had seen Broughton take two pistols to his bedroom shortly after arriving home from the club on the night of Hay's murder.

Broughton went to trial on May 26, 1941. The prosecution was handled by the Attorney General of Kenya, W. Harrigan. Broughton's life depended on discrediting the witnesses for the prosecution. From South Africa, H.H. Morris, one of the finest legal minds in the country, accepted his case. Morris brilliantly demonstrated to the jury that the murder bullets were not necessarily fired from any of his client's guns. Further, he demonstrated through witnesses that Broughton had never uttered a public word of objection or made a single threat to or about Hay regarding the young man's affair with his wife. Sir Henry John Delves Broughton was duly acquitted on July 1, 1941.

Broughton left Kenya as planned, and took up residence with Diana in Ceylon. However, Broughton soon suffered a

serious fall which partly paralyzed him. Forced to return to England, Broughton sequestered himself in a Liverpool hotel, where he committed suicide in December 1942. Physicians attributed his death to an overdose of narcotics. He left a long, rambling note about the Kenya tragedy that neither affirmed nor denied his guilt. Broughton's story became the basis for the captivating 1988 British film, *White Mischief*, a movie that aptly captured the decaying aristocratic society in Kenya at that time and most decidedly pointed to the guilt of "Sir Jock."

THE JUDGE-TO-JUDGE MURDER/ June 16, 1955

One of the world's most sensational missing persons cases involved New York Supreme Court Justice Joseph Force Crater, who vanished on August 6, 1930 and was never seen again. An equally disturbing disappearance occurred twenty-five years later, one that also involved a distinguished jurist, Florida Circuit Court Judge Charles E. Chillingworth, who seemed to dissolve into thin air in 1955. There was a marked difference between these two disappearing judges. Chillingworth, however, resurfaced, at least in the chilling testimony of his murderer.

Judge Charles E. Chillingworth, who vanished from his Manalpan, Florida, home in 1955.

Judge Chillingworth had spent thirty-four years on the bench. He had been stern, but fair, placing emphasis on the law, always the law. Most of Chillingworth's judgeship had been centered in Palm Beach and Broward counties, and he was particularly known for his promptness, an unbending trait even his wife and three grown daughters had learned to respect.

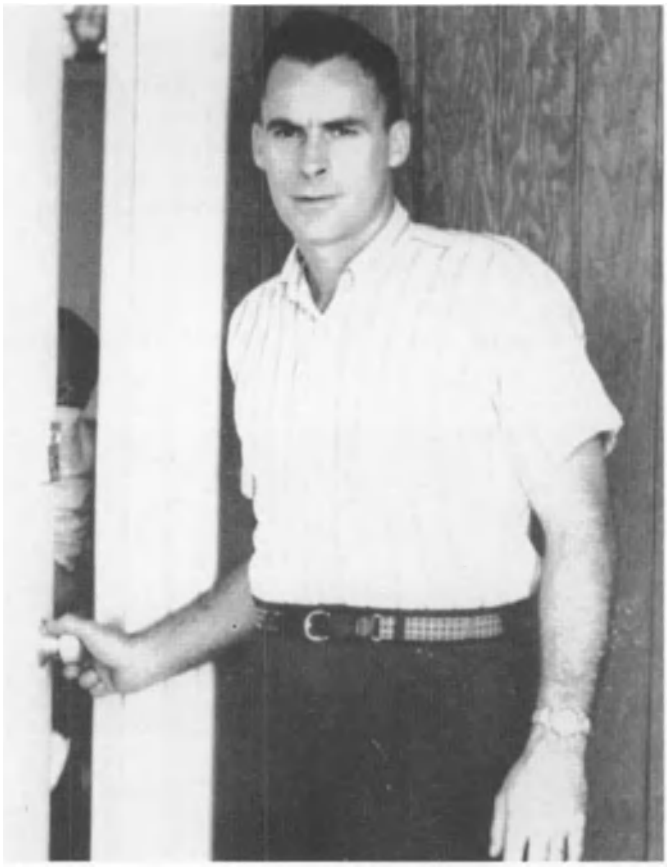
Seldom if ever could the judge's court attendants remember Chillingworth being late; so, when he failed to appear at a hearing at his West Palm Beach chambers on June 16, 1955, the alarm was immediately sent out. Police and family members immediately converged on the judge's fashionable seaside home at Manalpan, an exclusive area twelve miles south of Palm Beach. What detectives found in the Chillingworth home—or what they did not find—stunned and amazed them.

Mrs. Marjorie Chillingworth, who disappeared along with her husband in 1955.

Judge Chillingworth *and* his wife were missing, with only a few physical traces that they had returned to their home the previous night at 10:30 p.m., after dining with friends. Investigators determined that the couple had undressed and had neatly hung up their clothing, retiring in pajamas. Their money and jewelry remained untouched on bedroom bureaus. Nothing was missing except the two human beings who inhabited the home.

Outside the home, detectives found a few slim clues. A beach lamp that lighted the area leading to the water was broken, and on the wooden stairs and walkway leading to the

The Chillingworth ocean-front home, where the couple was abducted, then rowed out to sea and murdered, their bodies weighted and given the deep six.



Jim Yenzer, who lured one of the killers of the Chillingworths to a drinking party, where he bragged of the double murder.

Undercover police officer P. O. Wilbur was present at the drinking party where the killer's admissions were recorded.

Floyd "Lucky" Holzapfel, right, who got drunk with Yenzer and Wilbur and talked about murdering the Chillingworths; he was convicted and sent to Florida's electric chair.

The affable and scheming Judge Joseph Peel, right, convicted of ordering Holzapfel and his alleged accomplices to commit the Chillingworth murders; he was sent to prison for life.

sea, investigators found traces of blood and two rolls of adhesive tape. One footprint, distorted as if a person had been struggling, was found in the sand next to what appeared to be the marks of a boat that had been beached at the water's edge.

At first authorities deduced that the couple had drowned, even though Chillingworth and his wife were known to avoid deep water since they were poor swimmers. Planes and helicopters soon buzzed and whirred over the waters near the Chillingworth home, pilots and observers scanning the sea for floating bodies. Scores of surface vessels joined the search that extended as far as the Bahamas. Skin divers and deep-sea divers explored the depths offshore. In the end, nothing was found.

Police then concluded that the couple had been kidnapped and they expected for weeks a ransom note to arrive. Officials even went so far as to name a Methodist minister, the Reverend Harry Waller, to act as an intermediary. Others doubted the abduction theory, knowing that Chillingworth and his family did not possess the kind of money that would bring an appreciable ransom payment. A reward of $113,000 was offered by friends, family and state officials for the return of the missing couple, but no leads developed.

The Chillingworth disappearances remained a complete mystery and would have remained so, had it not been for a startling conversation between Brevard County Sheriff aide James Yenzer and an old friend, Joseph Alexander Peel, Jr. (b. 1924) in late 1960. Yenzer was told by Peel that he would receive a large amount of money if he would kill an habitual criminal named Floyd Albert Holzapfel (pronounced *holds-apple*), known to Yenzer and Peel as "Lucky."

Yenzer stalled, but later contacted the wanted felon, Holzapfel, but not for the purpose of killing him. Yenzer had told authorities about Peel's proposal and they urged Yenzer to contact the intended "hit," in order to obtain more information. To that end, Yenzer, along with P. O. Wilbur, and undercover policeman, lured the alcoholic Holzapfel into a drinking spree in a motel room that was wired for sound. Once drunk, Holzapfel spewed forth a tale that caused the flesh of his listeners to crawl.

Holzapfel and a few of his friends had murdered Judge Chillingworth and his wife, he admitted. They did it, like Hemingway's thugs in "The Killers," for "a friend," a powerful pillar of the Florida community, who was annoyed with the Judge's rigid ways. The murder had not been an easy chore, Holzapfel said. He and his accomplices had arrived late on the night of June 15, 1955, on the beach behind the Chillingworth home. They crept into the house, intent upon slaying only the Judge, but the crotchety old man struggled so fiercely and shouted so loudly in his bed that he woke up his wife, who started to scream. The killers bashed her into unconsciousness. (It was Marjorie Chillingworth's blood the investigators had found the next day on the walkway, blood gushing from her wound as she and her husband were dragged, mouths taped, out to the beach and into the waiting boat.)

Once in the boat—clouds shrouding the moon and the movements of the murderers—Marjorie Chillingworth was wrapped in chains and weights were attached. She was rolled into the sea and sank immediately. The Judge was another matter. So violently did he struggle with his assailants that he almost succeeded in knocking Holzapfel and his friends into the ocean. They barely managed to get the chains and weights about him before tossing him into the water.

Judge Chillingworth would not die easily. To the astonishment of his killers, he did not sink. Encumbered in chains and weights, the feisty jurist nevertheless began to swim to shore. The killers paddled furiously after him, and, just as he was about to reach shallow water, one of them reached out in desperation with an oar and split his skull. Only then did the Judge sink from sight.

Finishing his tale in a drunken stupor, Holzapfel passed out. He was arrested for the murder of the Chillingworths on October 4, 1960. Within hours, he tried to commit suicide by cutting his wrists, but his efforts were as awkward as his murders of the Chillingworths. He lived to stand trial. Holzapfel's employer in this and other murders was Joseph Peel, the man who had politely asked Yenzer to kill him. Investigation into Peel's background was laborious and painful. Peel came from one of the most respected families in Florida. He had been West Palm Beach's only municipal judge and from that sacrosanct position, police learned, took bribes and kickbacks from every illegal operation in the area, from moonshining gangsters to grifters selling illegal lottery tickets.

Judge Peel stood for no nonsense from those who interfered with his lucrative graft. When a 22-year-old informer named Lew Harvey caused dozens of raids on stills producing moonshine whiskey—operations in which Peel had interests—the Judge ordered Holzapfel to murder him. Harvey's bullet-ridden corpse was discovered in a canal outside of Palm Beach in November 1958. Holzapfel was sent to South America until the search for Harvey's murderer subsided. Peel sent his hired killer regular checks to South America, but when he stopped the payments, Holzapfel returned and began to blackmail his employer. This was the reason why Peel went to Yenzer and asked him to kill his troublesome henchman.

Judge Chillingworth had always been troublesome to Joseph Peel, investigators learned. During a 1952 divorce case—Peel was then a practicing attorney—Peel instructed his client to lie. That case was tried before none other than Judge Chillingworth, who helped to establish perjury that sent Peel's client to prison. The Judge's oral rebuke of Peel was so devastating that its repercussions destroyed his law practice and forced him to resign from the bar. Peel later became a municipal judge, but Chillingworth knew of his links to organized gambling and several times threatened to expose him. But, by then, Peel had professional killers like Holzapfel on his payroll and he simply eliminated a nuisance by ordering his henchman to murder Chillingworth.

Peel stood trial for his crimes and was convicted twice and sentenced to two life terms for the murders of Chillingworth and his wife. His not so dutiful stooge, Lucky Holzapfel, did not leave up to his nickname. He went to the electric chair.

"I WILL DESTROY YOUR FACE"/April 4, 1958

The violent deaths of gangsters have been common occurrences, but the killing of gangster Johnny Stompanato in 1958 drew uncommon attention from the press. He died at the hands

Johnny Stompanato, left, when he worked as a bagman and driver for Los Angeles gangster Mickey Cohen, right.

of a teenager whose actress mother had been an on-screen sex symbol for decades. The only child of Hollywood actress Lana Turner, Cheryl Crane (b. 1943), was born to Turner and Stephen Crane, the actress' second husband, a marriage that lasted only a few months. Turner had already been married to Artie Shaw and, after her annulment from Crane, went on to marry Henry J. "Bob" Topping, Lex Barker, Fred May, Robert Eaton, and Ronald Dante. The marriage to Barker, it was claimed, had been broken up by Cheryl, who continued to live with her mother through her host of husbands.

Cheryl Crane was surrounded by her mother's enormous wealth, living in a mansion peopled by servants. Always glittering before her were jewels, expensive cars, and mostly fame. Teenage jealousy of her mother prompted Cheryl, some claimed, to whisper nasty gossip to her mother about her husbands and those she dated between marriages. One of these was the handsome, smooth-talking gangster, John Stompanato, one-time chauffeur and bagman for Los Angeles gambler and gangster Mickey Cohen.

Stompanato, born in Woodstock, Illinois, in 1925, had served as a Marine during World War II. He had attended an exclusive military school and then Notre Dame briefly before enlisting in the Marines in 1944, serving three years. The ruggedly handsome Stompanato had married and divorced twice by 1948, when he went to work for Cohen in Los Angeles as Cohen's bodyguard, driver, and later as bagman, collecting the profits from Cohen's gambling and extortion rackets. He then struck out on his own, operating as a Hollywood lounge lizard, picking up lonely but wealthy women who were married, then making love to them in a room where hidden motion picture cameras recorded every move. Stompanato would then sell the film to the compromised women at staggering extortion prices.

When Lana Turner's marriage to Lex Barker ended, she received a call from Stompanato, asking her for a date. He first

Stompanato and Lana Turner at poolside; the 38-year-old actress was by then madly in love with the gangster.

used the name John Steele when introducing himself to Turner and her daughter Cheryl. The lonely 38-year-old Turner accepted and their tempestuous affair began. The gangster was nothing like Turner's husbands or previous lovers. He was loud, crude, gauche, a braggart and a bully, who wore shiny shirts open almost to his navel to reveal his hairy chest. He oozed Latin charm and earthiness, but at the same time his passions were violent and menacing.

Cheryl Crane was enamored by her mother's new lover; she and Stompanato spent hours horseback riding or swimming together in her mother's Olympic-sized pool. Stompanato played the older brother to her, writing her long letters when she was traveling with her mother. Turner, meanwhile, lavished Stompanato with expensive gifts, clothes, and then loaned him $10,000, money that was never repaid.

When he joined her and Cheryl in London, while Turner was filming *Another Time, Another Place*, Stompanato moved into the luxurious townhouse Turner and Cheryl were sharing. The gangster then asked the actress for another loan, $50,000, to secure the rights to a film script for a movie in which, he, Johnny Stompanato, would star. The gangster had long nurtured the secret ambition to become a film star.

The actress turned him down, saying that she did not have that kind of cash and that her financial advisers had ordered

Lana Turner's daughter, Cheryl Crane, right, greets her mother and Stompanato upon their return from Mexico.

An officer examines the mortal wound in Stompanato's body, which was sprawled in the bedroom of Lana Turner's home on the night of April 4, 1958.

her not to give him any more money. Her refusal caused Stompanato to go berserk. He threatened the star, who walked out on him, going to the set of *Another Time, Another Place*, where she began to rehearse with co-star Sean Connery.

Stompanato suddenly appeared on the set, raging, ordering Connery to "stay away from Lana!" Connery turned his back on Stompanato, who grabbed the burly actor and swung him about, waving a gun in Connery's face. The burly actor's response was to land a powerful punch to the gangster's jaw, sending him to the floor in a half-conscious state. Stompanato got up and walked away, swearing revenge. Back at the townhouse, the gangster cornered Turner and shrieked: "When I say hop, you'll hop! When I say jump, you'll jump!"

The actress ordered Stompanato out of the townhouse. He yelled: "I'll mutilate you! I'll hurt you so that you'll be so repulsive you'll have to hide forever!" With that he leaped forward, grabbed the actress around the throat and began to choke her. He then threw her down to the floor and threatened her with a razor, saying that he could cut her "just a little" but he could "do worse." She pleaded with Stompanato, who then relented, but he warned her: "That's just to let you know that I'm not kidding. Don't think that you can ever get away!"

Cheryl Crane had heard the commotion and expressed fears for her mother's life. The director of the film Turner was working on called Scotland Yard, and Stompanato was politely escorted to the airport and put on the next plane to the U.S. Lana Turner had successfully gotten rid of the menacing thug, but this separation was brief.

Once the film in England was completed, however, Turner and Cheryl returned to Los Angeles and the actress made the mistake of calling Stompanato, showing herself to be much more dependent upon him than she had previously admitted. Stompanato now moved into her mansion to fully enjoy Lana Turner's luxurious lifestyle, swimming in her pool, lounging in the sunray and massage rooms, watching the latest Hollywood films in her private screening room. The couple took a seven-week vacation to Acapulco, renting a suite at the Via Vera Hotel.

When they returned to Los Angeles, Cheryl Crane, now a tall girl who towered over her mother, was present to welcome the pair home. The arguments began all over again, beginning with the Academy Awards. Turner had been nominated for an Oscar for her performance in *Peyton Place* (she did not win) and had decided to attend the ceremonies without Stompanato. When he learned that he was not invited, the gangster went into a raging tirade, accusing the actress of being ashamed of him, that she did not want to be seen in public with him.

More importantly, Stompanato had been gambling heavily in gambling spas owned by his former employer Mickey Cohen, and Cohen held several IOUs Stompanato had signed. On the evening of April 4, 1958, Stompanato demanded that Turner pay these debts. He confronted her in her lavish bedroom and she, in turn, utterly refused to give him any more money. Again the gangster lost control and began screaming that he would use a razor to disfigure her for life. Cheryl Crane, downstairs, could hear the gangster yelling: "If a man makes a living with his hands, I would destroy his hands. You make your living with your face, so I will destroy your face. I'll get you where it hurts the most! I'll cut you up and I'll get your mother and your daughter, too ... That's my business!"

Stompanato grabbed the actress by the arm and she broke away. She opened the bedroom door to see her daughter standing there. "Please, Cheryl, please don't listen to any of this," the actress told her, and closed the door. She then ordered Stompanato to return to his own room. He picked up a hanger with a jacket on it and approached her, poised it seemed, to attack her with it. The actress then told the gangster that she was finished with him and that he was to get out of her house.

Turner again opened the door and Stompanato came rushing toward her, holding the jacket and the hanger. Cheryl Crane was there, moving past her mother into the bedroom, holding a butcher knife with a nine-inch blade, which she had gotten

This photo of Lana Turner, which she had lovingly inscribed in Spanish, was found on Stompanato's body.

in the downstairs kitchen. The actress was later to testify: "I swear it was so fast; I truthfully thought she had hit him in the stomach. The best that I can remember is that they came together and they parted. I still never saw the blade."

The gangster, holding his stomach, fell backward on the thick carpet. Lana Turner went to him and pulled back his shirt to see the deep knife wound. Stompanato tried to speak but only a gurgle came out of his throat. She grabbed a towel from the bathroom and tried to staunch the flow of blood, but it was useless. Her lover was dead. Her daughter, meanwhile stood sobbing nearby as Turner called her mother and then her lawyer, the famed Jerry Giesler. She said to Giesler: "This is Lana Turner. Could you please come to my house. Something terrible has happened." Within minutes, Giesler was driving toward the Turner mansion.

Turner is shown accompanied by Beverly Hills police detectives, begging them not to arrest her daughter; Cheryl Crane was nevertheless booked on a charge of murdering Stompanato.

Cheryl Crane then called her father and asked him to come to the house. Crane asked a patron in his restaurant to drive him to Turner's Beverly Hills home and was the first to arrive there. Cheryl met him at the door. Crane looked at Stompanato's stiffening body in the upstairs bedroom while his sobbing daughter blurted: "I did it, Daddy, but I didn't mean to. He was going to hurt Mommy. I didn't mean to, I didn't mean to."

Giesler showed up, meeting the actress for the first time, but promising her that his office would do all it could to protect her and her child. Clinton Anderson, Beverly Hills police chief, then arrived with several officers. Reporter Jim Bacon quickly appeared, gaining access to the house by telling uniformed officers stationed outside that he was from the coroner's office. Lana Turner was by then pleading with Anderson to put the blame on her, that her child only meant to protect her. "I don't want her involved, poor baby," Turner said through tears. "Please say that I did it." Stompanato was by this time examined and pronounced dead.

Giesler immediately introduced his defense by putting his arm around Turner and saying: "Your daughter has done a courageous thing. It's too bad that a man's life is gone but under the circumstances the child did the only thing she could do to protect her mother from harm." Giesler looked at Chief

Weeping and in anguish, the above series of photos show Turner's tortured testimony before a jury in the Stompanato case.

Anderson and spoke to Turner, but kept his eyes on the police officer: "I understand your concern for the child's welfare. But you won't get anyplace by hiding the truth, will she, Chief?"

Lana Turner than gushed the whole sordid affair between herself and Stompanato while Bacon and other reporters took notes. Anderson sympathetically listened to her and then to Cheryl's description of how she had plunged the knife into the gangster who was about to attack her mother. The chief reluctantly informed the actress that he would have to lock up her 14-year-old daughter. "Can't you arrest me instead?" Turner pleaded with him. "Poor baby's not to blame for all this mess."

Cheryl Crane was nevertheless arrested and locked up in the Juvenile Section of the city jail, charged with murder. The newspapers blared the killing from coast to coast and most of the gossip columnists used the Stompanato death to parade Turner's myriad torrid love affairs in print. She was pilloried for subjecting her daughter to a series of reckless marriages and love affairs, and some even wildly speculated that Turner herself had murdered Stompanato after finding her daughter in bed with him. Only Walter Winchell came to the defense of the movie queen, asking that fans understand the tragedy and give their sympathy "to the girl with a broken heart."

Few of Turner's peers had anything to say about the killing. The outspoken Gloria Swanson, sex goddess of the silent era, did voice a scathing opinion, attacking Winchell for defending Turner, saying that his defense of the actress was "disgusting ... You are trying to whitewash Lana ... She is not even an actress ... she is only a trollop." Gangster Mickey Cohen then suddenly appeared in the editorial offices of the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner*, dumping Lana Turner's love letters to Stompanato into the editor's hands. He had ordered his goons to go to Stompanato's apartment after hearing about the killing and obtain these gushing billet doux. The cost-conscious Cohen had paid the bill for Stompanato's funeral, and when Turner reportedly refused to pay him for these expenses, he released the letters out of spite.

By the time Cheryl Crane appeared in court, the charge against her had been reduced to manslaughter. Geisler brilliantly placed Lana Turner on the stand and softly talked her through the nightmare killing. The actress detailed everything that occurred that evening, weeping, wiping away perspiration with her handkerchief, her face distorted in anguish and expressing a mother's pain. Some say it was the greatest performance of her career.

Then Cheryl Crane testified, repeating almost word for word the story her mother had given. The coroner's jury, relying exclusively on the testimony of the two females, ruled that Cheryl Crane had committed justifiable homicide. She was made a ward of the state and placed in her grandmother's custody. The press photographers had a field day with Lana Turner on the stand that day and reveled in taking photos of her kneeling at her mother's feet, a penitent pose that was no doubt meant to elicit sympathy.

Cheryl Crane did not adjust well. Her grandmother, Mildred Turner, could not control her. The girl ran away several times and was later placed by court order in the El Retiro School for Girls in the San Fernando Valley. She later worked for her father as a hostess in his restaurant. The American public favored Lana Turner and her daughter in this sensational killing, and the actress' next few films were box office hits. She and her daughter survived the scandal, emerging as heroines. Cheryl Crane later became a success as a San Francisco real estate broker and wrote a book about her life, detailing the Stompanato murder in terms that repeated her original statements, a book in which she revealed that she was a lesbian. Only the publicity-seeking gangster Mickey Cohen angrily spoke on behalf of Johnny Stompanato, declaring to the world: "Look, everybody is forgetting something here! This was a great guy!"

A jubilant Lana Turner is shown with criminal attorney Jerry Giesler, right, whose strategy in the Stompanato case resulted in an acquittal for Cheryl Crane, her lethal action ruled "justifiable homicide."

TWO MURDERS IN MANHATTAN/ August 28, 1963

In the late afternoon of August 28, 1963, 21-year-old Patricia Tolles, a researcher for *Time* magazine, returned to the apartment on east 88th Street in Manhattan, New York, which she shared with 21-year-old Janice Wylie, who was employed at *Newsweek*, and 23-year-old Emily Hoffert. Both Wylie and Hoffert had the day off from work. When Tolles entered the apartment, she soon saw that objects in the hallway had been disturbed and the bathroom was spattered with blood. Alarmed, Tolles retreated from the apartment and called Janice's father, Max Wylie, distinguished author. (The victim was also the niece of famed author Philip Wylie.)

Wylie arrived shortly and explored the apartment. In the bedroom, to his horror, he found the bodies of the two young women. Although Janice's body was nude, Hoffert's was fully clothed. The two bodies bore multiple stab wounds and had been tied together with strips of cloth torn from the sheets. Further investigation revealed that Janice had been eviscerated, and there was evidences that the murderer had intended to rape her.

Police made little progress in the case, finding only a few clues. They knew that the victims had been killed on or before 7 a.m., because an electronic clock-radio had been unplugged when Janie Wylie's body fell across it, unplugging the cord leading to a wall socket. They knew that the assailant had slain the two young women with maniacal fury in that two of the three kitchen knives used by the killer broke in half during the attack. Dozens of suspects were interrogated, but released for lack of motive and having reliable alibis that placed them elsewhere at the time of the murders.

Attractive Janice Wylie, the niece of novelist Philip Wylie, was stabbed to death in 1963.

Wylie's roommate, Emily Hoffert, who was also killed in a burglary gone wrong.

Not until April 24, 1964, did investigators get a break. On that day, George Whitmore, Jr., a 21-year-old Negro, was arrested and charged with a stabbing murder and an assault. Police found a photo among Whitmore's belongings that they believed to be of Janice Wylie. Whitmore eventually confessed to the Wylie and Hoffert murders, but recanted later, claiming the confession had been coerced by police. Regardless, Whitmore was convicted of attempted rape and sentenced to five to ten years in prison. (The Whitmore confession consisted of a 61-page statement that contained many exacting and precise details of the killings, which mystified many latter-day crime historians, who could not determine how Whitmore learned of such exacting information if, indeed, he had not been present at the murders. The only explanation was that detectives working on the case provided these details.)

The case might have ended there, except that in the fall of that year, Nathan "Jimmy" Delaney, a 37-year-old Negro junkie, was arrested on a murder charge. In order to "cut a deal," he told police that he had information regarding the two murders. He told them that 22-year-old Richard Robles, who had a heroin addiction, had been staying with him and his wife at the time of the Wylie-Hoffert murders and had returned home distraught and asking for a fix. He had also told Delaney that he had "just iced two dames" during a burglary.

The Bronx-born Robles (b. 1942) was arrested on January 26, 1965, and confessed to murdering Wylie and Hoffert. He was tried before Judge Irwin Davidson in October 1965. Max Wylie was called to the witness stand by prosecutor John Keenan. The 60-year-old father of Janice Wylie held back his emotions while he clearly described how his daughter's roommate, Patricia Tolles Smalley (she had married since the time of the murder) had called him and asked him to inspect the ramshackled apartment she had entered.

Wylie stated that he had immediately gone to the apartment and entered Hoffert's bedroom, saying: "I passed behind the foot of the second bed, and there I found the girls. They were close together. The space was very confining. They had been flung to the floor, lying side by side. Janice was nude, Emily was dressed. Emily was facing the same direction as Janice—away from the windows. I recognized Janice instantly. I didn't recognize the other girl—I had met her only once.

"Janice had been stabbed through the heart. The knife wounds round Emily's neck were noticeable. The curlers were still in Janice's hair. Emily had been frightfully cut. It was very gory. I knelt at the feet of the two girls. I put my knuckles on Janice's right calf to check if she were still alive. She looked quite peaceful. I realized she was dead. There was a dark woolen blanket on the floor near Miss Hoffert's knees. I pulled the blanket over both the girls' bodies, covering them as much as I could."

Throughout this painful testimony, Richard Robles coldly stared at the witness, the father of the girl he was accused of murdering. Robles never blinked an eye. He was also passive during the testimony of Nathan Delaney, who had fingered Robles as the killer of Wylie and Hoffert. He was portrayed as a lifelong criminal by defense attorney Jack Hoffinger, who attempted to discredit Delaney's statements by pointing out that the witness was a convicted felon, a drug peddler whose white wife was also a drug addict (and that Delaney had hooked her on drugs, as well as the defendant, Robles) and a prostitute.

Delaney admitted that he had made his living from the sale of illegal drugs and lived off the proceeds, as well as the income produced by his street-hustling wife, since 1946. Yet, Hoffinger could not overturn Delaney's statements concerning Robles' own admission to him that he had committed the murders.

Supporting Delaney's statements were tape recordings police had made in Delaney's apartment, which involved conversations between Robles, Delaney and Delaney's wife, Marjorie Delaney. Attorney Hoffinger strongly objected to the admission of these tapes in the trial, but Judge Davidson ruled to admit the tapes, which were played through four large loudspeakers placed in the courtroom.

What came through to jury members was a hellish babble of three junkies babbling in almost incoherent conversation. Apparently, Robles suspected that he was being "set up" during these tapings and tried to supply his own defense by alter-

A clock radio in the apartment showed the exact time of the murders, its plug pulled from an electric socket when Wylie's naked body fell across it.

Burglar Richard Robles, a heroin addict, later confessed to the murders of Wylie and Hoffert; he was sent to prison for life.

ing his original statements to Delaney, saying that he probably "imagined" the killings of Wylie and Hoffert.

More damaging was the testimony of Detective David Downes, who first interviewed Robles when he was arrested and charged with the killings. In the witness chair, Downes emphatically recalled Robles' word-for-word statement to him at that time: "I went to pull a lousy burglary and I wound up killing two girls."

Downes said on the witness stand that he wanted to make sure of the identities of the "two girls." He turned to the jury and stated: "I said to him: 'You mean Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert?' He said: 'Yeah.'"

On December 1, 1965, Richard Robles was found guilty of first-degree murder by a jury of eight men and four women. He was sentenced to life in prison, with eligibility for parole in twenty-six years. At the time, Robles told the judge: "All I can say, your honor, is that I did not kill those girls. I'm going to jail for something I didn't do."

Whitmore, who had confessed to the same crime, was exonerated on June 27, 1966. His "confession," which was thought to be specious and coerced, was thrown out. Many continued to believe, however, that Whitmore was somehow involved in the Wylie-Hoffert murders, even believing that Whitmore and Robles had committed the killings together during a botched burglary to support their mutual drug habits (about $40-a-day in that era).

Robles continued to insist that he was innocent for the next two decades, but after a spiritual transformation, he admitted to the two murders. He fully confessed to the killings during a parole hearing on November 5, 1986, at the Eastern Correctional Facility in New York. At that time, Robles told commissioners what actually happened on the day of the murders: "I got in through a window. Miss Wylie was in the apartment. She was in bed...I tied her up...I tied her hands up...she was nude...I wanted to have sex with her...I attempted to. She said, 'No!' I stopped." At that moment, Robles told commissioners, Emily Hoffert entered the room.

"I grabbed her," Robles continued. "I tied her up. Hoffert told him that she would remember his face, Robles recalled. "She started telling me that she was going to tell the police on me ... She would remember me ... that I was going to jail ... The thought entered my mind—I have to kill ... I killed ... I was out of it, totally out ... I felt like throwing up and I almost ran out of the room ... I noticed a mirror. I looked in that mirror. The blood had drained from my face. I was like a ghost. My eyes were like glassy."

Robles went on to tell commissioners that he could not recall all the details of that horrible moment since he felt he was in some sort of a trance. "I looked like a ghost. I felt like a ghost. I can't even describe the feelings...I think of that now ... What I had just done ... I was feeling—God knows what I was feeling—I don't know how to describe what I was feeling." Robles remains behind bars at this writing, continuing to serve two life terms at New York's Attica prison.

THE MURDER OF AN OIL TYCOON/ June 30, 1964

The marriage of a blonde, blue-eyed, curvaceous woman to a Texas oil baron twenty-four years her senior would end in tragedy, some predicted. In fact, the union ended in homicide, resulting in one of the most sensational murder cases in America. Born Candace Grace Weatherby (1914-1976) in Buchanan, Georgia, Candy Mossler was determined to escape the poverty of her childhood. At fifteen, she ran away from home to become a shoe and toothpaste model, and by her mid-twenties she owned her own modeling agency in New Orleans. In 1948, at the age of thirty-four, she met and married Texas millionaire oil tycoon Jacques Mossler.

Mossler, fifty-eight at the time he married Candy, had made millions of dollars in oil and then invested his fortune in banks and finance companies. The interest from his investments allowed Jacques and Candace Mossler to live an extravagant lifestyle which included homes in Houston, Miami, and Chicago. The couple adopted four children, all the offspring of a Chicago mental patient, who had murdered his wife.

At 1 a.m. on June 30, 1964, in Key Biscayne, Florida, Candy took her four children, ranging in age from eleven to twenty, for a ride in her car. She drove around apparently aimlessly for the next few hours, stopping once at a hospital emergency room for treatment of a migraine headache. At 4:30 a.m., she returned to the apartment she shared with her husband to find his badly beaten body lying in the living room. He had been stabbed thirty-nine times and hit over the head with a heavy object. Neighbors reported hearing voices coming from the apartment and the sounds of a man leaving it. Several suspects were picked up, but all eventually provided alibis and were released.

On July 4, 1964, police arrested Candy Mossler's strapping, darkly handsome nephew, Melvin Lane Powers (b. 1940),

The body of oil tycoon Jacques Mossler lies beneath a blanket in his apartment in Key Biscayne, Florida; his skull had been crushed and he had been stabbed thirty-nine times.

at a trailer sales lot in Houston. The trailer lot had been financed by Jacques Mossler. Police charged that Powers and Candy Mossler were carrying on an incestuous affair that Jacques Mossler had recently discovered. When he threatened to divorce Candy and cut her out of his will, she called Powers, who flew to Miami, murdered Mossler while Candy and the children were out driving, and returned to Houston that same night.

A bloody palm print in the Mossler's kitchen matched Powers' hand. Candy went immediately to Powers' aid and hired well-known defense attorney Percy Foreman to represent him. However, Candy was soon indicted for murder along with Powers. After fighting extradition from Texas to Florida for more than a year, Powers relented and appeared before Florida Circuit Court Judge Harvie DuVal to plead not guilty.

Mossler and Powers were both released on $50,000 bonds. Prior to the trial, Candy gave countless interviews to reporters in which she claimed that the killer was a man named "Ted" who would come forward if it became necessary. She also categorically denied having an incestuous relationship with Powers. When some so-called love letters were turned up, Candy blithely dismissed them, saying, "I write to everyone, `Darlin`, I love you. I want you in my arms.' I say the same thing to my lawyer. It doesn't mean I really love him."

The trial lasted seven weeks and was covered by more than fifty newspapers to which Candy gave continual interviews. She told Dr. Joyce Brothers (who was then a Hearst columnist) that her husband had invited his own murder by openly soliciting and consorting with homosexuals. Candy told Brothers that one of her husband's homosexual lovers had most probably killed the tycoon. Said Candy: "I think it was one of those strange people he used to pick up on the street all the time. He would waltz into the house with strangers by the half dozen. He would tell people that we were very wealthy and important and owned a chain of banks and then say, 'Come on over and have a drink any time!"

Another Hearst writer, Jim Bishop, described Candy Mossler as "sixty inches of wrought iron ... painted with ... many veneers of honey and passion." The press took pains to point out that Candy's brother, DeWitt Weatherby, a bartender in Georgia, had killed a man during a heated poker game in 1956, and had

Famed criminal attorney Percy Foreman consults with Candy Mossler during her trial, where the tempestuous blonde was accused of murdering her husband to gain his fortune.

Foreman whispers advice to co-defendant, Melvin Lane Powers, Candy's rugged nephew, who, it was claimed, was her incestuous lover and the person who killed Mossler on orders from his aunt.

been sent to prison for life. Candy, after marrying into Mossler's wealth, hired attorney Carl Sanders, who later became governor of Georgia, to aid her brother in getting his parole. Further, Candace was portrayed in the press as an oversexed middle-aged swinger who seduced any available male. One report held that "some claimed to have seen photos of Candace embracing her Negro chauffeur... Other photos show the swinging grandma almost nude on a bed." The most shocking elements of this sordid story involved the insistent claim that Candy had carried on an incestuous relationship with her naïve nephew, Powers. Hotel clerks and stewards later testified that the pair often met in hotels under assumed names, and, in the words of one Texas clerk, were always "a-huggin' and a-kissin'."

The prosecution, headed by Richard Gerstein, claimed the murder had been committed so that the two lovers could continue their affair and have all of Mossler's money as well. He produced a note reportedly written by the victim, which stated: "If Mel and Candace don't kill me first, I'll kill them." Moreover, prosecutors brought forth a key witness, William Frank Mulvey, a convicted felon, who stated that Candace Mossler had given him $7,500 to murder her husband so that she could inherit the tycoon's estate of $7 million. He said that he spent the money, but had no intention of ever completing the contract killing. While in prison on another offense, Mulvey said, he met Powers, who was then jailed and awaiting trial for killing Mossler. Powers had bragged to him that he had murdered the tycoon, claimed Mulvey.

When Foreman responded, he first attacked the largely circumstantial evidence upon which Gerstein had built his case, and then launched into the technique of trying everyone but his clients. He characterized Jacques Mossler as a pervert who compulsively picked up homosexuals. It was one of these "creatures," Foreman insisted, who had killed the tycoon. A powerful and dynamic attorney, Foreman stood six-feet-four inches. He was brilliant, articulate and, in delivering his summations, mesmerizing, having lost only one client to the electric chair in more than seven hundred criminal cases he handled. Although Gerstein pointed out the irrelevancy of the tactic Foreman used to defend his clients, the jury found Mossler and Powers not guilty on March 6, 1966, after sixteen-and-a-half hours of deliberation.

Candy Mossler inherited her husband's $33 million banking business. She eventually married again, this time to an electrician eighteen years her junior. The new husband, Barnett Wade Garrison, had an unfortunate accident. Locked out of their Houston home one night, he fell while attempting to climb to a third-floor window and suffered injuries, which left him mentally incapacitated.

The couple divorced in 1975. Later that year, Candy rewrote her will, excluding three of her adopted children for failing to show her the "care, love, and affection" she felt she deserved. All these errant children did, Candy pointed out, was guzzle beer, walk about barefoot, hang out at a drugstore, run up staggering bills on her credit cards, and "use dirty language." On October 26, 1976, Candace Grace Weatherby Johnson Mossler Garrison died at the Fontainebleu Hotel in Miami at the age of sixty-two.

An autopsy showed she was in a state of physical collapse caused in part by years of drug abuse. She had been addicted to the use of Placidyl, a sleeping tablet, swallowing these "like jelly beans," according to a relative. She had received thousands of injections of Demoral and Phenergan, so that her buttocks had "turned as hard as rock." Pathologists reported that Candy had overdosed on drugs, and also stated that they had removed 475 and 500 grams of silicone

Candy Mossler and Melvin Lane Powers are shown joyously waving to spectators after leaving a courtroom in 1966, where they were acquitted of slaying Jacques Mossler.

from her breasts, deposited by injection, not implant. Such injections were illegal, they pointed out.

Melvin Powers became a wealthy and successful real estate developer in Houston, Texas, his worth later set at $7 million, the very amount that represented the fortune Jacques Mossler himself had accumulated. Powers did not attend the elaborate funeral services for Candy Mossler, which were held at Arlington National Cemetery, where the remains of the incendiary blonde were put to rest next to the husband she was once accused of murdering.

"I AM THE TIGER"/April 2, 1965

Everyone in Hollywood knew that Tom Neal (1913-1972), "The King of the B Pictures," was a he-man, who took no abuse from anyone. In fact, this jealous and violent man proved to his peers and millions of fans everywhere that he would hand out abuse to anyone who displeased him. A boxer of some note, Neal first appeared as a bit actor in a number of Hollywood films in the early 1940s. His name was listed in the credits along with John Wayne in the war epic *Flying Tigers*. Neal acted in over 180 films, few of them of lasting importance, the cheaply-produced film noir production of *Detour* later becoming a minor cult classic.

Neal's first wife, the lovely Vicky Lane, divorced him in 1949 because of his obsessive jealousy. He then became involved with Barbara Payton, an aspiring actress of very mod-

Handsome Tom Neal, shown in the early 1940s, when he was "King of the B Pictures" and even during his novice days in Hollywood proved to have a violent and uncontrollable temper.

Actress Barbara Payton, shown with Neal during the late 1940s; his obsessive jealousy over her prompted Neal to viciously attack matinee idol Franchot Tone, who had been dating Payton.

est talents, who was later arrested for intoxication, passing bad checks, and prostitution. Her biggest role was that of James Cagney's girlfriend in *Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye*, a 1950 film remembered chiefly for its excessive violence. Payton reappeared in Neal's life at regular intervals. Once she tried to get him jealous enough to marry her by dating matinee idol Franchot Tone.

On September 14, 1951, Neal cornered Tone outside his residence and beat him badly enough to cause a brain concussion. Franchot Tone went on to marry the sympathetic, adoring Barbara Payton in her Minnesota hometown, a union she said she sought due to the beating he'd taken solely because he loved her, but the marriage ended disastrously after only seven weeks.

The Tone episode effectively destroyed Tom Neal's film career as lackluster as it was so he turned to landscaping, which he'd learned from his Japanese gardeners during his salad days, in order to earn a living. The business he started prospered, and within a few years Tom Neal, the man with the short temper and quick fists, was attending to the lawns and gardens of the elite in Palm Springs, California.

Neal remarried, but his second wife Patricia died of cancer in 1958. That marriage produced a son. He married for a third time in June 1961, this time to a petite brunette named Gail who worked as a receptionist at the Palm Springs Tennis Club. The one-time Hollywood bad boy dutifully attended to his wife and his successful gardening business for the next four years. He managed to keep his name out of the papers until April 2, 1965, when he fired a bullet into his wife's head behind the right ear while she reclined on the couch. Within the next several hours he wandered aimlessly around the city, visiting his most intimate friends, to whom he admitted that he had killed his wife.

Neal told a different story to Palm Springs Police. He said that he was making love to Gail, when she inexplicably produced a gun, which she aimed at him, and during the struggle to take it from her, the weapon accidentally discharged. She had obtained the weapon recently for protection, as she had developed emotional problems and believed that she was being followed, but the quarrel had stemmed from Neal's own paranoid jealousy. He had accused his wife of sleeping with other men, a story he later told to the judge and jury.

Robert Lawrence Balzer, part owner of the Tyrol Restaurant in Pine Grove and a close friend of Neal's, substantiated these statements by recounting his confession the night of the murder. While visiting Balzer hours after the shooting, Neal complained that Gail "had become my whole life and I could not live without her." Tom Neal had sought out Balzer, a Buddhist monk, the day before for spiritual advice. The two men had discussed Buddhist philosophy for hours, with Balzer advising his friend, "The problems of life are as a

Franchot Tone leaving a hospital, where he had undergone a long recovery after the 1951 brutal beating he received from a jealous Tom Neal; Tone's face required plastic surgery.

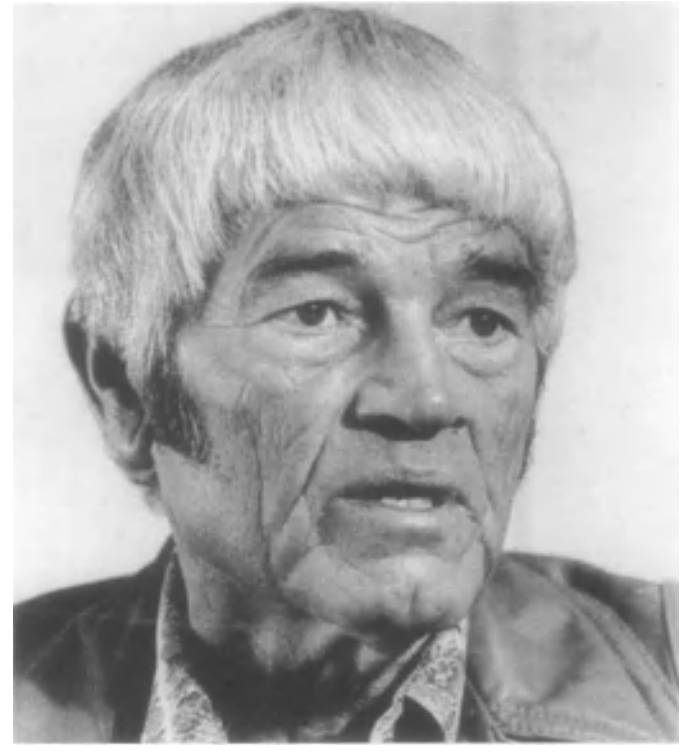
Neal is shown with his third wife, 29-year-old Gail Neal, in 1961; he shot her to death while she was asleep on a couch in their Palm Springs, California, home on April 2, 1965.

tiger at the door." Neal reportedly answered, "I am the tiger, and the walls are all around me."

Some time before Neal reported the murder of his third wife, the gun used to end her life mysteriously disappeared and was never found. According to Police Lieutenant Richard Harries, the house was in a shambles when he arrived. Items of clothing belonging to a Steven Peck were found strewn about the rooms. Peck's address was listed as 2481 Cardillo Street, which was Neal's residence, but Peck was never called to testify. The police found the fatal bullet nestled in a plush pillow. Neal was taken into custody and held without bail for four days before being arraigned on a murder charge. No explanation was given for another peculiarity: the fact that all the windows in an adjacent apartment building had been shattered.

Although the prosecution lined up thirty prospective witnesses, they rested their case after calling only eight. No reason was ever given. The nine-woman, three-man jury spent a full day deliberating the evidence before returning their verdict on November 18, 1965. Perhaps more intrigued by the mysteries than by the testimony of the witnesses, the jury found Neal guilty only of involuntary manslaughter.

Tom Neal was sentenced to one to fifteen years at the California Institution for Men at Chino. The courts repeatedly denied Neal's appeals, but he still served less than seven years



His face ravaged by seven years of hard prison time, Neal is shown in 1971, following his parole; he had little to say to the press.

before being paroled in December 1971. He emerged from prison at age fifty-eight, his face lined and creased so deeply that he appeared to be a man in his eighties. Neal attempted a show business comeback following his release from prison. He produced a morning television show called "Apartment Hunters," but it was short-lived.

The one-time actor seldom talked about the bestial beating he had administered to Franchot Tone and the killing of his third wife. He clung to the ambition of some day going before the cameras once more, but this was not to be, despite his pleas to directors and producers that he could give fine performances since he was one "who had really lived." Said one producer: "He was kidding himself if he really thought anyone would hire him. He was too dangerous a man for that and everybody knew it." The King of the B Pictures died a forgotten man on August 7, 1972. By then he was simply a gardener looking for lawns to mow.

KILLING A SILENT SCREEN STAR/ October 30, 1968

Ramon Novarro (1899-1968) was an institution in Hollywood, hailed at the dawn of the 1920s as a great Latin lover, his handsome dark features causing legions of flappers to swoon whenever he appeared on screen. (Novarro was one of the "big three" Latin lovers on the silent screen, the other two being Rudolph Valentino and Antonio Moreno.) This surefire svengali of the box office, who was to become extremely wealthy, was born and raised in Durango, Mexico, where his father had a flowering practice as a dentist. The Novarro family fled Mexico in 1913, to escape the bloody revolution, moving to Los Angeles.

At age fourteen, Novarro worked as a grocery clerk, and later as a singing waiter in restaurants—he had a fine tenor voice—and still later as a dancer and bit player in the early-day silent movies. He went to New York and appeared on stage in some minor plays, having small parts and would have remained an obscure Broadway actor had not an enterprising talent agent spotted him and arranged for him to have a short-time Hollywood contract. He first appeared in a billed role in the film *Omar*, based upon the legendary Persian poet. Director Rex Ingram spotted him in this film and cast him in the role of Rupert of Hentzau in the 1922 silent screen version of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. He became an overnight sensation.

Novarro went on to starring roles in more big budget films—*The Arab*, *Scaramouche*, and *The Student Prince*—his career culminating in the 1925 silent epic, *Ben Hur*. Appearing bare-chested in this film, Novarro became the dream idol of every young girl in America and Louis B. Mayer's top star at MGM, which had spent an unprecedented $5 million on *Ben Hur*. Mayer made a special arrangement with Novarro—one which pleased the actor—wherein he was to act in one high-budgeted film every two years, so that he would not wear out his welcome with his adoring fans. This allowed Novarro a great deal of leisure time, which he spent training his voice for a possible operatic career (which never materialized) and appearing in plays he backed.

MGM's publicity department sent myriad press releases to magazines and newspapers in which it said Novarro spent most of his time studying philosophy and that he was consumed by spiritual thought, so much so that the studio had a difficult time in preventing him from entering a monastery. This was typical Hollywood hoakum and hype. Novarro spent most of his time drinking in Hollywood's exclusive clubs, particularly those who catered to wealthy homosexuals. His

Ramon Novarro, left, became a superstar of the silent screen when appearing in the 1925 screen epic, *Ben Hur*; Francis X. Bushman is shown battling with him in the classic chariot race.

penchant for attractive, young men was not unknown to the Hollywood community. Novarro, however, kept such liaisons very private. In the rampantly dissolute and perverted community that was Hollywood during the 1920s, Novarro was considered to be a harmless personality, a reserved gentleman, who never made scandalous headlines.

Rudolph Valentino, the Great Lover, became one of Novarro's best friends, showering gifts upon him. His sense of the ridiculous undoubtedly prompted Valentino to give Novarro an expensive lead Art Deco dildo in 1923. Novarro cherished this gift and kept it among his special belongings, an oddball object d'art, as events proved, he would have been better off without.

Though Novarro successfully made the transition from the silent era to sound movies, appearing in such smash hits as *Mata Hari* in 1932 opposite the great Greta Garbo, he knew that his career would soon come to an end. The image of the Latin Lover was fading and more rugged types—Clark Gable, James Cagney and Spencer Tracy—soon captured the attention of the fickle film fans. Following the completion of *Mata Hari*, Novarro told newshounds that "before it is too late, I want to stop."

Novarro did halt his career, and, despite occasional appearances in films and on TV years later, he spent most of his time and considerable wealth in developing a booming real estate business, growing even richer after buying up large tracts of land in San Fernando Valley. He purchased a $150,000 hillside home in remote Laurel Canyon, where he regularly entertained his party guests by performing marionette shows in the full-sized theater he had built in his home.

As the years passed, Novarro's drinking increased, as well as the number of young men he invited to his home. Two such young hustlers arrived at Novarro's home at the actor's request on the night of October 30, 1968. On the following morning, Novarro's 42-year-old secretary, Edward J. Weber, let himself into the actor's home, as had been his habit for nine years. Weber was shocked to see the house in disarray. The cushions of couches and chairs had been ripped apart, tables turned

Novarro continued his film career into the talking era, but his Latin Lover image fell from favor and he decided to quit films; he is shown above with Greta Garbo in the 1932 film, *Mata Hari*.

over, pictures torn from the walls. Souvenirs that Novarro had cherished for forty-some years lay in smashed ruins on the floor.

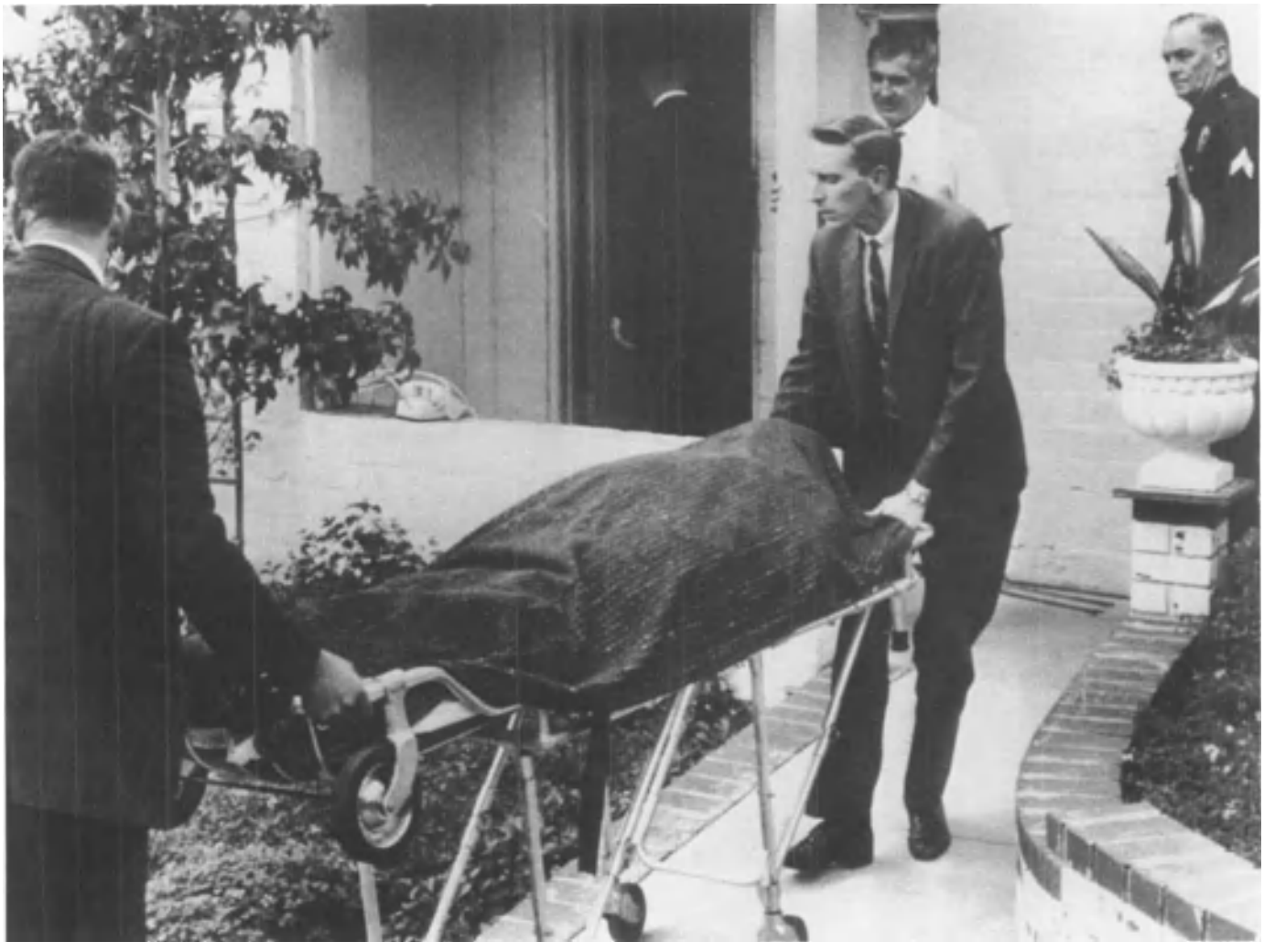
After calling out to Novarro and getting no response, Weber cautiously stepped into the actor's bedroom. He found his employer near the bed, naked, his body a bloody mess. Ramon Novarro was dead, suffocated, the Art Deco dildo Valentino had given him stuffed down his throat. Police were called and began an intensive investigation, questioning neighbors and relatives, but learning little about the brutal homicide. An officer routinely checked Novarro's phone, obtaining a record of all the calls placed from his number on the night of October 30, 1968. One of these was a long-distance call made to an attractive 20-year-old brunette named Brenda Lee Metcalf.

Police called Metcalf and learned that she had, indeed, talked with someone from Los Angeles on the night of the murder.

The last photo taken of Novarro before he was murdered at the age of sixty-nine.

She stated that her friend, Thomas Scott Ferguson, seventeen, had phoned her and told her that he was calling from Novarro's house. She also stated that Ferguson's brother, 22-year-old Paul Robert Ferguson, was with him at the time. The brothers were soon picked up and, after routine interrogation, were charged with Novarro's murder.

Paul Ferguson had been in Los Angeles for five months. Thomas Ferguson had run away from his Chicago home and joined his brother, who had already met Novarro and had introduced him to the actor. At first, Paul Ferguson admitted his guilt, telling police that he had killed the actor. He then recanted, and said that his brother Tom had murdered Novarro. It was later revealed that, to avoid the gas chamber, Paul had told Tom to admit complete guilt because, as a juvenile, he would draw no more than a six-month term and he, Paul, would go free.



The body of Ramon Novarro is removed from his Laurel Canyon home, following his brutal murder on October 30, 1968; his killers ransacked the home in search of money and valuables.

Thomas Ferguson agreed to the plan, telling police that he alone had battered Novarro to death. Then Julius Libow, a Juvenile Court Referee, ordered that Tom Ferguson stand trial as an adult. Hearing this and knowing that now he might face the death penalty, Tom Ferguson denied his guilt and said that his brother Paul had done the killing. No, said Paul, it was Tom.

According to Brenda Lee Metcalf, who was flown from Chicago to Los Angeles to give testimony on behalf of the prosecution, both brothers had had a hand in the killing. At least, that is what she opined after her forty-eight minute conversation with the Fergusons on the phone, which had been made at 8:15 p.m., Los Angeles time. From what the Fergusons told her at that time, she had the impression that the brothers were both abusing the actor.

Tom Ferguson told her at that time that he and his brother had gone to Novarro's home to "hustle" the actor, their visit made strictly for "sex," and that they were tearing up the actor's home in a desperate search for $5,000 in cash that Novarro reportedly kept on hand at all times.

The young hustlers told Metcalf that there were about 700 framed pictures on the walls of the house and they had been busy tearing these down because Paul Ferguson believed that the cash was hidden behind one of them. Tom Ferguson told Metcalf at the time that his brother was "up with Ramon" (in the actor's bedroom), attempting to force the actor into revealing where he had secreted the money.

Metcalf stated that she had warned Tom Ferguson "not to do anything wrong." Tom replied that he was not doing anything wrong. It was his brother, Paul, he said, who was "working" on Novarro, not he. When Tom put down the phone to look for some cigarettes, Metcalf said she could hear loud screams, as if someone were in agonizing pain. When Tom returned to the phone, Metcalf asked him what the screaming was about. Ferguson told her that his brother, Paul, was trying to force the actor into telling him where the money was hidden. "I have to go now before Paul really hurts Ramon," Tom Ferguson said to Metcalf. "I want to find out what's going on." He hung up.

Two hustling brothers from Chicago (shown in short sleeves with their defense attorneys), Tom, left, and Paul Ferguson, were convicted of beating Novarro to death and given life sentences.

During the seven-week trial of the Ferguson brothers, which began in August 1969, both brothers took the stand, squarely placing the blame on each other. Paul Ferguson told the court that Novarro had promised to make him a movie star, that he, Paul, was in Novarro's words, "a young Burt Lancaster, a superstar...another Clint Eastwood." It was his younger brother, Tom, who did the killing, not he, he insisted. After an hour at Novarro's home on the murder night, Paul Ferguson said he had consumed many beers, some tequila, and a fifth of vodka. He claimed that he had passed out dead drunk on the couch and that his brother woke him up. Paul quoted Tom as saying: "'This guy is dead, just like he might say 'hand me a pencil.'"

Tom Ferguson had a decidedly different story. He had gone into Novarro's bedroom after getting off the phone with Metcalf, he testified, to see his brother, Paul, standing over the actor, who was naked and bleeding. "Mostly in the face," said Tom. "It looked like he had a bloody nose...His lips were beat up...there was blood on his forehead." Paul ordered him to take Novarro into the shower and "clean him up," Tom said. He washed the groggy actor in the shower, telling him not to talk to his brother, that Paul "might become violent." Tom Ferguson then claimed that he returned the actor to his bedroom, placing him on the bed and leaving the room. When returning, he found Novarro in a pool of blood. "He looked dead," Tom Ferguson concluded.

"How did you know he was dead?"

"I just had that feeling," Tom Ferguson replied from the witness stand.

In the end, prosecutors placed the blame for the murder on Paul Ferguson. District Attorney James Ideman described to a jury in gruesome detail how Novarro had been "trussed up like an animal," by Paul Ferguson. "It was done for money, by torture...done cruelly by a man who had no respect for himself or others...who had no remorse, no compassion, no regrets...and who got his brother to perjure himself."

Medical experts testified that Paul Ferguson had been a practicing homosexual since the age of nine and that he was, after consuming liquor, subject to uncontrollable outbursts of violence. He was a dangerous man with homicidal tendencies, the experts agreed.

The jury was convinced that both brothers had had a hand in the murder and convicted both, returning a verdict "of guilty of murder in the first degree." The torture killers were both given life sentences by Superior Court Judge Mark Brandler, who recommended that they never be paroled.

The senseless murder of Ramon Novarro produced no fortune for the hustling brothers. They went away from the murder site without ever finding anything other than a few dollars they took from the pockets of their victim. The slain actor left in his will more than $500,000 to his four sisters and three brothers, and his secretary, Edward J. Weber.

THE SLAYING OF AN FILM ICON/ February 12-13, 1976

Teenage heart-throb Sal Mineo had died on screen several times as a juvenile delinquent and an apprentice thug. As Plato, the neurotic rich kid in *Rebel Without a Cause*, the actor died uselessly, wastefully, gunned down by police as he brandished an empty gun. Mineo went on playing homicidal, self-destructive role models, typecast into the man-child who never grew up, seemingly born for a star-crossed and violent end. In real life, the actor met that very same fate, although he was anything but the type of characters he had portrayed on screen.

On the night of February 12-13, 1976, Mineo was returning from a play rehearsal of James Kirkwood's "P. S. Your Cat is Dead," which Mineo was directing and which was scheduled to open shortly at the Westwood Playhouse. Mineo had appeared in the play during its San Francisco run, enacting the part of a bisexual burglar. The actor had left his blue Chevelle and was walking through the carport at the rear of

Sal Mineo, playing the role of a terrorist in the 1960 film, *Exodus*, a part that earned him an Academy Award nomination.

his West Hollywood apartment, just below the notorious Sunset Strip, which, for decades, had been awash with hustlers, pimps and prostitutes, including an enterprising army of petty criminals, from purse-snatchers to pickpockets.

As he was walking through the poorly lighted carport area, Mineo was confronted by a long-haired man in dark clothes. Neighbors suddenly heard the 37-year-old actor shout: "Oh, God, no! Help! Someone help!" Ray Evans, a neighbor and friend of Mineo's, ran to the carport to find the actor lying on his back, his feet in the air, and a stream of blood several yards long stemming from several wounds in Mineo's chest. He had been stabbed by what the coroner's office later described as a "heavy type knife." The wounds penetrated Mineo's heart and caused massive hemorrhaging, yet he did not die instantly.

Seeing that the actor was still breathing, Evans desperately tried to keep him alive through mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. "He kept gasping," Evans later told police, "and after about five or six minutes his last breath went into me and that was the end of it."

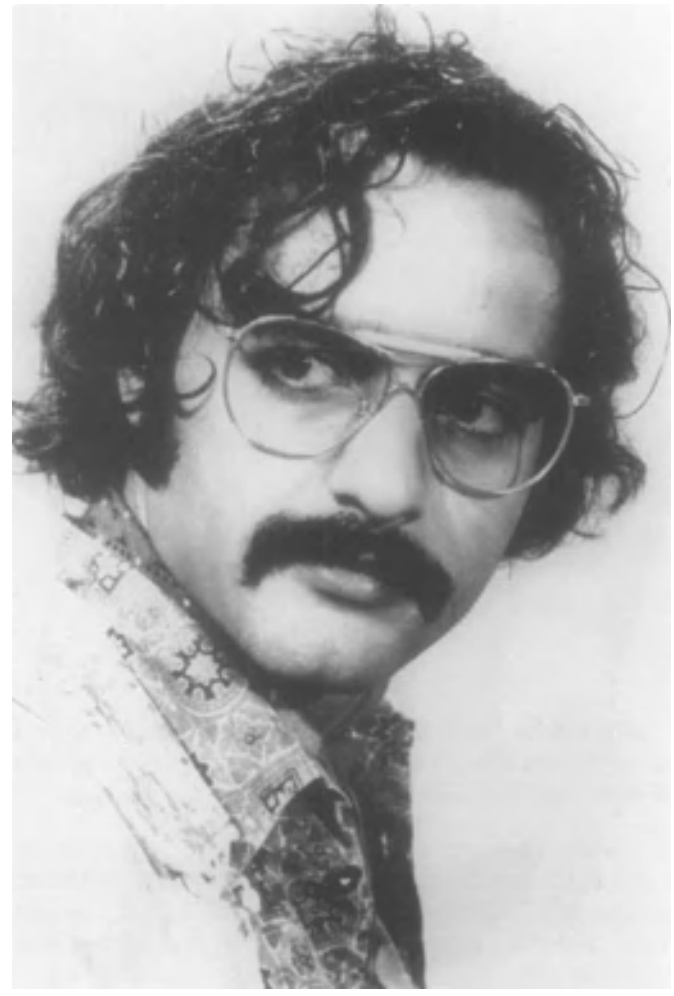
But it was just the beginning for the Los Angeles Police Department. Investigators were initially baffled by the murderous attack. Mineo's wallet had not been taken, and robbery as a motive for the slaying was ruled out. Acquaintances voiced wild speculations as to the motive for the murder. One mentioned "the drug angle." Another anonymous person sneeringly pointed to the kinky Sunset Strip, notorious for its queues of male hustlers waiting at curbside to be picked up, and brought up the "long-whispered reports of the actor's alleged bisexuality and fondness for sado-masochistic ritual." Another callously snickered that "It was a new boyfriend or something. They *do* have their quarrels."

None of this posthumous gossip aided the police in identifying or locating the killer. Some witnesses claimed to have seen a white man wearing dark clothes fleeing from the scene, but descriptions were vague. After weeks of tracking down hundreds of tips, Lieutenant Stanley Backman of the Los Angeles Sheriff's Department reported that the Homicide Bureau had "reached a dead end."

As Mineo's body was being shipped to Mamaroneck, New York, where it would be interred in the family plot at the Gate of Heaven Cemetery on February 17, 1976, police were still fruitlessly following trails created by rampant gossip and rumor. Critics and friends of the actor went to their typewriters and quickly eulogized Mineo in profiles that saw him as a "born-to-lose" character.

Mineo was not this kind of person at all. He began without a hope of ever becoming a world celebrity. Born Salvatore Mineo, Jr., on January 10, 1939, the son of a Sicilian-born coffin-maker, he came from a large family that struggled for survival in the Bronx. He lived on 217th Street, a tough neighborhood, and was recruited as a gang member at age eight, at a time when he was also dismissed from a parochial school for being a troublemaker. He was reinstated and went on to attend Christopher Columbus High School, but never received a diploma.

Josephine Mineo, his mother, thought to keep her boy out of trouble by enrolling him into a dancing class, where,



Mineo just before the time of his murder in 1976; he had by then turned from acting to directing theatrical productions.

two years later and quite by accident, he was spotted by Broadway producer Cheryl Crawford. She was then looking for two Italian-American children to appear in Tennessee Williams' play, "The Rose Tattoo." At eleven, Mineo found himself leading a goat across the stage of the Martin Beck Theatre, delivering a single line: "The goat is in the yard." He later understudied for the role of the prince in "The King and I," and subsequently took over that role.

The doe-eyed youth with full lips and thick black hair was prey for predatory homosexuals, and Mineo knew it. He bought a gun that fired only blanks and several times brandished this harmless weapon on subways and dark New York streets to ward off molesters. By the mid-1950s, Mineo went to Hollywood, where he landed his first film role in the 1955 film, *Six Rivers to Cross*, in which he played Tony Curtis as a youth, a delinquent who grew up to rob Brink's. (The film was based upon the 1950 Brink's robbery in Boston.) His next movie, *Rebel Without a Cause*, shot him to fame and teenage idolatry. He appeared in several more blockbusters, including *Exodus*, where he enacted the role of a terrorist (another role casting him as a revenge-seeking delinquent, who had been "used as a woman" by Nazi guards in a German concentration camp during World War II).

Stabbed in the heart, Sal Mineo's body lies beneath a sheet in the carport of his West Hollywood apartment on the night of February 12-13, 1976.

When the Mineo fad faded in the 1960s, the actor got fewer and fewer substantial film roles and turned to the theater to support himself. In 1969, Mineo directed "Fortune and Men's Eyes," which had long runs in Los Angeles and New York and which portrayed prison life in homosexual terms, including a graphic homosexual rape scene. Clive Barnes of the New York *Times* scathingly reviewed this play, stating: "If this does sound like the kind of play you'd like, you need a psychiatrist a lot more than you need a theater ticket."

During the early 1970s, Mineo busied himself with dinner theater, but his fortunes gradually diminished with each year. His family eventually sold the $200,000 home he had purchased in 1956 for them in the exclusive Edgewater Point section of Mamaroneck, New York, with his first big film success. He himself moved from a luxurious Hollywood home to one inexpensive apartment after another, until he was living on the fringe of the West Coast's seamiest district, the Sunset Strip. This area was populated by tens of thousands of female and male prostitutes, dope peddlers, muggers, rapists, transvestites—every conceivable degenerate and pervert. Among this repulsive flotsam was the man who finally killed Sal Mineo, motivated not by sex or drugs, but for money.

After the actor's death, his friends attempted to collect $10,000 reward money for the capture of his killer, but only a few hundred dollars flowed into this coffer. Film director Peter Bogdanovich stated at the time: "In this racket when you're not hot anymore, or when you're cold, you're dead anyway, so a lot of folks turned the page on Sal's murder and shrugged."

One person, Mrs. Theresa Williams, a Los Angeles housewife, did not turn the page. In May 1977, she went to police to say that her husband had admitted to her that he had killed Mineo. He had returned home on the night of the murder covered with blood and casually saying: "I just killed this dude in Hollywood." It was never determined why Mrs. Williams took so long in deciding to report her husband's remarks.

Robber and killer Lionel Ray Williams, right, was convicted of second-degree murder in the Mineo slaying, serving only twelve years for taking the actor's life, being paroled in 1990.

Theresa Williams went on to state that her husband, 22-year-old Lionel Ray Williams, had used a hunting knife to stab Mineo to death, a weapon he had purchased for $5.28. Police were slow to accept the woman's statements, remembering that they had arrested Lionel Williams for robbery a short time after the actor's murder. In a move for leniency on the robbery charge, Williams had offered to provide information on the Mineo killing. The black one-time pizza-deliveryman told officers at that time that Mineo had been murdered in an argument over drugs, but the actor's background suggested that Mineo had no drug connections, so investigators dismissed Williams' story.

Detectives purchased a knife identical to the blade described by Mrs. Williams and inserted it in the wound that had been made in Mineo's chest; pathologists had preserved that part of the actor's anatomy as evidence. The knife fit perfectly. Williams, however, could not be arrested in Los Angeles, as he was then serving time in a Michigan jail for check fraud. Guards and inmates at the jail told Los Angeles investigators that Williams had often bragged about murdering Mineo, but they had not reported his statements, thinking them nothing more than jailhouse brags.

When Los Angeles detectives interviewed Williams in Michigan, the suspect denied having had anything to do with the Mineo murder. One of the detectives noticed that Williams bore a tattoo on his arm that depicted a knife almost exactly like the one used in the Mineo killing. Los Angeles County prosecutor Michael Genelin later stated that the tattoo had ominous significance: "It was almost like he put the mark of Cain on himself."

Because of lengthy legal maneuvering, Williams was not brought to trial until 1979, almost three years after the Mineo slaying. Williams' defense attorney repeatedly pointed out that Mineo's killer had been described as a white man and that his client was a Negro. Genelin then produced photos of Williams taken after the killing when he had been booked for robbery. The photos showed Williams with auburn-colored "processed" hair. The fact that Williams was a light-skinned black further convinced jurors that Williams had been mistaken for a white man by witnesses who had only a fleeting glance of the killer before he fled the murder scene.

Witnesses at that time had also stated that the killer had fled in a yellow subcompact auto. Genelin produced a loan agreement Williams had signed that allowed the suspect to drive a yellow Dodge Colt, the car the defendant was driving on the night of the murder. In his summation, Genelin said: "This man is a predator. This was a progressive process with him...He enjoyed brutalizing people. These were not just street robberies, but one incident after another, where he inflicted pain...and enjoyed it."

Williams' trial involved more than the Mineo slaying; he was also being tried for eleven street robberies in West Hollywood, Beverly Hills and the Wilshire district. The jury found him guilty and as the verdicts were slowly read aloud, the defendant turned to his lawyer, Morton Herbert, and moaned: "My God, they're going to convict me of every one of these things." He was convicted of ten of the eleven robbery charges *and* the Mineo murder.

Herbert admitted after the trial that evidence against his client "was extremely strong—and they were bad robberies ... Basically, this was a case of ten brutal robberies with Mineo tacked on. It was ironic that Mineo became a very minor part of the trial."

Williams had been convicted of second-degree murder in the Mineo slaying, but he nevertheless received a life term. Judge Bonnie Lee Martin first recounted Williams' long criminal record, beginning with four arrests when he was 14-years-old. She then stated that Williams "should be locked up as long as the law allows...I don't think he's susceptible to rehabilitation, considering his escalating conduct of committing more and more serious crimes and more and more violence." She then sentenced him to fifty-one years to life.

Defiant to the end, the stocky, muscular Williams sneered at Judge Martin and said: "I fault you for my going to the penitentiary."

Prosecutor Genelin felt exceptionally triumphant in the conviction of Lionel Ray Williams, knowing that the conviction was a rare event, especially when it came to the slaying of Sal Mineo. He told newsmen following the conviction: "If a murder is not solved within twenty-four to forty-eight hours, you generally do not get a solution. Anyone who says that people don't get away with murder is crazy. They do it all the time."

Lionel Ray Williams did not serve out his complete sentence. He was paroled in 1990, after serving only twelve years for killing Sal Mineo. Since that time and to this writing, he has been jailed many times for parole violations.

THE DANCER AND THE SKIER/ March 21, 1976

In the 1970s, Aspen, Colorado, hit its stride as the "in place" to be, a rollicking spa for wealthy swingers, whose chief ambition was pleasure. Although those who flocked to this trendy town ostensibly arrived to ski, the attraction was (and is) the expensive bars and restaurants and the chic resorts. The New York *Times* once aptly described Aspen as "a hedonistic place where the rich, the young, the haunted and the newly divorced come to find a new sense of self."

Claudine Longet (b. 1941), a French performer, who married pop singer Andy Williams in 1961, arrived there in 1974

Dancer Claudine Longet and skier Vladimir "Spider" Sabich, who lived as man and wife in idyllic Aspen, Colorado, until Sabich was shot to death on March 21, 1976.

Claudine Longet, charged with murdering Sabich, is escorted to court by her former husband, singer Andy Williams; she was convicted of "criminally negligent homicide," and served only thirty days in jail.

to be with her lover, Vladimir "Spider" Sabich, a one-time Olympic skier and a ski pro since 1971. In 1973, he lost a race to downhill champion Jean-Claude Killy, and with it, his last chance to emerge as the world's premier skier. A series of crippling injuries had ended his professional career by 1976. His relationship with Longet would follow suit.

Sabich's friends were sympathetic when he told them of the growing discord in his relationship with Longet. By early 1976, he was saying, "It's either going to end or we'll be married within a year."

The end came on March 21, 1976, when Longet returned home from a day on the slopes. She had reportedly been drinking and socializing with several men in a resort lodge. At 6:30 p.m., Roy Griffith, chief of security for the area, received a frantic call asking him to come at once to the Sabich home. He found Spider Sabich lying on the floor in the master bedroom with a bullet in his stomach. Longet said she found a .22-caliber Irma pistol in a closet, and was asking Sabich how to use it properly when it accidentally discharged. Sabich was taken to the Aspen Valley Hospital, where he died a short time later.

Longet's diary recounting the deterioration of her romance with Sabich was taken as evidence, but the presiding judge in the 1977 murder trial refused to admit it. It was also reported that Sabich had ordered Longet and her children from the house. Andy Williams rushed to Longet's side, and during her trial, lived with her in the home of singer John Denver.

At her trial, Longet pleaded not guilty to second-degree murder charges. She stuck to her story about the accidental shooting, and claimed that, as Sabich slipped into unconsciousness, she tried to revive him with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. On January 14, 1977, the jury returned a verdict of guilty on a reduced charge of "criminally negligent homicide."

Longet left the court to await sentencing, choking back tears to tell reporters: "I have too much respect for human life to have been guilty...I am not guilty."

Facing a possible two-year sentence and a $5,000 fine, Longet pleaded hardship before district Judge George Lohr on January 31, 1977. She said she feared the "stigma" of prison would adversely affect her children, who might become resentful "against a system that would send to jail [the] mother they trust and believe in." Judge Lohr took pity on Longet and ordered her to serve thirty days in jail "at a time of her own choosing," and pay the $25 for the preparation of court documents. He then placed her on two-year probation. Lohr said that he could not in good conscience give her probation without jail because it would have "undermined the law." She served her time from April 18 to May 18, 1977.

The lenient sentence meted out to Longet enraged many of Aspen's citizens, who were embittered over Sabich's death. They summed up the affair in a flurry of bumper stickers that suddenly appeared after Longet's sentencing, one that read: "It's All Claudine's Fault."

THE BIG SLEEP/1979 TO PRESENT

Claus von Bulow (Claus Cecil Borberg, b. 1926) was born into the Danish aristocracy, learning early a great respect for wealth. Sent to a boarding school in Switzerland as a child, he returned to his native Denmark at age eleven in 1937, where he was surrounded by wealth and power. His grandfather, Fritz von Bulow, was Denmark's minister of justice, who controlled the country's treasury. It was from this penny-conscious Edwardian that Bulow learned well an appreciation for money. He would work hard to establish his own wealth, but then marry into millions that he stood to inherit upon the death of his spouse, a death he reportedly arranged with diabolical cunning.

Freedom, not wealth, was foremost in the mind of Bulow when, at the age of sixteen, he escaped the Nazi regime in Denmark in 1942 by fleeing to England to join his mother, who had escaped the Germans earlier. His father, Svend Bulow, remained behind and, following the war, was accused and stood trial for collaborating with the Nazis. He was acquitted, but the family name was stained in Denmark. Claus von Bulow, however, intended to make his mark in England, studying law at Cambridge and, following the war, attending the Sorbonne

Claus von Bulow, who became a European social lion through his legal contacts and his employment with the world's richest man, J. Paul Getty.

in Paris, where he became fluent in French, German and English.

Returning to London, Bulow became a junior executive at the Hambro bank and later practiced as a barrister. He lived an ideal bachelor's life, maintaining a luxurious apartment in Belgrave Square. He gave intimate parties at least twice a week, entertaining beautiful women, who eagerly dallied in his bedchamber. High society lions and matrons welcomed the cultured, well-mannered Bulow, inviting him to their mansions for fetes and dinners. He soon became a fixture in this elitist society and it was through these contacts, as well as those established in his banking and legal career that Bulow met the richest man in the world, J. Paul Getty III.

Getty was impressed with Bulow's diplomatic airs and careful social postures and, in 1959, he invited the enterprising Bulow to join the Getty empire as a legal negotiator in the billionaire's labyrinthine businesses. Getty demanded that Bulow give up his law practice and devote his entire time to Getty interests and this Bulow did. Friends and acquaintances correctly believed that Bulow's obsessive passion for money prompted this decision.

Since his tycoon boss refused to fly, Bulow flew about the world to negotiate and conclude Getty mergers, acquisitions and, in particular, the establishment of refineries for Getty Oil. So important did Bulow become to Getty that the tycoon repeatedly asked him to settle family squabbles between him and his sons. This he did with alacrity and with such success that he won his employer's complete confidence. It was more than a rumor that Bulow would some day become the chief executive of all Getty enterprises.

The beautiful blonde heiress, Martha "Sunny" Crawford von Auersperg von Bulow; her husband, Claus von Bulow, authorities claimed, tried to murder her in order to inherit her fortune of more than $75 million.

Then, in 1960, another opportunity presented itself in the form of an attractive blonde, Martha "Sunny" Crawford von Auersperg, whose own fortune exceeded $75 million. She was at that time married to Alfred von Auersperg, an Austrian prince. How many times Bulow saw Sunny after that first meeting can only be speculated, but it is known that the couple met again in 1964, and once more the following year. By that time, Sunny had left her husband and Bulow energetically courted her. They were married on June 6, 1966.

Bulow told his friends that "I have finally found the right girl." What he had found, of course, was a life of riches and comfort stemming from old money. Sunny, born in 1932, was the only child of George Crawford, chairman of the board of Columbia Gas and Electric Company. The utilities tycoon died when his daughter was only three, and she was left in the care of her mother, Annie-Laurie (who later married Russell Aitken), and her grandmother, Mrs. Martha Warmack.

Sunny, like her peers, attended exclusive schools as a child, Chapin School in New York, and Maryland's St. Timothy's. She made her social debut as a tall, stunning blonde in 1951, em-

The resplendent estate in Newport, Rhode Island, purchased by "Sunny" and where she was reportedly dosed with insulin shots which sent her into a permanent coma.

barking on the traditional European tour a few years later. Despite her breathtaking beauty, the youthful Sunny was shy and retiring, in awe of the European aristocrats she encountered. On a trip to an exclusive Alpine resort, Sunny met a handsome and charming ski instructor, who turned out to be Prince Alfred von Auersperg. His aristocratic lineage dated back centuries, but, like many of his class following World War II, he had little or no money. That was no problem to Sunny, who promptly fell in love with the nobleman, marrying him in 1957. The couple had two children, Alexander and Annie-Laurie, named Ala.

By the early 1960s, Sunny grew weary of supporting her penniless husband and was easy prey for Bulow, who presented himself to her as a man having his own wealth and exuding the kind of authority and worldliness her husband did not possess. She began seeing Bulow regularly long before her marriage to Auersperg ended in divorce. Bulow became Sunny's perfect traveling companion. He was every inch a man of commanding stature, having a tall frame (six feet four inches), a large head with thinning hair, a long nose and prominent jaw that jutted above tightly tied silk ties. He looked elegant in his double-breasted suits, tailor-made in Saville Row.

Bulow made a point of telling friends that he had quit Getty to devote all his time to Sunny, but this was apparently not his wife's true desire. She grew weary of Bulow's loafing—a repeat performance from her first husband—and told him to secure a high level executive post. Bulow instead relied upon the Crawford millions to support his lavish lifestyle, learning early on that of his wife's $75 million fortune, he stood to inherit at least $14 million upon her untimely death.

Sunny finally became resigned to the fact that Bulow would never acquire that high-level post and settled back into her millions. The couple appeared to have a happy and contented relationship for ten years, the union producing a girl, Cosima. They lived in luxury at Sunny's lavish Fifth Avenue co-op in New York and throughout this sprawling suite of rooms, servants scurried about to satisfy the whims and fancies of the family.

Thinking to upgrade her image, Sunny purchased Clarendon Court at Newport, Rhode Island, a resplendent mansion built in the days of the Robber Barons, its impressive acreage having priceless beach frontage. Sunny busied herself by spending a great fortune on the mansion, improving its huge pool and gardens. She and Bulow began to host sumptuous parties, complemented by large orchestras and dozens of servants serving endless quantities of champagne and stuffed pheasant. Their guests made up the cream of Eastern Establishment society and their neighbors were equally satiated with wealth and power. A short distance from Sunny's

Maria Schrallhammer, Sunny's devoted maid, testified in court that she found hypodermic needles stored by Bulow, which he used to secretly inject his wife with insulin.

estate was Hammersmith Farm, where Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis had been raised and was married.

The ideal life at Clarendon Court collapsed in 1979. It was at this time, Bulow later insisted, that Sunny came to him and abruptly told him that she "was no longer interested in having sex." This was not the truth, according to Maria Schrallhammer, Sunny's devoted maid since her marriage with Auersperg. Sunny told her that Bulow had broken off their marital relations and Sunny believed that he was having a nervous breakdown.

Bulow's nerves were fine, according to later reports. His own sexual drive was thriving, but it was channeled to another woman, Alexandra Isles, a 33-year-old socialite and actress (who had become a regular on the TV soap opera, "Dark Shadows"). Bulow, at this time, took to staying at his New York club, The Knickerbocker, and visiting Isles regularly. Her father had been a friend of Bulow's in Denmark. Mrs. Isles was divorced and had a young son. Bulow, however, did not confine his extramarital affairs to Isles, but routinely visited at this time Leslie Baxter, a 43-year-old prostitute in New York. Bulow was not suffering from mental problems, as Sunny suspected, but was simply becoming physically exhausted from his incessant bouts with Isles and Baxter.

Bulow blamed Sunny for his own problems, complaining to his children that their mother made him feel like a cheap gigolo and that his uppercrust Newport neighbors had grown hostile toward him, thinking him as nothing more than a man sponging off a wealthy woman. Bulow did try to earn some money by financially backing some Broadway shows. One of these, *Deathtrap*, became a great success and was later sold to Warner Brothers for $1.5 million, plus a percentage of the profits. It was ironic that the plot of this play involved a man and wife plotting a murder.

Alexandra Isles, TV soap opera star, testified that she had carried on a secret affair with Bulow and had given him a deadline to divorce his wife, a timeframe, prosecutors concluded, that prompted Bulow to attempt his wife's murder.

Bulow's campaign to profile his wife as a purposeful recluse increased. He told friends and relatives that she was retreating from the world to read books and consume great quantities of sweets. He made it apparent that he was contemplating divorce, asking family physician, Dr. Richard Stock, if Sunny could endure the trauma of a divorce. By this time, Alexandra Isles had given her lover a deadline—either he divorce Sunny by the end of 1979, or quit his relationship with her.

At Christmas that year, as was the family's custom, the Bulows moved from New York to Clarendon Court. There, Sunny consumed great quantities of sweets. Her sweet-tooth had caused her to drink rich eggnogs by the pint and drink ice cream sodas. She had ice cream smothered with caramel prepared for her by her cook, Irene Silvia, and these rich dishes were brought to the heiress on an hourly basis. Sunny put on weight.

Then, on December 27, 1979, after she consumed several glasses of eggnog and a large glass of ginger ale, Sunny lapsed

Bulow confers with his attorneys during a murder trial, which resulted in his conviction; he was exonerated in subsequent hearings.

into unconsciousness, which Bulow attributed to a case of the flu, aggravated by too much eggnog. At the maid's insistence, Bulow finally summoned Dr. Janis Gailitis of Newport Hospital, who revived Martha and diagnosed her illness as hypoglycemia. But Maria Schrallhammer suspected Bulow of having induced Sunny's condition.

For the next few months, Sunny was lethargic and depressed. Bulow insisted that she had a drinking problem and took barbiturates. In April 1980, tests at New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital confirmed that Sunny, indeed, suffered from hypoglycemia. On Thanksgiving Day, 1980, Schrallhammer found a bottle marked "insulin" and several other containers of drugs in a black bag in Bulow's closet. She gave the bag to Dr. Stock, Martha's personal physician, for chemical analysis. He determined that an odd-looking paste found in the bag would not have been prepared by any legitimate druggist.

Sunny lapsed into a second coma on December 21, 1980, in her New York apartment. She was rushed to the hospital, where tests showed low blood sugar, but a high insulin count. She was placed on a life support system. Bulow suggested that she be allowed to die. On January 23, 1981, Schrallhammer turned the black bag over to Newport police, who found traces of Diazepam, Amobarbital, and insulin on a syringe. On July 6, 1981, Claus von Blow was indicted on two counts of assault with intent to murder.

Bulow's trial began in Newport on February 1, 1982. He pleaded not guilty before Judge Thomas Needham in a courtroom packed with journalists. The prosecution based its case on the testimony of Maria Schrallhammer. The thirty-one-day trial ended on March 16, 1982, when Bulow was found guilty. He was sentenced to thirty years in prison, but was released on $1 million bail pending appeal. Outside the courtroom, a throng of spectators chanted, "Free Claus! Free Claus!" But a year would pass before any further action.

During that time, the defense filed 100-page brief seeking a reversal of the conviction, and on April 27, 1984, the judgment of the lower court was reversed. After the U.S. Supreme Court refused a request from Rhode Island attorney general Dennis J. Roberts to review the case, the state announced plans to retry Von Blow. The second trial began in Providence on Apr. 25, 1985, and ended in a final acquittal on June 10, 1985. Claus von Bulow was at last a free man. There were allegations that he had been "framed" by his stepchildren, Prince Alexander von Auersperg and Princess Annie Laurie Kneissl. Another theory held that Bulow and his mistress, Alexandra Isles, drove Sunny to attempt suicide by taking insulin. At this writing, Martha von Bulow remains on a life support system, still in a coma that has lasted more than two decades.

THE WRATH OF A WRONGED WOMAN/ March 10, 1980

Dr. Herman Tarnower, known as "Hi," was not only a distinguished New York cardiologist, but he grew immensely rich from his best-selling book, *Scarsdale Diet,* published in 1979 and which grossed $11 million in its first printings. The long and lucrative life of Dr. Tarnower, who enjoyed a thriving practice, a resplendent home and worldwide recognition for his medical skills, was also adorned with a number of beautiful mistresses. He was not a physically attractive man, lean, balding and with a long face and nose, but his wealth and prestige were enticing to women seeking status and financial security.

One of these was Jean Struven Harris (b. 1923 or 1926, depending upon various sources). She dated and then became engaged to Tarnower in a prolonged and troubled union that ended in her murder of the dallying doctor. Tarnower's relationship with Harris began when the physician met Harris at a dinner party in Manhattan on December 9, 1966. Harris, at the time was a divorced mother of two. She had graduated *magna cum laude* from Smith College in 1945, and by 1972, was the headmistress of the exclusive Madeira School for girls in McLean, Virgina. Her students called her "Integrity Jean" because of her numerous lectures about self-control, commitment to excellence, and propriety.

Following their meeting at the home of Leslie Jacobson, Tarnower and Harris began their lengthy courtship. There was talk of marriage, but it never got past the discussion stage. Tarnower, fifty-eight at the time of his "engagement" to Harris in 1967, entertained a variety of women at his estate in Purchase, New York, his $500,000 home decorated with the heads of African beasts—kudu, lions, rhinos—he had shot on big game safaris in Africa. Though he loved to hunt such animals, Tarnower's chief hobby was hunting attractive women. One of

them, Lynne Tryforos, a 38-year-old medical assistant, who was hired by Tarnower and who replaced Harris as the doctor's favorite. In 1977, Jean Harris first became aware of Tarnower's philandering. On New Year's Day, Harris was with Tarnower at a Palm Beach resort when she saw a personal notice in the New York *Times* that read "Happy New Year, Hi T. Love Always, Lynne."

A long struggle followed between the two rivals for the doctor's affections. Harris and Tryforos cut up each other's clothes, and rubbed human feces on each other's personal belongings whenever they found them in Tarnower's residence. Harris then accused Tryforos of placing anonymous obscene phone calls to her, and when she complained of this abuse to Tarnower, the doctor accused her of fabricating such tales. It was clear that Tarnower favored the younger Tryforos, but he continued to rely on Harris to help him prepare his diet book.

In fact, most of the recipes for the book were provided by Tarnower's housekeeper, Suzanne van der Vreken, although the doctor included one recipe in his book—"Spinach Delight a la Lynne" (creamed spinach made with yogurt) as a way of acknowledging his new, young mistress. This irked Harris, who served as the physician's editor on the book. She polished and improved its structure and grammar.

After twelve years of her tenuous relationship with Tarnower, Harris became increasingly disturbed and apparently made plans to either kill herself or slay the man who she later claimed was ruining her life by taunting her with the Tryforos woman. In November 1978, Harris bought a .32-caliber Harrington and Richardson revolver from Irving's Sport Shop in Tyson's Corner, Virginia, a few miles from the Madeira School. James Forst, the shop clerk, asked her why she was buying the weapon and Harris replied that it was for her own protection since she lived "back in the woods in a secluded area."

The situation between Tarnower and Tryforos became intolerable to Harris. She decided to take action on March 10, 1980. Driving in a heavy rainstorm directly from McLean to the Tarnower estate. In her purse was the .32-caliber handgun

Jean Struven Harris, educator at an exclusive Virginia school, was "engaged" for more than a decade, until she killed the man who jilted her.

Wealthy Dr. Herman Tarnower, author of the best-selling *Scarsdale Diet*, who was shot to death by Jean Harris on March 10, 1980.

Tarnower's estate in Purchase, New York, where the "Diet Doc" entertained myriad women, including Harris, who, enraged at his many assignations, shot him to death.

Harris, under arrest, is shown en route to court to be arraigned for the killing of Tarnower, March 11, 1980; she claimed that Tarnower was killed when trying to prevent her suicide.

Harris, center, confers with her defense team (left to right)—Barbara York, Joel Aurnou, Bonnie Steingart, and Victor Grossman; she got life in prison, but was later paroled.

and the amphetamines she needed for courage. At eleven that night, after Tarnower's dinner guests had left, Harris drove up the doctor's driveway in her blue 1973 Chrysler. She climbed the darkened staircase, entered the doctor's bedroom, and fired four shots. Tarnower slumped over dead and Harris fled the grounds. Rushing to the window, the startled housekeeper, Suzanne van der Vreken, saw Harris getting into her car. She called police.

Squad cars were soon on the scene. Patrolman Brian McKenna spotted Harris sitting in her car in the driveway and approached her.

"There's been a shooting in the house," she told the officer in a calm voice.

McKenna rushed into the house and raced up the stairs to see Tarnower lying on the floor of his master bedroom, mortally wounded. By that time, Harris had re-entered the house and was standing in the foyer. Patrolman Daniel O'Sullivan went to her and she looked directly at him while saying: "I shot him. I did it. He wanted to live. I wanted to die." She then said to Detective Arthur Siciliano: "I'd been through so much hell. I loved him very much. He slept with every woman he could. I had no intention of going back to Virginia alive."

Harris later stated that her intention had been to persuade Tarnower to shoot her, and she described how she had confronted the doctor, asking that he kill her. Tarnower, she said, called her "crazy," and ordered her from the house. A struggle for the revolver then ensued and Tarnower was shot four times. Police doubted from the beginning that there had been much of a struggle or no struggle at all and that Harris had simply cornered her cuckolding lover and blasted four slugs into him as he stood in his bedroom. A long, rambling letter describing her physical and mental subjugation to Tarnower corroborated her story and established a motive.

Jean Harris was charged with second degree murder. Her trial, sensationalized in tabloids, began in the White Plains, New York, courtroom of Judge Russell R. Leggett in November 1980. On February 4, 1981, the infamous "Scarsdale Letter," mailed from Virginia the day of the murder, was introduced into evidence. "Going through the hell of the past few years has been bearable only because you were still there and I could be with you," it read in part. The letter failed to sway the jury. On February 24, 1981, the jurors returned a verdict of guilty. Harris was sentenced on March 20 to life imprisonment at the Bedford Hills Correctional Facility. As an inmate there, Harris became involved in prison reform, writing a book about her prison experience, *They Always Call Us Ladies,* which was published in 1988. She was later paroled and went on writing more books and giving lectures about prison abuse, but seldom, if ever, mentioning the name of the man she murdered.

MURDER OF A PLAYMATE/August 14, 1980

Paul Snider had been on his own from childhood. Born into poverty in Vancouver, British Columbia, he was the product of a broken home and the tool of street gangs. His abiding love was for money and to turn a dollar in his early twenties he became a pimp. He grew modestly wealthy peddling only a few girls, "class ladies," in his language. He adorned himself with furs, flashy clothes and an ostentatious pinky ring, in the tradition of any successful whoremaster.

Driving about Vancouver in sports cars (either over-financed or on loan to him), Snider failed in his amateur efforts to promote auto shows and motorcycle races. He stayed with his small-time prostitution racket, carefully avoiding any traffic in drugs, although underworld contacts who protected his flesh peddling attempted to high-pressure him into that racket. He dreaded any arrest for drug violations, which he knew would draw a lengthy prison term, once telling a friend: "I will kill myself before I go to jail."

Still, Snider's expensive habits endangered his life. When he failed to pay a loan shark, he was seized by goons and taken to the top of a Vancouver hotel, where he was held by his ankles out of an open window, until he promised to repay the juice loan. This experience so terrified him that Snider imme-

Beautiful Dorothy Stratten, shown with a life-size image of herself and holding a plaque that honored her as Playmate of the year.

diately left Vancouver for the fleshpots of Los Angeles. Within days of arrival, Snider recruited several girls to work the neighborhoods in and about posh Beverly Hills. He prospered for about a year (1976-1977), maintaining a lavish Hollywood home and riding about in a gold limousine. Yet, the hordes of hustlers lining Sunset Strip soon diminished the profits his six girls could produce.

Snider took his spoils and returned to Vancouver, where he told friends that he would no longer pursue illicit activities. He vowed to go "straight" and to that end he worked several promotion schemes that brought little income and promised a limited future. All that changed on the day he walked into a Vancouver Dairy Queen, where he beheld a tall, buxom girl with a milk-white complexion. She was Dorothy Stratten (real name Dorothy Ruth Hoogstraten), eighteen, who had been working at the Dairy Queen for four years.

Like Snider, she was the offspring of divorced parents. Shy and retiring, the lovely girl lived with her mother, wrote poetry and was saving her money to pay for secretarial courses, hoping some day to become an executive secretary. David Redlick, her employer at the Dairy Queen later stated that Stratten "was the kind of girl you'd be proud to have as a sister or a daughter. She even used to take my kids to the beach sometimes, and she was the only girl I ever bought roses for when she left [the Dairy Queen. I don't even do that for my wife."

Snider was taken by the girl and, typical of his approach, did not directly ask her for a date, but got Stratten's phone number from a friend before asking her to dinner. He then began to shower her with flowers and inexpensive jewelry, flattering her over her good looks. She was overwhelmed by Snider's attention and was proud to be escorted by Snider to her high school graduation dance. Snider then began to take the impressionable girl to better restaurants and nightclubs, but this was only part of another money scheme. He told a friend: "That girl could make me a lot of money."

The hustler had recently learned that *Playboy* Magazine was about to conduct a hunt for "the perfect girl" to appear in its publication as the 25th Anniversary Playmate. Snider, through flattery and cajolery, convinced Stratten to pose naked so that he could send these photos to Playboy, telling the naïve girl that she would certainly be selected as "the perfect girl." Editors at Playboy were impressed with the photos, but turned Snider down when they learned that Stratten was underage and telling him that they could not use the graphics unless he obtained the signed permission of Dorothy's parents.

Snider then launched a campaign to persuade Stratten's mother to grant that permission, but Mrs. Hoogstraten adamantly refused. This was her daughter's one golden opportunity, he insisted. Never again would the five-foot-nine-inch Dutch blonde have such a chance at fame and fortune. Stratten's mother finally relented and signed the form that granted permission. Snider sent the form to Playboy and, in August 1978, boarded a plane with Stratten—her first ride in an airplane—and flew to Los Angeles, where photo tests were made of the aspiring model.

Playboy photographers were impressed with the girl's photogenic qualities and her natural beauty. She was selected as one of the sixteen finalists for the contest, but lost out to another girl. Still, fame beckoned when Stratten was selected as the August 1979 Playmate, and her appearance in the magazine launched her career. She was no longer Dorothy Hoogstraten, but had acquired a new name, Dorothy Stratten. She was quoted in the article about her as being "a sucker for the romantic approach. Romance is very effective for me because I'm a very sensitive person. I'm a faithful one-man woman. It might sound old-fashioned, but I have to concentrate my love on just one man."

Snider, meanwhile, hustled small promotions, returning to the seamy side of the street by operating a small disco that featured nude male dancers, who titillated middle-aged women. The hustler knew that his own future was limited and banked on the opportunities presented to Stratten. To that end, he proposed marriage to her in May 1979. Though warned that Snider was merely out to use her, Stratten felt obligated to the

Stratten with hustler Paul Snider, celebrating her 20th birthday; Snider became her husband and killer.

Stratten appeared in a number of low-budget films; she is shown above as a ravishing robot in *Galaxina*.

hustler and described him as her lover, friend, guide, counselor, and manager. She accepted and the couple married in Las Vegas, Nevada, on June 1, 1979.

After the *Playboy* appearance, Stratten began to get TV and movie offers, as Snider expected. She was ecstatic after appearing as a guest star on the *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century* TV series. At the time, the innocent ingénue blurted: "Seeing my name in the *TV Guide* was the most exciting thing in my life." She next appeared in a low-budget Canadian film, *Autumn Born*, but she showed little enthusiasm for her role in the movie, telling a reporter that she spent most of her time on camera "getting beat up."

The model turned actress appeared in more low-budget films, such as *Americathon* and *Skatetown, U.S.A.*, but in roles that showed she had a genuine talent for acting. Her star rose to greater heights when *Playboy* chief Hugh Hefner selected Stratten as the 1980 Playmate of the Year. From this coveted position, she gleaned more than $200,000 in jewelry and furniture gifts. Suddenly, she was followed about by Hollywood designers, managers, coaches, hairdressers, and, especially, photographers.

Snider saw that he was losing control of his wife to these entrepreneurial mentors. He became resentful and accused Stratten of cutting him out of her successful business enterprises. He became enraged when being eliminated from the invitation list to many of the *Playboy* functions at Hefner's lavish mansion. He was further frustrated by Hefner himself, who kept him at arm's distance, after Snider tried to interest the publishing mogul in some of his shady schemes.

While Snider faded into the background, Stratten continued to appear in more films, her latest being *Galaxina*, in which she appeared as a beautiful robot. "I have been programmed for love," she tells a space crew member in this film, one that was released only a few weeks after her tragic death. Although Stratten began to enjoy the company of Hollywood's movers and shakers, her life with Snider crumbled. The hustler argued with her incessantly, bickering that finally led to the couple's separation. Snider moved into a cheap bungalow in West Los Angeles next to a freeway, while Stratten flew to New York to appear in Peter Bogdanovich's new film, *They All Laughed*. She would join the company of stars Audrey Hepburn and Ben Gazarra.

Stratten fell in love with the director and when she returned to the Coast, she told Snider that she would make a comfortable settlement in a quiet divorce. Snider was having none of it. He had groomed her for stardom, nurtured her career, he said. He had created her image as a sex goddess, he yelled. Stratten ignored him and moved into Bogdanovich's Beverly Hills home, an act that enraged Snider. He reportedly vowed that he would kill the director, but he soon began to focus his revenge exclusively on Stratten.

Snider called his estranged wife on August 12, 1980, arranging a meeting with her. The following day, he bought a 12-gauge shotgun and then stopped by a photographer's studio, where he looked over some proofs showing his latest protégé, a new model he had acquired. At that time, the promoter cryptically stated to the photographer: "Sometimes, Playmates get killed and when that happens it brings about chaos."

The Playmate and movie starlet arrived at Snider's bungalow about noon on August 14, 1980. She spent about two hours with her estranged husband in the living room where her purse was later found. Inside of it was a note from Snider which demanded money. Early that evening, Snider's roommate, a physician, knocked on the promoter's bedroom door and, entering the room, reeled in horror. Paul Snider and Dorothy Stratten were dead.

The bedroom walls were spattered with blood. The naked body of the 20-year-old Stratten was draped over a bed, her beautiful face shot away. Snider was on the floor, also naked, his bleeding corpse having fallen upon the shotgun he had

May 2, 1980: Dorothy Stratten appeared with a construction worker in her hometown of Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, on a promotion tour for *Playboy*, holding the issue in which she was featured as a Playmate; her husband, Paul Snider, shot and killed her four months later.

used to kill his wife and end his own life. News of the murder-suicide sent shockwaves through the Hollywood community. The movies had been robbed of a potential star, the gossip columnists carped, Hefner of a Playmate and Bogdanovich a future wife.

The director arranged for Stratten's funeral, having her body cremated and the ashes placed in an urn, which he would later visit with regularity. Bogdanovich, in a moving statement, said: "Dorothy looked at the world with love, and believed that all people were good down deep. She was mistaken, but it is among the most generous and noble errors we can make."

There were no eulogies for Paul Snider. His body was shipped back to his native Vancouver, where it was buried in an inexpensive grave.

THE KILLING OF A SUPERSTAR/ December 8, 1980

Although he desperately tried to disassociate himself from the most popular rock'n roll singing group in history—one that he himself created—superstar John Winston Lennon was forever linked to that celebrated foursome, even long after he was slain by a berserk fan, Mark David Chapman. "We're going to live, or we're going to die. If we're dead, we're going to have to deal with that; if we're alive, we're going to have to deal with being alive." A few hours after he said those words, rock star and former Beatle John Lennon was shot to death by Chapman.

Born into an unhappy family in Liverpool, England, on October 9, 1940, Lennon's father deserted him and his mother when he was three. His mother also deserted him later, putting him in the care of her sister, but Lennon maintained a lifelong hatred for his father. Years later, when the elder Lennon suddenly appeared as his famous son's door, the rock star took one look at him and, without a word, slammed the door in his face. He later stated with deep bitterness: "I don't feel I owe him anything. He never helped me. I got there by myself."

Lennon always took exclusive credit for his enormous success and there was about him an egotistical attitude that bordered on megalomania. At the zenith of the Beatles' career, Lennon stupidly blurted: "We're more popular than Jesus now. I don't know which will go first—rock 'n' roll or Christianity." He was to deeply regret that comment, and, always commercially minded, saw its damage when thousands of irate Beatle fans smashed and burned the albums of the singing group. While on tour in Chicago, on August 12, 1966, Lennon said he "was sorry that he opened his mouth about Jesus Christ."

It was clear that had he not made the retraction, his and the careers of his three singing companions, might well have ended right there. The group had had a rocky beginning in the first place. Lennon had the idea for such a group when he was only fifteen and after meeting Paul McCartney at a party in Liverpool in 1955. Rock 'n' roll was then beginning to emerge through the gyrating efforts of rock pathfinders Elvis Presley, Buddy Holly and Bill Haley. In 1956, Lennon formed his first

The Beatles in 1968 (left to right): Paul McCartney, John Lennon, Ringo Starr and George Harrison.

Yoko Ono and John Lennon, shortly before the singer-composer was fatally shot on December 8, 1980; they are standing outside the Dakota apartments in New York.

The upscale Dakota apartments, in New York City, where Lennon maintained a suite of rooms and outside of which a mentally disturbed fan waited to kill him.

band, the Quarrymen, which McCartney joined. Most of the members could not stand Lennon's vanity and arrogance and left, but McCartney remained and the group was joined by George Harrison and, finally, the comedic Ringo Starr.

The group was renamed Johnny and the Moondogs, then Long John and the Silver Beatles and then simply The Beatles. It was a difficult period and Lennon made it more difficult by alienating many of those who might give financial support to the group. He quickly earned a reputation of being a brash young man, who insulted almost everyone he encountered, his sarcasm passing for thin wit.

Lennon's first wife, Cynthia, with whom Lennon had a son, Julian, was to comment in her book, *A Twist of Lennon*: "I think he was the last stronghold of the Teddy Boys [British street thugs who were aptly described in Anthony Burgess' brutal novel, *A Clockwork Orange*, later a film by the same name]—totally aggressive and anti-establishment."

Critic Stanley Reynolds, who knew Lennon long before the Beatles came to fame, remarked: "John Lennon was the hardest, toughest kid I ever met. He had an uncompromising attitude that would never give an inch. He was completely unbending and it shocked you [when] meeting him, because he was, after all, a young fellow and a civilian—so why was he at war? The truth was that he was at war with the whole world." Others were even more severe in their appraisal of Lennon, one seeing him as a calculating fellow "whose sensitive ballads were contrived to milk sentiment from emotionally gullible fans—he squeezed out emotion like someone would wring out a mop. He used love to make a fortune and he was a man without the sincerity of love."

Despite Lennon's self-destructive ways, the group caught on and, in February 1963, the Beatles cut their first album, "Please, Please Me," which climbed rapidly in the charts in England. A year later, on February 8, 1964, the Beatles appeared on Ed Sullivan's enormously popular variety TV show and they were an instant success. Within months, the Beatles

Mark David Chapman, who shot John Lennon five times, and then sat down upon the cement to read a book.

became a household word in America. Many compositions followed, with McCartney providing the music and Lennon the lyrics. Their songs, style and personae dominated the popular music world for six years, its stubborn vogue continuing to this day.

Thousands aped the Beatles and their lifestyles. When Lennon donned casual clothes and dark glasses—he was myopic—hordes of fans abandoned suits and opted for sport shirts and jeans and dark glasses. Lennon grew a droopy mustache and droopy mustaches became the rage. The idolizing fans soon became to irk Lennon and he expressed his contempt for the throngs of teenage girls that grabbed, clutched and tore at his clothes during public appearances. On one occasion, he told his wife, Cynthia: "We'll have to get out of this death trap before they kill me. I had no idea it was going to be like this. It's like a bloody madhouse out there. We deserve every penny we get."

By 1966, Lennon sought relief from the crowds, having met Yoko Ono, who urged him to pursue a "more classical" kind of music. It took four more years before the group disbanded in 1970. Only Paul McCartney and the Wings saw the kind of success enjoyed by the original group and that latter day singing group did not last for long. Deluged with fame and riches, the foursome went their separate ways throughout the 1970s, experimenting with self-analysis, drugs and a search for gurus with all-knowing answers.

Yoko Ono, for whom Lennon left his first wife, persuaded the singer-composer to move to New York, where he occupied a lavish suite of rooms at the exclusive Dakota apartments. Lennon spent most of his time in New York talking about his own premature demise, which he predicted would occur in a nuclear holocaust. Every time Lennon left the Dakota, he was surrounded by loyal fans seeking autographs, which he dutifully supplied. One of these autograph-seekers was a swarthy, heavy-set young man with glasses and a mop of dark hair, Mark David Chapman.

Chapman was born in Fort Worth, Texas, on May 10, 1955. Raised in Georgia, he ran away from home when he was fourteen. He was away only a few weeks, but remained part of the drug scene for another two years. Becoming a Beatles fan as a teenager, he tried to emulate them with his own band. However, after Chapman became a born-again Christian, he was offended by Lennon's remark about Jesus.

Thus, Chapman gave up the Beatles, as he had given up drugs and used his spare time to work with children at the YMCA. Chapman's friends watched him become increasingly preoccupied with internal struggles concerning the sinfulness of the "Bad Mark." He moved around the country, working at various jobs and studying religions in his free time. He was arrested for armed robbery, kidnapping, and possession of drugs. Chapman tried to commit suicide in 1977, and received psychological care.

In 1979, he married a travel agent, Gloria H. Abe, a woman four years his senior and of Japanese descent (as was John Lennon's Yoko Ono) and moved to Hawaii, where he insisted that she never watch television or read newspapers. He frequently stood outside a Church of Scientology and shouted abuse, and month by month he became more irrational, although he kept that side of him hidden from most people. In 1980, he got a job as a security guard at a condominium and a short time later he changed the name tag on his security guard's uniform to read "John Lennon," and on October 23, 1980 he quit his job, signing out as John Lennon.

From that time, it became necessary for Chapman to get rid of the real John Lennon, since he had taken on his idol's personality and identity. Chapman first bought a .38-caliber pistol. Then he borrowed $2,500 from a credit union and flew to New York City on December 6, 1980. He began to spend long hours stationed outside the Dakota. On December 8, Lennon emerged to go to a recording studio, and Chapman had him autograph his most recent album, *Double Fantasy*. Chapman stayed where he was as Lennon and Ono drove off, then turned to continue reading a copy of J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*.

At 11 p.m. that night, Lennon and Yoko Ono returned to the Dakota. Chapman called out, "Mr. Lennon." Lennon looked up and Chapman dropped to a military crouch, his legs spread apart as he aimed a .38-caliber Charter Arms revolver at him. Without another word, Chapman fired five times, the bullets striking Lennon's chest, back and left arm. He took a few steps, then called out to Yoko Ono: "I'm shot!"

Opposite page, left: Mourning fans gather to honor the memory of their slain music idol; Lennon's killer went to prison for life.

Patrolman Jim Moran, who had been assigned to control the crowds outside the Dakota (many celebrities lived there in addition to Lennon, including actress Lauren Bacall, musical director Leonard Bernstein, and comic Gilda Radner), ran forward and helped Lennon into the back of his squad car. By the time Moran arrived at the emergency entrance of Roosevelt Hospital, Lennon had died from his wounds.

After killing Lennon, Chapman sat down and returned to reading the Salinger novel, seemingly unconcerned at murdering his idol. He was arrested and charged with second-degree murder. At the time, Chapman told the police: "I have a small part in me that cannot understand the world and what goes on in it. I did not want to kill anybody, and I really don't know why I did ..."

Chapman's lawyer, Jonathan Marks, wanted him to plead not guilty by reason of insanity, but Chapman told the court that God had told him to confess to murder. He was convicted and sentenced on July 24, 1981, to twenty years to life in prison, with a recommendation that he receive psychiatric treatment. Even his own attorney asked the judge not to sentence him too lightly. "All reports came to the conclusion that he is not a sane man. It was not a sane crime. It was ...a monstrously irrational killing." Chapman's only response to the sentencing was to read aloud a passage from *The Catcher in the Rye*. He was sent to Attica State Prison in upstate New York, where he was put to work as a janitor.

IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST OF FAME/ July 18, 1981

Jack Henry Abbott (AKA: Jack Eastman, b. 1944) spent most of his adult life in prison. He committed his first murder in 1966 and, after novelist Norman Mailer worked for his release, killed a second time in 1981. At first, this convict, dedicated wholly to violence, was celebrated by New York's literati for penning a prison journal successfully published by Random House. Upon his 1981 release, Abbott was adopted by such literary lights as Norman Mailer, his sponsor, and Jerzy Kosinski.

Abbott was invited to elitist cocktail parties, where the rich and famous fawned over him. He was heralded as a "great writer" and an "insightful philosopher." Jack Henry Abbott, however, was in reality, always had been, a man who would kill anyone over the slightest annoyance. This he did, at the height of his brief literary fame, oblivious to his so-called rehabilitation, committing a cold-blooded, conscienceless murder that proved how dangerous it really was for amateur criminologists to meddle with crime.

A habitual criminal, Abbott spent all but nine months of his adult life in prison. He was convicted of forgery, bank robbery, and murder. In 1953, at age nine, Abbott proved so incorrigible in foster homes that he was sent to reform school in Utah. Released at age eighteen, Abbott was arrested and convicted of passing bad checks and sent to Utah State Penitentiary, where he killed a fellow inmate in 1966.

Tried for this murder, Abbott claimed self-defense, that he had been the victim of a violent homosexual attack. When that ploy did not appear to affect the court, Abbot assumed the role of the lunatic, throwing a pitcher of water at the judge and

claiming insanity. A court psychiatrist examined him and reported that Abbott was fit to stand trial. He was sentenced to fourteen years.

Abbott escaped from Utah State Penitentiary in 1971 and was at large for six weeks, during which time he robbed a Denver bank and, upon his recapture, became a federal prisoner. While serving time in a maximum security prison, Abbott read voraciously, consuming scores of books on philosophy, enmeshing himself in the credos of Karl Marx and becoming an avowed Marxist. He read a 1977 newspaper story about Norman Mailer writing a book (*The Executioner's Song*) on Gary Gilmore, who was condemned for murder and was awaiting execution in Utah State Penitentiary.

Mailer, like his New York contemporary, Truman Capote (author of *In Cold Blood*, a novelized version of the Clutter slayings in Kansas—see Mass Murder), was suddenly departing mainstream literature to enter the world of criminology. Oddly, Mailer never got to meet Gilmore, using the taped interviews between Lawrence Schiller and Gilmore to create Gilmore's dialog.

It was to Mailer, at then a powerful influence in the media, that Abbott began addressing his letters, which were fifteen-page, handwritten missives to the author. The clever Abbott, obviously realizing that Mailer was a complete novice in perceiving prison life, offered to aid him in that understanding by detailing his own experiences as a long-term, "state-raised" prisoner.

Abbott intrigued the author by spewing forth tales of dark violence, writing in a clinically descriptive style reminiscent of Mailer's own early works, particularly certain passages from *The Naked and the Dead*, which had certainly not gone unnoticed in Abbott's endless rummaging through prison libraries.

The prisoner's literary nightmares described fourteen years of solitary confinement and unbelievable cruelty on the part of prison guards, who beat him, tortured him with antipsychotic drugs, sadistically gassed him, starved him so that he was forced to eat cockroaches in his cell to survive, and placed him in strip-and-search cells, where he had to stand naked, chained by one arm to his bed.

Abbott's relentless correspondence fed on hatred and violence, intriguing an author whose own interest in violence had always been intense. Mailer took Abbott's letters to the editors of the elitist *New York Review of Books*, and, at his urging in June 1980, an article praising Abbott's writing style appeared in that publication, along with a sample of the letters. This article was read with great interest by Errol McDonald, an editor at Random House. Within two months, McDonald had placed Abbott under a book contract, which called for a $12,000 advance, and McDonald began organizing the killer's book, which was entitled *In the Belly of the Beast*.

Almost immediately, Abbott began to energetically lobby for a parole. The Federal Bureau of Prisons made the first step easier by returning Abbott to Utah State Penitentiary to serve out his remaining time there. Once inside the walls of that institution, an automatic parole was considered. Mailer and others were influential, if not decisive, in their pleas that Abbott be released.

The chair in which condemned killer Gary Gilmore was executed in Utah, a symbol that inspired the dark ambitions of another murderer, Jack Henry Abbott.

Mailer wrote to the parole board that Abbott was really "a powerful and important American writer," urging a positive decision and offering the killer a job as his research assistant. McDonald, the Random House editor, also wrote to prison authorities, saying that he believed Abbott "could support himself as a professional writer if he were released from prison and that he could very well have a bright future."

The parole campaign was successful and Abbott was released on June 5, 1981, transferred from prison to a halfway house in Manhattan's Lower East Side. When the killer's plane arrived in New York, Norman Mailer was on hand to greet him. Almost at the same time, reviews of Abbott's recently released book gushed torrents of praise upon the killer. Wrote Colgate University Professor Terrence Des Pres in the New York *Times* Book Section: " ...awesome, brilliant, perversely ingenious; its impact is indelible and, as an articulation of penal nightmare it is completely compelling." New York's literati welcomed the killer with warm embraces, celebrating his published achievement with a number of cocktail parties and smart gatherings at which Abbott was lionized. Great things were predicted for him. He would become a literary giant of the century. His books would be read as credo by anyone needing to know about prison life. Moreover, some even said, Abbott represented the new wave of American literature and was, in fact, its leader.

Other than Mailer, many New York literary lions heaped praise on Abbott's work, and these included the brilliant writer Jerzy Kosinski of *Being There* fame. (Kosinski would later regret endorsing the lethal Abbott, being one of the few in the clique of the killer's admirers, who later concluded that the Abbott episode was a fraud, likening the literary laurels placed upon Abbott's head to the literati's support of the Black Pan-

thers, an American terrorist group in the 1960s.)

Abbott worked briefly for Mailer by doing some scanty research, but he spent most of his time drifting aimlessly about the city, a misplaced creature, who paradoxically spent time with the elite and powerful of New York one hour, and the next walking about the worst area of the city, the Lower East Side, peopled with prostitutes, pimps, drug pushers, and hardened criminals like himself. Besides Mailer and Kosinski, Abbott found himself in the company of such sterling personalities as author Jean Malaquais, literary agent Scott Meredith, and Robert Silvers, editor of the *New York Review of Books*.

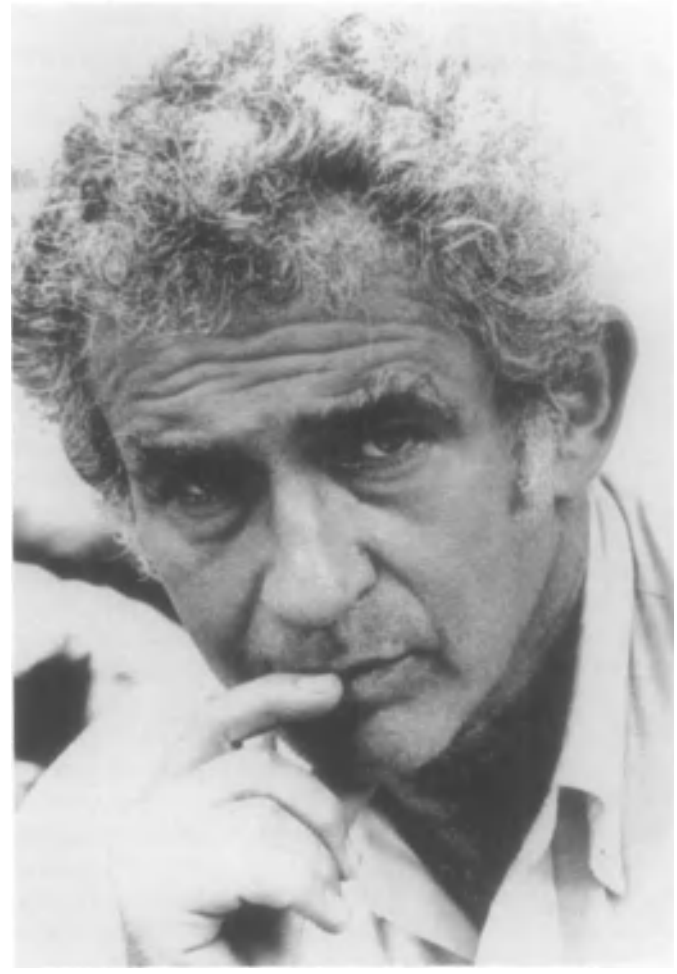
Abbott impressed them no end with his knowledge of Sartre and Camus, existentialists like himself, he said. He knew just what names and quotations would lure these Establishment personalities closer to his web, manipulating them with ease, calling loudly for entrees from their own menus, chewing upon the fat of their own philosophical beliefs, and thanking them for allowing him, Jack Henry Abbott, convicted killer, to dine at their table.

Surrounded by the protecting arms of New York's literary sachems, Abbott undoubtedly felt that his future was secure. He lobbied discreetly for an even loftier position, one which would afford him continuous recognition and financial support, not as a reformed criminal, but as a misunderstood literary giant. He expected his new friends to arrange a fellowship for him at the prestigious MacDowell Colony for accomplished artists in picturesque Petersborough, New Hampshire. Here he would preside over the novice writer, the impressionable artist, dictating the thoughts of youthful, adoring followers. None of this, thankfully, was to be.

On the morning of July 18, 1981, Abbott, accompanied by two women, entered a small, all-night restaurant, the BoniBon, on Second Avenue and Fifth Street. It was 5 a.m. After Abbott and the women took their seats, 22-year-old Richard Adan, a struggling Cuban-born actor working as a waiter, approached the table to take their order. Adan had recently appeared on public TV in Spain in a series of dramatic roles that had given his career a boost. His newly completed play about the Lower East Side was soon to be produced by an experimental stage group and the youth, known always to be polite and pleasant, was looking eagerly forward to a blossoming career in the theater. Adan had recently married a young choreographer-actress whose father had given him a job as a waiter in his restaurant so the young couple could make ends meet.

Abbott asked Adan where the washroom was located. Adan, according to customers in the restaurant, courteously explained that it was an employee-only washroom and that insurance restrictions prevented customers from using it. Abbott became incensed and began using abusive language. According to witnesses, Adan asked him to go outside with him to try to settle the argument so as not to disturb the other customers. Abbott later claimed that Adan was threatening him, but it was Abbott who did the threatening.

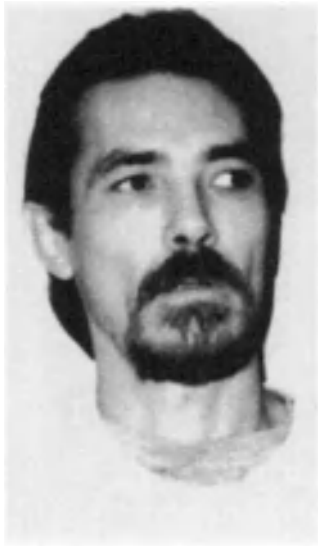
Once outside the restaurant, Abbott drew a knife with a medium-length blade and with one powerful thrust, drove the blade into Adan's heart. Another waiter, just at that moment, looked out of one of the restaurant's windows to see the young waiter jumping up and down, gushing blood. Abbott then returned to one of the women with him, college student Susan Roxas, and shouted: "Let's get out of here. I just killed a man!"



Author Norman Mailer was so impressed by Abbott's writing that he lobbied for his prison release, promoted Abbott's book, and even attempted to reduce Abbott's sentence after the killer murdered again.

At that moment, Jack Henry Abbott, acclaimed author, vanished. It is revealing to quote Abbott's own work, where he describes how he knifed a fellow prisoner to death fifteen years earlier, a methodical, cold-blooded act that was duplicated with the same precision in his 1981 murder of Richard Adan: "The enemy is smiling and chatting away about something. He thinks you're his fool; he trusts you. You see the spot. It's a target between the second and third button on his shirt. As you calmly talk and smile, you move your left foot to the side to step across his right-side body length. A light pivot toward him with your right shoulder and the world turns upside down; you have sunk the knife to its hilt into the middle of his chest."

For two months Abbott eluded police and federal agents who were searching for him nationwide. Using the considerable advances from his book, Abbott managed to get to Mexico and hole up near the Guatemalan border, but after some weeks, not being able to speak Spanish or find work that would cloak his activities, he moved back to the U.S., relocating in Louisiana.



Jack Henry Abbott, heralded as a powerful new writer at the time his book was published.

Abbott was spotted in the Latin Quarter of New Orleans several times but, whenever officers appeared, he had just departed his lodgings, almost as if he had been informed that authorities were closing in on him. Investigators interviewed the prostitutes of the Quarter and one streetwalker identified Abbott's photo, telling police that the much-wanted killer was looking for work in the Louisiana oil fields.

Officers then tracked the elusive killer through the oil towns of Algiers, Harvey, and Marrero, searching through the murky bunkhouses, where hundreds of nameless itinerant workers lived, but at every turn they missed their man, sometimes only by minutes. Abbott seemed to have a sixth sense about lawmen closing in on him and would, according to fellow workers, suddenly quit whatever he was doing, grab his meager belongings, and depart. In mid-September 1981, New York Police Detective William Majeski, who had arrived at the BoniBon restaurant after the Adan killing to take charge of the investigation and had trailed Abbott with other officers to New Orleans, learned that the fugitive was using a social security card with the alias of Jack Eastman.

Abbott had selected an anonymous world into which he hoped to disappear. The boom town oil fields of Louisiana collected thousands of roughnecks and roustabouts, many with criminal records, men like Abbott, who sought obscurity. Mixing with these tough, taciturn men were illegal aliens from Mexico, refugees from Vietnam, the flotsam and jetsam of the world, men who worked for $4 an hour, sixteen hours a day, and paid a third of their salary to the company to sleep in filthy bunkhouses and eat from open-air canteens. The rest of their money they would give to the whores who visited these camps in droves.

On September 23, 1981, following a tip from Detective Carl Parsiola of St. Mary's Parish, James Riley, an intelligence agent of the sheriff's department, accompanied by Dan Dossett of the Morgan City Police, and other officers, located Abbott working in the fields of the Ramos Oil Company. He was unloading pipe from trucks that clogged the roads. Overhead helicopters buzzed about on company work and the nearby bayous belched smoke from tugs pulling freight. Where years before there had been wilderness, this area was now cluttered with humanity and the officers were concerned that their man would once again escape. Carefully, Riley, Dossett, and the others moved toward Abbott, pretending to be workers. When they saw Abbott raise his arms to comb his hair, the lawmen rushed forward, eight shotguns leveled at him.

Abbott was ordered to keep his hands in the air as officers moved forward to handcuff him. He said nothing, remaining motionless, offering no resistance. He wore cheap blue jeans and a T-shirt that were coated with oil; his boots were crusted with caked oil and were falling apart. Returned to New York and held at Riker's Island, Abbott was tried before Judge Irving Lang of the Manhattan State Supreme Court. He was defended by criminal attorney Ivan Fisher and prosecuted by James Fogel. Early on, Abbot displayed anxiety and nervousness, a pose unlike his earlier aloof attitudes.

Jack Henry Abbott when was captured in the Louisiana oil fields.

In his own words, Abbott characterized the death of Adan as the result of a "tragic misunderstanding," a literary understatement without parallel. He went on to explain that he acted in self-defense, believing that Adan intended to attack him, the same plea that Abbott had employed when stabbing a fellow prison inmate to death in 1966. To that claim, a spectator in court rose and shouted, "You intended to do it, you scum!" This cry came from Henry Howard, the father-in-law of the dead Adan. Judge Lang ordered Howard removed from court, but he waited outside the courtroom throughout the trial, frustrated by his inability to see justice done.

The prosecution provided several witnesses, but one, Wayne Larsen, a 35-year-old Vietnam veteran, proved damning to Abbott's self-defense tactic. Larsen was standing at the corner of Second Avenue and Fifth Street and watched as Abbott attacked Adan. He testified that Adan was walking away from Abbott when Abbott drew his knife and raised it. He recalled that when Abbott struck Adan there was an impacting sound that "still rings in my ears."

Even though Adan was mortally wounded and helpless, Abbott, according to Larsen, acted as if he had merely scratched his victim, cursing Adan and screaming, "Do you still want to continue this?" Adan had made no move toward Abbott and, according to Larsen, was trying to back away from his assailant. Abbott "made a beeline" for the backpedaling Adan and lunged forward to make sure he killed his man and, in Larsen's words, Abbott's knife blow to Adan's chest was so powerful "that the hair swung back on his [Abbott's] head."

Abbott sat trembling in court, clutching a handkerchief. He wore glasses and his hair was combed in a meticulous pompadour. Immediately following Larsen's testimony, Abbott asked that he be allowed to leave the courtroom. "The testimony was extremely upsetting to him, reliving the event,"

lawyer Fisher later stated. Abbott's request was granted, although the paradox was evident. Abbott had graphically described his murder of another human being without a gnat-sting of remorse in his best-selling book, but he was visibly upset by the retelling of his murder of Adan.

The victim, however, was offered up by Abbott to be not Adan, but Abbott. He again recited the litany of his prison sufferings, the endless abuse that was heaped upon him by an unthinking, inhumane prison system, the very rationale that had brought about his much-influenced parole. Abbott wanted it both ways, first to be released from prison for what the prison system had done to him, then excused from another murder outside of prison and shielded from being returned to that system because of what the prison system had done. If nothing else, Abbott was certainly angling for a minimum sentence, after having been found guilty of first degree manslaughter.

Prosecutor Fogel was having none of it, calling for a maximum sentence, a life term. "This is a killer," Fogel argued before the bench, "a killer by habit, a killer by inclination, a killer by philosophy, and a killer by desire."

Fisher clung to Abbott's own lifelong defense, stating that his client had been warped by a lifetime of prison. "He was mistreated for so long and so horrible a way. If it was, in fact, the poison of prison that brought about these events, how can it be urged that a lot more is the cure?"

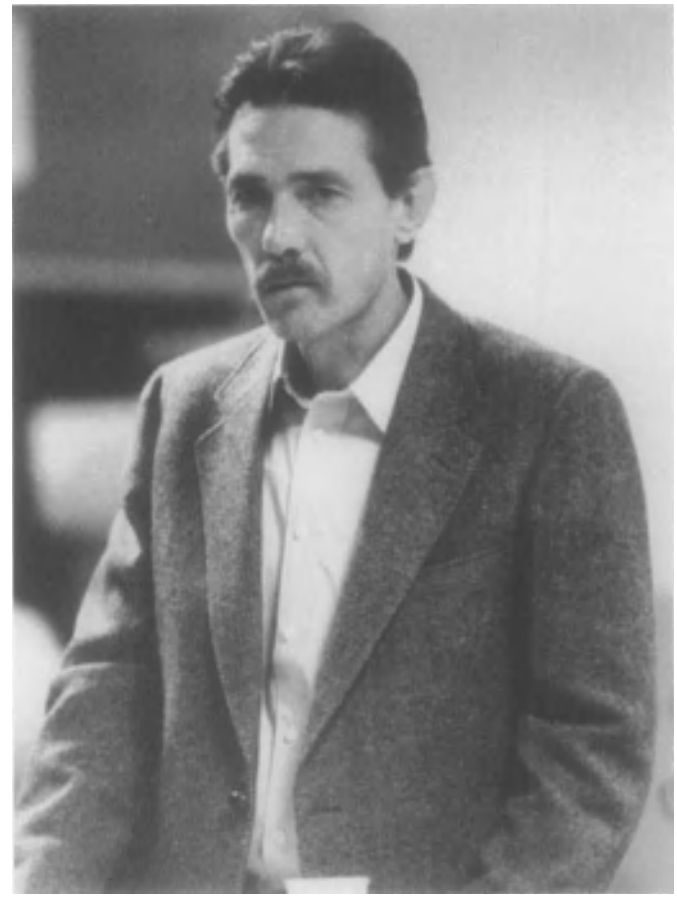
Judge Lang had earlier ruled that Abbott's previous convictions had qualified him as a "persistent violent felon." When he asked the defendant if he had anything to say before sentence was pronounced, Abbott mumbled, "No." Judge Lang then stated that the conviction of Abbott was in part "an indictment of a prison system which brutalized instead of rehabilitating ...It's perfectly clear that the defendant could not cope with the reality of a non-prison existence."

Judge Lang then sentenced Abbott to fifteen years to life, a minimum sentence. He would be returned to Utah State Penitentiary to serve out his remaining eight years for earlier convictions before serving the New York sentence of fifteen years.

Norman Mailer went before the court and implored leniency, stating, "Culture is worth a little risk. A major sentence would destroy him." Even though Abbott did not receive the maximum sentence, Mailer, following the sentencing, was disgruntled, saying that Judge Lang's sentence was so long as to be "killing." Complained the 59-year-old author, "At the point he gets out, he'll be as old as I am now." Adan's father-in-law, Henry Howard, heard the news of the sentence and was filled with rage. "In twenty-four years," he said, "Jack Abbott will be back on the street and he will kill again. Why are his rights better than Richard Adan's rights?"

This was a question answered obliquely and rather callously by Abbott's attorney, Ivan Fisher, who was quoted as saying, in responding to questions about Adan's family being entitled to the profits from Abbott's book (then estimated to be about $500,000), "If you kill a brain surgeon you're in much more trouble than if you kill a waiter working nights at the BiniBon Restaurant. That's not my judgment, that's the law."

Before being led back to prison, Abbott, through Fisher, announced plans to sue the state of New York for $10 million for "the mental anguish and threats to his life" while he was a prisoner on Riker's Island. Meanwhile, Abbott's book soared to best-seller status, selling more than 40,000 hardbound copies through Random House. At the time, dramatic rights to Abbott's savage tale had been purchased by a film company headed by comic Alan King in the amount of $250,000.



Jack Henry Abbott at the time of his trial for the 1981 murder of New York waiter Richard Adan; he was convicted and returned to prison, hanging himself in 2002.

Jack Henry Abbott did not live to see parole. On February 10, 2002, Abbott hanged himself with a bedsheet and a shoelace at New York's Wende Correctional Facility. He reportedly left a suicide note, but this was not released by authorities. Moaned Norman Mailer: "His life was tragic from beginning to end. I never knew a man who had a worse life."

MURDER OF A MILLIONAIRE'S MISTRESS/ July 6-7, 1983

At the age of seventeen, Vicki Morgan was a tall, slender and buxom young woman with a face of classic beauty—high cheekbones, aquiline nose, wide-set expressive eyes and full lips. She drew the attention of every male that encountered

her, not the least of whom was 53-year-old department store tycoon Alfred Bloomingdale, who spied the willowy Morgan walking down Sunset Boulevard in 1970. He followed her into the Old World Restaurant and immediately asked for her phone number. "He was so persistent, I had lunch with him," Morgan later said.

Within days, Morgan had become one of Bloomingdale's mistresses, learning early about his myriad perversions. According to her later statements, Morgan became the tycoon's willing pawn in sadomasochistic orgies, where she and other females were stripped naked, bound and whipped by Bloomingdale. Aroused, Bloomingdale then had sex with Morgan and other women and often he invited other males to participate in these orgies, conduct rather startling for one of America's leading businessmen.

Bloomingdale had not only established a department store empire, but had created Diner's Club and numerous other businesses that filled his coffers to the brim. His wife, Betsy, was a social grande dame who counted Nancy Reagan as her close friend and it was through this relationship that Bloomingdale befriended then California Governor Ronald Reagan, whom he called "Ron." The tycoon became part of Reagan's "kitchen cabinet," of unofficial advisors and he was one of those who helped to finance Reagan's presidential campaign, which put him into the White House in 1980.

Other than a brief affair in 1971 with another man that produced a son, Todd, Morgan remained Bloomingdale's devoted mistress for a decade. The tycoon came to love her and lavished a posh home on her, a Mercedes-Benz, furs, jewelry and an $18,000-a-month allowance. Despite his busy schedule in attending to his many businesses, Bloomingdale spent most of his time with Morgan and not until his death by cancer in August 1982, did his wife Betsy learn of the relationship. At that time, Mrs. Bloomingdale ordered Morgan from the home her husband had rented for her.

Embittered at this eviction, Morgan filed a suit against the Bloomingdale estate, claiming $10 million in palimony payments were due her. Her attorneys used as a precedent the palimony case successfully won against actor Lee Marvin by his mistress. Morgan, in her suit, said that her deceased lover had promised to pay her for "her services," as an advisor on a new business scheme, a pizza parlor chain. If the Bloomingdale

Vicki Morgan in 1970, when she caught the eye of a millionaire, who made her his sex slave and mistress.

Department store magnate Alfred Bloomingdale, who kept Morgan in style for a decade as his mistress.

family established such a chain, Morgan's attorneys said, their client was entitled to fifty percent of ownership.

Morgan and her attorneys were in for a shock. In September 1982, the case was heard before Superior Court Judge Christian Markey. Morgan told the court that she was Bloomingdale's "business confidante, companion and mistress." Judge Markey, however, determined that the relationship had been only for sex and that the *Michelle Triola Marvin v. Lee Marvin* case did not apply. Morgan was awarded nothing. Her lawyers immediately instituted new lawsuits, but these cases promised to drag through the courts for years and, meanwhile, the unemployed Morgan no longer had the funds to support her old lavish lifestyle.

The 30-year-old actress—she had appeared in a few low-budget films—could not find suitable work. Unemployed and running out of money, she rented a small $1,000-a-month condominium in Studio City in early 1983, where she and her son Todd lived. To pay bills, she began selling off her furs and jewelry and even the Mercedes-Benz Bloomingdale had bought for her. Still, her extravagant lifestyle demanded more immediate support and to that end, she invited 33-year-old Marvin Pancoast, an admitted homosexual who frequented all the stylish gay bars in Los Angeles, to become her roommate. Morgan had known Pancoast for about four years, thinking that he would share the costs of the condo with her. After Pancoast moved in, however, Morgan learned that he had lost his job as a clerk at the William Morris Agency and was himself unemployed and had little money. To compensate for his inability to pay his way, Pancoast ran errands for Morgan, baby-sat her son and functioned as her obedient servant.

When Morgan realized that Pancoast could not provide needed funds, she decided to move to a girlfriend's house, leaving her roommate with the burden of the condo. She ordered movers to pick up her furniture on July 7, 1983, but this was a move that was never made. Pancoast, who had rankled at his subservient position, decided to simply murder Morgan. "I was tired of being her slave boy," he later lamely explained.

On the late night of July 6-7, 1983, Pancoast turned down the lights in the condo's living room and turned up the stereo so that neighbors would not hear any loud noises. He then picked up a baseball bat used by Morgan's son and walked into Morgan's bedroom. He found her asleep and proceeded to savagely beat her on the head and chest for several minutes until he realized that she was dead.

Before 4 a.m., on July 7, 1983, Pancoast walked into a police precinct station in North Hollywood to tell the desk sergeant "I just killed someone." In addition to the sensational disclosures made by Morgan in her lawsuits, her murder now captured the nation's front pages. The case was further enlarged when Los Angeles attorney Robert Steinberg announced, on July 11, 1983, that he had acquired video tapes that showed Morgan, Bloomingdale and "top government

Vicki Morgan in 1982, when she filed a palimony suit following Bloomingdale's death, one that ended in failure.

Homosexual slayer Marvin Pancoast, beat Morgan to death on the night of July 6-7, 1983; he died in prison of AIDS.

officials" participating in sex orgies. He later admitted that these tapes had been stolen from his office and he could not produce them or subsequently identify those involved who posed a "high risk to the national security of the country."

Pancoast, meanwhile, went on trial and throughout it was rumored that he had been a willing pawn in a conspiracy to murder Morgan to keep her mouth shut about high-level government people involved in the Bloomingdale sex scandals. Pancoast, in truth, had a long history of mental problems and pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity to the slaying of Vicki Morgan. His brief trial ended on September 14, 1984, when he was convicted of first-degree murder. He was sentenced to twenty-six years to life.

Pancoast died of aids while serving out his term. The "Morgan conspiracy" lingers in the minds of the suspicious to this day, but Steinberg's tapes never surfaced and there is little or no evidence to substantiate the wild claims that a cabal plotted to silence the beautiful mistress by calculated murder.

THE BEDEVILED BRANDOS/May 17, 1990

One of the greatest actors of the 20th Century, Marlon Brando has heard the plaudits of the world. He has also undergone the pain and suffering of a parent whose son, Christian, went to prison for shooting his sister's lover, and then endured the agony of his daughter's suicide. On May 17, 1990, a 911 operator was startled to hear one of the world's most famous voices report a shooting. It was that of Marlon Brando.

Police drove to 12900 Mulholland Drive, a posh complex in the Santa Monica mountains that overlooked Los Angeles, and entered the twelve-room mansion of the actor. In the entertainment room of Marlon Brando's house, officers found the body of 26-year-old Dag Drollet, the Tahitian boyfriend of 20-year-old Cheyenne Brando, the pregnant half-sister of Christian Brando. They also found Christian Brando (b. 1958), who was promptly charged with killing Drollet.

Christian Brando, the son of actor Marlon Brando and actress Anna Kashfi, had been the center of a bitter custody battle that lasted sixteen years. Tahitian, like his sister (Cheyenne being the daughter of Brando and Tahitian actress Tarita Teriipia, who played the actor's sweetheart in the 1962 film *Mutiny on the Bounty*), Christian was a high school dropout and drifter, who had briefly held jobs as a tree surgeon, welder, artist and actor, having played an assassin in an Italian-made film.

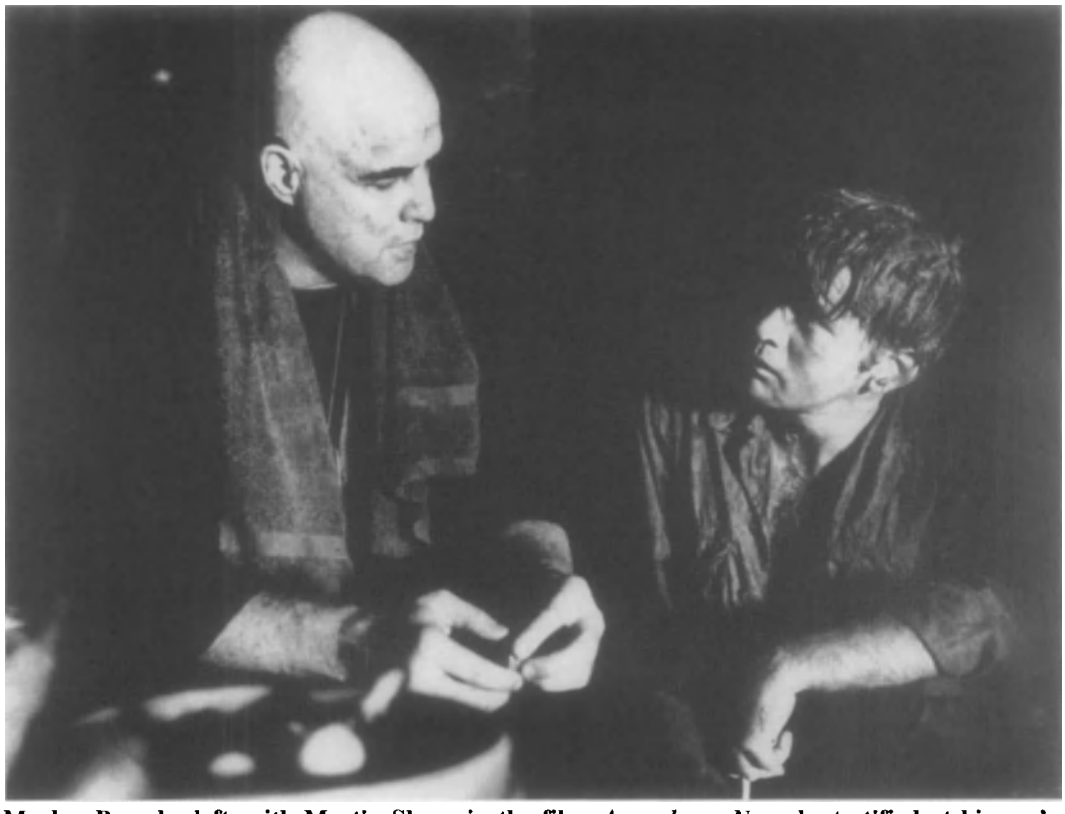
During the custody battle over Christian, Brando and Anna Kashfi waged a bitter fight. At one point, Kashfi abducted the boy and spirited him to a fishing village in Mexico, where he was tracked down by a private investigator hired by Brando. The hippie keepers of the 13-year-old boy claimed at the time that Kashfi had promised to pay each of them $10,000 to hide the child from her ex-husband. In 1986, Christian himself was entangled in an ugly divorce with Mary McKenna Brando, who claimed he had physically abused her and threatened her mother with a rifle.

Volatile and unpredictable, Christian Brando had a fierce protective instinct toward his sister, Cheyenne. After she and her lover, Drollet, the son of a prominent Tahitian businessman turned banker, traveled to Los Angeles from Tahiti to stay at Marlon Brando's home, Cheyenne, pregnant with her lover's child, began to complain that Drollet was physically abusing her. After a violent argument on May 17, 1990, Christian confronted Drollet in the family room of the actor's sprawling home (Marlon Brando was elsewhere in the house at the time). The two argued and Christian produced a .45-caliber semiautomatic pistol registered to Christian Brando. Both men struggled with the gun, which went off, shooting Drollet in the face.

Christian Brando, left, with his attorney Robert Shapiro, during his 1991 trial for killing his sister's fiancé; he was convicted of manslaughter.

Hearing the gunshot, Marlon Brando rushed to the family room, where he attempted to revive Drollet with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. It was useless. Drollet was dead. When police arrived, they arrested Christian Brando and then noted the presence of several weapons in addition to the .45-caliber pistol—a shotgun, a .44-caliber carbine, an unregistered M-14 rifle, an unregistered Uzi submachine gun and a silencer. The actor told officers, "I don't want these guns here. Take them out of here."

Charged with murder, Christian Brando was imprisoned while his father called lawyer William Kunstler to defend his son. When arraigned, Brando pleaded not guilty to premeditated murder. Before he was led



Marlon Brando, left, with Martin Sheen in the film, *Apocalypse Now*; he testified at his son's trial, telling the court that his son had been troubled as a child, blaming the boy's early problems on his mother, actress Anna Kashfi.

away, he turned to Kunstler and asked: "Will I have to spend the rest of my life in jail?" Robert Shapiro, who was to become O.J. Simpson's lawyer, later took over the defense of Christian Brando. On February 28, 1991, after his son had pleaded guilty to involuntary manslaughter, Marlon Brando took the stand to testify on Christian's behalf in a Santa Monica courtroom, explaining that his son had been a troubled youth traumatized at an early age by the vicious custody battles waged by Brando and his wife, Anna Kashfi, and that this experience had contributed to his violent behavior.

Brando also admitted that he may have failed as a parent. "Most people have some good and bad aspects," he related. "His mother came as close to being a negative person, and as cruel and unhappy a person as I've ever met ... You always tend to blame the other parent, but I know I could have done better. But I did the best I could." (Before taking the witness stand, Brando refused to take the normal courtroom oath before God to tell the truth. Instead, he said he would swear only on his children and his grandchildren.)

Superior Court Judge Robert Thomas then sentenced Christian Brando to six years on the charge of manslaughter and four years' imprisonment for aggravating circumstances in the use of a gun. While Christian Brando was serving his time at the California Men's Colony in San Luis Obispo, Cheyenne Brando's life went to pieces. As volatile and unpredictable as her half-brother Christian, she flitted between Tahiti and Los Angeles. Prior to Drollet's death, she had been involved in a traffic accident in Tahiti—she was driving a car in excess of 100 m.p.h. in a fit of pique after her father told her that she could not join him in Canada, where he was then making the film, *The Freshman*—and was so disfigured by the accident that she had to undergo several plastic surgery operations to regain her attractive appearance.

As the years went on, Cheyenne became more and more moody, introspective and depressed. She delivered Drollet's child, but grieved for her dead lover year after year. On Easter Sunday, 1995, the 25-year-old Cheyenne Brando committed suicide by hanging herself in the town of Faa'a. Ingrid Drollet, sister of the slain Dag Drollet, remarked that her family felt as if "Cheyenne had made something wonderful, beautiful—to die for love. It was like Romeo and Juliet." Irrespective of this pretentious and unnerving endorsement of suicide, Cheyenne Brando's act was not unexpected. She had attempted to kill herself many times in the past.

When Marlon Brando got the news of his daughter's death, he moaned, "Oh, God, no," and then collapsed. He later agreed with his longtime enemy, Jacques-Denis Drollet, father of the slain Dag, that Cheyenne would be buried next to the grave of Dag Drollet. Many pointed to the alcoholism that seemed inherent in the Brando family as the root cause of the tragedies that became Christian and Cheyenne Brando. Marlon Brando himself admitted that his mother, Dorothy Brando, "cared more about drinking than caring for us," and that his father's blood "consisted of compounds of alcohol, testosterone, adrenaline and anger."

Cheyenne had for years become a regular visitor to drug rehabilitation centers in Tahiti, Paris, San Francisco, and Stockbridge, Massachusetts. In addition to drugs, family members shared a common identity crisis. The actor had produced eleven children, five by his actress wives Kashfi, Teriipia and Movita Castenada, all Tahitians, three by his Guatemalan housekeeper, Christina Ruiz, and three more from other affairs. "The family kept changing shape," Christian Brando once said. "I'd sit down at the breakfast table and say, 'Who are you?'" At another time, Christian labeled the entire family "a bunch of crazy drunks."

THE O.J. SIMPSON CASE/June 12, 1994

The murder trial of former football player, actor and promoter O.J. Simpson (James Orenthal Simpson, b. 1947) was the most widely publicized in American history, with millions glued to TV sets and avidly reading printed reports on the case as it unfolded day by day. It was not "the trial of the century," as the media promoted it, but a rather shoddy, sad tale of two brutal murders and a black millionaire suspect whose black attorney managed to win him acquittal by flagrantly using race as the key issue, while playing to an almost all-black jury.

The prosecution essentially botched its presentation of the mountain of circumstantial evidence at its command. The defense tried the Los Angeles Police Department instead of defending its client. And the trial judge, Lance Ito, a smug, limelight-seeking jurist, was so overindulgent with attorneys that, in the opinion of this author, he unnecessarily prolonged an already lengthy trial and vastly contributed to the wasting of millions of dollars in taxpayer money.

Ito had been a prosecuting attorney with little will to seek the death penalty in capital cases. In one instance when prosecuting a serial killer, Ito made sure that defense attorneys got hold of a witness to one of the murders, a witness who asked the jury for mercy, instead of the death sentence. The killer was given a life sentence. When presiding over the trial of colossal swindler Charles Keating, Jr., Ito threw out half the charges against the savings and loan thief.

When hearing the pretrial motions for the murdering Menendez brothers, Ito sealed the grand jury findings and thus muzzled arguments for the prosecution. Before becoming a judge, Ito pridefully placed on his car a license plate that read "7 Bozos, 33," referring to the California Supreme Court judges. When he himself became a judge, Ito got rid of the plate. At the start, Ito said he was not in favor of televising the trial. He not only allowed a TV camera in the courtroom, albeit with a fixed point of view that prevented viewers from seeing the jurors and key evidence produced, but, during the course of the trial, gave a five-part TV interview to Tritia Toyado on a local Los Angeles station.

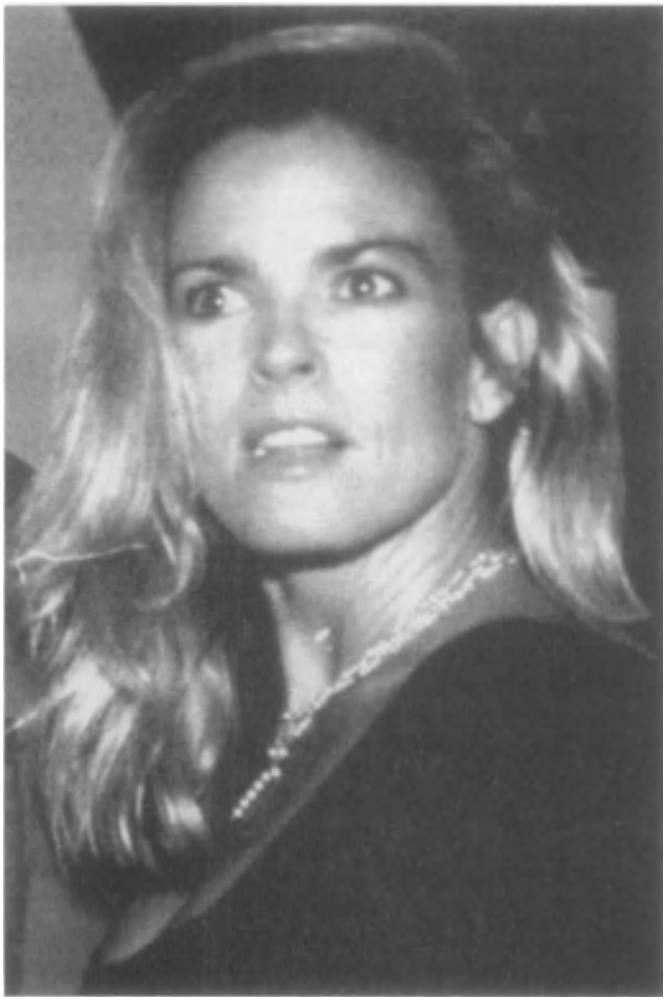
Ito took advantage of this situation to condemn the incarceration of Japanese in America during World War II (without fully explaining the reason for that massive internment), as well as promote his own career. Ito flagrantly likened his public status to that of Cher and Madonna. It was apparent then and now that, unlike most jurists, Ito reveled in the limelight.

From the day of the murders, June 12, 1994, until Simpson's acquittal on October 3, 1995, the world watched as the defense, led by attorney Johnnie Cochran, whipped up race hatred to the boiling point. When the not guilty verdict was announced, most of white America reeled in shock, believing Simpson to be guilty; most of black America rejoiced, insisting upon Simpson's innocence. To this day and for decades to come, these attitudes, woefully, will probably not change. The Simpson case did more to destroy race relations in America than the Dred Scott decision.

The killer or killers of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman, viciously slain some time during the night of June 12, 1994, have not been found at this writing, despite O.J. Simpson's vow (upon his release) that he would not rest until the killer or killers were brought to justice (albeit Simpson has been energetically searching for the killer or killers on every golf course in America). When slaying Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman, the killer apparently hid in the bushes outside Nicole's Brentwood, California, condominium at 875 S. Bundy.

Nicole Brown Simpson and O. J. Simpson, shown early in their marriage, which later became a shambles.

When Nicole appeared outside, either to respond to the doorbell rung by Ronald Goldman (who was reportedly returning her glasses from a restaurant where he worked as a waiter) or summoned by the killer himself, the murderer most probably attacked her from behind, driving a knee into her back, pulling her head backward with an armlock over her face and then reaching around with a large, razor-sharp knife to slash her throat so deeply that she was almost decapitated. He then drove the knife into her breasts many times. The blood spurting from her undoubtedly shot away from the killer because of the murder position he had selected (much the same way Jack the Ripper killed most of his victims).



Nicole Brown Simpson shortly before she was brutally murdered in Brentwood, California, on June 12, 1994.

Police believed that Goldman was most likely killed afterward, coming upon the scene as Nicole was being murdered, and was killed because he was able to identify the killer. He was slashed to death. At 9:50 p.m. the waiter left the Mezzaluna Restaurant, where Nicole Simpson and her family, except for O.J. Simpson, had earlier dined, intending to return a pair of eyeglasses she had forgotten. His death was later signaled, according to the prosecution, by the "plaintive wail" of a neighborhood dog.

A neighbor of Nicole Simpson's, Pablo Fenjves, was distracted from watching TV by the sound of loud barking or wailing from a dog. His condominium backed onto the one owned by Nicole Simpson. The barking went on for about an hour. He later fixed the time the dog began wailing at about 10:15 or 10:20 p.m. This was the time fixed for the murders. There were others in that Brentwood neighborhood who also heard the strange wail of the dog. (Brentwood was packed with famous people or relatives of famous people, including a close friend of Nicole's, Candace Garvey, and her former baseball star husband Steve Garvey; Carl Colby, son of former CIA director William Colby; and Leif Tilden, who had played the part of Donatello in the first Ninja Turtle movie.)

Louis Karpf and Eva Stein, who were also Nicole's neighbors, pinpointed the sound of the wailing dog at about 10:15 p.m. The dog, as it turned out, belonged to Nicole, a white Akita dog named Kato, a name that also belonged to the long-haired houseguest of O.J. Simpson's, the unemployed Brian Kaelin.

The dog Kato was found wandering outside of Nicole's condominium about 11 p.m. by Steven Schwab, who thought the dog was lost. Kato, Schwab later described, kept turning up the walkway toward Nicole's condominium, barking, then turning back to Schwab as if trying to get him to follow him. Instead, Schwab took the dog home with him, where neighbors Sukru Boztepe and his wife took the dog on a walk a short time later, looking for its owner. As Kato approached Nicole's condominium, it pulled hard on the leash, leading the Boztepes up the walkway, where they saw Nicole's body sprawled in a pool of blood.

O.J. Simpson, the accused murderer, had picked up some fast-food hamburgers with Kaelin at 9:30 p.m. that night and then reportedly returned to his estate at 360 N. Rockingham Avenue, Brentwood. From that point until 11 p.m., Simpson could provide no alibi or witnesses who supported his claimed whereabouts. He said later that he was sleeping, resting up for a long-planned trip to Chicago.

Also planned was a limousine ride to the Los Angeles Airport. The limousine appeared twenty minutes earlier than expected at Simpson's estate. Its driver, Allan William Park, entered the Simpson estate and waited. While waiting, he later stated, he noticed that Simpson's white Bronco was not parked in front of the estate as later claimed by the defense.

Park would also later testify that he saw Kaelin walking about the grounds around 10:30 p.m., using a flashlight, as if searching for something or someone. At 10:45 p.m., Park also testified, he saw a well-built six-foot black man weighing, according to his estimation, about 200 pounds, rapidly cross the grounds in front of him and go to the front door. He said he could not make out the man's facial features. After the man entered the house, the house lights went on.

A few minutes later, Park said, he went to the front door and rang the bell. He got no answer. At about 11 p.m., Simpson finally responded, saying that he had been sleeping and that he would be outside soon. Simpson did appear with several bags, ready to go to the airport. One well-packed black handbag Simpson kept close to him. This bag reportedly vanished at the L.A. Airport when Simpson was waiting to check his bags and standing next to a large garbage container. Then Simpson caught an 11:45 p.m. flight to Chicago.

A few hours later, Los Angeles Police Detective Philip Vannatter called the home of Marcia Clark, a deputy district attorney, telling her of a horrible double homicide in Brentwood and that he needed a search warrant. "It's O.J. Simpson," Vannatter said.

"Who's that?" Clark responded.

"The football player? *Naked Gun*?"

"Phil, I'm sorry. I don't know him."

Vannatter explained further, how Simpson was a legendary football player, a movie star, the man who was seen in television ads jumping over luggage for Hertz rent-a-car. He went on to say how blood had been found on the door handle

Ronald Lyle Goldman, the young waiter who was also brutally murdered outside Nicole's Brentwood home.

of Simpson's white Bronco, there was blood on the driveway of his Rockingham estate, and that a bloody glove had been found on the estate by Vannatter's junior associate, Detective Mark Fuhrman.

"Jesus," Clark finally said, "it sounds like you've got enough for filing (an arrest warrant), much less a search warrant."

Vannatter got his search warrant. He and other detectives then began to build a case against Simpson, who was in Chicago. Simpson himself was awakened earlier in his hotel room in Chicago by LAPD Detective Ronald Phillips, who used the kitchen phone in Simpson's home to call him at 6:05 a.m., June 13, 1994.

As soon as Simpson picked up the phone, Phillips said, "I have some bad news for you. Your ex-wife, Nicole Simpson, has been killed."

Simpson's first words were: "Oh, my God, Nicole is killed. Oh, my God, she's dead."

When Simpson became distraught, according to Phillips, the detective said, "Mr. Simpson, try to get hold of yourself. I have your children at the ... police station. I need to talk to you about that."

Simpson then asked to speak to his adult daughter, Arnelle. He instructed her to pick up his children from the police station, his daughter, Sidney, age 8, and his son, Justin, age 6. He then resumed his conversation with Phillips, which lasted five minutes.

Phillips later testified that he never mentioned to Simpson that Nicole had been murdered. The detective later stated in court that Simpson never asked if his ex-wife had been murdered. He never asked when she had been killed or how she had been killed or any other details of her death. Just after he hung up the phone, Phillips talked with Mark Fuhrman, who reported finding a bloody glove on the Simpson estate.

Phillips did not call the coroner until 6:50 a.m., alerting him to the double murders, and again at 8:10 a.m., asking that someone from the coroner's office go immediately to the crime scene on Bundy. Simpson returned to Los Angeles to attend his wife's funeral. When Simpson met with police, he was not immediately told that he was a suspect in the case. Not until the morning of June 17 did Simpson learn that he was about to be arrested for murdering Nicole and Ronald Goldman. This information was given to him by his defense attorney, Robert Shapiro.

Shapiro and Simpson were then in the home of Simpson friend Robert Kardashian, who had held on to some luggage Simpson had taken with him on his trip to Chicago. After Simpson was told that he was going to be arrested, he went upstairs to say goodbye to family members. He then vanished with his burly friend, Al Cowlings.

According to Cowlings, he drove Simpson to the cemetery where Nicole was buried, hiding Simpson's white Bronco in an orange grove. Simpson made three calls on his cellular phone from that area before he and Cowlings fled after seeing a marked police car in the area. Police by then were frantically searching for Simpson and put out a public bulletin describing his car.

Two motorists responded to the police alert at 6:25 p.m., reporting that the Bronco was on the San Diego freeway. The infamous chase then ensued, with dozens of police cars catching up to the Bronco and pursuing it. Police ordered Cowlings, who was at the wheel, to pull the car over to the side of the freeway. He did so. Officers drew their weapons as they approached the Bronco.

Cowlings yelled, "F—- no!" He slammed his fist against the driver's door, shouting, "He's got a gun to his head!" Cowlings referred to Simpson, who sat in the back seat allegedly holding a gun to his temple with thoughts of suicide. With that, Cowlings sped off, the police in pursuit, but in a wave of squad cars that blocked all lanes behind the Bronco and remained at a respectful distance, strange, even bizarre behavior for police attempting to catch a murder suspect who was attempting to avoid arrest.

More than ninety million persons in the U.S. and around the world were glued to the televised police chase (or motorcade), watching the slow chase, which seemed to go on forever, until the Bronco turned slowly into the driveway of Simpson's Brentwood estate, where he and Cowlings finally got out of the car. Simpson was taken into custody and the Bronco was immediately inspected. It was apparent to officers that O.J. Simpson had attempted to flee the country. Items found on him and in his car at that time—these items were never made part of his subsequent trial—included his passport. Also found was $8,750 in cash and six checks in a sealed envelope. In addition, a fake beard and a mustache were found

The murder scene outside the Brentwood home of Nicole Brown Simpson; Los Angeles police officers were later accused of botching the DNA samples taken from the pavement and clumsily obscuring other evidence.

in the car, one which prosecutors believed Simpson would employ in his flight to another country. None of these items were introduced as evidence in the case against O.J. Simpson.

Oddly, Vannatter and his partner, Tom Lange, later entered these items not as Simpson's property and evidence but as the property of Al Cowlings. The chase itself was never presented to the jury at Simpson's trial. All of this, according to prosecutor William Hodgman, was a judgment call on the part of the police and the D.A.'s office. Said Hodgman later, "If you knew some of the evidence we were dealing with, you would understand what the cost--benefit analysis was." It was a poor call at that, as events later showed.

The prosecution was made up of Marcia Clark, who had never lost a case; William Hodgman, a veteran trial prosecutor; and Christopher Darden, a young black prosecutor who was portrayed by the defense as an "Uncle Tom." It was Darden who would later, bravely, take most of the abuse heaped upon the prosecution by black defense lawyer Johnnie Cochran, an attorney noted for consistently winning when defending blacks accused of various crimes. His formula was simple. He almost always played the race card to black jurors, insisting that his clients were the victims of race hatred and prejudice.

Cochran had successfully defended black singer Michael Jackson in a child molestation case, one that was reportedly settled out of court for $20 million. (Jackson was arrested and charged with child molestation in November 2003.) Cochran also represented black drug suspect Rodney King, who was videotaped as he was mercilessly beaten by LAPD officers, and won for him a $40 million settlement. Cochran was not originally part of Simpson's "Dream Team" of defense lawyers, hired at unspecified millions in fees.

The case was first headed by Shapiro. F. Lee Bailey was brought in at Simpson's request. It was later stated that Simpson wanted a superstar lawyer like Bailey to match what he considered his own status, that of a superstar. A few days after his arrest, according to Cochran, Simpson began calling him at home. "The whole thing was," Cochran later stated, "he wanted to get out and get this over with by Halloween [of 1994] so he could go trick-or--treating with his kids." It seemed to some that Simpson's only concern was his release and returning to life as usual, rather than any deep concern for solving the murder of his ex-wife.

In addition to Cochran, Bailey and Shapiro, Simpson's monolithic defense team included Alan Dershowitz, who functioned as an adviser and who, in case Simpson was found guilty, would lead the attack on appeal. It was Dershowitz who appealed the conviction of Claus von Bulow for the murder of his millionaire wife and won him freedom on technicalities. Simpson called Dershowitz his "God forbid" lawyer, meaning "God forbid I am found guilty." Dershowitz, who never let the world forget that he was a Harvard professor, promoted himself through his academic position almost every time he appeared on TV. Remaining in Cambridge, Massachusetts with his research team (made up of his students), Dershowitz viewed the televised case on a special split screen monitor and sent in advice via a fax machine that was at the defense table.

The defense team at first was showered with publicity, the wrong kind. It appeared that Shapiro had taken insult at being demoted from lead lawyer when Cochran was brought in by Simpson. He and the temperamental, flamboyant Bailey fell to arguing over the direction the defense should take. Bailey, for instance, was the only one who argued that Simpson should take the stand, telling the accused, "You've got great charisma. You'll blow them away." He also resented Cochran's undeviating intention to play the race card, to portray the prosecution as the white oppressors to a famous black athlete. Shapiro later went on TV to denounce this tactic as his fellow defense team lawyers ridiculed him shamelessly.

The real reason for Shapiro's demotion, however, was undoubtedly based on the fact that early on in the trial, he proposed a plea-bargain arrangement, one where Simpson would plead guilty to manslaughter. (Shapiro was known as "The Prince of Plea Bargains.") This was seriously considered by

Allen C. Cowlings, Simpson's boyhood friend, who drove Simpson about in the actor's Bronco, while police searched for him.

The agonizingly slow police chase after the Bronco (at right) carrying Simpson and Cowlings down the San Diego Freeway, a snail-like pursuit viewed by millions of viewers riveted to their television sets.

Simpson and his attorneys and then abandoned, mostly due to Bailey's insistence; Cochran stayed out of this debate, merely listening, it was later reported.

The prosecution, though it had at hand more circumstantial evidence than similar trials, accepted defeat as early as July 1994, less than three weeks after the double murder, when Marcia Clark concluded that, as an American hero, O.J. Simpson was "an unconvictable defendant." Moreover, according to one report, she said at that time that "they've filed this case downtown, which means they're going to get a downtown jury. A black jury will not convict this defendant. Forget it. It's all over."

Yet the prosecution went ahead with one of the most expensive trials on record, playing out legal battles and grandstanding for the television camera Judge Ito had allowed in his courtroom. Ito himself proved to be one of the most blatant publicity seekers in the whole shoddy mess. Ito was not unflappable. He focused upon details apparently to impress the court, but so much so that he often forgot procedures. He was so upset about one juror being televised that he forgot to ask the defense for certain witness information. Prosecutor William Hodgman objected thirteen times to Cochran's wild opening arguments that, rather than focusing on his client's defense, attacked the prosecution and the police department. Ito ignored the objections and let the defense ride roughshod.

A maverick judge on courtroom behavior from his judicial beginnings, Ito made a point of wearing a pair of weathered jogging shoes into court. On the bench, Ito controlled the courtroom through a special television monitoring screen, which allowed him to inspect every corner of the courtroom through security cameras hidden in the ceiling dome. And he reportedly used this device as would an aspiring but amateur film director.

One of Ito's many pet peeves was chewing gum in his courtroom. Three times, while peering at his special monitor he saw the jaws of reporters moving and had an officer chastise the newsmen for chewing gum. One might wonder, since Ito was spending so much time monitoring the conduct of everyone in court, how he could stay focused on the actual trial.

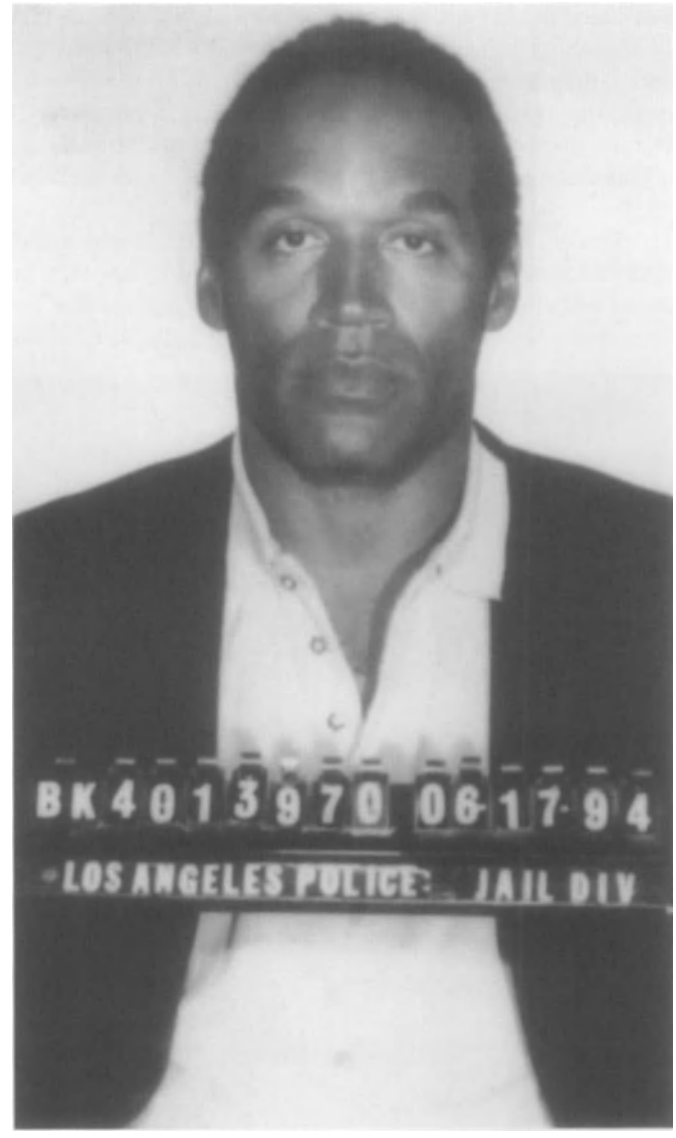
Ito's relationship with chief prosecutor Marcia Clark was strained from the start. Clark later said that she felt she had to pretend to play a submissive role with Ito. She was not alone. Defense attorney Peter Neufeld later related how he and others on the defense team were compelled to go to Ito's chambers to cater to his "petty needs."

Neufeld portrayed Ito as an egomaniac, one who was "so concerned with his status as a celebrity, his willingness to entertain personalities in his chambers, to show the lawyers little videotapes of skits on television." On one occasion, Ito called defense lawyers into his chambers to show them a video he had recently taped from Jay Leno's "Tonight Show," which parodied the trial under the title of "The Dancing Itos."

This incident later caused Neufeld to state, "He had thought it [the Leno show] was great and loved it and wanted all of us to see it in chambers. You may find that amusing on a personal level, but I can assure you that on a professional level it is so unacceptable, for a judge who is presiding over a murder where two people lost their lives in the most gruesome and horrible fashion, and where a third person has his life on the line, to bring the lawyers into chambers to show them comic revues." Ito went so far as to tell the lawyers Simpson jokes he had heard. "I found it deplorable and I was shocked," Neufeld said.

The ego of the lawyers and the judge, however, were nothing compared with the raging, bullish ego of the defendant. Simpson bossed his lawyers about mercilessly, paying mil-

Simpson (second from left) is shown under arrest after the Bronco stopped at his Brentwood estate.



O. J. Simpson, former football star and film/TV actor, is shown in a LAPD mug shot, taken on June 17, 1994, when he was booked for murdering his wife, Nicole, and Ronald Goldman.

lions for the privilege of posing as dictator, of course. He dictated the course of his defense and the positioning of his attorneys from his jail cell and in court. Not until one of his former long-time friends, Ron Shipp, testified in court, however, did Simpson realize that he was in real jeopardy.

Shipp, a fellow black, testified that he had been a close friend of both Simpson and Nicole. A one-time LAPD officer, Shipp had taken classes on domestic violence and at one time, at Nicole's request, had counseled both of them on Simpson's long history of physical abuse of Nicole. Shipp testified that at that time, he told Simpson that he fit the pattern of an abuser. More damaging, Shipp went on to say that he went to Simpson's house on the night he had returned from Chicago and, despite the fact that his ex--wife had just been brutally murdered, Simpson laughed and admitted to Shipp that he had thought of killing Nicole. Shipp quoted Simpson as telling him, "You know, to be honest, Shipp. I've had some dreams of killing her."

Cochran's assistant, defense attorney Carl Douglas, attacked Shipp in a bullying cross-examination, bringing up the fact that Shipp was a recovered alcoholic and claiming he was not a close friend of O.J. Simpson, but merely a Simpson groupie. This tactic backfired, most observers agreed, causing the quiet-speaking Shipp to appear sympathetic and believable rather than less credible. Simpson, a shrewd observer himself, realized this, and ordered that Douglas was never again to cross-examine witnesses. That night he held a conference call with Dream Team members and shouted, "I'll decide who the running backs are in this game!"

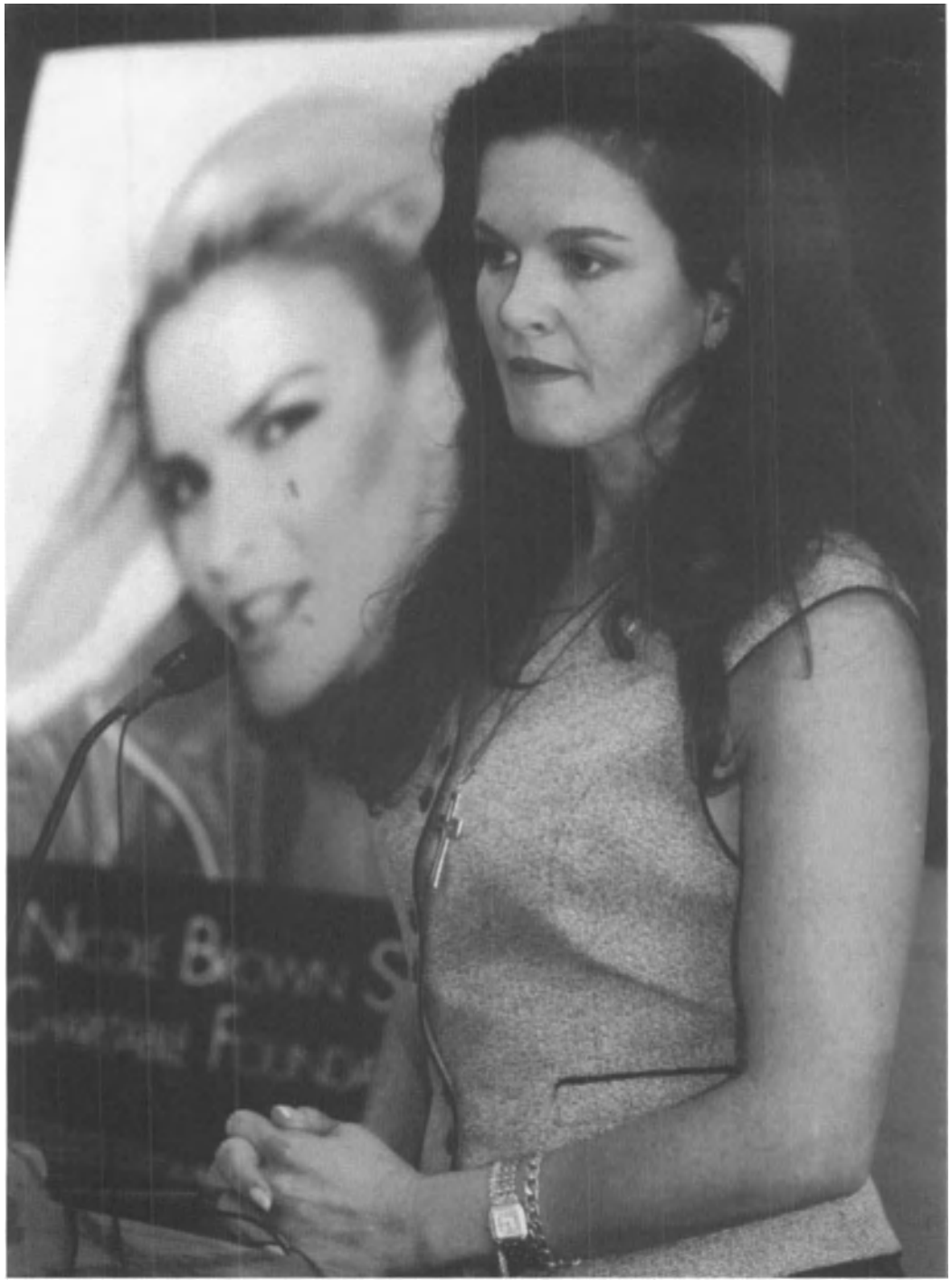
In the meantime, to shore up his defense fund, Simpson received a $1 million advance from Little, Brown for a quickie tell--nothing book entitled *I Want to Tell You*, a book he dictated to Lawrence Schiller from his jail cell. This was only the beginning of Simpson's self-serving promotion. He autographed photos and other Simpson memorabilia to glean more millions, including an audiotape that said nothing about the trial but, like all the other propaganda he produced, brought in a great deal of money because of the trial. He was literally earning a fortune on the murders of Nicole and Ronald Goldman and receiving over the course of the trial more than 300,000 letters from fans.

As the trial proceeded, the defense tried several approaches, one being that others had killed Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman, not their client. Simpson's attorneys implied that both had been victims of a drug buy gone wrong, or of drug dealers avenging nonpayment or some sort of betrayal, all of this linked to Faye Resnick, one-time Nicole confidante who was extremely hostile toward Simpson and who had written her own book and made a great deal of money from the case, a book that incensed Judge Ito. Resnick

had stated in her book that her friend Nicole had told her that Simpson was going to kill her. Ito personally wrote many letters to the media requesting that no publicity be given to the book, stating that it might prejudice potential jurors. Extending this logic to the media at large would be the same as asking that the trial have no publicity whatsoever for the same reason.

The drug connection advocated by Cochran was a far-fetched scenario, one that was never supported by any facts or actual links to a drug-inspired murder. It was just another defense smokescreen. Defense attorneys offered up the wild statements of Mary Ann Gerchas, who said that she had seen four men running from the murder scene about the time the victims had been killed. Gerchas was later thoroughly discredited as a bad-check artist who had been charged with fraud by several persons and companies. In addition, Gerchas was being sued by Marriott International, Inc. for $23,000 in unpaid room charges.

Cochran told the jury that he would call Gerchas (he did not) and some two dozen witnesses who would support the story about suspicious persons prowling about in Nicole's neighborhood on the night of the murder. Cochran was typically running off at the mouth. He did not disclose the names of these witnesses or call them, which was in violation of a 1990 requirement which demands that the defense turn over to the prosecution all the names of witnesses and their written statements. Judge Ito did nothing about this egregious, disingenuous behavior by Cochran.



Denise Brown (shown with a photo of her murdered sister Nicole in the background) testified how Simpson, a notorious wife-beater, had repeatedly degraded his wife in public and how he physically abused her.

Next, the defense attempted to unseat Allan Park's statements about Simpson's Ford Bronco not being present when he arrived at Simpson's estate to take him to the airport. Defense attorneys brought forth Rosa Lopez, a maid who lived next door to Simpson. Lopez, in halting English, claimed that Simpson's Bronco was parked at the estate at the time when prosecutors said he was murdering Nicole and Goldman. (Lopez was long in getting to court. She was ordered to leave a Las Vegas gambling casino to attend the trial in Los Angeles.)

Under pressure from prosecutor Chris Darden, Lopez admitted that she had lied several times in giving information on passport visas and in other instances. She, like Mary Ann Gerchas, was discredited; in fact, some observers stated that she appeared to be a "bought witness," especially when it was learned that the defense was providing her expenses.

On a day-to-day basis, the defense appeared to be

Marsha Clark, who led the prosecution, gave up early on getting a conviction, believing that since Simpson was "booked downtown," he would get a mostly black jury that would decide in his favor, a deliberation based on race not issues; she and her co-attorneys nevertheless conducted a half-hearted, near incompetent prosecution that greatly contributed to Simpson's acquittal.

Simpson, left, sits passively in court next to one of his high-priced attorneys, Robert Shapiro (later fired by Simpson, who bossed all of his lawyers, relying on chief counsel Johnnie Cochran to play the race card to win his freedom).

losing ground. Simpson's attorneys fought hardest against the introduction of any evidence concerning Simpson's long time abuse of his former wife. That shameful record, it was finally learned, coursed through seventeen years of the Simpson marriage, and it was a horrid litany of physical and mental abuse by a sadistically domineering O.J. Simpson. The record shows that Simpson beat his wife mercilessly and subjected her to ridicule, embarrassment and public degradation. He treated her as a possession, a thing, dehumanizing and disgracing her whenever his dark whims urged. It is the record of a crude, morally deficient bully intent upon inflicting physical and mental pain upon a long-suffering spouse who had told friends that she expected Simpson to someday lose all control and murder her.

Prosecutors found a great deal of the abuse evidence in Nicole Simpson's safe deposit box. It contained a record of all of Simpson's attacks on her, along with color photos showing her bruised and battered face from a 1989 attack for which Simpson was booked. Nicole's careful chronicle of her husband's abuse was assembled for her divorce case two years prior to her murder, but since Simpson continued to visit and terrorize her after the divorce, she kept the evidence, in case, some said, her husband might eventually murder her as she reportedly believed.

In 1986, Nicole wrote, Simpson "beat me up so bad at home, tore my blue sweater and blue slacks completely off me." Nicole's sister, Denise, echoed her sister's grim chronicle, saying that she witnessed many of Simpson's abuses of Nicole. In one instance, Denise Brown recalled how she told Simpson that he took her sister "for granted," which caused a fight. "Pictures started flying off the walls," Denise later testified, weeping, her voice trembling. "Clothes started flying down the stairs. He grabbed Nicole and told her to get out of the house. He picked her up and threw her against the wall. He picked her up and threw her out of the house. She ended up falling on her elbows and her butt."

In 1987, Denise recalled, she and a friend accompanied Nicole and Simpson to a Santa Ana bistro, The Red Onion. There, at the crowded bar of the restaurant, Simpson grabbed Nicole's crotch and shouted, "This is where my babies come from and this belongs to me!" The prosecution added that later that night Nicole asked a friend to drive her home in Simpson's Rolls Royce. As the car began to drive away, Simpson slapped his wife and pushed her out of the car and onto the pavement.

In 1988 Nicole's chronicle recounted an incident where she, her daughter Sidney, and her mother and sister attended a "Disney on Ice" show. Simpson, she wrote, was incensed, accusing Nicole of excluding him from the family outing. He got drunk and then went berserk, calling the pregnant Nicole "a fat pig ... You're a slob! I want you out of my f——g house ... I want you to have an abortion with the baby."

Nicole reportedly responded by saying, "Do I have to go tonight? Sidney's sleeping. It's late."

Simpson, Nicole stated, retorted, "Let me tell you how serious I am. I have a gun in my hand right now. Get the f— out of here."

Nicole Simpson woke her sleeping daughter, packed some clothes, and left. The key to understanding Simpson's motive for murder, one which somehow slipped through the perception of the prosecution, was in the locked fixation Simpson had for being ostracized or shut out (especially in public events, where he could strut the star).

The identical scenario occurred on the night of the 1994

Presiding Judge Lance A. Ito, a limelight-seeking jurist, who grandstanded his way through the tedious trial, manipulating the TV monitors, and causing endless delays in the procedures that made this one of the costliest trials in Los Angeles history.

Faye Resnick, a friend of the slain Nicole Simpson, who authored a quickie book about Nicole's stormy life with Simpson, which was published during the trial and caused Marsha Clark to complain that its publication would taint the jury pool. Judge Ito suspended jury selection for two days because of the book and then told jurors not to read any news stories about it, his widely published remarks helping to make this otherwise undistinguished book a best-seller.

double murders. Simpson was totally rejected by the entire Brown family on the night of his daughter's recital—all of them said he was "not invited" to a celebration party at the Mezzaluna Restaurant—a white family he had enriched by supporting his wife in style, by reportedly funding her father's enterprises, by paying for college expenses for her sisters. Now all of them, these ungrateful whites, were rejecting him, O.J. Simpson, no longer the superstar, merely a black man with money.

Moreover, that night (and not revealed until after the trial), waiting for him on his answering machine was a message from his attractive girlfriend, Paula Barbieri, a message stating that she was breaking off their relationship. (It was reported that Barbieri was with Michael Bolton on the night of the murders.) This was but another rejection from a white woman to a black man who had given her expensive gifts and trips. He had tried to enter the white world, lived inside of its Brentwood majesty, but gnawing on him—beyond his own bone marrow ego and vanity—was the fact that he was nothing more than a black man with money, mostly a black man, who was being rejected by the whole of the white power structure, which he had sought so desperately for years to enter.

Simpson struck out against these whites, it is the author's opinion, by brutally slaying Nicole and the young white man who suddenly appeared at her doorstep. (It mattered not whether Goldman was Nicole's lover, friend or merely an acquaintance—he was there, a witness to the gore.) This was the white race card the prosecution did not, or could not play in response to Cochran's black race card. It certainly would have done little good with a predominantly black jury whose black members were bent on believing from the beginning, irrespective of the reasons they later gave for the acquittal, that a black man—one of their own black heroes—was being unfairly tried by a system Cochran portrayed as white and prejudicial.

Had Simpson premeditated the murder, waiting until the right opportunity, a scheduled trip to leave town, and the correct provocation, another gross insult to his pride and ego by being shut out? He was certainly prepared. He certainly had the right tool. Simpson had purchased a knife, a fifteen-inch stiletto, from a Los Angeles cutlery store in May 1994, it was reported. (This was not brought into evidence by the prosecution.) He had told Shipp how he had dreamed of murdering his wife. The family rejection of him served as the catalyst that prompted his plan into action.

In 1989, Simpson beat his wife so badly that he was booked for assault and battery, the charges later dropped.

This was the incident, where Nicole took pains to have her bruised and battered face photographed. Following that incident, Simpson wrote to Nicole, "Let me start by expressing to you how wrong I was for hurting you. There is no exceptible [sic] excuse for what I did."

Though Simpson later shrugged at accusations of his being jealous of his ex-wife, claiming to be happily attached to Barbieri (when he knew that Barbieri had already broken off with him), his abuse of Nicole continued long after their divorce. On October 25, 1993, only eight months before Nicole was murdered, she called 911 to report that Simpson had barged into her home and was terrorizing her. The 911 tape, played in court, was chilling as it recorded Nicole telling the operator that "It's O.J. Simpson. He's going f———g nuts!" In the background the court could hear Simpson screaming, cursing, banging things about.

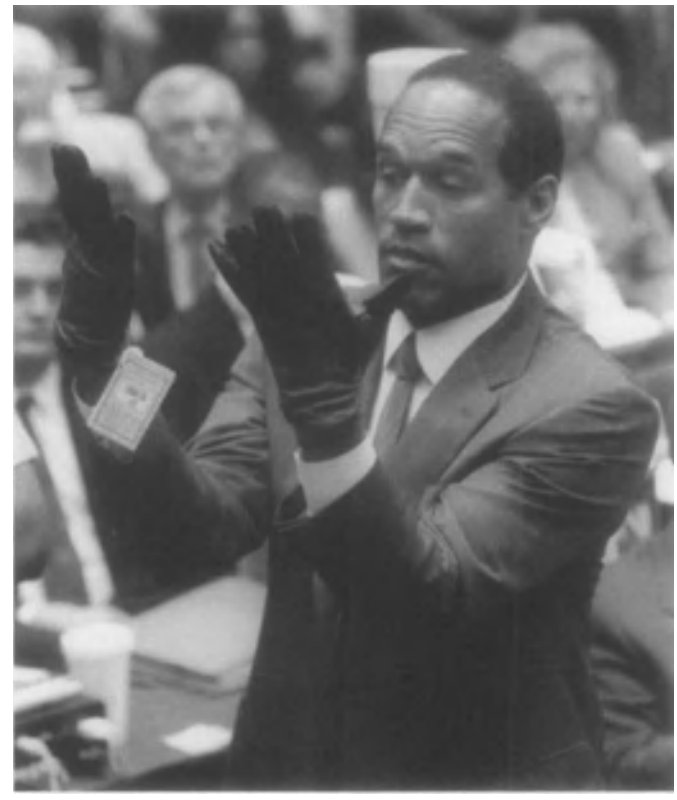
To all of this, Johnnie Cochran responded by saying that these were merely domestic arguments. He portrayed the violent history of O.J. Simpson's wife-beating as somehow nothing more than family spats, not the fist-pounding, body-throwing events that they actually were. According to the Los Angeles *Times*, Cochran himself had been accused by a former wife, as being a wife abuser. In divorce proceedings against Cochran twenty-eight years earlier, his former wife, Barbara Berry, accused him of assaulting her. Cochran shrugged a denial, saying that these charges were merely used as leverage in a divorce. (Berry reportedly stated that she was writing a book about her life with Cochran, joining a never-ending list of authors linking themselves to this notorious case.)

About the same time Cochran was fending off accusations of being a fellow wife-beater, a national TV talk show presented a woman named April Levalois, who insisted that while Cochran was still married to Berry, he was the lover of Levalois' mother who bore his illegitimate son, Jonathan Cochran.

The prosecution then introduced what it considered its strongest and most telling evidence. The first of these salient artifacts was a pair of black, bloodstained gloves. The left-handed glove had been found at Nicole's Bundy St. address, near the bodies. The right-handed glove had been found on a walkway near the guest house on Simpson's estate. Both gloves had been found by Detective Mark Fuhrman, who was in the company of other detectives when the gloves were found. The gloves, DNA analysis later confirmed, contained blood from Simpson, Nicole and Goldman.

A bloody sock containing Nicole's blood and found on the floor of Simpson's lavish bedroom was introduced. A navy-blue knit watch cap containing hairs from the head of a black man was found on the grounds of Nicole's residence. Some of Simpson's blood, DNA evidence later stated, was found at the murder site and more at Simpson's estate, including blood from Nicole and Goldman. More bloodstains were found inside the white Bronco. Then there were bloody shoe prints (the size of which later matched Simpson's size) leading from the murder scene on a walkway to the alley.

The defense attacked this evidence. Barry Scheck, a reported DNA expert, paraded so-called DNA experts before the court who reported that the LAPD lab experts handling the DNA and other blood analysis were sloppy, their procedures slipshod. The defense went so far as to say that some of the blood samples taken from O.J. Simpson following his arrest were missing, more than what would make up normal "spillage" in DNA testing.



O. J. Simpson awkwardly spread his fingers and arched his hands backwards to display before the jury the blood-stained gloves used in the murders to indicate that they did *not fit him.*

The thrust of this statement went to a full-blown claim by the defense that all of Simpson's bloodstains had been planted by a conspiracy of racist policemen and perhaps LAPD lab people, and that the chief racist cop was none other than Detective Mark Fuhrman. It was later shown that Fuhrman was, indeed, a racist who repeatedly used the word "nigger" to describe blacks, but it was never shown how this man was able to plant all of the drops of Simpson's blood throughout the Bundy and Rockingham areas, in the white Bronco, and that he also planted and then discovered the gloves, that he planted the knit cap and the bloody sock.

Fuhrman was, however, a prosecution witness who first appeared to be cool and unflappable on the witness stand. Tapes he recorded years earlier when talking to a writer about a proposed book of fiction revealed him to be one who hated blacks. The destruction of Fuhrman's credibility was complete and the most telling blow to the prosecution.

Then, in a dramatic and bold move, Cochran had his client actually try on the gloves before a riveted jury. His method in doing so was unorthodox. Those putting on gloves compress their fingers and cup their hands so as to be able to slip

into gloves that are normally tight-fitting. When Simpson tried the gloves, he purposely kept his fingers wide apart, spreading his palms so that the gloves did not go on easily. He kept his fingers spread so that the gloves appeared not to fit, without snuggling the bottom ends over his palms. It was a colossal bluff that worked, since the prosecution did not take exception to the manner in which Simpson performed this procedure.

So effective did Cochran believe this demonstration to be that he harped on it until the very end of the trial, carping in his final summation a glib coinage: "If it doesn't fit, you must acquit." He repeated this phrase over and over while wearing a copy of the knit cap that had been placed in evidence, as if to contemptuously mock the evidence. And always, with almost every statement, was Cochran's insistence that O.J. Simpson was the victim of a white conspiracy.

The prosecution, on the other hand, put up a list of what it thought were convincing arguments for the jury to convict, but Marcia Clark's summation was timid, tentative, weak, unconvincing, as if she were listening to her own words of a year earlier—"A black jury will not convict this defendant. Forget it. It's all over."—and she appeared unenthusiastic, fearful of failure.

Missing from the prosecution's summation was any mention of Simpson's fantastic flight for freedom and the money, passport and false identity inside the Bronco that would pave the way for his escape. Missing was any mention of the stiletto he had purchased a month before the murders. Missing was an argument showing how Simpson had purposely manipulated the gloves to make them appear not to fit. Missing was a precise timetable that would show that O.J. Simpson had had enough time to commit murder and then return to his estate before flying to Chicago. Missing were all of the abuse offenses committed by Simpson against his wife (who had called the Sojourn shelter only five days before her death to say that Simpson was going to kill her).

The International Chiefs of Police had statistics to prove that most women—1,400 of them a year, on average—who were murdered were killed by men who knew them and that most of them were victims of consistent spousal abuse. None of that mattered to a jury of nine blacks (mostly women), two whites and one Hispanic. In less than four hours after merely glancing at the mountain of evidence, the jury acquitted Simpson. Its verdict was not made public for twenty-four hours on order of Judge Ito so that all the lawyers could be present in court, or so he said. Another reason for this delay may have been Ito's typical playing to the TV gallery in order to have the dramatic moment captured on prime time.

The verdict was read on October 3, 1995. Simpson, who had spent 473 days in jail and had defended himself at a cost of unreported millions, was set free. The trial itself had cost more than $9 million and was the most watched event in television history. Judge Lance Ito had seen to it that the trial lasted as long as it did.

Half of the trial time was consumed by endless, unimportant sidebar conferences with lawyers whom Ito allowed to squabble, argue, attack and insult each other. He grandstanded throughout the trial, seeking to impress anyone who would listen to his nonlegal comments, which, for the most part, were neither learned nor enlightening. As a jurist, Ito was a disgrace, and, in the opinion of this author, should have been removed from the bench.

O. J. Simpson wears a triumphant smile, following his acquittal and release, an acquittal that millions believed to be a travesty of justice.

The jurors showed themselves unconcerned with the evidence. Brenda Moran, a black female jurist, labeled all of the evidence of Simpson's spousal abuse "a waste of time." One young juror posed for *Playboy*, several wrote books, all played to the media. Though they later claimed to have reached a verdict on the evidence, it was apparent that the almost all-black jury released O.J. Simpson because he was black. "It was payback," one observer stated, "for the unfair Simi Valley decision to release the cops who beat Rodney King, and for all of the LAPD oppression of blacks in Los Angeles."

One of the most repulsive reactions to the verdict was a group of televised (by NBC) black women watching TV to hear the verdict. They were all victims of marital abuse, all residing in a battered women's retreat. When the not guilty

verdict was announced, the women leaped from chairs, threw their hands in the air in jubilation and screamed their joy. All that mattered to them was that a fellow black had triumphed, not justice.

The reaction to this strange and apparently unevaluated verdict was to deeply divide whites and blacks as never before, and it most likely convinced an able presidential candidate, Colin Powell, that his chances of being elected were considerably lessened by the racial division that had been drawn by the verdict. More than 80 percent of the more than 220 million whites in America believe to this writing that Simpson is guilty. Roughly 80 percent of the eighteen million blacks in the U.S. believe Simpson not guilty.

Everyone except the murder victims profited by this trial. Network television had captured viewers by the untold millions and benefited enormously. Simpson won his release, while his defense attorneys were enriched by his millions. Prosecutors Marcia Clark and Christopher Darden received multimillion-dollar contracts for books and movies about their rather uninteresting lives. Instead of the dismal failures they really were, the prosecutors were looked upon as beleaguered, heroic figures, but such is the warped perception of media-created images. The choked-up conduct of Clark and Darden during a prosecution press conference at the trial's conclusion was embarrassing and, to some observers, obviously feigned. Instead of heaping kudos on these people, District Attorney Gil Garcetti should have pointed out their ineptitude in failing to use evidence at hand to convict O.J. Simpson. But then, Marcia Clark had announced that inevitable failure more than a year earlier.

Simpson's own conduct following the trial, convinced his critics that he was guilty. He had vowed upon his release that he would spend the rest of his life seeking the killer or killers of his ex-wife and Ron Goldman. That was the last time he mentioned that crusade. On the night of his release, he returned to his Brentwood estate, where he held a champagne party to celebrate his freedom, laughing and drinking with fawning friends, hardly the expected conduct of an aggrieved wrongly accused husband.

He was seen thereafter flitting about the country to play golf at the best courses, courting new friends even among the startled strangers who saw him driving past them in golf carts. Simpson, however, did not escape his actions altogether; he next had to face civil lawsuits brought against him for damages from the Goldman family. He dodged depositions in that case, but in January 1996 accepted a reported $3 million payment to appear on a video in which he talked about the trial, attacking Marcia Clark and trying to dispute the evidence brought against him, particularly the DNA analysis.

It appeared at that time that Simpson was still attempting to regain the favor of the power structure that once made him a millionaire. The tape, however, was viewed as a staged affair, one where Simpson simply answered questions that met his beforehand approval. There was no cross-examination. It was a kangaroo court where Simpson retried his own case and turned the facts in whatever direction suited his purpose. Newsman Ross Becker, who was hired to act as Simpson's questioning stooge in this rigged scenario, was interviewed after its completion and was asked if he felt that Simpson lied to him during the staged videotaping. Becker replied, "Sure, sure." Simpson did not mention his quest for the real killers of his ex--wife on the video, nor did he state that he would be offering any portion of the $3 million he received for doing the tape as a reward for the apprehension of that killer or killers.

Many esteemed criminologists and prosecutors throughout the U.S. generally agreed that Simpson had gotten away with murder. Not the least of these was the brilliant prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi, who had won 105 out of 106 felony jury trials, while working for the district attorney's office in Los Angeles, including the notorious Charles Manson case of the Tate-LoBianca slayings of 1969. Said Bugliosi of Simpson in 1996, "I've known a lot of murderers, but this guy is the most audacious murderer I've ever known. I'm convinced that he feels that he had a right to kill Nicole and that she did something to warrant the murder."

Simpson's audacity flared throughout the subsequent wrongful death civil suit brought against him by the Goldman family in the murders of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman. This time, most of the evidence improperly introduced or not introduced at all in Simpson's criminal trial was presented in masterful fashion by Goldman family lawyer Daniel Petrocelli. He deposed Simpson and continually caught him in stated inconsistences. (Simpson repeatedly lied to Petrocelli in stating that he had never hit or struck or abused his dead wife.)

A key piece of Petrocelli's evidence was a single photo of Simpson wearing size-12 Bruno Magli shoes, the same shoes that had reportedly left a bloody imprint at the scene of the Nicole Simpson-Ronald Goldman murders. Only 299 pairs were sold in the U.S. between 1991 and 1993, and Simpson emphatically denied that he ever owned, let alone wore, such shoes, describing them as "ugly." The single unclear photo of Simpson wearing such shoes at a September 26, 1993 football game at Rich Stadium in Buffalo, New York, was discredited by Simpson's lawyers, who stated that the photo was a fake.

Then Petrocelli found an entire series of photos taken of Simpson at the same event that were crystal clear, and by blowing up the photos he was able to pinpoint the identification of the rare shoes: Indeed, at that time, Simpson was wearing size-12 Bruno Magli shoes. He had been caught in a lie, another lie his lawyer, Robert Baker, could not undo. Baker took the unsavory approach of attacking the victim, attempting to portray the slain Nicole Brown Simpson as a promiscuous woman, a drug-taking alcoholic who abused her children by subjecting them to the company of drug dealers and perverts. His attack backfired; the jury refused to believe his argument.

Petrocelli then worked in the evidence that the black jury in the criminal trial had ignored, but this time he effectively nailed that evidence to O.J. Simpson's guilt. On February 4, 1997, the jury in the civil trial found Simpson guilty on all eight counts brought against him and that he was guilty of the wrongful deaths of Nicole Simpson and Ronald Goldman. The victims' families were awarded $33.5 million in damages.

Simpson immediately scurried about to liquidate assets, but he eventually lost everything, including his resplendent Brentwood estate, which he had occupied for twenty years

(six bathrooms, a tennis court, waterfalls, and an Olympic-sized pool). His money gone, his prestige and fame reduced to the stigma of murderer, O. J. Simpson even lost custody of his two young children, according to a November 10, 1998 appellate court decision in Santa Ana, California, based on the civil court decision that found Simpson responsible for the murder of his ex-wife. He was no longer famous, but notorious.

ITALY'S BLACK WIDOW/March 27, 1995

Milan is the chic capital of Italy's fashion industry, and no one's name in that dizzying designer world of glitz and glamour is more potent than that of Gucci. Three generations of Guccis have imprinted the founder's initials, "GG," on the most coveted leather goods and shoes to be found anywhere. Maurizio Gucci was the grandson and last of the direct descendants of Guccio Gucci to hold a stake in the company, and he sold out his interest in 1993 for $120 million following years of family discord and acrimony.

Much of that acrimony had to do with Maurizio Gucci's former wife, Patrizia Reggiani Martinelli Gucci (AKA: The Black Widow, b. 1948), a social-climbing, money-loving ex-spouse who was so unsatisfied with her $860,000-a-year alimony that she planned to obtain all of Gucci's millions through a murder-for-hire plan. Having been divorced years earlier by Gucci, the once glamorous Neapolitan, who had humble origins and who had given birth to two of Gucci's daughters, had threatened the fashion king with all sorts of terrible fates and even told him to his face that she would have him killed unless he turned over many millions to her.

Gucci waved her off. On March 27, 1995, as he was mounting the stairs to his elegant offices in Milan, Gucci was shot to death by an unknown assailant who fled in a fast car with another conspirator behind the wheel. Police doggedly worked on the killing until they identified the getaway driver, Orazio Cicala, an unemployed auto worker. Cicala led police to the gunman, Benedetto Ceraulo, the owner of a pizzeria who was swimming in debt. Ceraulo told detectives that he had received his orders from Ivano Savioni, the doorman of a broken-down Milan hotel.

The doorman was picked up and, following grueling interrogations, said that he had followed the orders of Giuseppina Auriemma, a mysterious psychic, warning officers that her spiritual powers could overwhelm and destroy any law enforcement agencies probing into her dark doings. Police then learned that Auriemma had for years been the personal psychic "adviser" to Gucci's ex-wife, Patrizia Reggiani Martinelli.

The one-time queen of Milan's social world bristled when investigators cautiously approached her, gently quizzing her about her husband's murder. She said she had nothing to do with it. She later admitted that she had for some time been seeking someone to kill her miserly ex-husband, but, she emphasized, she had never gone through with that plan. Of course, nodded the polite police inquisitors, but her personal psychic now stood accused of acting on her behalf.

Reggiani Martinelli then said that Auriemma had arranged for the murder without her approval and that the psychic had been blackmailing her ever since, taking more than $375,000. But, the ex-wife insisted, she was nevertheless innocent of having her former husband killed. "Never let even a friendly wolf into the chicken coop," she confided to police, a statement she would often repeat in months to come. "Sooner or later it will get hungry." She was, of course, referring to the scheming psychic, Auriemma, the real mastermind behind the murder of Maurizio Gucci, she said.

In June 1998, Reggiani Martinelli and her four co-conspirators were brought to trial in Milan, all charged with capital murder. The former queen bee denied having anything to do with the other four defendants, insisting that they had acted on their own under Auriemma's orders and that the psychic was an evil person, who had seized upon Reggiani Martinelli's dislike of her former husband to initiate a murder and involve her in it, so that she could become the perfect blackmail victim.

"I have been naive to the point of stupidity," Reggiani Martinelli cried out to the court, where her mother sat with a worried look on her face. "I found myself involved against my will. I deny categorically that I was an accomplice."

The costly trial dragged on for five months while the seamy side of Milan's social set was exposed. Tawdry tales of greed, intrigue, calculating social climbing and murderous betrayals were told and retold in detail, an army of reporters in the courtroom writing down every sensational word and photographing every move made by witnesses and defendants, especially the former grande dame, Reggiani Martinelli, who played the role of the discarded wife and blackmail victim to the hilt.

On November 3, 1998, Reggiani Martinelli and her four co-defendants were all found guilty of capital murder. Instead of the life term expected for her, Reggiani Martinelli was sentenced to twenty-nine years in prison. Auriemma, the scheming psychic, received a 25-year sentence. Savioni, her stooge, the doorman, got a 26-year sentence, while Cicala, the getaway driver, received a 29-year sentence and Ceraulo, the gunman who continued to shout out his innocence, was sent to prison for life.

Only Savioni, the go-between, seemed repentant, stating: "I know that I face many long years in prison for what I've done. I ask the pardon of Gucci's children. I am horrified that things went so much further than I intended."

At the announcement of the verdict and sentence, Reggiani Martinelli's two daughters, who had sat patiently through the trial, burst into tears. The defendant's mother sat stone-faced and silent. Reggiani Martinelli herself then turned to her lawyer, Giovanni Dedola, and, showing her best bewildered face, said in a soft and knowing tone: "Truth is the child of time. Evidently, they didn't believe me."

As Italy's most notorious "Black Widow" was being escorted from the courtroom and en route to prison, hordes of journalists began brawling with police. Reporters and photographers struggled, jostled, pushed, and shoved to get close

Opposite page, left: Patrizia Reggiani Martinelli Gucci, who was convicted and sent to prison for hiring killers to slay her millionaire ex-husband, Maurizio Gucci, in 1995.

to Reggiani Martinelli, to scribble down a final statement, to snap just one more photo.

A MURDEROUS MAD MILLIONAIRE/ January 26, 1996

David Schultz, 36, a wrestling coach, had the unenviable job of training an Olympic wrestling team on the grounds of John E. du Pont's sprawling Foxcatcher estate outside Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He lived on the estate with his wife Nancy and two small children and was subject to the unnerving and eccentric behavior of tycoon John E. du Pont (b. 1939), heir to the vast chemical company fortune, whose own fortune was estimated to be $250 million. At times du Pont would appear to be affable and easygoing, and at other times he was harsh and dictatorial.

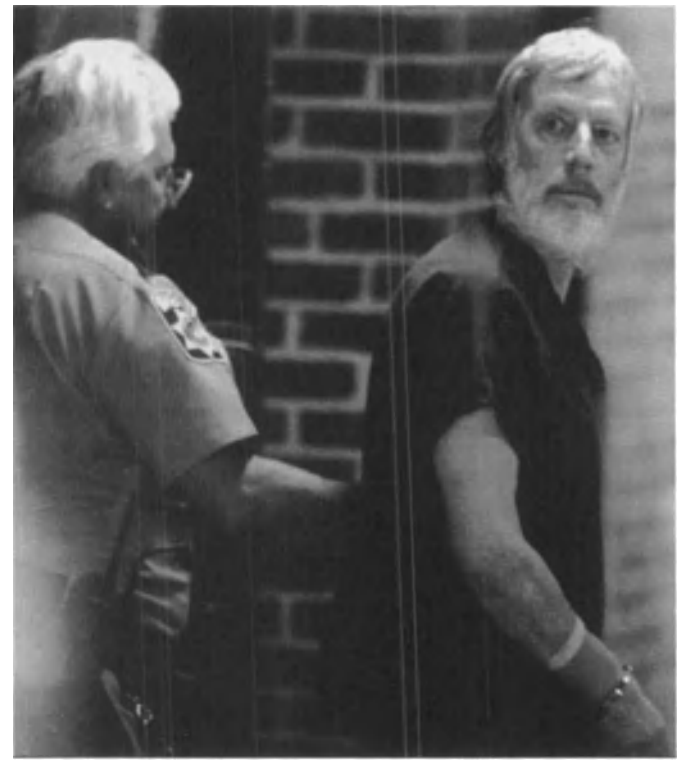
Du Pont began to develop a wrestling program on his sprawling estate in the 1980s, becoming the founder and head coach of the Team Foxcatcher Athletic Club, which sponsored programs in swimming, triathlon, modern pentathlon and wrestling, grooming the best candidates for Olympic appearances. He contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to sponsor Olympic teams. Mark and David Schultz were two of the first wrestlers to join Team Foxcatcher. Both had been 1984 Olympic champions, with David winning a gold medal in his class. Du Pont spent more than $500,000 in establishing a wrestling center on the grounds of his estate.

On January 26, 1996, for no apparent reason, du Pont suddenly appeared before his trainer, David Shultz and his wife and shot the coach three times, killing him. He ran into his mansion and remained barricaded there for two days, while police tried to coax him into surrendering. He was captured when he emerged to fix his heating unit.

Charged with murder, du Pont was at first thought to be mentally incompetent. He claimed at different times to be the Dalai Lama and Jesus Christ. He said that he was "the last surviving heir of the ruling family of Russia." He told people that there were mechanical trees moving about on his property and trying to get into his mansion to steal his money. He said that Schultz had been "killed by Republicans because I didn't contribute [money] to them." While awaiting trial, du Pont told guards that "Bill Clinton will get me out of jail."

In September 1996, a judge ordered du Pont to the Norristown State Hospital to undergo observation in order to determine his competency to stand trial. Psychiatrists gave du Pont antipsychotic drugs to "clear his head" (of what was later described as paranoid schizophrenia) and he was later ruled competent to stand trial. Described by a prosecutor as "the wealthiest murder defendant in the history of the United States," du Pont sat passively through his three-week trial, his gray hair grown so long that it fell over his shoulders and spouting a bushy gray beard. He wore the same blue sweatshirt every day in court.

A twelve-member jury found du Pont guilty of third-degree murder on February 5, 1997, a verdict that stipulated he had acted without premeditated intent. On May 13, 1997, du Pont was sentenced to thirteen to thirty years in prison by Delaware County Court Judge Patricia Jenkins. He was to serve his time in a mental institution, or, if deemed mentally fit at any time during his sentence, to be removed to a prison to there serve out his sentence.



Millionaire John E. du Pont, beset by madness, shot and killed Olympic wrestler David Schultz, on his estate outside Philadelphia in 1996.

In 2002, the National Law Journal reported that a wrongful death suit brought against the du Pont estate by Nancy Schultz, was settled for an estimated $35 million. This was one of the largest awards ever bestowed upon an individual in wrongful death suits.

No one ever explained the motive for du Pont's strange murder of Schultz. Mental illness overtook him in 1988, one report held, after his mother died. He then allegedly began to use large quantities of cocaine and walked about his estate heavily armed. Prosecutors claimed that the millionaire killed his wrestling coach simply because he was jealous of Schultz's standing in worldwide wrestling competition. Others suggested a more sinister motive, that du Pont, who had been briefly married, was a latent homosexual and that he was incensed when Schultz rudely rebuffed his sexual advances, spurring him to shoot a reluctant lover.

In 1988, Andre Metzger, a coach at Villanova University, filed a complaint against du Pont, in which he accused the millionaire of making sexual advances toward him. Little evidence points to this claim and Metzger, at the time of the Schultz shooting, refused to make any comment.

THE HARTMAN SUICIDE-MURDER/ May 28, 1998

The life of Canadian-born comedian Phil Hartman (1948-1998) was seemingly crowded with blessings. Only days before he was shot to death by his wife Brynn (Vicki Jo Omdahl, 1958-1998) on May 28, 1998, in their comfortable Encino, California, home, the comedian, who had been a fixture on *Saturday Night Live* and other comedy TV shows, stated, "In the overall spectrum of human careers, I have what is, I'm sure, in the top 1 percent of the world's most fun jobs. I've made money beyond my wildest dreams. I have every toy I've ever wanted. I have a beautiful home, plus all the important things, the wife and two perfect kids. I've got every reason to be happy."

His wife, Brynn Hartman, an attractive, stately blonde, was not happy. Born in Thief River Falls, Minnesota, she had married young to Douglas Tourfin, moving to Arizona, where they both worked for the Bell Telephone Company. Brynn moved to California to become a model and worked at that profession, changing her name to Brynn. By that time, she was divorced and met comedian Phil Hartman, marrying him on November 25, 1987. They lived in New York for eight years, where Hartman became a fixture on the "Saturday Night Live" TV comedy show.

Then the Hartmans moved to California to raise their two children, Sean and Birgen in a comfortable ranch style home in Encino at 5065 Encino Avenue. While Brynn had ambitions to become an actress and a screenwriter, she remained a housewife, a role she did not envy. Moreover, she reportedly became intensely jealous of her husband's success, fame and popularity. The handsome Hartman, who had been married three times, was attractive to many women and Brynn often exploded, becoming hysterical whenever other women paid attention to her amiable husband. She was particularly spiteful toward Hartman's second wife, Lisa Jarvis, who had remained friendly toward the comedian following their divorce.

Steve Small, the attorney who handled that divorce, later stated that Brynn "had trouble controlling her anger. She got attention by losing her temper." He pointed out that the couple separated more than once over bitter squabbles and that "Phil had to restrain her at times."

Brynn's composure began to crumble after she increased her drinking and cocaine use, although the couple continued to appear at public affairs where they were described as "an adoring couple." Hartman, however, by 1998, had resolved to end the marriage, believing that he could not remedy the problems between Brynn and himself. It was also rumored that he had become interested in another woman and when Brynn suspected this clandestine relationship, she planned her husband's murder.

On May 28, 1998, Brynn Hartman went drinking with a friend, staying at the stylish Buca di Bepo restaurant on Ventura Boulevard and she did not return home until about 2 a.m. She found her husband sleeping in bed. Brynn then took a Smith and Wesson revolver from her purse—she had reportedly been carrying the weapon all night—when she went into the bedroom. Phil Hartman was asleep on their king-sized bed, wearing a purple T-shirt and boxer shorts with cartoon Dachshunds on them. Calmly, Brynn placed the muzzle of the revolver to her husband's head and fired a bullet into his forehead. She then shot him twice more, in the neck and forearm, the last shot proving fatal.

With her two children still sleeping in the house, Brynn went to a neighbor's home, waking up Ron Douglas, saying to him: "I shot Phil." She seemed dazed and soon fell asleep on a couch. Douglas did not initially believe her, but he searched her purse and found the revolver. Brynn woke up three hours later and took Douglas to her home, where she showed him her husband's body. Douglas immediately called 911, telling police: "Yeah, hi...I think there's been a shooting here. She came to my house and she was drunk. She said that she had killed her husband and I didn't believe her."

Police arrived at 6:20 a.m., and while they were escorting the two Hartman children from the house, Brynn locked herself in the master bedroom with the corpse of her husband. Officers tried to talk the woman from the room, but she was in hysterics, screaming incoherently. They then tried to distract her, but that did not work either. Finally, they heard a single shot explode and they broke down the door to find Brynn Hartman sprawled in a two-piece pajama outfit, next to the body of her husband. She had used a second gun (both were legal and had been purchased by Hartman to provide the household with protection) to end her life by putting the muzzle of the revolver into her mouth and pulling the trigger. One unsubstantiated report held that Brynn Hartman had become distraught that night when she read a note from her husband that suggested they end their marriage. A coroner's inquest later determined that Brynn Hartman had that night consumed considerable quantities of alcohol, cocaine and an antidepressant, Zoloft (her family members later sued the drug firm making Zoloft).

According to Phil Hartman's will, the bodies of Phil and Brynn Hartman were cremated at Forest Lawn Glendale and their ashes were reportedly scattered all over picturesque Catalina Island.

Many Hollywood friends and associates had much to say about the shocking suicide-murder of the Hartmans. "They fought a lot," said Cassandra Peterson, the voluptuous Elvira, Mistress of the Dark. "[She was] a very troubled person. I tried to talk Phil out of marrying her in 1987. She put a serious damper on our friendship."

The death of Phil Hartman shook the Hollywood community. He was a personable, well-loved comedian, a master mimic who expertly impersonated more than seventy public figures, among them President Clinton, Ed McMahon, Frank Sinatra, and Jimmy Swaggart. Like many other stars of "Saturday Night Live," including Dan Aykroyd and John Candy, Hartman was a Canadian, born in Brantford, Ontario. He worked in graphic design before choosing the world of comedy as his vocation. Many Hollywood reporters felt that Hartman's death was part of the so-called "Saturday Night Curse," recalling the premature deaths of John Belushi and Chris Farley from drug overdoses, and Gilda Radner and Danitra Vance, who both died of cancer at early ages.

Brynn Hartman, shown with her husband Phil Hartman, a comedic superstar in film and TV, murdered her spouse in 1998, after a night of drinking and drug-taking, then ended her own life.

CHAPTER TEN:

MURDER/MASS MURDER

Unlike the serial killer (see Serial Killers, this chapter), who stalks his or her prey over extended periods of time—months, years, sometimes decades—the mass murderer kills in one fell swoop, and is one who often acts on irrational impulse, or is driven to rage through the influence of drugs or alcohol. There are no set numbers of victims that qualify for a mass murder, although more than one victim is considered justifiable for such categorization. The term is applied to those who are killed in numbers at the same time, murders that take place within the framework of a short period, usually within minutes or hours of a given day.

Such wholesale killings prove to be the most shocking in the public view in that the loss of life is estimated by quantity which is easily equated with slaughter or massacre. The Indian massacres of the Old West, the so-called Fort Pillow "Massacre" of April 12, 1864 during the American Civil War, the massacres committed by troops on both sides during many wars rightly belong in the category of war crimes.

Vlad Tepes, the bloodthirsty ruler of Walachia (Romania), who committed many mass murders in the 15th Century.

It is the killing of a number of non-combatants—innocent victims—in a short period of time that truly constitutes the act of mass murder and there are thousands of such recorded events which span the troubled centuries of mankind. One of the earliest mass murderers was the savage king, Vlad Tepes (Basarab; AKA: Vlad the Impaler, prom. 1456-1462, 1476-1477), who excelled his father, Vlad Dracul, in practicing extreme cruelty in his kingdom of Walachia (later Romania).

Like all mass murderers or serial killers, the Walachian ruler had an enormous capacity for evil and sadistic cruelty. Vlad Tepes' castle, high in the Carpathian Mountains of Transylvania, later inspired novelist Bram Stoker for the location of the castle of his infamous fictional monster, profiled in the book, *Dracula*. Stoker drew from the lives of both Vlad Dracul and Vlad Tepes to create his frightening character, but most of his research is based on Vlad Tepes, also known as Vlad the Impaler.

Vlad Tepes impaled his enemies on high spikes, reportedly murdering 50,000 victims in this fashion, hundreds, if not thousands at the same time. This monster dined amidst victims impaled on spikes, reveling in their dying agonies. It was also said that he drank the blood of these hapless persons, thus giving rise to Stoker's tale of a blood-drinking vampire, who survived on the blood of the living. Vlad Tepes was a

Bela Lugosi, as Bram Stoker's horrific vampire, in the 1931 film, *Dracula*, a character based upon Vlad Tepes.

Mass murderer Edward Morgan, who slaughtered his relatives in Wales in 1756, then tried to hide his crime through arson.

hopeless pervert who enjoyed the pain of others, reserving his special wrath for Saxon invaders and Turkish merchants. He impaled the Saxons and tortured the Turks by having their turbans nailed to their heads.

Though feared as a bloodlusting maniac by foreigners, Vlad Tepes was considered a hero by his own people, a great warrior, who finally rid Walachia of foreign invaders. Historically he is remembered, thanks to novelist Stoker, as an inhuman beast whose lethal reputation conjured up images of undead spirits and bloodsucking vampire bats. In this gruesome image, Stoker was not far from the truth.

The living nightmare of Vlad Tepes was translated into evil dreams that plagued others who slew by the numbers. Superstition, the concept of a lurking Devil, often impelled deluded souls to mass murder. One such demented soul was Edward Morgan, whose routine visit to Welsh relatives ended in bloody disaster. According to Welsh custom, the Christmas feast was open to all visitors. In 1756, Edward Morgan was invited to share in the celebration at his cousin's farmhouse in Lanvabon. Rees Morgan's hospitality led to his death.

On Christmas night, Morgan retired to his bedroom with another house guest. In the middle of the night, Morgan awoke and decided to commit wholesale murder. He would later say that the devil commanded him to kill the family. Morgan found a knife. He first attacked his roommate, then went to his cousins' bedroom and slit their throats from ear to ear. Next he stabbed the couple's young daughter, then set fire to the barn, the stable, and the farmhouse to cover his tracks.

The blaze leveled the three buildings, leading authorities to believe that the entire Morgan family died in the fire. Morgan, however, failed to murder the young apprentice who shared a room with him that night. Based on his testimony, and Morgan's eventual confession, Morgan was convicted and hanged at Glamorgan on April 6, 1757.

THE RATCLIFF HIGHWAY MURDERS/ December 1811

During the early 1800s, the separate slayings of two families in the East End of London came to be known as "The Ratcliff Highway Murders." The crimes shocked and terrified all of England and were eclipsed only by the Jack the Ripper killings, which began in 1888.

Timothy Marr operated a hosier's shop on Ratcliff Highway and lived there with his wife, Cecilia, their infant daughter, an apprentice, John Goen, thirteen, and a maid, 18-year-old Margaret Jewell. On December 7, 1811, as Marr and Goen were closing up the store shortly before midnight, Jewell was sent out to buy some oysters and was told that the door would be left open for her. When she returned about twenty minutes later, the house was locked and quiet.

Jewell rang and knocked at the door, but no one answered. When neighbors arrived and entered the house, they found the entire family slain. Timothy Marr was lying behind the counter, Cecilia Marr was found in the doorway between the back room and the store, and the apprentice, Goen, was at the bottom of the stairs. The killer had battered their heads and slashed their throats. The infant's throat had also been cut.

Although the killer may have stolen some pocket change or small items, nothing valuable was taken. He apparently had been looking upstairs when he heard Jewell at the door and fled through the back door. A ship's carpenter's maul and a sledgehammer with the initials J.P. on the handle were found.

The residence and shop of Timothy Marr, where he and three others were slain on the night of December 7, 1811.

Londoners were stunned when they learned of the mass murders, and the entire country, especially the Birmingham region, was gripped with fear. People became cautious, and many equipped their homes with sturdy bolts and chain locks. Door-to-door searches were conducted in the Shadwell area, where many tramps were arrested, and rewards were offered for the killer's capture.

On December 19, 1811 the killer struck again at the King's Arms, a pub on Old Gravel Lane, a road that intersected Ratcliff Highway. The pub was operated by an old man named Williamson, who resided there with his wife; their grandchild; 14-year-old Kitty Stillwell; a maid, 50-year-old Bridget Harrington; and a journeyman carpenter John Turner. Williamson customarily closed the pub and the house door at 11 p.m. He usually left the pub's front door open until 12 a.m. for anyone who wanted a late-night drink.

Turner arrived home shortly before 11 p.m., and, exhausted from work, immediately went to his second-floor room and fell asleep. Sometime after 11 p.m. the killer entered the King's Arms and first attacked Harrington, who was setting up the fire for the next morning. When Williamson's wife entered the room, he attacked her as well. He cut both women's throats, nearly severing Harrington's head, and then killed Williamson, who had just returned from the cellar.

At 11:25 p.m., Turner was awakened by the slamming of the outside door. He went downstairs, where he saw "a tall man in a loose, shaggy coat" inside the parlor. The killer, whose back was to Turner, was hovering over a body and going through the pockets. When the killer stood up and walked away, Turner heard his boots creak. Undetected by the intruder, Turner slipped back up to his bedroom, tied some sheets together, and climbed out his window. He alerted neighbors, who broke into the house. The killer broke a window at the back of the house and escaped. Kitty Stillwell had escaped injury.

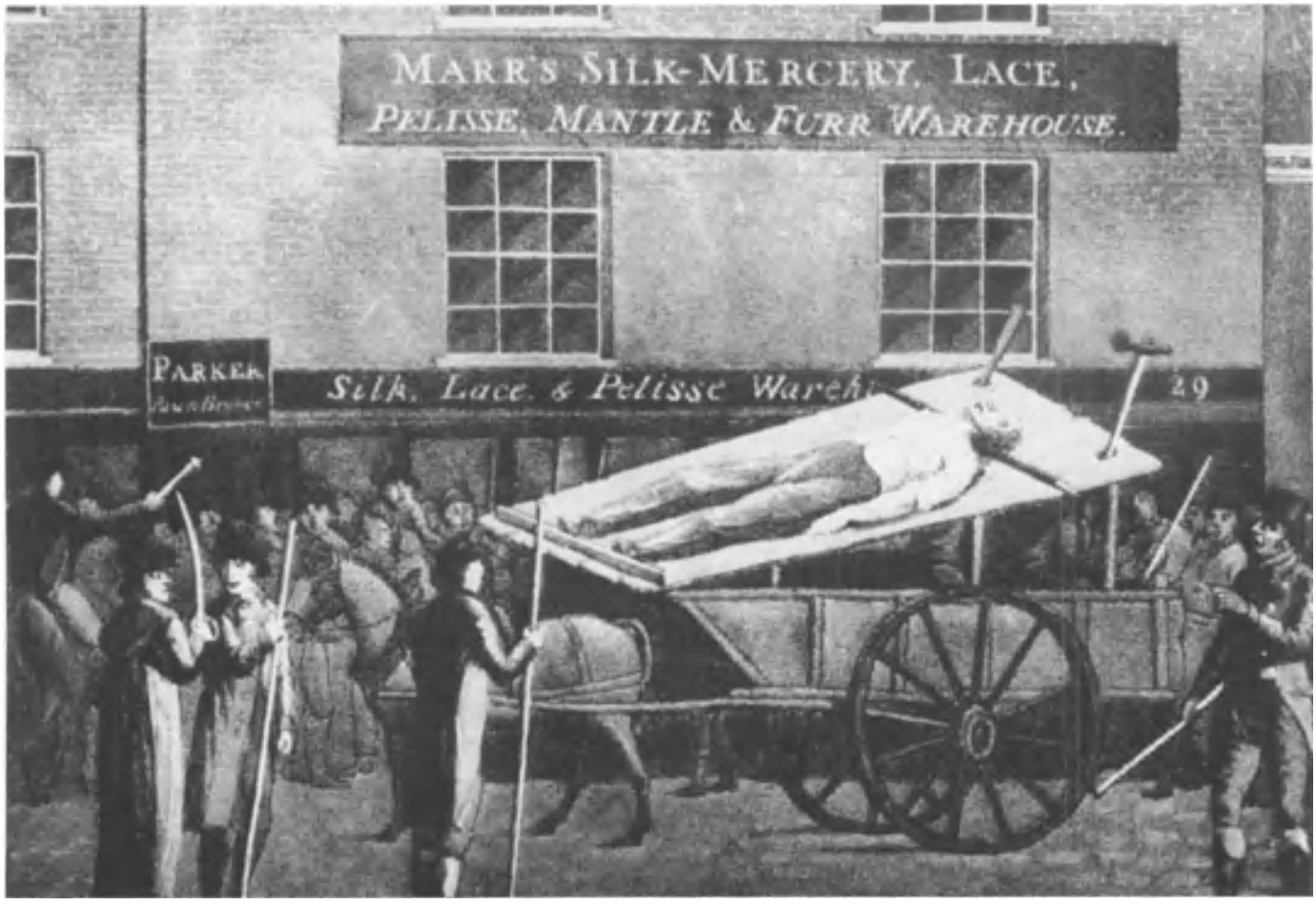
The Williamson slayings caused even greater panic. Notices were circulated, emphasizing the initials, J.P., found on the sledgehammer left at the first murder scene. A man who ran an area pub and inn called the Pear Tree, named Vermiloe, saw the flyers and thought the weapon might belong to a Nordic seaman, John Petersen, who had lodged at his inn and stored a tool chest there. Vermiloe identified the maul as Petersen's, but Petersen, it was later proven, had been at sea during the murders.

Another Pear Tree lodger, Irishman John Williams, about twenty or thirty years old, became a suspect and was taken to the Shadwell police station for questioning. Williams had been seen going toward the King's Arms the night of the slayings and was known to have returned to the inn at about 1 a.m. on the nights of the murders. On the night of the King's Arms murders, he had asked two other lodgers to snuff out their candles and then gotten into bed in the dark.

Officials discovered that Williams' shoes and socks were muddy, and he had blood on his shirt, which he said had resulted from a fight. After the first murders, Williams had purchased a new pair of boots, which creaked. Additionally, Williams' coat pocket was stained with blood, as were a pair of his pants found in an outhouse. During questioning, Williams

A contemporary print shows carpenter John Turner escaping the stalking mass murderer at the King's Arms pub by dropping to the street from knotted sheets on the night of December 19, 1811.

John Williams, shown in death, a sketch drawn by Sir Thomas Lawrence, only minutes after Williams hanged himself in his prison cell.



The half-naked body of John Williams, displayed on a cart, was taken to the scene of the first mass murders, the Marr shop, so convinced were authorities that Williams was the mass murderer.

admitted frequenting the King's Arms. He was arrested and taken to the New Prison at Coldbath Fields.

On December 28, 1811, Williams hanged himself in his prison cell. His corpse was placed on a cart and taken to the scene of the crime. On December 31, 1811, his body was taken to the intersection of New Road and Cannon Street, and a stake was driven through his heart before burial. About five or six weeks later, a knife covered with dried blood was discovered in Williams' former room at the Pear Tree. The weapon had been hidden in the floor of the room in a mouse hole. Although Williams was never tried, and the evidence in the case was primarily circumstantial, the slayings stopped after his arrest and officials conveniently concluded that Williams had been the killer in the Ratcliff Highway Murders. In 1849, Williams' remains were disinterred and reburied because of street repairs.

Within hours of Williams' death, Sir Thomas Lawrence made a watercolor portrait of him, showing light blue eyes and blond hair, although according to other reports, he had red hair. The case also captured the imagination of Thomas De Quincey (1785-1859), who wrote a dark, long essay entitled *On Murder, Considered as one of the Fine Arts*, published in 1827. In an appendix, he composed a descriptive piece recreating the mass murders.

"THE WORST MAN WHO EVER LIVED"/ March 16-17, 1860

On the misty morning of March 17, 1860, the sloop *E.A. Johnson* was found aimlessly drifting in the lower bay by the schooner *Telegraph*. Crew members of the *Telegraph* boarded the sloop and found no one on board. They did discover, however, evidence of widespread carnage: blood spattered on the ceiling, floor, table, and bunks in the ship's interior. Furniture was scattered and broken. Heel marks that seemed to be from a heavy body trailed from the cabin to a railing. The railing itself was coated with dark splotches of blood. Next to this spot, on the deck, were four neatly severed human fingers and a thumb.

After the tug *Ceres* towed the derelict *E.A. Johnson* to the Fulton Market slip, authorities released the story of the deserted vessel and its gory clues. The crew had obviously been killed and dumped overboard, but by whom? John Burke, who owned a boarding house on Cedar Street, and one of his boarders, Andrew Kelly, thought they had the answer. With fresh newspapers relating the strange story of the blood-soaked ship curled in their hands, these two men entered the police station commanded by Captain Weed and gushed out an accusation.

The shambles left in the cabin of the oyster sloop, *E. A. Johnson*, after a brutal killer had slain the captain and crew on March 16-17, 1860.

"Hicksey is your killer," one of them said. "Twenty-four hours before that ship was discovered, he was back in the house."

"He had a lot of money," the other put in, "but when we asked how he came by it, he talked of other things. Yes, Hicksey is your man."

The "Hicksey" the informants referred to was Albert E. Hicks (AKA: William Johnson; 1819-1860), known as Hicksey to a rare few. He had lived with his wife and child in Burke's boarding house and had inexplicably come into a large sum of money. Knowing his background, his acquaintances did little guessing as to how. A professional thief, pirate, and killer-for-hire, the large, middle-aged Hicks was a lone wolf, who sometimes, if the pay was promising, would join with one gang or another in raids for loot, but he owed no one his allegiance. This brutish but somewhat intelligent thug would fight with various gangs, sometimes on the side of the Daybreak Boys. On other occasions, he would stand with the Dead Rabbits. The highest bidder owned his knife hand.

Police had a long file on Hicks, one that told them he had run away from his home in Rhode Island, where his father had been a tenant farmer. As a teenager, he stole some money and was imprisoned. Hicks escaped twice and was recaptured and put into solitary confinement. Upon his release, Hicks, by then a broad-shouldered, towering man, hardened by long years of prison, signed on board a merchant ship and traveled around the Horn. He led a violent mutiny, which was suppressed. Hicks was flogged, tossed into the hold, and turned over to authorities, when the ship returned to port. Again, he was sent to prison. Released, Hicks pursued many criminal activities, mostly theft, while disguised as a peddler. Pickings were slim, so he again signed on board a ship, the ill-fated *E. A. Johnson*, using the alias, William Johnson.

Captain Weed selected his best patrolman, a man named Nevins, and ordered him to track Hicks down and take him into custody. Through tips, Nevins trailed the gangster to Providence and, with the aid of a local police squad, arrested him in a rooming house. (Nevins later stated that he found Hicks asleep in his room and that the sleeping suspect emitted "buckets of sweat.") Hicks and his wife and child were returned to New York. The thug was locked up in the Tombs, his hands manacled and his feet chained to a large stone block in the center of a cell. A police officer entered his cell shortly after Hicks had been chained, and held up a gold watch.

"Hicks," the officer said, "this was found in your room at Burke's place."

The thug stared at the watch which swung from a chain gripped in the officer's large hand. He said nothing.

"This watch belonged to the skipper of the *E. A. Johnson*, Captain Burr." The policeman next held out a daguerreotype of an attractive young woman. "This portrait was given to one of the two Watts boys, Oliver, by his sweetheart. This was also found in your room."

New York thug and mass murderer Albert E. Hicks, who called himself "the worst man who ever lived."

"I don't know what those things were doing in my room," Hicks growled. "I never saw those things a'fore."

"You shipped on that sloop under the name of William Johnson," the policeman said. "You then killed Captain Burr and Oliver and Smith Watts."

"My name ain't Johnson and I never been to sea on that ship."

"Oh yes you have, Hicks. And you're going to swing for it."

Hicks clenched his hands into fists and violently rattled his manacles, and with short kicks jangled his chains. He spat and cursed at the officer. He then remained silent. The questioning was brief. Officials knew Hicks' background and his reputation as being tight-lipped. They also concluded that he was violently insane. Hicks' brother, who had murdered several persons in recent years, had also been considered a lunatic and had been scheduled to die on the gallows, but had escaped and completely disappeared.

Circumstantial evidence was weighty in the Hicks trial held on May 18, 1860 in the U.S. Circuit Court before Judge Smalley. The pirate was found guilty of slaying the entire crew of the *E. A. Johnson*. Sentenced to die, Hicks suddenly decided to not only confess to this multiple killing but offer in a small-book form his biography, the proceeds of which were to keep his family "all snug." Mrs. Hicks, however, made it appear to prison warders that she had no intention of being "snug" from her husband's murder profits. When she first visited her husband in the Tombs, she held up her small child to the bars and screamed: "Look at your offspring, you rascal, and think what you have brought on us! If I could reach you, I'd tear your bloody heart out!"

"Why, my dear," Hicks replied in a quiet, soothing voice, "I've done nothing. It will be all out in a day or two." The

murderer talked many times again with his wife, jailors hopelessly straining to hear their conversations. It was felt that Hicks had told his wife, where the loot from his many killings and robberies was hidden and that she eventually recovered this large amount of money.

The published confession was only a smoke screen to make it appear to authorities that Mrs. Hicks' newfound riches came by way of royalty payments for his book. These payments were paltry at best, but authorities did not learn this until much later, when Hicks had been executed and his wife moved on with her child to live out a life of relative ease. It was the last act of a scheming criminal who turned his own hanging into a plot to protect his ill-gotten fortunes.

New York's Five Points, in 1859, where Hicks and his fellow criminals operated and found a safe haven from police.

No doubt a reader of the more lurid press of the day, Hicks belched out a sensational tale of brutal killings, robberies, and licentiousness that encompassed several decades in New York's underworld. When speaking of the crime that had condemned him, Hicks insisted that he had been shanghaied. He had been drinking, he said, in one of the low dives along Cherry Street on the night of March 14, 1860. The owner was apparently unafraid of the terrible Hicks and slipped just enough laudanum in the thug's ale to knock him out (too much of this drug was fatal). Unconscious, Hicks was carted to the *E. A. Johnson,* he said, where Captain Burr threw him into the cabin. When he came to, Hicks was told to "get to work" and in a few hours found himself at the helm.

"I was steering," he told his publisher, "and Captain Burr and one of the Watts boys were asleep in the cabin. The other Watts was on lookout at the bow. Suddenly, the devil took possession of me and I determined to murder the captain and crew that very night."

Lashing the wheel to maintain course, Hicks grabbed a capstan bar and, on his hands and knees, crawled slowly toward the bow. Oliver Watts turned slightly when he noticed Hicks' shadow, but the hoodlum was quicker, leaping up and forward, crashing the bar down on the boy's head. Watts managed one scream before the blow sent him toppling to the deck. The noise had awakened the other brother, Smith, and he came running up from the cabin. Hicks waited for him with an ax, and as Watts emerged on deck, the killer took a swipe at him. "It was like chopping a small tree," gloated Hicks. "His whole head came off. The rest of him took a few steps, spouting blood like a fountain. Then it sagged down as the head rolled along the deck."

Peering into the dark cabin, Hicks leaned on the ax. He was looking for the heavyset Captain Burr. The thug took a step into the dark room and knocked over a chair. Burr awakened to see Hicks standing over him, his arms over his head, and the ax already descending. The captain moved slightly and the blow missed his head by inches, the ax thudding through the pillow and part of the wooden headrest of the bed. Rolling onto the floor, Burr took a moment to come to his senses. Hicks yanked his ax out of the wood and turned, rushing toward Burr, who also sprang forward from a crouch. Clasping the murderer's legs and driving forward, the captain was able to topple Hicks backward, but the thug obstinately clung to the ax.

Burr managed to crawl on top of the gangster and get his hands around Hicks' throat, but the killer worked his way into a roll and shoved the captain against the hot stove, stunning him. Hicks then jumped up, brought the ax down in one slashing chop, and drove it deep into Burr's skull. "The blow took away half of Burr's head...half of his eye was on the blade, a piece of his nose, some beard."

Tired from his grisly labors, Hicks went up on deck for some air. His chores were not completed, however, for Oliver Watts, whom he had attacked first, had only been knocked unconscious and was just then staggering to his feet. Hicks rushed over to him and hit him with the blunt end of his ax. He then lifted Watts to his shoulders and carried him to the rail. Again, the youth recovered and, just as Hicks was letting him over the side, Watts reached out and tenaciously clung to the rail. The gangster swore at him as he tried to pry the boy's fingers loose. Hicks then grabbed the ax and brought it down on one hand, cutting off Oliver Watts' four fingers and thumb,

The Bowery Boys and the Dead Rabbits are shown battling for control of the Five Points; Hicks fought with the Dead Rabbits.

which plopped to the deck. The youth slipped into the water and disappeared.

Such slaughter was work enough to tire any hearty man. Hicks paused to drink several tankards of ale which he filched from the captain's stores. It tasted strange, and while pouring himself a fourth drink, he finally noticed in the dim light that the tankard was coated with blood, human gore that had dripped from his own hands. He threw the tankard overboard and then tossed the bodies of Smith Watts and Captain Burr in after it. He almost forgot the decapitated head of Smith Watts and had some difficulty locating it. This, too, he hurled into the water. Rifling the lockers of the captain and crew, Hicks took all the valuables on board the sloop, including Burr's watch and the picture Oliver Watts kept over his bunk.

It was almost dawn when Hicks made out the coastline of Staten Island. He steered for it in the fog and when he neared land, he lowered a small lifeboat and rowed for shore, setting an open-sea course for the *E. A. Johnson.* The tides, however, caused the sloop to drift in the wrong direction, and the *Telegraph* spotted it before it disappeared. By then, Hicks had reached land and gone home, where he made the mistake of paying his rent and several other bills the moment he walked into Burke's boarding house. He ostentatiously withdrew the money from Burr's sea bag. The suspicious Burke and another roomer, Kelly, later went to police when the mystery of the *E. A. Johnson* was publicized.

Death by hanging was to be meted out to Hicks on July 13, 1860. It was a Friday. "That date and day have never held good for me," Hicks complained to the dozens of curious spectators, who came to gape at him through the bars of his cell, the horribly vivid details of his crimes gouged into their imaginations by his widely published memoirs. Among the many notables visiting Hicks was the irrepressible Phineas T. Barnum, who was always on the lookout for curiosities with which to enliven his museum. Barnum wanted a death mask and the condemned man's clothing to display in his building, but he was wary of dickering with the money-grubbing Hicks. Instead, he bartered with Warden Charles Sutton.

Showman and jailor haggled in the corridor outside of Hicks' cell, while the killer silently glared at them. For $25 cash, Sutton agreed to turn over Hicks' clothing to Barnum, a death mask to be thrown in for free. When Hicks protested, Barnum promised to send him two boxes "of the finest cigars." They were delivered some hours later, and Hicks happily puffed on these until the time he met his doom. The killer was less enchanted with the suit of clothes Barnum sent to replace Hicks' "murder suit."

"This suit I got in exchange for my own," Hicks complained to Sutton, "is shoddy." Oddly, with no thought to the waiting rope, he added bitterly: "It won't last." (Barnum later had a sinister-looking wax effigy made of the mass murderer, which was exhibited at his museum for decades and was catalogued thusly: Hicks - "No. 74. Life-Size Model of Albert E. Hicks, the murderer of the crew of the oyster-smack. *E. A. Johnson,* on or about March 18, 1860, attired in the very clothes worn by him when he butchered his victims with an ax. Note dark stains on jacket. The face was modeled from a plaster cast made by P.T. Barnum, of the Greatest Show on Earth, a fortnight before Hicks was hanged. Acknowledged to be a wonderful likeness of the infamous pirate.")

Sutton, hearing that the hanging was to be a gala event, decided that his star Tombs boarder should be more presentable and prevailed upon officials to provide better clothing. The day before Hicks was to hang, he was given a suit of blue cottonade with gilt buttons and needlework anchors. It pleased Hicks enormously. "I look like an admiral," he beamed.

At 5:30 p.m. on Thursday, July 12, 1860, Mrs. Hicks was shown into her husband's cell. He was free of his chains and wearing his new suit. He shook her hand briskly and then kissed her twice, murmuring each time, "Goodbye, goodbye." The woman showed no emotion whatever and only a faint smile played about the killer's lips when she departed.

True or not, Hicks manifested a spiritual change during the last hours of his life and prayed with Father Duranquet until midnight when he told the priest he was tired. He flopped onto

New York's old Tombs prison, where Hicks awaited execution.

Entrepreneur and showman Phineas Taylor Barnum, shown at the time he haggled with jailors for Hick's clothing and death mask, which he later displayed at his museum.

his bunk and was soon sound asleep. Guards had to shake him awake at 3 a.m. He then renewed his prayers, pronouncing his words loudly, as if he wanted his jailors to overhear his devotions.

A large breakfast was brought to Hicks and not only did he devour the eggs, bacon, and bread, washing it down with several cups of tea, but asked for more. Another meal was brought, and he finished it. He then methodically washed his face and hands, put on a clean shirt and his new sailor's suit. He brushed the dust from his shoes with a rag, saying with a grin: "Hicksey should look his best this day. My, my, won't New York be proud!"

Hicks was preening himself when the jailors opened his cell door at 6 a.m. It was time, they told him. He stepped into the corridor and signaled to a janitor who mopped out the cells: "Take what you find in there," he told the man and then quizzically looked at his jailors.

"How do you feel, Hicks?" a guard named Clackner asked.

"I feel very well," the killer responded.

Another guard reminded Hicks that Barnum wanted the empty cigar boxes, which he would also place on display with other Hicks memorabilia. Hicks jammed the last cigar into his mouth and pointed to his cell. "Under the bed...That man overlooks nothing."

Suddenly, Hicks leaned forward and firmly grasped the lapel of Officer Dugan. Looking the guard straight in the eyes, the murderer gritted: "I am the worst man who ever lived!"

Dugan gently removed Hicks' hand.

"You don't seem to think I mean what I say, Dugan."

"Yes," Dugan replied solemnly, "I believe you would not say what was not true when so near your end."

Then, they walked down to the main corridor. Awaiting them was a large group of officials headed, ironically enough, by U.S. marshal, Isaiah Rynders. Captain Rynders had for some twenty years been the political boss of the Sixth ward, and a Tammany stalwart and mentor and financial backer to dozens of New York's super criminals. Unknown to all but two present on the day of the execution, Rynders had employed Hicks on several occasions. The hooligan had handled the more unsavory jobs in the dark doings of Isaiah Rynders.

Hicks smiled when he saw Rynders, but before he could speak, the calculating politician and U.S. marshal, wearing a long, clanking sword especially for the affair, stepped forward and unraveled a long scroll, stating in stentorian tones: "Albert E. Hicks, it is now my painful duty to read to you in the presence of these officers of the law, the warrant of execution which I have received from the President of the United States." The killer was still smiling at his sometimes employer as Rynders read the document, ending with: "This is my authority for now carrying out the sentence of the law. The prisoner will prepare to depart."

Rynders, Sheriff Kelly, Father Duranquet, and Hicks then left the Tombs and got into a carriage. Several other carriages carrying dozens of guards formed the procession to the foot of Canal Street. On the way, Rynders devilishly stared at Hicks, who returned his gaze. The marshal inquired: "And what do you think the future holds for you, Mr. Hicks?"

Thousands of excursionists are shown sailing in every type of vessel near Bedloe's Island, New York, to watch the hanging of Albert E. Hicks on July 13, 1860.

Hicks squinted at his one-time employer, who showed no trace of apprehension that his former thug for hire would reveal their dealings. The killer mouthed his words carefully: "That is a matter I would rather leave to Father Duranquet."

A huge throng was gathered on Canal Street next to the dock. Frantic members of this curious mob pushed away the guards, and, to get a better glimpse of Hicks, smashed the carriage windows and tore away the curtains. The killer gave them his most derisive smile. Rynders and his guards shoved their way through the crowd, their prisoner in tow, and boarded the already jammed *Red Jacket*, a ship chartered by U.S. authorities to take the execution party to Bedloe's Island, where Hicks was to be hanged in full view of the harbor.

The killer was taken to the ladies' cabin and there held court, conversing calmly with many reputable and famous people, who wished to talk with "the worst man in the world." Hicks seemed to enjoy it all, smiling at his visitors and acting as if he were merely on a pleasant outing.

Once on Bedloe's Island, the killer was led to a scaffold, which was promptly surrounded by 200 marines. These troops formed a hollow square around the gallows. The harbor was full of tooting vessels, thousands of spectators lining the rails. All of these gapers had paid large sums to ships' captains for the privilege of witnessing the execution. Huge ships like the *Harriet Lane* and the *Great Eastern* joined the procession of bobbing vessels. The multiple decks of the *Lockwood* and the *Chicopee*, giant side-wheelers, were crammed with people. As an act of either grim irony or strange vengeance, the *E. A. Johnson*, on whose decks the blood of Hicks' victims had been spilled, had been ordered drawn up close to the island. It had been freshly painted, and Hicks was placed on the scaffold so that he could not help but see the vessel.

More than 10,000 shouting persons coated the small island and the floating ships nearby. It was an unreal scene of civilized bedlam. A reporter for the New York *Times* stood near the scaffold, which had been purposely erected on a knoll to afford a good view of the execution. The newsman took in the cacophonous spectacle, and scribbled: "Steamboats, barges, oyster sloops, yachts and rowboats swarmed everywhere in view of the gallows. Large steamers such as carry hundreds of people away on pleasure excursions were there, so laden with a living freight of curious people, that it seemed almost a wonder that they did not sink.

"There were barges there with awnings spread, under which those who were thirsty imbibed lager beer. There were rowboats with ladies no, females of some sort in them, shielding their complexions from the sun with their parasols, while from beneath the fringe and the tassels they viewed the dying agonies of the choking murderer." The ships were decked out with colored bunting, and colored flags snapped in the wind. The incessant crowd roared: "Down in front!...Get out of the way!"

On the scaffold, Hicks turned to Rynders and was heard to utter: "This is your show, isn't it, Marshal Rynders?" The remark was thought insignificant at the time, but it was later pointed out that Rynders reaped a fortune from the circus; he had issued tickets for the execution and those thousands in attendance had unwittingly purchased these from his private agents. His own man, Hicks, would perform one last service up to the moment of his death, once again lining his former employer's pockets.

The executioner, George Isaacs, came forward and placed the rope around Hicks' neck. "Mr. Isaacs," Hicks said sternly, "hang me quick, make haste!" Isaacs stalled for more time after getting a signal from Rynders, who obviously wanted the event to drag out for the edification of the spectators.

The roar of the crowd to "Stand away in front!" became deafening, and the troops, fearing a riot, moved to one side of the square so that the view from the water was better. Hicks had had enough. He jerked his head violently in the direction of Rynders, and the marshal, displaying his only signs of nervousness, perhaps thinking his one-time bully boy was about to reveal their sinister relationship, hurriedly motioned Isaacs to get on with his work.

At the drop of an arm, Isaacs cut the rope and Hicks was hanged. A thunderous din of approval went up from the throng at that moment, and cheers went on unabated for six minutes. Then, a hush fell over the crowd as doctors Woodward and

Guilmette approached the body. They determined that Hicks' third cervical vertebrae had been broken almost at once when the rope had jerked him upward. They then examined his heart. A repeated shout rippled through the crowd on land and above those gathered on the tightly-packed ships: "They found pulsations! He still lives!" And then thousands began to chant in mass hysteria: "Hang him some more...hang him some more!" The body was left to hang another twenty-eight minutes, allowing those visitors who had brought their lunch to eat in a leisurely fashion. At 11:45 a.m., Hicks' corpse was taken down and placed in a wooden box, which was carried to the tug, *Only Son.* The tug moved off to the dock of the customs house, while boat whistles whined and horns blared, signaling the end of the "grand" celebration.

Mrs. Hicks waited for her husband's body in vain. Rynders had purposely misinformed her as to the eventual whereabouts of the corpse. She sat alone on the wrong dock for hours, while officials quickly buried her husband in Calvary Cemetery without her knowledge. In a few days, the body of the mass killer and terror of New York disappeared altogether. Ghouls, it appeared, had dug up the corpse and made away with it. In reality, Isaiah Rynders had turned yet another profit on his dutifully silent protégé, Albert E. Hicks. Rynders had sold Hicks' body to medical students for dissection.

A HANDYMAN'S HANDIWORK/ April 25, 1866

Antoine (or Anton) Probst, a German immigrant, arrived in America during the Civil War. When learning that the Federal Army would pay enlistees to fight for the Union, Probst promptly volunteered. He had no intention, however, of serving in the front lines. Instead, he turned his loudly demonstrated patriotism into a business. He enlisted again and again for service in the Union Army, each time collecting a bounty of $300 with each enlistment.

After each enlistment, Probst would desert, thus becoming a professional "bounty jumper." By the end of the war he had spent all the money, so he first drifted about, committing petty thefts. Finally, he took a job as a handyman on the farm of Christopher Dearing outside Philadelphia. His laziness and his leering attitude toward Mrs. Dearing soon got him fired. Probst pretended illness and went to a charity hospital while he began to work out a plan for getting even with Dearing and for obtaining some money.

On March 2, 1866, Probst went back to Dearing, telling him that he had had a change of heart, that he believed that doing honest work was the best policy and he begged to have his job back. In a generous gesture, Dearing rehired Probst, and the man worked well for several weeks.

On April 25, 1866, the family left Probst at the farm while the Dearings traveled to Philadelphia to pick up a visitor. Probst began his revenge by hitting Cornelius Carey, a young farmhand, over the head with an axe. He beheaded the body and hid it in a haystack. When the Dearing family returned, he lured them into the barn, one at a time, where he systematically murdered Mrs. Dearing, four of the five children (the oldest was away on a visit), Mr. Dearing, and the visitor, Elizabeth Dolan. He arranged the bodies in a row sitting against the barn wall and covered them with hay.

Going into the house, Probst ransacked it for cash, finding a total of $13. Then he changed into some of Dearing's clothes, and, ironically living up to his new code of work ethics, dutifully fed the animals before leaving the farm. Neighbors found eight bodies a few days later. All of the victims had been killed with an ax, some of them partially dismembered, some of the body parts hidden beneath horse blankets and stacks of hay, as if the killer had decided to secret the gory remains and had then given up on the grisly chore. One report held that Probst "had too many bodies to hide and abandoned the idea of covering up the evidence."

Within five days, the police found Probst in Philadelphia. He was easily identified as wearing Dearing's clothes and some of the family's meager heirlooms were found on his person. Probst did not deny his mass murders, and merely shrugged when he was convicted and sentenced to death. He was hanged on June 8, 1866.

Handyman Antoine Probst, shown entering a barn with ax in hand before he slaughtered the entire Dearing family outside of Philadelphia in 1866.

This was not the end of Probst's story. Like his more infamous counterpart, Albert Hicks, Probst's body was much sought, not by P. T. Barnum, however, but by a host of physicians. "The doctors had a field day with his cadaver," said one account, "putting it through all kinds of tests, including one to test the theory that the retina of the eye of dying persons retains the last image seen." Probst's head and right arm were later exhibited in a New York museum of anatomy and science.

THE "BUSINESS" OF JEAN TROPPMANN/ 1869

It was rumored that the diabolical murders of Jean Kinck, his wife, and six children by the fiend, Jean-Baptiste Troppmann (1849-1870) were engineered by Otto von Bismarck, Germany's "Iron Chancellor," to undermine the government of Napolon III. Troppmann was the agent provocateur, according to one account, paid to do away with Kinck, a Prussian spy who had become an embarrassment to Bismarck. The story was dismissed out of hand when the true facts of the case came to light in late 1869.

Troppmann was born in Cernay (Haut-Rhin), west of Mulhouse. As a boy he was apprenticed to his father's manufacturing company, Troppmann and Kambly. In December 1868, the firm sold some heavy equipment to a Paris businessman and the son was sent to the city to supervise its installation. The young man made a good accounting of himself and was greatly admired for his thrift and ambition.

After the project was complete, Troppmann moved to Roubaix, where he made the acquaintance of Jean Kinck, an Alsatian businessman, who had risen from the status of common laborer to private entrepreneur and who successfully manufactured spindles and looms. The enterprising Kinck desired to resettle in Alsace, his ancestral home. He owned a house in Buhl, but had so far been unable to persuade his wife, a native of Roubaix, to agree to move. Troppmann exploited this gnawing ambition in Kinck, a man thirty years his senior. In time, the two became fast friends, discussing at length their ambitions to grow wealthy together in Alsace.

Kinck was convinced by Troppmann to map out a journey with him to Bollwiller, Alsace, where, presumably, they would set into motion their business plans. On August 24, 1869, Kinck left Roubaix, having told his wife that he would "be home between ten and eleven on the morning of September 2, 1869." He carried in his valise a number of blank checks issued by a bank in Roubaix. At the train station, Kinck was greeted by Troppmann, who escorted him to the village of Guebwiller by carriage. From there the trusting businessman fully expected to be taken to Bollwiller to meet some family members. But he was never seen again, at least by those family members who expected him for a visit.

Troppmann appeared in Cernay, about a dozen miles from Bollwiller, on August 25, 1869. He told of an important business contact he had made and of an impending transaction involving large amounts of money and bank-notes. Meanwhile, back in Roubaix, the anxious wife awaited some news of her husband. On August 27, she received a curious letter in Troppmann's handwriting.

Jean-Baptiste Troppmann, who murdered the Kinck family as part of his "business."

Kinck explained in the letter that he had met with an accident and was unable to hold a pen, but his young friend Troppmann was taking down his instructions. Hortense Kinck was directed to cash an enclosed check in the amount of 5,500 francs and remit the cash to her husband in Alsace. The money arrived at Guebwiller on the thirty-first, and, using Kinck's identification papers, Troppmann attempted to claim the money. A suspicious postmaster, however, refused to turn it over.

Troppmann devised a new strategy. He returned to Roubaix and presented a letter to Hortense Kinck, allegedly dictated to him by her husband, which read: "You must all of you come to Paris for two or three days. Don't fear the expense as Troppmann has given me a half a million. I insist on your coming. You, Gustave, must go at once to Guebwiller to draw out the money." The next day, Hortense Kinck received power of attorney and 500 francs as promised in the letter. The check, however, was in Troppmann's handwriting. The wife barely concealed her uneasiness about her husband's continuing disability, which prevented him from writing in his own hand, but she trusted Troppmann and followed his instructions to the letter.

Troppmann insisted that the family join him at the Hotel du Chemin de Fer du Nord in Paris, and to bring money. Troppmann's parents received several dispatches from their son. which alluded to a fabulous business transaction that was to make them all rich for the rest of their days. Puzzled, they simply waited. On September 17, 1869, Gustave Kinck met Troppmann at the railway station in Paris.

Two days later Hortense Kinck and her five children left Roubaix. Mrs. Kinck still had apprehensions, which she hoped would be diminished once she and her children were reunited with Jean Kinck. When Troppmann made his rendezvous with the Kinck family members, he told them that they must go with him by carriage to Pantin. He directed the driver to continue past several farms and fields to a secluded spot off the main road.

When the cab stopped, Troppmann, Madame Kinck, and the two youngest children made their way down a winding path toward a dark and silent building that stood nearby. The other three youngsters remained behind, talking with the driver. Half an hour later, and under the cover of darkness, Troppmann returned alone. "We have decided to stay the night here, children," he said. Thinking nothing more of it, the cabman received his fare and drove off. The following Monday morning, Troppmann returned to Paris to change into clean clothing in preparation for his journey to Le Havre, where he planned to set sail for America. His bloodstained clothes were carelessly left behind in the hotel. This mistake was to cost Troppmann his life.

The bodies of Hortense Kinck and her five children, Emile, Henri, Alfred, Achille, and Marie, were unearthed on September 20, 1869, by a farmer named Langlois, who reported his gruesome discovery to the police. Each of the victims had been bludgeoned over the head and there was evidence that the younger ones had been buried alive. The identity of Hortense Kinck and her children was quickly established by clothing labels.

In Le Havre the police quickly became suspicious of a young man shopping for immigration papers. The suspect was arrested and taken into custody after registering at two different hotels on successive nights. The man claimed to speak only German, but he was overheard conversing in French.

Placed under intense questioning, Troppmann said he was merely an accessory. Jean Kinck and his son Gustave had plotted the murders of Hortense and the five children. On September 26, 1869, a seventh body was pulled out of the Langlois field, that of Gustave Kinck who had been stabbed through the throat. When shown the grisly remains, Troppmann became indignant, saying: "The swine! He has now killed his remaining son." The police continued to interrogate Troppmann until he confessed his mass killings.

"I murdered the father," Troppmann admitted, "to get possession of the money, which he said he had in the bank and which would have been paid out to his order. That order I proposed to forge by copying his signature. Having murdered him, it was almost a matter of necessity to me to kill all the rest of the family, since they all knew that Kinck had gone with me to my home."

Jean Kinck (center foreground), with his wife and eldest son, all murdered by Jean-Baptiste Troppmann in 1869.

On November 25, 1869, what was left of Jean Kinck was found in a wooded glade outside the castle of Herinfluch, north of Cernay. Troppmann explained that he had poisoned Kinck in Alsace using prussic acid poured into a wine flask.

Following the discovery of the eighth and final body, an indictment charging Troppmann with theft, fraud, and murder was returned by the courts. The trial commenced at the Assize of the Seine on December 28, 1869. The gallery was packed with spectators from all strata of French society including politicians, artisans, and nobles. It was in many respects the gala social event of the year as people haggled for scarce tickets.

Troppmann was represented by the notable attorney Charles-Alexandre Lachaud, who attempted to portray his client as a weak, innocent knave who suffered from a diseased mind. Lachaud was a highly respected lawyer who had earned the admiration of leading political figures in the government. But the task before him proved too great.

For his part, Troppmann persisted in his assertion that he had accomplices, which gave rise to the theory that Prussian agents were behind the murders. Invasion of France was imminent, some said. Left-wing sympathizers accused the emperor of paying Troppmann to murder the Kinck family to divert public attention away from the sagging fortunes of the Second Empire. Both theories were nothing more than baseless conjecture.

Jean-Baptiste Troppmann was found guilty and executed at the Place de la Roquette on the morning of January 19,

1870, amidst solemn fanfare. The event was witnessed by scores of celebrities including the Russian writer Ivan Turgenev, who later wrote about Troppmann in one of his novels. Observing the curious solemnity of the day, Turgenev quoted a remark made by one of his friends: "It seemed to me as though we were in 1794 instead of 1870, as though we were not ordinary citizens escorting to the scaffold a common assassin, but Jacobins hurrying to his execution a [nobleman]."

"YOU'RE GOING TO HELL, BOY"/ November 10, 1904

On May 26, 1904, Adolph Weber (1884-1906), robbed the Bank of Placer County in Auburn, California. Dropping his gun during the robbery, 20-year-old Weber absconded with $5,000 and buried a five-pound can filled with $20 gold pieces in the back yard of his family's home. As evidence began to mount against Adolph, his father, Julius Weber, a wealthy, retired brewer, secured an out-of-court agreement to prevent the young man's prosecution.

In July 1904, the young Weber bought another pistol in a San Francisco pawn shop on Dupont Street from the shop owner, Henry Carr. The owner noted that Weber was accompanied by another youth, who purchased brass knuckles and a blackjack. Such items were openly sold in San Francisco and other towns, where a variety of weapons were ostensibly used for self-defense.

On November 10, 1904, the Weber home was consumed by fire. While the blaze continued, Adolph Weber suddenly appeared at a store in Auburn, where he purchased a new pair of trousers from a storeowner named Cohen. Weber quickly changed his trousers in the back room of the store and wrapped up the old ones, running from the store and back to his burning home. Here he was seen to break a window with his hand, throwing his old trousers into the flames. In breaking the window, Weber cut his hand so severely that he fainted from loss of blood and was taken to the home of Adrian Wills, where he was doctored and spent the night.

At the time of the fire, a neighbor broke down the door of the burning Weber home. He entered a room that had not been consumed by flames and here he found the bodies of Mrs. Weber and 18-year-old Bertha Weber. Both had been shot to death, their corpses apparently dragged into the room, where the killer had attempted to set fire to their clothes. Following the fire, the bodies of Julius Weber and Adolph's invalid brother Earl, who was 8-years-old, were also found. Earl Weber, officials discovered, had been beaten to death. Julius Weber, like his wife and daughter, had been shot to death.

While investigators were rummaging through the smoldering remains of the Weber house, Adolph Weber took up residence with his great aunt, a Mrs. Snowden. She questioned him about his miraculous survival from the burning building and getting no answers, suspiciously said: "I believe you know a great deal about what happened there."

Weber grew angry and snapped: "Your turn will come next!"

Mrs. Snowden reported this remark to the police, who, by then, had concluded that Weber was behind the fire. He was arrested and a coroner's inquest was held on November 12, 1904. At that time, part of Weber's old trousers had been retrieved from the ashes of the house and they proved to have bloodstains on them. Some days later, a .32-caliber pistol was found under the flooring of the barn at the rear of the Weber home. It was identified by San Francisco pawnbroker Henry Carr as the weapon he had sold to Weber five months earlier.

Adolph Weber, who murdered his entire family in Auburn, California, in 1904.

All the bullets had been fired from the pistol's chambers and on the handle was found clots of blood and some of Earl Weber's hair. On November 23, 1904, officers digging in the Weber yard found a large lard can containing $20 gold pieces, the proceeds from the bank robbery committed in Auburn. To four charges of murder, a charge of robbery was lodged against Adolph Weber.

Weber was brought to trial for murdering his mother on February 6, 1905. He was convicted on February 22, the jury recommending death. Throughout the trial, Weber said little and his attorneys found no evidence to establish his innocence. He was sentenced to death, but his attorneys filed several appeals and even obtained a stay of execution, while an insanity hearing was conducted. Determined to be sane, Weber was hanged on September 22, 1906. He went to the scaffold with the same stoic attitude he had displayed throughout his trial and imprisonment.

Before he was executed, an official visited Weber in his cell, confronting the young man with his crimes, and seeking a full confession. "Your family learned of your bank robbery, did they not?" asked the official.

Weber said nothing.

"You believed that they might later tell authorities about the robbery, did you not?"

Weber said nothing.

"To silence them and to also gain the family inheritance, which was substantial, you killed them, did you not?"

Again, Weber refused to answer, but the official thought he detected a thin smile on the youth's face.

"You murdered four people—your own family. You're going to hell, boy," the official announced and left the cell.

It was never learned from the tight-lipped Adolph Weber whether or not he had any concept of such a destination.

"HE FOUGHT LIKE A MAD WOLF"/ November 24, 1932

Explaining that he "felt funny in the head" at the time, Julian Marcelino (b. 1902) of Seattle decided to kill everyone in sight. Armed with a pair of crudely fashioned knives, the 30-year-old Filipino entered the Midway Hotel on November 24, 1932, which was centered in a skid row area. Marcelino was in

Julian Marcelino (standing right), who killed six people and wounded thirteen others in a murder rampage on the streets of Seattle, Washington in 1932; Marcelino is shown in a cell with five other murderers who are enjoying a game of cards.

a rage. He proceeded to the room of Pito Gualto, whom he had accused of stealing $300. Without warning, he stabbed Gualto in the heart and then wounded his nephew, Christolo Bayson.

"I was sitting in my room with my uncle when Marcelino came in," Bayson said. "They had been quarreling this morning about what I don't know...Marcelino said nothing. But he had that funny look. All of a sudden he pulled out his knife and stabbed my uncle."

Marcelino fled the hotel, running haywire down the crowded skid row streets. He stabbed grocer W. J. Morris on the sidewalk, and also an astonished bystander, who failed to get out of the way in time. He assaulted four more men, throwing the street into confusion as people scurried for cover.

The Seattle police arrived on the scene just as Marcelino was about to kill a Japanese man identified as L. Kitamura. Officer Gordon Jensen, driving home from a football game, helped subdue Marcelino.

"He fought like a mad wolf," Jensen recounted. "He had more than human strength." The seven-inch razor Marcelino used had been manufactured in the Philippines and was known to the local residents as a bolo. Sixth Avenue and Jackson Street resembled a combat zone as ambulances rushed fifteen people to nearby hospitals. The six murder victims were taken to the county morgue.

Julian Marcelino was led under heavy guard to the King County Jail. He was declared sane and tried for first-degree

murder. Sentenced to life imprisonment, he entered Washington State Penitentiary on April 22, 1933. Three years later, on March 11, 1936, he was transferred to the Eastern State Hospital after examining psychiatrists declared him insane. Sixteen days later he was granted a conditional parole and deported to the Philippines.

It was later reported that Marcelino found work in Manila, and later joined the Philippine Scouts, an army unit that fought against invading Japanese during World War II. Marcelino survived the Bataan Death March in April 1942, escaping to the hills and, as a guerrilla, constantly attacked occupying Japanese forces. He was credited with killing scores of his nation's enemies. Following the war and the establishment of Philippine independence, Marcelino vanished.

THE KANSAS CITY MASSACRE/ June 17, 1933

Police photos of bank robber Frank "Jelly" Nash, who was in federal custody, when the Kansas City machine gunners attempted to free him at Union Station on June 17, 1933.

American gangsters had been slaughtering each other for more than a century in an effort to dominate the lucrative rackets of big cities, the most infamous of these bloodlettings being the 1929 St. Valentine's Day Massacre in Chicago, perpetrated by members of the Capone gang (see chapter on Gangs, Gangsters and Organized Crime). Found in the folklore of the Mafia is another broad-based underworld bloodletting, euphemistically called "the night of the Sicilian Vespers," when, on September 10, 1931, more than forty old-time Mafia leaders were summarily executed in several U.S. cities, including boss of bosses, Salvatore Maranzano, who had waged a prolonged underworld war in New York with Joe "The Boss" Masseria.

Killed in these mass murders were Maranzano stalwarts—called "Mustache Petes" by the young gangsters who sought to replace their authority—Samuel Monaco, Louis Russo and James Marino. The perpetrators of this slaughter included Charles "Lucky" Luciano, Albert Anastasia, Meyer Lansky, Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel, Thomas Lucchese, Joe Adonis and other young turks, who quickly established the new U.S. crime syndicate over the bones of these old-time Mafia chiefs.

The Kansas City Massacre four years later is not to be confused with such organized crime slayings. The bloody slaughter occurring in Kansas City was at the hands of independent gunmen belonging to a loose federation of bank robbing gangs that plagued the Midwest in the early 1930s. This massacre was not inflicted by gangsters upon a rival gang, but on a bevy of lawmen attempting to take to prison one of the most notorious independent bank robbers of that era, Frank Nash, an exploit that mirrored the actions of Old West outlaws like Jesse James and the Dalton Brothers.

The plan to free Frank Nash from federal custody was impetuously hatched in Hot Springs, Arkansas, which was one of the "safe" cities for independent outlaws in the U.S. during the early 1930s. There high-rolling and much-wanted independent bank robbers, kidnappers, and members of organized crime moved about unmolested by local authorities. This pleasant southern city was one of many U.S. cities, including St. Paul, Minnesota, and Kansas City, Missouri, which catered to the needs and desires of American public enemies.

The politicians and police departments of these cities, for the most part, were heavily bribed by these outlaws. One of these, the notorious Frank "Jelly" Nash, had been robbing banks and trains since the days of Al Spencer. Spencer dated

Frank Nash's wife Frances, who asked underworld contacts to free her husband from custody, a decision that proved fatal to her errant spouse.

Gambler Dick Galatas, shown in custody with a female associate, got the "high sign" from Nash, when the bank robber was arrested by FBI men in Hot Springs, Arkansas; Galatas alerted underworld contacts to put in motion a bold plan to free Nash from his captors.

Kansas City's Boss Tom Pendergast (left), with his hand-picked city manager, Henry F. McElroy; through these two men, Galatas made contact with Kansas City underworld boss Johnny Lazia, who, in turn, hired the gunmen to attack lawmen in an effort to free Frank Nash.

back to the turn of the century and had ridden on horseback with western outlaw Henry Starr. After Spencer was killed, his gang was captured, including Nash, Grover Durrell, Earl Thayer, and George Curtis. All four were tried and, on March 1, 1924, were given twenty-five-year sentences for train robbery and sent to the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas.

Nash had escaped from Leavenworth in 1930 and, for more than three years, had robbed banks throughout the Midwest with Harvey Bailey, George "Machine Gun" Kelly, the Holden-Keating gang, and the Barker brothers. His underworld contacts were deep and wide and he had taken refuge in Hot Springs, Arkansas, when FBI agents began tracking him.

Ralph Colvin, FBI agent-in-charge of the office in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, received a phone call from Hot Springs on June 15, 1933. An informant told Colvin that Nash was hanging about the White Front, a gambling den in Hot Springs run by Dick Galatas. Agents Joseph Lackey and Frank Smith were immediately sent to Hot Springs to arrest Nash. First, these two agents went to McAlester, Oklahoma, to see Police Chief Otto Reed, who had known Nash for decades and could recognize him on sight. They convinced Reed to accompany them to Hot Springs so he could identify the fugitive.

The FBI agents had another reason for having Chief Reed with them. By current law, all local arrests had to be made by local police before the FBI could assume jurisdiction. The police in Hot Springs, Lackey and Smith knew, were wholly corrupt. They could not trust Hot Springs chief of police Joseph Wakelin or chief of detectives Dutch Akers, whom they rightly believed were receiving bribes from Nash and others to protect, not arrest them.

On June 16, 1933, Lackey, Smith, and Reed drove to Central Avenue and parked across the street from the White Front Poolroom. At 11 a.m., a car came to a stop in front of the place and a man got out whom Reed believed to be Nash. "I'm not so sure," Smith said, squinting at the man, who sauntered into the White Front. "That guy has a mustache, is wearing glasses and has a full head of hair. Nash is bald."

Reed, however was positive. He and the agents went into the White Front. There was a bar area and a door to the back room, where the gambling hall was located. A bartender eyed the trio as they entered. One of the agents noticed a shotgun in a rack behind the bar. Although Prohibition was still enforced, customers could buy 3.2 beer in this bar. The three lawmen moved toward the back room door just as Frank Nash stepped through it holding a bottle of beer in his hands.

The two FBI agents grabbed Nash's arms as Chief Reed jammed a revolver in his back. "Come along, Nash," Agent Lackey said. Neither of the agents were armed. FBI men were not yet authorized to carry firearms and invariably relied on local lawmen to provide the necessary firepower when making arrests. The lawmen hustled Nash outside and into their car. Without returning to their hotel rooms to retrieve their luggage or contacting the Hot Springs police, they immediately headed out of the state, driving at high speeds.

Gambler Dick Galatas arrived at the White Front only

minutes after Nash was taken and called Dutch Akers, chief of detectives in Hot Springs, to ask what he knew. Akers told Galatas that he did not even know FBI agents had been in town, but he put out an alert for the car in which the agents and Nash had been seen, a Buick sedan with California license plates.

At that time, Nash and his captors were heading for Little Rock, Arkansas. Outside that town, a local sheriff, alerted by Akers, set up a roadblock. The Buick came in sight and the sheriff's posse leveled shotguns and rifles at the agents and Nash and ordered them to produce identification. They complied, but the sheriff gave them a hard time before letting them go. It appeared that the sheriff and his men were purposely delaying the FBI agents and Chief Reed from getting to their destination, Kansas City, Missouri.

Meanwhile, Dick Galatas was informed that the lawmen were taking Nash to Joplin, Missouri. He hired a plane and flew there with Nash's common-law wife, Frances Nichols Luce. In Joplin, Galatas contacted Herbert "Deafy" Farmer, who had served time with Nash in the Oklahoma State Prison in the early 1920s. Farmer was part of the underworld network used by the independent bank robbers of the day. He, in turn, tried to find the route the agents were taking back to Kansas City. Farmer knew that once Nash reached Kansas City, the gangster would be hustled back to Leavenworth. A hasty plan was put in motion to free Nash from the agents, regardless of cost. Nash had substantial sums from recent bank robberies and also had high-level contacts in Kansas City. He would gladly pay any price for his freedom, it was concluded. If he went behind bars again, Nash had repeatedly said to his associates, and at his present age of forty-five, he feared he would never come out.

On the afternoon of June 16, 1933, the FBI agents and Chief Reed, with Nash in tow, reached Fort Smith, Arkansas. It was 285 miles to Kansas City and after numerous stops by many local sheriffs and constables, at which times their papers were checked and rechecked by suspicious and uncooperative Arkansas police, the lawmen came to believe that they might never get out of the state alive. At least, that is what Frank Nash told them.

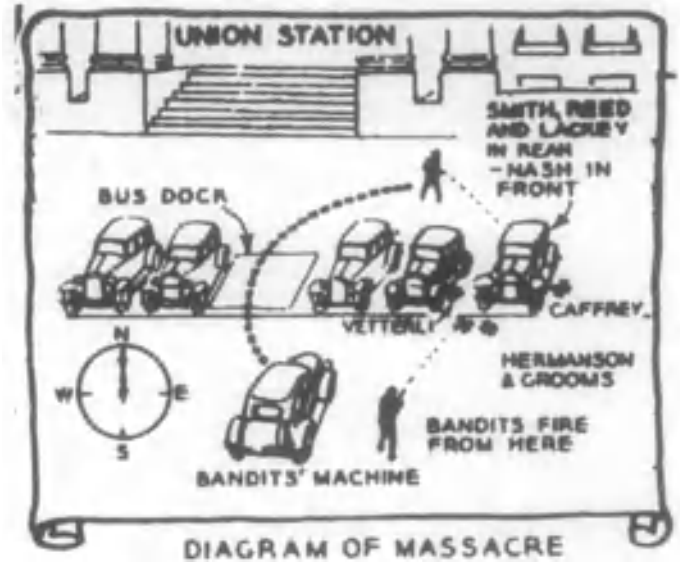
Nash also added cryptically that he himself might not survive the trip, a remark that later caused some to conclude that his underworld friends were really hunting *him* for some arcane reason. He had been wearing a red wig when arrested apparently to disguise himself from police as well as others. When the lawmen inside of the car removed Nash's red wig, he carped: "Hey, take it easy with that hairpiece. It cost me a couple of hundred bucks." The agents laughed and gave it back to him and Nash repositioned it on his head.

When the agents reached Fort Smith, Lackey called Ralph Colvin and told him they were having trouble getting Nash out of Arkansas. Colvin instructed Lackey to take Nash on to Kansas City by train, where he would arrange to have FBI agents there meet the train and escort Nash to Leavenworth. Colvin then called Reed E. Vetterli, the FBI agent in charge of Kansas City, and told him that Lackey, Smith, and Reed would be arriving at Union Station in Kansas City on the Union Pacific train at 7:15 a.m. Colvin instructed Vetterli to meet the agents when they arrived. Vetterli, in turn, called the Kansas City Police Department and informed them of Nash's arrival, requesting local officers to join him and others when they met the Nash party.

Former sheriff Vernon C. Miller, who led the attack on the lawmen at Kansas City's Union Station; he was later murdered by underworld killers.

When Agent Vetterli made that call to the Kansas City Police Department, he inadvertently informed the underworld exactly when and where gangster Frank Nash would be on Saturday morning, June 17, 1933. The KCPD was then in the grip of the corrupt Pendergast machine, a political organization that had controlled Missouri for decades. Boss Tom Pendergast ran the state, especially Kansas City, and his imperial edicts were carried out by the local politicians under the direction of Pendergast's minion, city manager Henry McElroy. Moreover, Pendergast's underworld lieutenant, Johnny Lazia, ran all the rackets in Kansas City, splitting the enormous profits from gambling, prostitution, and bootlegging with Pendergast, *after* enormous monthly payments had been made to Kansas City politicians and to the city's crooked police force.

Lazia, on the evening of June 16, 1933, received a call from his contact in the KCPD, telling him that Nash would arrive on the 7:15 train the next morning. He, in turn, called



A contemporary sketch shows how the gunmen attacked the lawmen at Union Station.

The carnage following the machinegun attack at Union Station; detectives Grooms and Hermanson lie dead between the cars.

Vern Miller, a local independent bank robber and strong-arm man. Miller had already been contacted by Dick Galatas and Herb Farmer and was looking for Nash and his FBI escort. (Miller was not and never had been connected to the Capone gang, as later alleged in books and in an outlandishly fabricated film about him.)

Miller and Lazia met in a restaurant that night and Lazia assigned two of his best killers, brothers Homer and Maurice Denning, to help Miller free Nash. He also assured Miller that he would have no trouble from the local police. Only two detectives, W.J. "Red" Grooms and Frank Hermanson from the burglary squad, would be sent to meet the Nash party when they got off the train. They would not give Miller and the Denning brothers any problems, Lazia assured Miller. There would be no other police officers or detectives present at the station, Lazia said. The only difficulty might come from the FBI agents, but Lazia pointed out with a wicked smile that these men could offer no real resistance since none of them, by law, were armed.

Bright and early the following morning, Kansas City detectives Hermanson and Grooms appeared at Union Station, driving an armored car in which Nash was to be taken to Leavenworth. Both detectives noticed that all the automatic weapons in the armor-plated car had been removed, leaving the detectives with only their two police revolvers. They got out of the car and met the unarmed FBI agents, Vetterli and Raymond Caffrey. Earlier, Vetterli had mentioned to Caffrey that he had not seen one uniformed policeman in or around the station. When Vetterli checked with the station master, he learned that the Union Pacific train would be on time. The officers had about twenty minutes to wait.

At that moment, a car drove into the station parking lot and came to a stop facing a row of cars and beyond them, the station. At the wheel of the car was Mary McElroy, the impetuous daughter of City Manager Henry McElroy. She had a penchant for gangsters and took her thrills from the exploits of underworld characters such as the slick Johnny Lazia, who worked indirectly for her father and Boss Pendergast.

McElroy had asked bank robber James Henry "Blackie" Audett (who later became an associate of the notorious John Dillinger) to accompany her to the station that morning, telling him that "all hell is going to break loose." Somehow, she had heard that Frank Nash was going to be freed by gunmen planning to attack federal agents accompanying Nash on the 7:15 a.m. train. The two sat in the car like spectators awaiting a circus parade.

Union Station was crowded that Saturday morning. Cars filled the lot, depositing people who were either departing on the Union Pacific train or meeting persons arriving on it. A Chevrolet sedan pulled into a parking spot a short distance from where McElroy sat with Audett. It parked so that it faced a two-door sedan parked there earlier by agents Raymond Caffrey and Reed Vetterli.

Three men sat in the Chevrolet, the heavily armed gunmen Vern Miller and Homer and Maurice Denning. They did not get out of the car. How these men identified Caffrey's car and knew where it would be parked that morning remains a mystery. It was later speculated that police officials had identified the car for the gangsters so they would know exactly where to wait for Nash and his escorts.

Vetterli, Caffrey, Grooms, and Hermanson were waiting at Track Twelve for the train to pull in when Vern Miller got out of the Chevrolet and went into the station, peering about. He walked to the Travelers Aid counter and started to say something to Mrs. Lottie West, then stopped and nervously walked into the crowds. On the train, a conductor knocked on a Pullman drawing room door and told Agent Lackey that the train was about to reach Kansas City.

Knowing the agents' purpose for being on the train, the conductor told Lackey that he would let the lawmen and their prisoner off first. Lackey, Smith, and Chief Reed, with Nash between them, walked down the train aisle, and as the train came to a halt, stepped down onto the station platform. Vetterli, Caffrey, and the two Kansas City detectives met them, and the party of eight began walking through the station toward the parking lot. Frank Nash was surrounded by the seven lawmen, his hands manacled in front of him.

In the plaza parking lot, the group walked to Ray Caffrey's two-door sedan. Lackey, Reed, and Smith got into the back seat of the car. Nash was placed in the front seat, told to sit in the middle. Before the rest of the officers could climb into the car, Miller and the Denning brothers alighted from the Chevrolet facing Caffrey's car. They all held Thompson submachine guns and Miller shouted to the lawmen: "Up! Up! Get 'em up!"

The four lawmen outside the car, Vetterli, Caffrey, Hermanson, and Grooms, stood motionless for some seconds, their eyes riveted on the three gunmen slowly approaching them, guns aimed directly at them. Then Red Grooms' hand instinctively reached into his coat pocket and he withdrew his police revolver. He fired two shots, and although one appeared to hit a heavyset gunman in the arm, the gunman showed no signs of being wounded.

"No! No!" Frank Nash shouted from inside the car.

Vern Miller made a split-second decision. "Let 'em have it!" he shouted to the other two gunmen. "Let the bastards have it!"

Three submachine guns sent a torrent of bullets into Caffrey's car and sprayed the group of officers inside and outside the car. As Homer Denning stood in front of the Chevrolet, Miller and Maurice Denning ran around behind the Caffrey car, continuing to fire at it so that it was caught in a cross fire. People in the parking lot screamed and ran in all directions as the one-sided battle continued. Police Chief Reed was struck several times in the chest, slumping dead against the rear seat of the car. Smith and Lackey were both struck several times by bullets. Lackey managed to get Reed's weapon and tried to fire at the machine gunners from the smashed window of the car, but bullets tore the gun out of his hand.

Outside the car, all the lawmen were down. Vetterli was hit in the arm, Caffrey was shot in the head and was dying. Detectives Hermanson and Grooms received the full force of the opening barrage of submachine gun bullets, which had knocked them over on their backs, one on top of the other. Both were dead. Frank Nash, when the firing began, crouched on the front seat. He now sat up, waving his manacled hands above his head, shouting at the machine gunners: "Don't shoot me! My God! Don't shoot me!" But he was ignored and a stream of bullets crashed through the window of the car, blowing a hole in it and killing Nash instantly.

Frank Nash, dead behind the wheel of one of the cars parked at Union Station, killed by the very men who were assigned to free him from the clutches of the law.

Suddenly, a patrolman, Mike Fanning, arrived in the lot to investigate the awful racket. Mrs. West, who had run from her counter at the sound of the firing, spotted the patrolman's familiar face and she shouted to him: "They're killing everybody!" She pointed to Maurice Denning, who was spraying the ground around the fallen bodies of the lawmen, and she screamed: "Shoot the fat man, Mike! Shoot the fat man!"

Fanning pulled his revolver and fired several shots at Denning. After dropping to the ground, Denning jumped up, fired another burst of bullets into Caffrey's car, and then raced to a waiting Oldsmobile and escaped. Miller and Homer Denning got into the Chevrolet and it roared away and disappeared. Fanning ran to Caffrey's car. "It was a shambles," he later reported. "In the front seat a man was dead under the steering wheel [Nash]. On the left rear seat was another dead man [Chief Reed]. On the right was an unconscious man, but he was groaning [Smith]. A third man lay face down on the floor [Lackey]. I could see that he was alive."

Holding his wounded arm, Special Agent Reed Vetterli managed to get to his feet. He slipped on the pavement, which

FBI agent Raymond Caffrey, killed.

Detective W. J. Grooms, killed.

Police Chief Otto Reed, killed.

was running with blood. Five men were dead, FBI agent Raymond Caffrey, police chief Otto Reed, detectives Red Grooms and Frank Hermanson, and Frank Nash, the very man the attackers had intended to free during their bloody machine gun raid. Nash was not wearing the red-haired wig when found behind the wheel of the car. One witness said he saw Nash take the wig off and wave it in front of the machine gunners so that he could be properly identified. Now the officers came to believe the killers intended to murder Nash; that the raid was not intended to free Nash, but to ensure his silence about the Lazia operations in Kansas City and his underworld contacts in the Midwest.

Nash had been suspected of being an informant because he had "magically" escaped from the Old Mission Golf Course a year earlier, when FBI agents had captured bank robbers Harvey Bailey, Thomas Holden, and Francis Keating. One minute Nash had been teeing off with this trio and the next, when agents closed in to arrest the three gangsters, Nash was gone. Had he set up Bailey, Holden, and Keating for the arrest so that he would be allowed to flee? Was the Kansas City Massacre really designed to silence a dangerous informer? These questions were never really answered.

The identities of the killers were not known for some time. Miller was the only machine gunner, who was quickly identified. Mrs. West and others, with questionable coaching from FBI agents, tentatively identified bank robber Charles Arthur "Pretty Boy" Floyd and his sidekick, Adam Richetti, as the other two machine gunners, but these two outlaws were elsewhere at the time of the Kansas City Massacre.

Even though Floyd insisted, in his dying statement when being apprehended by FBI agent Melvin Purvis in 1934, that he was "not in on" the Massacre, he is to this day considered one of the killers by the Bureau. Adam Richetti, who was later executed for this crime, insisted that he was innocent to the moment of his death.

James Henry "Blackie" Audett, who watched the awful carnage that day, and clearly saw the killers, insisted decades later in interviews with the author that the true killers were Miller and the Denning brothers. He also implicated William Weissman, brother of notorious Kansas City killer and Lazia henchman, Solly Weissman. "Floyd was nowhere near that station that day," Audett told the author. "The FBI had to solve the case fast because one of their own men got killed so they pinned it on two guys, who were already wanted and widely known. They ran down Floyd and killed him over it and then they burned poor little Adam Richetti for the same crime and he wasn't there either. I know. I sat in that parking lot with Mary McElroy and saw the whole thing from less than fifty yards away."

Following the shooting, the wounded agents Caffrey and Lackey were taken to the Research Hospital. Caffrey, who was pronounced dead on arrival, left behind a young wife and a 6-year-old son, Jimmy Caffrey. Lackey recovered slowly from a near-fatal wound. A bullet lodged in his spine kept him confined for some time. When Agent Smith regained consciousness in a hospital bed and was told that his close friend, Chief Otto Reed, had died, tears came into his eyes. "I asked him to come with us," Smith said.

"You can't blame yourself, Frank," he was told by FBI agent Monte Spear, who had been called from the FBI office following the massacre to look after the wounded agents. Agent Smith was inconsolable regarding Chief Reed's death. "I took him to his death," he said. "I took him from his family."

Some hours later Vern Miller called Herb Farmer in Joplin, Missouri. He asked to talk to Frances Nash, but she would not come to the phone. She had already heard how the machine gunners had botched the escape attempt of her husband and blamed Miller for killing Nash. About the same time, J. Edgar Hoover, after hearing the news that his unarmed agents had been slaughtered in Kansas City, called Mrs. Regina Caffrey

to offer her his condolences over the loss of her husband. "I promise you that these fiends, whoever they are, will be caught and punished," Hoover told Mrs. Caffrey. "The Bureau will never cease its relentless search until they are caught." Hoover then ordered agents from Texas and Oklahoma to go to Kansas City to help in the investigation. He told his field agents that catching those responsible for the Massacre was their top priority.

Eugene C. Reppert, police director of Kansas City, announced that the men responsible for the Kansas City Massacre would never get out of his city. "A net of guns and steel has been placed around the city. We expect to have them in our custody at any hour now. They simply cannot get out of Kansas City."

The Denning brothers had no intention of leaving Kansas City. They returned to their apartments and went to sleep. Vern Miller, however, believed he might be identified at any moment. He made plans to leave town, ordering the furniture in his bungalow stored with a friend and telling his mistress, Vivian Mathias, only an hour after the shooting when he arrived home in a sweat: "Things went wrong this morning. We're getting out of here." That night, Miller met with Johnny Lazia and his top henchman, James LaCapra later suspected of murdering Lazia in a grab for the crime boss' empire.

Ironically, Lazia and LaCapra were having dinner at the Fred Harvey restaurant in Union Station. This is where Miller met them, eating a sandwich and drinking coffee only a few hundred feet from the spot where, in the morning of the same day, he had stood with a blazing machine gun in his hands, shooting down officers of the law. Miller was told by Lazia to get out of town. Lazia said he would make sure that the Denning brothers also went into hiding somewhere. (Both Maurice and Homer Denning remained undetected for this crime for decades to come, continuing to work with the successive crime bosses of Kansas City and dying comfortably of natural causes, Maurice in the early 1950s, Homer Denning in the late 1970s.)

That night, after conferring with police director Reppert and Chief of Detectives Thomas J. Higgins, City Manager Henry McElroy held an amazing press conference in which he stated: "It has been definitely established that no Kansas City gangster had anything to do with the shooting at the Union Station this morning." It was as if McElroy was saying that the gangsters in Kansas City would never stoop to such bloody slaughter and even the astounding admission of the existence of these powerful criminals went unchallenged. The newspapers throughout the country headlined the grim story.

The event's only rival was the 1929 St. Valentine's Day Massacre in Chicago in which a death squad, at Al Capone's order, shot down seven rival gunmen inside a garage. The Kansas City Massacre seemed worse because the killings were committed on a beautiful Saturday morning in June, in the open, with hundreds of innocent people about. It was the most flagrant act of criminal violence on record and it shocked the nation.

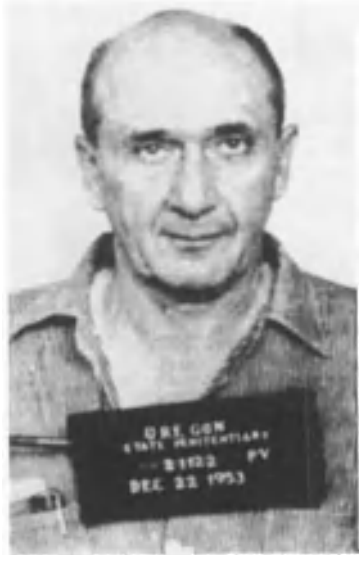
In Washington, FBI director Hoover used the mass murders to convince Congress to give his agents the right to bear arms and make their own federal arrests without the interference of local police departments which might have ties to the underworld. The Kansas City Massacre was finally responsible for accomplishing those purposes for Hoover and the FBI.

Meanwhile, Vern Miller and Vivian Mathias went to Chicago and took an apartment and waited. James "Fur" Sammons, Capone mobster and fur thief, wanted for fur robberies in Philadelphia and Baltimore, was picked up and charged with being part of the Kansas City Massacre. He emphatically proclaimed his innocence. Sammons was later convicted of a different crime and sent to prison. When Frances Nash was picked up, she implicated Galatas and Farmer, who were tracked down and arrested and charged with complicity. Both would later be given long prison terms. These men knew only that Vern Miller had been involved in the mass slayings.

Bank robber Charles Arthur "Pretty Boy" Floyd, who was named by the FBI as one of the machinegun killers at the Union Station, but he was reportedly not in Kansas City at that time.

Adam Richetti, Floyd's bank robbing sidekick, shown in custody; he was later convicted as one of the Kansas City killers and executed, although he insisted to the last that he was innocent of that crime.

Miller himself was finally named as a wanted federal fugitive. He fled to New York, where he sought work from crime syndicate boss Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, but he was turned down for being too reckless. In New Jersey, Miller was taken in briefly by that state's mob boss, Abner "Longy" Zwillman. He began drinking heavily, however, and killed one of Zwillman's gunmen in an argument. He fled back to the Midwest, first going to St. Paul, Minnesota, another "safe" underworld city. But mob bosses Harry Sawyer and Jack Peifer ordered Miller to leave town. "There's federal heat everywhere because of what you pulled in K.C.," Sawyer told him.



James Henry "Blackie" Audett, who was paroled to the author in June 1979, and who stated that he witnessed the mass murders at Union Station; Audett told the author that Vern Miller and the Denning brothers were the killers, not Floyd and Richetti.

After deserting Vivian Mathias, Miller went to Detroit and vanished. Vivian Mathias was tracked down some days later in Brainerd, Minnesota. She was charged with harboring a fugitive, and was convicted. Vivian Mathias was given a year and a day in prison and was sent to the federal detention farm in Milan, Michigan. She was, however, steadfastly loyal to Miller, refusing to tell FBI agents where he had gone to ground. He was, at the time, hiding in Detroit, protected by members of the old Purple Gang.

Miller had been a member of the Purples years earlier before moving to Kansas City. He was given a cheap room in a sleazy hotel and ordered not to go into the streets. Sometime during the night of November 28, 1933, Miller received a visit from two East Coast gangsters, members of Zwillman's New Jersey mob. They exacted a terrible revenge for Miller's killing of their fellow gang member.

The next morning, Vern Miller's naked body was found wrapped in a moth-eaten blanket in a ditch beneath a railroad embankment outside Detroit. The body of the once slick, bold gunman had been riddled with bullets. It also bore dozens of holes from an ice pick, along with scores of cigarette burns. Parts of Miller's body had also been mutilated. He had obviously been tortured for some time before his murderers tired of the gruesome game and shot him to death.

NIGHT OF THE LONG KNIVES/ June 30, 1934

Where the mass murders in 1933 Kansas City was a botched attempt to free a fellow outlaw by independent gunmen, the wholesale slaughter of Brownshirts in Germany the following year was strictly a ruthless political move on the part of a mesmerizing madman, Adolf Hitler. But like the Kansas City killings, where the murderers slew one of their own, Hitler ordered the killing of one of his closest associates, Ernst Roehm (Rohm, 1887-1934), head of the SA, along with that powerful organization's top leaders.

These mass murders were designed to appease an apprehensive German army, as well as eliminate a potential political rival that had the ability to unseat Hitler. The decision to order the slaughter was not a rash one, but long calculated by Hitler in estimating the result of murdering Roehm, who had become the most dangerous man in the Third Reich.

Roehm came from the lower class in Germany, joining the army at an early age. He rose through the ranks, and emerged a captain following World War I. He was tough, pig-eyed, and battle-scarred, part of his nose having been shot off during fighting on the Western Front. An ardent nationalist, Roehm was one of the first to join the National Socialist party, even before Adolf Hitler, who became its leader.

Roehm enthusiastically supported Hitler from the inception of the Nazi party and backed Hitler with the army of strong-arm thugs, the Brownshirts or the SA. When Hitler decided to take over the German government in Bavaria in 1923 in the abortive Munich Beer Hall Putsch, it was Roehm who provided his storm troopers to make the march against government offices. Roehm seized many key buildings during this putsch, but the effort failed and Roehm was tried, convicted, and sent to Stadelheim Prison to serve a short term. Hitler was also sent to prison, where he wrote his memoirs, *Mein Kampf.*

During the 1920s, Roehm remained a member of the regular German army, a captain, but he commanded an army of Brownshirts that was five times the size of the army, giving the German High Command anxious moments. The generals feared that with his great numbers of SA men, Roehm could seize the government. When Hitler was finally named chancellor, the generals went to the Nazi leader and told him that he could count on their support, but only if Roehm and his top leaders in the SA were eliminated, and if the storm troopers were disbanded and drafted into the regular army.

Hitler agreed, and made plans to exterminate the SA. The Brownshirts by 1934, had become an unruly horde of thugs, thieves, and killers. Its upper echelon leaders, like Roehm, were, for the most part, flagrantly homosexual, and they indulged in all manner of perversities and sexual orgies. Hitler, with the help of Paul Joseph Goebbels, Hermann Goering, and especially, Heinrich Himmler, head of the Gestapo and SS, moved to crush the SA on June 30, 1934.

At that time, most of the leaders of the SA, including Roehm, were on a retreat, relaxing at Wiesee at the Hanslbauer Hotel on the shores of Lake Tegernsee, outside Munich. Arriving at this hotel before dawn with a group of heavily armed SS men, Hitler marched through the rooms occupied by the SA.

In one room Hitler found Brownshirt leader Edmund Heines, head of the SA in Silesia. Heines was a notorious homosexual and convicted killer, and sleeping next to him was a young SA officer. Hitler exploded, screaming to his SS men to "drag this filth out of here and execute them!" Heines, who had a broad, burly figure and the face of a teenager, blinked in amazement

Adolf Hitler (left) conspired with the German High Command to get rid of his old ally, Ernst Roehm (shown at right at an SA/Stormtroopers rally) in 1934.

as he and his friend were dragged naked outside behind the hotel and summarily shot. Many more SA men, who had all bedded down with other SA men, were also pulled from their beds and taken to prison. Hitler then barged into Roehm's bedroom, slamming the door. He could be heard by those in the hall as he screamed at Roehm, calling his most staunch supporter "a traitor" to the Nazi cause. Roehm, of course, was stunned and baffled; he had no idea what Adolf Hitler was talking about.

SS men then carted off Roehm to Stadelheim Prison, where he had been imprisoned ten years earlier after following the lunatic Hitler in the Munich Putsch. He was placed in a cell and then one of Himmler's SS men placed a pistol on a table in the cell, telling Roehm that Hitler was allowing his old comrade to shoot himself rather than having him placed before a firing squad. Roehm demanded to know why he and the other SA men had been arrested and shot. He was told "because you are a traitor." No specific charges were made. Roehm refused to use the pistol, shouting at the guards: "If I am to be killed, let Adolf do it himself!"

In this Nazi propaganda poster, SA stormtroopers are shown as heroic figures ready to defend the Fatherland; in truth, most were perverts and street thugs with criminal pasts.

Heinrich Himmler, left, head of the SS, stands next to Ernst Roehm, center, while reviewing Roehm's stormtroopers; Himmler had by then received orders from Hitler to "eliminate" Roehm and the SA.

A scene from Visconti's film, *The Damned*, which depicts Roehm's homosexual stormtroopers at a cross-dressing orgy in Wiesee on the night of June 30, 1934, and where Hitler and Himmler found them, executing the leaders out of hand.

The SS men then pulled out their weapons and aimed them at Roehm. He stood defiant, bare-chested, his face scowling contemptuously at his executioners. The SS men fired point blank at him, emptying their pistols. Roehm fell dead. More than 200 SA leaders were also executed that morning, and the SA was disbanded. The odd thing about the mass murders during the SA purge of 1934 was that none of the victims realized what was happening. Most believed that the government had been seized by left-wing radicals.

Many, like Karl Ernst, the SA chief of Berlin, thought it was all a joke until the last moment when they were placed against a wall. They came to attention, giving the Nazi salute and shouting "Heil Hitler," dying as they uttered the name of the man who had ordered their murders. Ernst, like so many of the SA leaders, was a thug, who was raised from the criminal dregs of Berlin.

Ernst had been a bellhop in a seedy Berlin hotel, where he made his money by pimping whores to guests. He later became a bouncer in a notorious homosexual café in Berlin, where he was spotted by Roehm and recruited into the SA. Ernst rose high in the organization by ingratiating himself to Roehm by offering to beat up any of Roehm's political opponents, and this he did often, many such beatings resulting in death. Roehm rewarded Ernst by appointing him chief of the SA in Berlin.

On the night of June 30, 1934—known later as "the night of the long knives"—Ernst was being driven to Bremen with his new bride, planning to board ship for an extended honeymoon in the Canary Islands. His car was stopped by SS gunmen, and his armed chauffeur and bodyguard, thinking the SS men were members of a right-wing takeover of the government, drew their guns and were immediately shot to death.

Ernst was dragged from his car and handcuffed, then taken to a cadet school at Lichterfeld, a suburb of Berlin, where he

and 150 other SA men were placed in a coal cellar. The men were then dragged out in groups, lined up against a wall and shot to death without trial. Ernst was also dragged to the wall and believed up to the moment of his death that his beloved leader—the man who had approved of his murder—Adolf Hitler, had himself been slain in a political coup. Ernst raised his handcuffed hands and shouted: "Heil Hitler!" Moments later bullets tore into his body, killing him.

Karl Ernst, head of the SA in Berlin, who was dragged from the side of his new wife, lined up against a wall, and shot to death; he died saluting Hitler.

Also typical of these victims was SA leader and Munich chief of police August Schneidhuber. His Nazi insignias and rank of colonel were personally ripped off by Hitler, who called him a traitor and who was later placed against a wall in the courtyard of Stadelheim Prison. Just before the firing squad sent its lethal volley into him, Schneidhuber said: "Gentlemen, I don't know what this is all about, but shoot straight."

Within twenty-four hours, Adolf Hitler had slaughtered hundreds (the body count was never accurately given, but there may have been several thousand victims) of men who had made his rise to power possible and rid himself of an army of thugs to appease the German High Command, which he desperately needed to fulfill his ambition of world conquest. The deaths of Roehm and the others meant nothing to him. He later commented that "they were all filth, diseased creatures, who had disgraced our uniform."

One-time Nazi ally Gregor Strasser, who was also murdered on June 30, 1934, during a massive blood purge that took thousands of lives.

Not only SA leaders were executed on June 30, 1934. Hitler, Goering, Goebbels and Himmler drew up lists of everyone and anyone they disliked, including fellow Nazi Party members, like Gregor Strasser, and slated them for murder. Politicians, army officers, civilian officials by the scores, were marked for death and they were summarily executed by Himmler's SS assassins, who, in their authorized bloodlust, also slew their family members—wives, children, servants.

Hitler publicly excused the mass murders of the SA by releasing information he had obtained (a false report created by SS leader Josef "Sepp" Dietrich) that showed how Roehm had made up an assassination list that included all of the officers of the Army's High Command and that Roehm intended to liquidate these commanders and seize control of the government. In Hitler's political gobbledygook—routinely accepted by the German public in that dictatorial era—the Nazi leader claimed to have saved the country from radical usurpers, who were, in reality, his own hand-picked terrorists.

"IT LOOKS LIKE A PRETTY GOOD SCORE"/September 6, 1949

One of the worst mass murderers in American history, Howard Unruh, was born (January 21, 1921) and raised in Camden, New Jersey. He had a normal, uneventful childhood and was a good student, graduating from high school during the early stages of World War II. Unruh was drafted into the army and served with an armored division. In basic training, he became a sharpshooter and his fellow GIs noticed that he had a fascination for weapons. He would spend hours each night sitting on his bunk taking apart his rifle and putting it back together again. Unruh never took advantage of weekend passes and was never seen in the company of women. He preferred to remain within the confines of his barracks and occupy himself reading his Bible or cleaning his rifle.

Religion had been deeply rooted in Unruh since childhood. He had attended church regularly, gone to Bible class and read the Bible each day at home. Unruh continued to carry his Bible with him through battle after battle as his armored unit fought its way up the boot of Italy in 1943. By this time, he had become a machine gunner in a tank turret. In the following year, Unruh's unit, part of General George Patton's Third Army, helped to liberate Bastogne in the bloody Battle of the Bulge.

Throughout these war years, Unruh kept a diary in which he daily wrote his private thoughts. A fellow GI, who later became a New York policeman, sneaked a look at Unruh's diary and was horrified to view its contents. Unruh had recorded the death of every German soldier he had killed, the hour and the place he had killed them and how they appeared in death after he had shot them.

Yet the Army looked at Unruh as a hero and before receiving his honorable discharge at war's end, he was awarded several commendations for his heroic service during battle. There was no hero's welcome for Howard Unruh when he returned to Camden. He was just another soldier, among millions, returning to civilian life.

Unruh announced to his parents that he intended to become a pharmacist and, to that end, he took some refresher

Howard B. Unruh, twenty-eight, at the time he went on his killing spree in his home town of Camden, New Jersey.

high school courses and then enrolled at Temple University in Philadelphia. He continued his Bible classes and here met the only girl he ever dated. The relationship was only a mild flirtation and quickly ended.

This brief affair left Unruh embittered. By 1949, he was considered the neighborhood recluse. He became more withdrawn and seldom spoke to his parents, keeping to his room. The only preoccupation that made him joyful was maintaining his collection of weapons, which he had begun after his military discharge. Unruh set up targets in the basement of his parents' home and practiced his marksmanship each day.

Always sensitive to criticism, Unruh began to take offense at off-handed comments made by neighbors. These became in his mind terrible insults and he suffered what doctors later termed acute paranoia and schizophrenia. He started another diary, or a hate list, wherein he jotted down every imagined and real insult made by neighbors and friends. No grievance was too small to record. This diary was no less exact than the one he had kept in service where he compiled in gruesome detail the German soldiers who had died at his hands.

The next-door neighbors, the Cohens, were particularly annoying to Unruh. Once, while taking a short-cut through the Cohen backyard, Mrs. Cohen had yelled at him: "Hey, you! Do you have to go through our yard?" The Cohens gave their 12-year-old son a bugle, which he practiced daily and Unruh looked upon this as a personal offense against him, as if the neighbors had purposely awarded their son this noisy instrument to annoy him. The list of names and those who offended Unruh grew and grew and after each offense, Unruh wrote the abbreviation "retal," meaning "retaliate."

At first Unruh tried to shut off the world that offended him, rather than attack it. He built a high wooden fence around the tiny Unruh back yard. With his father's help, he built a huge gate that was locked against the intrusions of the world. Unruh's room was another haven, where he took refuge from offensive neighbors. Here the young man kept a 9mm German Luger which he had purchased for $40, several pistols, a large quantity of ammunition, a knife and a machete, both kept razor sharp by their owner.

The shaky world of Howard Unruh collapsed on September 6, 1949. He came home at 3 a.m. that morning to find that someone had stolen the massive gate he and his father had labored so long to erect. Local pranksters had done the deed, but to Unruh, everyone living about him was responsible for this unforgivable insult. Unruh was up all night, staring at the ceiling of his room, seething with hatred. He decided to take revenge.

At 8 a.m. he sat down to a breakfast prepared by his mother. He stared at her strangely and later admitted that she was to be his first victim. He had to kill her to spare her the grief he would bring upon the family through his homicidal plans. Unruh went to the basement, then returned, eyes glaring at her, walking toward her menacingly. His mother ran from the house and to a neighbor's where she blurted her fears about her unstable son.

Going to his room, Unruh loaded his Luger and another pistol, pocketing these weapons, along with a knife. He gathered up several clips of ammunition for both guns and filled his pockets. He walked outside and scrambled over the fence instead of going through the gaping area where the gate had been. At 9:20 a.m., Unruh stood in the doorway of a small shoemaker's shop owned by John Pilarchik.

The cobbler, who had just recently finished paying off the mortgage for his shop, was busy working on children's' shoes. The 27-year-old Pilarchik looked up to see Unruh, someone he had known since boyhood. He stared in disbelief as Unruh pulled out the Luger and fired two bullets into his head. Pilarchik pitched forward dead onto his work bench.

Unruh then stepped next door, into the barbershop owned by 33-year-old Clark Hoover, who had been cutting Unruh's hair for years. Sitting on a small plastic horse in the shop was 6-year-old Orris Smith, whose mother and 11-year-old daughter stood nearby. Without a word, Unruh raised his Luger and

Police grabbed Unruh (in bow tie) after he had murdered thirteen people on September 6, 1949; he told them he was not insane and had "a good mind."

shot the boy dead and then pumped two more bullets into the startled Clark. He ignored the screams of Mrs. Smith and her daughter, who rushed forward to cradle the dead child. Unruh looked at both of them, but strangely did not fire his Luger. With a vacant stare, he wheeled about and headed for the corner drugstore, which was owned by the Cohen family, the people he most hated.

James Hutton, Unruh's insurance agent, stepped from the drugstore. "Hello, Howard," he said affably.

"Excuse me." Unruh said in a monotone. He leveled the Luger at Hutton and fired twice. The insurance agent toppled dead to the sidewalk. Cohen, who saw Unruh shoot Hutton through the window of his shop, raced upstairs to warn other members of his family. Unruh entered the drugstore, inserted another clip into the Luger and then plodded up the stairs after his mortal enemy.

Upstairs, Unruh saw no one about. He suspected that the Cohens were hiding and when he heard a noise in a closet he fired a bullet through the closet door. He opened this to see Mrs. Rose Cohen sagging to the floor. He sent another bullet into her head. Cohen and his son slipped out a window and walked along the second-story ledge of the building, scrambling to a nearby roof.

Police inspectors examine the arsenal Unruh used in his mass murders.

Unruh went into another room of the Cohen apartment and saw Cohen's elderly mother, 63-year-old Minnie Cohen, desperately calling police on a phone. He fired twice, killing her. Then he spotted Maurice Cohen and his son scrambling across a sloping roof and he leaned calmly from a window and fired a bullet that slammed into Cohen's back, causing him to slide off the roof and crash to the pavement below.

Carefully leaning out the window, Unruh fired straight down at Cohen, sending another bullet into his back, although the man was already dead. The Cohen boy had by this time worked his way down to the side of the roof and was clinging to its edge, screaming. Unruh glanced at him, but did not shoot him. He walked back downstairs and went outside. He found Alvin Day, a passerby, kneeling at the body of James Hutton, trying to help a man who was already dead. Day looked up to see the muzzle of Unruh's Luger poking into his face. Unruh fired twice, killing Day, a man he had never met before this moment.

Reloading the Luger, Unruh began to leisurely stroll across the street. A car was idling at the corner, its driver waiting for the light to change. Unruh walked up to the car and stuck the Luger through the window, shooting the female driver dead. She was Helen Wilson. He then fired at and killed the woman's mother, Emma Matlack, who was in the back seat of the car, along with her 9-year-old son, John Wilson.

Unruh then began walking down the street. He spotted a truck driver getting out of the cab of his truck a block away. Taking careful aim, Unruh shot him in the leg. By then panic had gripped the entire area. The maniac in the streets was shooting anyone he encountered. The manager of a supermarket quickly locked the front doors and told his customers to lie down on the floor. So did the manager of a bar which Unruh approached. As bar customers huddled on the floor, Unruh tried the door and found it locked. He fired twice, trying to blow away the lock but it held. He moved on, seemingly unconcerned.

Going into the tailor's shop next door, Unruh found the place empty. Tom Zegrino, the proprietor, was not present but Unruh heard a noise in the back room. He pushed back a drape to see Mrs. Helga Zegrino cringing behind a chair. "Oh, my God, please don't," she pleaded. Unruh said nothing as he sent two bullets into her, killing her instantly.

Stepping outside, Unruh looked about at the now empty street. The only persons present were those whom he had already killed or wounded. Neighbors and passersby had rushed into houses and shops and had locked themselves inside against the random rage of the lunatic. Unruh looked up to see 3-year-old Tommy Hamilton staring down at him. He fired once, killing the boy.

Walking to a nearby house, Unruh entered it by the back door which he found unlocked. Inside the kitchen, he found Mrs. Madeleine Harris and her two sons. The older son, a courageous youth, saw the gun in Unruh's hand and dashed forward, driving his shoulder into the body of the tall killer. Unruh fired twice, wounding the youth and his mother. He then stood over these two fallen victims who squirmed in pain. He leveled the Luger at them but, oddly, decided not to end their lives. He turned on his heel and walked once more outside.

Police sirens wailing from squad cars could be heard in the distance. Unruh increased his pace as he walked back to his home, where he went to his second-story room, barricading the door and reloading his Luger. He waited patiently as police surrounded his house. He looked out his window at them without firing. His identity was by then known and had been reported to Phillip Buxton, editor of the Camden *Courier Post*. Buxton ob-

Unruh is shown bed-ridden (he had been wounded by a stray police bullet before surrendering) in Camden's Cooper Hospital, interviewed by prosecutor Mitchell H. Cohen; the mass murderer had no regrets, saying "I'd have killed a thousand if I'd had bullets enough."

tained Unruh's listed phone number and took a chance, calling the killer.

Unruh picked up the phone and one of the strangest phone conversations in the annals of murder then occurred.

"Hello," Unruh answered in a calm voice.

"Is this Howard?" Buxton inquired.

"Yes, this is Howard," Unruh replied. "What is the last name of the party you want?"

"Unruh."

"Who are you and what do you want?" Unruh asked politely.

Buxton was diplomatic: "I am a friend and I want to know what they are doing to you."

"Well, they haven't done anything to me yet," Unruh said in an even voice, as if he were chatting with an old friend. "But I am doing plenty to them."

"How many have you killed?"

"I don't know yet. I haven't counted them, but it looks like a pretty good score." (Thirteen persons had been shot to death and thirteen more had been wounded by Howard Unruh within twelve minutes.)

"Why are you killing people, Howard," Buxton asked, trying to control his own passions while writing down the murderer's every word.

He was greeted by silence. After some moments, Unruh replied in a low voice: "I don't know. I can't answer that yet. I'm too busy. I'll have to talk to you later." He hung up.

At that moment tear gas canisters fired by police outside smashed through the glass of the bedroom windows and exploded inside, filling the room with eye-searing gas. These were followed by fusillades of bullets that smacked into the walls of Unruh's room, chipping the plaster. After a few minutes, Unruh took down the barricade in front of his door and walked downstairs and outside. He put his hands slowly into the air at a command barked by a police officer. Dozens of guns were trained upon him.

Detectives rushed forward, manhandling him, manacling his large hands. Detective Vince Connelly, sickened at the sight of the bodies in the street nearby, stared at Unruh and said: "What's the matter with you? Are you a psycho?"

Howard Unruh lifted his head indignantly and snapped: "I am no psycho! I have a good mind!"

More than twenty psychiatrists, who later examined Howard Unruh disagreed. They believed him to be hopelessly and criminally insane. The mass killer was never brought to trial, but sent to the New Jersey State Mental Hospital for life. He had no remorse for his brutal, unthinking murders. In one interview with a psychiatrist, Unruh stated: "I'd have killed a thousand if I'd had bullets enough."

Unruh, alive at this writing (age seventy-eight), has repeatedly petitioned to be released from the Trenton Psychiatric Hospital (where he has spent most of his days "cowering near the nurse's station in the locked ward for the criminally insane") to another hospital for the elderly. Such petitions have thus far been denied.

DEATH OVER QUEBEC/September 9, 1949

Three days after Howard Unruh went on his berserk murder spree in Camden, New Jersey, blasted steel and flesh rained from the skies over Quebec. On September 9, 1949, Canadian Pacific Airlines Flight 108, a two-engine DC-3 (Dakota) from Quebec to Baie Comeau exploded in flight forty miles from Quebec, only twenty minutes after takeoff. All twenty-three passengers and crew members were killed in the crash, which was initially considered an accident.

Among those grieving over the lost lives in the crash was Joseph Albert Guay (1919-1951), a mild-mannered Quebec jeweler. He appeared with his small daughter, Lise, at the airport, to learn that his wife, Rita Morel Guay, a petite, dark-haired French-Canadian, had perished with all on board the ill-fated flight.

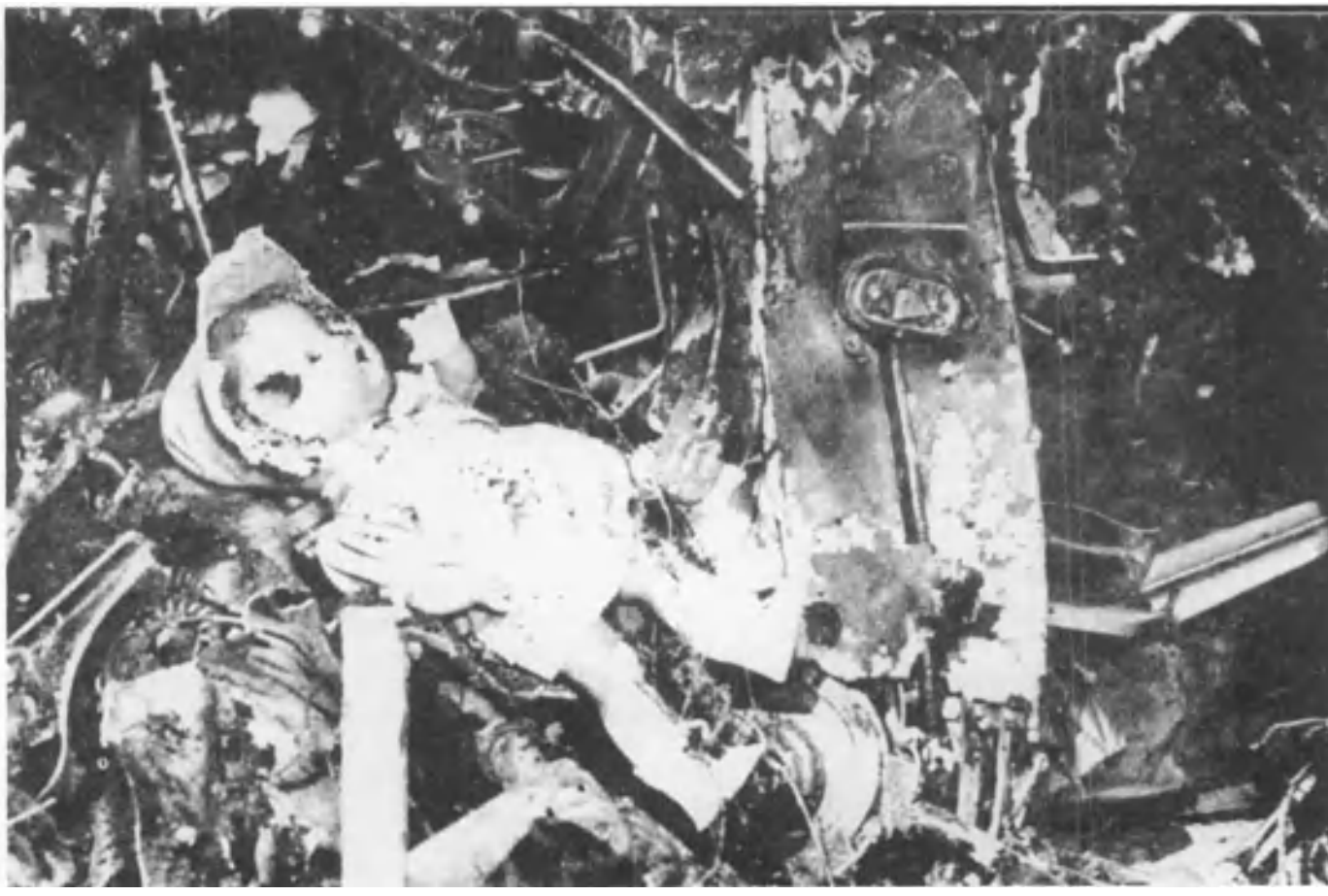
Guay was remembered earlier by workers at Quebec's Ancienne Lorette Airport, when he affectionately bid his wife goodbye earlier that day, kissing her on the cheek before she boarded the plane. He had in his pocket at that time, an insurance policy he had taken out on his wife, one calling for a $10,000 payment in the event of her death in the air. Like many other mourners that day, Guay appeared unconcerned about anything but the loss of his loved one. He was emotionally devastated, or so he appeared, weeping openly. He and his daughter were driven to one of Quebec's better hotels where they were given a room. A priest then consoled the stricken husband, who seemed to be inconsolable.

By that time, searchers struggled through dense woods to find the debris from the shattered plane, mangled body parts, luggage and twisted steel spread over a wide area. The explosion made national news across Canada and in the U.S., particularly since three of the passengers were American millionaires, who had interests in Canadian copper mines.

Inspectors examined all the remaining fragments of the plane and found that flames had touched only a section of the freight compartment where the metal walls were scorched. Items were taken from the freight compartment and closely examined by chemists, who then issued a shocking report. The plane had been sabotaged, that dynamite had been used to blow up the plane and that the twenty-three fatalities on board were victims of mass murder. Specifically, investigators had found evidence of a dry battery cell and dynamite in the wreckage, indicating that a bomb had been planted on the plane.

The cargo manifest listed a package being sent to a nonexistent address. Airport freight handlers recalled that a woman dressed in black had left the package. Ten days after the crash, a taxi driver, Paul Pelletier contacted police to say that he remembered driving a woman in black carrying a package to the airport on the day of the crash. He gave police an address that turned out to be that of Marguerite Pitre.

When police arrived to question Pitre, however, they were informed that she was in the hospital recovering from a suicide attempt. Pitre admitted taking the package to the airport, and told police that she had done so at the request of a friend



The wreckage of Canadian Pacific Airlines Flight 108, which exploded over Quebec on September 9, 1949, killing all twenty-three persons on board, including three children, the mangled doll shown in this photo belonging to one of those victims.

Joseph Albert Guay ordered the bomb to be placed on Flight 108 to rid himself of an unwanted wife and to collect her flight insurance; he was executed in 1951.

Eccentric watchmaker Genereaux Ruest, who accommodated the killer by constructing the bomb that blew up Flight 108; he was executed in 1951.

Marguerite Pitre, who delivered the bomb to the airport; she cooperated with police in exposing the murder plot but was nevertheless executed in 1951.

and former lover, Joseph Albert Guay. She explained that it was all part of a plot to kill Guay's wife, Rita Guay.

Albert Guay had become involved with 19-year-old night-club cigarette girl, Marie-Ange Robitaille and wanted to get rid of his wife so he could marry her. He got help from Pitre, who in turn convinced her brother, Genreaux Ruest, to build the bomb. Guay managed to get his wife to take the plane flight by asking her to go to Baie Comeau to pick up two suitcases of jewelry for him. He took out the insurance policy on her life as an added bonus to his murderous plan, the $10,000 from her life insurance to be lavished upon his mistress.

Guay had long plotted the murder of his wife, Pitre insisted. In fact, he had offered a friend $500 to put poison in a bottle of wine and give it to his wife, but the friend laughed off the request as a joke. It was after this rebuff that Guay went to Pitre, who lived in the seamy side of Lower Quebec, where she was known as a petty criminal and abortionist.

It was Guay, Pitre said, who suggested that a bomb be placed on a plane carrying his wife. To construct this infernal machine, Pitre went to her brother, Genreaux Ruest, a crippled jeweler and watchmaker, who undertook to construct the bomb. He was inexpert at the job at best, struggling to put dynamite into an alarm clock at his workbench in his open shop.

At one point, when Ruest saw a miner enter his shop, he exclaimed: "Now, here's a man who can tell us about dynamite!" On another occasion, Ruest and Guay attempted to persuade a taxi driver to carry the bomb in his car while Mrs. Guay was riding in it, and leap out of the taxi after setting it off. The cab driver refused, not because of any moral qualms, but because his taxi would be destroyed. Guay finally settled on blowing up a plane carrying his unsuspecting wife.

All of this was related in Guay's trial, beginning in March 1950. He was found guilty and sentenced to death and was hanged in January 1951. His two blundering confederates, Pitre and Ruest, followed him to the scaffold.

"I WISH THEY WOULD HANG ERNIE"/ November 17, 1950

Ernest Ingenito (b. 1924) was a violent youth from the time his parents separated in 1937. Mrs. Ingenito found it impossible to control him during his childhood, and by the time he was fifteen he was known to police in Gloucester County, Pennsylvania, as an incorrigible thug. Before another year had passed, Ingenito was serving a term in the Pennsylvania State Reformatory, convicted of attempted burglary. After his release, he returned to his mother's home. Her death in 1941 created an emotional scar Ingenito carried with him for the rest of his life.

Ingenito married at seventeen, but his angry tirades were too much for his young bride and she left him while she was pregnant. He then enlisted in the army, where his habit of sleeping late did not endear him to his sergeant or the officers on the base. In 1943, during an argument, he beat up a sergeant and an officer. Imprisoned in a stockade for two years, he was dishonorably discharged in 1946. The next year he met Theresa Mazzoli, a dark-haired Italian beauty whose parents owned and operated a prosperous truck farm in Gloucester

Ernest Ingenito (center) is shown entering court, where he was convicted of slaughtering his in-laws in 1950; he was later sent to an insane asylum.

County, and though Theresa's mother objected loudly to the couple's relationship, they soon married.

The impoverished young couple went to live with the Mazzolis in their home and from the start there was trouble. Pearl Mazzoli, the mother, did not care for her son-in-law and daily made a point of expressing her disapproval of him. At first Mike Mazzoli, the father, took Ingenito's side. But when he learned that Ingenito had cheated on his daughter, he immediately evicted Ingenito from his home.

Ingenito moved to a residence a short distance away, so that he could be near his two sons. When Theresa refused him visitation rights, Ingenito consulted a lawyer, Fred Gravino, of Woodbury, New Jersey, who told Ernie to get a court order to see his children. Ernie rejected the advice because it would take too long, he said. A second lawyer told him the same thing. Agitated, Ingenito selected two pistols and a carbine rifle from his extensive weapons collection and, on November 17, 1950, banged on the Mazzoli's front door armed with his guns.

Upon seeing her estranged husband approach, Theresa Ingenito fled. When Mike Mazzoli appeared, Ingenito leveled a German-made Luger and fired two times, then stepped into the house and fired at his wife, wounding her. Next, he went after Pearl Mazzoli, but was unable to locate her in the house for she had run screaming to the home of Armando and Theresa Pioppi who lived down the block. "It's Ernie!" she cried, running upstairs to hide in a bedroom closet. "He's shooting everybody!"

Before Gino Pioppi, Pearl's brother, could summon police, Ingenito burst through the door with his guns blazing. He fired on Mrs. Pioppi and Gino's wife, Marion, killing them. Ingenito fired repeatedly at Pearl Mazzoli and then fired on his 9-year-old daughter before exiting the Pioppi home. As he left, Gino's brother, John, grabbed a knife ly-

ing on the kitchen table and chased the gun-toting madman across the lawn until Ingenito turned and fired, killing John Pioppi instantly. Ingenito next drove to the home of Frank Mazzoli in Minatola, New Jersey. Screaming a torrent of curses, he shot Hilda and Frank Mazzoli and then tried to escape.

The killing spree had begun at 9 p.m., and ended shortly after midnight when a patrol car flagged Ingenito down. As the police officers approached, Ingenito tried to kill himself with the jagged edges of a tin can, but failed. Speaking from her hospital bed, Theresa told a reporter: "I wish they would hang Ernie."

In January 1951, Ingenito was tried for the murder of his mother-in-law. His severe psychological problems led to a sentence of life imprisonment at the New Jersey Hospital for the Insane, in Trenton. In 1956 he was brought to trial for four additional murders committed that same night, and received a sentence of life for each killing.

A MASS MURDER IN FRANCE/ August 4, 1952

Gaston Dominici (1877-1965), the elderly, affable patriarch of a large French farm family living near Lurs, Provence, became the hub of one of the most sensational mass murder cases in modern French history. Sir Jack Drummond, a brilliant 61-year-old British biochemist, his wife Ann, forty-six, and their daughter Elizabeth, ten, were vacationing in France, driving leisurely through the beautiful Durance Valley. They decided to camp on the night of August 4, 1952, and pulled their car off the road outside the town of Lurs, near a farmhouse.

The Drummonds pitched a tent and began to dress for bed. Someone hiding in some nearby bushes and watching them was discovered by Drummond, who berated the Peeping Tom, who, in turn, shot Drummond and his wife to death and chased the terrified Elizabeth Drummond through the tall grass and crushed her head with the butt of a carbine.

The bodies of the Drummond family were found the next morning by railway workers. Police also received a report from 33-year-old Gustave Dominici that he had also discovered the bodies on a large, sprawling farm called La Grande Terre, belonging to his father, Gaston Dominici. The deaths of the prominent Drummond and his family members made headlines in Paris, London, and New York, and Edmond Sebeille, the superintendent of police in Marseilles, was called in to personally direct the investigation.

Sebeille was convinced that the killer or killers were part of the Dominici family at La Grande Terre. The family included Gaston Dominici, seventy-five, his reticent wife Marie, his son Gustave, Gustave's wife, Yvette, and their child. Another son, 49-year-old Clovis Dominici, lived on a nearby farm. Superintendent Sebeille methodically conducted dozens of interviews with residents and workers in the area.

One of the railway workers who had discovered the bodies told the superintendent that Gustave Dominici had stated that Elizabeth Drummond was alive when he found her, although she was apparently dying of head wounds. Sebeille

British biochemist Sir Jack Drummond, shown with his wife Ann and daughter Elizabeth, all brutally slain while vacationing in France's Durance Valley on August 4, 1952.

Gustave Dominici, who was at first thought to be the mass murderer.

Clovis Dominici, who also came under suspicion as the killer of the Drummond family.

Family patriarch Gaston Dominici, who was found guilty of slaying the Drummonds.

confronted Gustave Dominici, who admitted this was the case, but he was quick to say that he had nothing to do with the murders.

Sebeille ordered Dominici's arrest for failing to come to the aid of a dying person. He was tried at Digne on November 13, 1952, convicted, and sentenced to two months in prison. The sentence was appealed and Dominici was released. Sebeille, however, persisted in visiting the Dominici family, questioning members over and over throughout 1953. Finally, with Gustave and Clovis Dominici present in the farmhouse, Sebeille openly accused Gustave of murdering the Drummonds. Gustave's nerves were frayed by the prolonged police investigation and he shouted: "It was my father!"

Sebeille looked at Clovis and the older brother nodded. Gustave then stated that he heard two shots at about 1 a.m. on the night of the murders and he ran to the field, where he saw his father with an American carbine. He had just shot the Drummonds after being caught spying on them and had bludgeoned the little girl. Gustave, terrified that his father might turn on him, fled and returned at 5:30 to find Elizabeth Drummond in a dying condition. He left her to be found later, still fearing that his father would kill him if he knew he had witnessed the murders.

The fierce old man, with a head of white hair, a droopy mustache, and dark, beady eyes, was arrested and taken to jail. He cursed his sons when he learned that they had informed on him and he later confessed to police that he had, indeed, slaughtered the Drummond family because Jack Drummond had accused him of gaping at his half-dressed wife and making lewd advances to her.

Dominici felt it was his right to do as he pleased on his own land, even to commit sexual assault and murder. The old man made several confessions, but these were later retracted and denied when Gaston Dominici was placed on trial at the Digne Assize Court in November 1954. Before that time,

Gaston Dominici is shown going to prison under heavy police guard; he was condemned to death, but his sentence was later commuted to life imprisonment.

Dominici accompanied police to the scene of the murders, which were re-enacted before him, so unnerving the hoary old killer that he tried to commit suicide by jumping off a railroad bridge.

At the end of the eleven-day trial, Gaston Dominici was found guilty and sentenced to death. As the old man was led from the dock and back to his cell, he turned to the court and hissed: "My sons! What swine!" Dominici's death sentence was commuted to life in prison. Meanwhile more developments and revelations in the case left considerable doubt about who had killed the Drummonds. One story had it that the old man killed the adults, but someone else in the Dominici family murdered the child.

Another account insisted that Gaston Dominici was a senile old man, who had confessed out of ignorance and confusion and that his sons had done the killings. The old man was released in 1960 and returned to La Grand Terre where he lived until his death in 1965, residing for six years inside a household that seethed with hostility and hatred.

"SEND IT TO HELL!"/November 1, 1955

John Gilbert Graham (1932-1957), called Jack by family and friends, was a clean-cut young man, tall, well-mannered, his hair cropped close to his head. A stranger might guess that he had played center for the local high school basketball team. His politeness and quiet voice suggested years of experience as a Boy Scout. He would be the kid down the block selling cool drinks at a cardboard stand outside his house in the summer, the boy next door who shoveled the walk in winter, cut the grass in spring. But he was none of these things, as his neighbors in Denver, Colorado, would slowly discover, along with the FBI. He was a killer, moreover a mass murderer who plotted not only the death of an overindulgent mother, but would be responsible for the first in-flight plane bombing in U.S. history.

Mrs. Daisie King, Jack's mother, doted on her only son. She had led a roller-coaster life, marrying in and out of poverty three times. Her second marriage produced her only child, Jack, who was born in Denver in 1932. When Jack was five, his father, William Graham, died, and Daisie Graham was left without a dime, forced to place her son in an orphanage. In 1943, Daisie met and married a wealthy Colorado rancher, John Earl King, and she immediately recovered her son, bringing him to an upper-middleclass home where comfort and convenience replaced Spartan discipline.

Yet the disparity of the two lifestyles young Jack had lived seemingly affected him little. He was bright, some said highly imaginative. He was an above-average student through his first year of high school. Then, at sixteen, he ran away to join the Coast Guard, lying about his age. Graham served only nine months, being AWOL for sixty-three days, which caused his detention. Officers learned that he was underage and dismissed him from the service. His mother took him back into her home and, when he said he did not want to complete school, she nodded patient understanding.

Jack Graham went to work, taking odd jobs. To his neighbors he appeared the same easygoing boy, but close friends noticed that he would become restless when talking about his

Mrs. Daisie King, who, along with forty-three others, died when United Airlines Flight 629 blew up after taking off from the Denver Airport on November 1, 1955.

mother and then sink into brooding silence. Mrs. King urged her son to return to school so that he could qualify for a white-collar job. By 1951, Graham had accumulated enough night school credits to earn himself a job as a payroll clerk for a Denver manufacturer.

Though Graham had a taste for riches, his meager salary afforded few pleasures. He wanted fast, new cars and a handsome wardrobe. He insisted upon taking his girlfriends to better restaurants. He could afford little of this lifestyle on his $200-a-month salary, so Jack Graham did what had become a habit at home—he merely helped himself, in this case forging the name of his company's vice-president to checks he had stolen from his firm and cashing these to collect $4,200. He bought a fast convertible and drove away from Denver to see the sights.

For several months, Graham went on a minor crime spree, but when he took up bootlegging in Texas, the Rangers and other lawmen closed in on him. Outside of Lubbock, Texas, police set up a roadblock on a tip that a young bootlegger would be taking a certain route, his car loaded with moonshine. Graham approached the barrier at high speed, ignoring

police warnings to stop. When he drove through the roadblock, officers riddled his beautiful new convertible, which Graham crashed into a house. Miraculously he was uninjured when taken into custody.

After serving sixty days in the county jail, Graham was turned over to Denver officials who intended to prosecute him for forgery. But Daisie Graham King wouldn't hear of it. She couldn't bear to see Jack behind bars and begged authorities to be lenient toward her errant son, a good boy really, who had made a mistake for which he was sorry, she said.

Rescue workers are shown carrying some of the bodies strewn over a wide area from the remains of Flight 629.

Mrs. King offered her son's former employer $2,500, saying that Jack would work off the balance of the stolen $4,200. Authorities agreed, placing the apprentice forger on probation. For a time, it seemed as if Mrs. King's unswerving belief in her son was vindicated. Graham did get a job and did make regular payments to the firm he had looted.

In 1953, Graham married Gloria Elson in Denver and settled down, working hard as a mechanic, righting his wrong. Like many another citizen, Jack Graham had his "brush with the law" and had been spared prison. It appeared that, like any other citizen having made one mistake, he was on his way to becoming a respected member of his community. His friends found him hardworking, conscientious, and a faithful husband. His relatives marveled at the consideration and affection he showered upon his mother, especially after her third husband died in 1954.

Following King's death (he had been a successful rancher), a large sum of money was left to Mrs. Daisie Graham King. Thrice widowed, Mrs. King turned to her son for consolation and, to occupy her time, proposed a business partnership between herself and her hard-working offspring. She invested $35,000 of her husband's money in a drive-in restaurant in West Denver. Jack became her partner, managing the restaurant. Graham labored to make the restaurant a success, and he continued working nights at a Hertz Drive-Ur-Self garage to further reduce the money owed against his forgery theft, until the balance remaining was no more than $106. He had learned his lesson, his mother was fond of saying. Jack was a good boy, she said, a solid citizen.

Then, on November 1, 1955, an ear-shattering event took place that would slowly strip away that upstanding image of John Gilbert Graham, penitent lawbreaker, hardworking married man, and dutiful son. At 7:03 p.m. on that day, United Airlines flight number 629, only eleven minutes from Denver's

Denver's District Attorney Bert Keating, who later led the prosecution case against John Gilbert Graham, is shown examining the crucial cargo section of Flight 629, which had been painstakingly reassembled by experts in a warehouse of the Denver Airport.

John "Jack" Gilbert Graham is shown only minutes after he signed his confession at FBI offices in Denver. He took pride in constructing the bomb that killed his mother and destroyed Flight 629.

Stapleton Airport and en route to Portland, Oregon, with forty-four passengers and crew members aboard, passed directly over a Colorado beet farm near Longmont. The farmer stood near his barn, looked up, and saw a terrific explosion that sent to earth the shattered remains of the silver plane, burning wreckage that littered his fields and sent him scampering for help when help was useless.

Within an hour, nearby citizens and National Guardsmen arrived to recover the mutilated bodies. These shattered remains were taken to the National Guard Armory at Greeley, Colorado. Responding to one of the worst air disasters in American aviation, the FBI routinely offered the aid of its Identification Division in an effort to help authorities pinpoint the identities of the victims. Two of the Bureau's fingerprint experts arrived in Greeley the following day. Of the forty-four aboard Flight 629, including one infant and five crew members, nine had already been identified by grieving relatives and friends.

The FBI experts fingerprinted the remaining thirty-five bodies, or what was left of the bodies, and twenty-one of these were identified from prints, which were in the Bureau's files. The reason why so many sets of prints were on file was explained by FBI officials: a Canadian couple had had their fingerprints taken in 1954, when applying for citizenship, another for personal identification, and many had been government workers during World War II, holding jobs requiring fingerprinting.

FBI experts also joined with investigators from United Airlines, the Douglas Aircraft Company, and the Civil Aeronautics Board to determine the cause of the crash. Mechanical failure and human error were high on the priority of probabilities; sabotage was an almost unthinkable possibility.

At the same time, other investigators looked into the unthinkable by examining the backgrounds of every passenger and crew member. They were shocked to learn that a staggering $752,000 in flight insurance had been taken out by eighteen of the passengers, almost as if these travelers had had a collective premonition of disaster, making Flight 629 one of the most heavily insured flights in the history of commercial aviation up to that time. The policies were put through the checking mill.

Other experts collected the jagged pieces of the plane, from tail to nose, which, when falling from the fireball to earth had spread over a mile-and-a-half of cropland. The pieces were carefully moved to a Denver hangar and pieced together meticulously, until the ill-fated DC-6B's fuselage was completely reassembled except for a section near the tail from Number 4 Cargo Pit. Not a fragment remained of this section of the plane. The metal shell of the fuselage surrounding the area that had once been Number 4 Cargo Pit, engineers discovered, was bent outward in jagged pieces. This could only mean that a force more powerful than any crash had torn out that part of the plane.

Moreover, bits of steel from the fuselage had been driven through the soles of some of the shoes worn by passengers sitting near the cargo section of the plane. Even the brass fittings of one suitcase had been driven through a stainless steel container known to have been in the hold. An explosion had occurred in the cargo hold and, since no gas lines or tanks were located near this section, experts concluded that *something* in the hold had exploded by accident, perhaps an illegal dynamite shipment or—and this was the last possibility any of the experts wanted to include—someone had deliberately sabotaged the plane, planting some sort of bomb on board.

The tragedy of Flight 629 was quickly known to many of those who had friends and relatives on board. One of them was John Gilbert Graham, whose mother, Mrs. Daisie Graham King, had been en route to Portland, then Seattle, and finally to Alaska, to visit her daughter. Graham and his wife Gloria, accompanied by their 2-year-old son, Allen, had driven Mrs. King to Stapleton Airport and walked her to the gate, kissing her goodbye.

After Mrs. King boarded, the Grahams went to a nearby coffee shop to have a snack. Jack got sick, rushed to the restroom, and threw up. When he returned he told his wife: "It must be this airport food." As they were leaving the airport, they heard rumors that a plane had crashed. When they returned home, Jack turned on the radio to listen for news about the supposed air crash. Said his wife later: "We finally heard his mother's name on the radio and Jack just collapsed completely."

Graham appeared to be in shock for days after learning of his mother's death. Said one neighbor: "He was really broken up about it, They were very close." While Graham was recovering from the loss of his mother, FBI lab technicians were sifting through the smallest remains of the crash found in the sections of the plane and at the crash site. One technician finally emptied the contents of an envelope onto the desk of Roy Moore, assistant special agent in charge in the Denver FBI office, saying: "These fragments were found among the wreckage but they are the only pieces of debris that we have been unable to identify in any way with parts of the airplane or with known contents of the cargo."

Before Agent Moore were five tiny pieces of sheet metal. The technician went on to say that the pieces of metal con-

tained foreign deposits of white and dark-gray colors which consisted mainly of sodium carbonate and traces of nitrate and sulfur compounds. That added up to dynamite, and that meant a bomb had been placed in the luggage of one of the passengers on Flight 629. According to the plane's manifest, the cargo hold carried nothing that day but passengers' luggage.

The tedious job of checking every piece of luggage carried by the forty-four persons on board the flight began. The only person for whom no luggage, except tiny fragments, could be found was Mrs. Daisie King. Airport authorities then informed the FBI that Mrs. King had taken out $62,500 in flight insurance, very heavy insurance for those days and far in excess of the amounts taken out by other passengers. The beneficiary was her son, Jack. Although Mrs. King's luggage had vanished in the explosion, the handbag she carried was found intact, and inside, tucked into a small purse, yellowed and folded into a wad, was a newspaper clipping, which Mrs. King had been careful to keep with her.

The clipping reported her son's forgery of stolen checks and his subsequent arrest. Why a mother so devoted to her son would carry about such an item, as one might carry about a keepsake, remains imponderable. Perhaps, some later theorized, she kept the clipping as a reminder of what her son was capable of doing, or, it was also later said, she kept the clipping *to remind him* of his errant ways. No one ever knew for sure, but it was this very clipping, which Mrs. King may have wanted authorities to find should she ever meet with foul play, that led FBI agents to the door of Jack Gilbert Graham.

Before interviewing Graham, agents learned that he was not the penitent wrongdoer attempting to set things right. He and his mother had been arguing constantly about Jack's management of the drive-in restaurant, particularly about a strange fire from an even stranger gas explosion that had caused more than $1,200 in damages. The explosion had occurred only a few months before Flight 629 exploded in the skies of Colorado. Graham had tried to collect insurance on the restaurant after the fire, but had failed.

Insurance must have been much on Graham's mind, agents thought, when they discovered that on another recent occasion, the 23-year-old had apparently stalled his pick-up truck in front of a speeding railroad train to collect insurance. Then a neighbor told agents that Jack had boasted of his demolition work while serving in the Coast Guard.

On November 10, 1955, agents went to the home of John Gilbert Graham. Jack was cordial, offering the agents coffee and telling them the story of his life, detailing his days in the orphanage, his mother's three marriages, even his forgery of stolen checks, being careful to point out that he had just about made complete restitution.

Graham told them that his mother was going to Alaska to visit his half sister and hunt caribou. He added that she was carrying in her luggage a large amount of shotgun shells and other ammunition for hunting purposes. The agents nodded, already knowing that Mrs. King was an outdoorswoman, a woman who loved to fish and hunt.

Then one of the agents inquired: "Exactly what did she have in her luggage and did you help her pack it?"

District Attorney Bert Keating demonstrates in court where an explosive device was located on United Flight 629 in a model of the plane that blew up on November 1, 1955.

"I can describe her luggage," replied Graham in an even voice, "but I can't tell you what was in it. Mother would never allow anyone to help her pack. She always insisted upon doing it herself."

Jack's wife, Gloria, stepped forward to support her husband's statements, saying that Mrs. King, who had recently been living with them, was always particular about her things. Jack excused himself, telling the agents he was going to make some more coffee. Gloria Graham then remembered a small item about Mrs. King's luggage: "Just before Mrs. King left for the airport Jack gave her a present, or, I presume he did."

"A present?" asked one of the agents. "What kind of present?"

"Oh, I think it was a small set of tools, like drills and files. My mother-in-law used these things to make art gifts out of sea shells. Jack had talked of buying her a set for Christmas. On the day she was to leave, he came home with a package and took it to the basement, where his mother was packing. I just assumed that this contained the tool set and that he gave it to her to take along."

When the agents left the house, they immediately interviewed Graham's next-door neighbors. One woman stated that she remembered the gift Jack had bought for his mother, recalling that "he had wrapped it in Christmas paper and I was told that he put it in his mother's luggage before she left."

"What else were you told?" asked an agent.

"Nothing important...only someone told me later that Jack became suddenly ill only a short time after the plane had taken off, and was very pale. I remember also having been told that when the Grahams were informed of the crash, Jack remarked: 'That's it.' I guess he was too stunned to know what he was talking about. It was really a great blow to him...Why, the poor fellow has been unable to eat or sleep since. All he does is walk up and down the house."

John Gilbert Graham at his trial; he had little or nothing to say, having already confessed to the mass murder of his mother and forty-three others.

On November 16, 1955, agents called the Grahams and asked them to come to headquarters to identify, if possible, some fragments of luggage, which might have belonged to Mrs. King. Both appeared on time and agreed that, yes, the pieces looked like parts from a small suitcase Mrs. King had taken with her. Agents then asked Graham to stay behind for some more routine questions, while sending his wife home.

The young man stretched out his six-foot-one-inch, 190-pound frame in an office chair and smilingly agreed to answer any questions. Agent Moore conducted the interrogation, beginning slowly, detailing all the facts the agents had gathered, then stating that Jack's wife had told them about the Christmas gift he had slipped into his mother's suitcase, a package approximately eighteen inches long, fourteen inches wide, and three inches deep, as described by Gloria Graham.

Graham's attitude was cool and cooperative. Calmly, and with a smile, he replied: "Oh, you've got your facts all mixed up. I had intended buying her a tool set, but I couldn't find the right kind so I didn't buy any."

"But your wife told us you did and that you brought it home with you."

"She's wrong about that. I'd been talking a lot about the tools and I guess she just supposed I bought them. That's reasonable, isn't it?"

Moore did not respond, but asked about Graham's conduct at the airport restaurant. "You did get sick, didn't you, Jack?"

"We had a snack to eat out there," he responded quickly, "but the food was miserable and it turned my stomach."

Then Moore took the hard line, saying: "I want you to know that you have certain rights. The door there is open. You can walk out any time you wish. There is a telephone. You can call your wife or an attorney if you wish. You don't have to tell us anything and if you do, it can be used in a court of law. There will be no threats and no promises made while we talk with you." Moore stared at John Gilbert Graham for some moments, then said firmly to the smiling young man: "Jack, we have gone over what you told us. You blew up that plane to kill your mother, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't," Graham answered in a calm voice.

"Then you don't mind making any statements?"

"Of course I'll make a statement," Graham said. His voice was full of confidence. "Why shouldn't I? And I'll do a lot more. I'll take a lie detector test if you wish. What's more, you have my permission to search my house, my car or anything else. I haven't done anything wrong."

To prove his claim, Graham signed a waiver giving the agents the right to search his home, eliminating the necessity for a court-ordered search warrant. Agents went immediately to Graham's house. Within minutes one of them called to inform Moore that "Mrs. Graham says Jack told her not to tell about the Christmas present. She signed a statement." Moore immediately confronted Graham with his wife's contradiction of his statements.

Graham thought for a moment, then said: "Oh yeah, I remember now. I did get her that present." He related that he had bought an X-Acto tool set from "some guy" whose name he did not know, paying him $10 for it. Yes, he had slipped the present into his mother's luggage. It now came back to him, all of it, he said.

Agents busy searching the Graham home kept calling with more information. A small roll of copper wiring, a type used for detonating dynamite, had been found in a pocket of one of Graham's shirts. An hour later agents found the insurance policies his mother had signed at the airport, all of them making her son the beneficiary. These had been hidden in a cedar chest in Graham's bedroom. Then they found the shotgun shells and ammunition Mrs. King was supposed to have taken with her. Also left behind by Mrs. King were presents she intended to give to her daughter in Alaska.

Agent Moore outlined the discoveries to Graham, one by one, then summed up the evidence, mounting every minute, surrounding the suspect with his guilt. "Why didn't your mother take these things [the ammunition and gifts] with her?"

Graham grew solemn, then said: "I told her not to take them because her baggage was overweight."

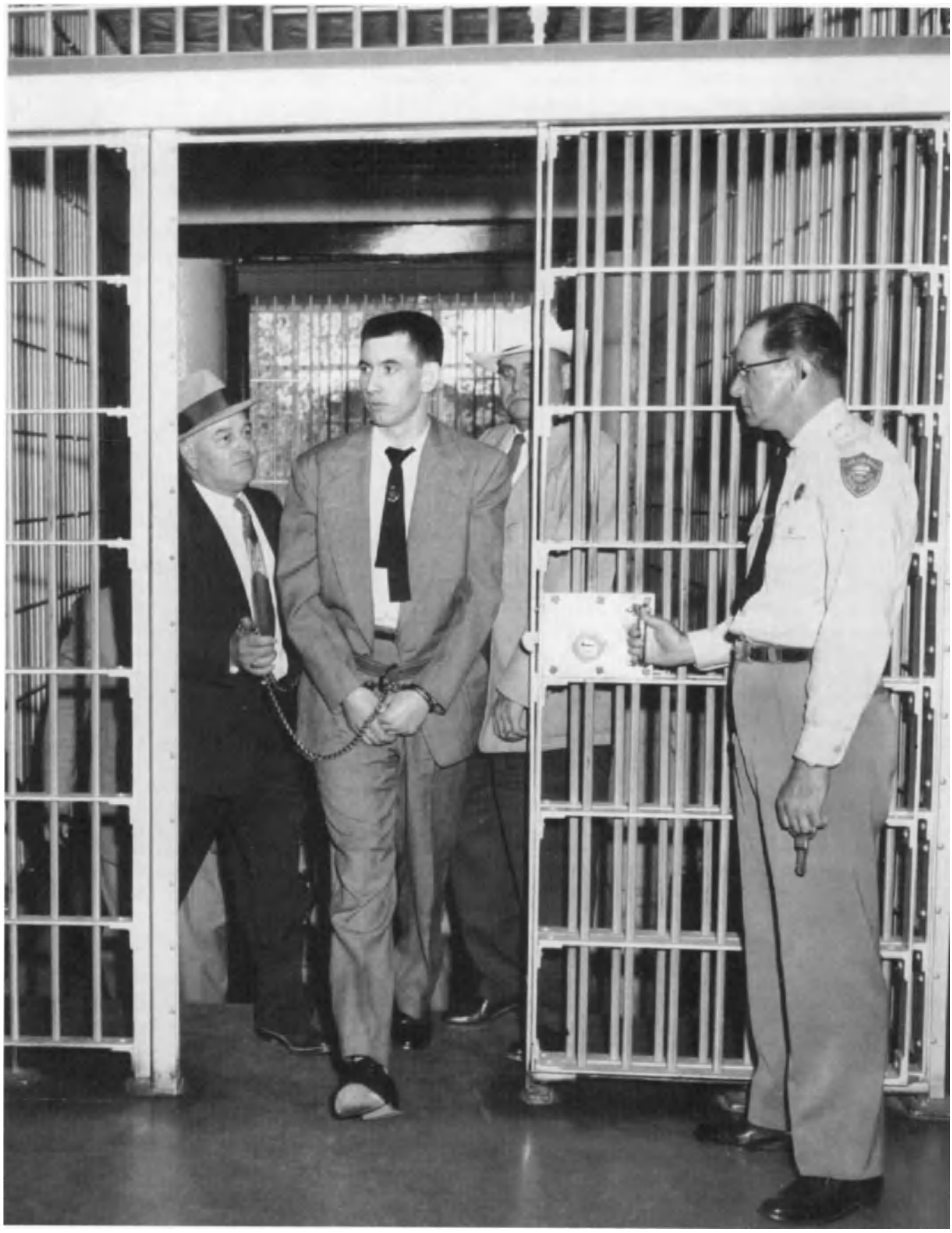
Moore threw a report in front of Graham. "This is from our lab and it proves that the crash was caused by a dynamite explosion." The agent looked at his watch. It was past midnight. They had been at it for almost six hours.

Then Graham sat stiffly in his chair. "May I have a glass of water, please?" he said. He was given a glass of water, which he drank slowly with long gulps. He put down the glass and, in a hard voice, said: "Okay, where do you want me to start?"

"Wherever you want to," replied Moore.

"Well, it all started about six months ago. Mother was raising hell because the drive-in wasn't making any money." He then explained how he had caused the explosion that wrecked the kitchen of the restaurant.

"And what about the truck you left on the railroad tracks so that you could collect the insurance after the train had wrecked it?"



A heavily manacled John Gilbert Graham, center, entering Colorado Penitentiary; he was executed in the gas chamber on January 11, 1957, telling a newsman before entering the chamber: "I'd like you to sit in my lap as they close the door in there."

"I did that, too, for the insurance." Graham's confidence had vanished. He squirmed in the chair. Sweat welled up on his forehead and ran down his cheeks. When he wiped it away with his handkerchief, his hand visibly trembled.

Moore leaned close to Graham. "What about the plane crash? You did that, too, didn't you?"

Graham wet his lips and looked at the ceiling nervously.

"What about the plane crash, Jack?"

Graham drank some more water, spilling some on his shirtfront, but said nothing.

"Come on, Jack," Moore persisted. "The truth. You blew up that plane for your mother's insurance. We know it. Let's have the truth from you."

Graham's bloodless face greeted the question. Slowly, he nodded, as if unable to speak the words. He then asked for more water. This was brought to him and he drank slowly, then said: "I might as well tell you everything." With that, Jack Graham became calm and in a deliberate, seemingly indifferent tone, he told in exacting detail how he had made his bomb from twenty-five sticks of dynamite, two electric primer caps, a six-volt battery and a timer (the fragments of sheet metal found by the technicians were from the battery).

Graham seemed proud to announce the fact that he had worked at an electric shop for more than a week to learn how to connect and activate the timer before buying the dynamite. Yes, he had taken the ammunition and the gifts for his half sister from the suitcase and replaced them with the bomb. After twenty minutes, Graham fell silent. A stenographer was then called into the office and he repeated the entire story, and then signed the confession.

John Gilbert Graham was arrested for sabotage and mass murder and later turned over to Colorado authorities. The stores where he had purchased the dynamite and timer were checked and Graham was identified as the buyer. Graham's half sister arrived from Alaska and told how Jack had once grimly joked about the possibility of his mother's hunting ammunition exploding during one of her plane trips. She quoted him as saying: "Can't you just see those shotgun shells going off in the plane every which way? Can't you just imagine the pilots and the passengers and Mother jumping around?" She thought he was insane.

Graham was placed in the Denver jail to await trial. He refused to see his wife, to whom he had transferred all his assets, and told a guard: "You can send my mail to Canon City [Prison] until next month. After that, you can send it to hell."

Graham claimed that he was without funds on December 9, 1955, when being arraigned for murder. Three lawyers were assigned to defend him. He was then charged with murder in the first degree, but Graham, ignoring his confession, entered a plea of "innocent and innocent by reason of insanity before, during, and after the commission of the crime."

The State then sent Graham to the Colorado Psychopathic Hospital, where four psychiatrists examined him. As a way of repudiating his confession, Graham told a weird, wholly unbelievable tale. He said to the doctors sitting before him: "While the FBI men were interviewing me in Denver, I saw a photograph on the wall and it fascinated me. It showed the capture of Nazi saboteurs on the coast of Florida during World War II and FBI men were digging up dynamite. Somehow, that gave me the idea of confessing that I'd used dynamite to blow up the plane but, really, I didn't do it."

Graham's ridiculous tale failed to convince the doctors that he was insane, and he was returned to jail to await trial. On February 10, 1956, Graham was found by guards in his cell almost dead, after trying to strangle himself with a pair of socks. He was revived and made his confession all over again, almost word-for-word with the statement he had given the FBI.

Night and day in his cell, he professed his deep sorrow for the murdering of his mother and forty-three other helpless human beings, but he would often recant his confession and turn brutally callous, telling guards that the people on Flight 629 were no more than strangers to him, saying the number of dead was unimportant, that "...it could have been a thousand. When their time comes there is nothing they can do about it."

Graham's trial began on April 16, 1956, at which time the confessed killer admitted signing his confession, but said that the confession was not true. He chewed gum incessantly and shrugged indifference at the testimony of the eighty witnesses and 174 exhibits brought against him. Though he had bragged that he would take the witness stand and demolish the State's case, Graham never sat in the box. He was convicted of first-degree murder on May 5, 1956, by a jury of five women and seven men after they deliberated only seventy-two minutes.

The Colorado Supreme Court heard Graham's appeal on August 8, upholding the decision of the lower court. Graham unexpectedly did take the stand this time, but only to inform one and all that his appeal had been made by his lawyers against his wishes. He was promptly sentenced to death. His lawyers went on appealing for many months, until the state Supreme Court ordered that the bomber's execution take place on January 11, 1957.

On that Friday morning, Jack Gilbert Graham stepped coldly into the gas chamber at the Colorado Penitentiary, where he would be pronounced dead within eight minutes after the lethal gas was let loose. Only a few moments before gingerly stepping into the death chamber, Graham turned to a few reporters standing nearby. One newsman who had incurred Graham's ire because of the criticism he had heaped upon the mass murderer, asked the condemned man if he had any last words.

"Yeah," snapped Jack Graham, ending his life with a wisecrack: "I'd like you to sit on my lap as they close the door in there."

THE CLUTTER SLAYINGS/ November 15, 1959

Richard Eugene Hickock (1932-1965) and Perry Smith (1929-1965) were habitual criminals, professional burglars, and thieves. Neither man was mentally sound, according to reports. Hickock had suffered headaches since a car crash in 1950 and Smith was diagnosed a paranoid long before both men became infamous (thanks to a pervasive, novelized book treatment of their otherwise pedestrian lives by author Truman Capote) for their slaughter of the Clutter family.

While serving time in the Kansas State Penitentiary at Lansing, Hickock learned from his cellmate, Floyd Wells, of a wealthy farmer in Holcomb, Kansas, Herbert W. Clutter. Wells, who was at one time employed by Clutter, told Hickock that the farmer often kept as much as $10,000 in a safe in his home. This misinformation—Clutter never held such sums in his rural house—sparked an idea of robbery in the devious mind of Hickock.

Perry Smith, who admitted killing one or more of the Clutter family members; he hanged on April 14, 1965.

Upon his release, Hickock teamed up with Smith. Both men planned to rob the Clutter family and then retire to South America, where they would while away their lives diving for treasure from a boat they would buy from the spoils of the Clutter robbery. The two thieves entered the home of the Clutter family on the night of November 15, 1959. They stumbled about in the darkness of the large farmhouse, until they awoke family members. Both men held their victims at bay with guns and knives, deciding what to do with them.

Richard Eugene Hickcock, who joined Smith on the scaffold in 1965 for the Clutter killings.

Hickcock. in custody after he and Smith were tracked down and arrested in Las Vegas; the killers had sought $10,000, but realized less than $50 for slaughtering the Clutters.

The intruders tied up the Clutters and then systematically searched the house. Failing to find anything other than about $50, Hickock and Smith turned in a rage upon the helpless Clutter family, which included Herbert Clutter, forty-eight; Bonnie Clutter, forty-five; daughter Nancy, sixteen; and son Kenyon, fifteen. They stabbed and shot the four members of the family, killing all of them before they fled.

Wells, who was still an inmate of the Kansas State Prison, heard the news of the Clutter deaths on the radio in his cell and he asked to see the warden, telling him about Hickock's talk with him earlier concerning the Clutters. Detective Al Dewey then led an exhaustive hunt for Hickock and Smith, finally running both men down in Las Vegas, where they were arrested.

The murderous thieves immediately turned on each other. Hickock told authorities that "Perry Smith killed the Clutters. I couldn't stop him. He killed them all!"

Smith denied killing anyone. Then he said of Herbert Clutter: "He was a nice gentleman. I thought so right up to the time I cut his throat." He later said he killed only the wife, Bonnie Clutter, and that Hickock murdered the rest. Smith added, as if to make himself appear noble, that Hickock insisted upon raping the 16-year-old daughter Nancy, but he had kept Hickock from sexually abusing the girl.

Only Herbert Clutter was knifed, his throat cut from ear to ear and his body then thrown into the basement of the house. The others were murdered as they sat tied to chairs, Hickock and Smith taking turns blowing off their heads with a shotgun.

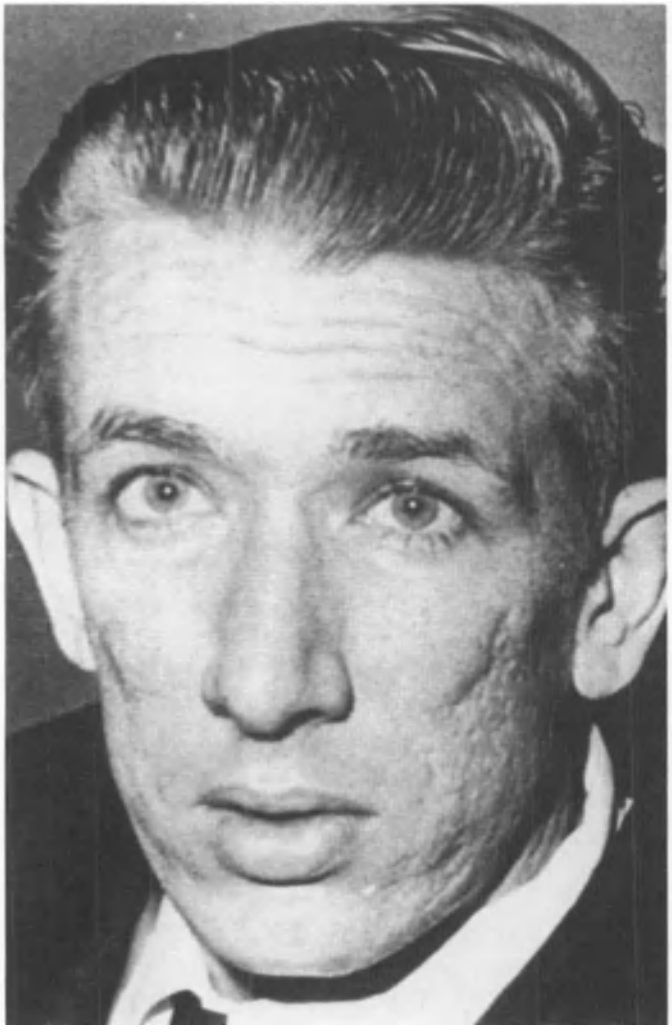
Both Hickock and Smith were tried in March 1960 in Kansas City. The prosecutor in the case aggressively pilloried the two men, aptly describing them as inhuman beasts and reminding the jury that "chicken-hearted jurors" before them had allowed ruthless murderers to go free. The jury found Hickock and Smith guilty on four counts of murder and both men were sentenced to death. Appeals were denied and each man, quaking and screaming for mercy, were half-dragged to the gallows inside the Kansas State Penitentiary at Lansing on April 14, 1965, and promptly hanged.

"BORN TO RAISE HELL"/July 13-14, 1966

When he was nineteen, mass-murderer Richard Franklin Speck (AKA: B. Brian; Richard Franklin Lindbergh; Richard Benjamin Speck, 1941-1991) emblazoned a tattoo into his left forearm which accurately summed up his emotional and mental state at the time. It read: "Born to Raise Hell." Years later, Speck burned the tattoo off using the ember of a lit cigar. From his cell in the Illinois Penitentiary (Stateville) at Joliet, Illinois, he dreamed of the day he would be paroled. By his own admission though, the convicted killer of eight student nurses believed that the chances were not good. "If he was ever freed on parole, I'd probably take up arms myself," explained John Wilkening, father of one of the women Richard Speck murdered. "I have a lot of friends and so I would probably have to wait in line."

Richard Franklin Speck was born in Kirkwood, Illinois. He was one of eight children belonging to Margaret and Benjamin Speck. In 1947, the family moved to Dallas, Texas, where Speck completed junior high school. It was the only formal education the young man received before he left home. By the time he was twenty, Speck had been arrested ten times on charges ranging from criminal trespass to burglary.

Speck had tallied thirty-seven arrests by spring 1966, when he returned to Chicago to find work as a merchant seaman. The semi-literate drifter spent his waking hours reading comic books and drinking himself into stupors. He was a habitual



Richard Franklin Speck, drifter, thief and mass murderer of eight nurses in Chicago on the night of July 13-14, 1966.

Speck's mother, Mrs. Margaret Speck Lindbergh, who raised him in Dallas, Texas, where, by 1966, he ran up 37 arrests.

One of the blood-stained bedrooms at the house in Chicago, where Speck molested and murdered some of his victims.

pill-popper with a distorted view of reality, evidenced by his total lack of recall concerning his movements the night of July 13, 1966.

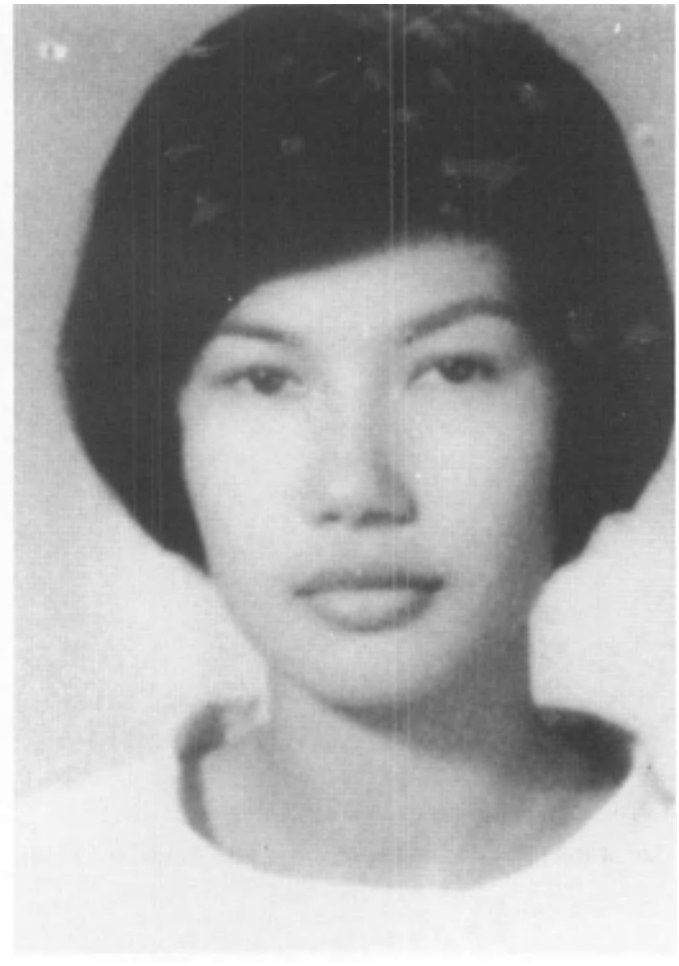
Speck shipped out on the cargo vessel the *Randall*, owned and operated by the Inland Steel Company. He was discharged in June 1966 for insubordination and fighting with a superior officer. His sister Martha Thornton, who lived in Chicago, provided him with pocket money and drove him to the National Maritime Union hall, where Speck hoped to find work on a cargo ship heading to New Orleans. But there were no berths available to him on July 10, 1966, the day he made his application.

Brooding about his inability to find any work on merchant ships, Speck began drinking for the next three days. His bender took him through the lowlife taverns and skid row dives that dotted the west side of Chicago, where he plotted ways to earn enough money to pay for his trip to New Orleans. On the night of July 13, the besotted Speck injected a narcotic into his veins and headed to the South Side to see what he might steal.

Speck wandered to a two-story townhouse belonging to the South Chicago Community Hospital on East 100th Street around 11 p.m. He dug into his pockets and pulled out a handgun and a knife. He knocked on the door, and after a few seconds had passed, 23-year-old student nurse Corazon Amurao appeared. "I'm not going to hurt you," he said. "I'm only going to tie you up. I need your money to go to New Orleans." Amurao and two of her companions were directed to the upstairs bedroom, where three of their other roommates were sleeping.

A second room of the murder house, coated with human gore, where Speck sexually attacked and then stabbed several nurses to death.

Mary A. Jordan, murdered by Speck.



Merlita Gargullo, murdered by Speck.

Gloria Davy, murdered by Speck.

Nina Schmale, murdered by Speck.

Valentina Passion, murdered by Speck.

Pamela Wilkening, murdered by Speck.

Patricia Matusek, murdered by Speck.

Suzanne Farris, murdered by Speck.

At gunpoint, the nurses were ordered to lie flat on the floor. The young women meekly complied with Speck's directive. He bound their hands and feet with strips torn from the bed sheets and then waited. At 11:30 p.m., Gloria Davy returned home from a date. Speck seized her at the door and led her upstairs. Then at midnight, Suzanne Farris and Mary Ann Jordan arrived home. Jordan did not live at the address; it was her tragic luck to be Farris' overnight guest.

Having tied up all nine young women, Speck then demanded their money. He restated his peaceable intentions. "Don't be afraid, I'm not going to kill you," he said. A few more minutes passed. Speck chatted with Merlita Gargullo, who was born in the Philippines. "Do you know karate?" he asked. According to the statements of Amurao the only survivor that night, Speck became increasingly agitated. He led 20-year-old Pamela Wilkening into the adjacent bedroom and stabbed her with his knife. Her muffled scream was stifled when Speck twisted her neck with a strip of sheet.

The killer was apparently sexually excited by committing this brutal murder and decided to continue killing. Speck returned moments later for Mary Ann Jordan and Suzanne Farris. The two of them were repeatedly slashed in the face, neck, and chest. Farris, the daughter of a Chicago Transit Authority employee, fought him, but was stabbed eighteen times. Afterward, Speck calmly went into the washroom, where he rinsed the blood off his hands.

The next victim was 24-year-old Nina Schmale from suburban Wheaton. He stabbed the woman in the neck and then strangled her to death. The remaining student nurses attempted to hide beneath beds, but Speck tracked them all down but one: Corazon Amurao, who succeeded in pushing herself under the bed and out of the killer's view.

Paralyzed with fear, Amurao heard the death cries of her two friends from the Philippines: Valentina Passion and Merlita Gargullo, who were stabbed in the next room. Twenty-year-old Patricia Matusek, a former swimming champion, was carried to the bathroom. She begged Speck to untie her ankles before he killed her. He kicked her in the stomach and then strangled her to death. This left Gloria Davy, the only one of the eight that Speck sexually molested.

Lone survivor, 23-year-old Corazon Amurao, who hid beneath a bed and went undetected by Speck; she later became the chief witness against the mass murderer.

Amurao remained beneath the bed for hours, fearful that Speck would find her if she attempted to escape. Not until 5 p.m. the next day did she venture out. She stepped out onto a narrow ledge outside her bedroom and called for help. Her cries were heard by two local residents. The police arrived minutes later. What they found shocked and sickened them: eight student nurses, savagely mutilated, were lying dead. Detectives found thirty fingerprints and a man's T-shirt was found beside Davy's body. Police artist Otis Rathel sketched a composite drawing of the suspect from a description provided by Amurao. The Chicago newspapers published the likeness the next day. As it turned out, Rathel's sketch bore an amazing likeness to the killer.

Speck's identity was established when a gas station attendant recognized the suspect from the police sketch. The suspect had told the attendant that he was looking for work at the National Maritime Union. The union retrieved Speck's application from a wastepaper basket. Fingerprints taken at the murder scene were matched to a set of Speck's prints on file with the Dallas police. With a name and a description of their suspect, police prepared to search for Speck. Their search was short-lived; the killer made himself easy to locate.

Following his murder spree, Speck had returned to his ninety-cent room at the Starr Hotel on West Madison Street, where he fell asleep. On July 16, 1966, the gaunt, thin-faced killer slashed his right wrist and left arm with a blade. As the blood pulsated from his arm, Speck called to the man in the next bunk. Failing to elicit sympathy, Speck stumbled into the hall. A police ambulance was summoned and he was taken to the Cook County Hospital emergency room, where Dr. LeRoy Smith attended to him. "What's your name?" Smith asked. He answered, "Richard. Richard Speck."

Dr. Smith summoned police, who promptly arrested the mass murderer. It took a Cook County jury only forty-nine minutes to convict Richard Franklin Speck of the crime of murder. On June 15, 1967, he was sentenced to die in the electric chair. After the U.S. Supreme Court set aside the death penalty, Speck was re-sentenced on November 22, 1972, to 400 to 1,200 years at the Illinois Penitentiary the longest jail term ever meted out, up to that time.

The flophouse room in which Speck cut both arms (his blood stains the floor in this photo) in an attempt to commit suicide.

Richard Speck, left, shown at the time of his 1967 trial; he was convicted and sentenced to death, but his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment following the U.S. Supreme Court's moratorium on the death penalty.

Nevertheless, Speck became eligible for parole in 1976. In 1977 and again in 1981, the convicted killer sent a tersely worded note to the state parole board saying that he was not interested in an early release. He was content to remain behind bars, where he happily pursued his hobby of oil painting. "Why don't you give parole to some of those young guys in here?" he complained. "They don't need to be in here in the first place."

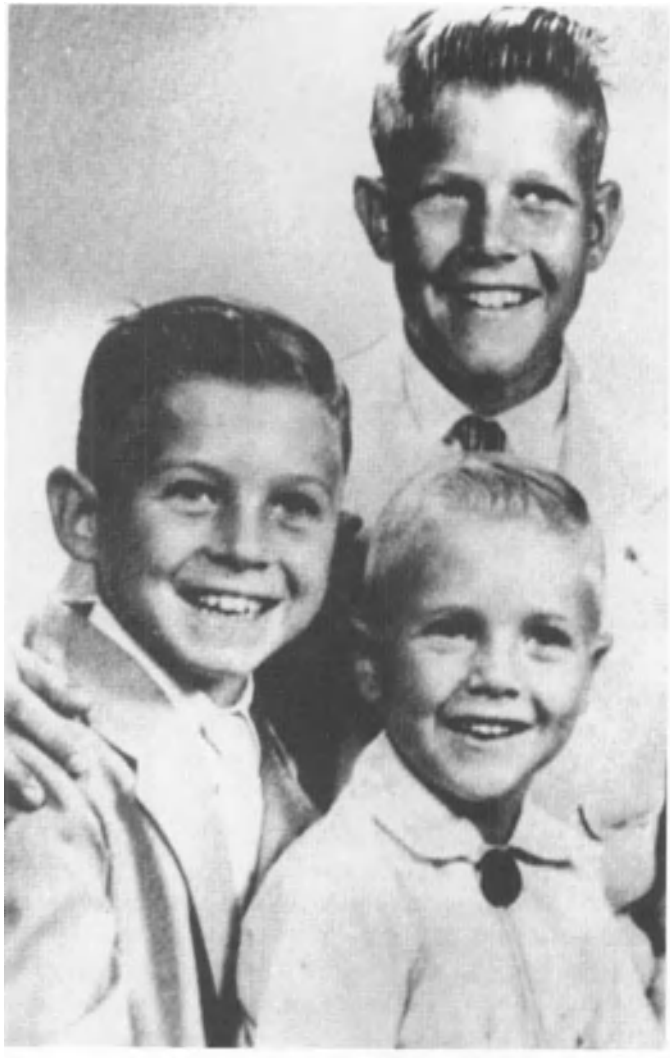
In August 1987, Speck had a change of heart and asked that the Illinois Prison Review Board consider granting his application for early release. There was little chance of that occurring, however. The memory of Speck's crime was still fresh in the public's mind. According to Joseph Matusek, Patricia's father: "We can't let this go. We'll be there to oppose it."

Matusek and many other relatives of the slain nurses had no need to block the release of Richard Speck after December 5, 1991. On this day, the mass murderer died in his cell of a massive heart attack. Though dead, Richard Speck went on generating lucrative "news stories" for TV journalists such as Bill Kurtis, who exemplified the worst kind of TV's "crime journalism." One-time anchorman for the CBS affiliate in Chicago, Kurtis went on to produce and "star" as an on-screen narrator in a series of shock crime programs for the Arts and Entertainment (A&E) cable station. His show, euphemistically entitled "American Justice," and "Investigative Reports," pandered, among many unsavory subjects, a vile videotape that showed the imprisoned Speck using drugs and having oral sex with other male prisoners before his death.

Kurtis at first presented this tape to the Illinois House of Representatives in May 1996, as a way of "exposing" prisoner excesses, but he had already shown and would continue to show (with censored applications) this tape on CBS. In reality, Kurtis, having no credentials as a penologist or criminologist, or having any published works to indicate his expertise or authority in these fields, ostensibly used the tape to indict the prison system. His real purpose was obvious—he employed the tawdry tape to promote his own career and to boost viewership, typifying the tasteless brand of TV crime journalism that establishes notorious killers as media icons, recycling their rap sheets over and over again to reap large profits, ghoulishly feeding upon the rotting carcasses of society's worst criminals.

THE SHOOTIST IN THE TOWER/ August 1, 1966

A one-time altar boy, Eagle scout, and U.S. Marine, Charles Joseph Whitman (1941-1966) of Lake Worth, Fla., committed one of the most ruthless mass murder rampages in U.S. history. In July 1966, Whitman, twenty-five, was enrolled as a junior for the summer semester at the University of Texas in Austin. A student in architectural engineering, Whitman was taking an



Charles Whitman at age thirteen, top, with his two younger brothers Patrick, left forefront, and John, right forefront.

Charles Whitman as a student at the University of Texas in Austin, a quiet scholar with psychological problems.

Whitman sleeps a short time before he began his mass murder spree, first killing his mother and wife.

unusually heavy class load of fourteen credit hours, the pressure from such studies, it was later thought, contributing to his mental breakdown and his illogical decision to embark upon mass murder.

Like the dark resolve of Howard Unruh in 1949, who first thought to murder his own mother, Whitman's first victims were selected from his own household. In the early morning hours of August 1, 1966, Whitman stabbed his 24-year-old wife, Kathleen Leissner Whitman, to death in his Austin apartment. He then shot and killed his mother, Mrs. C.A. Whitman.

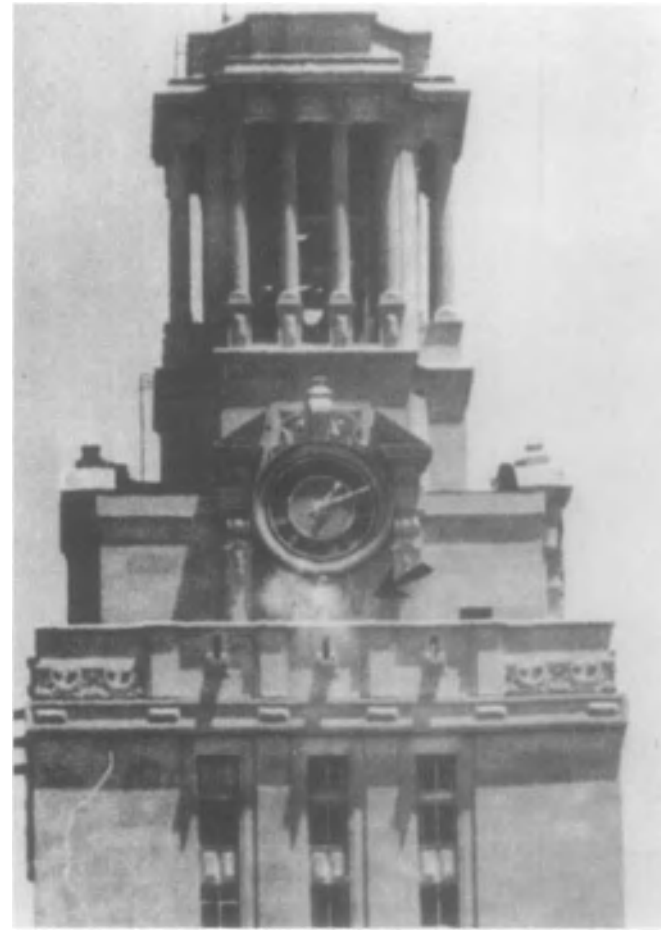
Nothing indicated that these savage attacks were provoked. Whitman left three cryptic notes in his apartment. The first, addressed to "Roy" read: "My mother's ill and won't be at work today." The two remaining notes were addressed "To whom it may concern." In one, Whitman professed love for his wife and mother, but confusion about why they had to die, except to "save them the embarrassment" of the action he had planned. Whitman expressed contempt for his father, a plumbing contractor from Lake Worth. He said he hated him "with a mortal passion."

Whitman spent the remainder of the morning assembling an arsenal of weapons and gathering provisions. A mail carrier, Chester Arrington, watched as Whitman retooled his shotgun in the family garage. "I talked to Whitman for about twenty-five minutes on the day he did it," Arrington recalled years later. "I saw him sawing off the shotgun, and I knew that was illegal." Arrington did not call police. "All I had to do was pick up the phone and report him. I could have stopped him. I've always blamed myself."

When Whitman was finished with his preparations, his foot locker resembled an arsenal. It contained a 6-mm. rifle with a telescopic sight, a Remington .35-caliber pump rifle, a .357 magnum pistol, a 9-mm. Luger pistol, a 30.06 reconditioned army carbine, a 12-gauge sawed off shotgun, and a large Bowie knife. The locker was well stocked with food and two bottles of water.

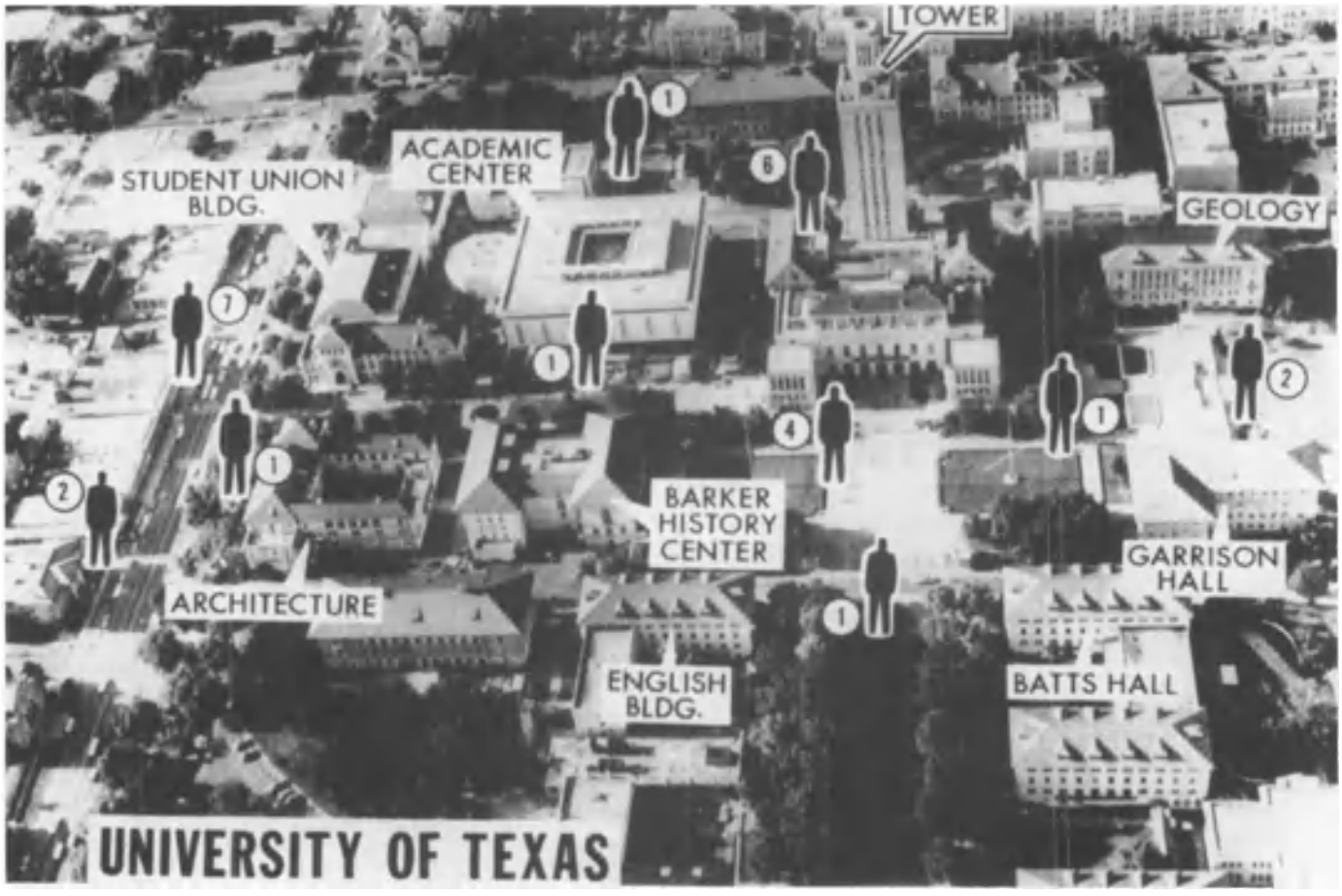
Whitman then carried the locker to the tallest building in Austin, a twenty-seven story tower on the university campus. The granite tower housed the university library and administration offices with an observation deck on the top level. In 1966, the deck was open to the public, commanding an expansive view of the entire campus and a significant portion of Austin. Whitman entered the tower, shot and killed the woman at the visitor's registration desk, and proceeded to the elevator. He next killed a mother and her two children, who were spending the day sightseeing. Just before noon, Whitman reached the observation deck, and with his cache of weapons he began random shooting at those below who fell prey to his telescopic sights.

An office worker on the eighteenth floor of the tower, Ruth Kiykendall, heard gunshots and called a friend in a nearby building. "Somebody's up there shooting in the tower," she said. "There is blood all over the place!" The campus was thrown into an uproar as students, faculty, and visitors scur-



The observation platform of the Tower at the University of Texas campus in Austin, where Whitman began firing at people after 11 a.m. on August 1, 1966; arrow shows where responding police bullets kicked up the dust when striking the side of the building.

A female student crouches behind a statue, right, during Whitman's onslaught of fire; a man lies wounded at left, one of the thirty-one persons injured by the sniper.



A police diagram shows Austin's University of Texas campus, where sixteen persons were killed and thirty-one wounded by Whitman (the numbers next to each figure indicate the number of dead or wounded found at that location).

Whitman's arsenal was found in the tower.

His face half shot away, the body of Charles Whitman lies on a stretcher only minutes after he was shot and killed by policemen.

ried for cover. Whitman fired his shots with unerring accuracy. He killed a student riding his bicycle near the Texas Union Building and a police officer standing behind a wooden fence. Whitman fired on a small boy and a pregnant woman, Mrs. Claire Wilson, who was taken to a hospital, where she gave birth to a stillborn baby.

Police sectioned off the campus, and tried frantically to keep 10,000 students and curiosity seekers out of the line of fire. A police airplane flew over the tower in an attempt to shoot the sniper. Armored cars were called in to rescue the wounded, several of whom lay bleeding in the 98 degree heat for more than an hour.

Whitman sprayed Guadalupe Street with bullets for eighty minutes. Police officers Romero Martinez, Houston McCoy, Jerry Jay, and George Sheppard rode up the tower elevator with civilian Allen Crum to subdue the sniper. Martinez and Crum slowly moved around the observation wall while the others covered exit doorways. Whitman spotted Martinez and fired once at him.

A few minutes later, Martinez fired six rapid shots while McCoy kicked in a door and emptied his shotgun. Martinez waved a green flag from the top of the tower signaling the all clear. Whitman lay dead on the observation deck, his head covered with blood.

"The sniper was on the northwest corner of the roof," Crum told reporters. "We rushed through the door and spread out." Whitman's body was carried out of the tower at 1:40 p.m. Later that day, administration officials allowed reporters up to the tower for a look. A pile of bloody rags was found lying in the corner. The glass face on the massive clock overlooking the campus grounds was chipped and fragmented with three bullet holes. The ex-Marine's murder spree left sixteen dead and thirty-one wounded.

School officials expressed shock over Whitman's actions. They were unable to uncover a motive. According to graduate faculty advisor Leonard F. Kreisle, Whitman "seemed to be more mature than most people his age." University Chancellor Harry Ransom released Whitman's student records, which showed that he had never been treated at the university for a psychiatric disorder, and was a "B" student. He had received an honorable discharge from the Marine Corps on December, 4, 1964, but had gone through court martial proceedings on one occasion for providing gambling loans.

Not everybody hated Charles Whitman. Hugo Ley, the owner of a Needville drug store remembered Whitman as a fine young man. "I loved Charlie," he said. "He was the kind of boy you would want for a son."

The residents of Austin were badly shaken by the slayings. Texas governor John Connally cut short a diplomatic visit to Rio de Janeiro to return home to launch a "complete and thorough investigation" into the sniper killings. Connally said that he hoped some good would result, and the inquiry would "shed light on the background and causes and give us some clues on preventing future occurrences of this nature."

In 1975, a made-for-television movie adaptation called *The Deadly Tower* starring Kurt Russell and John Forsythe aired on NBC. Martinez sued the network for $1 million, in a breach-of-contract suit, claiming the movie invaded his privacy and misrepresented his character by showing him as a radical. The same year, the University of Texas closed the observation deck, which had also been the site of several suicide attempts.

"TO MAKE A NAME FOR MYSELF"/ November 12, 1966

The summer of 1966 saw two of the most horrific mass murders in American history, the killing of eight nurses in July in Chicago by drifter Richard Speck, and the shooting deaths of sixteen persons in Austin, Texas, in August by sniper Charles Whitman. A third senseless mass murder would occur only a few months later in Mesa, Arizona, committed by a reclusive youth, who had become obsessed with the murdering Richard Speck.

Arrogant and maniacally grinning for photographers, mass murderer Robert Benjamin Smith, eighteen, is taken into custody only minutes after he killed four women and a child and wounded two others at a beauty parlor in Mesa, Arizona, on November 12, 1966.

Robert Benjamin Smith (b. 1948), was an 18-year-old high school senior living in Mesa, Arizona in 1966. The son of a retired Air Force major, the young man was intelligent and handsome, yet extremely shy. A good student, he was elected to the student council, but he made no friends and, other than attending school, remained for the most part in his room at home, where he consumed books about the American western outlaw Jesse James and French conqueror Napoleon I. When the news about the Chicago mass murders committed by Ri-

Three-year-old Debra Sellers was shot and stabbed to death by Smith "because she was jumping around a lot."

Glenda Carter, who was killed by Smith.

Mary Margaret Olsen, who was killed by Smith.

chard Speck dominated the press, Smith read every story, keeping clippings on the killings. When the Whitman story broke, Smith avidly collected news reports on those mass murders in Austin.

Fellow students thought Smith anti-social, but his reclusive attitude was later attributed to the fact that he had recently moved with his family from Maryland to Arizona. His father had retired from the Air Force and had taken a position in an electronics plant in nearby Phoenix. It was later learned that Smith harbored a deep hatred for his father and, on one occasion, lay await for him one night with a knife but abandoned the idea of murdering him.

Psychiatrists later described Smith as schizophrenic, one saying that the boy looked upon himself "like a god, cut out to become a kind of ruler over people." Nurturing a life-and-death authority, Smith also entertained at this time, according to analysts, perverted sexual fantasies in which he shot or stabbed women. It was ironic that his parents inadvertently put into his hands on his eighteenth birthday in August 1966, the very instrument with which to murder such women. He was at that time given a gift, a .22-caliber pistol for target shooting.

On the night of November 11, 1966, Smith helped his 6-year-old sister write a letter to Santa Claus and then, following the recorded routine of Charles Whitman in Austin three months earlier, began to pack a murder case. Into this container Smith placed his target pistol, rubber gloves, two hunting knives, extra bullets and several plastic sandwich bags which he first thought to use to suffocate female victims (another fantasy he had nurtured). At the last moment, he discarded the idea of employing the bags when he realized that they were too small to fit over a human head.

Carol Farmer, who was killed by Smith.

Joyce Sellers, who was killed by Smith.

Three-month-old Tamara Lynn Sellers, though wounded, survived when her mother shielded her with her own body.

The following morning, November 12, 1966, Smith walked into the Rose-Mar College of Beauty. He immediately fired a shot into a mirror, shattering it and terrifying all of the occupants inside the beauty parlor. He ordered the five women and two children into a back room, where, according to a survivor, he laughed and frequently talked "as if he was weak in the head." He next ordered the women and children to lie on the floor head-to-head, forming a pattern that resembled the spokes of a wheel.

"Are you kidding?" one woman asked Smith.

He kneeled next to another woman and put the pistol to her head, saying: "Do you think I am?"

A third woman tried to warn him off, telling Smith that more than forty persons would shortly arrive at the beauty parlor.

He snorted: "I'm sorry, but I didn't bring enough ammunition for them."

One woman began praying and Smith asked what she was doing.

"She's praying, if you don't mind," one of his captives indignantly replied.

"I do," said Smith and he began firing, shooting each woman in the head. Killed at point blank range were Glenda Carter, eighteen; Carol Farmer, nineteen; Joyce Sellers, twenty-seven; her 3-year-old daughter Debbie, and Mary Olsen. Three-month-old Tamara Sellers was saved when her mother cradled the child as she was being shot. He also fired a bullet into the head and arm of beautician Bonita Sue Harris, but she was alive, although she pretended to be dead, waiting for the mass murderer to leave. Debbie Sellers, however was still alive, but Smith drew his hunting knife and repeatedly stabbed her to death. He later told police that he "had to do it because she was jumping around a lot."

The gunfire attracted atten-

Beautician Bonita Sue Harris, who was wounded and survived by playing dead.

tion from neighboring shopkeepers and passersby and police were summoned. They entered the shop just as a smiling Smith was about to leave. He calmly told startled officers: "I shot some people. They're back there." He pointed to the back room of the beauty parlor. "The gun is in the brown bag." The officers found four women and the three-year-old girl dead. They rushed Harris and the baby, both badly wounded, to a hospital, where they recovered.

Smith was calm about his murder spree when confronted by police. One of the horrified officers asked: "Why did you do this?"

"I wanted to make a name for myself," Smith grinned. "I wanted people to know who I was."

Arrested, Smith cooperated with police, openly admitting the mass slayings, although he stated he did not expect to find any children in the beauty parlor when he entered the place.

"Why did you shoot the baby?" he was asked.

"Well, it was going to grow up and become an adult," Smith replied. He added that if his mother and sister had been in the beauty parlor when he entered it, he would have shot and killed them, too. He expressed no regrets, adding that the shootings had "exhilarated" him.

Robert Benjamin Smith was tried and found guilty of first-degree murder on five counts on October 24, 1967. He was sentenced to death, but the U.S. Supreme Court's moratorium on the death penalty caused his execution to be commuted to life imprisonment. He is presently serving four life terms and two 99-year terms, with no hope of parole.

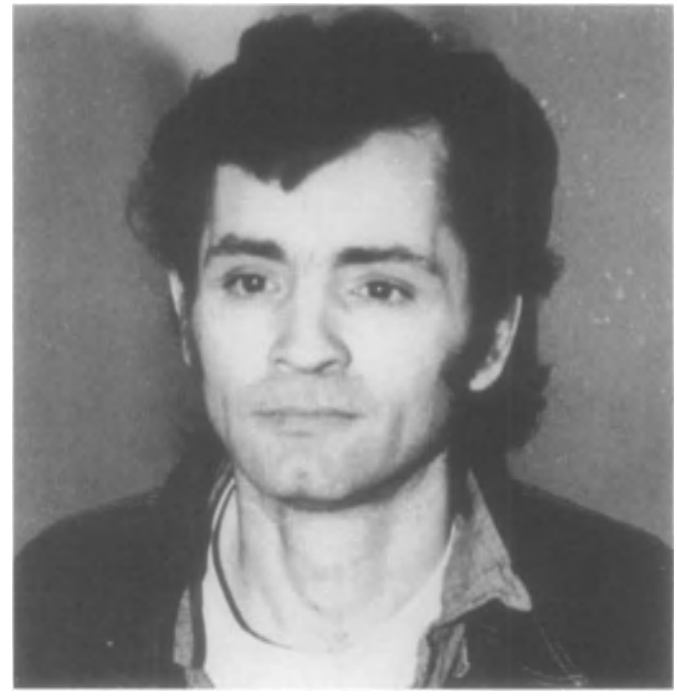
THE MANSON "FAMILY"/ August 8, 10, 1969

One of the worst mass murderers in America was a runt. The illegitimate son of a teenage prostitute, Charles Manson (b. 1934), never stood more than five feet, two inches, and was an unlikely candidate to lead a criminal commune, let alone a murder cult. He nevertheless became a guru to a pack of psychopathic killers whose murders shocked California and the entire U.S. in 1969.

Manson was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on November 11, 1934. His mother, Kathleen Maddox, of Ashland, Kentucky, unable to support even herself through prostitution, left her son with his grandmother in Mc Mechen, West Virgina. He was later sent to Boys Town in Nebraska, but his incorrigible thieving and truculent manner soon caused him to leave.

Living a nomadic life, Manson drifted to Peoria, Illinois, where he was arrested for the first time for stealing food. He was sent to the Indiana Boys School in Plainfield, but Manson proved to be as surly and troublesome there as he had been at Boys Town in Nebraska. He escaped eighteen times from the

Charles Manson, fourteen, having been released from a juvenile home and made a ward of the court in Indianapolis; his mother had abandoned him.



Manson at age sixteen, a photo taken of him when he was in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Charles Manson in 1969, at the time he supervised his motley "family" at the Spahn Movie Ranch and planned mass murders of whites, which he would blame on blacks to incite a race war.

Steven Earl Parent, eighteen, the first victim in the mass murders of August 8, 1969, shown at his high school prom.

school and finally fled west. He was arrested again in Beaver City, Utah, in 1951 for theft. Over the next four years, Manson spent most of his time in federal reformatories.

Manson served time in the National Training School for Boys in Washington, D.C., and he was finally paroled from the Chillicothe Federal Reformatory in November 1954. In the following year, Manson married Rosalie Jean Willis, and a short time later he was arrested and charged with transporting stolen autos across state lines. For this federal offense, Manson was sent to Terminal Island Prison outside Los Angeles to serve a three-year prison term.

In 1958, Manson was released and he immediately became a pimp, but again he was arrested, charged with violating the Mann Act for transporting females across state lines for immoral purposes. After several of these arrests, Manson resorted to forging checks and was again arrested, this time drawing a ten-year prison term in the federal penitentiary on McNeil Island, Washington. Released in March 1967, Manson bummed his way to Los Angeles. By this time he had spent seventeen years behind bars—more than half his life.

Almost illiterate and completely unschooled, prison life had nevertheless turned Manson into a shifty, cagey, and cunning creature, who had learned how to manipulate people in prison to compensate for his diminutive size. He had been used sexually by men in prison and he was bisexual, but by the time he reached California in 1967, Charles Manson had a decided taste for young women, especially the long-legged, long-haired flower children of the turbulent 1960s.

Manson mocked and sneered at convention and authority and he infused his mostly female followers with his own arrogant posture and hatred for the police and law. He labeled everyone opposed to his gypsy lifestyle an enemy of his "family," and he moved from one seamy road camp to another, first living with several young dropout women and a few docile and obedient men outside of San Francisco. Manson com-

Heiress Abigail Folger, with Voytek Frykowski; both were killed by Manson Family members invading the home at 10050 Cielo Drive.

Hair stylist Jay Sebring, who at one time dated film starlet Sharon Tate; he was murdered in the slaughter of August 8, 1969.

plained that the weather was too cold for his delicate body and insisted that his "family" follow him southward to the warmer climate of Los Angeles.

There, in 1968, Manson quickly gathered new followers who were mesmerized by his hypnotic stare and monosyllabic pronouncements, which they mistakenly took for insightful comments from an idiot savant. He mouthed platitudes and generalities that were about as enlightening as the slogans on calendars in gas stations, where he had occasionally worked in earlier years. Yet his gobbledygook and gibberish appealed to young women seeking excitement and affection.

One such was 21-year-old Patricia Krenwinkel. She had grown up in an untroubled middleclass family, had been a Camp Fire Girl and had a good education. Krenwinkel held a good job with a Los Angeles insurance company, but the moment she met Manson on Manhattan Beach, she gave up everything. She even abandoned her car and did not bother to pick up her paycheck. She was typical of the followers Manson led to the Spahn Movie Ranch, a broken down shack-cluttered dusty area in eastern Simi Valley.

Susan Atkins, twenty-one, also joined Manson. Her background rivaled his own. She had worked at seamy jobs all her life, including that of a topless dancer and bar hustler. She was unkempt, unschooled, and, like many of her repugnant ilk, proud of her ignorance, lack of hygiene and defiance to authority. Worse, she had been a practicing satanist for a number of years, an influence which was to infiltrate the deluded, receptive minds of the Manson commune. She quickly became Manson's chief aide.

The group also included tall, pretty Leslie Van Houten, nineteen, a school dropout and LSD addict, who had run away from home at an early age and had lived like a tramp in the Los Angeles area until meeting Manson and joining the commune at the Spahn ranch. In July 1969, Linda Kasabian, twenty, stole $5,000 from the home of a friend to give to Manson so he would accept her as a member of his lunatic commune. Kasabian was married and had small children, but she took her infant daughter Tanya and abandoned the rest of her family to live at the Spahn Ranch. She, like Van Houten, was addicted to LSD and was usually in a drug daze when cavorting with Manson.

Also among this motley clan was Charles "Tex" Watson, twenty-three, tall, powerfully built, a one-time high school football and track star from Farmersville, Texas. Though he had been a top student, once Watson moved to the Spahn Ranch, he became a mindless robot who slavishly followed Manson's orders. Manson's every waking moment was spent either indoctrinating his followers with his own satanic teachings or by appeasing his insatiable sexual cravings by sleeping with one or two or all of his female followers at the same time.

Manson reveled in the sexual attention his females followers lavished upon him, and he promised each of his fanatical female cohorts that he would make them pregnant with his

Actress Sharon Tate, pregnant when murdered, begged for her life and her unborn child, a plea her slayers ignored.

child as a reward for being loyal to him. As time went on, Manson began to tell his family that he was "Man-son," or "Son-of-Man," which he likened to Christ. He grew long hair and a scraggily beard and marched about Christ-like on the Spahn Ranch spouting his idiotic philosophy, telling his followers that he was not only Christ but Satan, too.

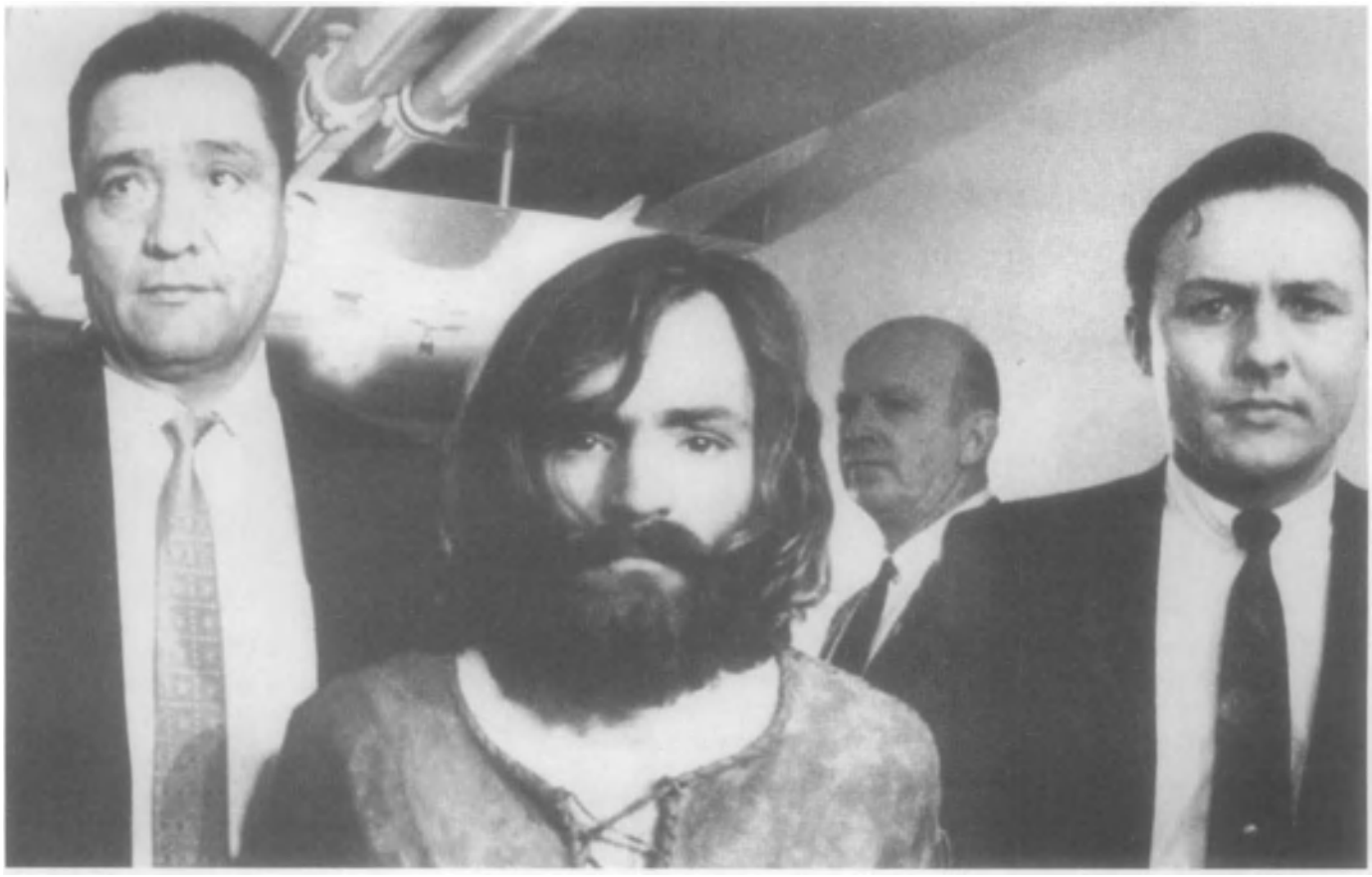
At this time Manson began to rant against blacks, saying that he had been sent to wreak divine havoc upon the earth, and against those who had allowed blacks to co-mingle with whites. The planet had to be purged of this inferior race, he said, and this could only be brought about by whites, who would rise up and slaughter all blacks. This world race war would not begin, Manson pointed out to his followers, until whites themselves had been brutally attacked, especially important white people.

His family, Manson proudly stated, had been selected as the instrument of his wrath. They would kill some important whites and blame the slaughter on the blacks. The result would be a general uprising by whites against blacks and the slaughter of blacks would ensue. Manson's hatred for blacks stemmed from his miserable life in prison, where he had been repeatedly raped by black prisoners. He would now take vengeance upon the entire race for this offense to his youthful body.

Meanwhile, Manson began playing the guitar and soon deluded himself into believing that he was one of the most accomplished guitar players in the world and a composer of great talent. He composed a monotonous song that was no more than a few notes strung together and lyrics that consisted of only two words "You Know" repeated over and over again.

Grocery store owner Leno LaBianca, murdered by Manson's people on the night of August 10, 1969.

Rosemary LaBianca, murdered with her husband in her home by the Manson killers on August 10, 1969.



Charles Manson, under arrest and charged with the Tate-LaBianca mass murders in 1969; he taunted the court and reveled in his notoriety, making contorted faces and babbling like an idiot.

Wearing "party" dresses, left to right, Susan Atkins, Patricia Krenwinkle and Leslie Van Houten arrive at their hearing.

Linda Kasabian, twenty-one, became the star witness for the prosecution, detailing the Manson Family murders.

Laughing contemptuously at the death penalty meted out to them (left to right) Susan Atkins, Patricia Krenwinkle and Leslie Van Houten leave a Los Angeles courtroom in 1971; they, along with Manson, and the hulking Charles "Tex" Watson were spared the gas chamber when a moratorium on the death penalty was decreed.

Charles "Tex" Watson, who fought extradition to California, was ultimately sentenced to death.

Manson thought that his song would, if he could get it before the public, become the most popular ditty in the U.S.

Pursuing that warped ambition, Manson contacted Gary Hinman, a successful musician, badgering him to make a hit out of his song. Hinman was amused by the dogged Manson and made the mistake of allowing Manson, Susan Atkins, and Robert K. Beausoleil, another fanatical follower of Manson's, to stay in his house. Hinman did little but tolerate Manson, and he subsequently enraged the pint-sized cultist by ignoring Manson's composition.

The group moved out of Hinman's house, but Manson harbored a deep hatred for the musician, coming to believe that Hinman was jealously ignoring his song. When hearing that Hinman had recently inherited $20,000, Manson sent Atkins and Beausoleil to Hinman's house to steal the money and kill Hinman for snubbing Manson and his brilliant composition. Beausoleil and Atkins held Hinman prisoner, torturing him, while they ransacked his house in their desperate search for the inheritance money, naively believing Hinman would keep $20,000 in his home.

After two days, Atkins and Beausoleil grew disgusted and murdered Hinman. Beausoleil stabbed the musician to death, while he was bound hand and foot. Atkins then dipped her fingers in her victim's blood and wrote on the wall of his resplendent home: "Political Piggie." The killers then wiped the house clean of their fingerprints and left, but they were sloppy. Two prints were overlooked, both belonging to Beausoleil, and police quickly identified him and tracked him down, finding the killer in his car wearing a shirt stained with Hinman's blood. The knife Beausoleil used to kill the musician was found in the car with him. He was charged with murder and jailed.

Manson ignored the loss of Beausoleil. He was expendable. Manson's only concern was to have his song published, and he next approached Terry Melcher, the son of singer-actress Doris Day, asking Melcher to introduce him to the important people he knew in the music industry so that they could benefit from his musical masterpiece. Melcher apparently did nothing to help Manson, which infuriated the little cult leader. In his demented thinking, Manson came to believe that he would instill terror in the heart of Terry Melcher, so much fear that Melcher would do as Manson asked.

To create this terror, Manson would unleash his drugged up followers, instructing them to murder some innocent people. Manson drilled his cultists, organizing a death squad, telling them to put on black clothes and enter abandoned buildings in grim rehearsals which the cultists called "the Creepie Crawlies." It was all a game to these people, who had reduced themselves to moronic obedience. They become slavish cretins, all of them, blindly following the orders of their leader, Charlie Manson.

On March 23, 1969, Manson and Tex Watson went to Melcher's lavish home, a sprawling tree-lined estate in remote Benedict Canyon. Melcher no longer lived at the house on Cielo Drive. Manson saw some glamorous-looking people moving about and he labeled them "movie star types." He did not know their names, but while still brooding about how Melcher had ignored him, Manson decided that everyone now living in the house, where Melcher once lived would die. Their deaths would prove to Melcher that Manson meant business, the business of death and that next time Melcher would be more energetic in promoting the little man's long-neglected song.

On the night of August 8, 1969, Manson sent his death

In this photo series, Charles Manson is shown making faces in a Los Angeles courtroom, where, despite the pleas of his attorney, he refused to face either the judge or jury; he was finally ordered from the courtroom for his incorrigible, moronic behavior and was later condemned to the gas chamber, which he escaped, along with his fellow murderers when capital punishment was put on hold.

squad to the house on Cielo Drive. Only Linda Kasabian lost her nerve at the last minute and remained outside the house, according to her later statements. Those unsuspecting inhabitants of the house included movie star Sharon Tate, eight months pregnant. The beautiful blonde was the wife of Roman Polanski, maker of horror films, who was then in London working on a movie. Also residing at the house was Abigail Folger, coffee heiress, who was living at the house with her boyfriend, Polish writer Voyteck Frykowski, a friend of Polanski's. Present in the house that night was Jay Sebring, a celebrated hair stylist to the rich and famous. Sebring was a former boyfriend of Sharon Tate's.

Manson had made all the necessary preparations for mass murder. He had given Tex Watson a rope, a knife, and a .22-caliber revolver, ordering him to take Krenwinkel, Atkins, and Kasabian with him. The cult leader directed Watson to kill everyone in the house adding: "And make it as gruesome as possible."

As the group entered the grounds of the estate, Watson came upon 18-year-old Steven Parent, who had been visiting caretaker William Garretson. The 19-year-old Garretson lived in a small house far removed from the mansion, one completely overlooked by the killers. Watson thrust the revolver into Parent's face and the youth begged for his life. Watson fired four shots into him, killing Parent instantly. Watson then entered the house with Atkins and Krenwinkel. They ordered Tate, Sebring, Frykowski, and Folger into the living room, telling them that they were only robbing the house and would harm no one.

Sebring was tied up, but he broke free and started to flee. He was shot to death. Then Frykowski, realizing they would all be killed, leaped forward, attacking the hulking Watson. He was shot, knocked down, and kicked; then Watson beat the Polish writer with the butt of the revolver, while the girls stabbed him fifty-one times. Folger made a dash for the back door and managed to reach the lawn before Krenwinkel ran after her and knocked her down. Watson caught up to Folger and stabbed her repeatedly until she was dead.

Only Sharon Tate was left alive. She pleaded for her life, telling Susan Atkins that she was pregnant and begged for the life of her unborn child. "Woman, I have no mercy for you," sneered Atkins, who then stabbed Tate sixteen times, killing her. The slaughterhouse killers then tied a rope about Sebring's head and the other end to Tate's mutilated corpse. They spread an American flag on the couch and then wrote the word "pig" on the front door in Sharon Tate's blood.

The killers changed their bloody clothes, gathered their weapons, and drove away, later throwing their clothing and weapons into a ravine in the San Fernando Valley. It was then they realized that they had left Atkins' knife behind at the murder scene. The foursome stopped at a small house and unraveled a hose which they used to wash away the blood on their hands and faces. The homeowner then appeared and chased the killers away.

The next day Manson and his followers, now numbering almost thirty, read the gruesome newspaper accounts of the murders on Cielo Drive. While the country reeled in disgust and shock, Manson and his followers wildly celebrated this

Female Manson followers not charged in the mass murders shaved their heads and sat chanting outside a Los Angeles courtroom during the murder trials of Manson and his fellow killers; these women used aliases and refused to give authorities their true identities; like those convicted, they were social dropouts and misfits.

"triumph" by having a sex orgy, with Manson at the center of the frenzied love-making, and by smoking endless marijuana cigarettes. Manson then stated that it was time to make another terror raid.

On the night of August 10, 1969, Manson led his group of killers, including Watson, Atkins, Krenwinkel, Leslie Van Houten, and 23-year-old Steve Grogan to the home of Rosemary and Leno LaBianca, a house Manson randomly selected in the Silver Lake area. The LaBianca home was large and spacious. Rosemary LaBianca, thirty-eight, ran a fashionable dress shop and her husband, 44-year-old Leno LaBianca, owned a grocery-store chain.

Manson alone invaded the home by crawling through an open window. He awoke the couple, waving a gun in their faces and tying them up with leather thongs he habitually wore about his neck. He told them that he would not harm them, only rob their house. He took LaBianca's wallet and returned to the car, where his cultists sat joking, excited at the prospect of committing more senseless murders. Manson ordered Watson, Van Houten, and Krenwinkel to go into the LaBianca house and murder the man and woman he had tied up and told them he and the others were going into the house next door to murder its occupants.

When Watson, Krenwinkel, and Van Houten went into the LaBianca home, Manson and the others drove back to the Spahn ranch. En route, Manson stopped at a gas station. He handed LaBianca's wallet to Linda Kasabian and ordered her to place it in the women's washroom. He explained that some "greedy bitch" would find the wallet, use the credit cards inside, and then be blamed for the murders. He laughed at the cleverness of his plan.

Watson, meanwhile, was dutifully murdering Leno LaBianca. He dragged the man into the living room of his house and repeatedly stabbed him until he was dead, leaving the knife sticking in his victim's neck. He then covered LaBianca's head with a pillow case. Meanwhile, Van Houten and Krenwinkel had been in the bedroom, repeatedly stabbing the helpless Rosemary LaBianca. They stabbed and chanted at the same time, making forty-one wounds in the woman, a dozen after she was long dead. They tied a cord around her neck and covered her face with a pillowcase.

On the living room wall of the LaBianca home, the slayers wrote slogans with their victim's blood, spelling out in large letters the words "Death to all pigs" and "Rise." In the kitchen they wrote, also in blood, the words "Healter [sic] Skelter" on the door of the refrigerator. The killers did not flee, but en-

Self-styled guru and mass murderer Charles Manson, manacled at hands and feet, trudges his way to prison to serve life behind bars.

joyed the home as if it was their own. They took a communal shower to wash away the blood and then helped themselves to a midnight snack by looting the refrigerator. Before the cult killers left the house, Watson took a carving knife and sliced the word "war" on Leno LaBianca's stomach. He then thrust the knife into the man's stomach and left laughing.

Many of Manson's followers left the Spahn Ranch after these incomprehensible slayings, including Atkins, who was later arrested and jailed for prostitution. She bragged to a prisoner about the killings and another inmate overheard the boastful confession. She informed police that Charles Manson had been behind the killings. On August 16, 1969, Manson and several of his demented followers were arrested at the Spahn Ranch, but then released for lack of evidence.

Manson was rearrested in a sleazy camp with some followers near Death Valley on October 15, 1969. Also in custody by that time were Atkins, Van Houten, Beausoleil, Grogan, and Kasabian. Police tracked down Krenwinkel in Mobile, Alabama, where she was hiding with an aunt. Watson had gone home to Collin County, Texas, where his influential relatives managed to fight off extradition for some time. He was finally returned to California and he, along with Manson, Krenwinkel, Atkins, Van Houten, Grogan, and Beausoleil, were placed on trial for murder.

The trial was often interrupted by the defendants who treated it as a lark. They laughed at the descriptions of their mutilations and murders and posed for newspaper photographers, especially Manson, who delighted in the limelight. He had finally found the attention he had sought all his life. Manson attempted to portray himself as the worst man on earth. He bragged to fellow prisoners that he had murdered at least thirty-five others, in addition to the Tate-LaBianca slayings, another lie from an inveterate liar.

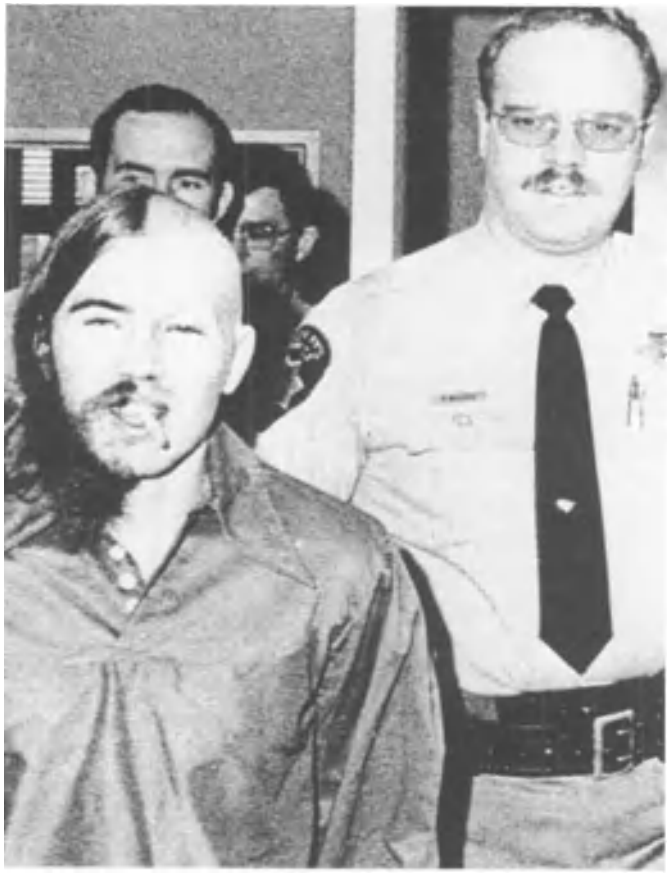
All of the repulsive defendants were found guilty and sentenced to die in the gas chamber. When the death penalty was abolished in California in 1971, the sentences were commuted to life imprisonment, which, by California law, allows prisoners to apply for parole every seven years. Thus far, all appeals for parole by the Manson killer-cultists have been denied. At this writing, the ever-inventive Charles Manson makes extra money to buy cigarettes and candy in the prison commissary at San Quentin by selling to fans his rolled up socks upon which he draws smiling faces and autographs with the flourish of a poor man's Pablo Picasso.

FIVE SLAYINGS IN SANTA CRUZ/October 19, 1970

The coastal village of Santa Cruz, about forty miles south of San Francisco, California, was the setting for a reenactment of the 1969 Manson killings. On October 19, 1970, the home of wealthy eye surgeon, Dr. Victor Ohta went up in flames. After firemen brought the blaze under control, they found the bodies of Ohta, his wife, Virginia, their two children, Taggart, eleven, and Derrick, twelve, and the doctor's secretary, Dorothy Cadwallader. All had been shot dead, their bodies dumped into the family pool.

A note attached to the family's Rolls Royce read: "Halloween 1970. Today WWIII will begin, as brought to you by the people of the Free Universe. From this day forward, anyone and/or company of persons who misuses the natural environment or destroys same will suffer the penalty of death by the people of the Free Universe. I and my comrades from this day forth will fight until death or freedom against anyone who does not support natural life on this planet. Materialism must die or mankind will stop." The note was signed "Knight of Wands, Knight of Pentacles, Knight of Cups, Knight of Swords."

The ritualistic nature of the murders indicated that a cultist familiar with tarot cards was responsible. The groups of hippies camped in the adjacent woods suggested another Manson cult. Police came to suspect 24-year-old John Linley Frazier (b. 1946), a local car mechanic, who experimented with hallucinogenic drugs. Frazier was separated from his wife and lived near a hippie commune in Felton. He was known to be a militant ecologist and tarot card practitioner.



John Linley Frazier, half his head shaved (in a blatant attempt to project schizophrenia), murdered the Ohta family in Santa Cruz in 1970 and went to prison for life.

Frazier had a criminal record at the time of his arrest, and had been seen driving Virginia Ohta's station wagon the day after the murders. He refused to confirm or deny his guilt, but his fingerprints were found on the Rolls Royce. Police and prosecutors pieced together the method of Frazier's premeditated mass murders.

The killer had planned to "execute" all the members of this well-to-do family days in advance. First, he waited for Mrs. Virginia Ohta to return home and shot her as she entered her house. Next, he waited for Victor Ohta, his children and his secretary to arrive and Frazier shot them as they appeared, dragging their bodies to the pool, where he threw them into the water.

Frazier was ruled legally sane, tried, and convicted on five counts of murder. Frazier was sentenced to die in San Quentin's gas chamber, but California abolished the death penalty in 1971, automatically commuting his sentence to life imprisonment.

THE CANARY ISLAND RITUAL SLAYINGS/December 22, 1970

The Alexanders, a reclusive German family, were religious fanatics, who believed that only a select few of their religious cult were free of Satan's control and that all others were instruments of the Devil to be purged by violence if the "chosen one" of their cult so decreed. This is exactly what happened to the Alexanders in 1970, when 16-year-old Frank Alexander (b. 1954) decided that his mother and sisters were possessed of the Devil and had to be murdered. A horrific slaughter followed in which Frank and his equally zealous father Harald Alexander (b. 1931) destroyed their loved ones in the name of God. They later excused their grisly acts as part of their religious beliefs.

The Alexanders had originated in Dresden and later moved to Hamburg, where Harald Alexander became the ardent disciple of George Riehle, a religious zealot, who was, in turn, the self-designated leader of the Lorber Society. Jacob Lorber (1800-1864) had founded this religious group in the early part of the nineteenth century, a severe spiritual organization that taught unflinching self-denial and upheld the beliefs that all non-members were basically evil. Riehle became a member of this small sect, which never numbered more than a few hundred members through the decades.

Some time in the 1930s, Riehle came to believe that he was the Prophet of God (the same kind of delusional perspective that gripped the distorted minds of religious zealots Jim Jones and David Koresh, whose paranoid actions led to mass murders—see following entries). Alexander met Riehle in Hamburg when the old man was dying and nursed him through his last days. When Riehle died, Alexander announced to his wife that he had inherited the mantle of the Lorber Society leadership. Dagmar Alexander, equally possessed of her husband's single-minded beliefs, accepted him in his self-appointed role.

When their son Frank was born, Harald Alexander told his wife that their son was now the Prophet of God and that his every whim had to be observed and obeyed. As the boy grew up, he was served by his family members—his older sister Marina, his younger twin sisters Sabine and Petra, and his parents—as if he were a potentate. They responded to his every whim, until Frank Alexander dictated their every movement.

The boy, when reaching his teens, decided that he could never "pollute" himself with the bodies of women outside of their small sect. He informed his father that he would have sex with his mother and older sister and such incestuous relations became commonplace within the Alexander household, the father not only agreeing to such practices, but encouraging his son to have sex with his wife and daughters at any time, often joining with Frank as they both assaulted Dagmar Alexander or the older sister, Marina. The women accepted their roles as sex objects in the belief that they were serving the Prophet of God, Frank Alexander.

Such bizarre practices soon brought them to the attention of the Hamburg police, especially when the younger sisters began to talk about them to the few friends they had made. To avoid police investigation into their activities, the Alexanders moved to a reclusive society, one far apart from the rest of the world, relocating to a small apartment at 37 Calle Jesus Nazareno in Santa Cruz, the capital of Tenerife in the Canary Islands.

Neighbors soon noted that the family remained aloof and its members seldom ventured from their apartment. Harald Alexander was forever playing a small organ that had been

left to him by George Riehle. For ten months the family occupied the small flat without incident, the girls and Frank supporting the family with low-paying jobs. The girls worked as domestics and Frank was a shipping clerk, though he kept irregular hours.

Then, on December 22, 1970, Harald and Frank Alexander appeared in the villa occupied by Dr. Walter Trenkler, asking to see 15-year-old Sabine Alexander. Trenkler found the girl in the kitchen preparing a meal for the family and told her that her father and brother were on the patio waiting to see her. She went to them and Trenkler, to his amazement and shock, heard Harald Alexander say to his daughter: "Sabine, dear, we wanted you to know at once that Frank and I have just finished killing your mother and your sisters."

The girl took her father's hand and put it to her cheek and replied, "I'm sure you've done what you thought necessary."

Dr. Trenkler stood in shock for a moment, staring at the Alexanders. Harald Alexander caught Trenkler's stare and said matter-of-factly: "Ah, you've overheard. We've killed my wife and other daughters. It was the hour of killing." The horrified physician then looked over the father and son carefully. What he originally thought was mud and dirt on their clothes, the result of laboring he imagined, was not what covered them from head to foot. It was human gore that smeared their clothes and faces and hands, dried and caking in the hot sun of the courtyard where they stood.

Even more frightening was the conduct of the Alexanders. There was nothing secretive or sinister about them. They were calm and reported their gruesome acts as if nothing was amiss, that the killings they had just announced were perfectly acceptable. Trenkler asked the Alexanders to wait. He raced into the villa and called the police.

Officers quickly arrived and took the Alexanders into custody, while Detective Inspector Juan Hernandez and Detective Sergeant Manuel Perera went to the Alexander flat, accompanied by a police physician, and forced open the door. They stepped into a place of carnage. All of the dishes, clothing, papers, including passports and family documents, had been torn to pieces. Everything was in shreds. The apartment was coated with blood—ceilings, walls, floors. In the middle of the living room floor were the mutilated bodies of the two daughters, 18-year-old Marina, and 15-year-old Petra. Their breasts and private parts had been hacked away and nailed to one of the walls.

The older girl had been disemboweled. In the bedroom was found the remains of 39-year-old Dagmar Alexander, also horribly mutilated, her breasts and privates also hacked away. Her heart had been cut out, bound on a cord and this was nailed to the wall. The place was a grisly slaughterhouse running blood, a sight so overwhelming that even the hardened officers grew sick to their stomachs.

The Alexanders, at the local police station, freely admitted the gruesome murders. Frank Alexander, called "The Prophet" by his father, related how he was in the bedroom when Dagmar entered it. "I saw that Mother was looking at me and I had the feeling that it was not permitted for her to look at me in this manner. I therefore took the clothes hanger and struck her over the head. After I struck her several times she fell over and lost consciousness. Father had gone to the living room to play the organ and I also went there. First I struck Marina on the head with the hanger, and after she lost consciousness, I struck Petra. Father continued to play the organ and praise Jesus, but when I began to remove the offending parts, he came to help me."

Religious zealots Frank (who is staring defiantly at the judge) and Harald Alexander, are shown at their mental hearings; they had slaughtered female family members for being "unclean."

Harald Alexander supported every heinous detail of his son's statements, saying that the sex organs of his wife and daughters were "offending parts," and had to be removed, adding that the women in the household had expected the "hour of killing" at any time, that the family had discussed this "holy time" and its eventuality and that the women accepted their role as human sacrifices at the hands of The Prophet, Frank Alexander.

Both Frank and Harald Alexander then stated that they felt no guilt, that this was all part of their religious beliefs, that women were unclean and had to be purified by killing. They claimed that their victims had been released into heaven through their murders and they even celebrated their grisly acts by playing the organ, both taking turns, and singing hymns after slaughtering the females of their household.

Psychiatrists examined the father and son and concluded that they were both unfit to stand trial. Both were committed to an asylum for the criminally insane, where they presently reside, neither, at last report, responding to any kind of treatment and both convinced, still, that the slaughter of their family members was a purification act in keeping with their religious beliefs. Both men still believe that they are being persecuted for their beliefs and neither has expressed one thought of guilt.

Harald Alexander continues to address his son Frank as "The Prophet." Sabine Alexander, the surviving female mem-

ber of the family, begged authorities to send her to the asylum with her brother and father, but this was rejected. She was sent to a convent, where she still resides, refusing to live in the outside world.

A WHITE RACIST KILLER/ February 14, 1977

His massive arms pockmarked by racist tattoos, Frederick W. Cowan is shown shortly before he embarked upon a mass murder spree on February 14, 1977.

Frederick W. Cowan (AKA: Second Hitler; 1944-1977) had three great pleasures in life: his collection of Nazi memorabilia, his weapons collection, and weightlifting. He bore tattoos of Nazi symbols on his arms, and expressed his hatred of Jews and blacks to anyone who would listen. He attributed his hatred of blacks to a time during the Vietnam War when a black man refused to help him. But Cowan was never in Vietnam. Then his neighbor in New Rochelle, New York, Theresa Schmidt, started dating a black man.

On August 2, 1975, when Schmidt walked by Cowan's house, he pointed her out to a nearby kid as a "nigger lover." Schmidt, overhearing, turned on him and demanded to know what he had said. Cowan went to the trunk of his car, grabbed a rifle, and said: "Get out of there before I blow your brains out!" Schmidt ran to call the police, but the officer, who answered the call expressed no interest in pursuing the matter when Cowan was not in sight on his arrival. Months later, when Schmidt passed Cowan's house again, he pointed a rifle at her and pulled the trigger, but the weapon was not loaded.

In January 1977, 33-year-old Cowan's opinions got him in trouble at his job. He was suspended after refusing to work for a man he thought was Jewish. The superior, who suspended him, Norman Bing, was himself Jewish, and later stated that "the guys figured he was a lot of talk. He had no history of violence. Everybody said he was a pussycat." But on Valentine's Day 1977, his first day back at work, Cowan drove to work at the Neptune Moving Company, stood in the parking lot, and armed himself as if for battle with pistols, hand grenades, bandoliers of ammunition, and a semi-automatic rifle.

Cowan then walked into the main entrance searching for Bing, and immediately shot and killed two black men passing through the office. Cowan told another employee, "Go home and tell my mother not to come down to Neptune." He continued into the company cafeteria, up the stairs, killing two more

The headquarters of the Neptune Moving Company in New Rochelle, New York, which a heavily-armed Cowan invaded for the purpose of shooting blacks and Jews.

A police armored vehicle is shown arriving at the Neptune Company, where Cowan had shot five persons dead and wounded others; hundreds of spectators can be seen behind a police barricade in the distance.

Wearing flak jackets and carrying high-powered rifles, New Rochelle police are shown entering the Neptune building, where Cowan was found dead, a suicide.

A Nazi flag and a picture of Adolf Hitler, Cowan's idol, was found with Cowan's arsenal in his home.

people on the way. When a squad car arrived, Cowan saw it from a window and shot and killed one policeman as he emerged from the car. Within minutes, the Neptune building was under siege, a New York City Police Department armored personnel carrier on hand to help.

The killer, moving back and forth from the offices to the roof, would not answer loudspeaker calls for several hours, even when his mother arrived and spoke to him. Once Cowan shouted that he had "plenty of grenades and other guns to last me all day." Another time he answered a phone and said, "I'm sorry for your trouble. Tell the mayor that I'm sorry to be causing the city so much trouble." At 2:40 p.m., a single shot sounded. As the police cleared the building, they found that Fred Cowan, killer of five, had killed himself with a gunshot to the head.

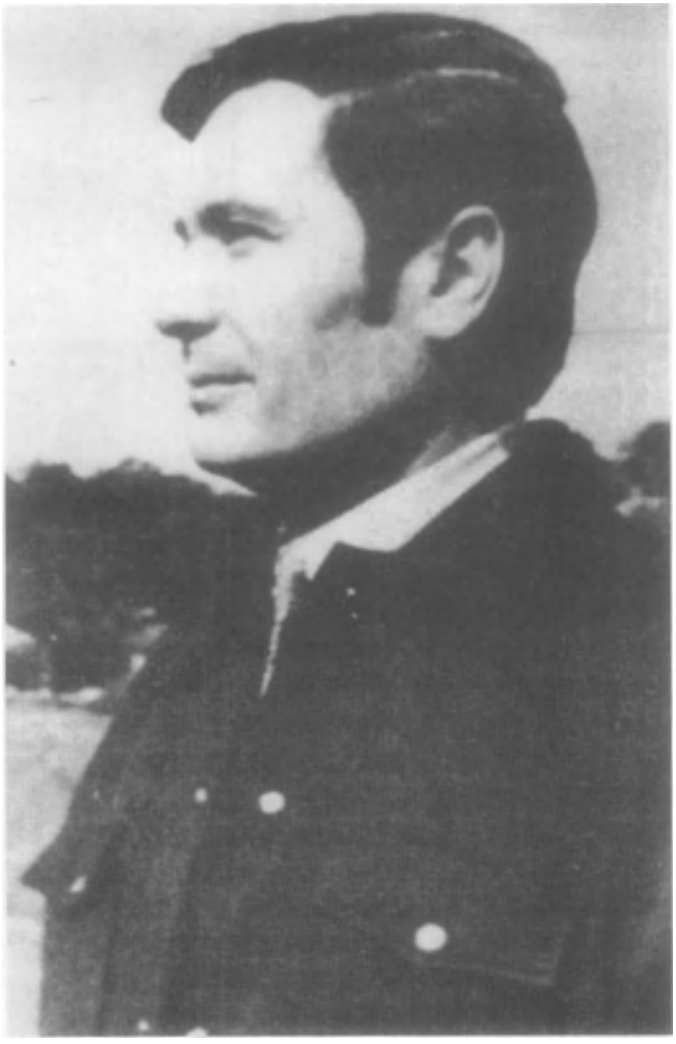
MASS MURDER IN GUYANA/November 15, 1978

Boyhood friends of the Reverend James Warren "Jim" Jones (1931-1978) would recall the times when he held mock funeral services for dead animals in his home town of Lynn, Indiana, where the cottage industry was casket making. "Some of the neighbors would have cats missing and we always thought he was using them for sacrifices," recalled Tootie Morton. Jones, whose father was a drunken Klansman unable to hold a job, became obsessed with religion. At fourteen, the Bible-toting boy delivered his first sermon. In 1949, Jones married Marceline Baldwin, his high school sweetheart.

After Jones dropped out of Indiana University, the couple moved to Indianapolis, where he started a Methodist Mission, but the church fathers found his religious pretensions objectionable. He was expelled in 1954 and then raised money by importing monkeys and selling them for $29 each. Jones accumulated $50,000, which was used to purchase a rundown synagogue in a black neighborhood of Indianapolis. During this time he and his wife adopted eight Korean and black children.

The mayor of Indianapolis, impressed with Jones' community work in the impoverished neighborhoods of the city, appointed him director of the Human Rights Commission. But when Jones found Indianapolis too provincial in its racial attitudes, he moved to Belo Horizonte, Brazil, after reading that this was the safest spot in the world to survive a nuclear holocaust. The family later relocated to Rio de Janeiro, where Jones taught in an American school. Hearing that the People's Temple in Indianapolis, which he had founded in 1957, was in the midst of a leadership crisis, Jones returned home. In 1964, he affiliated his group with the Disciples of Christ and was ordained a minister.

Influenced by the Reverend Ross Case, and half-believing that the world was about to end, Jones led a migration of 100



Rev. Jim Jones, when he was beginning his ministry in San Francisco, seemingly a forthright religious leader.

followers from Indiana to Redwood Valley, in Mendocino County, California. The minister purchased a synagogue in the deteriorating Fillmore district of San Francisco. He provided a day-care center and food kitchens for the black inner-city residents, who accounted for 80 percent of the congregation of the People's Temple and won the enthusiastic support of politicians.

Governor Jerry Brown was a visitor to the People's Temple. Mayor George Moscone (later murdered, see chapter on Assassination) appointed Jones to serve on the city's housing authority as a reward for his political support in the 1975 election. After hearing of the Jonestown horror, Moscone would say, "I proceeded to vomit and cry."

Money began to roll in. Jim Jones purchased Greyhound buses and began traveling around the country accompanied by bodyguards and press aides. At the same time, he urged sexual abstinence to his parishioners, he surrounded himself with female followers. In 1974, he purchased 27,000 acres of rain forest in Guyana on the northern coast of South America, which he hoped to turn into a socialist utopia for himself and his followers.

Despite warm endorsements from top Democratic leaders like Henry "Scoop" Jackson, Walter Mondale, and Jimmy Carter, whom Jones supported for president in 1976, he became obsessed with the notion of mass suicide as a way of escaping governmental persecution, his fascination with suicide dating back to 1953 when Ethel and Julius Rosenberg were executed in the U.S. as spies. By 1976, Jones was indoctrinating his followers in the concept of a "White Night," a mass suicide ritual that was being "rehearsed" at his People's Temple.

The first clue the public had about Jones' hidden agenda and the secret cult activities occurred at an anti-suicide rally held at the Golden Gate Bridge on Memorial Day 1977. Speaking before hundreds of spectators, Jones called for the construction of an anti-suicide barrier to be constructed on the bridge. Dr. Richard Seiden, professor of behavioral science at the University of California, later recalled how the direction of Jones' speech changed. His condemnation of suicide became almost a blanket endorsement for it. "He saw himself as the victim, persecuted and attacked, and from there proceeded to the concept of suicide as an appropriate response. We were not aware of the nuances and implications," Dr. Seiden said.

Membership in the People's Temple swelled to nearly 20,000, and as his congregation enlarged, Jones' services became increasingly bizarre. He claimed in his sermons to have the power of faith healing, and would demonstrate his powers by drawing out the "cancer" from the sufferer during ceremonies. This was a sham, the cancer actually being a bloody chicken gizzard. No longer content to be the reincarnation of Jesus, Jones began calling himself God.

Meanwhile, with the help of local authorities in Guyana and private contributions from his followers, he began clearing large sections of jungle in 1977. That year, the religious colony of Jonestown was founded and about 1,000 members made their exodus from San Francisco to the jungle retreat.

When located at the new settlement, Jones enforced his will through physical and mental coercion. The San Francisco *Examiner* reported in August 1977 that members were publicly flogged for minor infractions like smoking and falling asleep during religious sermons. Electrodes were attached to children, who were ordered to smile at the mention of the leader's name. These reports began filtering back to California congressman Leo Ryan, fifty-three, who pressured the U.S. State Department to investigate.

A delegation from the U.S. embassy in Georgetown interviewed seventy-five members of the cult, but none indicated a desire to leave. Ryan was not convinced. His friend, Robert Houston of the Associated Press, had lost a son to the cult. The young man had been murdered in San Francisco after attempting to quit the People's Temple. Ryan embarked on a fact-finding mission on November 14, 1978, accompanied by eight journalists and several relatives of Jonestown cultists.

The delegation was greeted by a congenial Jones, who led a guided tour through the compound, proudly showing off the spacious library, hospital, and living quarters. That night Congressman Ryan and his party were entertained at the pavilion. Even Ryan was impressed. He arose from his chair and announced: "From what I have seen, there are a lot of people

The People's Temple in San Francisco, where Jones had an enormous following; it was from this congregation that Jones gulled hapless parishioners into following him to Guyana.

Jim Jones in Guyana, where he oppressed his followers, holding them in virtual captivity.

After ordering Congressman Ryan and his companions killed, Jones ordered his slavish followers to commit mass suicide, although many reluctant to do so were murdered.

here who think this is the best thing that has happened in their whole lives." Jones led the thunderous applause.

The next day, NBC reporter Don Harris asked Jones about his military arsenal and if it were true that the compound was under heavy guard. Jones exploded in rage. "A bold-faced lie!" he screamed. One of the cultists slipped a note to Ryan which read "Four of us want to leave." There were other similar requests. While Ryan spoke with Jones about moving these people out, a cultist named Don Sly attacked him with a knife, but was subdued by attorney Charles Garry. Ryan and his entourage departed for the airfield at Port Kaituma and an awaiting Cessna.

As Ryan and his companions deliberated about the best way to squeeze the extra passengers into the tiny craft, a flatbed truck rumbled onto the landing field. Three armed men standing in the trailer suddenly opened fire. From inside the plane, Larry Layton produced a gun and began shooting. The crossfire left five persons dead, including Congressman Ryan, photographer Greg Robinson, NBC cameraman Bob Brown, Don Harris, and one of the departing cultists, Patricia Park.

While Ryan and his entourage were being fired upon, Jones was preparing his followers to carry out "revolutionary suicide" at the compound. His brainwashed parishioners, who had rehearsed this scenario dozens of times, were herded into the main pavilion, where they received purple Kool-Aid laced with cyanide. Mothers gave cyanide voluntarily to their children. Infants received the substance with a syringe squirting it into their mouths.

Next came the older children, who received the lethal doses in paper cups, and finally the adults, who accepted the poison as Jones intoned through a loudspeaker: "We're going to meet again in another place!" Those who refused to accept this fate

An aerial photo shows hundreds of bodies in the compound of Jonestown on November 15, 1978; most swallowed poison, but many were found shot to death by Jones' enforcers.

were prodded by heavily armed guards. Within five minutes, most of the 913 victims were dead. Not since the Japanese citizens of Saipan hurled themselves from the rocky cliffs of the island in World War II had the world witnessed such a mass suicide (or murder, as the wholesale slaughter was later termed, since most of the victims were forced to take the cyanide at gunpoint).

Jones, like Adolf Hitler years earlier, killed himself with a bullet to the head. No eyewitnesses survived. Investigators later found rows of bodies, most of them lying face down. The U.S. Air Force sent planes to retrieve the remains of the victims while experts in human behavior and sociology grappled with larger issues. "Most members have little or no sense of inner value," theorized Stefan Pasternack, associate clinical professor of psychiatry at Georgetown University. "In joining [Jones] they regress and relax their personal judgments to the point that they are supplanted by the group's often primitive feelings. With a sick leader these primitive feelings are intensified and get worse."

One person went to trial for complicity in the Jonestown Massacre. Thirty-five-year old ex-Quaker Layton, a member of Jones' death squad, was charged with injuring U.S. diplomat Richard Dwyer and conspiracy to kill Congressman Ryan. The jury in the San Francisco courtroom was unable to agree on a verdict. The courtroom was packed with relatives of the victims when, on September 23, 1981, a mistrial was declared by Judge Robert Peckham.

MASS MURDER IN WACO/ February 28, April 19, 1993

An unorthodox religious cult calling itself the Branch Davidians occupied a sprawling compound on seventy-seven acres ten miles east of Waco, Texas. Its leader called himself David Koresh (Vernon Howell, 1960-1993) and he preached an oddball dogma, which he made up more or less from biblical teachings.

Like Jim Jones before him, Koresh was paranoid and egomaniacal. Also, like Jones, he thought of himself as the Messiah. He brainwashed his followers so that they came to believe, as did the doomed apostles of Jim Jones in Guyana, that his word was law. The uneducated Koresh ordered his cult to collect a huge cache of arms, including automatic weapons of all kinds, in preparation to fight apocalyptic battles against the powers of darkness at the end of the world.

Those powers, according to the mentally unstable Koresh, were represented by the federal government. "We were thought of as God's marines," one of the cult members later said. "If you can't die for God, you can't live for God." This addlebrained philosophy summed up Koresh's warped message.

Learning that the cult had hoarded illegal weapons in violation of federal law, agents of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms conducted a raid against the Davidian compound on February 28, 1993. It proved to be a disaster. More than 100 law enforcement officers took part in the raid. When offic-

David Koresh (Vernon Wayne Howell), shown at the time he embarked upon his career as a religious zealot and leader.

An early photo of David Koresh, left, with friend Clive Doyle; Koresh was paranoid, egocentric and came to believe he was the reincarnation of Jesus Christ.

ers rushed the building, Koresh's heavily-armed cultists fired upon them. Four ATF officers were killed and at least fifteen were wounded in the resulting firefight. Several cult members were killed and wounded as well.

One of the wounded cultists was the 33-year-old Koresh, a failed rock guitarist turned religious fanatic who used the Bible for his own dictatorial ends. Born Vernon Howell in Houston, Texas, in 1960, the cult leader changed his name in 1991 to Koresh, reportedly to help his musical career, but there was a religious scheme in taking the name. Koresh is the Hebrew equivalent of Cyrus, which, along with David, is a name of historical and symbolic significance. Cyrus was the Persian king, who delivered the Jews from captivity and David became the first great king of the Jews.

The Waco *Tribune*, at the time of the ATF raid in 1993, had been running a series of articles on Koresh and the Davidians, giving the attention-seeking cult leader exactly what he incessantly craved—publicity. The paper quoted Koresh as saying "If the Bible is true, then I am Christ. But so what? Look at two thousand years ago. What's so great about being Christ? A man nailed to the cross. A man of sorrow acquainted with grief. You know, being Christ ain't nothin'."

After he was wounded in the raid, Koresh left a message on his mother's answering machine, "Hello, mama. It's your boy. They shot me and I'm dying, all right? But I'll be back real soon, okay? I'll see y'all in the skies. Bye." The message was typical of Koresh, pouty and petulant as a boy, always seeking sympathy and attention. He was not dying, as he told his mother, carelessly inflicting pain and fear upon her as was his habit with all he knew.

The seriousness of Koresh's wound was never learned, but it was reportedly superficial and he exaggerated its threat to his life to appear heroic and invincible to his followers. While agents surrounded and besieged the rural compound, Koresh continued to dominate cult members barricaded inside the large adjoining buildings. The living quarters featured a watch tower with windows facing in every direction, along with tunnels connecting smaller buildings to the main quarters.

Koresh urged his followers to fight to the death, saying that the agents would do anything to suppress the cult and kill

The Branch Davidian compound outside of Waco, where Koresh and his gun-carrying followers amassed a large arsenal.

its leader, himself. He ordered everyone to learn how to fire the many weapons available inside the compound. This arsenal was vast, according to one agent who, during the raid, was able to see into one room where weapons were stored. He said that he had never seen so many firearms in one room before.

During the 45-minute gun battle in February, cult members fired at agents with a .50-caliber machine gun, the ammunition for which one agent described as being "the size of your average banana ... It's the kind on the ground with a tripod that they also use on planes to shoot down other planes." Another agent who survived the withering crossfire from the compound stated that "I don't believe we were outmaneuvered or out-planned. The problem we had is that we were outgunned."

The raid itself was questioned by several persons, including newsmen and, later, politicians, who condemned it as being rash. The ATF stated that it intended to serve Koresh and his followers with arrest and search warrants, when they were ruthlessly attacked by the cultists. Koresh follower Paul Fatta, who was outside the compound running errands when the raid took place, later insisted that the ATF could have easily served their warrants on him and Koresh without bloodshed, that

Koresh in early 1993, at the time he defied federal officers, challenging them to attack the Branch Davidian compound.

ATF officers holding one of their wounded men during their abortive raid on the Branch Davidian compound on February 28, 1993, which resulted in ten deaths (four ATF officers and six cult members).

Tanks are shown attacking the Branch Davidian compound on April 19, 1993; the buildings were already burning and cult members died by the score inside the blaze, some by the fire, others by Koresh's execution squads.

both he and the cult leader went out jogging every day for three weeks prior to the raid and could have been approached without violence by agents at that time.

Following the raid, TV cameras representing all the networks and local press were stationed around the compound, which the cultists called Mount Carmel. They gave minute-by-minute coverage to the siege. The first day after the raid, Koresh allowed ten children to leave the compound. More than seventy-five cult members remained with him inside, most manning heavy weapons. Of the remaining members, one third were children. Koresh, who claimed to have at least fifteen wives, had sired many of these children—no one ever knew how many.

Lawmen prepared for a lengthy siege by trucking two mobile homes to the rural site. They also ordered up a national guard fuel tanker, a milk truck, two fried chicken delivery trucks that made regular food runs for them. Inside, the Davidians continued to eat well as they had stocked great quantities of food for months, some said years, in preparation for the apocalyptic vision seen by their demented leader. Hordes of media representatives who swarmed into the area received coffee, donuts, and sandwiches from the Salvation Army.

The siege became one of the year's most spectacular media events. Whenever contact was made with the Davidians, the messages—those that were released to the press—were treated as something close to Holy Scripture. Whenever a cult member could be coaxed away from the possessive Koresh, the event was treated as a major victory for law enforcement.

The reason two elderly women came out of the compound a few days after the siege began was simply that they were carrying a tape recording from Koresh, which he wanted played on local radio stations, his side of the story, he claimed. The tape contained nothing more than a ranting diatribe in which Koresh portrayed himself and his followers as persecuted victims of the ATF.

Catherine Mattson, 75, and Margaret Lawson, 77, handed the tape to ATF officers, saying that they preferred to go back to the compound and meet the fate of the others. Instead, they were charged with conspiracy, attempted murder, and murder. These charges were later dropped.

Four days after the raid, on March 3, 1993, a report flashed across the news channels that an undercover ATF agent was inside the compound and that he had been aware that Koresh received a phone call an hour before the February 28, raid that the ATF agents were moving in, a call that allowed the Davidians to arm themselves and prepare to kill federal officers.

The FBI then took over the siege and attempted to establish a dialog with the cult leader. Bureau agents sent a video to Koresh to show to parents inside the compound, one which portrayed how well their children were being treated in the custody of welfare authorities. In return for this gesture, Koresh released another child, the twenty-first permitted to leave the compound.

Meanwhile, Koresh's reputation was going to ruin. The husband of a cult member revealed that he had gotten custody of his young daughter after it was proven that Koresh had threatened the child with obligatory sex. The father stated that Koresh had had sex with compound children, who were no older than twelve and that he claimed the Bible entitled him to at least 140 wives.

Koresh and the FBI went on bantering in lengthy phone conversations that led nowhere. Koresh had no intentions of leaving the compound alive, or allowing any more members to go. His ego was such that he demanded and got national media coverage almost around the clock. He thrived on it, lived for it day to day. The FBI foolishly gave it to him. The

The entire Branch Davidian compound is shown engulfed by roaring flames, following the FBI attack on April 19, 1993; agents were fired upon by Koresh's gunmen as they attempted to enter the buildings.

The arms bunker found by FBI agents inside the gutted ruins of the Branch Davidian compound, proving the ATF claim that Koresh and his followers had hoarded a great quantity of illegal weapons.

U.S. Attorney General Janet Reno, who, most critics concluded, had thoroughly misread the character and intentions of Koresh and his deluded followers and botched an otherwise peaceful settlement by ordering a foolhardy and bloody attack on the Branch Davidians.

agents merely heard Koresh out, listening to him drone on and on about his religious beliefs. Then the Bureau ordered heavy armaments of their own.

When Koresh heard that the FBI had brought Bradley armored personnel carriers to the scene, he told agents that he had enough explosives to blow these vehicles fifty feet into the air. The FBI escalated its armaments by ordering to the scene 67-ton Abrams battle tanks. After seven frustrating weeks, on April 19, 1993, the FBI took action, under the direct orders of U.S. Attorney General Janet Reno. Agents ordered Steve Schneider, Koresh's fanatical chief lieutenant to lead the cult members out into the open and surrender. When Schneider refused, the tanks moved toward the compound, blowing holes in the sides of the buildings.

Tear gas was fired into the building. Agents later insisted that though they were fired upon by the cult members, they did not return fire. A few hours later, shortly before noon, the main buildings of the compound caught fire and a towering blaze engulfed the compound. Rather than be taken alive, the Davidians, ever loyal to their mad messiah, doused the walls and floors of the buildings with kerosene and burned themselves and their helpless children alive.

Of the seventy-two bodies recovered after the blaze, seventeen were children. Twenty adults and two children were found to have died of gunshot wounds. It took thirteen days to identify Koresh's crisply charred corpse. It was determined that he had not burned to death, but that he had been shot to death by one of his own obliging followers.

In the wake of the Waco disaster, Attorney General Janet Reno was heaped with criticism for mishandling the entire affair. She boldly confronted the press, saying that she took full responsibility for events, but this in no way ameliorated the botched siege and the resulting deaths. Reno had given the order to storm the compound, she said, in order to save children from being abused, but all of the children involved met death.

Reno's inexperience with fanatical cultists and the poor evaluations of the situation and Koresh's actual personality profile she received from erring advisers undoubtedly caused her to mishandle the entire affair. At best, Reno proved herself wholly inept and why she was not removed from office by President William Clinton remains a mystery to this day. The bombing of the ATF headquarters in Oklahoma City two years later by Timothy McVeigh was reportedly in retaliation for the Waco fiasco. (See chapter on Terrorism.)

In the end, David Koresh got from the FBI exactly what he wanted. Reno and her agents were either too ignorant or too indifferent to understand that his capture could have been facilitated by means other than a direct confrontation. Had the Bureau ordered media coverage banned and all phone and TV lines cut to the compound, isolated the place entirely and withdrew its forces to hidden positions, Koresh and his followers would certainly have come out peacefully, looking for what they needed to sustain their existence—attention.

Instead, Koresh was given what he craved most, public martyrdom. Any cursory psychological evaluation of his personality would have pinpointed for the Bureau the fact that this man was a limelight-seeker who, if ignored, would have abandoned his failed scheme for an apocalyptic end. He was an egomaniacal leader who had duped his naive, uneducated followers into believing that he was a religious icon and that their collective bloody end would have some sort of religious significance. In truth, he was only another babbling faker greedily grasping for publicity, insatiable for fame, notorious or not. He was willing to sacrifice his life and those of his followers to obtain that fame. Janet Reno and the FBI, unsophisticated and uneducated themselves when it came to really knowing people like David Koresh, gave it to him on a gory platter.

SLAUGHTERING CHILDREN IN BRAZIL/ July 23, 1993

Homeless children abound in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. These half-starved youngsters swarmed around tourists and committed petty thievery merely to survive, and the government does little or nothing to relieve their suffering. Worse, in the early 1990s, shopkeepers and perhaps even government officials, secretly paid death squads made up of off-duty military police to get rid of these children by simply killing them.

To that end, several military policemen, including Marcus Vinicius Emmanuel (b. 1967), drove up to Rio's Candelaria Cathedral on the night of July 23, 1993. There, as they came every night to sleep, were seventy-two homeless children. They had been warned to get off the streets or else, but they had no where else to go. Huddled next to the church, the children

Leader of a Rio murder squad, Marcus Vinicius Emmanuel (center), is shown leaving a courtroom after receiving a sentence of 309 years for murdering six or more children.

suddenly came under automatic fire from Emmanuel and others. Eight children were killed and scores more wounded.

Emmanuel was later identified by one of the survivors, Wagner dos Santos, who testified against him in court. Nelson Cunha, another accused officer, confessed to helping commit the massacre and testified against Emmanuel. To the shock of everyone, Emmanuel was convicted and sentenced to 309 years in prison, a sentence later reduced to 89 years at his retrial.

These seemingly long prison terms mean little in Brazil. Emmanuel would be eligible for parole in about five years and he was sent to a military prison, where he continued to hold his rank and receive his salary.

Cunha was tried later and found guilty, sentenced to thirty years, but this prison term was also reduced when he was retried. The abuse and murder of helpless, homeless children in Rio has gone on unabated since the trials of Emmanuel and Cunha and remain the shame of Brazil.

A BLACK RACIST KILLER/ December 7, 1993

A deep hatred for whites coursed through the mind of Colin Ferguson. A native of Jamaica, Ferguson had spent some time on the West Coast, a lonely black man, who was remembered for only one thing, hating whites and Asians. He obtained an automatic pistol and went to New York. In the evening of December 7, 1993, Ferguson was riding the 5:33 local train from Penn Station in Manhattan. As it rolled into the Long Island town of Garden City, he suddenly produced the pistol and began running down aisles of the train, selecting whites to kill.

Ferguson shot and killed six persons and wounded nineteen others until three courageous passengers tackled him and held him for the police. Not until January 26, 1995, was Ferguson brought to trial. He was dissatisfied with his defense attorneys early on, including the flamboyant William Kunstler, who had planned to conduct a defense of "black rage." Such a defense seemed to be racist at best, one which Ferguson himself apparently disliked.

After his attorneys described their client as paranoid and delusional, Ferguson fired them and became his own defense lawyer. Judge Donald Belfi, presiding over the case in a Mineola, New York, courtroom, indulged the arrogant Ferguson by allowing him to defend himself. He chose fellow Jamaican Alton Rose to be his "legal adviser."

Rose described Ferguson's attempt to defend himself as similar to "a patient in a doctor's office trying to perform his own spinal cord operation." Dressed in a suit, white shirt and tie, Ferguson impersonated a lawyer (while wearing a bullet-proof vest under his shirt, a protective measure he insisted upon, stating that he believed the trial was nothing more than a conspiracy to murder *him*).

Ferguson's defense of himself constituted a ridiculous shambles of legal mumbo-jumbo. He spoke as if he knew the law, saying things like "Is it your testimony that," and "Would it be fair to say that," and "Was it also your finding that," all in bad imitation of a real lawyer. He picked up legal phrases and applied them where they did not fit. He referred to himself in the third person, as "Mr. Ferguson," and "the defendant."

Black racist Colin Ferguson, center, holding documents, is shown entering court, where he awkwardly acted as his own defense counsel; he was convicted of murdering six white persons and wounding nineteen others.

Taking weeks to prepare his case, Ferguson asked Judge Belfi for more time. He wanted to summon President Clinton and New York Governor Mario Cuomo to testify, because it was reported that both had talked to witnesses in the trial. He got angry when the court ruled against these demands.

Ferguson then offered several theories as to how the mass shooting took place. First, he insisted that he was asleep when a white man stole his gun out of his bag and commenced shooting everyone in sight and that he had been arrested simply because he was black. When this argument was dismissed as ridiculous, Ferguson stated that another black man with the same name as his and looking identical to him committed the shootings.

The high point of this legal theater of the absurd was when Ferguson began raving that the killing of Jeffrey Dahmer (a notorious killer and cannibal—see chapter on Cannibalism) in a Wisconsin prison, which had recently occurred, was linked to a vast conspiracy against him, Colin Ferguson. Then one after another, the survivors of Ferguson's shooting spree confronted him in court. For the first time in any American trial, the victim confronted the criminal face to face, answering the bizarre Ferguson when he asked that the attacker be identified. Maryanne Phillips faced the killer coolly and said, "I saw you shoot me."

This was repeated time and again, twelve out of the seventeen surviving victims saying "It was you who shot me," and "You are the man who shot me." He asked one witness, "Did the gunman shoot you?" The victim replied while looking straight at Ferguson, "As soon as you had time to point the gun at me and pull the trigger." When Robert Giugliano, a burly contractor Ferguson had shot in the chest, took the witness stand, his icy stare so unnerved Ferguson that he asked for a fifteen-minute recess.

It was apparent that the strutting, posturing Ferguson was inflicting more pain upon his victims, first having shot them, then compelling them to recount in detail the horror he had inflicted upon them and then identify him as their assailant. On February 15, 1994, Ferguson had run out witnesses to identify him as a ruthless killer and he also refused to take the stand on his own behalf. It was, as Judge Belfi stated, "the moment of truth." Ferguson rested his case, which was no case at all.

On February 17, 1994, a jury deliberated ten hours and then returned six guilty verdicts in the murders of six of the train passengers. Ferguson was also convicted of twenty-two counts of attempted murder. Carolyn McCarthy, whose husband had been shot to death by Ferguson and whose son Kevin had been crippled for life by a gunshot from the killer, had sat quietly behind the defendant throughout the trial. At its conclusion she stated, "It's been a long fourteen months, but justice has been done."

Judge Belfi later sentenced Ferguson to six life terms in prison, a total of 200 years with no hope for parole. He would die behind bars. Robert Giugliano was still enraged at the mass killer, shaking his fist at an unperturbed Ferguson and shouting, "I feel this animal should suffer till the day he dies! ... Given five minutes with Colin Ferguson, this coward would know the meaning of suffering!"

SLAUGHTER BY A FAMILY FRIEND/ August 29, 1994

Residents of East Virginia Avenue in Vinton, Virginia, awoke on the morning of August 29, 1994, with the sounds of sirens in their ears. The two-story home down the block occupied by Blaine and Teresa Hodges and their two daughters, Winter and Anah, was on fire, flames shooting out of the windows. By 9 a.m., the firemen had contained the blaze, but the house was a smoldering ruin. Detectives arrived to investigate the report that four bodies had been found inside the cinders, those of 41-year-old Blaine Hodges, his 37-year-old wife Teresa, and their daughters, 11-year-old Winter and 3-year-old Anah.

In what remained of the living room, detectives discovered that Teresa Hodges had been strangled and that her corpse had been saturated with diesel oil and another accelerant thought to be gasoline. Blaine Hodges was found sprawled on the remains of a bed in the master bedroom. There was a bullet in his right temple. The two girls were found hugging each other in death. Both had been shot point blank between the eyes.

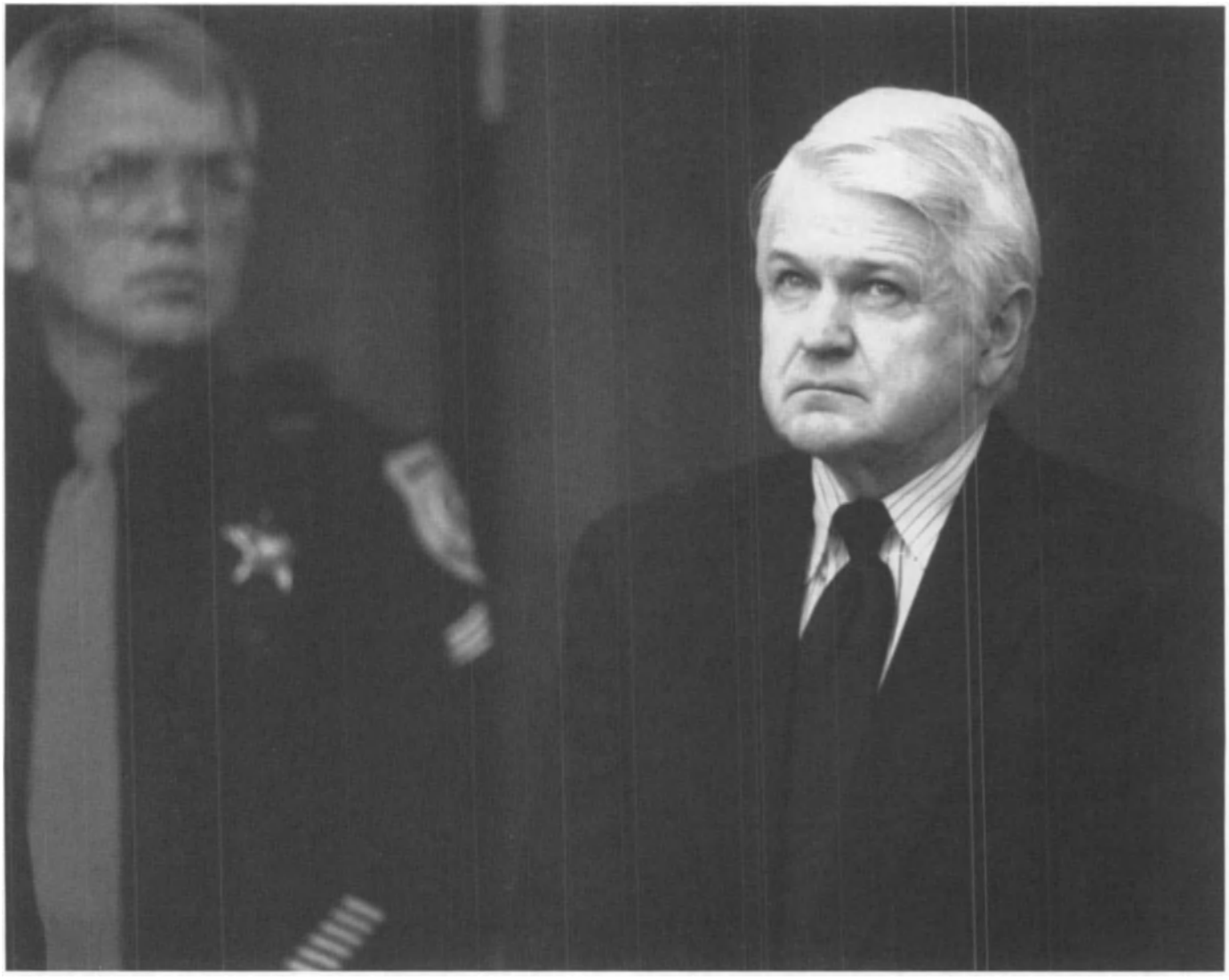
Earl Conrad Bramblett, at the time he befriended the Hodges family in Vinton, Virginia.

Police at first concluded that the family had been wiped out by a murder-suicide committed by Blaine Hodges. A recently fired .22-caliber handgun was found beside him. He had killed his wife, then shot his two daughters and finally himself, detectives believed. Blaine Hodges, they quickly learned, had been fired from his postal job after being convicted of embezzling $5,000, and was to begin a six-month prison term, all reasons, though not good ones, for prompting the destruction of his family and himself.

Disrupting police theories was a report that came from Dr. David Oxly, deputy chief medical examiner for Western Virginia. After examining the body of Blaine Hodges, he determined that he had been dead more than twenty hours before his wife and daughters died. Oxly also reported that Teresa Hodges had died a horribly painful death, that it took fifteen minutes before she died of strangulation.

Detectives then realized that someone had murdered the family and staged the murder-suicide, placing the handgun next to Hodges and a hammer next to the body of his wife. Though Blaine Hodges had problems, he and his wife had been struggling to work things out. They had been selling Amway products out of their home and had told friends the night before their murders that they were planning to hold an Amway sale at their home within a few days.

Though many leads came to the police, none proved to turn up the mass murderer. More than three years later, however, Earl Conrad Bramblett (1942-2003), a handyman who had been Blaine Hodges' friend for twenty years, was indicted



Earl Bramblett, right, at the time of his trial for the mass murder of the Hodges family in 1994. He was found guilty and sentenced to death.

for the family slayings. His background had caused prosecutors to charge him with capital murder, three counts of first-degree murder, three counts of using a firearm and arson, despite the fact that they had no murder weapon, no eyewitnesses, no informant, and no confession. Their case was wholly circumstantial, but prosecutors felt confident of a conviction.

Bramblett was born on March 20, 1942, and raised in poverty. He had been an excellent high school track star, winning a scholarship, but though he attended three colleges he never earned a degree. He married and fathered two sons, but his wife divorced him, citing his alcoholism and his abnormal fondness for little girls. It was this latter penchant of Bramblett's that caused detectives to pursue him as the primary suspect in the Hodges slayings.

Two women had accused Bramblett of sexually molesting them in 1970, and another woman claimed that he had threatened her with a gun. In 1977, he was a prime suspect in the disappearance of a 14-year-old girl, but evidence against his involvement could not be developed. A 10-year-old girl came forward in 1984 and accused Bramblett of molesting her, but she later refused to testify against him.

After Blaine Hodges was accused of embezzling $5,000 from the post office, Bramblett appeared to come to the aid of his old friend, loaning him a few dollars here and there. He began sleeping in the Hodges home for days on end. Bramblett then began making advances to 11-year-old Winter Hodges, calling her on the phone when she was in bed, asking what she was wearing, calling her when he was in the bathtub. He tape-recorded his phone conversations with the girl in what he called his "diary tapes." He recorded his innermost thoughts while he walked his dog or drove his pickup, which was white and had a black tailgate—a neighbor had described just such a pickup leaving the Hodges driveway shortly before the fire broke out in the early morning hours of August 29, 1994.

On one of the tapes, Bramblett was heard to say: "I'm trying to get her [Winter Hodges] to do things that aren't proper." He then began to imagine that Hodges wanted him to spend time at his house "so that they can manufacture some charges

Earl Bramblett, a prison photo taken a short time before his execution on April 9, 2003.

against me," in order to escape the pending prison term Hodges was facing. On the day before he was to leave for prison, Hodges had warned his wife not to let Bramblett in the house. By then Teresa and Winter had complained about the actions of the handyman, but on that day, Bramblett had taken the front and rear doors of their house off their hinges, claiming that they should be painted.

The day before the murders, a boy from the neighborhood spotted Bramblett's pickup truck in the alley in the back of the Hodges house, and Teresa, Anah and Winter were sitting inside. That afternoon a ranger at the Jefferson National Forest saw a white pickup with a black tailgate parked near Jennings Creek in Botetourt County. He saw Teresa playing with Anah on the grass and spoke to her. Winter Hodges was fishing with Bramblett at the time. With Hodges being sent to prison, it was apparent that Bramblett planned to become the head of the Hodges household, his aim being to sexually seduce 11-year-old Winter Hodges.

All of this and more was used by prosecutors to build a case against Earl Bramblett, who was put on trial in October 1997. Several persons came forward to state that they had seen Bramblett close to the Hodges home before and after the fire. Bramblett's ex-wife testified that he had called her in the afternoon following the fire to shout, "There's a fire at the Hodges house and they're going to blame me!"

Bramblett had showed up at the Vinton police station a short time later, asking to talk to the leading investigator on the Hodges case. He said that he was a friend of the family and wanted to know if anyone had been injured in the blaze. When told that all the family members were dead, Bramblett yelled, "The sorry son of a bitch! He had a beautiful family. He did them and did himself!"

The 72 tapes Bramblett had recorded which detailed his mundane movements and his attempts to seduce Winter Hodges were played before the jury. (They were retrieved from the Indiana home of Bramblett's sister after Bramblett was arrested there.) A detective report disclosed how a .22-caliber handgun had been retrieved from Bramblett's room. Also found at that time was a drawing the defendant had made of four stick figures with lines going through the heads of three of them, lines that correctly described the angle of the bullets the killer had fired into Hodges and his daughters, information known only to the police and the killer. Moreover, Bramblett had directly implicated himself when talking to police about the case, mentioning that gasoline had been sprinkled about the body of Teresa Hodges, another fact known only to the killer and investigators.

Moreover, detectives testified that Bramblett had shown up at the Vinton police station after the fire freshly bathed, shaved, even his tennis shoes washed (the tongues were sticking up and they had no shoelaces). From examining the Hodges bathroom, they later determined that he had, after killing all the family members, taken a shower, washed his clothes of any traces of blood, and shaved. He then went to the kitchen and made himself lunch, eating casually while Teresa Hodges' body lay only a few feet away from him. After eating, he set the house on fire.

Defense attorneys had a weak case. They claimed that their client was delusional. They then stated that the Hodges family had been wiped out by vicious drug dealers (the same kind of claim made by defense attorneys in the infamous O.J. Simpson case—see Celebrity Slayings). They stated that Teresa's half-brother had been an informant for the Drug Enforcement Administration and that the family had been killed in retaliation by drug-running murderers.

The jury was unimpressed. On October 31, 1997, after deliberating for only two hours, the jury returned a verdict of guilty on all counts. On November 5, 1997, Roanoke County Circuit Judge Roy Willett sentenced Earl Bramblett to death. Bramblett was executed in Virginia's electric chair on April 9, 2003. Shortly before his death, he was visited by his ex-wife and his two sons. When strapped into the oak chair (built by prison inmates), Bramblett insisted that he was innocent. "I didn't murder the Hodges family," he said. "I've never murdered anybody. I'm going to my death with a clear conscience."

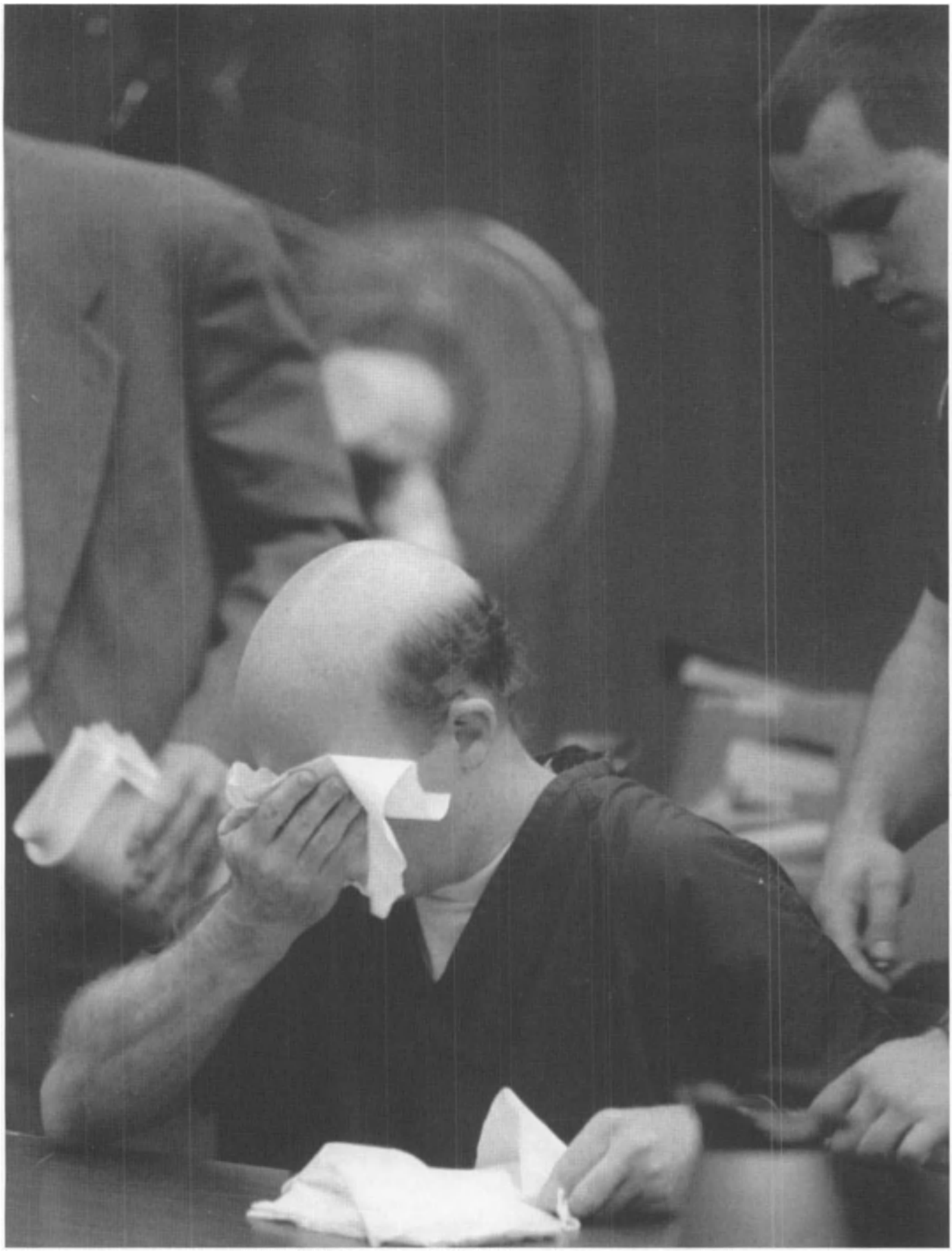
"WHAT KIND OF EVIL PERSON ARE YOU?"/August 15, 1996

A native of Sacramento, California, Frederick Martin Davidson (b. 1960) was the product of a broken home, his parents divorcing when he was a child. He nevertheless proved to be a good student and his service with the army was unblemished. He moved to San Diego and studied at San Diego State University, earning a bachelor's degree in mechanical engineering in 1991. He decided to continue his studies and earn a master's degree and toward that end did research with 32-year-old Professor Chen Liang.

At times, his roommate later stated, Davidson expressed gratitude and friendship for Liang, but other times he said he considered Liang his enemy, that he was just stringing him along, using him to work long hours in research so that he, Liang, could take credit for that work. This was the classic complaint of all post-graduate students, that they performed the dirty work for researchers who later took the data, wrote papers on it, and furthered their careers through the labors of their students, even publishing books researched and written by those students.

A utilitarian and compulsive cleaner, Davidson's Spartan room was always spotless. The only thing adorning its walls were his bachelor's degree and a calendar. He was forever tidying up after himself and others.

Davidson apparently harbored a deep resentment for Liang and two other engineering professors, who were to meet him on August 15, 1996, in a room on the SDSU campus and pass review on his thesis. He had already been rejected by this panel and he believed that his master's degree was even fur-



Frederick Martin Davidson wipes away tears after receiving three life terms for the mass murder of his teachers at San Diego State University on August 15, 1996.

ther beyond his reach in that Liang had been critical of his research and that 44-year-old Professor D. Preston Lowrey III had caught him using stolen notes in a recent test.

Following a careful, premeditated plan, Davidson slipped into the SDSU examination room on the third floor of the Engineering Building at about 10 a.m. on August 15. He hid a 9mm Taurus handgun with an extra clip of ammunition in the metal first-aid kit box on the wall. Returning at about 2 p.m., Davidson was greeted by three professors—Liang, Lowrey, and 36-year-old Constantinos Lyrintzis. Three student monitors stood behind the three-man thesis review panel.

Liang stood up, walked around a long table where the panel sat and went up to Davidson to state the purpose of the review. Davidson said nothing. He immediately went to the metal first-aid kit box, opened it, and withdrew the 9mm gun. He aimed this at Liang and shot him down, killing him. Lowrey and Lyrintzis, along with two students, fled. Lowrey ran toward the hall and Davidson shot him down. Lyrintzis and two students fled into a nearby computer room, but Davidson found them. He pushed away the students and fired several times into Lyrintzis' crouched body, killing him.

Campus police were by then summoned and they found Davidson standing in a hallway holding the gun at his side. He was weeping and asking the officers to shoot him. A few minutes later he dropped the gun and was arrested and taken into custody. The mass murderer never offered any excuses or reasons for the killings. He was found guilty and, on July 18, 1997, appeared in San Diego Superior Court for sentencing.

Before hearing his fate, Davidson had to face the families of the three professors he had murdered in cold blood. At that moment, 9-year-old Kendall Lowrey stood up, tears in his eyes, his words coming in gasps, saying, "In the afternoon of August 15, 1996, I lost my daddy. He used to call me 'Buddy.' No one calls me that anymore."

Baihong Liang, the wife of slain Chen Liang, looked at Davidson, whose head was bowed, eyes downcast, and said, "You have been in my home for parties and you have played with my children. How could you kill their father? What kind of evil person are you?"

Deana Lyrintzis, the widow of Professor Lyrintzis, stated, "My poor little angel will never know her daddy." She pointed at the convicted Davidson, almost yelling, "He deserves no pity, no mercy, no compassion, because he had none for my husband when he begged him not to kill him."

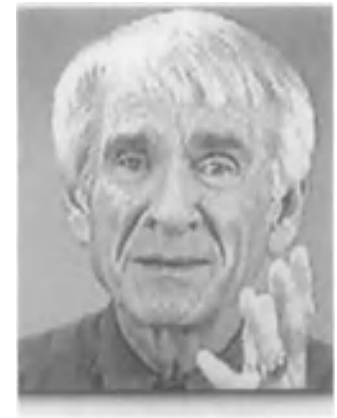
The widows of the slain professors, however, had endorsed a plea-bargain deal that would not result in a death penalty. When they learned that the automatic appeals process in California death penalty cases could drag on for a decade or even two, they pushed for life imprisonment. That is what they got.

Following the statements of the victims' families—this being now a ritual in most states, one that allows aggrieved family members to exorcise and exhaust their anger and hatred in the very faces of killers—Judge William Mudd sentenced Davidson to three life terms, plus ten years, in prison. There was no possibility of parole or appeal.

Mudd then asked Davidson if he had anything to say. Davidson, his back to the families of those he had slain, replied in a near whisper, "I am very sorry for what I did. I was very wrong. It should never have happened. I'm sorry."

SLAUGHTER AT HEAVEN'S GATE/March 22-23, 1997

America's junk culture has produced numerous doomsday or "escape" cults, invariably created by self-styled gurus, ministers, or glib madmen just sane enough to convince the gullible and the hopeful to throw away their lives for the sake of a leader's dream (or nightmare). Just as Jim Jones was able to con more than 900 followers into committing mass suicide with him in 1978, in Jonestown, Guyana, and David Koresh slyly convinced his naïve followers to die en masse in Waco, Texas in 1993, a smooth-talking crackbrained self-appointed space evangelist, Marshall Herff Applewhite, persuaded thirty-eight followers to kill themselves in order to spiritually board his imaginary spacecraft trailing the so-called Hale-Bopp comet on March 22-23, 1997.



Texas crackpot religious leader Marshall Applewhite, who took every dime his followers could scrape up and rewarded them with mass murder.

Son of a Texas preacher, Applewhite was a failed entertainer, who aspired to sing the lead roles in such musicals as *Oklahoma!* and *South Pacific*, but his voice was too thin and, after years of pursuing this career, he gave up on singing in the early 1970s. He had tried teaching music, but was fired from two jobs after male students complained about his homosexual advances. A report had it that he checked into a psychiatric hospital in hopes of curing his homosexuality. To a gay lover he confided that he longed for sexless passion, a "higher level" of spiritual gratification.

About this time, Applewhite began referring to himself as "Do," after the first note on the musical scale, and, as he added followers to his religious-space cult, he dubbed them with names of subsequent notes. The naive, the gullible, those tired of trying to cope with the problems of everyday life, trudged beneath Applewhite's banner for two decades. He milked them of their savings and real estate, "donations" that went to support the cult, especially after it established its headquarters in Rancho Santa Fe, a sprawling mansion (estimated to be worth $1.3 million), replete with pool, patio, and tennis court, in an upscale suburb north of San Diego, California.

Like all semi-religious cults that bilk their easily duped followers, Applewhite successfully persuaded several dozen "marks" to divorce themselves from their families, renounce all worldly goods, sex, and drugs, and to pool their resources with the cult, offering them in return the "guaranteed" promise of salvation on a spaceship.

Applewhite and his first fanatical follower, Bonnie Lu Nettles, had for years insisted that they were the Two Witnesses described in *Revelations*, the biblical prophets who would herald the end of the world and eternal salvation. In their early days they referred to themselves as Bo (Applewhite) and Peep (Nettles) to suggest that they were the shepherds

The sprawling Rancho Santa Fe, where Applewhite and his henchmen led their deluded followers to ignominious death.

Bodies of the mass suicide-murder (some were asphyxiated by plastic bags placed over their heads) at Rancho Santa Fe, which took place on the night of March 22-23, 1997; the crackbrained Applewhite—his corpse was found among the dead—had promised his followers that they would be riding a wonderful spaceship in the wake of a comet after their deaths.

who would guide the faithful to their higher level of destiny. Later, these two would change their cult names to Do and Ti, striking a more musical posture to their lofty calling.

Those who took up residence at cult headquarters in Rancho Santa Fe were mostly semi-literate lower class whites, but a sprinkling of minorities were present. All of them were taught by Applewhite that they were "special," that they were to be grateful for having been "chosen" to make the trip from physical misery to spiritual happiness. This is the typical spiel spewed upon the lonely, the disenfranchised, or those with low self-esteem.

Applewhite knew that such persons were easily persuaded to embrace any irrational belief, as long as it gave them a sense of belonging, and, especially, importance. Actually, they were more important than anyone else in the world, he told them, for only they would be privileged to board the unseen spacecraft he said was in the milky tail of the approaching comet, Hale-Bopp. All they had to do to board this craft was to commit suicide with him, to leave their corporal bodies (shells) and he would guide them to the craft that would speed them to paradise on the eve of a century doomed to crashing oblivion. Applewhite (who had been arrested for such lowly crimes as auto theft in the early 1970s) would be their gateway to Heaven.

There was nothing new about Applewhite's millennial swindle, with one notable exception—he was selling death, presumptuously, arrogantly promising that such death was merely the first step to a finer life. At the turn of the 20th century, thousands of sharpers preyed upon the suspicious and fearful, but no one of that down-to-earth generation thought to take their own lives. They did, however, spend hundreds of thousands of dollars with confidence men who sold them tickets in crude stadiums and arenas to "watch the end of the world," as Halley's Comet approached the planet.

On the evening of March 22-23, 1997, Applewhite and thirty-eight other followers began killing themselves. The twenty-one women and eighteen men, ranging in age from 26 to 72, killed themselves, according to pathologists, in stages and in groups, all following the same procedure. The mansion was first cleaned from top to bottom and, in this spotless atmosphere, Applewhite's victims lay down on double-tiered bunks. All wore black pants, flowing black shirt, and brand new black Nikes. The first stage of suicides involved fifteen persons, the second stage another fifteen, then seven persons, then finally Applewhite and his closest male follower.

Members swallowed Phenobarbital mixed with apple-sauce or pudding, followed by a shot of vodka. An asphyxiating plastic bag was then tied over each head to assure death and complete what was in reality, mass murder. All were covered with purple shrouds, except for the 65-year-old Applewhite and his last male follower, who were found with only plastic bags tied about their heads. It was several days before this house of death was entered. When no one answered the front doorbell or the phones at the mansion, police were called. Many officers who entered the building were overcome with the putrid stench of bloated bodies.

Marshall Applewhite had another reason to end his life. One report stated he was then dying of cancer, and he urged the mass suicide before his followers learned of his terminal disease. The most insecure of all of the Heaven's Gate group, Applewhite needed to take his followers with him before cancer claimed his life. Also, he had promised this death journey for so long that, in the end, like motorcyclist Robbie Knievel who had long promised to jump the Grand Canyon (he did, in a May 1999 lunatic jump, setting a record of 228 feet), Applewhite could no longer put off his own demise. In truth, this conniving con artist proved to be a mass murderer, who, by his own cowardly suicide, put himself beyond the reach of the law.

CHAPTER ELEVEN:
MURDER/SERIAL KILLERS

The serial killer, the most bizarre of murderers has, until recent decades, made infrequent appearances in ancient and more modern eras. With the population explosions of many continents during the 20th century, however, such killers have commensurately come into existence by dint of larger numbers. These killers in all ages invariably begin with assault and rape, then kill over extensive periods of time and often their victims are selected randomly and in many locations. Though some historic serial killers like Gilles de Rais were deranged cultists, these slayers have been invariably judged sane in modern times, but having psychopathic or sociopathic personalities.

Such murderers often practice sexual perversions, translating into violent death. Consumed by inherent rage, often from childhood, and spurred by lust, the serial killer is usually without conscience or remorse. Although aware of the nature of their actions, the serial killer rarely if ever feels guilt and he is the most elusive of slayers, having no apparent motives for his murders and seldom an accomplice in his or her crimes, who might later become an informant.

The serial killer is most often apprehended through his own disclosures. German serial killer Peter Kurten, known as the Monster of Dusseldorf, might never have been detected had he not identified his myriad murders to his horrified wife over breakfast one morning. Further complicating detection of serial killers is the fact that many move from one jurisdiction to another without apparent purpose.

Most often, the serial killer is the product of a broken home, where he is set emotionally and economically adrift at an early age. Drug-addicted or alcoholic parents of such killers are commonplace. Arson and the torturing of animals in childhood mark the path of many a serial killer. Often the serial killer avenges himself or herself on hapless, random victims in an effort to punish uncaring parents or cruelty endured in childhood. In the darkest and impenetrable cases, some serial killers have sexually violated the corpses of their victims, as was the case of the coast-to-coast serial killer, Earle Leonard Nelson.

Nelson's victims, like most of those claimed by serial killers, were women and children, the most helpless of any human prey, although adult males can some time be found in the lists of such bloodletting. And like most serial killers, Nelson appeared outwardly to be friendly, retiring, gentle and harmless, beguiling and gulling the victim into trust and confidence before his lethal nature burst to the surface.

Nelson was, however, a periodic nightmare that had few peers in his age. That has changed since the traumatic 1960s, and from that point, serial killers have become horrifyingly common, scores of them, from Kenneth Bianchi and Angelo Buono (The Hillside Strangler) to Theodore "Ted" Bundy, from Henry Lee Lucas and Ottis Elwood Toole to Christopher Bernard Wilder, John Wayne Gacy and Andrew Philip Cunanan to John Allen Muhammad and Lee Boyd Malvo (who killed ten people and wounded three in senseless sniper shootings in October 2002, Muhammad sentenced to death, Malvo to life) claiming dozens if not hundreds of victims. Such serial killings are no longer phenomenal occurrences, but almost routine events.

Police are, as in the past, at a considerable disadvantage in tracking down such killers, although forensic science, ballistics and DNA has improved their abilities in identifying and subsequently apprehending a number of these elusive slayers. The police are nevertheless almost as much at the mercy of these killers as are the endless victims claimed in what has become an ongoing senseless slaughter.

FRANCE'S FIRST SERIAL KILLER/1430s

The inexplicable transformation of Gilles de Rais (Ray, Raiz, or Retz; AKA: Bluebeard; 1404-1440), from idealist and most able supporter of Joan of Arc to the slaughterhouse killer of scores of children, is one of the most chilling stories in the annals of crime. Baron Rais was born into wealth and became the richest man in France when he married Catherine de Thouars in 1620. He had been raised a devout Christian, so

A statue of France's great warrior saint, Joan of Arc in Reims Cathedral; she was the idol of Gilles de Rais, who was himself a champion of freedom, until becoming a serial killer.

Gilles de Rais when he fought alongside Joan of Arc in her crusade to rid France of English armies.

Gilles de Rais shown on his warhorse, while serving in the army of Joan of Arc.

when he heard that Joan of Arc was in search of an army to repel the British invaders, Rais met with her.

The young woman captivated and mystified Rais, and he soon pledged his sword and fortune to her cause. Rais paid for the powerful army that followed Joan to Orleans and her greatest victory. He was by her side when she captured the city and drove the British from the battlements. The young baron was ecstatic with triumph, but this euphoric attitude was short-lived. Joan was betrayed and turned over to the British, who tortured and then condemned her to death in a mock trial and executed her at the stake on May 31, 1431. Her death was devastating to Rais, who became a recluse.

Rais had already been made a marshal of France and his incredible wealth allowed him to live lavishly. He began to spend recklessly on paintings, tapestries, and sculptures, becoming the most generous patron of the arts in France. To support his sumptuous lifestyle, Rais began to sell some of his vast estates. This brought him into conflict with other family members, who claimed birthrights to these lands. Relatives went to King Charles who signed an injunction forbidding Rais from selling more estates, but he defied the powerless king and sold lands in Brittany to cover his colossal expenditures.

By 1439, Rais had become dissolute, drinking heavily and dallying with whores. His once bright and noble character had changed completely. He now sought out vice with a vengeance and was notorious for his lecheries and his obsession with alchemy, magic, and all manner of the black arts. Rais' transformation has been attributed to the painful death of the woman he most admired, St. Joan. With her death, he reportedly lost all faith in God and religion.

Rais turned to the darker side of his soul, plunging into its abyss. According to one account, "his ego had a Jekyll and Hyde variability, now urging him to depravity, now propelling him on to self fulfillment through the use of his undoubted gifts."

Suffering great financial losses because of his profligate ways, Rais turned desperately to wild schemes to create riches. He consulted Gilles de Sill, a cleric who claimed that he could change common metal into gold through alchemy. Rais financed de Sill's half-baked experiments, and when these failed to produce the expected heaps of gold, Rais consulted Francesco Prelati, a defrocked, demented priest. Prelati promised the baron that he could obtain riches for Rais through the black arts by raising Satan, and he and Rais forthwith experimented with satanic rituals.

In the baron's many castles were theaters that had been constructed years earlier for his love of drama. According to one report, Prelati used these theaters as part of his black masses dedicated to Satan, rites in which young urchin boys were brought by the dozens and viciously slain while Rais watched, fascinated, sadistically enjoying the suffering and agonizing deaths of these children.

Rais conducted the most depraved and horrid acts himself, helping the mad ex-priest to sexually abuse, torture, and mutilate to death these helpless boys. The numbers involved were staggering, reported to have been between 140 and 800. If the latter number is anywhere near correct, it would make Rais the worst serial killer in history. His defenders later claimed

The court in the trial of Gilles de Rais in 1440; the presiding judge, Bishop Jean de Malestroit, is shown top left. De Rais was accused of murdering between 140 to 800 young boys in Satanic rituals.

A contemporary sketch shows the execution of Gilles de Rais, October 26, 1440; he was strangled and burned to death before a large crowd at the Ile de Biesse, outside Nantes.

there were few deaths, that the whole trial which Rais faced on October 15, 1440, was a trumped-up affair to wrest his vast estates from him, but much of this land had already been sold and so this claim was largely invalid.

Rais was an imposing figure in court. He had a long blue-black beard, which later caused him to be named Bluebeard, a name that came to signify the serial killer in France and would later be applied to the infamous Henri Desire Landru (see The French Bluebeard, Serial Killers). Among the allegations made against him, Rais was charged with abducting a priest and killing him for his own amusement. He was also charged with sodomizing countless young boys, while they were being murdered. Rais listened as witness after witness accused him of these monstrous crimes. He then laughed loudly at the court, claiming it was all nonsense, that his enemies had fabricated these terrible stories to have him imprisoned or executed, so that they could seize his fortune.

On October 19, 1440, Rais and his closest servants were tortured and the servants confessed that all of the charges against Rais were true. They added details of Rais' unspeakable tortures and murders, some committed, they said, in front of Rais' brother. Rais himself did not break under torture, but he finally did break when threatened with excommunication from the Catholic Church.

Rais' spiritual tie was so strong that the mere threat of being set spiritually adrift from the Church compelled him to "confess everything." Rais was condemned to death and, on October 26, 1440, was publicly strangled to death, burned at the same time, while he choked out a plea for forgiveness to the parents of the murdered children witnessing his bizarre death. Two of Rais' associates were also executed at the same time, both burned alive.

HUNGARY'S MURDERING COUNTESS/1600s

Married at fifteen to Count Ferencz Ndasdy, Countess Elizabeth Bathory (or Batory; 1560-1614) lived in regal splendor inside the Castle Csejthe. Waited on hand and foot, Bathory occupied her teenage years with pleasures of the flesh and toward her twentieth year she began to display a decided taste for sadistic punishment. Her husband, while fighting the Turks, the story goes, found a rare manuscript on ancient tortures and the countess read this crusty document with avid interest which later turned to lethal fascination. She was also obsessed with flagellation, a trait learned from an unbalanced aunt, and ordered her servants to whip her for long, painful periods as would a flagellant.

The countess was an attractive woman, dark and sensuous, and she took many lovers while her husband was still alive. Upon his death in 1604, Bathory's mind seemed to snap. She slept erratically, ordered her servants to walk about naked, and developed an unpredictable appetite, demanding that she be served only exotic fruits from the Middle East.

When a servant girl dared to bring her some commonplace apples, the countess flew into a rage and struck the girl, cutting the flesh with a large ring. Some blood splashed on her face and when she wiped it off she became convinced that her aging complexion in that spot had suddenly been revitalized, made youthful again.

Hungary's Countess Elizabeth Bathory ordered the deaths of between 600 and 750 young girls, bathing in their blood to improve her complexion; she was walled up in a room of her castle, dying in 1614.

With this imagined discovery, the countess believed that eternal youth could be obtained if she bathed in the fresh virgin's blood. To this gruesome end, Bathory ordered her palace guardsmen to scour the countryside and bring her peasant girls who, upon being proved virgins, were slain, their blood drained into a hot bath in which the countess submerged herself every morning.

It was reported that, like the legendary Dracula (Vlad Tepes, see Mass Murder), Bathory turned vampire and actually sucked the blood out of her victims, but this was never supported even by her most lunatic aides, especially the cruel Dorotta Szentes, who was known as Dorka. For years the countess bathed in her human blood, but the rejuvenation process was evident only in her demented mind. Her followers, fearing for their own lives, did her bidding, murdering girls by the scores to satisfy her maniacal whim, and buried the bodies throughout the old underground passages of the castle.

Bathory, in one grim moment of reality, saw herself as the aging crone she had become and screamed to Dorka that it was the quality of blood that was missing. She was bathing in the gore of inferior humans and suddenly seized upon the idea that only the blood of aristocrats could return her youth. She devised a scheme to snare the young daughters of her peers, telling bluebloods throughout Hungary that she would take under her tutorship twenty-five of the prettiest daughters of aristocrats and teach them in the ways of social graces. Since Bathory was one of the richest and most powerful persons in the country and her horrific deeds had been kept secret, many members of the lower nobility seized upon this opportunity as a way of advancing their own positions, and sent their daughters to this monster in 1609.

At first Bathory pretended to conduct classes in manners and etiquette, but she would have the girls murdered one by one in their beds as they slept and then butchered for her gory bath. Her most trusted servants, however, grew careless and, instead of burying the bodies in the castle caverns, simply tossed the corpses over the castle wall, where peasants soon discovered and identified them. (It was conjectured that the servants intentionally made the murders apparent in order to bring Bathory's sins to public view.)

Once the murders became known a great outcry against the countess caused the arrest of her most trusted aides, Dorka, a male servant, and a captain of the palace guard. Bathory herself, under Hungarian law, could not be arrested or tried for common murder since she was a member of ranking royalty and therefore immune from criminal prosecution. Her servants were nevertheless found guilty and burned alive at the stake for their awful slayings, but this did not appease an increasingly hostile populace which demanded the punishment of Countess Bathory so vociferously that the government feared open rebellion. To sidestep laws that protected the lunatic Bathory, the Hungarian Parliament convened and passed a special law which permitted authorities to bring her to trial.

Countess Bathory was convicted of murdering scores of young girls (the count was staggering, between 600 and 750), but since she could not, under any legal circumstances, be executed in any prescribed manner, she was sent to her suite in the castle and walled up in these rooms. She was fed through an opening in the brick wall and managed to survive in her isolated castle tower for more than three years until she died screaming to be released. When the wall was broken down and officials stepped inside the suite, they beheld, as one described "a creature so hideous as to make Evil itself cringe."

MARIE DE BRINVILLIERS/1660s-1670s

Marie Marguerite de Brinvilliers (1630-1676) was responsible for at least fifty poison murders. Her fixation with poison was born out of personal greed. She was the eldest of five children and was born into nobility through the d'Aubray family. Attractive and sensuous, she reportedly had sex at an early age with several of her own brothers. After marrying the Marquis Antoine de Brinvilliers at the age of twenty-one, Marie took a lover, Gaudin de Saint-Croix, who helped her secure poison.

When Brinvilliers' father learned of the affair, he had Saint-Croix thrown into the Bastille, where the abused swain learned the dark arts of poisonings from a fellow convict named Elixi. He then plotted with Brinvilliers to murder her stern father. With the help of the conniving de Saint-Croix, Marie planned to murder her wealthy father, Dreux d'Aubray, to inherit his vast estate and live a life of ease with her lover. She was by then much in need of money, having squandered most of her husband's fortune.

Before she carried out this scheme, she "experimented"

Marie de Brinvilliers, a sketch drawn at the time she was about to be taken to her execution in 1676; she was responsible for an estimated fifty poison murders.

The executioner stands before a crowd at Notre Dame Cathedral, holding the severed head of poisoner Marie de Brinvilliers.

with Saint-Croix's poisons. The patients of the Hotel Dieu, a hospital in Paris, became her first victims. Pretending to nurse the sick and feeble, Marie de Brinvilliers murdered at least fifty patients. She disposed of her father in 1666, and later murdered two of her brothers to gain their property as well.

However, the money left behind did not satisfy her. She then turned on her peers in the French court, killing anyone that stood in her way or displeased her. Meanwhile de Saint-Croix mixed the potions as fast as he could. In a moment of carelessness, he inhaled the noxious fumes and fell over dead. Authorities then inspected Saint Croix's apartment in Paris, where they found his many poisons and extensive notes on those lethal concoctions he had prepared for the many victims selected by Marie de Brinvilliers.

Further, a servant confessed to her mistress' sinister activities under the threat of torture. In 1676, the beautiful but deadly Marie was ordered to issue a confession before the assembled multitudes at Notre Dame Cathedral, after which she was beheaded and burned.

SCOTLAND'S BURKE AND HARE/1820s

The notorious William Burke (1792-1829) and William Hare were not only early-day serial killers, but the first body snatchers of important record who, when corpses were not available for sale to anatomists for dissection, turned to murder to replenish their dwindling supply of cadavers. These killers later argued that they were only providing important research material for the advancement of medical science, a point stretched to the unbelievable. Yet in this dark age of medicine, the need to examine bodies to determine anatomical makeup was crucial.

European anatomists, or those who studied the internal structure of the human body, found that established medical schools were neither equipped nor authorized to conduct such studies. These anatomists opened schools of their own and medical students flocked to their classes. The schools, however, were limited in bodies available for study. During this time, before the Anatomy Act of 1832, British law curtailed autopsies by stipulating that all corpses must receive Christian burial.

Occasionally, the corpses of condemned felons were turned over to physicians for internal study, but these were limited in number. Doctors, particularly the successful anatomist, Dr.

Body-snatcher and serial killer William Burke, who stole bodies from graveyards for anatomical study, then resorted to murder to increase his pay for "fresh" cadavers.

William Hare, Burke's murder accomplice, eager for the shares that new bodies would bring, but reluctant to hang, saving his life by informing on Burke.

Helen McDougal, Burke's common-law wife, aided and abetted her murderous spouse in his serial-killing enterprises, encouraging him to "develop" his business.

Maggie Laird, Hare's common-law wife, who managed the boarding house where the killers plotted their murders and to which they brought some of their victims.

The Edinburgh boarding house, where Burke and Hare lived with their wives; Burke's apartment was at the bottom-right and he murdered many of his victims there before carting their bodies off to Dr. Knox's medical school for sale.

Daft Jamie, a half-witted begger boy murdered by Burke and Hare; it was this killing that eventually brought about the exposure of the serial killers.

Robert Knox of Edinburgh, had to rely upon body snatchers who ghoulishly roamed through unguarded graveyards in the murk of night, exhuming corpses and carting these gruesome burdens to medical schools where these nocturnal deliveries were received in secret. The most celebrated body snatchers of this era were Burke and Hare.

William Burke was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, a farmer's son, who received little or no education, going to work as a baker's apprentice while in his teens. He later worked as a weaver, then a cobbler, then briefly joined the British army, but was released as unfit. A surly, broad-shouldered man, Burke left Ireland after repeated quarrels with his family. He went to Scotland and worked on the Union Canal, then took a room in the Beggar's Hotel in Edinburgh, a lowly, rambling boarding house for indigent Irish laborers. By that time, he had picked up a prostitute named Helen McDougal (or Nell

William Burke in custody, shown in his prison cell wearing leg irons, while awaiting trial.

Macdougal), and both began a clothing business of sorts, collecting discarded clothes and shoes, repairing and then reselling these shabby items.

In 1826, Burke and McDougal moved to Log's boarding house in Tanner's Close, renting the basement apartment. It was here that Burke met William Hare, a lean, conniving fellow-boarder. Little of Hare's background is known. He had lived at Log's and when the owner died, he made the owner's widow, Maggie Laird, his common-law wife, and she assumed the role of boarding house proprietor.

Burke and Hare became drinking companions and would guzzle themselves into stupors while discussing get-rich-quick schemes that never materialized. Then, on November 29, 1827, Hare entered Burke's quarters while Burke was repairing a shoe and told him that one of his boarders, an army pensioner named Old Donald, had died in his room, still owing £4 in rent. Hare whispered an idea to his friend Burke: Why not sell Old Donald's corpse to Dr. Knox's medical school and make a little money on a body now useless to the world? Such an act was, of course, against the law, which required that all deaths be reported to the authorities and bodies removed for Christian burial.

Burke warmed quickly to the idea, and that night he and Hare carried the remains of Old Donald to Dr. Knox who purchased the cadaver, no questions asked, for £7. To explain the absence of Old Donald, Burke and Hare built a coffin, weighted it with bags of bark, sealed it, and turned it over to officials, who accepted this as the corpse of Old Donald and quickly buried the coffin. The porter at Dr. Knox's medical school informed Burke and Hare that good specimens for dissection might bring as much as £10 each and that these were in constant demand. They were invited to return often with such deliveries.

This transaction worked so smoothly that Burke and Hare resolved to continue selling bodies to Dr. Knox, except that some of the Log's boarders were reluctant to die. The body snatchers helped them along into eternity. The first of these was a boarder named Joe the Mumper who was dying of fever. Hare complained that such illnesses kept others from renting his rooms and the sick man was an inconvenience. Burke and Hare then smothered the man to death with a pillow, and his body was delivered to Knox's college in Surgeon's Square, bringing them £10.

Burke and Hare, along with their common-law wives, then went full tilt into the murder and body-selling business. Beginning in February 1828, they waylaid street peddlers and prostitutes or got them drunk, then smothered them and sold the bodies. Such was the fate of Abigail Simpson, a hawker of salt and hearthstone, Mary Paterson, a young prostitute, Mary Haldane, an aging harlot, Haldane's half-witted daughter, and an English traveler who was suffering from jaundice. There would be between fifteen and thirty victims in all, some later claimed as many as fifty or more. In most instances, Burke and Hare took turns suffocating the victims, one holding down the feet while the other smothered the victim with a pillow in the

William Burke, shown as a wax dummy modeled from life in Edinburgh Prison by Madame Tussaud shortly before the serial killer was executed, the dummy wearing the actual clothes worn by the murderer; Burke had grown a beard before going to the hangman, "as if to disguise himself from death," said an observer of the day.

Log's boarding house. On some occasions, Hare and Maggie Laird murdered the victims without Burke's help.

The murders were not confined to the rooms of the boarding house. Killings to obtain bodies were boldly committed in the streets of Edinburgh, especially by the cretinous and bestial Burke. He was returning to the boarding house one night with the body of an old derelict he had murdered, the body stuffed into a box carried on a cart and pulled by an ancient horse. An old Irish beggar woman made the mistake of stopping Burke to beg some money from him. He strangled her on the spot and then grabbed her grandson, a mute, and broke his back over his knee, stuffing these bodies into the box with the other corpse.

The killers became obsessed with bodies and could not find victims fast enough to fill their blood-soaked trunk. One night, their broken-down cart horse refused to budge while

A mob, enraged at the court's "not proven" verdict that freed Burke's wife, chases the terrified Helen McDougal (bottom left) through the streets of Edinburgh.

they were en route to the medical school with a delivery. Burke and Hare had to hire a porter who used a large wheelbarrow to cart their trunk to the school where the murderers were paid £16 for two bodies. So incensed were they at their horse's refusal to move their cart that they returned to the spot where the beast still stood and cut its throat.

The murder schemes of Burke and Hare began to unravel when Dr. Knox's students began to identify the corpses brought to them for dissection. One student recognized a prostitute he had patronized, but he remained silent. Knox evidently had his suspicions about Burke and Hare, but he said nothing, as long as the steady stream of bodies arrived at the door of his school. He became the most celebrated anatomist in the country and his school flourished.

Meanwhile, Burke and Hare fell out, or, at least, their women took to such arguing that Maggie Laird proposed that they kill Helen McDougal and sell her corpse to Dr. Knox. Burke drew the line at this and moved out with his wife, going to live with one of McDougal's relatives at Gibbs Close. Here the Burkes actually competed with the Hares, both operating separate murder businesses and continuing to sell the bodies to Dr. Knox. Then Burke killed an idiot beggar boy known throughout Edinburgh as Daft Jamie, who was recognized by some of Dr. Knox's students. The boy's identity was pointed out to Dr. Knox, but he denied that the body was that of the beggar boy. Again, he preferred to close his eyes and stifle his suspicions as to the real activities of his suppliers, Burke and Hare.

Burke and Hare's lucrative body racket came to an end on October 31, 1828. On the afternoon of that day, Burke was drinking in Rymer's pub when an old crone named Mary Docherty entered the pub and walked from table to table, begging. Burke sized her up and quickly concluded that her body would bring a considerable payment from Dr. Knox. He invited the woman to share some ale with him and the two got tipsy together. Then Burke invited Docherty to accompany him home to Gibbs Close where she would attend a "Halloween party." The woman accepted with alacrity and the pair went to Burke's boarding house, where Burke ordered a young couple boarding there, James and Ann Gray, to leave the premises, saying a private party was to commence. Then Hare and his wife were invited, Burke and his wife having made up with their murderous friends.

A drunken revel ensued with Burke dancing wildly with Docherty while she was periodically plied with heavy drink. (Because of this macabre revel, Burke was often called by writers a "dancing master.") In the middle of this raucous party, Burke suddenly pounced upon Docherty's bare feet with his hobnailed boots, grinning like a madman, and cut off her piercing screams of "murder!" (heard by the neighbors) by placing his paw-like hands about her throat and strangling her to death.

Docherty's naked body was then stuffed into the tea chest Burke used for his deliveries to Dr. Knox, and this was picked up by David Patterson, Dr. Knox's porter who gave Burke a disappointing £5 for the corpse. Having received so many bodies from Burke, Dr. Knox no longer waited for cadavers to be delivered to his school, but had his porter go to Burke for the corpses. Before this happened, however, James and Ann Gray, the momentarily evicted boarders at Burke's house, glimpsed Mrs. Docherty's legs protruding from the chest before it was quickly closed. Hare, realizing that the Grays had spotted the body, offered a great deal of money for their silence.

James Gray, however, went to the police and reported the murder, along with the fact that Gray had seen Patterson collect the tea chest, hearing him state that he would be taking this grim cargo to Dr. Knox's school. Police raced to the school, barged through the back door and found the tea chest with Docherty's body in it. Burke was quickly arrested and taken to jail. Then Mrs. McDougal was captured, along with the Hares.

To save himself, William Hare turned state's evidence, detailing his many murders with William Burke, or as many as he could remember. Mrs. McDougal was charged with murder, as were the Hares. Burke's trial began on December 24, 1828, but there was little to debate. He had already confessed his murders. Hare's vivid chronicle of the murders brought about a conviction for Burke, but the jury felt there was insufficient evidence to convict Helen McDougal and returned the verdict of "Not Proven" against her, a unique Scottish verdict which signified that the accused was probably guilty but not enough proof was present to allow conviction.

The execution of William Burke on January 28, 1829; more than 25,000 spectators watched the serial killer hang.

Burke phlegmatically stood in the dock throughout his trial and said very little, except to grunt derision at his one-time partner Hare. When he heard Helen McDougal's verdict he snorted: "Nelly, you're out of the scape." The court then released William Hare and his wife. The long-nosed, tall Hare, who had not been tried, but retained until Burke's trial ended, leaped from his seat in court, unable to restrain his joy at being set free; he danced a weird little jig as Burke was dragged away cursing in chains to await his execution.

While waiting for the hangman, Burke allowed artists to sketch him in his condemned cell but, ever the businessman, he charged them fees. He also complained bitterly about being cheated by Dr. Knox's porter, that many of the bodies he had turned over had been worth much more than what he had been paid. On the morning of January 28, 1829, William Burke was led to a public scaffold in Edinburgh and, in a driving rain that did not thwart 25,000 people from attending, was sent through the trapdoor. The huge crowd cheered his death and demanded that Hare, too, be hanged, but Hare had vanished from Edinburgh, as had Maggie Laird and Helen McDougal.

Grim irony: Burke's skeleton was later displayed at the very medical school to which he had earlier carted the bodies of his victims.

Crowds hunted them for weeks, but Helen McDougal was smuggled onto a ship and sailed for Australia, where she reportedly died many years later. Maggie Laird was given police protection and she was escorted to a ship sailing for Ireland and there she lived out her life under an assumed name. Hare fled to the Midlands where, under an assumed name, he labored in the lime pits. When his fellow workers learned who he was, one account has it, they blinded him with quicklime. He then went to London, a blind beggar last seen shaking a tin cup and begging outside the British Museum.

Dr. Robert Knox, who had paid for all the bodies and encouraged, willingly or not, the hard-working Burke and Hare to continue their murder business, was in disgrace following Burke's conviction and execution. Dr. Knox's school closed and he left Edinburgh. One report held that he became a showman with a traveling group of American Indians, but it is known that he first went to London and worked as an obstetrician and later as a general practitioner in Hackney, dying in 1862 with whatever dark memories that may have haunted him.

The gloomy deeds of his servants, however, did serve one useful purpose. The acts of Burke and Hare, dubbed Resurrectionists or Resurrection Men, so appalled the country that widespread body snatching was condemned in Parliament, where liberal politicians successfully argued that the lack of legal bodies hindered the advancement of medicine and allowed beasts like Burke and Hare to flourish. Parliament passed the Anatomy Act in 1832 which permitted relatives and officials to turn over dead bodies to medical schools for dissection and study before burial. This legislation caused the gruesome business of body snatching to go into decline and eventually cease.

It was grim irony that the day following his execution, William Burke's body would follow the same route he had in life sent so many others. His corpse was taken to the medical school operated by Dr. Knox's brilliant rival, Dr. Alexander Monro. Here, before a large audience, Burke's short, thick corpse was dissected and studied, the pieces later preserved in jars and held up during anatomical lectures. His skeleton was later reassembled and placed in a glass case that can be seen to this day as a prized exhibit at the Anatomical Museum of the University of Edinburgh. Beyond these skeletal remains, however, Burke and Hare, along with their medical mentor, Knox, would be remembered down through the annals of crime with a little ditty chanted by children for decades in the streets of Edinburgh:

Burke's the murderer,
And Hare's the thief,
And Knox's the boy
Who buys the beef.

THE POISONOUS COOK/1833-1851

Helene Jegado (d. 1851) was an illiterate French peasant with a great skill. She was, by the time she entered her thirties, known as a wonderful cook who could prepare delicious stews, roasts, salads, cakes, cuisine so savory as to make her employers drool and salivate. Orphaned at the age of seven, Jegado was taken into the home of a pastor in a small Breton village, where her two aunts worked as servants. She remained there for seventeen years, learning the arts of cooking from her aunts, then leaving with one of them to relocate in Seglien, where she was employed as a cook for the local pastor. It was here that she apparently began to experiment with poisons.

Moving to Guern, Jegado began dosing the meals she prepared for her employers with arsenic, which she had obtained to rid the place of rats. Seven persons died of mysterious causes before Jegado moved on to Bubery, where three more people succumbed to her marvelous meals. Again she moved, going to Locmine, where two persons died. Remaining in the same village, the cook moved to another home, where a person quickly died. She moved to another home still,

Shown preparing one of her lethal stews, cook Helene Jegado claimed twenty-six lives, perhaps three dozen more, a serial killer who enjoyed poisoning her victims.

and four more people died violent deaths, until Jegado came under suspicion.

The motives for Jegado's serial poisonings were obscure, but apparently she was easily offended and took quick retaliation by murdering her employers and members of each household. In Guern, where seven died, including her own sister, the industrious cook simply remarked: "Wherever I go, people die." She murdered without remorse and it was obvious to officials looking into her horrendous career later that Jegado enjoyed killing people, and that she was a thrill-killer, one who took great pleasure in bringing life to an end, appropriating a life-and-death power that was legally possessed by her superiors, whom she resented and perhaps, even hated.

Moving to a convent, Jegado remained behind these cloistered walls for some years, but she was dismissed for theft and wanton destruction of property. Further, many of the nuns had become ill after she had been repeatedly rebuked for her shameful conduct. Jegado resumed her duties as a cook in one small village after another, always moving. Painful death followed her at the towns of Plumeret, Auray, Pontivy, Hennebon, Lorient. Physicians, as had been their practice in the past with all of those who died at Jegado's poisonous hands, diagnosed the deaths as the result of drinking too much vinegar. These were country doctors with little or no skill in understanding the symptoms of poison, even the most blatant killer, arsenic.

Then, in 1841, Jegado inexplicably ceased her serial murders. It was later surmised that she had simply run out of arsenic and thought it too dangerous to secure more of the poison. Yet, it was evident from her careless conduct that she was all but indifferent to being detected, having a cynical disregard at being discovered.

Following a seven-year lull in her murderous activities, Jegado arrived in Rennes in 1848, where she became the cook for a university professor, Theophile Bidard, who was also a surgeon. When Rosalie Sarrazin, another servant in the household, was poisoned in July 1851, Bidard suspected murder—Jegado and Sarrazin had quarreled incessantly—and he called police to investigate. Upon the arrival of the officers, Jegado, who had not been accused, suddenly shouted: "I am innocent!"

Arousing suspicion, she was taken into custody and then laborious investigations ensued, trailing back two decades. Bodies were exhumed and examined and in all cases arsenic was found. Jegado was brought to trial in December 1851 in Rennes, where she was found guilty of having murdered twenty-six persons and having attempted the murder of dozens of others. Prosecutors speculated that she may have killed as many as sixty people. Jegado, showing no remorse, went to the guillotine, where she was beheaded that month.

Staggering as the number of victims were in Jegado's long career as a serial killer, other female poisoners vied for her lethal record. A woman in Holland named Van der Linden, who lived in Leyden, was reportedly responsible for poisoning 102 persons between 1869 and 1885. Like Van der Linden, who was both a nurse and cook, Anna Maria Zwangziger of Germany (1760-1811), poisoned a dozen people with arsenic in several towns, but her motive was unlike that of Jegado and Van der Linden in that she attempted to eliminate female spouses in order to marry surviving husbands. These crude murders, however, did not see her intended results. She was tried and convicted of several killings, then admitted her guilt in court: "Yes, I killed them all and I would have killed more if I had had the chance." She was beheaded by the sword in July 1811.

ENGLAND'S ARCH POISONER/1840s-1850s

William Palmer (AKA: Rugeley Poisoner; 1824-1856) of Rugeley, Staffordshire, England, was the second son of Joseph Palmer, a sawmill owner. His father died when he was thirteen, leaving a considerable fortune to his seven children. After leaving school at seventeen, William Palmer began an apprenticeship with a pharmacy in Liverpool. He met Jane Widnall, who later became pregnant. Palmer stole money from the druggists to pay for her abortion. He confessed to the theft and was fired.

Palmer then became apprenticed to Dr. Edward Tylecote in Hayward, Cheshire, where he performed abortions and reportedly had fourteen children out of wedlock. He next studied at Stafford Infirmary, and in 1842 pursued his medical work in London at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He also acquired a reputation as a gambler and womanizer. A man named Abley, with whose wife Palmer had been having an affair, died after drinking poisoned brandy thought to have been administered by Palmer. Palmer may also have poisoned one of his illegitimate children, whose mother was Jane Mumford.

These early killings, however, went undetected, and Palmer was accepted into the Royal College of Surgeons on August 10, 1846 and on September 8 of that year, joined the staff of St. Bartholomew's Hospital as a surgeon. He resigned a month

Dr. William Palmer of Rugeley, who poisoned fourteen or more persons in murder-for-profit schemes in order to feed his gambling addiction.

The trial of William Palmer; prosecutors won a conviction on circumstantial evidence.

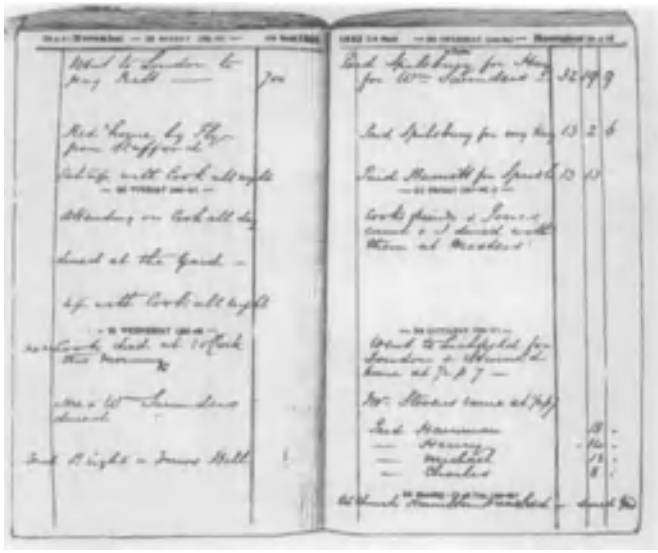
Dr. Palmer shown at the racetrack, where he lost in bets most of the money he received from his murderous insurance swindles.

later and returned to Rugeley, where he opened a general practice.

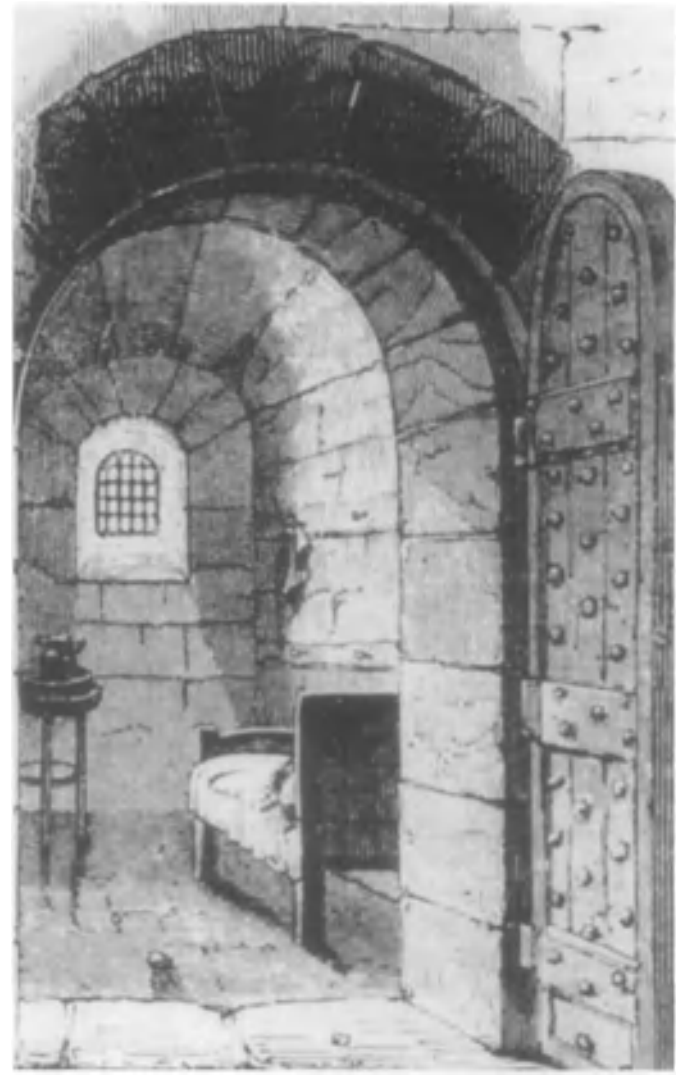
Palmer, possibly planning to marry for money, courted Annie Brooks, an illegitimate child of wealthy Colonel Brooks whom the Colonel had adopted. Upon the colonel's suicide, she was left with a large inheritance. Brooks had to obtain permission to marry from the Court of Chancery, whose ward she became when her mother was declared unfit. Early in the marriage, Palmer was earning an ample income and quit gambling, but eventually fell back upon his passion for gambling; he bought racing horses and stables. He suffered heavy losses at the track and had several affairs.

In 1850, he poisoned a man named Bladen, who had come to visit Palmer and collect a debt. After borrowing money from another man, named Bly, Palmer killed him too, and then lied to Bly's widow by asserting that Bly had owed *him* money. Palmer apparently next poisoned his uncle, "Beau Bently," and then tried to poison Bently's wife, who was staying with Palmer. When she complained of feeling unwell, Palmer gave her some pills, but she began to feel better, decided not to take the medicine, and tossed the pills out the window. Some chickens were discovered dead the following day, apparently killed by Palmer's poison, but the notion that the physician had attempted to murder Bently's wife was dismissed as "nonsense."

In 1853, Palmer bet heavily on a horse called *Nettle*, which lost, so he purchased life insurance policies totaling £26,000 on his wife, Annie, and his brother Walter. Next year, Annie caught a chill on a trip to Liverpool to see a concert. One of Palmer's friends, Dr. Bamford, diagnosed the sickness as "bilious cholera," and gave her some medicine. A week later, on September 29, 1854, Annie Palmer was dead. Palmer used the £13,000 insurance settlement to pay his bookmaker.



Two pages from Palmer's diary, which incriminated him at his trial; his notations show payments made to bookies and others that matched insurance monies.



Palmer's cell at Stafford Jail, where he calmly awaited execution and chatted with guards.

The hanging execution of Dr. Palmer on June 14, 1856, where an angry crowd hooted and jeered at the condemned man before he went through the trap.

Nine months after his wife's death, his maid had a child that died within a few weeks of birth. William Palmer next focused on his alcoholic brother, Walter Palmer, attempting to kill him by giving him too much to drink. William promised to loan Walter as much money and buy him as much alcohol as he wanted, calculating that the life insurance policy would reimburse him for expenses after Walter's death. Walter Palmer died on August 16, 1855. The cause of death was listed as "apoplexy." The insurance company refused to pay the £13,000 policy.

Palmer also tried to purchase a policy on George Bates, a gambling crony, but the insurance company was already suspicious about Walter's death and refused to issue the policy. When Palmer heard that the company had spoken to a youth named Myatt, who claimed to have witnessed Palmer putting something into his brother's drink, Palmer invited Myatt for a drink too, after which Myatt suffered from gastric pain for the next few days.

The scheming doctor had already secured a large insurance policy on the life of his alcoholic mother-in-law, who also lived with him. Palmer poisoned her and was also thought to have poisoned four of the five children he had had with Annie Brooks. At the time of these mysterious deaths, Palmer was deeply indebted to a money-lender named Pratt, who threatened to seek out Palmer's mother whose name Palmer had forged on loan documents for settlement.

Forced to try his luck at the racetrack to settle his debt with Pratt, Palmer met up with John Parsons Cook, an old friend and fellow gambler. Cook won a considerable amount betting on *Polestar*, a mare he owned, that won a race at Shrewsbury on November 13, 1855. Cook and Palmer both

had rooms at the Raven Hotel in Shrewsbury, where Palmer gave Cook brandy and water that burned his throat and made him sick. The men returned to Rugeley, where Cook stayed at the Talbot Arms near Palmer's home. Palmer nursed Cook with some coffee and soup, and in four days Cook was feeling better. Palmer was called back when Cook became sick that night. The next day, November 20, Cook died. Palmer meanwhile, had obtained Cook's track winnings by forging Cook's signature.

Palmer was linked to Cook's death when Cook's stepfather, Stevens, became suspicious. Stevens asked to see Cook's betting records, but Palmer said his book was lost. A hotel maid told Stevens she had seen Palmer rifling Cook's pockets. The insurance company, already suspicious about the death of Palmer's brother, began to investigate Cook's death. Palmer again requested help from Dr. Bamford, who noted the cause of death on Cook's death certificate as "apoplectic seizure." He also permitted Palmer to help with Cook's autopsy, during which Palmer first tried to remove Cook's stomach and then tried to bribe the courier taking the stomach to London to drop the jar.

In London, Dr. Alfred Swayne Taylor, a poison expert, further examined Cook's organs, and determined the cause of death to be tetanus. Officials found no traces of the strychnine that might have caused this, but they did find antimony. They also learned that Palmer had bought large amounts of strychnine. A coroner's inquest returned a verdict of willful murder.

Meanwhile, the bodies of Palmer's wife and brother were exhumed. Although no poison was found in Annie's body, Palmer was indicted for murder at the inquest. Because public opinion in Stafford was so strong against Palmer, a law was introduced in the House of Lords on February 5, 1856, to allow a change of venue. The law passed and moved Palmer's trial to the Central Criminal Court.

On May 14, 1856, Palmer was brought to trial before Lord Chief Justice Campbell and two other judges at the Old Bailey in London. Palmer was defended by Sir William Shee and prosecuted by Attorney General Sir Alexander Cockburn. Dr. Taylor testified that strychnine could cause death without leaving traces in the stomach because it would be absorbed into the victim's nervous system. Palmer, who claimed he was innocent, was found guilty of murder on May 27, 1856, on strictly circumstantial evidence. He was publicly hanged on June 14, 1856, by the Stafford jail.

Rugeley citizens sought to change the town's name after Palmer's execution, so it would not be associated with the notorious serial killer. The mayor of Rugeley asked the prime minister, William Palmerston, who ironically enough, granted permission on condition that the town be named after him.

THE MARRIED MURDERERS OF FRANCE/ 1850s

For more than a decade, Martin Dumollard, a farmer living outside the French village of Montluel, attacked and murdered several young women, ravaging the bodies and taking what belongings these poor peasant girls carried. Following such barbaric attacks, Dumollard dutifully returned to his home and wife. Marie Dumollard not only knew of these myriad

Marie Dumollard, who encouraged her serial killer husband, Martin Dumollard, to commit murders; she is shown in a wax image by Madame Tussaud, and is wearing the actual clothes taken from some of her husband's victims.

killings, but encouraged her husband's perverted slayings and, in return for her lethal support, was given some of the victim's clothes to wear as payment for her complicity.

Martin Dumollard often went to an employment agency in Lyons to hire new help, and sometimes he merely approached young girls himself, asking if they would like to work at his farm. Although the body of one of the maids was found in the woods in 1855, the case was left open and nothing more was said.

Six years later, however, young Marie Pichon of Lyons was approached by Dumollard, who offered her a serving position at a nearby chateau where he worked. When they did not go directly to the palatial estate Dumollard said he represented, Pichon became cautious and was ready to run when he pulled out a rope and tried to put it around her throat.

Dashing away, the girl ran frantically through the woods and down a dark lane, with Dumollard chasing her. She managed to outdistance the older man and arrived at a village, where an innkeeper offered her safety. Police were summoned and Pichon told the story of the attack. Dumollard was arrested, but he refused to admit having committed any crimes, denying that he had attacked the girl and claiming that she was a witless waif making up tales to discredit her elders.

The authorities disbelieved him, however, and investigated the Dumollard farm, where they discovered at least ten fairly new corpses of young women, along with piles of cloth-

ing. Marie Dumollard, unable to keep silent, confessed that her husband killed the girls, and she kept or sold the clothing as she chose. Some bodies were tossed into the nearby Rhone River, others were buried.

In January 1862, the Dumollards were tried at Bourg while mobs of angry townspeople tried to lynch them. Martin Dumollard was described at the time as "a strong and brutal peasant, with a large nose, thick lips, hollow eyes and brushy eyebrows. A beard fringed his hard features. His wife, thin and slight, with shifty eyes and cunning face, was placed at his side." Both were found guilty. Martin Dumollard was sentenced to be guillotined. He was executed on March 8, 1862. Marie, his accomplice, was sent to hard labor in prison for twenty years.

A FRENCH SERIAL KILLER/1860s

Like Dr. William Palmer, a French physician adopted the Rugeley Poisoner's same modus operandi, poisoning for profit. Dr. Edmond de la Pommerais (1835-1864) left Orleans, France, in 1859 at the age of twenty-four to set up a private practice in Paris. He advertised himself as the "Count de la Pommerais" at the Paris gambling tables. In 1861, he married Mademoiselle Dabizy, the daughter of one of his patients and heiress to a fortune.

The girl's mother had stipulated, however, that the Dabizy inheritance could not revert to the de la Pommerais family until her own death, a proviso that marked her for murder. She died just months later. As Madame Dabizy's physician, de la Pommerais certified the cause of death to be Asiatic cholera.

At the time, the young doctor was also conducting a secret affair with Seraphine de Pauw, the widow of one of his former patients. She had three small children, and faced financial problems. De la Pommerais proposed a scheme whereby he would insure de Pauw's life for 500,000 francs (£20,000). After several payments had been made, Madame de Pauw was to feign an illness. Fearing greater loss, the insurance company would offer to settle for 5,000 francs. When she signed the policy, the doctor persuaded her to name him as her beneficiary.

Supposedly to simulate illness de la Pommerais gave de Pauw a strong dose of digitalis, a vegetable poison. She became quite ill and soon died. The cause of death was listed as cholera, common in Paris during the summertime. The insurance company first seemed willing to pay the doctor the full 500,000 francs, but an anonymous letter to the Paris police warned them about the possibility of murder. The body was exhumed, an autopsy performed, and poison detected.

The doctor was tried for the murders of both his mistress and mother-in-law, but was acquitted for the death of Madame Dabizy. De la Pommerais was found guilty of poisoning Seraphine de Pauw, convicted mainly on the testimony of de Pauw's sister, Madame Ritter, who knew about the insurance fraud, her sister having confided the scheme to her during her illness. De la Pommerais was sentenced to die on the guillotine. To the very last moment, he expected to be reprieved, but he went to his death in 1864. Though officials were certain that de la Pommerais had poisoned at least two hapless women, they suspected that he had administered lethal doses to a half dozen other victims.

Dr. Edmond de la Pommerais, who poisoned victims in order to collect on their insurance policies; he went to the guillotine in 1864.

AMERICA'S "QUEEN POISONER"/1860s

Perhaps the most infamous female poisoner in 19th Century America, Lydia Struck Sherman (1830-1878) was an attractive housewife with a disarming manner. She killed every person she met with only one thought in mind—profit. Sherman collected insurance monies on various families and lived in high style in New York's tenderloin district.

Sherman married Edward Struck, a New York policeman, the union producing six children. Struck became a drunkard after being dismissed from the police department, and, tired of working to feed her large family, Sherman purchased ten cents worth of arsenic in the spring of 1864. When the druggist asked if she intended to use the poison to kill rats, the woman replied: "Rats? My goodness, yes, we're alive with rats!"

Sherman then poisoned her husband of seventeen years and, and later murdered her six children. Although the weapon was arsenic, New York City doctors attributed the seven deaths to various illnesses. The killer collected insurance on each of her victims. The killing of seven persons took time, but Lydia Sherman was in no hurry. She murdered her six children, ranging in ages from nine months to fourteen years, over a two-year period, from 1864 to 1866.

Lydia Sherman is shown encouraging the elderly Dennis Hurlbut to drink the wine she doctored with arsenic; he did, becoming one more of her many victims.

Lydia Sherman, shown haunted by the visions of her murders in her prison cell; she died behind bars on May 16, 1878.

Moving to New Haven, Connecticut, Sherman married elderly Dennis Hurlbut, a wealthy farmer, on November 22, 1868. After slowly poisoning the old man, she collected his estate. By April 1870, Sherman was low on funds and she went to work as a housekeeper for Horatio Nelson Sherman of Derby, Connecticut. She soon persuaded the elderly Sherman to marry her. A short time later she poisoned his two children, Frank and Addie (because they "would be better off," she said later) and then, when he became an alcoholic after their deaths, she systematically poisoned Sherman until he died on May 12, 1871.

The Shermans' physician, Dr. Beardsley, was not as indifferent to the Sherman deaths as the New York physicians who had haphazardly examined Lydia Sherman's previous victims. Beardsley became suspicious and called in other doctors to perform autopsies on the family. Finding poison, they called police, but Lydia Sherman had fled to New York. She was tracked down by detectives and returned to Connecticut, where she stood trial.

Sherman confessed to at least eleven murders, though she may have killed as many as fifteen others. Sherman, called "America's Queen Poisoner", was found guilty of second-degree murder (because all the evidence was circumstantial) and was sentenced to life in Wethersfield Prison, where she died on May 16, 1878. In her confession, Lydia Sherman took an almost lackadaisical attitude toward her many killings. In the instance of Edward Struck, she said: "I gave him the arsenic because I was discouraged. I know that that is not much of an excuse, but I felt so much trouble that I did not think about it."

Dr. Edward William Pritchard, who used aconite poisoning to rid himself of several women; he was executed on July 28, 1865, at Scotland's last public hanging.

A MEDICAL MURDERER IN SCOTLAND/ 1860s

The last public hanging in Scotland occurred on July 28, 1865, when the execution of Dr. Edward William Pritchard (1825-1865) was witnessed by 100,000 spectators at Jail Square, near Hutcheson Bridge in Edinburgh. Few among the crowd had any sympathy for this cold-blooded serial killer.

Pritchard was the son of a naval captain. At the age of twenty-one, he was commissioned an assistant surgeon in the Royal Navy. While stationed in Portsmouth he married a Scottish woman, Mary Jane Taylor. The couple settled in the village of Hunmanby, Yorkshire, where Mary Jane bore her husband five children. Pritchard opened a private practice, but soon acquired a reputation as a surly, habitual liar and a braggart. In 1858, he was forced to sell his practice.

The truculent doctor traveled abroad for a short time before moving to Glasgow, where he began a second medical practice. On the side, he delivered travel lectures and claimed to be an intimate of Garibaldi, a claim the Italian statesman denied.

Dr. Pritchard's reputation suffered further embarrassment in 1863 when one of his servant girls perished in a fire at his residence. The body was found lying in bed, which showed that she had made no effort to flee and suggested that she was unconscious at the time of the fire. The coroner's verdict exonerated Dr. Pritchard. A year later the doctor moved into more spacious quarters on Sauchiehall Street with money provided by Pritchard's mother-in-law, Mrs. Taylor of Edinburgh.

In 1864, Pritchard began an affair with 15-year-old Mary M'Cleod. She became pregnant and allowed the doctor to perform a crude abortion with the promise that he later would marry her. In November Mary Jane Pritchard became ill. She traveled to Edinburgh, where she recovered. But after rejoining her husband in Glasgow she again became sick.

Dr. Pritchard, who was attending her during this time, purchased an ounce of Fleming's Tincture of Aconite on December 8, 1864. He made three similar purchases in the next three months. Mrs. Taylor rushed to her daughter's bedside but after a few weeks in the house, the 70-year-old matron became afflicted with the same ailment after eating tapioca. She died on February 24, 1865.

Pritchard's wife died on March 17, 1865 amid growing suspicion in the community that her husband was a poisoner. The family cook and a maid who had sampled some of the food consumed by Mrs. Pritchard also suffered from the same malady, which was diagnosed as gastric fever by the ever-attentive Pritchard.

An anonymous letter, believed to have been written by Dr. Patterson, who had first thought that Mrs. Taylor was under the influence of a powerful narcotic, was sent to the police. The bodies of the two deceased women were exhumed and a quantity of antimony and aconite were found in the remains.

Dr. Pritchard was indicted for murder. His trial began at the High Court of the Judiciary in Edinburgh in July 1865, with Lord Justice Clerk John Inglis presiding. Defense attorneys attempted to shift the blame to Mary M'Cleod, but the judge rejected this argument during his summation. Pritchard was found guilty and was ordered to hang. While awaiting his execution the doctor confessed to the murders. At first, he had implicated M'Cleod, but later said she had nothing to do with killings he had so carefully planned.

THE TERRIBLE BENDERS/1872-1873

The first, most notorious of America's serial killers, who now oddly enjoy historical significance, at least in the sovereign state of Kansas, were the fierce and enigmatic Benders. Outwardly, this was a typical family of the American frontier, father, mother, daughter, son, all hardworking souls dedicated to the land, innkeepers who sought the common goals of commercial success, enough wealth to provide old age comforts, enough security to weather the storms howling down from the future.

Untypical were the methods the Bender Family employed in its mercantile practices, for the real business of the Benders was murder, and their victims, like the wayward wanderers who stumbled upon their own doom at Castle Dracula in far away Transylvania, were travelers seeking food and a bed for the night. This they received cheerfully from their sly hosts, along with an early unmarked grave.

The four Benders appeared for the first time in Labette County, Kansas, in fall 1870. The father, John Bender (some claim his name was William), was a man of about sixty, a primitive immigrant wearing a shaggy beard and possessing large, angry-looking eyes. He was accompanied by an equally robust wife whose first name is not recorded, a woman of fifty, with blue eyes and brown hair, his son John, about twenty-seven, and daughter Kate, age twenty-four.

Much was later said of the backgrounds of these four, most reports differing widely. It was later reported that John Bender, Jr., was not a Bender at all, his real name being John Gebhardt, or Liefens, and that he was Mrs. Bender's son from a previous marriage. Whether John Bender was his father or not, the younger man possessed all the traits of the old man. He was surly, sullen, and mean of spirit. His face was later described as having "had the fierce malice of a hyena." His build was slight and across thin, turned-down lips rode a light brown mustache.

John Bender spoke broken English, preferring to converse in German, the native tongue of his father. The old man never spoke anything but German, although he would make some guttural-sounding English words when angry, which was most of the time. Kate Bender, who was later described as a vicious-looking harridan or ravishing beauty, depending upon the sympathies of her ex-lovers and the editorial whims of newsmen in that day, spoke good English but with a slight German accent.

Mrs. Bender seldom spoke, and merely followed the grunted orders from the old man, working like a horse from dawn to dusk. Kate, of course, was of chief interest of this band of murderers and by most accounts she was far from ugly, although one report describes her rather brutally as "a large, masculine, red-faced woman." Others profile Kate as a very good looking red-haired girl, statuesque, buxom, with a small waist, slender hips and mesmerizing eyes, full lips and a charming manner, a cross between the subtle sirens of the Nile and the plump Broadway stars of that day.

Kate herself might not have been a Bender either, but, as was claimed by some, the mistress of John, Jr. Of this strange family, only Kate possessed a personality remembered long

The infamous Bender inn outside Cherryvale in southeastern Kansas, where dozens of travelers were slain by their hosts in 1871-1873.

John Bender, Sr., the 60-year-old patriarch of the family, who, with his son, crushed the heads of guests, while his wife and daughter prepared dinner for them.

Kate Bender, twenty-four, who claimed to be a spiritualist with powers to heal all maladies and who actively participated in her family's murder-for-profit killings.

by those who encountered the Benders. Governor Thomas Osborn of Kansas, who issued wanted posters for the family shortly after their horrendous crimes were unearthed, described Kate with some first-hand facts: "Dark hair and eyes, good looking, well-formed, rather bold in appearance, fluent talker." But when she and the other three members of her cold-hearted clan rolled across the gentle hills of southern Kansas in late 1869, she had no identity to speak of; she was just another homeless pioneer looking for a place to settle.

The first resident of Labette County to greet the Benders was a fellow German immigrant, Rudolph Brockmann, who ran a small country grocery store. How he came to know the Benders before they called on him for aid has never been learned. Brockmann had a large land claim and allowed the four strangers riding in a large wagon, all their earthly possessions piled behind, to build a shanty house on his property. They managed to endure a severe winter and moved in the spring to another hastily constructed building. In the following spring of 1871, the Benders selected a site on the main road stretching between the Kansas towns of Cherryvale and Parsons, closer to the former, their single structure squatting seven miles northeast of Cherryvale.

The Benders had studied traffic on the road, which was considerable, for along this well-beaten path hundreds of travelers made their way from Fort Scott and the Osage Mission to Independence. Beyond, to the southwest, was the Indian Territory that would later become the state of Oklahoma. The Bender Inn was only eighteen miles from what is now the Kansas-Oklahoma border.

The house was a simple affair, one which functioned as living quarters for the four Benders and was designed, with exceeding malice aforethought as later discoveries showed, to offer travelers the comforts of the crude inns of the day. The house was in a hollow, surrounded by plum and cottonwood trees, at the end of a long vale in the prairie, but it could not be seen at any great distance by those riding along the main road. Near the building was Drum Creek, a small stream seldom more than waist-high deep with water.

Behind the house, the Benders kept hogs and a few cattle in some pens. The house, or inn as it was called, had but one room that passed for two, divided as it was by a large piece of canvas. The first section of the house at the entrance was for travelers, who could sit at a large table and eat the meals prepared by Mrs. Bender and Kate. Behind the canvas was the area that functioned as sleeping quarters for the family and guests. In the back of the house was also a stable where patrons could keep their horses overnight.

In back of the inn stretched a garden, rather haphazardly kept by the Benders, and an orchard. To their meager ensemble, the Benders added a limited grocery which was nothing more than some shelves against the wall of the first room. They were lined with tinned goods and other supplies, which were purchased by overnight guests and some of the Bender neighbors, who lived quite a distance from nearby towns and found it convenient to occasionally buy some items from the Benders.

For about a year and a half the Bender Inn was no more than a waystop and its inhabitants aroused no special notice, except that Kate Bender began making a name for herself in

many small towns in southern Kansas. She had moved into rural society quickly. By fall 1871 she became the desired partner of young men attending county dances and she proved an excellent dancer. Several young swains later claimed that she was also free and easy with her favors, although so aggressive a sex partner that after one night her lovers gave her up from exhaustion.

This was undoubtedly hindsight embellishment, given the monster image of Kate later favored by most portraits. For about a month Kate worked as a waitress in a Cherryvale hotel, but she resigned when male patrons began to make advances, or so she said when quitting. Only Kate of the entire Bender clan could be seen attending church on Sunday and, for a short time, she attended regular Sunday evening meetings.

Prof. Miss KATIE BENDER

Can heal all sorts of Diseases; can cure Blindness, Fits, Deafness and all such diseases, also Deaf and Dumbness.

Residence, 14 miles East of Independence, on the road from Independence to Osage Mission one and one half miles South East of Norahead Station.

KATIE BENDER.

June 18, 1872.

The handbill Kate Bender distributed in 1872, advertising herself as a "professor," who could heal all manner of diseases and afflictions.

It was at one of these meetings that Kate Bender announced that she was a genuine medium and that she had the power to call the spirits of the dead to the presence of the living. In fact, she said, her entire family possessed these powers. All of them were spiritualists, she insisted, who had direct contact with the Great Beyond. To prove it, Kate began to give lectures on the subject and hold crude séances, where she spoke for those at her table to the "Dear Departed," for a price, of course, and the spirits replied through her to the loved ones still chained to earthly life.

So popular did Kate become that she took her act on tour through the local Kansas towns, appearing in theaters, which were mostly packed with men eager to hear the secrets of the Beyond. Her success increased her capacities to make one miracle after another, until she began to place advertisements in local newspapers, which described her abilities to cure almost every human malady.

One advertisement stated: "Professor Miss Kate Bender can heal disease, cure blindness, fits and deafness. Residence: 14 miles east of Independence on the road to Osage Mission. June 18, 1872." In light of what was found at that address later one can only shudder at the thought of the sick and infirm traveling the lonely roads to Kate Bender, seeking relief from physical agonies only to be met by excruciating pain and bloody death.

During the period such advertisements were running, Kate Bender appeared to appreciative audiences in the towns of Parsons, Labette, Oswego, and Chetopa. Men flocked to see her for female lecturers were rare in that day and most men found such appearances shocking. There were occasions when men would shout to Kate across the footlights that she had no business as a woman appearing in public to lecture on any subject, that she was merely using her curing and spiritual talks as guises to stump for obtaining equal rights for women, that she was secretly lobbying for the female vote.

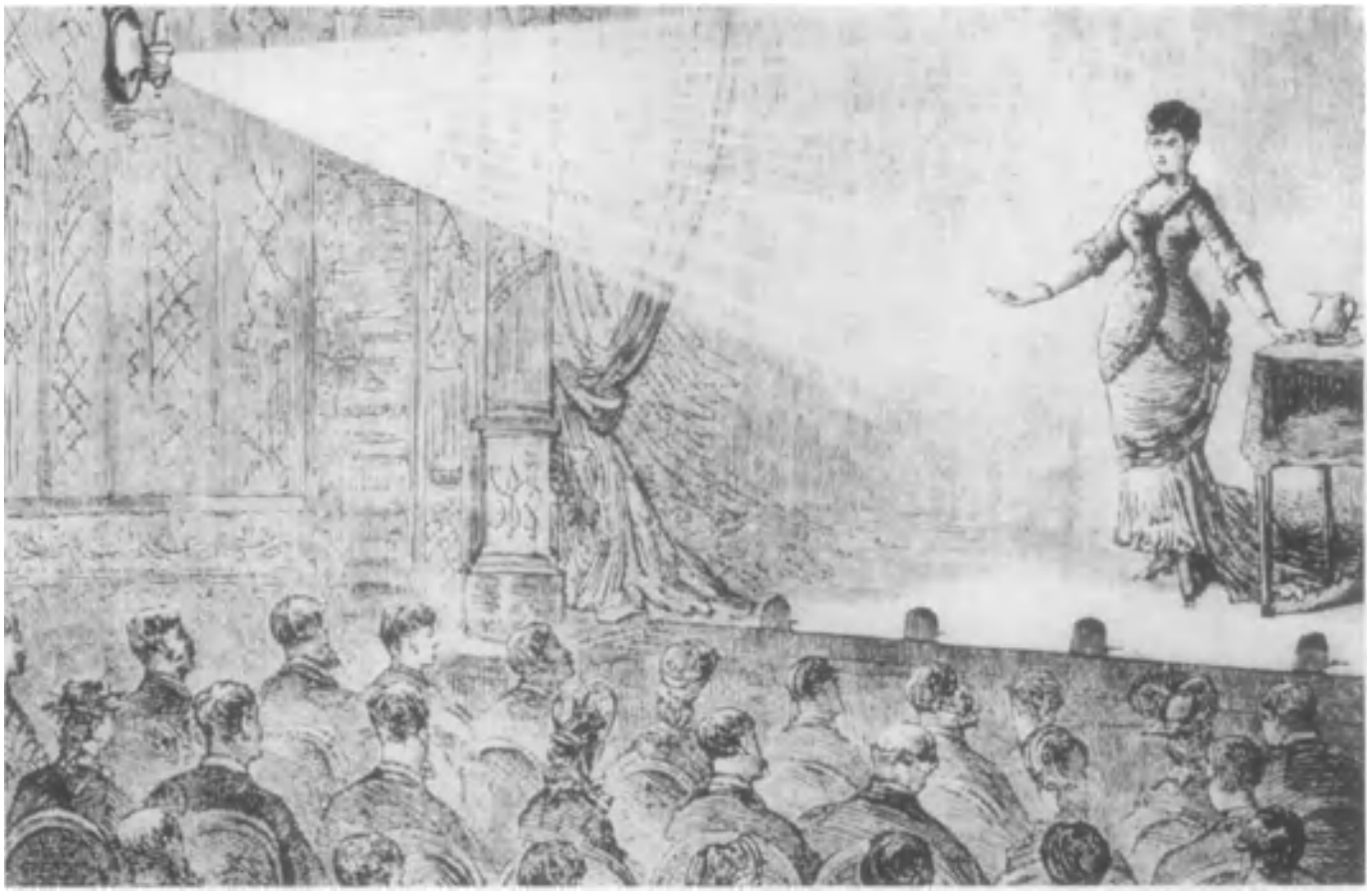
If this were the case, of course, Kate Bender should be entered in the female hall of fame honoring the pioneers who struggled for equal rights for women. It was not. Kate fended off such accusations with a winning smile and went on to suggest that those with real interest in employing her powers should visit her at the Bender Inn. There she would put them in touch with the Great Beyond. This claim was more than ironic as events would prove.

In the summer and fall of 1872 the conduct of the Benders began to noticeably change. Kate was off lecturing most of this time, but her brother John was absent from the wayside inn for extended periods of time, these being business trips, according to the senior Benders, who never explained what business their son was conducting. By the fall of that year both Kate and John had returned to the inn and their demeanor from that time on was later reported as decidedly strange.

It was guessed with some degree of accuracy that the murder spree in which the family indulged was confined to the six month period between October 1872 and March 1873. What caused the Benders to decide that murder for profit was the best or only course open to them remains a mystery. The decision was made. The murders began.

A man named Wetzell of Independence, Kansas, read Kate's running advertisements in a local newspaper and, because he suffered from a nagging and seemingly incurable neuralgia, decided to visit this lady of miracles. Wetzell and a friend named Gordan rode to the Bender Inn in the fall of 1872, where Kate greeted the pair warmly. She examined Wetzell's face closely and told him that she could positively cure him, but since it was near dinner time, it would be best that the visitors sit down to a good home cooked meal first. She and Mrs. Bender prepared the meal.

While they waited, Wetzell and Gordan were surprised to see old man Bender and his son John enter the inn and stare at them, saying nothing. They seemed to be scrutinizing the height and weight of the travelers. Kate Bender motioned the



Kate Bender is shown conducting a lecture on spiritualism before an enthralled audience, this at the same time she and her family members were murdering travelers at the Bender inn.

visitors to sit at the table and this they did, in the only chairs available, which had been placed tightly against the canvas partition so that when the two men sat down their heads rested against the canvas partition. By then the male Benders had walked behind the partition and were making noises that sounded as if they were dragging some heavy weights toward the canvas.

Just as the meal was being served, Wetzell and Gordan, responding to nervous impulse, stood up and grabbed their plates, telling Kate that they preferred to eat standing up. They stood away from the table, nervously munching their food at a small counter. At that moment all the charm went out of Kate Bender. Where she had earlier been pleasant and charming, she now sneered viciously at the two travelers; she was now caustic and abusive toward them.

"You two have no manners," she told them, "only farm animals eat standing up! Are you gentlemen or beasts of the field?" Neither man made a response. Her eyes widened, her prominent jaw jutted forth and her teeth showed as she spat out her words: "Disgusting! Vile!" She pointed a long finger at Wetzell and, with eyes blazing, shouted: "Cure you? You are not worth a cure!" She turned to Mrs. Bender, who stood in front of the pair, her hands on wide hips, glaring at them. "Look at these beasts," hissed Kate Bender to her mother, "two horses with their snoots in the trough!"

Suddenly, Bender and his son reappeared, coming from behind the canvas, once more staring at the visitors in stony silence. Then they shuffled outside, and Wetzell saw them go into a nearby shanty that passed for a barn, where they stood talking, looking back to the inn, as if debating what next to do. Wetzell and Gordan put down their plates, mumbled their thanks for Kate's dubious hospitality and went outside to the road, where their carriage was tied. As Gordan got into the carriage, Wetzell drew forth his pistol and kept it by his side, not knowing what to expect from his strange hosts. He later claimed that, at any moment, he thought he would see the father and son come charging out of the barn with weapons aimed at killing him and his friend.

At that moment two freight wagons en route to Independence came rumbling down the road and Wetzell waved a nervous hello to the drivers, then jumped into the carriage. Gordan whipped the horses to a full gallop so that the travelers were ahead of the wagons. Wetzell turned to look back at the inn. It was now dark, but he could see in the doorway, holding a lantern aloft, the Junoesque form of Kate Bender, peering after them; he later swore that he saw her arm go up as she shook a menacing fist in his direction.

Both Wetzell and Gordan stopped some miles down the road to discuss what had just happened and concluded that they had been unnecessarily alarmed over the mercurial temperament of a rather tempestuous female and the phlegmatic actions of the Bender males, who were, at best, cretinous types with mordant personalities. They marked their experience at the inn as misadventure and decided to forget the matter. It

A contemporary sketch shows the interior of the one-room Bender inn, with old man Bender behind a canvas wall and about to crush the head of an unsuspecting guest with a sledgehammer, while Mrs. Bender serves the victim dinner and daughter Kate Bender sits outside, on watch for intruders.

never occurred to them to notify authorities about the peculiar behavior of the Benders.

Wetzell's escape, one certainly of intuitive compulsion, was not shared by others whose sense of danger was less acute. Most prominent of these was Dr. William H. York, one of the leading citizens of Independence, Kansas. Dr. York had been visiting his brother, Colonel A. M. York, who lived in Fort Scott, Kansas, and was one of the richest men in the territory. Moreover, a third brother was a state senator, who was considered the most powerful man in southern Kansas. Dr. York left Fort Scott on March 9, 1873, returning to his Independence home. He stopped at Osage Mission and left there on March 10. Outside of Cherryvale, the doctor met some friends on the road and told them he intended to stop at the Bender Inn for his midday meal.

York was in a fine humor as he rode off on his expensive horse. He sat on a saddle of the finest leather. His clothes and boots were new and expensive. He also carried with him a considerable amount of money, as much as $1,500 some later estimated, and in his vest nestled a gold watch of great value. Dr. York was only two miles from the Bender place when more friends passed him on the road. Again he stated that he would stop at the inn to have some of Kate Bender's "fine stew." It was the last time anyone ever saw Dr. William York alive.

Days passed, and Dr. York did not arrive home. His family notified the other York brothers and soon both men organized search parties. A dozen detectives were also hired by the Yorks and these men combed the countryside between Fort Scott and Independence. In Independence, Colonel York, who announced that he would spare no expense to find his brother, encountered Wetzell, who related his nervous experience at the Bender Inn. He made no claims against the Benders, he said, but their actions had been more than suspicious.

On April 3, 1873, a large search party rode to the Bender inn to inquire as to the whereabouts of Dr. York. When they arrived, the Bender family claimed no knowledge of Dr. York. They had never set eyes on him. No amount of questioning by the searchers caused the family members to change their story. The detectives rode off, planning to search beyond Cherryvale and the Osage Mission. But all their inquiries led the search back to the Bender Inn, where Dr. York's trail vanished. When this was reported in detail to Colonel York, he decided to personally conduct the search.

On April 24, 1873, York himself visited the Benders. Accompanying him were twelve heavily armed men from Cherryvale. Before this group reached the Bender inn, they came across John Bender the younger. He was sitting alongside the road with a Bible in his hands. York questioned him while still sitting in the saddle, asking once more if he had seen his brother, Dr. York. The reply was startling. Yes, John Bender had seen him. He certainly had stopped at the inn. Bender reported that his sister Kate had prepared a good dinner for the doctor, who ate it and then left the inn.

Lawmen and townspeople from Cherryvale are shown unearthing bodies outside the Bender Inn; they found twenty victims, but many more murders were attributed to the serial-killing Benders. So terrified of the Benders were travelers that for several years these pioneers refused to sleep in wayside inns.

Before any more questions could be put to Bender, the young man volunteered some harrowing information. "There are outlaws hereabouts," he told York. "I have been shot at by these people, dangerous men, border ruffians they are, the worst scum of the war." (He referred to those Civil War soldiers who, after the end of the war in 1865, had taken up outlawry along the Kansas border, raiding small villages and robbing unsuspecting travelers.) Colonel York pressed Bender for an explanation: "Why tell us this?"

Replied Bender: "You see, sir, your brother, Dr. York, was most likely robbed and killed by the same bandits who sometimes lurk around these places. Find those bandits and you will find the body of your brother most likely."

York and his men then rode on to the inn and there Kate Bender greeted them warmly, telling them that she did remember seeing Dr. York and serving him some stew. Why had she not told the first search party this, she was asked. She had simply forgotten, Kate replied. With that she and her mother served the search party a large meal.

One man with York, who had been with the first search party, walked up to Kate Bender and held her hand firmly, saying: "You claim to be able to reach the spirit world, do you not?"

"That is well known," she replied.

"Then contact the spirits now and ask them in which world Dr. York can be found, among the living or the dead."

Kate Bender pulled her hand away and shook her head. Colonel York asked her to hold a séance then and there and search the Beyond for his brother. "This I cannot do," replied Kate. "There are too many unbelievers here and the spirits resist giving aid to those who scoff at their powers." She then turned to the detective who had cynically asked her to contact the Other World and said: "If you wish to make such contact with the Beyond, then come back here in five days and come alone. I will take you and your questions into that world and you will have all the answers you require."

Both Bender males then arrived at the inn, and father and son appeared eager to aid York and his men any way they could in finding the lost doctor. It was John Bender the younger who suggested that the entire party drag Drum Creek, pointing out that "this was the place, the Creek, where the bandits shot at me in the past and that is where you will find the body of your brother if he is to be found at all." The men stepped outside and the Benders led them down to the Creek, which they dragged for hours with no success. Exhausted, the search party left that evening, convinced that the Benders knew nothing of Dr. York's disappearance. They were a cooperative and compassionate family, even if Mrs. Bender had complained during their stay that "a crowd of men like this should not disturb peaceable people like us."

As the York party rode off, only the detective who had toyed with Kate about her spiritualistic powers remained skep-

tical and suspicious of the Benders. Colonel York asked this young man if he actually planned to return in five days to contact the spirit world through Kate Bender. "Should I undertake that journey," he told the colonel, "I would never return to this world."

The search for the mythical bandits proved fruitless, and by May 5, 1873, York and his detectives were once again back at the Bender Inn, but this time there was no trace of the family. Neighbors had already heard the livestock moaning in pain and had investigated the area a day earlier. They found the Bender livestock mostly dead, hogs and calves having perished from thirst. The family had deserted the place, leaving in a great haste. They had not even bothered to take their cattle and hogs with them, precious property in that hardscrabble era.

Colonel York ordered his men to break a padlock that had been placed on the front door of the inn, and this was smashed open. The searchers entered the inn and then stepped back, momentarily overwhelmed by a terrific stench. A short time later they found the inside a shambles, as if the family had packed pell-mell and cleared out in manic desperation. Everywhere they stepped litter and debris greeted them. Even some of Kate's "lecture papers" were found scattered over the floor. (These papers were later carefully examined and in them were found startling statements about "the foulness of man" and how "the murder of the heart" should be explored to "expose the natural instincts of a killer race." Much of this was later attributed to inventive newspapermen enhancing the already colorful character of Kate Bender.)

Searchers soon discovered the source of the powerful stench, which had been created by the shuttered windows having been sealed by the departing Benders. A trap door toward the rear of the building was found and opened and a pit six feet deep lay beneath this. At the bottom of the pit was a thick layer of congealed human blood which, in the airless inn, had caused the stench. York and his men began to tear the place apart in their desperate search.

The colonel went to the back door of the inn and peered out at a stretch of land near the orchard. This had been plowed and harrowed meticulously by the Benders, but such industry puzzled the young detective who had originally suspected Kate Bender of foul play. He pointed to this much plowed land and said to York, who was looking at the same spot: "The Benders did not farm. They grew nothing on their land. Why then plow up the land?" It had rained the night before, and much of the furrows had been washed over, leaving peculiar looking mounds of earth in this plowed patch. Colonel York gasped and then shouted: "Boys, I see graves yonder in the orchard!"

The men raced to the plowed area and began to dig furiously. The first of these graves yielded the much sought-after Dr. William York. His body was badly decomposed but recognizable. The skull had been crushed and the throat slit. Of course, all of York's valuables, including his boots, had been taken by the killers. One after another, seven more graves were opened and bodies removed. These included W. F. McCrotty, a Cedarville resident, who had been traveling to Independence to contest a land office case six months earlier. He had undoubtedly stopped at the Bender place for food and sleep and was murdered for his money and belongings. McCrotty was, perhaps the first of the known victims to be killed by the Benders.

The next corpse was identified by a small ring the killers overlooked; his body was too badly decomposed to identify. The victim was D. Brown, a horse trader from Cedarville. Henry F. McKenzie, who had disappeared on December 5, 1872, a native of Hamilton County, Indiana, who had been traveling to Independence to relocate there with his sister, was next found and identified later by the sister, Mrs. J. Thompson who recognized the dead man's clothing. Then came the body of a man named Longoer and, found beneath his body in the shallow grave, the body of his baby girl. Longoer had lost his wife in late fall 1872, had buried her body in Cherryvale, and had then headed for Iowa with his small child, only to stop at the Benders for refreshment and untimely death. Two more bodies were then discovered, both males, but they were so badly decomposed that their identities were never established.

So far there had been eight victims in all, but several more were later added to the Bender tally. Colonel York and his men quickly pieced together the murder method employed by the sinister Benders. Guests were seated at the table in the inn and served a hearty meal. Their chairs were purposely placed so that their heads pressed against the canvas partition separating the one-room inn into two rooms. Behind the canvas curtain stood old man Bender and his son John. As soon as the victims' heads made an impression on the other side of the canvas, the two men would strike the impression with a stonemason's hammer, crushing the skulls.

There had been some occasions where, as the investigators reconstructed the Bender modus operandi, the two Bender males had struck two men at the same time with their hammers. With the victim unconscious, Kate and her mother stripped the corpses of their valuables and the men dragged the bodies to the trap door, throwing them into the pit where, to make sure of death, the throats were slit much in the manner of slitting a hog's throat, allowing the pool of blood to build up in the bottom of the pit. This was done often enough in broad daylight, the bodies kept in the pit until the cover of darkness allowed the Benders to drag the bodies outside and bury them in graves where they had furrowed the land.

The plowing was meant to hide the outlines of the graves. In the instance of the small Longoer child, a girl of about eighteen months, no marks of violence covered her body. She had merely been thrown down into the shallow grave, her father's corpse placed on top of her and she had been buried alive. This was supported by a local physician, who stated that the child had died of suffocation, smothered by the weight of her own dead father. This child killing, more than any of the others, filled the searchers with rage, causing them to vow vengeance on the serial killers. (If certain reports are to be believed, their consuming vengeance was achieved in a spectacular manner.)

The awful discoveries did not end that terrible day. The next day, May 6, 1873, searchers found another grave near the orchard. This yielded the body of a child, which was so decomposed that its sex was difficult to determine, but later doctors concluded it was the body of an 8-year-old girl whose bones had been literally pulled from their sockets and crushed

by some demented fiend who took a long time to mutilate the flesh. Later, near Drum Creek, the body of a man identified as Jones was found. Again, the head had been crushed, the throat slit.

In months to come other bodies in the area were found, twenty in all, but eleven murders were definitely attributed to the Benders, who had made their inn a foul slaughterhouse. The discovery of the bodies caused hundreds of citizens from nearby communities to descend upon the inn, and so incensed were these shocked spectators that armed posses were immediately formed. Colonel York offered rewards for the Benders, as did local and state officials. As the armed bands set off in several directions to hunt down the fiends, Colonel York reportedly shouted in anger and pain: "Boys, find these monsters, if it takes you through the Indian Nation, and finish them!"

Long before the posses rode that far they stopped about a mile from the Bender Inn, at the grocery of Rudolph Brockmann, the first man to help the Benders in Kansas. By then the searchers had discovered that Brockmann had not only helped the Benders settle in the area, but that he and old man Bender had actually been partners in the grocery from 1869 to 1871. He alone would know where these butchering maniacs were, the mob concluded. Brockmann was dragged from his home and mercilessly questioned. He insisted time and again that he knew nothing of the whereabouts of the Benders. Taking Brockmann into the woods about eight miles from his home, the mob pummeled and pushed him about, attempting to get him to provide information about the fleeing fiends, information they believed he possessed.

Brockmann shook his head and said he had no idea where the Bender family had gone. Someone brought a rope and placed it about Brockmann's neck. He denied having any knowledge about the wanted killers. He was yanked upward and hanged high until his feet stopped kicking and he was about to die. Then he was lowered and revived; he was given cold coffee to drink so that he could regain his speech. Again the possemen grilled him, but they received the same answer. Brockmann knew nothing. Again Brockmann was yanked skyward, then brought down when close to death. The half-conscious grocer pleaded with the possemen: "I beg your mercy, please, I knew nothing of these people for months now. I have not seen them."

Again he was hanged, brought down, and choked out his ignorance. Once more the rope stretched his neck. He was lowered. He made his denials. A fourth time the grocer was pulled upward by the rope, lowered at the last minute, and he still gasped he knew nothing. This time, with the passion of the mob cooled, he was believed. Some of the searchers insisted that Brockmann did know, but feared the Benders more than the rope, that if he did tell what he knew, he felt the Benders would seek him out and torture him before killing him. But most of the possemen were weary of their gruesome chore, and they decided to give Brockmann his life. They rode off, to search the bottoms of Drum Creek.

It was here that the body of the man named Jones had been found, his head almost severed from his torso. More than that grisly grave offered evidence of the Benders. Nearby in the snow on the ground, still frozen in spots, were strange marks made by a wagon wheel, one that was obviously out of plumb so that, as it revolved, it made a zig-zag track through the snow. The possemen reasoned that Jones had been killed when the ground in the orchard had been so deeply frozen that a grave could not be dug. The Benders had put the body in

A contemporary sketch shows the trackless landscape that surrounded the Bender Inn and the scores of curious who flocked to the place to view the bodies found there (shown at right).

their wagon and driven to the Creek, cut a hole in the ice and shoved the body into it. Using the peculiar wagon marks to follow, the possemen followed these tracks southwest toward the Indian Territory.

Some hazy reports have it that the Vigilance Committee members did find their quarry and wreaked a horrible vengeance upon them, that old man Bender and his son John put up a fight and were riddled with bullets, that Mrs. Bender grabbed an ax and attacked several possemen and she too had to be shot repeatedly like a hard-to-kill viper before dropping dead of wounds and belching curses at her attackers. Kate Bender was saved for the last. She was tied to a small tree and branches were placed around her, as was the custom of putting witches to the torch in earlier centuries. The kindling was torched and the woman was burned alive as she shouted profanities at the possemen in a loud, long shriek that supposedly lingered in their ears for the remainder of their lives.

This tale of vengeance seemed to find support in letters received in 1910 by criminal historian Captain Thomas S. Duke. He had written the chiefs of police in Cherryvale and Independence. J. N. Kramer, Cherryvale's chief of police, informed Duke that "It so happened that my father-in-law's farm joins the Bender farm and that he helped to locate the bodies of the victims. I have often tried to find out from him what became of the Benders, but he only gave me a knowing look and said he guessed they would not bother anyone else. There was a Vigilance Committee formed to locate the Benders, and shortly afterward old man Bender's wagon was found by the roadside riddled with bullets. You will have to guess the rest."

D.M. Van Cleve, police chief of Independence, wrote: "In regard to the Bender family I will say that I have lived here forty years, and it is my opinion that they never got away. A Vigilance Committee was formed and some of them are still here, but they will not talk except to say that it would be useless to look for them, and they smile at reports of some of the family having been recently located. The family nearly got my father. He intended to stay there one night, but he became suspicious, and, although they tried to coax him to stay, he hitched up his team and left."

As late as 1910 there were those still alive who had hunted the Benders and who may have been part of the posse that reportedly caught up with the fiends. If they had participated in the summary executions of the four killers, they would have been indictable for murder, even forty years later, there being no statute of limitations on homicide. Under such legal circumstances, no one then or later could be expected to admit having taken a life, even the most despicable lives of the hated Benders.

Yet, with the absence of bodies in graves where the world could point with some relief and knowledge that the bloody Benders had finally been tracked down, there remained the many legends that blossomed in the wake of the Bender flight. The story that the family escaped completely remains persistent to this day. One tale has it that the family raced their wagon to Chanute, which was then called New Chicago, and there tied their exhausted horses to a rail and left them, buying train tickets to some unspecified destination in Texas, but that the family got off the train at Chetopa to further confuse pursuers and made their way on foot through the Indian Nation to Texas. A wagon matching the Bender vehicle was found in Chanute some days after the bodies were found at the Bender inn. The wagon, some speculated, might have been a ruse, planted by Bender associates to mislead the possemen.

There was a story that the Bender clan had been members of a very large criminal organization that stretched its evil talons through the states of Kansas and Missouri, even into the Indian Nation. This organization specialized in murdering travelers and stealing horses. The Benders were one of many murderous families, who settled in lonely places for a few years, killed until discovered and then moved off to resume their dark work elsewhere.

One book, *The Five Fiends*, published a year after the Benders fled into oblivion, claimed that Kate Bender was not one but three women, all using the same name, all appearing throughout the southwest in spiritualist lectures and all married to the same man, a satyr and murder maniac who was none other than the cunning John Bender, Jr. Bender the younger, it will be remembered, had taken long and unexplained business trips in fall 1872, and it was theorized that Bender was really acting as a booking agent for all these women known as Kate, booking their lectures and selecting victims to visit his "sisters" at several murder inns he was then operating.

This wild speculation was never proved in fact in that only one Bender murder inn was ever discovered and that was enough for anyone. The author of *The Five Fiends* obviously indulged in colorful fiction, taking pains to protect his identity against criticism by authoring this work anonymously. Such impossible fictional treatments of the Benders have continued through the decades, the most recent being *The Bloody Benders*, which adroitly mixes fact and fiction but comes to a less spectacular conclusion than what is found in *The Five Fiends,* a title which of itself is misleading in that only four Benders were ever known to have existed.

Another, final speculation was rendered by John Towers James in *The Benders of Kansas*, one that through a process of elimination, outlined the logical route the Benders used to make their permanent escape. James had them fleeing by train from Thayer, to Humboldt, Kansas, switching to another train line that ran to Venita in the Indian Territory and getting onto another railroad line there to take a train to Denison, Texas, where they may have finally vanished forever. There was much to believe in this, the best of the theories regarding the Bender escape route, in that this was the only route that was not covered by the many posses hunting the killers.

Four main posses fanned out from Cherryvale after the discovery of the bodies. One posse headed for Thayer, another toward Independence, still another toward Oswego, and a fourth, a party of seven men led by an ex-captain of the Union Army, rode straight into the Indian Territory. The first three parties returned within a week, admitting that the trails they followed led nowhere. The eight men that had crossed into the Indian Territory did not return for quite some time, about two

weeks, and when they did return they refused to discuss the Benders. None of them even mentioned the name of the killers, and it was assumed that this was the posse that had caught up with the killers and destroyed them.

The silence of these men had been assured, it was claimed, when they discovered more than $7,000 on the Benders when they were caught (some later claimed the amount was as high as $10,000), all blood money taken from their victims. After killing the Benders, it was speculated, the posse members divided the money equally as a sort of bounty payment for their labors, and the possession of this loot further insured their silence once they had returned to Cherryvale.

Still, no amount of dire reports that had the Benders dead could cease the belief that the fiends were alive and well, a belief that became traditionally strong. One of the believers was a self-styled soothsayer and practitioner of spiritualistic rites, much like Kate Bender. She was Mrs. Frances McCann, of McPherson, Kansas, a small, spare woman with indefatigable energy and a suspicious eye for much wanted felons living under aliases. McCann had dreams each night that revealed marvelous and frightening truths to her about her neighbors, her relatives, and even her employees.

One night in 1888 her clairvoyance focused upon Sarah Eliza Davis, the woman who did McCann's washing. McCann's spirits clearly informed her that Sarah Davis was none other than the legendary murderess, Kate Bender, operating under a disguise. For months the dogged spiritualist investigated Sarah Davis and her elderly mother. She traveled through several states looking into the background of the family and haunted their every footstep, watching the Davis family from the distance of their outhouse, where she made night-ly notes of their suspicious activities. Then, equipped with what she thought was enough evidence to convict the Davis women, McCann went to authorities. She insisted that the Davis women be arrested and tried as the missing murderesses, Mrs. Bender and her daughter Kate.

Although local authorities were inclined to dismiss these accusations, McCann raised such a fuss and Sarah Davis acted in such a manner as to bring suspicion against her that the women were finally arraigned in November 1889 for the murder of Dr. York, sixteen long years after the Benders had vanished. This took place in the Oswego courthouse. Certain officials were convinced that finally the Bender monsters, or, at least two of them, were now in custody, but many of the chief state's witnesses were not so sure, particularly the almost hanged Rudolph Brockmann. He took one look at the Davis women and said no, these were not Mrs. Bender and Kate.

GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.

$2,000 REWARD

State of Kansas, Executive Department.

WHEREAS several atrocious murders have been recently committed in Labette County, Kansas, under circumstances which fasten beyond doubt the commission of these crimes upon a family known as the "Bender family" consisting of

JOHN BENDER, about 60 years of age, five feet eight or nine inches in height, German, speaks but little English, dark complexion, no whiskers, and sparely built;

MRS. BENDER, about 50 years of age, rather heavy set, blue eyes, brown hair, German, speaks broken English;

JOHN BENDER, Jr. alias John Gebardt, five feet eight or nine inches in height, slightly built, gray eyes with brownish tint, brown hair, light moustache, no whiskers, about 27 years of age, speaks English with German accent;

KATE BENDER, about 24 years of age, dark hair and eyes, good looking, well formed, rather bold in appearance, fluent talker, speaks good English with very little German accent.

AND WHEREAS, said persons are at large and fugitives from justice, now therefore I, Thomas A. Osborn, Governor of the State of Kansas, in pursuance of law, do hereby offer a REWARD OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the apprehension and delivery to the Sheriff of Labette County, Kansas, of each of the persons above named.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed.

[L. S.] Done at Topeka, this 17th day of May, 1873.

THOMAS A. OSBORN,

Governor.

By the Governor:

W. H. SMALLWOOD,

Secretary of State.

A reward poster issued by Governor Osborn for the capture of the Benders; posses searched for them in many states and one reportedly tracked down and killed the fiends.

Working in favor of the accused was the fact that they were defended by John Towers James, later to write one of the best books on the Benders and Judge Webb, who had actually dined at the Bender Inn in 1873 and managed to survive being killed; he certainly remembered Mrs. Bender and daughter Kate. But Mrs. McCann, who sat at the prosecutor's table and urged the state's attorney to be more aggressive in his questioning of witnesses, relentlessly badgered the court to bring these two monsters to justice.

A trial date was set for the two women, but attorney James finally unearthed documentation from the state of Michigan proving that Sarah Davis was exactly who she said she was and her mother was Mrs. Almira Griffith, who had led a dissolute life, had been convicted of manslaughter years earlier, and had served time in prison. This was the reason why the accused women had kept their silence and refused to defend themselves, fearing that the dark past would catch up with them. The trial against Griffith and Davis was abandoned and McCann went back to her crystal ball considerably annoyed. She had, at least, smelled out a felony, even though it had nothing to do with the Benders, and secured for herself, somewhere slightly above crank status, a place in the Bender mythology.

That myth exists to this day. Were the Benders run down and killed? Did they survive to live out their lives in the West under assumed names, the memories of their days filled with the nightmares of their past? No one knows for sure and never will know, unless evidence in the future pinpoints the true facts. Over the early years of the 20th Century, several men died, claiming they had been part of the original posse that had tracked down the Benders. They admitted in deathbed

confessions that they had killed the Bender family, horribly mutilating their bodies, which were then thrown down a well.

These deathbed confessions made by a man named Downer in Chicago and a man named Harker in New Mexico in 1909 and 1910 went unsubstantiated, as did a report of an old man arrested for murdering a man in Idaho in 1884. This suspect was thought to be John Bender, Sr. Officers believed that since his victim had been murdered in the modus operandi of the Benders, his skull crushed from behind, and the fact that the old man answered the loose descriptions of John Bender, Sr., that he was one and the same. He was reportedly shackled by the ankle in his cell and, after somehow obtaining a large knife, the old man tried to cut off his foot in an effort to escape and subsequently bled to death. His remains were later examined by some Kansas residents who had known John Bender, Sr., but they could not make a positive identification.

The inglorious chronicle of this mass murdering family is preserved on a Kansas State marker outside of present day Cherryvale. It reads: "On the high prairie, a mile northwest, beyond the nearby Mounds, which bear their name the Bender family, John, his wife, son, and daughter Kate in 1871 built a small house. Partitioned into two rooms by a canvas cloth, it had a table, stove and grocery shelves in front. In back were beds, a sledge hammer, and a trap door above a pit-like cellar. Kate, a self-proclaimed healer and spiritualist, and reported to be a beautiful, voluptuous girl with tigerish grace, was the leading spirit of her murderous family.

"The house was located on the main road. Travelers stopping for a meal were seated on a bench, backed tight against the canvas. In the next two years several disappeared. When suspicions were finally aroused, in 1873, the Benders fled. A search of their property disclosed eleven bodies buried in the garden, skulls crushed by hammer blows through the canvas. The end of the Benders is not known. The earth seemed to swallow them, as it had their victims."

Dr. Thomas Neill Cream, who poisoned prostitutes in London and who claimed to be the infamous Jack the Ripper just before he was hanged in 1892.

THE KILLINGS OF THOMAS NEILL CREAM/ 1880-1891

The fact that Dr. Thomas Neill Cream (d. 1892) committed his diabolical murders a few years after Jack the Ripper went on his murder spree has led many arm-chair detectives to speculate that the two killers were one and the same. The parallels were striking. The Ripper and Cream had a fixation for London prostitutes. Both men were in the habit of taunting the police with letters after the commission of a crime. Cream, however, disdained the use of knives and was never present at the moment of his victim's death.

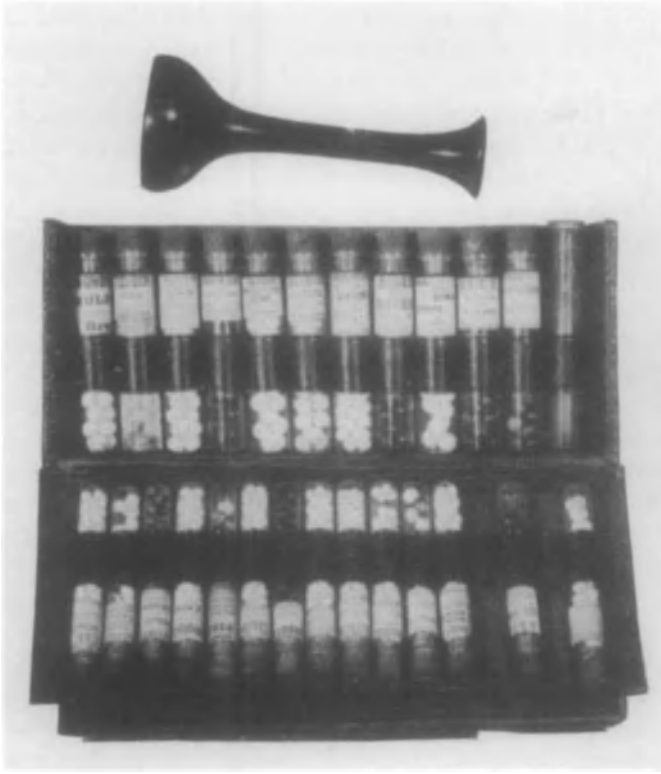
Thomas Neill Cream was a short, squat, cross-eyed man who began his medical practice in London, Ontario, in 1878 after completing his medical studies at McGill University. He earned plaudits for his experiments with chloroform, a substance he would later find useful in murdering young women. A widower at an early age, Cream was forced to flee from the province after local pharmacists became suspicious about his over-reliance on chloroform.

The body of a young chambermaid was subsequently found in back of Cream's office on Dundas Street. The inquest showed that the girl was pregnant at the time of her death, and had solicited Cream for an illegal abortion. Letters were uncovered that indicated that Cream was attempting to blackmail a prominent citizen whom he accused of murdering the girl.

Cream was freed under a cloud of suspicion. He settled in Chicago in 1880, but got into trouble with the authorities after performing an abortion on a Canadian woman. A second patient died from a fatal dose of prescribed medicine. Cream then tried to blackmail the druggist who had fulfilled the prescription. While the police investigated his actions in connection with this case, a third patient fell victim to the poisoner.

On June 14, 1881, Daniel Stott was given a fatal dose of strychnine by his wife, who had become infatuated with Cream, who, in turn, had provided the poison to dispatch the unwanted husband. For this the doctor received a sentence of life imprisonment at the Illinois Penitentiary in Joliet. With time off for good behavior, Cream was on the streets again in July 1891.

Rumors and allegations have since come to light that Cream may have in fact been released earlier after bribing



The stethoscope and medicine case carried by Dr. Thomas Neill Cream; the vials contained lethal strychnine, which Cream used to poison his victims.

prison officials. Those who believe that Cream was actually Jack the Ripper have subscribed to this unsubstantiated theory, which allowed the poisoner enough time to travel to London to commit the Ripper slayings.

There is no doubt, however, that Cream left the U.S. and took up residence in London, England, in October 1891. Within the span of a year, he murdered four prostitutes by means of strychnine poisoning, but failed in three other attempts. Cream's undoing came when he tipped the hand of the police by writing a series of extortion letters to various citizens of London. As a result he was arrested on June 3, 1892, and charged with blackmail. The charge was later expanded to include murder and attempted murder.

His well-publicized trial was held in October 1892, and a guilty verdict was duly returned. Thomas Neill Cream, one of the most famous gaslight murderers of Victorian England was executed at Newgate on November 15, 1892. According to the story the hangman later told, Cream shouted: "I am Jack—", only seconds before the trap was sprung, his final words cut short by the rope that jerked him to eternity. (See Jack the Ripper, Unsolved Murders.)

THE MAN IN "MURDER CASTLE"/1893-1894

Without a doubt the archfiend and worst serial killer of the American nineteenth century was Herman Webster Mudgett (AKA: H. H. Holmes, Henry Howard Holmes, H. M. Howard, Henry Mansfield Holmes, D. T. Pratt, Harry Gordon, Henry Gordon, Edward Hatch, J. A. Judson, Alexander E. Cook, A. C. Hayes, George H. Howell, G. D. Hale, Mr. Hall; 1860-1896),

Herman Webster Mudgett, alias H. H. Holmes, the worst serial killer in 19th Century America, who reportedly killed more than 200 women in his whirlwind murder-for-profit schemes.

best known to his victims and to the police as the infamous H. H. Holmes. He murdered for profit and killed with such alacrity and such inhuman resolve that it is a wonder that Mudgett ever slept or ate.

Born in the small town of Gilmanton, New Hampshire, on May 16, 1860, Mudgett's childhood was comfortable. His father was a rich farmer and his mother, having been a teacher before her marriage, took pains to educate her son. In school he was frail and unpopular, but he excelled at his studies, graduating early and with honors at the age of sixteen. He was so bright that he earned a teaching certificate within weeks and taught school at Gilmanton and at Alton, another small town nearby. At the age of eighteen, Holmes eloped with Clara A. Lovering and was married in Alton before a justice of the

The home in Wilmette, Illinois, a surburb on Chicago's north shore, where Mudgett lived with his family, commuting to the South Side of Chicago, where he operated a pharmacy and later built his "Murder Castle."

peace, a wedding that irked his mother and father, who were devout Methodists and expected their son to be married in the Methodist church, not by a stranger in another town.

Mudgett himself later stated that his parents and his home life during his childhood had no bearing on the monstrous acts he would later commit: "That I was well trained by loving and religious parents, I know, and any deviations in my after life from the straight and narrow way of rectitude are not attributable to the want of a tender mother's prayers or a father's control, emphasized when necessary, by the liberal use of the rod wielded by no sparing hand."

The serial killer would recall only one traumatic incident in his childhood. He was deathly afraid of a doctor's office, which he had to pass daily, and the smells of strange medicines and the presence of a skeleton hanging from the ceiling in the corner frightened and nauseated him. Learning this, his classmates leaped upon him one day and dragged him screaming into the doctor's office, shoving him into the clattering skeleton whose bones flew about the Mudgett child, embracing and terrorizing him. "It was a wicked and dangerous thing to do to a child of tender years and health," he later remembered, "but it proved an heroic method of treatment, destined ultimately of curing me of my fears, and to inculcate in me, first, a strong feeling of curiosity, and, later a desire to learn, which resulted years afterwards in my adopting medicine as a profession."

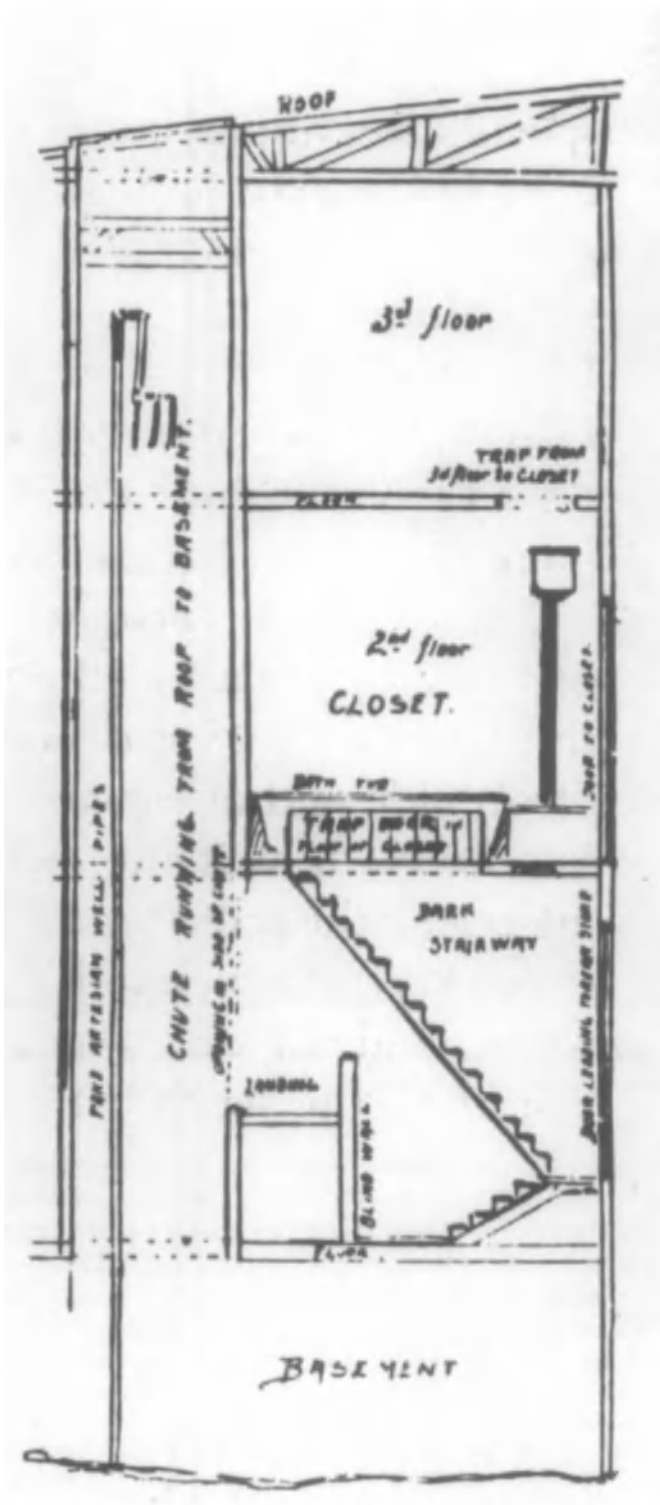
Clara Mudgett gave birth to a second child while Herman was in his freshman year at Dartmouth. Planning to become a doctor, he transferred the next year to the University of Vermont in Burlington to study medicine. He then attended medical school at Ann Arbor, Michigan. It was here, in his junior year, that Mudgett committed his first crime. Working many jobs to pay for his education, Mudgett developed an insurance scheme that soon lined his pockets with cash. He stole bodies from the university's dissecting rooms and hid these in remote farmhouses. He would then take out insurance policies on a distant relative, who would suddenly turn up dead in accidental fires. The bodies of the insured relatives were actually the corpses stolen from the medical school. (It was later wrongly reported that Mudgett stole bodies from graveyards and sold these cadavers to the medical school for dissection. Michigan medical schools had no need to buy corpses as they were freely supplied with the bodies of those killed in accidents or donated by relatives.)

In 1884, Mudgett reportedly graduated from the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, although there is some question about his insurance-corpse scheme causing him to be temporarily expelled. Apparently he was caught one night by a watchman as he was dragging a body out of the medical building. The guard demanded to know what Mudgett was doing and he jiggled the naked body of a young woman and darkly quipped: "Can't you see? Taking my girl for a walk!"

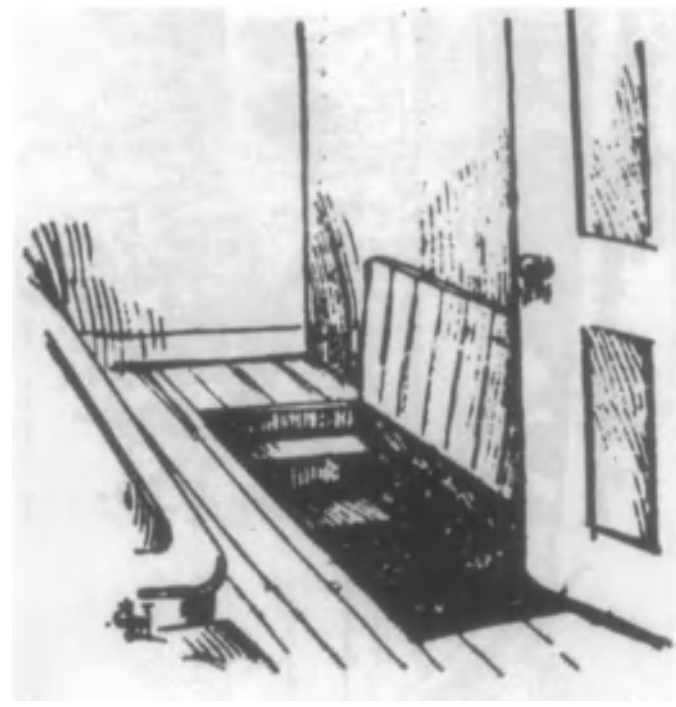
The body-snatcher was dragged before the dean of the medical school, who stood sputtering in his nightshirt as he heard the guard's story. Mudgett was expelled but apparently reinstated a short time later after giving the school authorities the story that he had been using corpses to further his dissection studies at home. This was looked upon as dedication to the profession, and Mudgett was soon back within the good graces of his academic superiors who warned him not to let his studies become so excessive.

Upon graduation, Mudgett went to Minneapolis and found work in a drugstore, where he met an attractive girl named Myrta Belknap. Despite the fact that he was still married and had his wife Clara and his child living with his parents in New Hampshire, Mudgett bigamously married Belknap. But by then he was no longer Herman Webster Mudgett. He was known in Minneapolis as Henry Howard Holmes. From Minneapolis, Mudgett moved to Philadelphia, where he worked in a drugstore. He then moved to Chicago in 1886 and, using many aliases and addresses, purchased furniture on credit and then sold off the furniture and moved to a new address. Mudgett moved to the South Side of Chicago, where he obtained a job as a pharmacist and clerk at a drugstore owned by Mrs. E. S. Holton, an attractive widow with a small daughter.

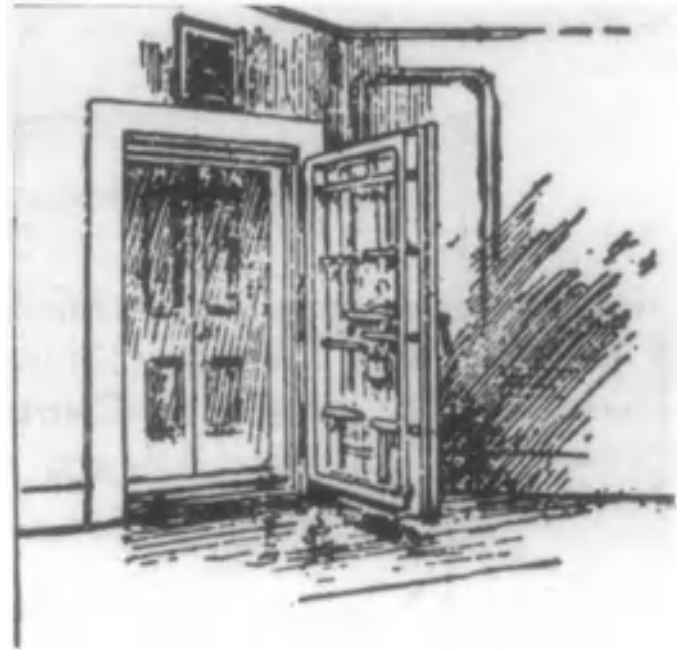
Mrs. Holton's husband, a physician, had recently died, leaving her with a lucrative drugstore on the corner of Sixty-third and Wallace streets in the upperclass suburb of Englewood. In short order, Mudgett seduced the woman, got her to sign over all her property and savings to him on the promise of marriage, and then killed her and her daughter. He disposed of the bodies by dissecting them in the back room of the drugstore and was nearly caught when depositing the remains from a wagon at a city dump by a policeman. At the



A sectional view of Mudgett's "Murder Castle," which shows how the serial killer could secretly get to the street or basement via a sliding chute (at left).



One of the trap doors Mudgett had builders construct in Murder Castle; in this passage he could view from secret hallways the female tenants of his labyrinthine building.



A vault in Murder Castle in which Mudgett gassed some of his victims to death; he had installed a glass ceiling through which he could view their death throes.

time, he explained that he was a garbage peddler and was disposing of the slaughtered remains from a hog-butchering shop nearby.

When customers, friends, and even relatives inquired about Mrs. Holton, Mudgett politely explained that the widow had sold him the business and moved away for health reasons. "She went west, poor lady," Mudgett would say with an ingratiating smile. "She was always in poor health, a frail woman, you know. She took her daughter with her. I paid her handsomely for the business." He had a bill of sale with Mrs. Holton's forged signature on it to show to the curious. "Yes, she's gone west to seek new opportunities." This remark reflected Mudgett's sinister sense of macabre humor. In the argot of the underworld to "go west" was to die.

The Grand Court of the World's Columbian Exposition, 1893, in Chicago, which, Mudgett knew, would draw enormous crowds and out-of-town single females looking for jobs and husbands, these naïve women his intended victims.

No one at the time suspected wrongdoing, particularly by the disarming druggist. Herman Webster Mudgett was tall, broad-shouldered, and intelligent, with an outwardly affable nature. He had a thick, black handlebar mustache that he took care to wax each morning. He wore a derby hat every day and he dressed in fashion, wearing tailor-made suits that were usually black or gray. He wore white shirts with soft collars and only his ties gave some life to his conservative appearance. They were striped and polka-dotted and full of color. Mudgett's eyes were the most arresting of his facial features. They were dark, penetrating, and wideset with dark arching eyebrows and when he narrowed his eyes they appeared snakelike.

For the next few years Mudgett confined himself to operating his drugstore and selling fake elixirs he claimed would cure all sorts of maladies. In the late 1880s, Mudgett had moved into a large home in the north suburb of Wilmette and here he brought his second wife, Myrta Belknap. Mudgett commuted daily to his South Side drugstore. By the early 1890s, Mudgett had separated from his wife and was living above the drugstore.

In early 1892, Mudgett began talking about acquiring the large vacant lot across the street from the drugstore. He spent hours looking at it, remarking, to customers: "I want that lot...I have plans." Mudgett had spent a good deal of time reading about the upcoming World's Fair Exposition planned for Chicago in 1893-1894. He knew that the fair would bring tens of thousands of people to the city, many of them women looking for jobs or for husbands. He made preparations.

Mortgaging the drugstore and borrowing heavily, Mudgett began to build one of the strangest buildings ever erected in Chicago or any other city for that matter, a sprawling, three-story structure that he intended to be a hotel that would house those flocking to the city to see the fair. Or, at least that was what Mudgett told neighbors and customers. The truth was that he had designed an eerie monstrosity that puzzled the various construction companies working on it. Mudgett had one crew work on a part of the building and then fired this group, hiring another firm to complete another section of the structure.

The druggist would find some excuse to fire this crew and hire yet another construction company, and another, and another. Mudgett's strange conduct was dismissed as eccentricity, but his odd behavior in the building of his "hotel" followed a careful plan. He had purposely fired the building crews one after another so that one would not know what the other had done. The result was a mad hatter's structure, one that later came to be known as Murder Castle.

Mudgett's Murder Castle, when completed, occupied a corner lot on Sixty-Third and Wallace Streets, in Chicago, a sprawling structure that offered shops on the first floor and boarding rooms on the second and third floors.

Mudgett's building appeared normal on the first floor, offering a series of streetside shops. His office was on the third floor, a corner suite, adjoined by a large bedroom. The second floor, however, ostensibly designed as a series of hotel rooms, had rooms that had no doors, and doors opening onto solid brick walls. One room opened into a steel vault with pipes leading to it, pipes that led through a wall to an adjoining room where hoses were affixed to pumps and containers of poisonous gas. There were closets that led to secret panels and corridors so that Mudgett could move through the corridor and peer through peepholes for each one of his hotel rooms.

There was an elevator that had no shaft and an elevator shaft that had no elevator. On the second and third floors, trap doors led to secret staircases that, in turn, led to the street and hidden exits from the building so that Mudgett could come and go undetected. There was a trap door in Mudgett's third-floor master bedroom, but here, instead of a staircase, was a chute that spiraled down to the building's basement. In the basement, Mudgett had installed several stoves with exhaust pipes that rose alongside the back of the building. Huge concrete pits had been built in the basement and these Mudgett later filled with lime. By the opening of the World's Fair, Herman Webster Mudgett was open for business. But what kind of business?

Shortly before the fair opened in 1893, Mudgett began to advertise the availability of his inexpensive hotel rooms. He also advertised for secretaries and stenographers to handle the heavy correspondence of his many businesses. Women flocked to the hotel, taking advantage of the incredibly cheap rates Mudgett established. Women also answered his job ads by the hundreds. He began interviewing in early 1893. Most of the young women were from small towns in the Midwest, and had arrived in Chicago, as Mudgett knew they would, looking for jobs generated by the fair.

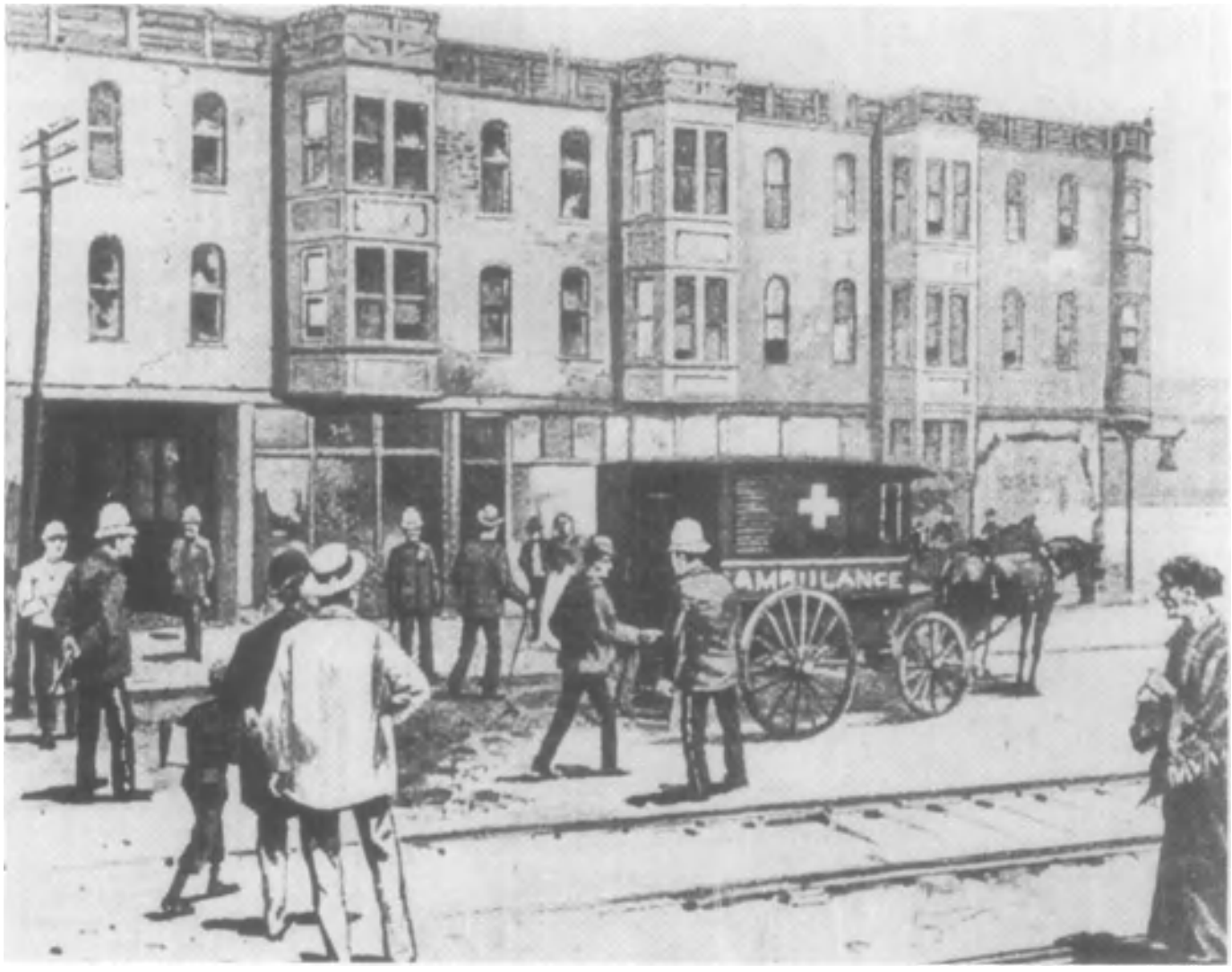
As detailed in his extensive confession and the laborious reconstruction of events by tracking detectives, the serial killer would hire a young girl, give her some useless business letters

Mrs. Julia Conner, one of Mudgett's murder victims.

Emeline G. Cigrand, one of Mudgett's murder victims.

Minnie R. Williams, one of Mudgett's murder victims.

Nannie Williams, one of Mudgett's murder victims.



Spectators stand before Mudgett's deserted Murder Castle in 1895 as police begin removing bodies; by that time Mudgett, who had used the alias of H. H. Holmes, had fled.

to write for him and then quickly make advances. Most of the women were flattered and responded favorably to Mudgett's romantic suggestions. Those who did not were fired. Once a girl succumbed to Mudgett's charm, she was quickly wooed and taken to bed. Mudgett would then convince the girl to sign over her savings and any property deeds, and would take out an insurance policy on her. This done, he appeared to make arrangements to marry the girl, but with no real intention of doing so.

Mudgett would take his bride-to-be to bed, allowing her one night of sexual relations. When the woman fell asleep, Mudgett would rise and go to his "laboratory," a room off the master bedroom. He would take a bottle of chloroform back to the bedroom and then place a cloth soaked with the anesthetic over the sleeping woman's face so that she was completely unconscious when he lifted her body to dispose of her. Mudgett would then "eliminate" his victim according to the whim of the hour. He would sometimes, if in a lazy mood, drop the unconscious woman into the chute from the trap door of his bedroom, and she would quickly spiral downward and crash into one of the limepits in the basement. If wishing perversely to entertain himself, Mudgett would place the woman in the vault, lock it, then wait until she revived before pumping gas into the vault to watch her die in agony.

This calculating monster would then cart the body to the basement for dissection and burning in one of the many stoves there. Mudgett placed the bones and other parts of the body that could not be burned off into the limepits to allow them to dissolve, after pouring acid over the remains. The basement was always kept well-stocked with barrels of acid for the serial murder system Mudgett organized and conducted.

On some occasions, Mudgett stripped the flesh from his victims, cleaned off the skeletons, and sold these to medical laboratories in the city. He kept many barrels of bones in the basement, but mixed these with chicken bones and the bones of other animals, believing that some day this gruesome basement would be discovered and then the bones would be thought to be that of animals. Clinical and detailed as Mudgett was in the disposal of his victim's remains, he was nevertheless perversely enthralled with the process of his murder system.

The serial killer often chose to amuse himself through a bizarre routine, whereby music accompanied his murders. On some occasions, Mudgett got rid of the victim by placing her in the elevator shaft, over which he slid a large glass plate

Workers digging in Murder Castle's basement reportedly recovered the bones of 200 women; Mudgett was officially credited with twenty-seven murders.

operated by a hydraulic motor. He would then stand above the woman and, when she revived, pump poison gas into the shaft. As the hysterical woman begged for her life, Mudgett would laugh and sometimes clog dance upon the glass plate, a death dance wherein he would accompany his wild gyrations above the dying victim by playing discordant notes from a hand organ.

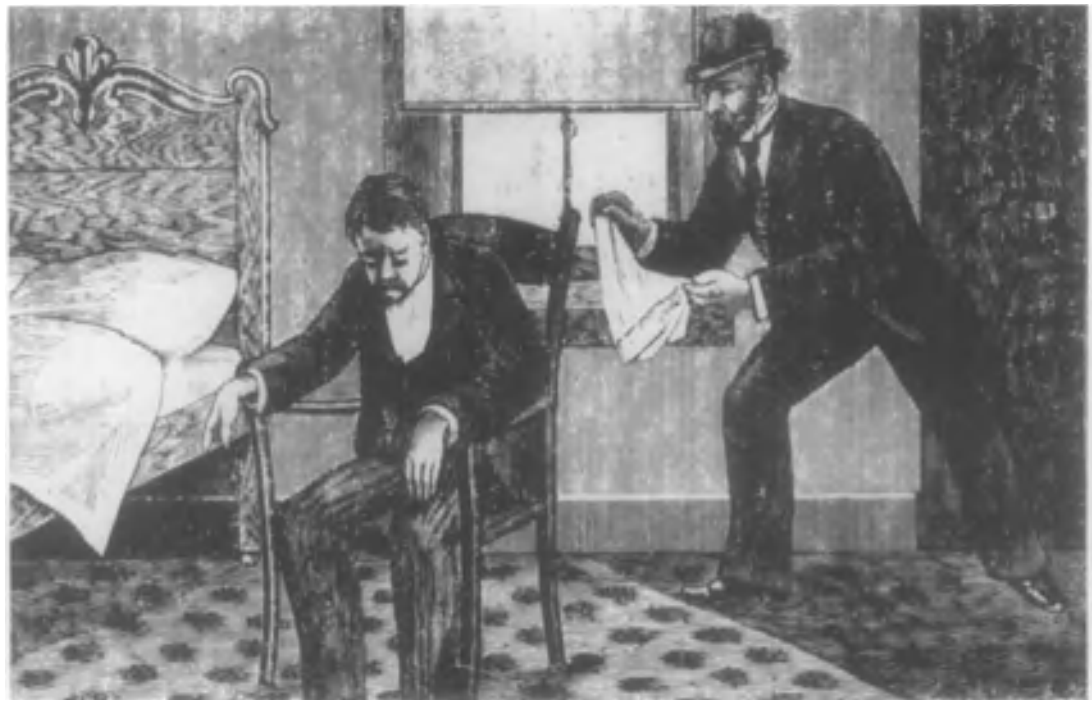
Western outlaw Marion Hedgepeth, who shared a cell with Mudgett and who later informed on the serial killer.

Benjamin F. Pitezel, who joined with Mudgett in a murderous insurance swindle and wound up being the victim.

There was no shortage of victims. For more than a year, Mudgett's hotel was packed with female victims and he received so many applications from female secretaries that he had to hire a real secretary to process the paperwork. He became so selective that he demanded in his advertisements that applicants submit photos of themselves. This way Mudgett could select only the prettiest of victims. He would sit for hours at his desk in his office, poring over these photos, and finally slipping those he intended to murder into a file holder on his desk, one marked "to be hired and enriched."

Other than what Mudgett himself would recall in his nonstop confessions, while he faced the executioner, few records remain as to the identities of the monster's roll call of victims. Known victims in this period include: Mrs. Holton; Julia Conner, wife of one of Mudgett's business associates and who became his mistress for a short time before he tired of her and butchered her; Emeline Cigrand, one of Mudgett's favorites, whom he used as stenographer for some months until killing her; and sisters Minnie and Nannie Williams from Texas, who arrived in Chicago seeking careers as actresses only to find horrible death at the hands of Mudgett.

Nannie Williams proved to be one of Holmes' most difficult victims. She was a tall, darkly attractive woman with ambitions to go onto the stage. She was also too inquisitive for Mudgett. After she became Mudgett's mistress, she began wandering through the enormous Murder Castle and apparently discovered some of the secret rooms and trap doors along with correspondence Mudgett maintained with other women and his many wives about the country. She confronted Mudgett with her discoveries one day and shortly disappeared down the chute to the limepits.



A contemporary sketch shows how Mudgett crept up behind his drugged associate Pitezel and strangled him, then tried to collect insurance money on his policy.

Patrick Quinlan, the janitor of the building, occasionally, asked Mudgett if he wanted him to clean out the basement. He was always told that this was Mudgett's private laboratory and Quinlan was not allowed beyond the locked door that led to the basement stairs. Mudgett kept the key to that door. Other areas of Murder Castle were also off limits to Quinlan, who was confined to cleaning the hotel rooms on the second floor and the shops on the street level. He often complained to Mudgett about "the awful smell" coming from the various pipe chimneys leading from the basement and suggested to Mudgett that he replace the stoves there, believing they were rusting out and causing these strange odors which the neighbors also complained about.

Quinlan began to overhear strange conversations Mudgett had with his many female friends. On one occasion the janitor heard a prospective victim ask Mudgett: "You're married, aren't you, Harry? That Mrs. Holmes in Wilmette, she's your wife, isn't she, Harry?"

"Ridiculous," Mudgett replied. "There are a lot of people named Holmes. You must be thinking about the detective character made up by that British writer, the one who solves all the cases in London." It is interesting to note that Mudgett, who was a reader of fiction and a fan of Arthur Conan Doyle, began to use the alias of H.H. Holmes shortly after Doyle published his first famous stories about the fabulous detective, Sherlock Holmes.

One of the few men Mudgett took into his confidence was a character as devious and scheming as himself, Benjamin Pitezel, who was married and had three small children. It was later claimed that Pitezel actually helped Mudgett get rid of the many bodies piling up in the lime pits of Murder Castle, routinely sawing up corpses and burning the remains at Mudgett's direction. He was certainly on Mudgett's payroll and it was this payroll and the upkeep of the building that finally caused Mudgett to abandon his Murder Castle. He later complained that the building and its mortgage payments had driven him to his murder-for-profit enterprise and that he had spent more than $50,000 in maintenance, especially on supplies like lime, acid, chloroform, all the tools of his grim enterprise.

Mudgett proposed an insurance fraud scheme one day that appealed to Pitezel. Mudgett would fund Pitezel's return to Philadelphia, his native city, and there Pitezel, using an alias, would establish himself as a rich patent agent, taking out a $10,000 insurance policy. Mudgett then explained that he would arrive in Philadelphia and steal a corpse, mutilate it beyond recognition and then place it in Pitezel's home. Following a fire, Pitezel's wife, the beneficiary, would claim the $10,000 and he would split this with the cooperative Pitezel.

While Pitezel went to Philadelphia to set up the insurance fraud, Mudgett surveyed his Murder Castle with resignation. The basement was loaded with skeletons and there seemed to be no more room for additional victims. His murder work had also exhausted him. He then realized that he could destroy the entire place, collect a great deal of money and flee. He insured the place and then set fire to it.

Before the insurance firm paid off, however, it insisted that police inspectors review the building. It had been badly damaged, but the structure remained intact. Mudgett had boarded up the windows and doors and police detectives informed him that they would have to look over the premises before the insurance claim was paid. Mudgett appeared at a police station, full of indignation and demanding his rights. "I am a tax-paying, law-abiding citizen and I am entitled to my claim," he told a detective.

"Of course you are, Dr. Holmes," the detective replied, "but we must inspect the premises. It's only a formality. You'll have to unlock your building."

"That's an insult!" roared Mudgett. "Are you accusing me of something?"

"Certainly not. It's only a formality."

Mudgett said he was busy at the time, but would return and give the detectives the keys to his building. He had no intention of doing so. Mudgett packed his clothes, gathered his money, and fled to Fort Worth, Texas, where he unsuccessfully tried to pry loose a deed to a property once owned by

Alice Pitezel, murdered by Mudgett.

Nellie Pitezel, murdered by Mudgett.

Howard Pitezel, murdered by Mudgett.

A contemporary sketch shows Mudgett strangling Howard Pitezel; the serial killer was methodical and without remorse, looking back upon his murders as a "part of the business," although he later (and insincerely) decried his crimes.

Minnie Williams. The property was worth $60,000, but lawyers shrewdly prevented Mudgett from making claim to the land. When local police began to look into Mudgett's claim, he panicked. Seeing detectives heading for his hotel room, Mudgett ran to a livery stable, stole a horse, and rode out of Fort Worth.

The serial killer arrived in St. Louis where, using the name H. M. Howard, Mudgett attempted a crude swindle and was arrested for the first time in his life. He was thrown into a cell to await trial and found himself in the company of notorious train robber, Marion Hedgepeth. Without money, the desperate Mudgett confided his insurance scheme to Hedgepeth, saying that he would pay the outlaw $500 if he would recommend a St. Louis criminal lawyer, who could help him defraud the insurance firm in Philadelphia. Hedgepeth got word to Jeptha D. Howe, a crooked lawyer, that his cellmate had a fabulous scheme that would enrich them all.

Mudgett holds a stopwatch, timing the gassing of the Pitezel girls, whom he had placed in a trunk affixed with a gas line.

Howe arranged for Mudgett's bail, and as soon as the serial killer was freed, he fled to Chicago. From there he quickly contacted his old associate, Benjamin Pitezel, and told him to go ahead with the insurance scheme in Philadelphia. Mudgett had by then involved the crooked lawyer Howe in the plan. On September 4, 1894, B.F. Perry, who operated a patent office in Philadelphia, was found dead on his porch. His face was charred almost beyond recognition. Next to him was found a pipe, some matches, and the shattered remains of a benzene bottle.

Investigators first assumed that Perry had tried to light his pipe next to the open benzene bottle and it exploded in his face. A coroner's jury ruled the death accidental and a claim for $10,000 against the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia was immediately filed by lawyer Jeptha D. Howe on behalf of Mrs. Carrie A. Pitezel, who was then calling herself Mrs. Perry.

Carrie Pitezel weepingly identified the corpse as her husband, but insurance investigators were hesitant in paying. Two curious doctors, Dr. William J. Scott and Dr. William K. Mattern, had since examined the body and found fluid in the stomach that they determined to be chloroform. By this time, Mrs. Pitezel, pretending to be Mrs. Perry, had threatened to sue the insurance firm through her dogged lawyer, Howe, unless she received payment. The company stalled while it contacted a Mr. H. H. Holmes in Chicago, a man, according to Perry's records, who had known the accident victim well for a number of years.

As Holmes, Mudgett was asked to go to Philadelphia and identify the corpse of Perry. He did so willingly, after getting the insurance firm to pay his round trip expenses. Mudgett arrived with one of the Pitezel daughters in tow. She stated that her name was Perry and she cried great tears as she identified the remains as her father. Mudgett himself identified the corpse, saying that his old friend Perry had a mole on the back of his neck. It was present. Mrs. Pitezel was paid the $10,000. The body was buried in Potter's Field.

The matter did not rest, however. Marion Hedgepeth, still languishing in a St. Louis jail cell, contacted officials a short time later and told them of the insurance scheme that Mudgett, his one-time cellmate, had hatched. "So I give him the name of my lawyer," carped the train robber, "and that's the last I seen of him. He got out on bail the next day and skipped out. I heard by the grapevine that he collected the insurance money, but he ain't been near me to pay me the five hundred he owes me!"

Hedgepeth's statement caused the insurance company to pressure the Philadelphia police into assigning its best detective to the case. This was Frank P. Geyer, a crafty sleuth who, once on the track of a criminal, doggedly followed the culprit, no matter how long or how far it took him. He had solved dozens of murder cases and he believed that the accidental death of B. F. Perry had been murder, that Perry had been chloroformed by the mysterious Mr. Holmes that Hedgepeth the train robber had known in jail.

Geyer traveled to Chicago to locate Mudgett, but he found that he had left town. The detective visited Murder Castle. He inspected the exterior of the building, noting the many stove-

Frank P. Geyer, the indefatigable detective, who tracked the serial killer across the country until he finally captured Herman Webster Mudgett.

Herman Webster Mudgett in his cell, where he stalled his execution by countless confessions; he was hanged in Philadelphia on May 7, 1896.

pipes rising above the gabled roof. He then went to the police and asked them to inspect the premises, telling them that he believed the building might hold important clues regarding his investigation. The police refused to do anything, saying that Geyer had no jurisdiction and was handling an insurance case that did not call for the participation of the Chicago police.

Checking the background of Mudgett-Holmes, Geyer went to the school in Ann Arbor and there learned of Mudgett's real name and birthplace. He then traveled to Gilmanton, New Hampshire, where he learned from relatives—Mudgett habitually kept in contact with family members—that Mudgett could be found in Boston where he had gone on business. On September 17, 1894, Geyer walked into a Boston hotel room to find Mudgett with Mrs. Carrie A. Pitezel. He arrested both of them, charging them with conspiracy to defraud the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Pitezel told Geyer that she did not have the insurance money, that she had that very day signed it over to Herman Webster Mudgett. In reality, Geyer undoubtedly saved the woman's life as Mudgett apparently had planned to murder her, too, and claim insurance money from a policy he had taken out on Mrs. Pitezel. Mudgett was returned to Philadelphia to await trail. While he waited in jail, Geyer busied himself with unearthing Mudgett's sordid past.

Mudgett, realizing he was trapped, began to talk. At first he admitted the insurance scheme, saying that Benjamin Pitezel had stolen a body and passed it off as his own and had then fled to South America. Then Mudgett changed his story, telling Geyer: "All right. The dead man was Pitezel, just as you suspected, but his death was his own doing, a result of his own stupidity! He was supposed to steal a cadaver, lost his nerve and got despondent. He drank chloroform. When I discovered his body, I decided to make it look like an accident so his poor widow could collect the insurance."

"What about the Pitezel children?" Geyer asked Mudgett pointedly. "We can't find them."

For weeks Geyer went back to the maze-like trail taken by the cagey Mudgett. The trail led him to Indianapolis, Indiana, where, in a stove inside a small cottage he found the skull and bones of a small boy, the remains of Howard Pitezel. Mudgett had murdered the child by strangling him to death and then dismembered and burned his body. Geyer found the bodies of Alice and Nellie Pitezel stuffed in a trunk in Toronto, Canada. Mudgett had stuffed the little girls into the trunk and had then inserted a small hose into it, pumping poisonous gas into the container.

Geyer returned to Philadelphia's Moyamensing Prison to tell Mudgett about the deaths of the Pitezel children. He slowly

described how these innocent children had been strangled and gassed to death, watching the reaction of Mudgett. The serial killer clutched the bars of his cell and shouted through them: "It was foul murder! Who was the fiend?"

"You don't know?" Geyer replied, staring back at the handsome man in the prison cell. The detective then returned to Chicago. Without getting permission from the Chicago police, Geyer ordered a crew of workmen to break into Mudgett's Murder Castle. The stench from rotting flesh in the basement overcame so many of the workers that new crews had to be called in. Human bones by the barrel full were unearthed out of the limepits and all of the buildings strange rooms, chutes, and trap doors were discovered. The Chicago police arrived and helped in the investigation. The newspapers blared the grim truth of Murder Castle. Out of its foul depths came the remains of at least 150 to 200 corpses, according to most reliable accounts, making Herman Webster Mudgett America's all-time serial murderer a killer without conscience, without mercy. (This astounding murder record was meticulously assembled by teams of medical inspectors, who simply reconstructed as many human skeletons as the intact bones found in the basement could yield.)

When Mudgett was confronted with the discoveries at Murder Castle, he denied knowing anything about the human remains found there. "Untrue!" he roared, "a villainous lie! Vile slander!" When the press named him a murderer to rank with Gilles de Rais and other historic serial killers, Mudgett threatened to sue them for libel.

Convicted of Benjamin Pitezel's murder and sentenced to death, Mudgett thought to postpone his end on the gallows. He began to recite the long history of his crimes, detailing one vicious murder after another, precisely describing his monstrous slayings. He then contradicted himself, denying his murders. He then admitted them again, and began to relate more killings, all in an effort to stall his execution.

By May 7, 1896, the officials had had enough of Herman Webster Mudgett. He was led to the gallows in Moyamensing Prison. Detective Frank Geyer was on hand to watch Mudgett march up the thirteen steps to the hangman and the noose that awaited him. On the scaffold, as the rope was placed around his neck, Mudgett showed the first signs of mortal terror. His face drained of blood and he began to scream out in a high-pitched voice: "As God is my witness, I was responsible for the deaths of only two women!"

The executioner stepped away from the condemned man, who twisted his head about frantically looking for anyone who might come to his rescue, might forestall the inevitable. No one stood near him except the executioner, who placed his hand on the lever that would spring the trap. "Wait, wait!" Mudgett cried out. "I didn't kill Minnie Williams! Not me! Let me tell you about her." He saw the hand of the executioner snap back the lever. "Minnie killer her—" In a second, he fell downward into neck-snapping death and the everlasting infamy as America's worst killer.

THE FRENCH RIPPER/1894-1897

A lust for killing which he ascribed to the bite of a mad dog turned this frustrated army corporal into a serial killer. Between 1894 and 1897 Joseph Vacher (AKA: The French Ripper; c.1869-1898) is known to have murdered at least eleven people, though some estimates place the number much higher. The famed criminologist Professor A. Lacassagne, (author of a book on the case, titled *Vacher l'Eventreur et les Crimes Sadique*), believed that the madman was responsible for at least fifteen murders and five rapes between June 1888 and July 1897.

Vacher was the fifteenth and final child born to a respectable working class family in Beaufort, France. According to Lacassagne, except for Vacher, there was no hint of aberrant behavior in the family until his sister went insane after Vacher's death. At the age of eight Vacher was bitten by a rabid dog and was treated by a local magician, who compelled him to drink a strange potion, an event Vacher, at least, credited as transforming his normal character into a criminal personality.

In 1888, Vacher attempted to rape a male servant employed by the Marist brothers, who had educated him. In November 1890 he was drafted into the 60th Infantry Regiment at Besanon. Vacher seemed to enjoy the military life and desperately wanted to advance through the ranks. When his promotion to full corporal was denied, he attempted suicide by cut-

Joseph Vacher murdered women out of bloodlust, claiming he had turned killer after being bitten by a mad dog; he was beheaded on December 31, 1898.

ting his throat with a razor. Hearing of this incident, the colonel of the regiment authorized the promotion at once, and Vacher recovered. His persecution complex however, was soon apparent in other ways. His menacing behavior caused Vacher's roommates to go to bed each night holding their bayonets out of fear that the unstable corporal might attack them.

In May 1893, Vacher was granted a sick leave. He traveled to Baume-les-Dames in June where he met a young woman named Louise. When she spurned his advances, Vacher fired three shots at her, none of which, however, caused serious injury. He then turned the pistol on himself and fired a bullet into his face. The bullet pierced his right eye, paralyzing the right side of his face. The courts found Vacher insane and committed him to the asylum at Saint-Ylle on July 7, 1893. In the asylum, Vacher behaved like an unredeemable madman. However, when Vacher was transferred to a hospital in Saint-Rober in December his mad behavior suddenly stopped, and he began behaving normally. On April 1, 1894, the director of the institute approved his discharge papers.

Six weeks later, on May 20, the body of Eugenie Delhomme, a 21-year-old factory worker, was found on a country road near Vienne. She had been raped, knifed to death, and disemboweled. She was the first of Vacher's confirmed victims, most of whom were rural farm workers he met while he roamed from town to town begging for food and shelter. "A sort of frenzy drove me blindly forward to commit my crimes," he said. "Never did I look for victims: chance meetings decided their fates. The poor creatures need not be pitied. None of them suffered longer than ten minutes."

The second victim was 13-year-old Louise Marcel, whose mutilated remains were found in a stable near Blais. On May 12, 1895, Adele Mortureux, seventeen, was strangled and disemboweled in the Bois de Chene. In August, the serial killer, by then known as the Ripper, attacked a 60-year-old widow, Mme. Morand, killed her, and then raped the corpse.

A week later Vacher crept up on Victor Portalier, a youthful shepherd in Onglas, and stabbed him to death. The Portalier murder was the one for which Vacher would ultimately be held accountable. The killings continued for another two years and four months before Vacher was apprehended. The police had little to go on except a sketchy physical description supplied by various villagers. A vagrant with a black beard and a scarred face had been observed in the vicinity of the murders.

On August 4, 1897, Vacher encountered Marie-Eugenie Plantier in the countryside near Bois des Pelleries. Plantier was picking pine cones with her husband and children and had been separated from them. When Vacher grabbed her from behind, she fought fiercely and called for help. Plantier's husband appeared and struggled with Vacher until a peasant farm hand named Henri Nodin arrived and helped the husband subdue Vacher.

Once in custody, police began a thorough investigation of Vacher's background and concluded that he was, indeed, the much-sought Ripper. He was tried before the Tribunal Correctionel of Tournon. Subsequent interrogation, and the testimony of a score of eyewitnesses, who had seen Vacher, convinced the defendant that further resistance was useless. He confessed to his many murders and rapes, but blamed his psychological malady on the dog bite he received at age eight.

A five month inquiry into the state of his mind began on December 16, 1897. Three psychiatrists, led by Professor Lacassagne, concluded that Vacher was only pretending to be mad. His fantasy about the mad dog was dismissed as "puerile." Vacher was found guilty of murder on October 28, 1898, at the Assizes of Ain, and was guillotined on December 31, 1898.

ENGLAND'S MURDERING BARBER/ 1897-1902

George Chapman (1865-1903), born Severin Atonionivitch Klosowski in Nargonak, Poland, on December 14, 1865, was the son of a carpenter. He apprenticed at age fifteen to a surgeon in Zvolen, working at a clinic for six years, but failing to be appointed to the expected post of junior surgeon. He left the clinic at twenty-one and traveled about Poland as a barber's surgeon, or feldsher, removing warts, performing small surgeries, even bloodletting which was still, in less sophisticated societies in the late nineteenth century, considered a form of purifying the blood system. (The red and white poles outside of barber shops originally indicated that a bloodletting expert was on the premises.)

Chapman married in Poland, then worked in a Prague hospital before enlisting in the Russian army where he served for almost two years. He then migrated to England, arriving in early 1888, the year that Jack the Ripper turned loose his reign of terror in London's West End. He later became one of the prime suspects in the Ripper killings and it was rumored that Chapman had decapitated a woman in Poland, but no evidence could be found to support this claim.

Locating in London's West End, Chapman worked as a barber. He later moved to Tottingham to set up his own business, but when this failed he returned to his old job as a barber's surgeon and assistant. He married Lucy Baderski, but this marriage was compromised when Chapman's first wife arrived from Poland. Both women, oddly, lived with Chapman for a while until the first and legal wife returned to Poland. Chapman and Lucy went to the U.S. in 1890, but after constant quarreling, Lucy returned to London in 1891, Chapman himself arriving in London a year later.

The marriage floundered when Chapman went on womanizing, taking a mistress named Annie Chapman, ironically the same name as one of Jack the Ripper's victims. Lucy left her philandering husband in 1894, taking their two children with her. Chapman, who had used his real name, Klosowski, up to this time, now took the name of his mistress, Chapman, and tried to conceal his original name.

The promiscuous barber met a drunken divorcée, Mary Spinks, in 1895 in one of the many pubs he visited, and the couple lived together for two years, moving in 1897 to Hastings, where they assumed the roles of man and wife. Chapman opened a hairdresser's shop and promoted "musical shaves." His mistress-wife would play the piano while Chapman shaved his customers, a notion that caught on, and so popular was Chapman's shop that he began to turn a profit for the first time in his entrepreneurial life.

Chapman bought a sailboat and began taking his wife on sailing expeditions. A short time later the boat capsized and the Chapmans were saved by some fishermen. It was later theorized that this was the barber's first attempt at murder, since he planned to eliminate his wife. About six months later, Chapman suddenly sold his lucrative shop in Hastings and moved back to London, leasing the Prince of Wales Tavern on Bartholomew Square, near City Road.

On April 2, 1897, before leaving Hastings, Chapman bought tartar emetic from a local druggist and this he would later use to murder Mary Spinks, it was later concluded by police officials. Mary Spinks grew ill in late 1897 and suffered vomiting seizures. Doctors examining her could find no reason for these seizures. Chapman, meanwhile nursed her until Mary Spinks died on December 25, 1897. The cause of her death was listed as consumption. A few months after Mary Spinks was buried, Chapman hired a barmaid, Bessie Taylor, a naive farmer's daughter. He married Bessie some months later.

Chapman tired of Bessie and made plans to kill her. First he sold his pub and bought another tavern, The Grapes, at Bishops Stortford. Bessie was then hospitalized for a small operation never disclosed. When she was released, Chapman began mistreating her, at one point threatening to shoot her with a revolver. Again, Chapman sold his pub, and bought another, The Monument, which was located on Union Street. He continued to abuse his wife and run around with other women. Bessie's health grew steadily worse and she was finally bedridden, with Chapman nursing her; she died on February 13, 1901. Doctors examining her attributed her demise to "exhaustion from vomiting and diarrhea."

Maud Marsh, the daughter of a Croydon laborer, next went to work for Chapman as a barmaid in his pub. Maud was reluctant to become Chapman's mistress, even though he gave her a gold watch and chain. The young girl wrote to her mother that Chapman had threatened to send her home unless "I give him what he wants." She finally relented, but grew ill in the fall of 1902, suffering from severe abdominal pains. Chapman called in doctors who had her removed to Guy's Hospital where she recovered.

When Maud Marsh returned to Chapman, he moved her into quarters above his new pub, The Crown Public House, which was also on Union Street. Here the girl grew ill again, despite constant attention from Chapman. Maud's mother and a nurse arrived one evening to attend to Maud and they found at her bedside a special drink Chapman had prepared for Maud, a brandy and soda which Maud's mother and the nurse drank. Within minutes both women became ill with vomiting and diarrhea.

Serial killer George Chapman with one of his mistresses, Bessie Taylor, whom he later murdered; he visited America in 1890, which explains the U.S. flag next to the Union Jack on the wall.

Mrs. Marsh went to her own physician and told him that she believed Chapman was poisoning her daughter. This doctor went to the physician attending Maud with Mrs. Marsh's suspicions. The attending doctor and the Marsh family physician visited the ailing girl and both men were soon convinced that Maud was being poisoned. Chapman, meanwhile, panicked after this visit from the doctors and he gave Maud a massive dose of his special preparation. She died on October 22, 1902, the very day of Edward VII's coronation procession through the streets of London.

Maud's body was examined, and it was determined that she had been poisoned not with arsenic, as the Marsh family suspected, but with antimony. Chapman was arrested and charged with murder. He was tried before Justice Graham at the Central Criminal Court on March 16, 1903. Sir Edward Carson prosecuted Chapman, who was defended by George Elliott. Chapman's attorney could mount very little defense. The bodies of Chapman's other two mistresses, Mary Spinks and Bessie Taylor, were exhumed and these corpses also contained antimony, enough to have killed them. Chapman was convicted in a quick trial and condemned. He was executed on April 7, 1903.

The rumor that this serial killer might have been Jack the Ripper was strengthened by a cryptic remark from the very man who had supervised the investigation into the 1888 Ripper slayings. Just after Chapman's arrest, Scotland Yard's Inspector Frederick Abberline approached the officer in charge of the case, Inspector George Godley (who had been Abberline's assistant in the Ripper killings), telling him: "You've got Jack the Ripper at last!"

Abberline believed Chapman to be the awesome Ripper since his handling of the bewildering 1888 mass murders re-

George Chapman at the time he was tried for murder; he was convicted and executed on April 7, 1903.

mained unsolved. Why Abberline believed Chapman was the Ripper was never explained either by Abberline or anyone else. It is believed that Abberline had suspected Chapman or Klosowski during his original 1888 investigations, but could never prove his secret suspicions about the barber.

Many experts are quick to point out that Chapman's modus operandi and that of the Ripper's were widely dissimilar, the Ripper using extreme violence and a surgical knife to end his victims' lives, where Chapman had regularly chosen the slow, secret method of poison. It was later claimed that Chapman, as Klosowski, had even tried to obtain poison, when he lived in Whitechapel during the Ripper murders, perhaps planning at the time to rid himself of his first Polish wife and Lucy Baderski at the same time. Another theory held that Chapman could very well have been the Ripper and that he continued slitting throats and dismembering bodies long into the 1890s, electing to kill women he was known to associate with through poison so that the Ripper's modus operandi would not be attached to him, believing that poison would allow him to go undetected.

Even more puzzling is why Chapman chose to murder three women (or more) simply because they either came to annoy him or because he tired of them. He was not necessarily a sadist, according to his character profiles, so he took no particular pleasure in slowly murdering his common-law spouses and mistresses. Moreover, he derived no money from the deaths of these women, having already bilked his first mistress of her savings to buy his first pub.

There may be a link to the deaths in Chapman's consistent buying and selling of pubs, changes that were invariably made at the time of the murders. It was proposed by one crime writer that Chapman murdered his women when his pub business began to drop off, believing they were bringing him bad luck. A check of the consistent popularity of these pubs, however, disproves this contention. Chapman remains a murdering enigma, one who could possibly have been Jack the Ripper. He never confessed to his crimes, however, leaving frustrated criminologists to theorize and wonder in his wake. (See Jack the Ripper, Unsolved Murders.)

BELLE OF LA PORTE/1900-1908

One of America's worst female serial killers surfaced at the turn of the 20th Century in the flatlands of the Midwest. She was Belle Gunness, a woman dedicated to murder for profit. A stonemason's daughter who was born near Lake Selbe, Trondheim, Norway, Belle Gunness (AKA: Bella Poulsdatter Sorensen Gunness, Belle Brynhilde Paulsetter Sorenson Gunness, The Female Bluebeard; 1859-1908?) migrated to the U.S. in 1883, following her sister to America. (Another report has it that Belle was born Belle Paulson in Christiania (now Oslo), Norway, and that her father was a traveling magician, who taught Belle all sorts of magic and had her walk a tightrope as a child outside his tent to lure customers into his magic show.) She married Mads Albert Sorenson in 1884 in Chicago, a union that produced no children. Sorenson died in 1900, heavily insured, the cause of death listed as heart failure.

Belle immediately claimed the insurance money, $8,500, the day following her husband's funeral, a suspicious act, according to her in-laws. Sorenson's relatives claimed that Belle had poisoned her husband to collect the insurance money and an inquest was ordered, according to records. It is unclear, however, whether or not the inquest ever took place or whether Sorenson's body was exhumed to check for arsenic as his relatives had demanded.

Belle used the insurance money to open a confectionery store at Grand Avenue and Elizabeth Street, but this store mysteriously burned down just after Belle had the place heavily insured. The insurance company at first resisted paying off, but it finally relented after the outspoken Belle threatened to take the matter into court and to the newspapers.

With her insurance money, Belle moved in 1902 to La Porte, Indiana, about fifty miles east of Chicago, where she purchased a large farm, six miles outside of town. She had, while married to Sorenson, adopted three children, all girls, Jennie, Myrtle and Lucy. Just after moving into a large farmhouse, Belle met a local man, Peter Gunness, a fellow Norwegian, and they were married a short time later. This union produced a son, Philip, in 1903.

Belle Gunness as a young woman, when she arrived in the U.S. in 1883 and before she became America's female bluebeard; she left Chicago under a cloud when her first husband mysteriously died.

Belle Gunness, in 1902, when she moved to La Porte, Indiana, to marry hog butcher Peter Gunness; shown with Belle are three girls she adopted (left to right), Jennie, Myrtle and Lucy.

Gunness did not last long. He met with a "tragic accident," according to Belle's sobbing story, in 1904. While working in a shed on the farm, a meat chopper fell from a high shelf and struck Gunness square in the head, splitting his skull and killing him on the spot. Belle, still a great believer in insurance, had, of course, insured her husband Peter for just such an unforeseen event. She collected another $4,000.

Local authorities refused to believe that Gunness, who ran the hog farm and butchering shop on the property, could be so clumsy. He was an experienced butcher and the local coroner reviewed the case and announced: "This was murder!" He convened a coroner's jury to look into the matter. Meanwhile, Jennie Olson, age fourteen, the oldest of Belle's adopted children, was overheard confessing to a classmate: "My momma killed my poppa. She hit him with a cleaver." Jennie was brought before the coroner's jury but denied having made this remark.

While she testified, Belle sat nearby at a witness table, silently glowering at her adopted daughter. Then Belle took the stand and, weeping, told her tale. She managed to convince the coroner's jury that she was innocent of any wrongdoing and that she now bore the responsibility of raising her children without the help of a strong man. She was released and the matter was dropped.

In September 1906, Jennie Olson suddenly vanished. When neighbors inquired about her, Belle told them that she had sent Jennie to finishing school in Los Angeles. A short time later, Belle hired Ray Lamphere, a somber little man with a drooping mustache, to perform the chores on her farm. Next, in late 1906, she inserted the following advertisement in the matrimonial columns of all the Chicago daily newspapers and those of other large midwestern cities:

> "Personal: Comely widow who owns a large farm in one of the finest districts in La Porte County, Indiana, desires to make the acquaintance of a gentleman equally well provided, with view of joining fortunes. No replies by letter considered unless sender is willing to follow answer with personal visit. Triflers need not apply."

Several middle-aged men with comfortable bank accounts and property responded to Belle's lovelorn column ads. They traveled to Belle's La Porte farm, fat wallets and deeds to their farms tucked in their pockets, all proving that they were men of substance and worthy of Belle's attentions. One of these

Jennie Olson Gunness told classmates that her mother killed her father; the girl vanished, her body found years later, one of Belle's many victims.

Henry Gurholdt, one of Belle's suitors, who had come prepared "to stay forever"—his body parts were found buried in Belle's hogpen.

was John Moo, who arrived from Elbow Lake, Minnesota. He was a husky man of fifty and brought along with him more than $1,000 to pay off Belle's mortgage, or so he told neighbors, who were introduced to him by Belle as her cousin. He disappeared from Belle's farm within a week of his arrival. Next came George Anderson who, like Peter Gunness and John Moo, was a migrant from Norway. Anderson, from Tarkio, Missouri, was also a farmer with ready cash and a lovesick heart.

Anderson, however, did not bring all his money with him. He had been persuaded to make the long trip to see Belle in La Porte because her eloquent letters intrigued him. Once there, he realized that Belle, in her mid-forties and gone portly, was not the beauty he expected. Her face was hard, and she had a severe manner about her, but she made Anderson feel at home and provided good dinners for him while he occupied a guest room in her large farmhouse. One night at dinner Belle raised the issue of her mortgage. Anderson agreed that he would pay this off if they decided to wed. He was almost convinced to return to Tarkio and retrieve his money, then go back to Belle and eternal bliss.

But late that night, Anderson awoke "all in a cold sweat," and he looked up to see Belle standing over him, peering down with a strange look in her eyes. She held a guttering candle in her hand and the expression on her face was so foreboding and sinister that Anderson let out a loud yell. Belle, without a word, left the room.

Anderson jumped out of bed, hurriedly dressed, and fled the dark farmhouse, running up the road, trotting all the way into La Porte, peering over his shoulder down the moonlit road, expecting Belle to come chasing after him at any moment, wildly driving her carriage. Anderson reached the train station and waited with more than casual concern for the next train to take him back to Missouri.

The suitors nevertheless kept arriving in La Porte, but none, except for the apprehensive Anderson, ever left the Gunness farm. At this time, Belle began ordering huge trunks to be delivered to her home. Hack driver Clyde Sturgis delivered many such trunks to Belle from La Porte and later remarked how the heavyset woman would lift these enormous trunks "like boxes of marshmallows," tossing them onto her wide shoulders and carrying them into the house. She kept the shutters of her house closed day and night, and farmers traveling past her house at night saw Belle working in the hog pen area, digging. Her handyman, Lamphere, also spent a good deal of time digging in the hog pen and all about the house and barn.

Meanwhile, the suitors continued to arrive in the small town wearing their Sunday suits, all responding to Belle's enticing ads. Ole B. Budsburg, an elderly widower from Iolo, Wisconsin, next appeared. He was last seen alive at the La Porte Savings Bank on April 6, 1907, when he mortgaged his Wisconsin land there, signing over a deed and obtaining several thousand dollars in cash. His sons, Oscar and Mathew Budsburg, it seems, had no idea that their father had gone off to visit the widow Belle. They finally discovered his destination and wrote to Mrs. Gunness who promptly wrote back, saying she had never seen Mr. Budsburg.

Several other middle-aged men appeared and disappeared in brief visits to the Gunness farm throughout 1907. Then, in

South Dakota farmer Andrew Hegelein, another suitor who answered one of Belle's lovelorn ads, traveled to La Porte and vanished; his body was later found buried on Belle's farm.

Andrew's brother, Asle Hegelein, who grew suspicious of Belle and visited La Porte, all but accusing Belle of murdering his sibling, encouraging the sheriff to investigate.

December 1907, Andrew Hegelein, a bachelor farmer from Aberdeen, South Dakota, wrote to Belle and was warmly received. The pair exchanged many letters, until Belle unleashed her most amorous masterpiece yet, a letter that overwhelmed the simple Hegelein, written in Belle's own careful handwriting and dated January 13, 1908. (This letter was later found at the Hegelein farm in South Dakota.) It read:

> "To the Dearest Friend in the World: No woman in the world is happier than I am. I know that you are now to come to me and be my own. I can tell from your letters that you are the man I want. It does not take one long to tell when to like a person, and you I like better than anyone in the world, I know.
>
> Think how we will enjoy each other's company. You, the sweetest man in the whole world. We will be all alone with each other. Can you conceive of anything nicer? I think of you constantly. When I hear your name mentioned, and this is when one of the dear children speaks of you, or I hear myself humming it with the words of an old love song, it is beautiful music to my ears.
>
> My heart beats in wild rapture for you, My Andrew, I love you. Come prepared to stay forever."

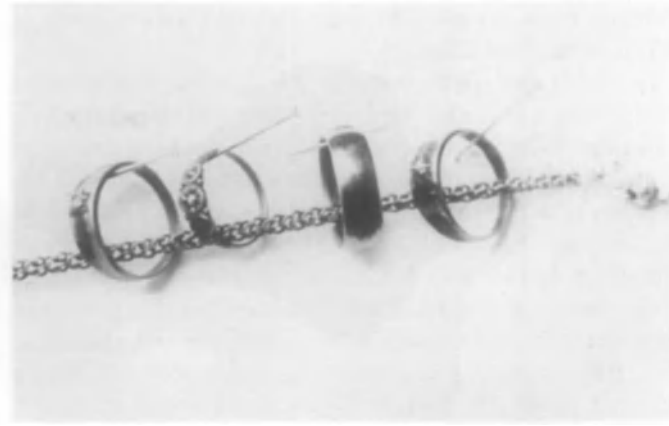
That, of course, is exactly what the hapless Hegelein did. In response to her love-gushing letter, the farmer flew to her side in January 1908. He brought with him a check for $2,900, his savings, which he had drawn from his local bank. A few days after Hegelein arrived, he and Belle appeared at the Savings Bank in La Porte and deposited the check for cashing. Hegelein vanished a few days later, but Belle appeared at the

Joseph Maxon, Belle's second handyman, who barely escaped when the Gunness farmhouse caught fire on April 28, 1908, a blaze set by Belle herself.

The still smoking remains of the gutted Gunness farmhouse, following the devastating fire that took the lives of her children and herself, or a body she may have left in her place.

Officials search the charred remains of the Gunness farmhouse, finding eight men's watches in the cinders; by then they had already decided to thoroughly search the farm for bodies.

Belle's false teeth, found in the burned out house; most believed she planted them, along with a headless body she hoped would be accepted as her own.



Belle's rings, also conveniently found next to the headless corpse (the head was never found), also thought to be planted by the conniving serial killer.

Police investigators examine a sluice in which hundreds of small human bones were washed to discovery, the remains of more than forty lovesick men murdered by Belle Gunness.

One of the graves in Belle's hog pen that yielded the remains of one of her victims; most of the victims had been butchered like her hogs and were found in pieces.

By Stanley Steamer and horsedrawn carriage, curious residents and spectators from Chicago drove to the Gunness place to examine the dozens of graves discovered on the serial killer's Indiana farm.

Savings Bank to make a $500 deposit and another deposit of $700 in the State Bank.

At this time, Belle started to have trouble with her hired hand, Ray Lamphere. The hired hand was deeply in love with Belle and was an apparent slave to her ambitions, performing any chore for her, no matter how gruesome. He became jealous of the many men, who arrived to pitch woo at his employer and soon Lamphere began making scenes. Belle fired him on February 3, 1908, and then appeared at the La Porte courthouse and declared to authorities that Lamphere was not in his right mind and was a menace to the public.

Belle somehow convinced local authorities to hold a sanity hearing and the grim little Lamphere was examined. He was pronounced sane and sent on his way. Belle was back a few days later to complain to the sheriff that Lamphere had arrived at her farm, despite the fact that she had fired him, and argued with her. She felt that he posed a threat to her family and had Lamphere arrested for trespassing.

The little handyman was persistent. He returned again and again to see Belle, but she drove him away. Lamphere then began to make thinly disguised threats about Belle and, on one occasion, said to farmer William Slater that "Hegelein won't bother me no more. We fixed him for keeps." Hegelein had long since disappeared from the precincts of La Porte, or so it was believed. His brother, Asle Hegelein, however, was disturbed when Andrew failed to return home and he wrote to Belle in Indiana, asking her about his brother's whereabouts.

Belle boldly wrote back, telling Asle Hegelein that his brother was not at her farm and probably went to Norway to visit relatives. Hegelein wrote back saying that he did not believe his brother would do that and, moreover, he believed that his brother was still in the La Porte area, the last place he was seen or heard from. Belle Gunness brazened it out, telling Hegelein that if he wanted to come to La Porte and look for his brother, she would help him conduct a search for the lost brother, but she cautioned Hegelein that searching for missing persons was an expensive proposition, and if she was to be involved in such a manhunt, Asle Hegelein should be prepared to pay her well for her efforts.

Obviously worried about the turn of events, Belle went to a La Porte lawyer, M. E. Leliter, telling him that she feared for her life and that of her children. Ray Lamphere, she said, had threatened to kill her and burn her house down. She wanted to make out a will, in case Lamphere went through with his threats. Leliter complied, drawing up Belle's will. She left her entire estate to her children and then departed Leliter's offices. She went to one of the La Porte banks holding the mortgage for her property and paid this off. Oddly, she did not go to the police to tell them about Lamphere's life-threatening conduct. The reason for this, most later concluded, was that there had been no threats, but that Belle was merely setting the stage for an act of arson that would cover her escape.

Joe Maxon, who had been hired to replace Lamphere in February 1908, awoke on the night of April 28, 1908, smelling smoke in his room, which was on the second floor of the Gunness house. He opened the hall door to a sheet of flames. Maxon screamed Belle's name and those of her children, but got no response. He slammed the door and then, in his underwear, leaped from the second-story window of his room, barely surviving the fire that was closing in about him. He raced to town to get help, but by the time the old-fashioned hook and ladder arrived at the farm at early dawn, the farmhouse was a gutted heap of smoking ruins.

The floors had collapsed and four bodies were found in the cellar. The grand piano, Belle's pride and joy, was on top of the bodies. One of the bodies was that of a woman who could not be identified as Belle since she had no head. The head was never found. Nearby, after much searching, officials found Belle's false teeth. The pathetic little bodies of her children were found next to the corpse. Sheriff Albert H. Smutzer took one look at this carnage and immediately arrested Ray Lamphere, who, he knew, had made threats about Belle. Lawyer Leliter came forward to recount his tale about Belle's will and how she had expressed her fears that Lamphere would kill her and her family, and burn her house down.

Lamphere did not help his cause much. At the moment Sheriff Smutzer confronted him and before a word was uttered by the lawman, Lamphere blurted: "Did Widow Gunness and the kids get out all right?" He was then told about the fire, but he denied having anything to do with it, claiming that he was not near the farm when the blaze occurred. A youth, John Solyem, was brought forward. He said that he had been watching the Gunness place (he gave no reasons for this) and that he saw Lamphere running down the road from the Gunness house just before the structure erupted into flames.

Lamphere snorted to the boy: "You wouldn't look me in the eye and say that!"

"Yes, I will," replied Solyem bravely. "You found me hiding behind the bushes and you told me you'd kill me if I didn't get out of there."

Lamphere was arrested and charged with murder and arson. Then scores of investigators, sheriff's deputies, coroner's men and many volunteers began to search the ruins for evidence. The body of the headless woman was of deep concern to La Porte residents. C. Christofferson, a neighboring farmer, took one look at the charred remains of this body and said that it was not the remains of Belle Gunness. So did another farmer, L. Nicholson, and so did Mrs. Austin Cutler, an old friend of Mrs. Gunness. More of Belle's old friends, Mrs. Nellie Olander and Mrs. Sigurd Olson, arrived from Chicago. They had known Mrs. Gunness for years. They examined the remains of the headless woman and said the corpse was not Belle's.

Doctors then measured the remains, and making allowances for the missing neck and head, stated that the corpse was that of a woman who stood five feet three inches tall and weighed no more than 150 pounds. Belle, according to her friends and neighbors, as well as the La Porte clothiers who made her dresses and other garments, swore that Belle was more than five feet eight inches tall and weighed between 180 and 200 pounds. Physicians then made detailed measurements of the body. These measurements were compared with those on file with several La Porte stores, where Belle

Belle's first and most loyal handyman, Ray Lamphere, right, who helped Belle bury the bodies and burn down her house, claiming later that she escaped the fire and fled with a fortune filched from her lovelorn victims; Lamphere is shown with his attorney, Wirt Worden, left, while on trial for arson and murder.

purchased her apparel. When the two sets of measurements were placed side by side, the authorities reeled back in shock:

	Victim (inches)	Mrs. Gunness (inches)
Biceps	9	17
Bust	36	46
Waist	26	37
Thigh	25	30
Hips	40	54
Calf	22	14
Wrist	6	9

The headless woman, officials concluded, could not have been Belle Gunness, even when the ravages of the fire on the body were taken into account. (The flesh was badly burned but intact.) Moreover, Dr. J. Meyers examined the internal organs of the dead woman. He reported that the woman died of strychnine poisoning. Asle Hegelein then arrived in La Porte and told Sheriff Smutzer that he believed that his brother had met with foul play at Mrs. Gunness' hands. Smutzer seemed disinterested in searching the blackened grounds of the Gunness farm once again, but Hegelein persisted.

Then Joe Maxon came forward to tell the sheriff that Mrs. Gunness had had him bring loads of dirt by wheelbarrow to a large area surrounded by a high wire fence, where the hogs were fed. Maxon stated that there were many deep depressions in the ground that had been covered by dirt. These filled-in holes, Belle had told Maxon, contained rubbish. She wanted the ground made level, so Maxon filled in the depressions.

Smutzer took a dozen men back to the farm and began to dig. On May 3, 1908, the diggers unearthed the body of Jennie Olson. Then they found two more small bodies, that of unidentified children. Then the body of Andrew Hegelein was unearthed. As the days progressed and the gruesome work continued, one body after another was discovered in Belle's hog pen: Ole B. Budsburg; Thomas Lindboe of Chicago, who had left Chicago and had gone to work as a hired man for Belle three years earlier; Henry Gurholdt of Scandinavia, Wisconsin, who had gone to wed Belle a year earlier, taking $1,500 to her; Olaf Svenherud, from Chicago; John Moo (or Moe) of Elbow Lake, Minnesota; Olaf Lindbloom from Iowa. There were many others who could not be identified. In fact, the remains of more than forty men and children buried in shallow graves throughout Belle's property were found.

Ray Lamphere was arrested and tried for murder and arson on May 22, 1908. He pleaded guilty to arson, but denied murdering Belle and her children. He was sentenced to twenty years in prison. The little handyman grew ill in prison and died of consumption on December 30, 1909. On January 14,

The MRS GUINESS
MYSTERY
A THRILLING TALE OF

1910, the Rev. E.A. Schell came forward with a confession that Lamphere had made to him while the clergyman was comforting the dying man. In it, Lamphere revealed the true nature of Belle Gunness, a human monster who killed for profit and who survived her own reported death.

Lamphere had stated to the Rev. Schell and to a fellow convict, Harry Meyers, before his death, that he had not murdered anyone, but that he had helped Belle bury many of her victims. She had her lethal system down to precise procedures, Lamphere said. When a victim arrived, Belle made him comfortable, charming him and cooking a large meal for him. She then drugged his coffee and when the man was in a stupor, she split his head with a meat chopper. Sometimes she would simply wait for the suitor to go to bed and then enter the bedroom by candlelight and chloroform her sleeping victim. A powerful woman, Belle would then carry the body to the basement, place it on a table, and dissect the body. She then bundled the remains and buried these in the hog pen and the grounds about the house.

Belle had become an expert at dissection, thanks to instruction she had received from her second husband, the butcher Peter Gunness. To save time, she sometimes poisoned her victims' coffee with strychnine. She also varied her disposal methods, sometimes dumping the corpse into the hog-scalding vat and covering the remains with quicklime. Lamphere even stated that if Belle was overly tired after murdering one of her victims, she merely chopped up the remains and, in the middle of the night, stepped into her hog pen and fed the human flesh to the hogs.

The handyman also cleared up the question of the headless female corpse found in the smoking ruins of Belle's home. This woman had been lured from Chicago by Belle to serve her as a housekeeper only days before Belle decided to make her permanent escape from La Porte. Belle, according to Lamphere, had drugged the woman, then bashed in her head and decapitated the body, taking the head, which had weights tied to it, to a swamp where she threw it into deep water. Then she chloroformed her own children, smothered them to death, and dragged these bodies, along with the headless corpse, to the basement.

She dressed the female corpse in her old clothing, and removed her false teeth, placing these beside the headless corpse to convince investigators that the corpse was indeed Belle Gunness. She then torched the house and fled. Lamphere had helped her, he admitted, but Belle had not left by the road, where he waited for her after the fire began. She had betrayed him in the end by cutting across open fields and then disappearing into the woods. He had suspected this betrayal and drove back up the road to see by moonlight the heavyset woman hurriedly making her way across an open field and disappearing into a forest.

Lamphere insisted that Belle was a rich woman, that she had murdered forty-two men by his count, perhaps more, and had taken amounts from them ranging from $1,000 to $32,000. She had accumulated more than $250,000 through her lovelorn murder schemes over the years, a great fortune for those days. She had also left a small amount in one of her savings accounts, but local banks later admitted that Belle had withdrawn most of her funds shortly before the fire.

Belle Gunness was, for several decades, seen or sighted throughout the U.S. Friends had spotted her on the streets of Chicago, San Francisco, New York, and Los Angeles. As late as 1931, Belle was reported alive and living in a Mississippi town where she owned a great deal of property and lived the life of an aging southern belle, entertaining elderly men of property. Sheriff Smutzer, for more than twenty years, received an average of two reports a month, these reports claiming that Belle had been seen in one distant city or another. She became part of U.S. criminal folklore, a female Bluebeard, who to this day, dominates the dark legends of northern Indiana. A bit of doggerel later emerged which captured the character of the horrific Belle Gunness:

Belle Gunness lived in In-di-an;
She always, always had a man;
Ten, at least, went in her door
And were never, never seen no more.
Now, all these men were Norska folk
Who came to Belle from Minn-e-sote;
They liked their coffee and their gin:
They got it, plus a mickey finn.
And now with cleaver poised so sure
Belle neatly cut their jug-u-lar
She put them in a bath of lime,
And left them there for quite some time.
There's red upon the Hoosier moon
For Belle was strong and full of doom;
And think of all them Norska men
Who'll never see St. Paul again.

A FRENCH SERIAL POISONER/1910s

After being cashiered out of the French Hussars in 1897, Henri Girard (1875-1921), a petty swindler and amateur scientist, eventually turned to murder for profit. But even the many financial swindles he perpetrated between 1897 and 1910 did not provide him with a comfortable lifestyle, nor did they keep him out of the clutches of the law. In 1909, Girard's bogus insurance company, Credit General de France, was fined 1,000 francs for deceptive practices. However, in the process he met Louis Pernotte, who seemed willing to go along with Girard's schemes.

Pernotte, an insurance broker, gave Girard power of attorney. Then Girard insured Pernotte's life for 316,000 francs, which evidently didn't strike Pernotte as unusual. Meanwhile, Girard began to experiment with poison in his Paris laboratory. He realized that it was nearly impossible to come up with an untraceable poison, so he prepared a typhoid germ culture, which he planned to test on Pernotte. In August 1912, Girard poured a vial of deadly bacilli into a pitcher of water on Pernotte's dining table. Shortly afterward, the Pernotte family left for Royan, where they became ill.

Page left: A penny dreadful mystery glamorized Belle Gunness on this cover, showing a woman much more beautiful than the portly Belle, as she approaches a sleeping suitor with chloroform in hand and murder in her heart.

Dr. Henri Girard, who poisoned his victims with deadly germs.

They returned to Paris, but Pernotte did not recover. Shortly before Pernotte's death on December 1, 1912, Girard had administered an injection of camphorated chamomile. "Notice, madame," he said to Mrs. Pernotte, "that it is quite definitely your own syringe. You observe that I have nothing in my hands." It was a curious remark, but was quickly forgotten, when Pernotte expired from what the family doctor diagnosed as an embolism resulting from typhus. Upon Pernotte's death, Girard informed the widow that her husband had owed him 200,000 francs.

Pleased with the results of this first "experiment," Girard insured the life of Mimiche Duroux and then fed him the poisonous germs. For the next three days, Girard wrote in a journal detailing the progress of the disease. However, Duroux was strong and healthy, and he did not die. Girard had to select another victim, with the help of one of his many mistresses, Jeanne Droubin. Together they chose a widow named Madame Monin, and then took out a policy on her life with the Phenix Insurance Company. Fifteen minutes after ingesting one of Girard's mushrooms in the Metro station, Madame Monin died.

The insurance company did not pay off on Monin's insurance policy, but, instead, began an investigation, which culminated in Girard's arrest on August 21, 1918. He was taken to the Fresnes Prison, where he told the guards, "Yes, I have always been unhappy, no one has ever tried to understand me. I will always be misunderstood, abnormal, as I have been called, and for all that I am good, with a very warm heart." Before the case could go to trial, this serial poisoner swallowed a germ culture and died in his cell in May 1921.

HUNGARIAN SERIAL KILLERS/1910s-1920s

Belle Gunness had a male counterpart in Hungary, who began employing her modus operandi only six years after the enigmatic Belle vanished from La Porte, Indiana. This was a hulking, heavily mustached farmer named Bela Kiss (b. 1872), who lived at Czinkota, a suburb of Budapest, Hungary. Little is known of Kiss, a reclusive type, except that his 25-year-old wife, Maria, was having an affair with a local swain, Paul Bihari. Kiss was at that time living under the alias of Hoffmann.

At this time, in February 1912, when war loomed in Europe, Kiss suddenly ordered several large metal drums in which he said he would store gas, a commodity he said would soon be in short supply when war occurred. A short time after Kiss received the huge containers, his wife Maria and her lover Bihari vanished. Kiss explained to inquiring officials that his "worthless" wife and Bihari had run off together and the matter was dropped.

As the months passed, Mrs. Anna Kalman, who was Kiss' housekeeper, noted with some alarm that her employer began to entertain a number of women, a stream of female visitors who arrived, but seemed not to leave the premises. At the same time, more and more huge gas drums also arrived, these containers carefully placed by Kiss in a storage area. Kiss explained that he was preparing for "the war effort," in purchasing these drums.

Budapest police then began to investigate the disappearances of two widows named Schmeidak and Varga, who were last seen visiting Kiss. Their whereabouts, however, were not determined until much later. Kiss, meanwhile, continued buying more gas drums. His "war effort" came to a halt in November 1914, when he was drafted into the Hungarian army and sent to the front in Serbia. Two years later, in May 1916, authorities received a report from the military that Kiss had died in an army hospital in Belgrade.

Officials recalling Kiss' remarks about the gas drums stored at his house then went to the home to closer inspect these containers. Seven drums were found, each containing the body of a woman. All had been garroted. Inspectors uncovered considerable correspondence produced by Kiss, learning that he had lured the victims to his home through newspaper advertisements, offering marriage. He had signed his missives to these hapless women as "Professor Hoffmann." Those who visited Hoffmann/Kiss, were simply murdered for the jewels and cash they carried with them.

A thorough search of the countryside near Kiss' home unearthed seventeen more gas drums stuffed with corpses. Inside of two of these containers, police found the bodies of Kiss' errant wife, Maria, and her lover, Bihari. Believing that the serial killer had died in Belgrade, police simply buried the bodies and closed the case. In 1919, however, officials received a report that Kiss was very much alive, that he had switched tags with a fallen comrade on the battlefield and had assumed a new identity.

Hungarian police conducted a decade-long search for Kiss, sending information about him to every major police department in the world, but without results. The serial killer was reported as being seen in many cities, but he always eluded police. He was last seen in New York in 1932. A man fitting Kiss' description was seen exiting the Times Square subway station by Detective Henry Oswald of the Homicide Squad. Oswald followed the suspect, he later stated, but lost him in the crowd.

While Kiss used the war in Hungary as a way to disguise his murders, the conflict oddly brought about a number of other serial killings. Unlike Kiss' murder-for-profit motive, these new murders were prompted by passion. The women of Nagyrev, Hungary, an isolated village southeast of Budapest, while their husbands were away during World War I, took lovers from among the prisoners of war in nearby camps. After several years of such promiscuity, the war ended and the husbands returned. But domesticity no longer satisfied the women of Nagyrev, and with the help of local midwife Suzanne Fazekas (d. 1929), they began poisoning their unwanted spouses.

The only known photo of Hungarian serial killer Bela Kiss, who vanished after murdering numerous women outside of Budapest before World War I.

Once the murders had begun, anyone considered inconvenient was in danger. Fazekas sold arsenic to the women, which she obtained by boiling the flypaper she purchased in bulk. Officials later learned that, for several years, Nagyrev and a neighboring village bought more flypaper than the rest of Hungary combined.

The first murder occurred as early as 1911, the beginning of a spree that lasted nearly twenty years and involved perhaps fifty women. Returning husbands, relatives who owned land, mothers-in-law, even recalcitrant children, were not exempt from Fazekas' poison. Added to the ease of perpetration was the fact that the official who approved death certificates was Fazekas' cousin, so when outsiders noted the region's high death rate, a routine check of the death certificates showed nothing amiss.

Further, the village of Nagyrev and its neighbor, Tiszakurt, were so isolated that no one paid much attention to the alarming number of premature deaths until 1929, when two potential victims of Mrs. Ladislaus Szabo claimed that she had tried to poison them. After Szabo was arrested, she implicated another woman, Mrs. Bukenoveski, who confessed to having obtained arsenic from Fazekas five years earlier to kill her mother. The mother's body was exhumed and arsenic was found in the corpse.

Fazekas was arrested, held only briefly when she refused to talk, and then released, free to run from house to house in Nagyrev, letting the women know what was happening, and telling the police whom to arrest. When officers once more approached Fazekas, she politely invited them into her house, and there promptly drank her own poison and died before their eyes. Thirty-eight women were arrested, chief among them Susanna Olah, the "White Witch of Nagyrev," who also sold arsenic and was believed to possess the power to protect the murdering women from the law.

Suzanne Fazekas, who, with other women in her Hungarian town, poisoned unwanted husbands by the droves.

Each accused woman offered reasons for their murders: Rosalie Sebestyen's husband bored her; Maria Szendi was tired of her husband always having "his own way"; Maria Varga could no longer put up with her husband, who had returned from the war blind. Varga preferred her young lover, but after five years disposed of him, too, along with his grandfather; Mrs. Kardos had an invalid son who was a burden to her—she found it easy to kill him because she had already eliminated a lover and her husband.

Juliane Lipka was an exception. She killed not for love, but for real estate. Within eight years she had disposed of seven relatives, gradually becoming the richest woman in the region. Eventually, twenty-six women were tried for murder. Eight were sentenced to death and seven to life in prison. The rest received varying prison terms. Three of the women committed suicide. The bodies of those hanged were displayed as a warning to others.

LANDRU, THE FRENCH BLUEBEARD/ 1914-1919

Henri Desire Landru (AKA: Bluebeard, M. Diard, Georges Petit, M. Dupont, M. Cuchet, Lucien Guillet, M. Fremyet, M. Forest; 1869-1922) was a lady killer whose repetitious slayings, except for the manner of disposal, were uninspired and must have been wearisome for him, if, indeed, he slew the more than 300 women estimated by French police. The number of his victims positively known was ten women and a boy, but in all probability, this systematic serial killer murdered twenty to thirty people, almost all women.

Landru, like Belle Gunness and Bela Kiss, his American and Hungarian counterparts, preyed upon the lovelorn, middle-aged people seeking comfort and loving care. Those women with means who answered Landru's enticing ads were charmed by the serial killer and readily succumbed to his magnetism and animal craving for sex, little realizing that this passionate, thickly-bearded, bald-headed lothario was planning their deaths.

Little in Landru's childhood and early life foretold the

Lady killer Henri Landru with his first victim, Mme. Izoré, in 1914.

Mme. Cuchet, murdered by Landru.

Landru's villa at Gambais, where he murdered many of his victims, although he was clever enough to destroy the corpses.

monster to come. The Paris-born Landru was educated at Ecole des Ferres and received good grades. He went on to study at the School of Mechanical Engineering and was then conscripted into the army, serving four years and reaching the rank of sergeant. In 1893, while still in the service, Landru began an affair with his cousin, Mlle. Remy. When she became pregnant with his child, Landru married the attractive young girl. Upon returning to civilian life in 1894, he obtained a job where he had to provide a deposit against goods he was to sell. He never got the goods and his employer decamped to the U. S., taking Landru's deposit with him. This so embittered (or inspired) the 24-year-old Landru that he decided to turn crook himself. He opened a second-hand furniture store in Paris, but concentrated on swindling schemes.

Landru was not an effective confidence man. He was arrested four times between 1900 and 1908, receiving prison terms that ranged between two years and eighteen months, all for various frauds. Shortly before the outbreak of World War I in 1914, Landru, using many aliases, began placing advertisements in newspapers, addressing these ads to lonely women reading the lovelorn columns. Though he remained married and had by then fathered three more children, Landru, unknown to his wife, advertised himself as a well-to-do bachelor looking for "proper" female companionship.

Landru maintained a separate address for the assignations that resulted in this lovelorn scheme. He apparently enticed the women answering his ads to his bachelor's residence and, after promising marriage and obtaining their money from small savings accounts or deeds to parcels of land or buildings, he murdered them and disposed of their bodies. The first such victim was 40-year-old Mme. Izoré, who vanished into Landru's arms in 1914, along with her dowry of 15,000 francs.

By this time police were looking for Landru, who was suspected of swindling an elderly couple out of their savings. Landru had disappeared, however, and with the coming of a disruptive war that confused and jumbled normal police procedures, he was easily able to assume other identities. What

Mme. Laborde-Line, murdered by Landru.

Mme. Guillin, murdered by Landru.

Mme. Héon, murdered by Landru.

launched Landru into a career of murdering for profit is uncertain.

The war, with its awful devastation and utter unconcern for human life, may have altered his otherwise reasonable perspectives. It was also suggested that he turned to this most atrocious form of making a living since his family ties had been severed by the deaths of his mother and father. It is also safe to assume that Landru, having failed miserably at lesser illicit schemes to make a dishonest franc, felt that he had nothing to lose in his lovelorn murder schemes.

In late 1914, Mme. Cuchet, a 39-year-old widow with a 16-year-old son, answered one of Landru's ads, thinking him to be M. Diard, a successful engineer. Falling in love with Landru, the woman informed her family that she intended to marry him and asked that her parents, sister, and brother-in-law visit the man of her dreams at a villa he kept in Chantilly. The family, unannounced, went to the villa, but found Landru absent.

The inquisitive brother-in-law looked through a chest and found it crammed with love letters from other women, who had been answering his dozens of lovelorn ads. The brother-in-law denounced Landru to Mme. Cuchet, but the woman would hear no criticism of him and she and her teenage son moved away from her family to a small villa in Vernouillet where Landru joined her. The woman and boy vanished a short time later, in January 1915, as did Diard-Landru.

Opening up new bank accounts, Landru deposited about 10,000 francs, claiming he had received an inheritance from his father. The bankers, had they checked, would have realized how unlikely this story was since Landru's father was a common laborer, who had worked in the Vulcain Ironworks and had barely eked out a living wage.

In June 1915, Landru met through his ads Mme. Laborde-Line, a widow from Buenos Aires, who moved out of her Paris apartment, telling the concierge that she was going to live in a villa at Vernouillet with a "wonderful man." She was seen picking flowers in Vernouillet on June 26, 1915, and was never seen again. Landru later sold her securities and moved Mme. Laborde-Line's furniture to a ramshackle garage he kept at Neuilly, which he called his used furniture store. From here he sold off his latest victim's household goods one by one.

Mme. Guillin, a 51-year-old widow who had just converted some insurance policies to 22,000 francs, answered one of Landru's ads on May 1, 1915, later visiting Landru at his villa in Vernouillet and then moving there to ostensibly become Landru's bride on August 2, 1915. She too vanished and on August 4, Landru moved all the furniture from the Vernouillet villa to his Neuilly garage and later cashed some of Mme. Guillin's securities.

Late in 1915, Landru, using the alias Georges Petit, forged Mme. Guillin's signature to certain bank documents in order to withdraw 12,000 francs from her account in the Banque de France. When questioned about his actions at the bank, Landru coolly explained that he was Mme. Guillin's brother-in-law and that she could no longer conduct her own business affairs since she had suffered a stroke that left her paralyzed.

Apparently, after having murdered Cuchet, Laborde-Line, and Guillin—juggling his time tables closely in the cases of the last two victims—Landru felt it was too dangerous to keep his villa at Vernouillet. He moved to the village of Gambais, renting the Villa Ermitage from M. Tric in December 1915. He said his name was Dupont and that he was an engineer from Rouen. This was to be his murder headquarters for several years to come.

A few weeks later, Landru enticed 55-year-old Mme. Héon to the Gambais villa. She was a widow whose son had been killed in the war and whose daughter had just died. Landru consoled her and promised marriage. She went to Gambais with him; after December 8, 1915, Mme. Héon was seen no more. About this time, Landru's neighbors began to notice

Mme. Collomb, murdered by Landru.

Mme. Babelay, murdered by Landru.

Mme. Buisson, murdered by Landru.

that the chimney at his villa belched black smoke at odd hours. He had purchased a new stove when he occupied the villa. This stove would be one of the chief exhibits at Landru's murder trial years later.

A short time later, Landru again inserted one of his lovelorn ads in the Paris newspapers. It read:

Widower with two children, aged forty-three, with comfortable income, affectionate, serious and moving in good society, desires to meet widow with a view to matrimony.

This ad was answered by yet another widow, 45-year-old Mme. Collomb, a typist who was living with a man named Bernard who had refused to marry her. Mme. Collomb had saved more than 10,000 francs, a tidy sum Landru covetously eyed. But before this lovesick woman succumbed to Landru's persuasive ways, she insisted that he meet her family. He stalled, but then reluctantly agreed to meet the woman's relatives. Landru at the time was using the alias of one of his victims, Cuchet. None of Mme. Collomb's relatives liked Landru and her sister, especially, found him odious and offensive. Mme. Collomb nevertheless went off with Landru to his Gambais villa and, after December 24, 1916, was seen no more.

On March 11, 1917, Landru's youngest victim, Andrée Babelay, went to see her mother. The 19-year-old girl, who had lived in poverty all her life, told her mother that she had met a wonderful man in the Metro and that she intended to become his bride. Babelay accompanied Landru, who bought two tickets to Gambais and a single ticket returning to Paris. Andrée Babelay was last seen alive on April 12, 1917.

Landru's next victim was Mme. Buisson, who had been corresponding with Landru for more than two years. She was a 47-year-old widow with a nest egg of 10,000 francs. After announcing to her relatives her plans to wed Landru, she disappeared sometime after August 9, 1917. Her killer appeared in her Paris apartment with a forged note from Mme. Buisson, which demanded her furniture. This was taken to Landru's second-hand furniture store, the Neuilly garage.

Mme. Jaume was the serial killer's next victim. She had separated from her husband and gone to a marital agent who introduced her to Landru. Using the name Guillet, Landru soon took Mme. Jaume off to Gambais and her doom. She was last seen leaving her house in Rue de Lyanes with Landru on November 25, 1917. Landru appeared in Paris a few days later and withdrew Mme. Jaume's savings, 1,400 francs, from the Banque Allaume through forged documents. Mme. Pascal was next, a 36-year-old Landru had been seeing on and off since 1916. She had little money, but, like the young Babelay, she met his strong and almost incessant need for sex. Landru, using the alias of Forest, kept Mme. Pascal in a Paris apartment until he tired of her. He then took her to the Gambais villa on April 5, 1917, where she, like her predecessors, went up in smoke.

In 1918, Mme. Marchadier began corresponding with Landru, who was then using the alias of Guillet. Mme. Marchadier owned a large house on Rue St. Jacques, but she had little money. Landru promised to buy her house from her, but had little cash himself. He proposed marriage and, on January 9, 1919, Mme. Marchadier left with Landru to go to the villa at Gambais. She brought along her two small dogs and both she and the dogs were seen no more after a few days. Landru later appeared in Paris, selling off Mme. Marchadier's house and belongings.

Landru's many victims left considerable relatives searching for vanished women. This proved to be Landru's undoing. On April 11, 1919, Mme. Lacoste, the sister of Mme. Buisson, one of Landru's early victims, spotted Landru strolling down the Rue de Rivoli with a young, attractive woman on his arm. She followed Landru to a china shop where she pretended to examine items while overhearing Landru ordering some china and giving the name of Lucien Guillet and an address for the delivery of the china. Mme. Lacoste then went to police with this information and detectives returned to the shop and obtained Landru's address on the Rue de Rochechouart. Here, on April 12, 1919, officers found Landru living under the alias of Guillet with a 27-year-old clerk, Fernande Segret, who was planning to go off with

Mme. Jaume, murdered by Landru.

Mme. Pascal, murdered by Landru.

Mme. Marchadier, murdered.

Landru to his villa in Gambais. The intervention of the police undoubtedly saved her life.

In one of Landru's pockets, detectives found a black loose-leaf notebook, which contained cryptic remarks about many of the women he had taken to Gambais. Landru was arrested and charged with murdering Mme. Buisson. He was then taken to the villa in Gambais, where the gardens were dug up and the villa torn apart. Only the bodies of three dogs were found buried in the garden. The clothes and personal effects of all of Landru's known victims and those belonging to many more unknown women were found in the villa at Gambais, but the bodies of his victims were nowhere to be found. Landru was indignant at his arrest and challenged the police, as he later did the court, to "produce your bodies." He admitted to nothing and proved utterly uncooperative.

The stove in the villa was loaded with ashes and tiny bone fragments were found inside of it. The stove was removed to a Versailles court where, between November 7-30, 1921, Henri Desire Landru was tried for murder. Police had found the voluminous correspondence Landru had maintained with 283 women and almost none of them could be located. Authorities were convinced that Landru murdered them all, but busy as he was in the murder-for-profit business, it would have been humanly impossible for him to have juggled that many romances and effected that many murders from 1914 to 1919, the known period of his killings. The press, of course, made much of this arrogant, strutting serial killer, aptly dubbing him "Bluebeard," a name that had once been attached with terror to France's all-time serial killer, Gilles de Rais.

The press obtained a copy of Landru's notes, wherein he had systematically classified all those writing to him in response to his lovelorn advertisements. He had labeled each group of marital applicants:

1. To be answered *poste restante.*
2. Without money.
3. Without furniture.
4. No reply.
5. To be answered to initials *poste restante.*
6. Possible fortune.
7. In reserve. For further investigation.

It was believed that Landru drugged his victims into insensibility, then suffocated or strangled them. He then spent hours, even days, chopping the bodies into tiny pieces and exhaustively burning the remains, meticulously taking care not to leave any traceable remains. Landru's defense attorney was the brilliant Maitre Moro Giaffery, who found that his client agitated the court and defied the prosecution to convict him without the presence of bodies. Landru claimed that the whereabouts of his female friends was *his* business, and that these women had been his clients, and he had been in the furniture business with them at one time or another.

The court was filled with bulky exhibits during Landru's lengthy and volatile trial. In addition to the stove, which sat ominously before the bench, a great deal of furniture was piled up in the courtroom, all items which Landru had filched from his victims. Meanwhile, Landru became a dark *cause celebre.* Cartoons portrayed him in the newspapers and ribald songs about him and his lady killings were sung in Paris music halls. Reporters from around the world came to sit in court each day and write thousands of pages about the bald, bearded killer in the dock.

Moro Giaffery worked hard to develop a line of defense. The best he could offer was that his client was no murderer but a white slaver, who had abducted the women in question and had shipped them to brothels in South America. The prosecution destroyed this theory with ridicule. Roared Prosecu-

Henri Landru proved to be difficult in court, arrogantly posturing his self-styled expertise in criminal law; charged with murder, he shouted to prosecutors: "Produce your bodies!"

The brilliant criminal attorney, Maitre Moro Giaffery (his client is shown taking notes behind him); Landru was difficult to defend and was found guilty and sentenced to death.

tor Robert Godefroy in derision: "What? Women who were all over fifty years of age? Women whose false hair, false teeth, false bosoms, as well as identity papers, you, Landru, have kept and we captured?"

"Produce your corpses!" shouted Landru, his usual refrain. He occasionally found time for jest. At one point, the presiding judge asked Landru if he were not an habitual liar. Replied Landru: "I am not a lawyer, monsieur." He was brazen and bold to the point of shocking the court. When his notebooks with their incriminating but cryptic data were presented to him, Landru merely shrugged and then sneered that he was not obligated to interpret his codes for the court. He mockingly added: "Perhaps the police would have preferred to find on page one an entry in these words: `I, the undersigned, confess that I have murdered the women whose names are set out herein.'"

It was then pointed out to Landru that his neighbors at Gambais had often complained about the putrid smell emanating from the smoke belching from the chimney of his villa. Landru ran a bony hand over his bald head, jerked his head upward and laughed menacingly, saying: "Is every smoking chimney and every bad smell proof that a body is being burned?"

The evidence that the prosecution did produce was enough to convince a jury of Landru's guilt. He was convicted and sentenced to death. At that time, he smiled and bowed to the courtroom, which was packed with female spectators anxious to examine this strange little man. All were fascinated with the secret powers and persuasion he held over his female victims. Knowing this, Landru said, before leaving court for the last time: "I wonder if there is any lady present who would care to take my seat?"

France's modern Bluebeard was arrogant to the end. On February 25, 1922, a priest entered his cell to give him religious comfort on this, the last day of his life. He asked the serial killer if he wished to make a last confession. Landru waved him away and then pointed to the guards who had come to escort him to the waiting guillotine. "I am very sorry," he said, "but I must not keep these gentlemen waiting."

Landru left his cell to steadily walk between his guards

Landru (in white shirt, center) is led to the guillotine, where he was beheaded on February 25, 1922; he refused to confess, stoically taking his secrets with him to the grave.

into the courtyard of the Versailles prison and up the stairs of the scaffold. His hands were tied behind his back, his legs were tied together, and his shirt was ripped off. Landru was then placed upon a plank and his head was placed upon the block. In seconds the blade of the guillotine descended with terrifying suddenness, decapitating him.

"I WILL EXECUTE SOME MORE OF YOU!"/ 1910s-1920s

Carl Panzram (AKA: Jeff Rhodes, John O'Leary; 1891-1930) was devoid of all normal human emotions, save one: an obsessive hatred for the human race that bordered on the maniacal. This dislike for himself and his fellow man was manifested in a lifetime of murder and mayhem. "I have no desire to reform myself," he said in his published autobiography. "My only desire is to reform people who try to reform me. And I believe that the only way to reform people is to kill them."

Panzram was the son of immigrant Prussian farmers. He was born on a farm near Warren, Minnesota. His father deserted the family when Panzram was only a boy, leaving a heavy burden on his over-taxed mother, who had precious little time to give her children. Without a nurturing family environment, Panzram fell into bad ways. In 1899 he was brought before the juvenile court on a drunk and disorderly charge. He was only eight. This led to acts of petty thievery, which convinced a judge to send him to the Minnesota State Training School in Red Wing.

The discipline at this school was rigid, if not sadistic. Panzram toiled in workshops from dawn to dusk and spent much of his time washing dishes. On the night of July 7, 1905, he set fire to the school warehouse which housed winter blankets and clothing. "That night the whole place burned down at a cost of over $100,000," Panzram later gloated in his chilling memoirs. "Nice eh?"

Released in January 1906, Panzram was launched on his criminal career. On March 29, 1906, he hitched a ride on a west bound freight train at East Grand Forks, North Dakota. He committed a string of robberies and assaults before winding up in the Montana State Reformatory. But as future events later showed, there were few jails that could hold this hardened felon. With fellow inmate James Benson, Panzram escaped.

In the next few months he robbed and burned down several Montana churches. He joined the army in Helena, Montana, but was court-martialed on April 20, 1907, for insubordi-

nation and sentenced to three years in Fort Leavenworth for pilfering government property. He spent the next thirty-seven months breaking rocks under the blazing Kansas sun, an experience that fine-tuned his razor-sharp meanness.

After receiving a discharge in 1910, Panzram went to Mexico to briefly join and fight with the rebel leader, Pascaul Orozco, who served under Venustiano Carranza. Moving on to California and the Pacific Northwest, Panzram committed various robberies, assaults, and acts of sodomy. Looking back on his career he would brag: "I have murdered twenty-one human beings. I have committed thousands of burglaries, robberies, larcenies, arson, and last but not least I have committed sodomy on more than 1,000 male human beings."

Police photos of serial killer Carl Panzram, who, by his own brutal admission, committed countless arsons and robberies, and boasted of murdering dozens of boys and men over a twenty-year period.

Panzram was arrested in Chinook, Montana, on a burglary charge and sentenced to a year in the Montana State Prison. He escaped eight months later. He was arrested a year later under the alias of "Jeff Rhodes." He was given a two year sentence in the Montana State Prison on burglary charges, receiving his parole in 1914. Panzram barely had time to enjoy his freedom. In Astoria, Oregon, he was arrested on a burglary charge and imprisoned in the state prison at Salem for seven years. An additional seven years was added to his sentence for attempting to lead a prison insurrection.

For this he was fed a diet of bread and water, and was beaten and sprayed with a fire hose. Panzram constructed his own tools and hacked his way to freedom in May 1918. He was next seen on the east coast, where he robbed a hotel in Frederick, Maryland of $1,200. Continuing on to New York, Panzram joined the Marine Firemen's, Oiler's, and Water Tender's Union. He signed on board the *James Whitney*, a merchant vessel bound for South America, but jumped ship in Peru in order to work in a copper mine.

From there, Panzram traveled to Chile, where he worked as a foreman for the Sinclair Oil Company. In Bocas del Toro, Panama, Panzram senselessly set fire to an oil rig. A $500 reward was posted, but Panzram eluded capture and slipped back undetected into the U.S. In 1920, he broke into a jewelry store in Bridgeport, Connecticut, making off with $7,000. Later that summer, he removed $40,000 in jewels and liberty bonds from the private residence of former president William Howard Taft in New Haven.

With this large windfall, Panzram purchased a deluxe yacht under the name of "John O'Leary." He hired ten sailors to refit the boat. After their task had been completed, Panzram invited them to spend the night in the cabin. "When they were asleep I would get my .45 Colt Army Automatic and blow their brains out," he said. The weighted bodies were taken to the middle of the harbor and dropped into the water.

Panzram was later arrested in Bridgeport on a burglary charge. He served his six months in the local jail without incident before heading on to Philadelphia, where he was imprisoned for inciting a riot during a labor dispute. After posting bond he fled the country and sailed to Europe on a tramp steamer. Afterward, he continued on to Africa. In Portuguese West Africa, Panzram got himself a job with the Sinclair Oil Company. By his own admission, he murdered a 12-year-old boy. "First I committed sodomy on him and then I killed him," he said. At Lobito Bay, Panzram committed yet another atrocity. Deciding that crocodile hunting might pose a challenge, he hired six black porters to guide him through the murky backwater. For "sport," he shot the six men in the back and tossed them to the crocodiles.

Returning to the U.S. in 1922, Panzram assaulted a 12-year-old boy in Salem, Massachusetts, Henry McMahon, killing him with a rock. "...I tried a little sodomy on him first...I left him laying there with his brains coming out of his ears." In June 1923, while working as a night watchman for the New Haven Yacht Club, Panzram stole a boat and then murdered a would-be robber, who climbed aboard in the middle of the night.

The body was tossed into the bay at Kingston, New York. Later, this one-man crime wave was arrested for attempted robbery and sentenced to five years in Sing Sing. But the

Mexican revolutionary Pascual Orozco, under whom *Panzram* served in the 1910 Mexican Revolution; Orozco was a savage killer, who executed thousands of captured soldiers and this bloodletting developed Panzram's desire to murder.

guards at this facility were unable to keep him in line. He was transferred to Clinton Prison in Dannemora, considered to be the end of the line for criminal hard cases.

Released in 1928, Panzram hit the Baltimore-Washington, D.C., area like a tornado, committing eleven burglaries and one murder. He was arrested by capitol police on August 16, 1928. While in jail Panzram wrote his autobiography and gave it to a sympathetic jailer, Henry Lesser. At his trial, Panzram glared at the jurors, chiding them with a deadly threat. "If I live, I'll execute some more of you!" Judge Walter McCoy sentenced the defendant to twenty-five years in Leavenworth. "Visit me!" Panzram shouted to the judge.

To the deputy warden, Fred Zerbst, Panzram issued a grim warning: "I'll kill the first man who bothers me." Zerbst assigned him to the prison laundry, which was supervised by a civilian employee, Robert G. Warnke, who minded his own business and rarely bothered the prisoners. Warnke maintained a penalty sheet, which he used to record infractions of the rules and which he turned over to the warden. Perhaps because of this, Panzram decided to make Warnke his victim, his last as it turned out.

On June 20, 1929, Carl Panzram assaulted Warnke with an iron bar. Warnke fell to the floor dead, his skull crushed. Panzram surrendered himself to the guard, accepting his fate with weary resignation. He was sentenced to die on the gallows following a hasty trial. When the Society for the Abolishment of Capital Punishment tried to intervene on his behalf, Panzram told them to forget it. Hanging, he said, would be a "real pleasure and a big relief," adding: "the only thanks you or your kind will ever get from me for your efforts on my behalf is that I wish you all had one neck and I had my hands on it...I believe the only way to reform people is to kill 'em ... My motto is: `Rob 'em all, rape 'em all and kill 'em all!'" His last epitaph was signed "Copper John II" in memory of a statue he had seen outside Auburn Prison in New York. Panzram, defiant to the end, was executed in Leavenworth on September 5, 1930. His autobiography was published forty years after his death.

THE "GORILLA MURDERER"/1926-1927

Earle Leonard Nelson (AKA: Roger Wilson, The Gorilla Murderer; 1897-1928) was one of the strangest and most evasive serial killers in U.S. history. He slew from coast to coast, selecting only women, and even here, his distinction was that he murdered first and *then* attacked his victims sexually. Nelson's victims were almost always middle-aged landladies, matronly, motherly figures who probably represented the mother he lost early in life, a fantasy figure, whom he loved and hated, and an overbearing religious aunt, whom he simply hated.

Earle Leonard Nelson posed as a Bible student in renting rooms from landladies he strangled in 1926-1927.

Born in Philadelphia, Nelson was orphaned before the age of five and was taken in by his aunt, Mrs. Lillian Fabian. She was kindly, but insisted that Earle follow her every dic-

tate, especially when it came to his reading the Bible at least an hour every day. She often predicted to friends that Earle "will be a minister some day."

At the age of seven, Nelson was playing on a Philadelphia street with another child and ran into the street to chase a ball. A passing trolley car snared him in its cowcatcher and bounced him fifty feet. His head repeatedly struck the cobblestones. He was rushed to a hospital where he underwent a lengthy operation. Nelson survived, but he developed excruciating headaches, which, he claimed, were so severe, that they made him blind.

Although Nelson's brain had not been physically injured, the terrible accident most certainly altered the boy's thinking. He began to conjure one image of horror after another, dwelling in particular upon the crucifixions, suicides, mass slayings recorded in the Bible, passages he had avidly read under the stern direction of his aunt. He also became obsessed with the Biblical sirens of the Holy Scripture: Bathsheba, Salome, the Queen of Sheba.

He began to manifest his hatred for females by attacking little girls, including his small cousin. When his aunt scolded him for this behavior, Nelson, clever enough to use Mrs. Fabian's obsession for religion, would drop to his knees and beg his aunt's forgiveness, babbling Biblical phrases, crying and pleading so that the overwhelmed Mrs. Fabian restricted his punishment by sending him to his room. In his room Nelson passed the time searching his Bible for profiles of evil, of murder, and the darkest deeds of man. He grew up a solitary, sullen youth, graduating from high school without a single friend.

Reaching adulthood, Nelson was a powerful young man with broad shoulders and huge, muscular hands with webbed fingers. He could break solid boards with those hands and also perform amazing feats, like walking on his hands for several blocks without losing his balance. He practiced scaling the sides of buildings and claimed that he could actually use his webbed fingers as suction cups in climbing into second-story windows. On his twenty-first birthday, Nelson dragged a neighbor girl into his basement where he tried to rape her. Her screams brought help and Nelson was arrested.

Mrs. Fabian begged police to release her nephew. He was a misunderstood youth, she said, a recluse who meant no harm. Authorities disagreed. Nelson was convicted of rape and sentenced to two years in a penal farm. He escaped but was recaptured. He escaped again, but police found him a short time later, standing outside a window of his aunt's house in a heavy downpour, watching his cousin Rachel undress for bed. This time Nelson was sent to the penitentiary to serve out his sentence, but on December 4, 1918, he escaped again. Using the alias Roger Wilson, Nelson moved to San Francisco where he met a schoolteacher, marrying this unsuspecting young woman on August 12, 1919.

The marriage soon turned into a living nightmare. Whenever the couple went out, Nelson accused his wife of flirting with other men. He openly chastised her on public streets and screamed out that she was a slut and a whore. She finally had a nervous breakdown, and while she was recovering in a hospital, Nelson entered her hospital room and raped her. It took several interns and male hospital attendants to drag Nelson from his wife. Nelson ran from the hospital cursing his wife and the hospital staff and vanished for seven years.

Mrs. Clara Newman, who was murdered and raped on February 20, 1926 in San Francisco by Nelson; she was the first victim.

On February 20, 1926, Nelson appeared on the doorstep of a boarding house owned by Clara Newman in San Francisco. He told the landlady he was a college student and that he was looking for a nice clean room, where he could study in peace. As Mrs. Newman showed Nelson into a third floor room, he attacked her and strangled her to death, and then sexually attacked the dead body. He fled, leaving Newman's naked body on the floor. Richard Newman, Mrs. Newman's nephew, found his aunt's ravaged body a few hours later and called the police, telling detectives that his aunt had last been with a man about five-feet-six with a heavy torso, piercing blue eyes, and ape-like arms.

On March 2, 1926, Nelson struck again, this time strangling Mrs. Laura Beale, another landlady. He raped the dead body repeatedly before fleeing. On June 10, Mrs. Lillian St. Mary was found strangled and ravished, her body hidden under a bed in her rooming house. On June 26, Nelson arrived in

Mrs. Beta Withers (shown with her son), who was murdered and raped by Nelson in Portland, Oregon, on October 19, 1926.

Santa Barbara and strangled and raped Mrs. George Russell. By then the press was blaring headlines about a serial killer dubbed "The Gorilla Murderer" because of his long arms and monkey-like face. On August 16, after strangling and raping Mrs. Mary Nesbit in Oakland, California, Nelson was inactive for several months. Police, trying to puzzle out the killer, believed he was momentarily seized by an irresistible urge to murder, followed by the sordid acts of necrophilia, but had no clues to the killer's identity or his whereabouts. Warnings were sent out that a killer was on the loose and that unescorted women were in danger.

Nelson resurfaced in Portland, Oregon, on October 19, 1926. After renting a room from landlady Beta Withers, he strangled and raped her. On October 20, Nelson strangled and raped another Portland landlady, Mrs. Mabel Fluke. A few days later in the same city, he strangled and raped landlady Virginia Grant. He then traveled back to San Francisco, and on November 11, 1926, strangled and raped Mrs. William Edmons. Nelson then took the train back to Portland where he strangled and raped Blanche Myers on November 15, 1926.

As the manhunt for the Gorilla Murderer intensified, Nelson began traveling east. On December 23, 1926, he strangled and raped Mrs. John Berard in Council Bluffs, Iowa. He then moved southwest and in Kansas City, Missouri, Nelson strangled and raped Mrs. Germania Harpin, another landlady. Before leaving Mrs. Harpin's house, Nelson also strangled her eight-month-old daughter.

Returning to his home town of Philadelphia, Nelson strangled and raped Mary McConnell on April 27, 1927. On May 1, he strangled and raped Jennie Randolph in Buffalo, New York. By June 1, 1927, Nelson was in Detroit. Here he strangled two sisters at the same time, Minnie May and Mrs. M.C. Atorthy, raping both corpses. Nelson then moved to Chicago where, on June 3, 1927, he strangled and raped Mary Sietsome, his last victim in the U.S.

All of Nelson's victims in the U.S., with the exception of Mrs. Harpin, had been landladies. With the entire nation looking for him, Nelson crossed into Canada and took a room in Winnipeg, renting from Mrs. August Hill. He said he was a Bible student. That night, June 8, 1927, Lola Cowan, who supported her family by selling artificial flowers made by her crippled sister, vanished from the streets of Winnipeg.

On June 9, 1927, when William Patterson of Winnipeg returned home, he found his wife missing and his small children told him that they had not seen her in hours. Patterson, who knew that a strangler was loose in the city, went into the bedroom, where he saw his wife's hand protruding from beneath the bed. When he looked beneath the bed, he saw his wife's naked body. She had been strangled and raped.

A short time later, George Smith, Winnipeg's chief of detectives, gathered his best men and told them: "I think that we must operate on the assumption that the madman who has been killing all those landladies in the States has crossed over into Canada. Mrs. Patterson had been strangled by a man with extremely powerful hands, and then, after death, she had been sexually molested. It is the same pattern."

"But Mrs. Patterson was not a landlady," one of the detectives said.

"The killer has altered his *modus operandi*," Smith said. "But the method of killing and the ravishing of the corpse follows the same murder methods as that occurring in the States. This time he has stolen things, about $70, Mrs. Patterson's ring and a Bible." Smith also pointed out that the killer left behind his old clothes, and took a shirt, pants, and an old coat from the Patterson house.

Detectives began to search every rooming house and hotel in the city, interviewing every boarder and guest. Two detectives arrived at Mrs. Hill's rooming house and she admitted that she had taken in a new boarder, describing him as a serious young man with piercing blue eyes, a dark complexion, and a powerful build.

The officers were shown to the boarder's room, but he was gone. They began to search the place. One of the officers leaned down and looked beneath the bed: "Good God, man!" he shouted to his partner. "Look here!" It was the body of Lola Cowan, the flower girl. She, like the other victims, had been strangled and raped. Nelson had taken her body back to his room and hidden it. He later admitted that he made love to the corpse for two days.

By that time Nelson was heading west, hitching rides. In Regina, 200 miles west of Winnipeg, he rented a room. Only minutes after occupying it, he spotted an attractive female boarder in the hall. He shoved her into his room and began to strip her, but she screamed and the landlady and male boarders

Mrs. Mabel Fluke, who was murdered and raped by Nelson in Portland, Oregon, on October 20, 1926.

Mrs. Blanche Myers, who was murdered and raped by Nelson in Portland, Oregon, on November 15, 1926.

Serial killer Earle Leonard Nelson in custody in Manitoba, Canada; he was convicted of murder and executed on January 13, 1928, stating he was innocent as he stood on the scaffold.

ran upstairs. Nelson leaped out the window, slid down a drainpipe, and escaped. Police were on his trail within minutes. Nelson headed for the U.S. border, but two constables stopped him only a few miles outside of the border town of Killarney. Nelson stood in the road and talked casually with the officers who sat in their car, studying him.

"My name is Wilson," he told them. "I work as a stock hand on a ranch near here."

Constable Grey then thought to shock the young man into blurting a confession by saying: "We're looking for a man who is responsible for the deaths of twenty women."

Nelson gave him a little grin that was more like a sneer and said: "I only do my lady killing on Saturday night, fellas."

Said Grey: "I think you'd better ride along with us back to Killarney until we can check on your story."

"Fair enough," Nelson said, climbing easily into the back seat of the car. "I guess you fellows have to play it safe when there's a killer on the loose."

In Killarney, Nelson was placed in a small jail and Constables Grey and Sewell went down the street to call Chief Smith in Winnipeg. They described their captive. Smith told them that the killer had used the same name, Roger Wilson, in Winnipeg. Smith then asked where the man was being kept. When he heard that Nelson had been left handcuffed to a cell bar and that his shoes had been taken away, he shouted: "What! Don't let that man out of your sight! I want one of you with him at all times!" He then said that he and a dozen officers were on their way to Killarney by the next train.

When Grey and Sewell returned to the jail fifteen minutes later they found the cell door open and the handcuffs dangling from the bar. Nelson had picked the lock on the handcuffs and the cell door and had fled. The escape of the "gorilla murderer" caused panic to grip the tiny town of Killarney. All the women and children were taken to the local church where they were guarded by dozens of gun-carrying men. More than 500 men formed a huge posse and they began a desperate search for the mass murderer, going house to house, field by field, through the night, their burning torches sending up eerie shoots of light.

Meanwhile, Nelson was sound asleep in the loft of William Allen's barn, which was only a block from the jail. The next morning, wearing a pair of worn-out boots he had found in the barn, Nelson walked to the train station and sat in the waiting room for the next train. When the train pulled into the station, Nelson moved toward it, but suddenly dozens of armed detectives leaped from the cars, Chief Smith in the lead. With two dozen revolvers pointed at him, Nelson surrendered. He was led away handcuffed.

Taken to Winnipeg, Nelson was tried and convicted of Mrs. Patterson's murder. He said very little in his defense, except to claim insanity. This plea was not accepted. It was pointed out that because he had changed his clothes and addresses constantly and had made intelligent escapes from dozens of cities in the U.S. and in Canada, he was sane. On November 14, 1927, Nelson was convicted and sentenced to death.

Nelson was visited in prison by his aunt and ex-wife on the day of his execution, January 13, 1928. He showed no remorse for his many murders and refused to explain his actions to an alienist who probed the reasons for his sexual attacks on the bodies of his victims. A few minutes later, wearing a crooked smile, Earle Leonard Nelson mounted the thirteen steps to the gallows and stood on the scaffold, saying in a clear voice: "I am innocent. I stand innocent before God and man. I forgive those who have wronged me and ask forgiveness of those I have injured." Just before the black hood was placed about his head, Nelson cried out: "God have mercy!" Five seconds later, one of the worst serial killers of the early twentieth century was sent downward through the trap door, the rope instantly snapping his neck, killing him.

THE MONSTER OF DUSSELDORF/1913-1929

The 1931 courtroom appearance of the "The Monster of Dusseldorf" surprised many Germans, who expected to see a real-life incarnation of the Frankenstein monster. Far from being the hulking sadist of expectation, 48-year-old Peter Kurten (AKA: The Monster of Dusseldorf, The Vampire of Dusseldorf; 1883-1931) more clearly resembled a shy businessman. He wore a conservative, well-tailored suit and smelled of Eau de Cologne. Although Kurten was officially charged with nine murders and seven other assaults with intent to kill, he had confessed to sixty-eight other crimes during his long interrogation by police.

German serial killer Peter Kurten, shown in his late thirties, when he was imprisoned for arson.

Peter Kurten was one of thirteen children born to a sand molder and his wife in the village of Cologne-Mulheim. His father, an alcoholic, sexually abused the children and beat his wife. In 1897, the elder Kurten was sentenced to prison for attempted incest. Published reports indicate that young Peter exhibited criminal tendencies before his sixth birthday. While playing on a raft in the middle of the Rhine River, Kurten allegedly pushed one of his playmates over the side and held his head under water. His sadistic tendencies were encouraged by the local dog catcher, who taught the boy to torture animals.

Kurten allegedly derived sexual pleasure from watching the blood flow from pigs and sheep. At the age of eight he ran away from home after quarreling with his mother. Kurten slept in the woods at night and survived by stealing from the local stores before returning home. In 1894, he accompanied his family to Dusseldorf, where he went to work as a molder's apprentice.

Kurten's sexual attacks commenced when he was four-

Christine Klein, choked to death by Kurten on May 25, 1913.

Maria Hahn, stabbed to death by Kurten on August 11, 1929.

Louise Lenzen was murdered only hours after Kurten killed Hahn.

Ida Reuter, murdered by Peter Kurten on October 29, 1929.

teen. In the Grafenberger Woods outside Dusseldorf, he assaulted and choked his young girlfriend to the point of death. The experience left him sexually drained, but firmly resolved to duplicate the crime. "I thought of myself causing accidents affecting thousands of people and invented a number of crazy fantasies such as smashing bridges and boring through bridge piers," he later explained. A two-year prison sentence at age seventeen for petty theft reinforced his growing sado-sexual compulsions.

Kurten deliberately violated prison rules so that he would be put in solitary confinement, where he passed the time daydreaming about fresh new tortures. With each new jail sentence for burglary or assault, Kurten's desire to lash out at society grew. Within a few years he became an arsonist. "The sight of the flames delighted me, but above all it was the excitement of the attempts to extinguish the fire and the agitation of those who saw their property being destroyed." Kurten traced his fire fixation back to 1904 when he started three fires.

A year later, Kurten was arrested and jailed on thirty-four counts of theft and desertion. The day after Kurten began his military service, he ran away from the regiment. He would spend the next seven years at hard labor. In total, Peter Kurten spent twenty of his forty-seven years in prison.

Following his release from prison in 1913, Kurten decided to enact his murder fantasy. On May 25, 1913, he broke into the private rooms of the Klein family, owners of a public inn at Koln-Mulheim. Kurten discovered 13-year-old Christine Klein lying asleep near the window. He reached for her throat and choked her into unconsciousness before cutting her throat with a pocket knife. The next day, Kurten returned to the inn to share in the local gossip and speculation which accompanied the discovery of the body.

"People were talking about it all around me," he recalled. "All this amount of indignation and horror did me good." The girl's father, Peter Klein, was suspected by police after a bloody handkerchief bearing the initials "P.K." was found near the body. The handkerchief belonged to Peter Kurten, not Klein, who was later released.

Kurten married in 1923. There was nothing irregular about his conduct, according to his wife and neighbors. By all accounts he was a conservative, soft-spoken man with few vices. Beginning in 1925, he sexually assaulted several women, none of whom reported him to the police. In 1929, the peak year of Kurten's blood lust, twenty-three people were set upon by the "Monster," who said that he enjoyed drinking the blood of his victims and often attained sexual climax immediately afterward.

On February 2, 1929, Kurten stabbed Apollonia Kuhn with a pair of scissors. Fortunately, her screams scared off Kurten and she was saved. Six days later, he accosted 9-year-old Rosa Ohliger near the Vinzenz Church in Dusseldorf. Using the same pair of scissors, he stabbed the girl to death, and burned the body with kerosene several hours later.

On the night of February 12, 1929, Kurten attacked a drunk named Rudolf Sheer. He knocked Sheer to the ground and stabbed him repeatedly. As Sheer lay dying, Kurten drank the blood that spurted from the open wound of his victim, or so he later claimed. Maria Hahn, a housemaid who was enamored with Kurten, became the next victim on August 11, 1929. When the fiend could get no further than kissing and caressing Hahn, he produced his scissors and stabbed her in the throat, and then dumped the body in a ditch. Pleased with his work, Kurten went home whistling a tune.

Scarcely two weeks later, the "Monster" claimed his next two victims in the suburb of Flehe, outside Dusseldorf. Gertrude Hamacher, fourteen, and her 5-year-old sister, Louise Lenzen, were on their way home from a country fair when a

Frau Meurer, murdered by Kurten in 1929.

Frau Meiner, murdered by Kurten in 1929.

Gertrude Albermann, killed by Kurten in 1929.

Gertrude Schulte, stabbed six times by Kurten, but survived.

stranger approached. "Oh, dear," the man said. "I've forgotten to buy cigarettes. Look, would you be very kind and go to one of the booths and get some for me? I'll look after the little girl." Louise ran off to fetch the man's cigarettes. When she returned a short time later, Kurten seized the girl and dragged her to the adjacent footpath.

A dozen hours later, Kurten met up with Gertrude Schulte, a 26-year-old servant girl, whom he stopped on the way to the fairgrounds in Neuss. She agreed to accompany him to the fair, with a side trip through the woods. When Schulte refused his sexual advances, he stabbed her repeatedly, but was unable to administer the fatal blow because a passerby hearing her screams arrived on the run and Kurten took flight. These crimes, occurring in quick succession, awakened the city of Dusseldorf to the presence of a madman.

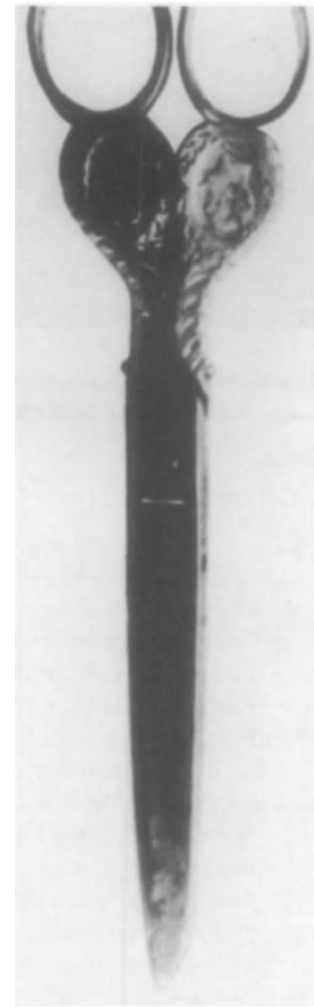
The newspapers were filled with lurid accounts of the sado-sexual murders amidst growing rumors that Satanism and vampirism—the common superstitions with many of the residents—were behind the murders. Detectives discounting these notions attributed the crimes to a "club of sadists." With no viable leads except the vague descriptions of Gertrude Schulte, the police employed a new gambit.

Believing that their killer frequented one or more of the popular Dusseldorf beer halls, detectives enacted a grisly tableaux-vivant. A coffin containing the embalmed remains of Maria Hahn was paraded into the center of one of the pubs. A detective addressed the hushed crowd: "The clay must have stuck to the murderer's clothes," he said, describing the manner in which Hahn met her death. "But he got away! He got away!" The detective threw back the lid of the coffin, and a spring mechanism enabled the corpse to sit bolt upright. "And here is Maria Hahn!"

The police carefully studied the faces of the patrons, operating under the theory that if the killer were present he would likely reveal himself through his facial expressions. When this ploy failed, the detectives sent out the first of their "decoy victims" to entrap the killer. The killings nevertheless continued.

After the blade of his scissors broke off inside one of his victims, Kurten decided the time was right to change weapons. On September 29, 1929, he used his hammer for the first time on Ida Reuter, a servant girl, in the woods outside Dusseldorf. Two more hammer murders followed. Elizabeth Dorrier was out for a walk in the woods on October 11, 1929, when she, too, was felled by hammer blows. The last victim was a 5-year-old child, Gertrude Albermann, whom Kurten stabbed thirty-six times with a new pair of scissors.

An uncharacteristic show of compassion for one of his intended victims finally led to Kurten's apprehension. Twenty-one-year-old Maria Budlick was preparing to board her train in Dusseldorf on May 14, 1930, when Kurten offered to lead her to the local youth hostel.



One of the scissors Kurten used in stabbing his 1929 victims.

The modest room Kurten shared with his wife in Dusseldorf; the serial killer took Maria Budlick to this room and gave her soup, then took her to a woods, where he tried to rape her, but inexplicably walked away, allowing her to live.

Budlick had recently lost her position as a domestic servant and had come to Dusseldorf from Cologne to meet with a Frau Brugmann, who had promised her a job. The woman failed to keep the appointment and Maria was about to return home when Kurten appeared. She went with him through the city toward the Volksgarten Park, a secluded patch of woods.

Recalling the stories about the "Monster," Maria Budlick hesitated, but Kurten coaxed her and she agreed to accompany him to his flat on the Mettmannerstrasse for a warm meal. After feeding her, Kurten offered to take her to the hostel. They rode a tram to the edge of the city and then walked together into the Grafenburg Woods.

Suddenly Kurten turned to her and said: "Do you know where you are? I can tell you! You are alone with me in the middle of the woods. Now you can scream as much as you like and nobody will hear you!" Kurten forced the girl against a tree and tried to rape her, but suddenly relaxed his grip. He asked if Maria remembered where he lived. When she cleverly said that she did not, Kurten inexplicably walked away.

Maria Budlick reported the incident to the police the next day and led detectives to his flat on the Mettmannerstrasse. Kurten saw the detectives in the foyer of the building talking to the landlady and fled. The next day, he met with his wife at a sidewalk cafe and confessed his crimes to her. (One account has it that he sat with his wife in their apartment and while the pair ate breakfast, he casually informed his spouse that he was the much-wanted "Monster of Dusseldorf.") Kurten convinced her to go to the police and report him so that she would receive the reward money. "It was not easy to convince her that this was not betraying me," he said. Frau Kurten eventually collected one-third of the reward and Kurten was arrested on

Page right: Peter Kurten on the day of his arrest, May 24, 1929, appearing as a normal businessman, instead of the serial killer that her terrorized Dusseldorf.

the morning of May 24, 1929.

Kurten cooperated fully with police. He astounded interrogating detectives and court-appointed psychiatrists with his ability to recall events dating back twenty years. The doctors learned about this extraordinary killer's childhood influences. At sixteen, he had visited the Chamber of Horrors exhibition at the Kolnerstrasse Waxworks. "I am going to be somebody famous like those men one of these days," Kurten remarked to a friend as he viewed the likenesses of some of history's greatest villains. The story of Jack the Ripper amused and delighted him. "When I came to think over what I had read, when I was in prison, I thought what pleasure it would give me to do things of that kind once I got out again," he said.

Kurten's trial began on April 13, 1931. Spectators lined the hallways of the courtroom to catch a glimpse of the murderer and the collection of skulls, knives, scissors, and clothing items placed on public display. In court, Kurten assumed a defiant posture. "I did not kill either people I hated or people I loved. I killed whoever crossed my path at the moment my urge for murder took hold of me," he said.

After nine days, the jury returned a verdict of guilty in each of the nine murders charged against him. Kurten was given the traditional last meal on July 1, 1931. The next day he was beheaded by the ax in the courtyard of the Klingelputz Prison in Cologne.

Turning to the executioner seconds before the blade fell, Kurten asked: "After my head has been chopped off, will I still be able to hear at least for a moment the sound of my own blood gushing from the stump of my neck? That would be the pleasure to end all pleasures."

AN AMERICAN BLUEBEARD/ 1930s

Born Raymond Lisemba in rural Alabama in 1895, Robert James (d. 1942) had done the back-breaking work of a cotton baler until he inherited $2,000 from each of two uncles, who had named him beneficiary of their insurance policies. Receiving such a windfall without expending any effort made a lasting and lethal impression on the young man. He took his inheritance and traveled to Birmingham, Alabama, where he attended a barbers' college and changed his name to Robert James. It was also in Birmingham, in 1921, that he met and married Maud Duncan. This first marriage ended when James' wife could no longer tolerate his demands for sadomasochistic sex. In the divorce suit, Duncan claimed that James frequently stuck hot curling irons under her nails.

James reportedly had also fathered several illegitimate children during his time in Birmingham and decided it would be healthier to move on. He relocated to Emporia, Kansas, where he opened a small barber shop and married again. He suddenly left Emporia and his wife when the father of a girl he had gotten pregnant threatened his life. Only weeks after arriving in Fargo, North Dakota, James opened another barber shop and married for a third time to Winona Wallace. The newlyweds' honeymoon trip to Colorado's Pike's Peak was marred when Winona was seriously injured in a car accident.

Robert James (Raymond Lisemba), who married many women (between five and seven, perhaps more) and murdered most of them for insurance money.

Health officer Charles W. Decker displays the skull of Winona Wallace James, describing its injuries; Winona James died in a bathtub and her husband collected the insurance money.

Mrs. Mary Bush James, who was the last wife to be killed by Robert James in one of the most bizarre murders in the annals of crime.

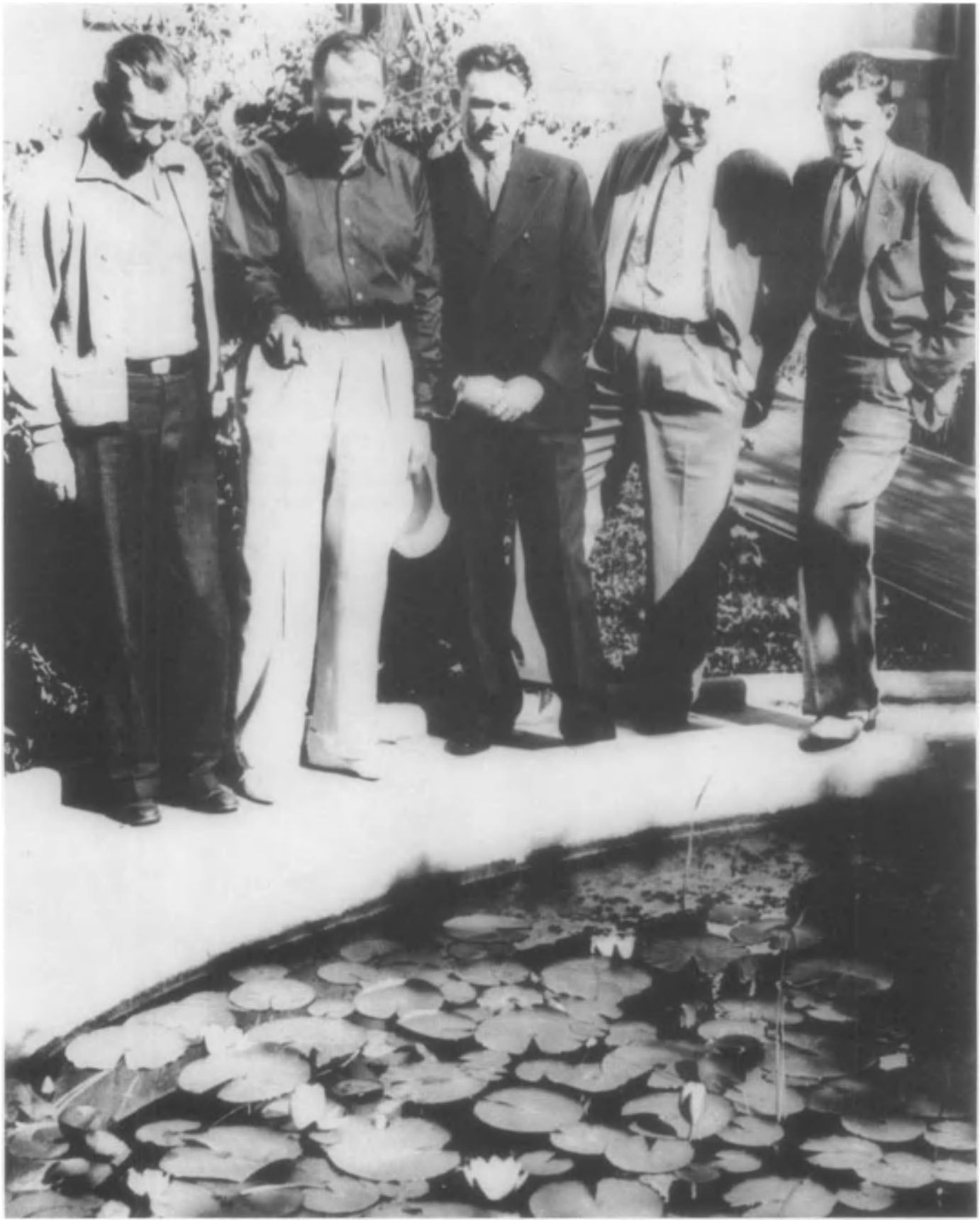
When she recovered sufficiently to be released, James took her to a remote cabin in Canada. A few days after their arrival, James appeared at a police station to report that his wife, dizzy from the accident, had drowned in a bathtub (shades of George Joseph Smith—see Brides of the Bath, Bigamy). Shortly after the funeral, James collected $14,000 in life insurance, a policy he had taken out on his wife's life a day before the wedding.

Returning to Alabama in 1934, James met a local girl, Helen Smith. The two were married and moved to Los Angeles. Helen Smith later told authorities that James was sexually impotent, but could be aroused if she whipped him. This fourth wife became suspicious, when James told her he wanted her to have a medical examination for a life insurance policy. She refused saying that "people who have it [insurance] always die of something strange." James resented her obstinacy and the two were soon divorced.

Next, James took out a $10,000 life insurance policy on a nephew, Cornelius Wright, then a sailor stationed at San Diego. Wright had a long history of being accident-prone. He had been hit several times by cars; some scaffolding had once collapsed on him; he had been knocked unconscious when beaned by a foul ball at a baseball game. James, playing the magnanimous uncle, loaned Wright his car to use while on leave and told him to "go off and have a good time." Three days later, Wright drove the car off a cliff near Santa Rosa, California, and was killed in the crash. Only later did the mechanic, who towed the wrecked car away, tell police that something was wrong with the car's steering wheel.

With the money he collected on his nephew's death, James opened a posh barber shop in Los Angeles and he began an affair with his manicurist, 25-year-old Mary Bush. When Bush became pregnant and insisted that James marry her, he did so. Not long after their marriage, however, James again took out another insurance policy. Then he persuaded one of his employees to find a couple of poisonous snakes, explaining that he had a friend whose wife was bothering him and he wanted the snakes to "take care of her." In July 1935, the employee, Charlie Hope, went to "Snake Joe" Houtenbrink, a reptile collector, and procured two Crotalus Atrox rattlers. James then confided to Hope his plot to kill his wife and promised him part of the insurance money if he would help in "completing the job."

After working out the details, James took Hope home with him for dinner one evening, introducing him as a doctor. After Hope had been in their home for a brief period, he told the pregnant Mrs. James that she didn't look well and



Robert James, center, handcuffed to the detective at his right, gazes down at the lily pond in which his wife Mary was found dead; at the extreme left is Charles Hope, James' handyman and murder accomplice.

A black widow spider was used to kill Mary James, but the creature did not cooperate.

During his 1936 murder trial, James, right, is compelled to witness prosecutors demonstrating how he stuck his wife's leg (she was drunk at the time) into a box containing a rattle snake, believing the viper's poisonous bite would kill her.

Prosecutors in the James case inspect the poisonous rattle snakes rented by Charles Hope on behalf of Robert James and used in a futile effort to kill the rugged Mary James.

Charles Hope, the eager murder accomplice, is shown standing left in court as he hears his sentence—life imprisonment.

probably should not go through with her pregnancy. The naive woman agreed to let this "eminent physician" perform an abortion on her that very night. In lieu of anesthetic, James encouraged her to drink whiskey until she passed out. Once she was incoherent, he brought the snakes into the house in a specially designed box constructed so that he could insert her leg into it without letting the snakes escape. He left her for several hours with her leg stuck in the box, and she was bitten repeatedly.

Mrs. James did not die, however. When she revived and complained of a terrible pain in her leg, James assured her it was nothing important. The leg, however, swelled to twice its normal size and became increasingly painful. Early in the morning, James suggested to her that she take a bath to soothe the pain. He ran the water into the bathtub for her and stood by to help her into the tub. As she got into the tub, James pushed her down, pulling her legs up high enough that her head was submerged and held her in this fashion until she drowned, the same method employed by George Joseph Smith, the bigamous British wife-killer, a modus operandi that James himself may have studied when reviewing that decades-earlier case.

After dressing his wife's corpse, James and Hope carried Mrs. James' body to the yard, where they placed it face down in a small lily pond in such a way as to make it appear that she had become dizzy, collapsed, and accidentally drowned, duplicating the same fate that had befallen James' third wife, Winona Wallace. After going over the alibi with Hope, James went on to his barber shop. He worked through the day as though nothing at all was wrong, and that evening returned home with two friends, whom he had invited to dinner, ostensibly after clearing the impromptu dinner party with his wife. As planned, the three "discovered" his wife's body in the pond. The death was at first thought to be accidental.

Three months later, however, a Los Angeles captain of detectives, Jack Southard, saw a report that James had been arrested for mashing and thought it peculiar that a man so recently widowed should be apprehended for such a crime. Southard learned from neighbors that a green Buick sedan had been seen outside the James home and that Charles Hope had been phoning James constantly. Southard also discovered that Hope owned a green Buick sedan, so he searched Hope's apartment. There he found a receipt for two rattlesnakes. Reviewing the coroner's report on the deceased Mary Bush James, Southard saw an annotation that described how the woman had been bitten by a poisonous snake. Southard collected enough evidence against Charlie Hope to arrest him on suspicion of murder.

Once arrested, Hope confessed, implicating James. James was arrested in May 1936 and after a quick trial, was sentenced to death. Hope received a life sentence. James remained in the Los Angeles County Jail for the next four years while appealing his case. In 1940, he was finally moved to San Quentin. As it became evident that commutation of his sentence was unlikely, James fought to die in the gas chamber instead of by hanging because the law changing the manner of execution was enacted after his sentencing. In seeking what he thought would be a less painful death, Robert James met with defeat. He would go to the scaffold as originally decreed by the court. On May 1, 1942, Robert James was sent through the trapdoor at San Quentin, the last man to be hanged in California.

Confronted with the evidence by prosecutors, James squirmed in the witness chair, denying his guilt to the end; he was convicted and sentenced to death, being the last man hanged in California, on May 1, 1942.

AUSTRIA'S MONEY-LOVING MARTHA MAREK/1930s

The motive for the bizarre slayings committed by Martha Lowenstein Marek (1904-1938) was rooted in a pathological greed of astounding proportions. She resolved at an early age to live well, no matter the cost, even if the cost included human lives. Her early poverty undoubtedly kindled the dark ambitions that found reality in serial killings. Born Martha Lowenstein in Vienna, Austria, she was a foundling who was adopted by an impoverished couple. As a teenager, she went to work in a Vienna dress shop in 1919. A few years later, a kindly old man, Moritz Fritsch, took pity on the beautiful girl and made her his ward.

Fritsch was wealthy, a department store owner, and even though he was seventy-four, he had little qualms in taking the youthful Martha to bed. In exchange for her sexual favors,

An ailing Martha Marek, sitting with pillow behind her in court, pleads for her freedom; the serial killer was convicted and beheaded on September 6, 1938; the officer sitting close to her wears a Nazi armband signifying that Austria by then had been absorbed into Hitler's Third Reich.

Fritsch dressed the girl well and sent her to two elite finishing schools in France and England. She was at that time surrounded by upper-crust society girls, who came from wealth and the lifestyles of these classmates soon whetted Martha's appetite for the finer things in life.

When she returned to Vienna, Martha again went to live with Fritsch, but shortly met a handsome, young engineer, Emil Marek, with whom she carried on a secret affair. When Fritsch died, he left his stately mansion at Modling, along with all of his money, to Martha, as he had promised. Martha reveled in her new riches, but she and Marek, who married her in 1924, were extravagant and soon exhausted their new-found wealth. They were forced to sell the mansion. Out of funds, they devised a weird insurance fraud. Martha insured her spouse against any and all kinds of accidents, obtaining a £10,000 policy on Marek.

The "accident" arranged by the Mareks was a bloody one, calling for Marek to accidentally chop off one of his legs with an ax while splitting wood. Apparently, he had difficulty in finishing the job, pleading with Martha in his semi-conscious state to take off the rest of his half-severed leg. Martha managed to amputate the leg below the knee, but the gruesome effort aroused the suspicions of insurance officials. An insurance firm physician examined Marek and reported that Marek's leg showed three separate cuts and that the accident had clearly been staged. The Mareks were charged with fraud.

Martha then bribed a nurse to state that the examining doctor had falsified his report and had himself, been bribed by the insurance firm. Charges of fraud against the Mareks were dropped. The nurse, however, demanded more money and when not receiving the payoff, went to the police. The Mareks were then charged and convicted of bribery and sent to prison for four months. Oddly, the insurance firm nevertheless settled with the couple, paying £3,000 for an accident they were convinced had been falsified.

Moving to Algiers, the Mareks tried several businesses, but all failed. A few years later they returned to Vienna with two children and little money. So poor were they that Martha was reduced to selling vegetables in the streets. Emil Marek died in 1932 and Martha received a small insurance payment on his life. A few weeks later, Martha's 7-year-old daughter, Ingeborg, died of a mysterious ailment and Martha collected money on the child's small life insurance policy.

An aging aunt, Suzanne Lowenstein, then asked Martha to look after her. Martha moved in with the aunt, who died within a month. Before the aunt died, she, like Emil and Ingeborg Marek, manifested strange symptoms. She found it difficult to swallow and her limbs were numb. In all of these cases, death was attributed to tuberculosis.

Again, Martha Marek was enriched, her aunt leaving her house and modest fortune to her. Martha spent most of the money quickly and was then compelled to open her aunt's house to boarders, taking in a man named Neumann and a dowager named Kittenberger. The elderly woman died a short time later, insurance money on her life, which amounted to no more than $300, being left to Martha.

By 1937, however, Martha Marek was again in dire financial straits. She arranged for some expensive paintings in her aunt's house to be removed to a warehouse in the middle of the night. Next, she reported the paintings stolen and then made a claim for the missing artwork. The insurance firm asked a detective, Ignatz Peters, to investigate the case. Peters, ironically, had been the investigator involved in the amputated leg claim made by the Mareks years earlier and he suspected another scam. He canvassed warehouses in Vienna and soon located the hidden artwork. Martha was thrown into prison, charged with fraud.

Reading of this arrest, the son of Mrs. Kittenberger went to the police to tell them that he believed Martha Marek had poisoned his mother in order to obtain her insurance money. Detective Peters had Kittenberger's body exhumed, along with those of Emil and Ingeborg Marek and Suzanne Lowenstein. Toxicologists soon reported that all had been poisoned with thallium, a rare poisonous chemical compound first discovered in 1861.

Peters then remembered that Martha had another child, a son, and he soon found the boy boarded out in a poor district of Vienna. He was just in time. The boy, who had recently been insured by his mother, was dying from thallium poisoning. He was rushed to a hospital and saved.

Brought to trial, Martha Marek was charged with four murders (prosecutors claimed that she had killed a half dozen more people). She was convicted of murdering Lowenstein, Kittenberger and her husband and daughter, after prosecutors proved that Martha had been regularly buying thallium from a pharmacist in Vienna. Though she continued to insist upon her innocence, the serial killer was condemned to death, capital punishment having been restored in Austria after Hitler had taken over the government.

Martha Lowenstein Marek was sent to the block on December 6, 1938, where she was beheaded by an executioner wielding an ax far more accurately than the one she had used on her late husband. It took but a single stroke.

A POISONER IN CINCINNATI/1930s

German-born Anna Marie Hahn (1906-1938) moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, with her husband, Phillip Hahn, and their young son, Oscar, in 1929. With her rich contralto voice and her plump, blonde good looks, Hahn delighted the elderly German men in the immigrant community, especially when she visited the many German beer gardens in the city.

Many of these elderly German-American men were ailing and the ever caring Anna Marie Hahn volunteered to look after them, despite the fact that she had no formal training as a nurse. One by one, however, under Anna's "loving care," these men began to die. Relatives grateful for the unstinting care Hahn lavished upon her "patients," paid the self-appointed nurse thousands of dollars from the estates of the deceased.

Ernest Kohler died while under Hahn's care, in 1933, and left her a large house. Dr. Arthur Vos, a resident in that house, soon found several blank prescription forms missing from his offices and complained to the new owner, Anna Hahn, who shrugged and suggested "maybe one of your patients took them."

As the Depression deepened, Anna Hahn continued in her role of "an angel of mercy," by flitting from one house to another to nurse ailing, elderly men. Despite her indefatigable efforts, they died like flies. On June 1, 1937, 68-year-old Jacob Wagner became Hahn's patient. He died on June 2, 1937. Days later, 70-year-old George Opendorfer, seventy, died under Hahn's care. The fact that both men had died after acute stomach pains and vomiting was brought to the attention of Cincinnati police chief Patrick Hayes.

Anna Marie Hahn poisoned elderly men to obtain their wealth and went the electric chair on December 7, 1938.

Chief Hayes ordered an autopsy of Wagner's body, and poison was found. Several other bodies were exhumed—the cadavers of Hahn's "patients," and it was discovered that four types of poison were present in these corpses. Subsequent autopsies of Hahn's other patients, including a man named Palmer and another patient named George Gsellman, sixty-seven, revealed more evidence of arsenic and croton oil.

Hayes summoned Hahn to his office, where he questioned the woman. She appeared indignant at the suggestion that she had anything to do with the deaths of these elderly gentlemen. "I love to make old people comfy," she told Hayes. Because these grateful old men left her their worldly goods and fortunes was not a reason to think ill of her. The poor old fellows died from dysentery, she said, or something like that. The number of men dying under her care in such short order, she admitted as being "very peculiar, but why pick on me, chief?"

Hayes stared back at her and finally said: "We searched your place, Mrs. Hahn and we found enough poison to kill half of Cincinnati."

Anna Hahn's lips quivered and she then burst into tears, sobbing: "I have been like an angel of mercy to them. The last thing that would ever enter my head would be to harm those dear old men."

Her fate was sealed when her husband, Phillip Hahn, went to officials to inform them that not only had his wife stolen the prescription forms from Dr. Vos, but had had their 12-year-old son Oscar fetch the poisonous prescriptions from pharmacists. He went on to state that his wife had twice attempted to insure him for more than $25,000, but that he had refused. Shortly after that refusal, he said, he grew ill, having the same symptoms as the old men Anna nursed. Somehow, he said, he miraculously survived the poison she had administered to him through meals. Anna Marie Hahn was then charged with several murders.

At her trial, Hahn's history of theft, adultery, and forgery was brought out by her own defense lawyers, including Hiram Bolsinger, in an attempt to establish robbery, not murder, as her motive for her dealings with the old men. Dubbed "the beautiful blonde killer" by the press, Hahn was convicted and sentenced to die in the electric chair. The night before her execution, on December 7, 1938, Hahn refused to see her husband or son, but threw a farewell party for the newsmen who had covered her trial, treating them to punch and cakes in her cell.

"You gave me a good show at my trial," Hahn told the sheepish-looking reporters. "The least I could do was to throw a bash for you. I guess I'm not much like a 'beautiful blonde' now, huh? Well, give me a good write-up when it's all over." None of these reporters came to her execution early the next morning. Hahn was the first woman to die in the electric chair in Ohio. She was thirty-two.

LONDON'S KILLER-FOR-CASH/1942

Within four days in February 1942, four women were savagely murdered in London air raid shelters during the blackout. These brutal killings prompted British journalists to believe that London was suffering from a second "Jack the Ripper."

Air cadet Gordon Frederick Cummins murdered four women in London during the blitz; he was hanged on June 25, 1942.

This serial killer was Gordon Frederick Cummins (AKA: The Count, the Duke; 1914-1942). He was the illegitimate son of a member of the House of Lords. His friends called him the "Duke" or the "Count" because of his social pretensions. When the war came, he enlisted in the RAF.

Though well-educated and coming from a good family, Cummins had long earlier gotten into trouble with the police, after being fired by a number of employers, who accused him of dishonesty and theft. Cummins affected an Oxfordian accent and was attracted to show business, marrying the secretary of a theatrical producer in 1936. He and his wife lived in North London. He was always in financial difficulties and this condition worsened when he became an air cadet early in World War II.

To obtain money, Cummins simply went on a murder spree. On the night of February 9-10, 1942, the mutilated body of Evelyn Hamilton, a 42-year-old schoolteacher, was found in the central district of London known as Marylebone. The killer placed the body in an air raid shelter. The next day, Mrs. Evelyn Oatley was found dead in her Soho apartment. Police found a blood-stained can opener nearby, which the killer had used to rip open the lower portion of her body. Oatley, under the name of Nita Wood, had turned to prostitution to support herself.

Cummins murdered his third victim, 42-year-old Margaret Lowe, on February 11, 1942, but the body was not discovered until three days later. The mutilation convinced police that the same killer was responsible. Like Oatley, Lowe was a prostitute.

The body of the fourth murder victim, 40-year-old Doris Jouannet, was found just hours later in Paddington. She was in the custom of picking up servicemen in Leicester Square. As was the case in the previous three murders, Cummins had attacked and murdered Jouannet in order to take whatever money and jewelry she carried. This was his intent when Cummins assaulted two other women, Greta Heywood and Catherine Mulcahy (or Kathleen King). Both women were fortunate to escape with their lives. In these attacks, the serial killer was frightened off by the screams of the victims and in the first instance, he was actually pursued by a passerby.

Cummins left one clue near the shelter where he accosted Heywood, a gas mask bearing an easily traceable serial number. Only twelve hours after his attack on Mrs. Catherine Mulcahy, the police arrested Cummins near St. John's Wood, where they found the 28-year-old airman returning to his barracks.

Fingerprints found at the murder locations, on a mirror and a tin-opener, matched Cummins'. He was left-handed, as had been the killer. It took a jury at the Old Bailey only thirty-five minutes to find him guilty of murder. He was condemned to death, but appealed his sentence. Lord Chief Justice Humphreys dismissed his appeal, and Cummins was taken to Wandsworth Prison, where he was hanged on June 25, 1942.

Dr. Marcel Petiot's message board at his Paris office; among his patients were many victims.

THE SERIAL KILLINGS OF PETIOT/ 1942-1944

France's worst serial killer (in respect to substantiated number of victims) committed his crimes during the German occupation, from 1942 until 1944, his many murders coming to an end when a disgusted neighbor reported him to the police. Marcel Andre Henri Felix Petiot (AKA: Henry John Felix Marcel, Henri Valery; 1897-1946) was born at Auxerre, the son of a postal official. In 1917 he enlisted in the French army, but was court-martialed for stealing drugs and then selling them on the black market. Curiously, he was granted a full pension and free ongoing treatment for his condition, diagnosed as psychoneurosis.

In 1921 Petiot qualified to become a physician at a time when he was still being treated for a mental disorder. Petiot established his practice in Villeneuve-sur-Yonne and became the town's mayor in 1928. He was accused shortly afterward of fathering a child with his housekeeper. "She told everyone she was having sexual intercourse with me," he said. "In fact I declined this honor." During the time he served as mayor of Villeneuve, the doctor was accused of drug peddling and theft, and actually served time in prison for the latter offense. In 1930 he was implicated in the murder of one of his patients, Madame Debauvre, but the principal witness against him died suddenly and the case was forgotten.

In 1933, Petiot moved to Paris. In 1936 he was arrested there for robbing book shops. The charge was dismissed, but Petiot agreed to submit to psychiatric examinations. He remained on the medical roster though, and re-established his practice at 66 Rue Caumartin. The next few years were very good for Petiot, whose practice expanded so rapidly that he numbered 3,000 patients. In 1941 he bought a fifteen-room house at 21 Rue Lesueur to use as his laboratory.

Alterations to the building were completed in September of that year. By all accounts it was designed for the peculiar needs of a serial killer (not unlike the sinister preparedness enacted by Herman Webster Mudgett, the proprietor of Chicago's Murder Castle). Among the many architectural designs created by Petiot was a triangular "death room" and a massive wall that prevented any view by curious neighbors.

No one paid much attention to the comings and goings at the Rue Lesueur in the next few years. The residents of the neighborhood were mainly concerned with surviving the ordeal of the Nazi occupation until March 11, 1944, when Jacques Marcais complained to the police about a nauseating, smoky odor coming from 21 Rue Lesueur. The police summoned the doctor to his residence to explain the smell, and while awaiting his arrival they ordered a fire brigade to extinguish a fire in the chimney.

An overhead view of Marcel Petiot's 15-room "laboratory," which he had customized, providing a "death room" for his intended victims; investigators are shown milling about the courtyard at this notorious house at 21 Rue Lesueur, where twenty-seven bodies were found following a fire.

Investigators inspect a pit in Petiot's residence; it was here that the serial killer burned the body parts of his victims, mostly Jews, whom he promised to hide from Nazi hunters. Instead, Petiot murdered these hapless fugitives and stole their cash and meager belongings.

Dr. Marcel Petiot, left, at his trial; he was convicted of murdering twenty-four persons, but he may have killed many more; he was beheaded at Santé Prison on May 26, 1946.

The firemen forced their way into the house, where they beheld an eerie, disgusting sight. Scattered about the floor of the cellar were the remains of twenty-seven human bodies in various stages of decomposition. Petiot told the police sergeant that the bodies were those of Nazi collaborators executed by the Resistance. Satisfied with this, the sergeant let him go. Petiot, his wife, and their 16-year-old son fled into the countryside and dropped out of sight, while speculation mounted that the doctor was not a loyal member of the Resistance, but a Gestapo sympathizer who had carried out atrocities for the Germans.

In October Petiot wrote a letter to the newspaper *Resistance* stating that he had been cleverly framed by the Gestapo. Because he claimed to be an officer in the Resistance, his handwriting was checked against that of all officers of the Free French forces in Paris. It was found to be that of Captain Henri Valery, a member of the Free Forces for only six weeks. Valery and Petiot were one and the same. Petiot was arrested on November 2, 1944, in a flat at the Rue Faubourg St. Denis, and taken to headquarters for questioning. He declared that the twenty-seven bodies found in the house on Rue Lesueur were mostly German soldiers, but went on to say that he had actually killed sixty-three people while working for the Resistance.

Indicted for murder, Petiot was placed on trial at the Seine Assize Court on March 18, 1946. When asked by Public Prosecutor Pierre Duval about why he refused to mention the names of his former associates in the Resistance, he had a stock answer. "I wouldn't dare name them in this court. There are too many Petainists here." The prosecution charged that Petiot had concocted a scheme to lure wealthy Jews to the mansion, promising to provide them with safe passage out of France in return for all their money and jewels.

Introduced into evidence were forty-seven suitcases seized by police in a private residence at Villeneuve. They contained an assortment of clothes that were identified by relatives of some of the victims. Petiot stole in excess of £1 million from the unfortunate Parisian Jews, who had solicited his help only to lose their lives. The jury returned a guilty verdict in twenty-four of the twenty-seven murders on April 4, 1946. The president of the court passed the death sentence. As Petiot was led from the court, he screamed to his mortified wife, "You must avenge me!" On May 26, 1946, having exhausted all his appeals, Marcel Petiot was guillotined at the Santé Prison in Paris.

LONDON'S ACID-BATH MURDERER/ 1944-1949

In 1949, John George Haigh (AKA: The Acid-Bath Murderer, the Vampire Killer; 1909-1949) burst into the headlines of the British press as an inhuman monster, who had been killing for

John George Haigh, one of England's most notorious serial killers, is shown in childhood as a choirboy.

profit for many years. Worse, according to his own statements, this serial killer had dissolved his victims in acid after drinking their blood, or so he claimed at his trial. Born in Stamford, Lincolnshire, England, on July 24, 1909, Haigh was raised with strict religious discipline. His parents were ardent members of the Plymouth Brethren, a severe religious sect for whom all manner of casual entertainment—movies, carnivals, musical shows, even the reading of magazines and newspapers—was deemed sinful.

A bright child, Haigh received a scholarship to the Wakefield Grammar School and then won another scholarship as a choirboy at Wakefield Cathedral. His life was governed by strict routines and he was allowed no freedom to enjoy the small entertainments shared by his peers. Haigh scratched for a living in his early twenties, usually working as a salesman. He was glib and somewhat flashy in his appearance, preferring loud ties and tight-fitting suits. He married Beatrice Hamer in 1934, but this marriage quickly collapsed after Haigh was arrested in November of that year for fraud. After serving a brief prison sentence, Haigh was released, and continued his illegal schemes, living hand to mouth through the 1930s and the war years.

In 1937, Haigh was convicted of his second serious crime, attempting to obtain money by false pretenses and was given a four-year prison term. He was released in 1940. In 1943, Haigh managed to make enough money through his small-time schemes to take up residence at a highly reputable address, the Onslow Court Hotel in South Kensington, where he occupied Room 404. The residents here were professional people and retired persons of some wealth. The other residents regarded Haigh as a congenial entrepreneurial businessman. However, he made few friends because he was a bit too gregarious and showy for the tastes of most residents.

In 1944, Haigh renewed his acquaintance with the McSwan family. In 1936, he had worked for W. D. McSwan as a secretary and chauffeur. The McSwans owned an arcade in an amusement center and had considerable means. At the time Haigh rented a small basement workroom at 79 Gloucester Road in Kensington, where he devoted considerable time to his "inventions." He killed the McSwans one by one. The first victim was the son, Donald McSwan, on September 9, 1944. He murdered Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McSwan the following year. When the McSwan couple expressed concern over their son's disappearance in 1944, Haigh was ready with a glib answer, explaining that their son had gone into hiding to avoid being drafted into the army, a not uncommon occurrence during the war.

Haigh's murder system was simple. He invited the McSwan family members to see his workroom on Gloucester Road and there bludgeoned them to death. He destroyed their bodies by placing them in vats of acid and disposing of the remains by simply pouring the gooey residue onto the dirt surface of an open yard behind his workshop.

By forging McSwan's name on transfer deeds, Haigh was able to obtain the McSwan properties in Raynes Park, Wimbledon Park, and Beckenham, Kent, as well as £4,000 in

Haigh is shown handcuffed and in custody, after being charged with murder on March 5, 1949; the serial killer told officers that he had sipped the blood of his victims through a lemonade straw.

Three witnesses for the prosecution in the Haigh case (left to right): Mrs. E. Robbie, manager of the Onslow Court Hotel, where Haigh lived, Mrs. M. Kirkwood, and Mrs. C. Lane.

Investigators inspect Haigh's "factory," one where he murdered victims, then soaked them with sulfuric acid to obliterate their identities.

Haigh, center foreground left of officer, leaves the courthouse while dozens of middleaged women seek his autograph; he received numerous marriage proposals during his trial.

cash. Endowed with considerable funds, Haigh tried to make a fortune through a betting system he had devised which he believed could predict regular winners at the dog track. When he lost, he turned again to murder for profit. This time his victims were Dr. Archibald Henderson and his wife, Rosalie, well-to-do middle-aged retirees, who, in August 1947, were advertising a house for sale.

Haigh, though he had no money, answered the ad and began negotiating for the purchase of the Henderson house in Ladbroke Grove. He later explained that one of his business deals had fallen through, preventing him from purchasing the house immediately. The amiable Hendersons struck up a friendship with the scheming Haigh. On February 12, 1948, he drove Dr. Henderson to his workshop, where he shot him in the head and disposed of the body by dumping it into a vat of sulfuric acid. He then returned to Mrs. Rosalie Henderson and told her that her husband had taken sick and needed her. She accompanied Haigh to his workshop where he killed and disposed of her body in the same manner.

In both the McSwan and Henderson murders, Haigh duplicated his victims' handwriting and sent notes to their servants, relatives, and friends explaining that they had moved to Australia or some other distant place, mentioning that "Mr. Haigh" would settle their affairs. The profits from this double murder exceeded those in the McSwan killings. Haigh, through clever forgeries, sold off the Henderson house and car, and obtained more than £10,000 from their bank accounts. But, within a year, Haigh had gone through most of this money, losing heavily to an army of bookies.

By early 1949, Haigh was running out of money. He was overdrawn at the bank and the manager of the Onslow Court Hotel was pressing him for back rent. Desperate for money, Haigh was looking about for more victims when his needs were answered in the dining room of the Onslow Court Hotel. Sitting opposite Haigh in the hotel dining room was a wealthy, retired matron, Mrs. Henrietta Helen Olivia Robarts Durand-Deacon. The 69-year-old widow knew that Haigh was then in the business of leasing and renting expensive cars to rich patrons and believed that, as a salesman, he might be interested in promoting a new business she envisioned, the manufacturing of plastic fingernails.

Haigh responded warmly to the idea and immediately suggested that Mrs. Durand-Deacon discuss the proposition further in his workshop. On February 18, 1949, Mrs. Durand-Deacon accompanied Haigh to the Gloucester address. As soon as she entered the basement workshop, Haigh shot the woman in the back of the head, killing her instantly. He stripped her and then dumped her body into a 40-gallon vat of sulfuric acid. Haigh drained the vat through a basement sewer and then scraped the sludge from the vat and dumped this onto the dirt of the back yard. This was hard work and Haigh, according to his later statements, paused to go to the nearby Ye Olde Ancient Prior's Restaurant, where he ate an egg on toast. He then returned to his workshop to "tidy up."

This killing produced little profit for the money-desperate Haigh. He sold Mrs. Durand-Deacon's Persian lamb coat and pawned her jewelry, obtaining only a few hundred pounds. He used this money to pay off his hotel bill and some other pressing expenses and then looked about for more victims. But Haigh had struck too close to home by killing the wealthy widow. To avoid being asked about the widow's disappearance, Haigh thought it clever that *he* make some inquiries about the missing woman. Haigh approached Mrs. Durand-Deacon's good friend, Mrs. Constance Lane, another retired lady living at Onslow Court, plying her with questions: "Do you know anything about Mrs. Durand-Deacon? Is she ill? Do you know where she is?"

Mrs. Lane shocked Haigh with her response: "Don't *you* know where she is? I understood from her that you wanted to take her to your factory."

Haigh said that he had not taken the widow with him to his factory, that he was not ready to show her his operation. "Well, I must do something about that," Mrs. Lane said.

The following morning, Haigh again asked Mrs. Lane if she had heard anything about Mrs. Durand-Deacon and she said that she had not, adding that she intended to report the matter to the police that day. In an attempt to avoid suspicion, Haigh then offered to go to the Chelsea Police Station and report the matter with her. But when Mrs. Lane and Haigh appeared in the police station, an officer recognized Haigh and had his background checked. His criminal record made the police suspicious and Haigh was brought in for question-

Jay Robert Nash with film director Alfred Hitchcock (examining crime photos together in 1969); the director told this author that he regularly attended the Haigh trial, but "all that vampire nonsense" was to convince the court that he was insane and that he hoped to be sent to Broadmoor, the prison for the criminally insane, instead of being executed.

ing on February 28, 1949. At first, he denied having had anything to do with the missing Mrs. Durand-Deacon, but the police kept grilling him and finally Haigh blurted: "Mrs. Durand-Deacon no longer exists! I've destroyed her with acid...You can't prove murder without a body."

But Haigh was wrong. Police searching his workshop uncovered enough gruesome remains of Mrs. Durand-Deacon to make an identification. Though most of her remains had been reduced to hardened sludge that coated the back yard behind Haigh's workshop, forensic investigators unearthed twenty-eight pounds of body fat, false teeth which were identified as Mrs. Durand-Deacon's, a pelvis, an ankle, gallstones, and the victim's red handbag found in the workshop beneath the acid vat. Haigh had been sloppy in his workshop, as well as in his room at Onslow Court. Here investigators found his diary in which he had kept abbreviated details of his previous murders. Some personal effects from the McSwan and Henderson families were also unearthed.

Haigh was charged with murdering Mrs. Durand-Deacon and placed on trial on July 18, 1949. Prior to this, while being held, Haigh had asked his jailors how hard it was to escape from Broadmoor, the prison where criminally insane persons were sent. Haigh then tried to convince everyone that he was insane. He stated that "in each case I had my glass of blood after I killed them." He then went on to describe in detail all sorts of ghoulish acts performed on his victims, before giving their bodies acid baths. The press, when learning of Haigh's statements, had a field day. No newspaper gave the story more sensational coverage than the London *Daily Mirror,* which, on March 4, 1949, bleated to its fifteen million readers that "the Vampire killer will never strike again. He is safely behind bars, powerless to lure his victims to a hideous death." Above this front-page story, the tabloid emblazoned the headline: "Vampire: A Man Held."

The British courts were appalled at this coverage, so much so that the *Daily Mirror* was fined £10,000 and its editor, Silvester Bolam, was given a three-month jail term for contempt of court, the paper having been previously warned by Scotland Yard not to publish details of the case before Haigh's trial. Bolam, ironically, was placed in the same prison that held Haigh. The serial killer continued to feign insanity while in prison, purposely drinking his own urine in front of guards and performing other irrational acts to convince them that he was a lunatic.

A grim-faced John Haigh leaves the courtroom after his conviction for murdering Mrs. Olivia Durand-Deacon; he was hanged at Wandsworth Prison on August 6, 1949.

Haigh was tried before Justice Travers Humphreys with Sir Henry Shawcross prosecuting. Sir David Maxwell defended, but he could do little more than plead his client insane. He brought Dr. Henry Yellowlees, a noted psychiatrist, to the stand to testify that he had examined Haigh and believed him to be a "paranoic," because of his early childhood and that he was "pretty certain" that Haigh drank the blood of his victims.

None of this impressed the jury. It took only fifteen minutes for the jury to render a verdict of guilty. He was sentenced to death. While awaiting execution, Haigh penned his brief, nightmare-filled memoirs, recounting how all his boyhood pleasures had been suppressed by his father, a religious fanatic. His father, an electrician, had had an accident which caused him to bear a blue scar down the middle of his forehead. Haigh quoted his father as telling him when he was a boy: "I have sinned and Satan has punished me. If you ever sin, Satan will mark you with a blue pencil likewise." For years, Haigh, as a child, nervously ran his fingers over his forehead, frantically looking into mirrors each morning to see if a blue scar had appeared while he had slept.

Haigh also related a recurring nightmare he had following a 1944 car accident, when he was injured and blood ran down his forehead and into his mouth, the year in which he began his murders: "I saw before me a forest of crucifixes, which gradually turned into trees. At first there appeared to be dew or rain dripping from the branches, but as I approached I realized it was blood ... A man went to each tree catching the blood. When the cup was full he approached me. 'Drink,' he said, but I was unable to move."

These horrifying words were penned by a man who undoubtedly still thought he might be reprieved and sent to Broadmoor as criminally insane. Haigh was highly intelligent and able to contrive such lunatic images for his own ends, just as he very probably researched the methods he used in disposing of his victims' bodies, most likely reading about the exploits of George Sarret of France who used similar methods in 1925 to eliminate the bodies of his victims. Haigh's horror stories did him no good in the end. He was hanged at Wandsworth Prison on August 6, 1949.

An interesting footnote to this case involved one of the many celebrities that attended Haigh's trial. That celebrity was none other than film director Alfred Hitchcock. The director told this author in 1969 that he knew that Haigh was "feigning insanity," because "he was quite sane in describing his aberrations." Hitchcock remembered at that time the many references to "sludge" that Haigh had made in his statements. "Do you know what sludge is?" Hitchcock asked rhetorically. He then answered for himself, drawing out the words with dark relish: "Half-decomposed flesh!"

AN AUSTRIAN BLUEBEARD/1946-1958

Max Gufler (b. 1910) became a confidence man and "bluebeard" serial killer after the police closed down the stand from which he had sold pornographic photos. Gufler was an illegitimate child who had moods of unpredictable violence after he was struck on the head with a stone at age nine. He drove an ambulance for the German army in World War II and suffered a second head wound. After the war, he sold books for seven years. When he met Herta Jonn, the woman who became his mistress, he began working in her father's tobacco shop, extending the inventory to include pornography.

Max Gufler killed eight persons in Austria and went to prison for life.

Gufler's sales of pornographic photos led to prison terms for Gufler, his mistress, and her father. The tobacco stand was permanently closed. Upon his release from prison, Gufler began his career as a confidence artist and bluebeard. His method was to read matrimonial advertisements, write letters to lonely widows, and propose marriage. As a test of the woman's love, he would ask her to withdraw all her sav-

ings. On the way to the marriage ceremony, he drugged the victim, disposing of the body so that the death looked like suicide.

Gufler is suspected of eighteen murders, the earliest in 1946, but was convicted of only eight. He confessed to bludgeoning to death 50-year-old prostitute Milie Meystrzik in her room in Vienna in 1952, and to giving an overdose of barbiturates to 45-year-old Josefine Kemmleitner, whose body was found in the Danube on June 3, 1958.

Gufler also confessed to killing Maria Robas three months later, and 50-year-old Juliana Nass, found in the Danube on October 15, 1958. The serial killer was arrested following the Robas killing because he made one serious mistake, and it is just such mistakes that invariably lead police to identify these most elusive murderers.

In an attempt to identify one of his murders as an accident, Gufler mailed a letter to the father of Maria Robas, a letter eventually traced to him, and one saying that he had witnessed Robas' death in a car accident. The police also found sufficient evidence to prosecute Gufler for murdering Augusta Lindebner, Theresa Wesely, Juliana Emsenhuber, and Josephine Dangl, and suspected him of murdering ten other women. They also found intended victim Marlene Buchner in tears at the registry office. Gufler's arrest had prevented him from keeping their appointment. Gufler was sentenced to life imprisonment in May 1961.

THE KILLER AT 10 RILLINGTON PLACE/ 1943-1952

One of the most horrific killers in modern British history, John Reginald Halliday Christie (AKA: Waddingham; 1898-1953) was half monster, half human, although in appearance he seemed to be nothing more than a meek-mannered middle-class citizen. He lived in a grimy, grubby little house at 10 Rillington Place in Notting Hill Gate, North Kensington, London. This small, rather run-down domicile, appeared to be identical to tens of thousands of other London homes, but it was exceptional in that it was truly a house of horrors.

In 1948, Timothy John Evans, his wife Beryl, and baby daughter Geraldine rented the top floor of the Christie house (the Christies lived on the ground floor). On November 5, 1949, Mrs. Evans' father visited with her and this was the last time she was seen alive. Police conducted a search and, on December 2, 1949, the bodies of Mrs. Evans and her infant were found in a wash house in Rillington Place, both strangled to death. Evans, a 24-year-old, dim-witted truck driver, had walked into the small police station at Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales, to inform officers that he had found his wife dead in his apartment and he had placed her body down a drain. After the bodies were found, Evans was returned to London under guard and there he confessed to murdering his wife and child.

Evans was charged with murdering his child, but before he was brought to trial at the Old Bailey, he withdrew his confession. He insisted that Christie had performed the killings. Christie emphatically denied having anything to do with the deaths of Mrs. Evans and her child. Moreover, he and his wife appeared as witnesses for the prosecution and gave evidence that helped to convict Evans. Evans was sentenced to death and hanged at Pentonville Prison on March 9, 1950.

John Reginald Halliday Christie, who murdered people in his own home, hiding the bodies behind false walls, under floorboards and in his small garden.

Mrs. Christie then disappeared. She was last seen alive on December 12, 1952, and Christie gave nervous explanations for her absence, claiming she was visiting relatives or that she had gone on a vacation. He then left his apartment in early 1953, subletting the place to a couple named Reilly. These people were quickly evicted by the owner of the building, a Jamaican named Beresford Brown, who moved into the Christie residence.

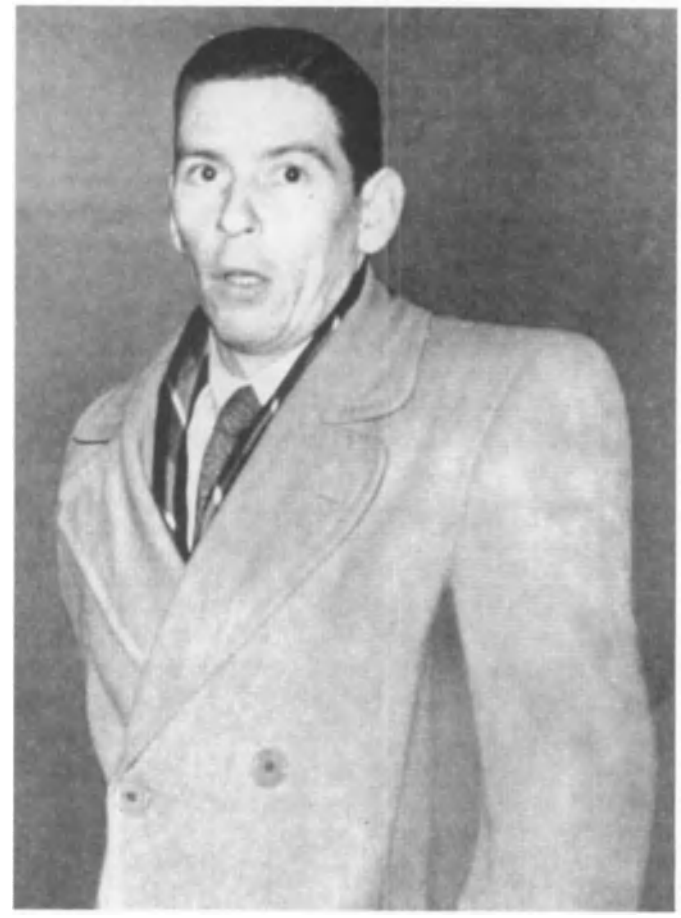
On March 24, 1953, Brown went into the kitchen of the Christie apartment and began looking for a beam behind the wall into which he could screw a bracket for a wall-mounted radio. He tore away a loose piece of wallpaper and discovered an opening in the wall, a sort of large closet that had been

The shabby front of Christie's small home at 10 Rillington Place, an address that later became infamous.

covered by a thin sheet of posterboard and then covered with wallpaper. Taking out the board, Brown saw that three bodies had been stuffed inside the hollow area. He immediately called the police. Another body was discovered beneath the floorboards, and officers unearthed the skeletal remains of two more corpses found in the garden.

These gruesome remains were easy to detect when an officer noticed that a human bone was propping up a fence and the police merely dug at this spot to find the rest of the remains. All of the bodies and remains were that of women. The corpses found in the closet and the one beneath the floorboards in the front room were for the most part naked, and three had been wrapped in blankets. Contrary to most later reports, there was very little odor from the bodies and there was no "overpowering stench" which led to their discovery. All were dehydrated and the atmospheric conditions in the apartment kept the smell of the dead bodies to a minimum.

The body beneath the floorboards was Mrs. Ethel Christie, whose husband had left 10 Rillington Place three days earlier. Those in the cupboard area were all known prostitutes, Hectorina McLennan, twenty-six; Kathleen Maloney, twenty-six; and Rita Nelson, twenty-five. The remains found in the garden were subsequently identified as those of Ruth Fuerst, an Austrian girl who had been murdered by Christie in 1943, and Muriel Eady, a girl who had worked with Christie at the Ultra Radio Factory in Park Royal in 1944. The shocking story of the mild-mannered serial killer broke just at the time when police were conducting a nationwide search for Christie. He was found on March 31, 1953, by Constable Ledger as he stood near Putney Bridge, watching a group of children at play.



Timothy John Evans, who confessed to killing his wife and child and was executed; many believe that Christie was the perpetrator of those murders.

Christie, bald, wearing horn-rimmed glasses over weak eyes, with a flabby, middle-aged body, offered no resistance. He quickly confessed to the murders of the six women, saying that his first victim had been the Fuerst girl, followed by Muriel Eady. Christie calmly stated that he strangled the Fuerst girl while he was having sex with her. He had not murdered for nine years, but he suddenly went on a murder spree in late 1952, luring the prostitutes to his apartment, when his wife was away and, after killing them, raping the corpses.

In a quiet recital, Christie detailed his acts of necrophilia, which made him appear to be all the more inhuman. He had murdered his wife on December 14, 1952, Christie said, as an "act of mercy." He could no longer bear to witness her "convulsive attacks." She suffered from some sort of undefined malady and so, when she went into one of her fits while they were still in bed, Christie grabbed one of her stockings, rolled over, and strangled her with it.

Sir Francis Camps, one of England's most brilliant pathologists, examined Christie and his murders in minute detail. He learned that when Christie had brought his prostitute victims to his flat, he would ply the women with liquor. When they were drunk, he would position them in a chair with a canopy, under which he had affixed a gas pipe. He would then turn on the gas, and, when they were unconscious, strangle the women, then rape them. The trick with the gas explained the

Christie with his wife, Ethel, whom he also murdered, placing her body beneath the floorboards of his tiny home.

carbon monoxide Camps found in the blood of the three women hidden in the kitchen enclosure.

There were, however, strange sexual undertones to this case which puzzled Camps. He found that all three prostitutes were naked, but were wearing what amounted to handmade diapers. Semen had been found in them, as well as in an old pair of Christie's shoes, indicating that he had ejaculated following the murder-rapes. A tin can was found in the kitchen enclosure, and inside of this was found four separate tufts of pubic hair, which Christie had plucked from his victims and preserved, but for what purpose Camps could not determine.

Camps probed deeper into the sexual mysteries of John Reginald Halliday Christie, discovering that the myopic, always frail Christie had had psychological problems rooted in childhood. Born in Boothstown, Yorkshire, in April 1898, the son of carpet designer Ernest Christie, and one of seven children, Christie was treated with unloving harshness by his martinet father. He was disciplined often for the slightest infractions. Introverted, weak, the boy was labeled a "sissy" by his classmates, who made fun of his poor eyesight. He took to stealing small things, which caused him to be returned home by constables.

Christie's father, at these times, responded with the typical action of the era, a beating. At the age of fifteen in 1913, Christie quit school and took a job clerking for the Halifax Borough Police, but he was fired when he was suspected of stealing small items. About this time, Christie was seduced by an older girl, who later made fun of him when he could not finish the sex act. The girl spread the story and Christie was the butt of sex jokes among his peers, who called him "Can't Do It Christie." He was confined at home for a time, ill again. Christie's confession was punctuated repeatedly by statements claiming his lifelong illnesses, and it was apparent to Camps that he was a confirmed hypochondriac.

Following a severe bout with pneumonia, Christie

Christie is shown in wax by Tussaud's; he holds a brush which he used in wallpapering posterboards that hid bodies.

claimed, he went to France in 1915, serving in the trenches until he was blown out of a trench and inhaled mustard gas, which caused him to go blind for several months and lose his voice for three years. This was attributed to hysteria and not physical damage received when the artillery shell blew him out of a trench.

Whenever Christie was excited after that, he would lose his voice or it would rise to a high whine. In 1920, Christie met and married his wife Ethel, a union which produced no children. Christie claimed that he did not have sex with his wife for two years following the marriage and continued to have a pervasive feeling of inadequacy. Following a quarrel with his wife in 1923, the couple separated and Christie lost his voice completely, he claimed.

Bad luck followed Christie wherever he went, he said in his confession. In 1934, a hit-and-run driver knocked him down, injuring his head, knee, and collar bone. Worse luck, most brought about by Christie himself, dogged his work life. He seldom kept a steady job, the longest being five years while working as a clerk for a transport company. He had been a postal employee at one time, but it was proved that he filched money orders and he was sent to prison for seven months.

During his 1923 separation from his wife, Christie was imprisoned briefly for false pretense; he had falsified documents which claimed that he was a rich man at one time but had lost his money. He went to Brixton and Battersea and

there put on the air of a once-wealthy man who was down on his luck. When a woman rebuffed his advances, Christie hit her on the head with a cricket bat and was arrested and sent to prison once more.

During World War II, Christie was a member of the War Reserve Police, a blackout warden who marched about his neighborhood pumped up with authority. He delighted in turning in those who ignored blackout rules. In 1943, his wife went to visit relatives in Sheffield, and it was at this time that Christie committed his first murder, bringing Ruth Fuerst home with him and murdering her, burying her corpse in the back yard. Although Christie admitted to murdering the six women, he was contradictory about Mrs. Evans and her child. He claimed that he found Mrs. Evans unconscious in her flat after she had quarreled with her husband about "a blonde woman." She had tried to commit suicide by turning on the gas, Christie said. He gave her a cup of tea and told her to calm down.

Mrs. Evans tried to kill herself once more, Christie said, and he again came to her rescue. Then she said she was pregnant and Christie, who had no medical knowledge, offered to perform the abortion she desired. She panicked when he was applying the gas to make her unconscious prior to the operation and thus died. He varied this tale by saying that Mrs. Evans, despondent over her husband's sexual escapades, asked Christie if he would kill her since she had botched two other suicide attempts. She said he could have sexual intercourse with her, Christie claimed, if he would but help her die. He strangled her, Christie said at one point, and *then* had sexual intercourse with her corpse.

When Evans returned home, Christie told him that she had gassed herself and that he had best flee since authorities would think Evans murdered his wife. Evans then reportedly murdered his child and sold off the household furniture before fleeing. His confusing statements throughout his trial concerning the death of the Evans child and his wife only further confused and complicated his actual role in the deaths of his wife and child.

Following the deaths of the three prostitutes, Christie said he sold his wife's wedding ring and the household furniture, and wandered about London with a total loss of memory. When he was arrested, he said, he had been sleeping in a cheap hotel. At the time he looked like a common tramp with dirty clothes, unshaven beard, and empty pockets. Christie was tried at the Old Bailey for three days, June 22-25, 1953, before Justice Fennemore. He was prosecuted by Sir Lionel Heald, then attorney general, and defended by Derek Curtis Bennett. Little defense could be offered on Christie's behalf, so Bennett opted to plead his client insane. Several medical experts examined Christie and testified that he was sane. The jury returned a verdict of guilty and Christie was sentenced to death. He was hanged at Pentonville Prison on July 15, 1953.

The conviction and execution of the monster Christie left many believing that Timothy Evans' conviction and hanging was a gross miscarriage of justice, that he had been executed for a crime that Christie himself had committed, the murder of Mrs. Beryl Evans, although considerable doubt exists that Christie killed the Evans child. This is the one murder that he said he did not commit, and the one murder that Evans admitted committing.

The Evans case remains a baffling mystery, which is exactly the way Christie wanted it, for he in no way cleared up the Evans murders but, through his whining statements, seemed to add even more confusion as to who was the real killer of Mrs. Evans and her child. Such were Christie's strange perversions that he would be content to go to the hangman knowing that he had created a lingering doubt in the minds of those who sent Timothy Evans to his death. From the grave, Christie would nag the consciences of good men, whereas he was himself without conscience altogether.

THE SCOTTISH GUNMAN/1956-1958

Peter Thomas Anthony Manuel (1927-1958) was born in New York in 1927 to immigrant Scottish parents. During the Depression, Manuel's parents were forced to return to Scotland where they remained. By the time Manuel was sixteen, a probation officer remarked that he had the worst juvenile record he had ever seen. By age thirty, his record included prison sentences for burglary, theft, indecent assault, and rape.

In January 1956, Manuel committed a more serious crime. In Glasgow he met 17-year-old Anne Kneilands, who was wait-

Peter Thomas Anthony Manuel, a serial killer who claimed the lives of at least nine people and who was hanged on July 11, 1958.

ing for her boyfriend. Manuel persuaded her to join him for coffee. As the two walked toward her home later, Manuel dragged the girl into a wooded area, where he bashed in her skull with a piece of iron. Manuel was routinely questioned by police, but he did not become a suspect in the murder.

The following summer, Manuel acquired a gun for the first time. In September 1956, he and two other men and a woman burglarized an unoccupied house south of Glasgow. After breaking into the first home, Manuel suggested burglarizing a second. When his companions declined, Manuel went by himself. The home he selected belonged to the Watt family. Mr. Watt, a master baker, had left that day for a fishing trip to Lochgilphead, eighty miles away.

Manuel invaded the Watt home, where he shot three people he found there, Mrs. Marion Watt, her sister, Margaret Brown, and 16-year-old Vivienne Brown, at close range. The two older women died immediately and the teenager was mortally wounded. Neighbors and a cleaning lady who discovered the bodies the next day called police. The investigation indicated that although the women's attacker had disarranged their clothing, they had not been sexually assaulted. Some valuables had been stolen.

When the police discovered that Mr. Watt had had affairs, he became a suspect. They soon proved it was possible for him to have driven back to Glasgow, murdered his family, and returned to the small fishing town by the following morning. They also located witnesses who said they had seen Watt on the ferry that night. Watt was then held at Barlinnie Prison, the very place where Peter Manuel was serving an eighteen-month sentence for burglary.

On October 8, 1956, Watt's attorney received a letter from Manuel offering information about the murders to Watt. As the attorney and Watt listened to Manuel, they became convinced Manuel was the murderer or had, at least, been present. Manuel refused to reveal the identity of the alleged perpetrator, but Watt was released from custody.

A year later, in early December, Manuel traveled to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England. Although he was never formally charged with the crime, authorities believe he murdered cab driver Stanley Dunn, whose body was found some twenty miles from Newcastle. Dunn had been shot and his throat was slashed. Shortly after Manuel returned to Scotland, on December 28, 1957, 17-year-old Isabelle Cooke disappeared.

The girl left her home in a suburb of Glasgow to meet her boyfriend and go with him to a dance in the nearby town of Uddingston. The following day some of her belongings, including a slip and underpants, were found, but no trace of her body was discovered. As police continued the search for her, Manuel struck again. This time, on December 31, 1957 Manuel chose the home of 45-year-old Peter Smart, his wife, Doris, and their 10-year-old son, Michael. The Smarts had gone to sleep early in preparation for a trip the following day.

Apparently, as they slept, Manuel broke into their home in Uddingston and shot all of the Smart family members to death. Because they were expected to be out of town, no one contacted authorities until Smart failed to return to work on January 6, 1958. When police investigated and found the bodies, they also found evidence that the murderer had returned to the scene of the crime: the beds had been walked on with muddy boots, a mattress slashed, food eaten, and the family cat fed.

While conducting the murder investigation, police received information that Manuel, usually without funds, had been seen spending freely. Some of the crisp £5 notes he used were retrieved from a bar he frequented and traced to money Peter Smart had drawn out of his bank for his family's trip. Manuel was arrested on January 13, 1958, and confessed to the murders of the Smarts, the Watts, Isabelle Cooke, and Anne Knielands. Manuel's trial opened on May 12, 1958, before Lord Cameron. Gordon Gillies and Ronald Sutherland conducted the prosecution and Harald Leslie and Malcolm Morrison defended Manuel.

On May 22, 1958 Manuel dismissed his defense counsel and represented himself. Despite his insistence that Watt had killed his own family and that the police had forced his confession from him, he was convicted on May 26, 1958 of all but the Knielands murder. He was sentenced to death and was hanged on July 11, 1958, at Barlinnie Prison.

THE MURDER RAMPAGE OF "LITTLE RED"/ 1957-1958

Diminutive Charles Starkweather (AKA: Little Red; 1940-1959) committed the first of eleven murders at seventeen and

Caril Ann Fugate and Charles Starkweather, a photo taken only days before the serial killing began.

Eight of Starkweather's ten victims during his serial killing spree of December 1957-January 1958 (left to right, top row): Carol King, Robert Jensen, C. Lauer Ward, Clara Ward; (left to right, bottom row) Marion Bartlett, Velda Bartlett (Fugate's parents), Betty Jean Bartlett (Fugate's little sister) and August Meyer.

died in Nebraska's electric chair two years later. He and his girlfriend, Caril Ann Fugate (b. 1945), terrorized the plains states for a week in 1958 when they went on a murder rampage.

Uneducated, impressionable and resentful at his impoverished life, Starkweather spent most of his free time reading comic books, fiddling with hot rods and hunting rabbits. He emulated actor James Dean and believed he bore a striking resemblance to the actor. He followed the charismatic actor's career in films like *Rebel Without a Cause,* while working as a garbage man. In keeping with the rebel image, he took up with a much younger girl. Where girls Starkweather's age were put off by his five-foot, two-inch stature, 14-year-old Caril Ann Fugate was flattered by his attentions. She was well-developed for her age, rebellious in school, and at home.

On December 1, 1957, Starkweather robbed a service station, training a gun on attendant Robert Colvert. He took the cash from the station's register and Colvert's personal money, then kidnapped the attendant, driving him to a remote spot outside Lincoln, Nebraska, and killed him with a shot to the head. Starkweather was seventeen at the time, Colvert twenty-one.

In late January 1958, Starkweather called on Fugate at the home she shared with her mother and stepfather, Marion Bartlett. Fugate was not yet home from school, so Starkweather passed the time quarreling with Fugate's mother, Velda Bartlett. Starkweather was carrying his prize possession, a hunting rifle, with him (he was rarely without it). The quarrel mushroomed into a shouting match, which Starkweather ended by shooting the Bartletts dead. Starkweather later stated: "They said they were tired of me hanging around. I told Mrs. Bartlett off and she got so mad that she slapped me. When I hit her back, her husband started to come at me, so I had to let both of them have it with my rifle." To the hateful little Starkweather, it was the victims' fault for arguing with him.

Starkweather knew Fugate did not like her parents, or so he later claimed and she reportedly made no objection to his murdering the Bartletts. Further, she stood by without objec-

tion when Starkweather murdered her sister, choking two-year-old Betty Jean Bartlett by shoving the gun barrel down her throat. He hid the baby's body in a cardboard box, put Marion Bartlett's body in a chicken coop behind the house and wrapped it in rags and newspapers, then disposed of Velda Bartlett in an abandoned outhouse, also covering her with newspapers.

The brutal murders of the three Bartletts did not trouble the killer or Fugate, who, after the bodies had been hidden, made sandwiches and munched their lunch as they watched television. To keep away unwanted visitors, Fugate insisted Starkweather put a note on the front door. It read: "Stay Away. Every Body is Sick With the Flu."

The note failed to deter Fugate's older sister when she came to call. She knocked anyway, and Fugate warned her to stay away. The sister told her husband that Caril Ann had refused to let her in. Both of them thought her behavior strange, so they called the police. They, too, were refused entrance. The police went away unsatisfied and were called again two days later when Fugate turned away her grandmother.

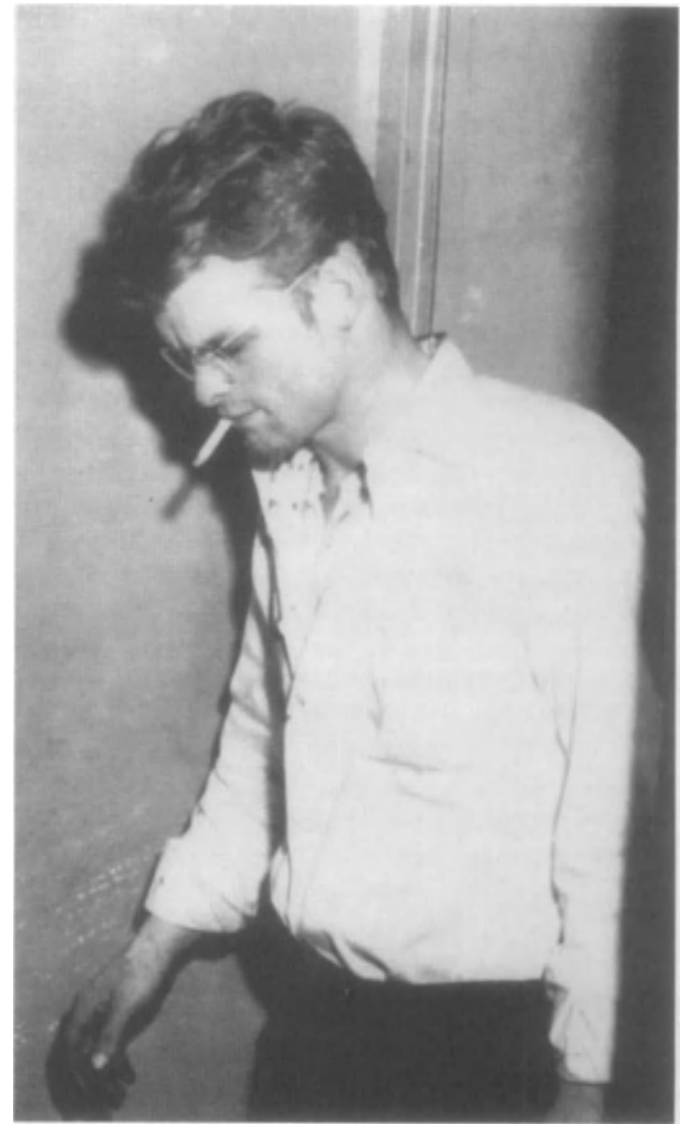
Assistant Police Chief Eugene Masters sent two officers with the grandmother to check on the Bartlett house. They ignored the warning sign and entered to find the house empty except for the bodies. Police surmised that the couple had made more sandwiches, packed them in Starkweather's car, and left. They swore out arrest warrants and the search began. A short time later, a gas station attendant in nearby Bennet, Nebraska, told police that the fugitives had stopped at his station to fix a flat, fill the tank of their car, and buy shotgun and rifle ammunition.

Starkweather's next victim was farmer August Meyer, his life taken on January 29, 1958. Police received a tip that Starkweather's car was parked outside Meyer's farmhouse. Sheriff Merle Karnopp and his men surrounded the house and called through a bullhorn for Starkweather's surrender. When no answer came, police entered the building to find Meyer dead, his head torn apart by a shotgun blast.

Evert Broening, a farmer helping in the search for Starkweather, found two bodies in an storm cellar near Meyer's farm a short time later. Seventeen-year-old Robert Jensen and 16-year-old Carol King had been shot in the head. Jensen's car was missing, and King had been raped before being killed. The posse seeking Starkweather and Fugate swelled to 200 police officers.

The next victims died at the home of businessman C. Lauer Ward. A car was parked in Ward's driveway, and his own 1956 Packard was gone, although Ward had not come to work. There was no answer when officers knocked on the Ward's door. When they entered the house, police found Ward, forty-seven, dead in the foyer, shot in the head. His wife, Clara, and their maid, Lillian Fenci, were bound and gagged in a bedroom. The women had been stabbed to death and mutilated.

Alarmed police realized that Starkweather was murdering everyone he encountered. To quell this lethal epidemic, and to aid in the manhunt, 200 armed soldiers from the National Guard were called up and participated in the dragnet, which now numbered more than 1,200 searchers.



Starkweather in custody; he was caught on a highway while trying to murder a motorist.

Caril Ann Fugate shown in custody, drinking a soda pop, and unconcerned with the slaughter committed by her boyfriend Starkweather.

Starkweather in a jail cell awaiting trial; he at first shielded Fugate, then implicated her in his killings. The banty serial killer was executed on June 24, 1959.

Fourteen-year-old Caril Ann Fugate, smiling as she is sent to prison; she was later paroled.

Meanwhile, Starkweather and Fugate headed west. When they neared Douglas, Wyoming, the serial killer saw a car parked along the roadway. Shoe salesman Merle Collison was napping inside the car. Starkweather woke him up with a gunshot, firing through the window of the car and shouting: "Come on out of that car, mister!"

As the salesman stepped from the car, Starkweather fired nine bullets into him, killing him instantly and blowing his body back into the car.

"We've got us another car, honey!" Starkweather shouted to Fugate. The killer pushed Collison's body away, sitting behind the wheel, but when he tried to release the emergency break, he found it stuck. At that moment, Starkweather saw an approaching car and flagged down motorist Joseph Sprinkle, shouting: "Help me release this brake or I'll kill you!"

Sprinkle saw Collison's body and realized that his only chance was to grab Starkweather's rifle as he maneuvered around the brake. The motorist had a firm hold of the rifle, which caused the enraged Starkweather to scream: "You bastard! Gimme my rifle!"

Fugate stood in the road, watching. Starkweather called to her: "Jump him, Caril! Get my shotgun!"

As the two struggled for the gun, a police car arrived. Instead of going to Starkweather's aid, Fugate ran toward Deputy Sheriff William Rohmer's car. "Help!" she yelled. "It's Starkweather! He's going to kill me! He's crazy! Arrest him!" It was later stated by prosecutors that the clever little Fugate realized that her murderous boyfriend was about to be apprehended and she immediately played the role of the victim to dispel any image of being a murder accomplice.

The courageous Sprinkle fought wildly with the killer, finally wresting the gun away from Starkweather. The killer shoved Sprinkle away and managed to release the emergency brake, driving off in Collison's car at 115 miles per hour. In the ensuing chase, the rear window of Starkweather's getaway car was shot out by pursuing officers. He suddenly stopped the car and staggered out, complaining of a superficial cut on his ear from broken glass. "I'm hit!" he shouted to the policemen. "You lousy bastards shot me!"

Sheriff Earl Heflin leveled a shotgun on the killer, while Police Chief Robert Ainsley frisked him.

"You're a real tough guy, aren't you?" Ainsley asked the murderer.

Fugate claimed at her trial that she had been an innocent hostage all along. Starkweather was willing to support this, at first saying: "Don't take it out on the girl. She had no part of any of it." He insisted Fugate had been his hostage. Starkweather maintained this position until Fugate testified in court against him, labeling him a killer. He turned on her and painted a picture of a less-than-innocent hostage. "One time," Starkweather claimed, "she said that some hamburgers were lousy and we ought to go back and shoot all them people in the restaurant. After I shot her folks and baby sister, Caril sat and watched television while I wrapped the bodies in rags and newspapers. We just cooked up that hostage story between us."

In Fugate's defense, her attorney claimed that she refused to let her sister or the police enter her parents' house to avoid further bloodshed. The jury did not believe it. Caril Ann Fugate was sentenced to life imprisonment (she would be paroled from the Nebraska Centre for Women in June 1976). Fugate left the courtroom sobbing and insisting that she was innocent of any crimes.

Charles Starkweather was easily convicted and sentenced to death. The serial killer was electrocuted in the Nebraska State Penitentiary at midnight, June 24, 1959. Just before his execution and true to his character, he rejected a request from the Lions Club in Beatrice, Nebraska, that he donate his eyes for transplant after his death. Typical of the vicious-minded Starkweather, he replied: "Hell, no! No one ever did anything for me! Why the hell should I do anything for anyone else?"

THE SEX BEAST/1957-1959

Melvin David Rees (AKA: The Sex Beast; b. 1933), a student at the University of Maryland in 1953, was taken into custody on Mar. 12, 1955, and charged with assault after he tried to force a 36-year-old woman into his car. The victim later dropped the charges. In the meantime, Rees set up a nook in an abandoned basement in a cinderblock building near Annapolis, Maryland. He plastered the basement with pornographic pictures and also put up a yearbook picture of Wanda Tipson, a 1955 graduate of the University of Maryland.

On June 26, 1957, Rees was driving a green Chrysler near Annapolis when he passed a car in which Margaret Harold was a passenger. Rees forced the car off the road and, armed with a .38-caliber pistol, forced his way into the back seat of the car. When Harold panicked, Rees shot her in the head. The car's driver, an Army sergeant, quickly jumped from the car and ran down the road, weaving back and forth in an attempt to avoid being shot. Rees did not fire at the sergeant, however. After running a mile, the sergeant saw a farm house, where he stopped and called Annapolis authorities. Police arrived and found Harold's body in the abandoned car. Although the sergeant gave police a detailed description of the assailant, police were unable to track down the killer.

A year and a half later, Rees was driving in Virginia. He put on his car's high beam lights and closely followed another car. As the other car, driven by truck driver Carroll Jackson, speeded up or slowed, Rees did the same. Then Rees speeded up and drove alongside Jackson's car. Jackson, twenty-nine, slowed and Rees drove in front of Jackson's car, causing Jackson to stop. Jackson got out, leaving his wife, Mildred, and daughters Susan, four, and Janet, eighteen months, in the car.

Rees, armed with a pistol, got out of his car and rushed up to Jackson. Rees ordered the rest of the family out of the car, tied Jackson's hands with a necktie, and made the family get into his car trunk. The next day, Mrs. H. M. Ballard, a Jackson relative, saw Jackson's car abandoned alongside a road and notified Sheriff Willis E. Proffitt. Rees' skid marks, Mildred Jackson's purse, the car keys, and dolls were found.

On Mar. 4, 1959, Carroll Jackson's body was found by the side of a road near Fredericksburg, Virginia, by John Scott and James Beach. Jackson had been shot in the head and his daughter, Janet, also found dead on the scene, had suffocated after Rees put her under her father's body.

Shortly afterward, two boys were digging in the dirt not far from the scene of the Harold attack and uncovered some hair. They notified police, who investigated and found the corpse of 4-year-old Susan Jackson, her skull fractured. The body of her mother, Mildred Jackson, was also found; she had been raped and strangled or beaten to death. Police linked the Jackson murders to the basement in the cinderblock building where they found a button like those on Mildred Jackson's dress.

After extensive news coverage, police received many tips from citizens who had noticed a strange man driving a green or blue Ford. Police also received a letter from a man in Norfolk, Virginia, who said Rees, a musician, had killed the Jacksons and Harold and gave a description of Rees, saying he had a thin face, long dark hair, and thick eyebrows. The informant said he had been with Rees at the time of the Harold murder, and Rees had been taking Benzedrine. When the writer received a letter from Rees postmarked West Memphis, Arkansas, he notified police.

Melvin David Rees with an unknown woman; he killed motorists in Maryland and Virginia and went to prison for life.

FBI agents found Rees in this small Arkansas town, where he was selling pianos in a music store and arrested him on a charge of flight to avoid prosecution for Harold's murder. He had also violated federal law in committing interstate crimes, which had allowed federal agents to enter the case.

Rees was put into a police lineup and the army sergeant identified him as the killer of Margaret Harold. FBI officials searched Rees' parents' house and found a .38-caliber pistol in a saxophone case in the attic. Ballistics reports identified this pistol as the weapon used to murder Harold. Agents also found a picture of Mildred Jackson that had appeared in the newspaper and attached to the picture was a message that read "Caught on a lonely road...after pulling them over, leveled pistol and ordered them out and into car trunk, which was opened by husband and both bound...".

Further investigation linked Rees to the slayings of Shelby Jean Venable, sixteen, and Mary Elizabeth Fellers, eighteen, who had been found dead in rivers in Maryland. He was also linked to the sexual assaults and murders of Ann Ryan, fourteen, and Marie Shomette, sixteen, murders that occurred in the area of the University of Maryland.

After Rees was tried, convicted and sentenced to a life term in prison in 1961 in Baltimore, Maryland, he was sent to Virginia, where he stood trial for the Jackson family slayings. Once again he was found guilty and sentenced to death. Rees was convicted of federal crimes and managed to evade state death penalties. He is presently confined in the federal detention center in Springfield, Missouri.

THE BOSTON STRANGLER/1962-1964

Thirteen Boston-area women were sexually assaulted and then strangled to death between June 1962 and January 1964 by a fiend the press dubbed the "Boston Strangler." This man proved to be Albert Henry DeSalvo (AKA: The Boston Strangler, The Green Man, The Measuring Man; 1931-1973). Born in Chelsea, Massachusetts, in 1931, DeSalvo was one of six children. His father was a severe taskmaster who beat him and the other children over the smallest infraction. He did not spare his wife either, using his fists on the poor, overworked woman whenever he was displeased.

DeSalvo's father was also criminally bent and served two prison terms for theft before his wife divorced him in 1944. Like his father, DeSalvo began stealing when in his teens, and was charged with breaking and entering several times before joining the army at age seventeen. He served in the occupation forces in Germany, where he began boxing on a U. S. army team. Small, but squat and tough, DeSalvo became the U.S. Army welterweight and, while stationed in Frankfurt, Germany, met and married a petite German girl.

Returning to the U. S. with his new wife, DeSalvo was stationed at Fort Dix, New Jersey, where, in January 1955, he was charged with molesting a 9-year-old girl, his first sex offense. The child's mother, fearing publicity would affect her daughter, refused to prosecute. The Army, therefore, had no case against DeSalvo and released him. He received an honorable discharge a short time later and moved back to Boston with his wife.

Albert DeSalvo, the Boston Strangler, murdered thirteen or more women between 1962 and 1964; he went to prison for life, but was murdered in his prison cell in 1973.

DeSalvo worked as a handyman, supporting his wife and two small children. His sex drive was almost overwhelming. He exhausted his wife Irmgard, who told him to control himself. DeSalvo demanded sex from her on an almost non-stop basis. "Five or six times a day don't mean much to me," he later stated. Finally, Irmgard told her husband, "Al, you can learn by yourself to control yourself. It is just a matter of self-control."

When it came to sex, however, DeSalvo had no control. He thought about sex night and day, according to his later admissions, and he found little release. He was arrested for breaking and entering and given a suspended sentence in 1958 and a short time later he embarked on a sexual game whereby he became known to the police as "The Measuring Man."

DeSalvo would approach young, attractive women in their apartments, telling them he represented a modeling agency and that they had been selected as possible candidates for modeling in television commercials. If chosen, they could make considerable money and would become famous. Further, they might even be offered a movie contract.

Hundreds of young women opened their apartment doors to him after hearing this pitch and DeSalvo, clipboard and tape measure in hand, would then measure the woman's vital statistics. At these times DeSalvo would not make overt sexual

Patricia Bissette, twenty-three, was one of DeSalvo's many victims; she invited him into her apartment, where he strangled and raped her on December 8, 1962.

approaches, but he did seduce a number of these gullible females. He later claimed that many of the would-be models, however, seduced *him* and invited him back.

On March 17, 1960, police in Cambridge, Massachusetts responded to an alarm of a break-in and they chased and caught DeSalvo. He had thrown away a screwdriver, which he had been using to force apartment door locks, but this was recovered. On his person was found a pair of gloves and a tailor's measuring tape. He admitted that he was "The Measuring Man" about which the police had received scores of complaints.

DeSalvo was convicted of breaking and entering and received a two-year sentence. He was released in ten months. The police did not list him as a sexual deviant, but put him on their list of potential burglars. When DeSalvo was released from prison, he returned to his family, but he now became more aggressive, breaking into apartments and tying up and raping females. He was described by his victims at this time as "The Green Man" since he wore green work pants and shirt. DeSalvo later bragged that he tied up and raped six women in one morning. Moreover, he ranged throughout New England, assaulting, according to police in Massachusetts and Connecticut, hundreds of women. DeSalvo put the number at more than 1,000.

In the summer of 1962, DeSalvo began to add murder to his sexual attacks, raping and strangling his victims, the first of whom was 55-year-old Anna Slesers, whose body was found in her apartment on Gainsborough Street in Boston, her corpse placed in a lascivious position. DeSalvo had used a cord to strangle his victim and had tied the ends in a bow beneath her chin, a technique he would continue to employ, as if it were his trademark.

Within two weeks, DeSalvo attacked and killed 85-year-old Mary Mullen, a victim he later reluctantly talked about since she reminded him of his grandmother. On June 30, 1962, DeSalvo raped and strangled Helen Blake, a 65-year-old nurse. Nina Nichols was his next victim, a woman in her sixties. She fought her attacker, digging her nails into his arms as he strangled her from behind.

On August 19, 1962, DeSalvo raped and strangled 75-year-old Ida Irga. Jane Sullivan, sixty-seven, died at DeSalvo's hands the next day. Boston police were inundated with demands to solve the rash of horrible rape-murders. Though scores of sexual deviants were arrested and questioned, DeSalvo escaped attention. He refrained from making more attacks until December 5, 1962, his wedding anniversary. He later claimed that then, as on former attacks, he became obsessed with the image of violent sex, that the top of his head "was so hot that I thought it would explode."

On that day, DeSalvo spotted an attractive girl entering an apartment and followed her. He knocked on her door and employed the usual technique that invariably gained him access to an apartment, saying through the door that he was a repair man sent by the landlord to check the pipes and toilet. The girl, however, refused to let him inside. He went to another apartment and knocked on the door. Inside was 25-year-old Sophie Clark, a tall, attractive black woman.

Clark opened the door a crack and DeSalvo persuaded her to open the door, saying that he was from a modeling company, using his old Measuring Man technique. As he walked inside the apartment, Clark turned her back on DeSalvo, who later reported that he was stunned by her curvaceous body. He leaped on her from behind, subduing her, raping her and strangling her, leaving her as he had the others, her naked body propped upward, legs spread, the bow tied beneath the cord he had used to strangle her.

DeSalvo's next victim was Patricia Bissette, a 23-year-old secretary he had visited years earlier as The Measuring Man. On December 8, 1962, she invited him inside, gave him a cup of coffee and, when she turned her back, he placed his arm around her throat and then raped her, strangling her with her own nylons. On February 16, 1963, DeSalvo gained entrance to the apartment of a woman, who was home sick. He attacked her, but she fought so desperately, scratching him and biting him while screaming out for help, that DeSalvo fled. (This woman, whose identity is withheld, proved that by ignoring quiet submission to the rapist, as is often counseled, she had saved her life.)

On March 9, 1963, 69-year-old Mary Brown allowed DeSalvo into her apartment, thinking him a workman sent by the landlord to fix her stove. This time DeSalvo's violence was unchecked. He had brought along a lead pipe, which he

used to crush his victim's head. He raped Brown *after* killing her. He then drove a fork into her breasts several times, leaving it embedded in the flesh. He also strangled her, although, by that time, she was dead.

On May 6, 1963, instead of driving to work, DeSalvo drove to Cambridge, "on an impulse" he later said, and there spotted pretty Beverly Samans, a 23-year-old undergraduate living on University Road. He gained entrance to her apartment, tying her to bedposts. He then blindfolded and gagged her and then repeatedly raped her. DeSalvo used the girl's nylon stockings to strangle her.

Before leaving his victim, DeSalvo used his jackknife to repeatedly stab the girl. An autopsy reported twenty-two stab wounds. DeSalvo later stated, "Once I stabbed her, I couldn't stop. I kept hitting her and hitting her with that knife...She kept bleeding from the throat...I hit her and hit her and hit her..." His savage bloodlust exhausted, DeSalvo walked into the kitchen, wiped off the handle of the knife and dropped it into the sink. When found by police, this knife offered no fingerprints.

DeSalvo's eleventh victim was 58-year-old Evelyn Corbin, whom he strangled and raped on September 8, 1963. When Corbin failed to keep an appointment, police were summoned and they found the woman as they had the others, except that she had been manually strangled. The killer had left his trademark, a nylon with a bow, tied about her ankle. Boston police seemed helpless to catch the killer. The city was in a near panic with thousands of husbands constantly calling their wives or staying home from work to protect them against a fiend who seemed to come and go at will. Not a single person reported seeing this serial killer and police were admittedly stymied.

A special "Strangler Bureau" was set up and a dedicated detective force began running down the slimmest clues around the clock. Dozens of sex offenders, muggers, and even peeping toms were rounded up, questioned, and subsequently released. At one point, the brilliant medium, Peter Hurkos, was brought into the case. He examined a number of personal items belonging to suspects and gave a startling and somewhat accurate description of the killer, although he never pinpointed DeSalvo or any other person as the Boston Strangler.

A number of good suspects were kept under surveillance, but proved innocent. On November 23, 1963, a day following President John F. Kennedy's assassination in Dallas, Texas, DeSalvo struck again, gaining entrance to the apartment of Joann Graff, a 23-year-old dress designer. He raped and strangled her with her own black leotards, tying these in a bow about her neck. Following the killing, DeSalvo went home, helped his wife clean up their apartment, played with his children, watched a television news report, and then sat down to dinner.

DeSalvo had watched a television report that night on the death of Joann Graff. He later stated: "I knew it was me who did it but why I did it and everything else, I don't know...I wasn't excited. I didn't think about it. I sat down to dinner and didn't think about it at all."

On January 4, 1964, DeSalvo struck for the last time, claiming his thirteenth victim, 19-year-old Mary Sullivan. Once inside her apartment, he flourished a knife, tied up the girl, and raped her. He then strangled her with his hands. He left her naked and, as a bizarre afterthought, inserted a broom into her and placed a card he found in the apartment between her toes which read, "Happy New Year."

Criminal attorney F. Lee Bailey, who defended DeSalvo, is shown looking at a photo of his client in 1967, after the Boston Strangler escaped from a mental hospital and was recaptured within thirty hours.

In fall 1964, a young woman reported being sexually assaulted in her apartment, describing a man police identified as DeSalvo, using the same technique as DeSalvo had when he was labeled as The Measuring Man. DeSalvo was arrested for breaking and entering, held on a $100,000 bond, and sent to the mental institution at Bridgewater. Amazingly, police never coupled DeSalvo with the crimes of the Boston Strangler. Officials later stated that DeSalvo's police rap sheet listed him only as a felon guilty of breaking and entering. Police records revealed nothing of his sexual offenses.

At Bridgewater, DeSalvo claimed that he was hearing voices and he was diagnosed by psychiatrists as "schizophrenic." On February 4, 1965, he was ordered to be detained indeterminately by Judge Edward A. Pecce. Another inmate at Bridgewater, George Nassar, who had killed a garage attendant and who was himself a suspect in the Strangler killings, met DeSalvo and, after listening to him talk for some time, mostly about sex and violence, came to believe DeSalvo was the Boston Strangler. He informed his young lawyer, F. Lee Bailey, and Bailey interviewed DeSalvo, recording his conversations.

DeSalvo admitted being the Strangler and even added two killings to the known murder count of thirteen. More importantly, DeSalvo related facts about the murders which the police had kept secret, the positioning of the naked bodies, the tying of bows in the strangling cords, nylons, and pantyhose, the location of the wounds inflicted, all the sordid details that only the killer would have known.

Police were still puzzled since they had no eyewitness, who could positively identify DeSalvo. Bailey was convinced that DeSalvo was the killer and said so, but officials were disinclined to officially prosecute DeSalvo as a mental patient. DeSalvo was kept in confinement and the strangulation murders stopped. Most reliable authorities considered DeSalvo

the Boston Strangler, including court authorities, who transferred DeSalvo to the Walpole State Prison where, in his cell, on November 26, 1973, he was found dead, stabbed to death in his heart.

THE PIED PIPER OF TUCSON/1964-1965

Like Charles Starkweather before him, serial killer Charles Howard Schmid, Jr. (AKA: Smitty; The Pied Piper of Tucson; b. 1942) five feet, three inches tall, was bothered by his short stature. To improve his image, he became a devoted gymnast, winning a state championship in high school. Uncomfortable with his peers in his twenties, he enchanted teenagers in Tucson, Arizona, with fantastic tales. "Smitty" Schmid's dark fantasies turned to terrible reality in spring 1964. His teenage friends apparently knew when their hero turned to murder, but they told no one.

Mary Rae French was Schmid's devoted follower. The 18-year-old girl worked at his mother's nursing home and turned most of her pay over to him. She never minded when he used her small cottage for orgies, and she often joined in. On the evening of May 31, 1964, French, Schmid, and a friend, John Saunders, were talking about Smitty's exploits with girls, when, French recalled, "he suddenly got a different look on his face" and announced: "I want to kill a girl...I think I can get away with it." French suggested as their victim 15-year-old Alleen Rowe, whom she knew would be alone because her mother worked late in the evening. French called the girl and persuaded her to agree to sneak out of her house and meet the threesome.

Charles Howard Schmid, Jr., at his murder trial; he lured three teenage girls to the desert outside Tucson, Arizona, killing them in 1964-1965, and went to prison for life.

The two young men and two girls drove into the desert, stopping at a remote spot, where French stayed in the car while the men took Alleen off into the shadows and raped her. Then they killed the terrified, struggling girl by bashing in her head with rocks. French helped Schmid and Saunders dig a shallow grave into which the battered body of Alleen Rowe was placed. Everyone who knew Alleen Rowe was soon questioned about her disappearance. Schmid appeared puzzled when investigators interviewed him. He said that he had had a date with Rowe on the night of her murder, but that she was not home when he arrived to pick her up. Police kept the case open but had no leads or clues to follow in the case, which remained dormant.

Schmid soon started dating 17-year-old Gretchen Fritz, the daughter of a physician, whose wild nature seemed to match his own. Schmid became furious when Fritz informed him that she had "gone all the way" with a boy in California. "I really loved that girl! I'll kill her!" Schmid told a friend. On August 16, 1965, Gretchen and her 13-year-old sister, Wendy Fritz, went to a drive-in movie.

Schmid met them at the drive-in, and enticed them to go driving with him in the desert. As in the case of Rowe, Schmid drove to a secluded area and there he killed both girls, leaving their bodies exposed along an unfrequented road. After he bragged to his friend, Richard Bruns, that he had killed them, Schmid and Bruns returned to the desert and buried the already-decomposing bodies.

Friends of the Fritzes hired some "Mafia types" to investigate their daughters' disappearances. The men, hearing Schmid's story that the girls had run away to San Diego, insisted that he go with them to hunt for the girls. Schmid stayed in San Diego for several months, until he was arrested for impersonating an FBI agent questioning girls on the beach.

Although the police by this time listed Schmid as a strong suspect in the Fritz and Rowe killings, they did not have enough substantial evidence with which to charge him in those murders. Schmid's friends were of no help to authorities. These moronic and ghoulish teenagers reveled in Schmid's horror stories and delighted in protecting their murderous idol. However, Schmid himself began to crack under the pressure of the intense investigations.

Schmid once drove his fist through the wall of his small cottage, then ran outside shouting: "God is going to punish me!" Bruns, too, was feeling the pressure and he was beginning to get terrified that his psychopathic friend might murder Bruns' girlfriend, Kathy Morath, who had previously been enamored of Schmid. With that possibility preying on his mind, Bruns went to visit his grandmother in Ohio, and from there called the Tucson police and told them everything he knew.

On November 11, 1965, Schmid was arrested for the murders of the Fritz sisters. Mary Rae French and John Saunders, under arrest for abetting the murder of Alleen Rowe, turned state's evidence against him. Schmid was found guilty and sentenced to death, though the punishment was never carried out because of the 1971 U.S. Supreme Court decision that overturned capital punishment. Saunders received a life sentence, and French was sent to prison for four to five years.

Schmid was later tried for the murder of Alleen Rowe. He was convicted and received an additional fifty-five-year sentence on top of his life sentence in the Fritz killings.

Held in the Arizona State Prison, Schmid escaped on November 11, 1972, along with Raymond Hudgens, a convicted three-time killer. Schmid and Hudgens held four people hostage on a ranch near Tempe, Arizona, before deciding to separate. Both were caught again within days and returned to prison.

TWO SERIAL KILLERS IN SALT LAKE CITY/ 1966

Eight days before Christmas 1966, Walter Kelbach (b. 1938), twenty-eight, and his friend Myron Lance (b. 1941), twenty-five, went on a killing spree that left six people dead. A 1972 television NBC documentary titled "Thou Shalt Not Kill" profiled these two killers from Salt Lake City, Utah. The two ex-convicts were also homosexual lovers and had consumed large amounts of drugs on the night of December 17, 1966.

Kelbach drove to a Salt Lake City gas station where the two robbed an attendant of $147 and forced him into the back seat of their station wagon. They drove into the desert where, after forcing their victim to engage in sex, Kelbach stabbed him repeatedly and threw the body into a roadside ditch. Victim number two was Michael Holtz, who also worked in a filling station. He was abducted and murdered in the same fashion, this time by both Kelbach and Lance. Police issued a citywide order that all gas stations be closed at nightfall.

Serial killer Walter Kelbach, who, with Myron Lance, murdered six people in 1966.

Four days before Christmas, Kelbach and Lance got into the back seat of a taxi belonging to Grant Creed Strong. Suspicious about the two grinning men who wanted to go to the airport, Strong radioed the dispatcher. He said that if he encountered problems, he would click his microphone twice. As the taxi pulled over to the curb, Lance thrust a gun at Strong's head and demanded all his money. Strong handed over $9, which angered Lance, and he shot Strong through the head, killing him.

Myron Lance, who, like his partner, had no reservations in killing people for cash.

The two men proceeded to Lolly's Tavern, near the airport. Announcing to the stunned patrons that they were committing a robbery, Lance casually shot 47-year-old James Sizemore through the head. The killers took $300 from the till and then sprayed the bar with gunfire, killing Beverly Mace, thirty-four, and Fred William Lillie, twenty. Kelbach and Lance fled, but were soon captured at a police roadblock.

Charged with first-degree murder, Kelbach and Lance were convicted, and quickly sentenced to death. But when the Supreme Court outlawed capital punishment in 1971, the pair were spared. Neither killer ever expressed remorse. "I haven't any feelings towards the victims," Lance said. "I don't mind people getting hurt because I just like to watch it," Kelbach added. At this writing, both men are imprisoned at the Utah State Penitentiary.

A WEST COAST MURDER SPREE/1967

Thomas Eugene Braun (AKA: Mike Ford; b. 1948) was born in the state of Washington. When barely into his adolescence, he was forced to shoot the family dog because his drunken father thought the dog was "a chicken killer." On August 17, 1967, Braun left his job as a gas station attendant in Ritzville, Washington, to ride off with Leonard Maine (b. 1948). They took with them a .22-caliber Luger and a Frontier Colt single-action .22-caliber pistol.

Heading for Seattle, they overtook a late-model Skylark driven by 22-year-old Deanna Buse on Route 72 outside Richmond. They motioned her over to the side of the road on the pretense that her tires were going flat. When she got out of the car, Braun aimed a gun at her head and told her to get into their car. Maine got into the Skylark and followed Braun to a secluded spot near Echo Lake. There Braun shot Buse five times. He and Maine drove on to Seattle, where they abandoned their car, driving off in Buse's stolen Skylark.

The next day, Braun and Maine crossed into Oregon and tried to register at a resort motel. The owner was suspicious of the unkempt strangers, and asked to see their vehicle registration. They drove off, but had a flat tire a few miles away. Samuel Ledgerwood, who had just come from his favorite fishing spot, offered to help. Braun pumped two shots into Ledgerwood's head, and then set fire to the Skylark. The two killers drove off in Ledgerwood's shiny new Buick. The two then continued south to Northern California.

On Route 120, Braun stopped to pick up two 17-year-old hitchhikers, Susan Bartolomei and Timothy Luce. Early the next morning, the Mease family stopped their car on the same highway to investigate what they thought was an accident. They found Susan Bartolomei lying on the side of the road, barely conscious. She said that two men named Mike and John from Oklahoma had shot them, killing Timothy. Meanwhile, searchers found the body of Deanna Buse. Oregon police reported the murder of Samuel Ledgerwood, and soon the manhunt had begun as three states pooled their resources in searching for the serial killers.

Several days later, Maine and Braun were captured at a motel in Jamestown, California, after Constable Ed Chafin noticed Ledgerwood's stolen green Buick with Oregon plates. Chafin called for back-up and he was soon joined by several officers, who, with drawn guns, entered the room where Maine

Thomas Eugene Braun (front, left) and Leonard Maine (behind Braun) are shown only minutes after they were captured at a motel in Jamestown, California (they are barefooted, having been caught napping in their rooms); both went to prison for life for senselessly murdering three people in 1967.

was sleeping. He surrendered meekly, pointing out the next room where Braun was asleep. The officers broke down the door of this room and spotted Braun in bed, his hands beneath a pillow.

"His hands, watch his hands!" shouted one of the officers. Braun reached for a gun, but an officer leaped upon him and wrested the weapon from the killer's grip. After being shown still photos and movies of the victims, they confessed to their crimes.

On December 2, 1968, Superior Court Judge Joseph Kelly of San Jose, California, sentenced Braun to die in the San Quentin gas chamber. However, the sentence was later commuted to life imprisonment. Leonard Maine also received a life sentence.

SERIAL KILLINGS IN HOUSTON/1970-1973

On Aug. 8, 1973, 17-year-old Elmer Wayne Henley (b. 1956) called the Pasadena, Texas, Police Department and said he had just shot his friend Dean Arnold Corll (1939-1973). The police found Dean Corll lying face down with six slugs in his shoulder and back. Henley then related a horrific story of serial killings perpetrated by Corlll. Henley and his friend David Owen Brooks (b. 1955), twenty-seven murders by their count. In the previous three years Corll indulged his sado-masochistic sexual fantasies by murdering teenaged boys, Henley said.

Corll had been punished harshly as a child, and when his parents divorced, he and his brother Stanley were shuttled between nursery schools and baby sitters. In 1964, Corll was drafted into the army, and by 1969 his personality disorders

Houston serial killer Dean Allen Corll, shown at home with a stuffed animal; he murdered twenty-seven people in the early 1970s.

In custody, Elmer Wayne Henley, Corll's slavish murder accomplice, turned on his mentor and killed him on August 8, 1973.

caused concern with his friends and relatives. Corll returned to Houston and went to work for the Lighting and Power Company. He began to associate with teenage boys, and sniffed glue with two of them, Elmer Wayne Henley and David Owen Brooks.

The killing began in 1970, when Corll lured hitchhiking University of Texas student Jeffrey Konen to his house in Pasadena. But Corll usually relied on Henley, a high school dropout, to find victims from the economically depressed Heights section of Houston. Corll promised to pay $200 for each victim lured into the trap, but he usually reneged. Brooks, Corll's first willing recruit, said he met the man in the schoolyard and Corll gave him some candy, after which they lived together for a time. In 1970, Brooks came home and found Corll engaged in sexual acts with two young men who had been bound and gagged. Brooks was given a car to keep silent.

Brooks and Henley soon became willing participants in murder. In the next two years, the three murdered twenty-seven young boys. Victims were lured to Corll's home for drug and alcohol parties. After the victims fell unconscious, Corll tied them up, sexually molested them, and killed them. He disposed of the bodies in either a remote spot near the Sam Rayburn Reservoir or a boat shed in southwest Houston rented for the purpose.

On August 8, 1973, Henley violated the "trust" by bringing 15-year-old Rhonda Williams to the apartment. "You weren't supposed to bring any girl!" Corll bellowed. The girl had run away from home and needed a place to stay for the night, and Henley said his friend Dean wouldn't mind. Varnish sniffing began, and Henley, Williams, and Timothy Kerley, sixteen, passed out. When he awoke and discovered that Corll had tied them up, Henley pleaded for his life. Corll released him when he promised to rape and kill Williams while Corll did the same to Kerley.

Henley, however, was too upset to perform a sexual act with the girl. He seized a .22-caliber pistol and pointed it at Corll, who taunted him. Henley fired six shots, and then called the local police. Later that day he took police to shed number eleven at the Southwest Boat Storage and the excavation began. After the twenty-seventh body was removed from the shallow graves at the boathouse and near the lake, the search stopped. A "record" had been established, eclipsing the slayings of twenty-five migrant workers in California in 1971 by serial killer Juan Corona. But Mary West, Corll's divorced mother, thought there might be more victims. The Houston police were unwilling to continue, despite hundreds of parents' requests for information about their missing children.

On August 11, 1973, the Houston district attorney filed

murder charges against Brooks and Henley. Judge Preston Dial barred the press during jury selection. The trial opened in San Antonio in July 1974. Henley and Brooks were convicted of the murders of six of the twenty-seven victims, and were each sentenced to life imprisonment.

Though their lawyers have repeatedly asked the courts to parole Henley and Brooks, these requests have been routinely denied. Meanwhile, Henley, considered to have a modest talent as an artist, produced a number of artworks while behind bars, some of these paintings exhibited in Houston art galleries in 1998.

MULLIN'S "OFFERINGS" TO THE GODS/ 1972-1973

In the early 1970s serial killers Edmund Emil Kemper III (see Cannibalism) and Herbert William Mullin (b. 1947) terrorized Santa Cruz, California, which had been known for years as a haven for drug-taking dropout hippies. Mullin, the religious-minded, schizophrenic son of a Marine colonel, spent a number of years smoking marijuana and taking LSD. When he was twenty-five, he began to hear voices that told him that if he sacrificed human lives, he would prevent the massive earthquakes predicted for Southern California.

Between October 1972 and February 1973, Mullin killed thirteen people: On October 13, 1972, Mullin gave a lift to Lawrence White, a tramp he met in the mountains. Mullin asked White to help him fix his car and while the old man's back was turned, the serial killer beat him to death with a baseball bat. Less than two weeks later, Mullin picked up coed Mary Guilfoyle. He stabbed the girl in the heart before disemboweling her and leaving her grisly remains on the shoulder of a road, where they were found in February 1973.

Apparently feeling guilt for these murders, Mullin went to St. Mary's Church in Santa Cruz, where he entered a confessional, confessing his killings to a Catholic priest, Father Henry Tomei. Mullin was suddenly seized by panic, believing that the priest would tell police. He promptly stabbed Tomei to death. Seeking revenge for his own crimes, which he attributed to marijuana, Mullin irrationally searched for James Gianera, the man who had introduced the drug to him. Unable to locate the man, he went, on January 25, 1973, to 29-year-old Kathy Francis, who gave Mullin Gianera's address.

Finding Gianera, Mullin shot him to death, then killed Gianera's wife by stabbing and shooting her. The serial killer then returned to Francis and murdered her and her two small boys, shooting them as the three lay asleep in bed. Mullin continued hunting humans, finding on February 6, 1973, four teenage boys, who were camping in the mountains. Mullin pulled his gun and shot all of them dead. On February 13, 1973, Mullin slowly cruised through the streets of Santa Cruz, spotting Fred Perez, an elderly man working in his garden. Mullin got out of his car, walked up to Perez and shot the old man dead. He then sauntered back to his car and leisurely drove off.

This time, he was positively identified by witnesses, who provided police with the license plate number of his car. He was arrested a short time later. Freely confessing to his murders, Mullin immediately mounted a defense based on insanity, telling officials that he had offered his victims to the gods to prevent devastating earthquakes in California, an absurd rationale that insisted he was actually saving lives by murdering people as sacrificial offerings.

Herbert William Mullin, center, murdered victims at random in the Santa Cruz, California, area as "offerings" to the gods, he said, in order to prevent earthquakes.

At Mullin's trial it was shown that he had voluntarily committed himself to mental hospitals five different times in the preceding years. Each time he was diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic with dangerous aggressive tendencies, given some drugs, and sent on his way. Yet, a close inspection of his background showed that it was unlike that of most serial killers. He had lived a relatively normal life as a teenager, participating in sports while in high school, where he was voted "most likely to succeed."

Mullin's attorneys pointed out that the accidental death of his best friend in a car crash in 1965, altered the youth's reason. At that time, the bereaved Mullin transformed his bedroom into a shrine to the dead friend, arranging furniture around a photograph of the dead boy. This traumatic experience, however, failed to convince the court that Mullin was deranged. The jury, determined that he should not be released, found him guilty on ten counts of murder, and he was sent to prison for life. He will be eligible for parole in 2020.

CALIFORNIA'S MIGRANT KILLER/1971

Few serial killers match the ruthlessness and systematic slaughter demonstrated by Juan Vallejo Corona (b. 1934), a killer who murdered at least twenty-five migrant workers in the space of six weeks during 1971. Corona, a Mexican migrant worker himself, had arrived in Yuba City, California, in the 1950s. By the early 1970s, he was a labor contractor, hiring migrant workers to pick the various fruit crops in the Yuba City area. He was also, by that time, a man who suffered from several forms of mental illness. He had been diagnosed as suffering from schizophrenia. He was also a homosexual and a brutal sadist.

As early as 1970, the Corona family was involved in violent sex. Corona's half-brother, Natividad, was charged with sexually attacking a young Mexican worker who was found bleeding in the washroom of the half-brother's Guadalajara Café, which was located in Marysville, close to Yuba City. When the youth sued the half-brother and won a $250,000 settlement, Natividad fled back to Mexico.

The odd thing about Corona's murder spree, which was decidedly connected to homosexual attacks, was the fact that he was a married man with children. Heterosexual or not, Corona also craved sex with his own gender, an uncommon but not unheard of tendency on the part of some sex killers.

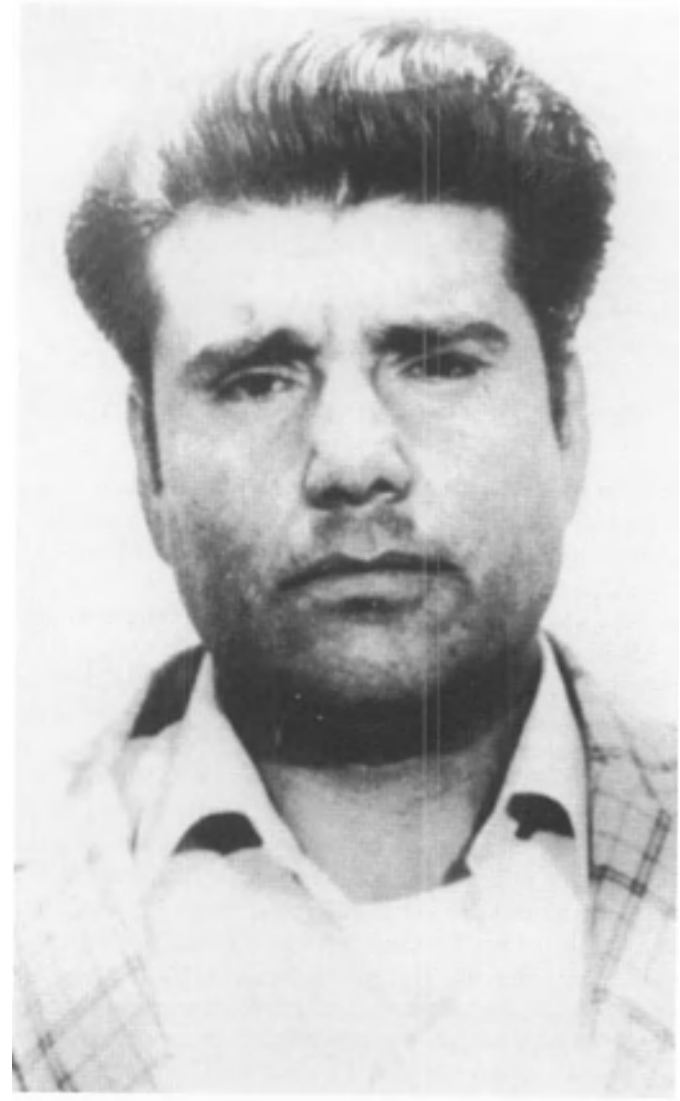
As a labor contractor, Corona hired migrant workers, and housed these single men in a barracks-like building on the Sullivan ranch. These men were, for the most part, elderly alcoholics, social dropouts, and misfits. They began disappearing in early May 1971.

On May 19, 1971, a Japanese fruit farmer noticed a large hole seven feet long and three and a half feet deep that had been scooped out of his land in a peach orchard. The next night he went to the same spot and saw that the earth had been packed back into the hole. He called the police who dug into what was a fresh grave. Inside of it was Kenneth Whitacre, a hobo who had homosexual literature in his back pocket. He had been sexually assaulted and then stabbed to death, his head chopped with a machete.

Another farmer noticed what appeared to be a freshly dug grave on his ranch and police began digging again, this time finding an elderly man. More graves in this area yielded more men, all of them sodomized and stabbed to death, one having been shot and chopped viciously about the head with a machete. In one grave police found a meat market receipt made out to "Juan V. Corona."

The bodies kept turning up including that of John Henry Jackson, an elderly worker, who had been seen some weeks earlier riding in the back of Corona's pickup truck. The police kept digging until June 4, 1971, unearthing twenty-five bodies, along with more receipts that had the name of Juan Corona on them. Corona was arrested and charged with murder. He pleaded not guilty, but his defense lawyers, who maintained that another person had done the murders, had an uphill battle against the overpowering evidence of bodies, receipts, and eyewitnesses who had seen the murdered workers with Corona shortly before they disappeared.

There was speculation that Corona and another man had committed the murders, but no other suspect was ever found, let alone arrested. Psychiatrists ventured many theories about Corona, one claiming that as the spring deepened and the fruit ripened, Corona's madness increased until the climate drove him into a frenzy of murder and mutilation so that he was compelled to kill someone each day to satisfy his blood lust. The availability of victims increased as warmer weather set in and scores of migrant workers drifted into the Marysville-Yuba City area.



Juan Vallejo Corona murdered twenty-five or more migrant workers so that he did not have to pay their wages.

Corona simply had to stop his truck at any roadside and pick up the lonely workers, social pariahs no one would ever miss. He would work these men a few days and, when it came time to pay them, the burly, 200-pound Corona would sexually molest these men, then murder them, and bury their bodies. These included Kenneth Whitacre, Charles Fleming, Melford Sample, Donald Smith, John J. Haluka, Warren Kelley, Sigurd Beierman, William Emery Kamp, Clarence Hocking,

An aerial view of the Sullivan ranch, where more than two dozen bodies were unearthed, all victims of serial killer Juan Corona.

James W. Howard, Jonah R. Smallwood, Elbert T. Riley, Paul B. Allen, Edward Martin Cupp, Albert Hayes, Raymond Muchache, John H. Jackson, Lloyd Wallace Wenzel, Mark Beverly Shields, Sam Bonafide also known as Joe Carriveau, Joseph Maczak, and four unidentified men the court labeled "John Doe."

In several instances, the prosecution at Corona's trial was able to prove, Corona had planned his murders in advance, digging graves days before he had any victims to put into them. Added to this were the damning bloodstained knives, machete, pistol, and Corona's blood-caked clothes found in his home, along with an equally damning ledger in which Corona had officiously listed the names of his victims and the dates of their murders.

The jury in the Corona case deliberated for forty-five hours and then brought in a verdict of guilty in the case of each of the twenty-five murdered men. In January 1973, Judge Richard E. Patton sentenced Corona to twenty-five life terms to run consecutively with no hope of parole. Although Corona never publicly admitted his serial murders, he reportedly met with an official from the Mexican Consulate, who was visiting his prison and was quoted as telling this person: "Yes, I did it, but I am a sick man and I can't be judged by the standards of other men."

Corona was attacked in prison in 1980, stabbed thirty-two times. He lost the sight of one eye. He later won an appeal that claimed he had not received an adequate defense, that he should have been allowed to plead insane at his trial. He was placed in an asylum for the criminally insane. Retried in 1982, Corona met the same judicial fate, being convicted and sentenced to twenty-five consecutive life terms.

Seemingly endless conjectures have been offered by psychiatrists and psychologists studying this case, many of them contributing bizarre theories to explain the motivation for Corona's serial killings. His motivation, however shrouded in such elaborate rationales, was plain and simple. He murdered out of greed, simply killing those he did not want to pay for their work, pocketing the meager salaries of his victims like any petty crook. Juan Corona was not and is not a complicated felon, merely a thief, who stole lives and money.

THE "RECREATIONAL" SERIAL KILLERS/ 1973

Douglas Gretzler (b. 1950), from the Bronx, New York, met William Steelman (b. 1945), a former mental patient and convict from the San Joaquin Valley in California on October 11, 1973. The two shared the same perverted outlook on life and united in their murderous fantasies to become a serial killing team. They met in Denver, Colorado, and traveled to Arizona, where they randomly robbed homes and blithely killed anyone who got in their way. Arizona police attributed seven deaths to these ruthless killers, two of which were their partners in an alleged drug deal. It should be chillingly noted that both killers later stated that the many serial killings they performed were not committed for profit, but for "recreation."

Douglas Gretzler murdered people for cash and "recreation" in California and Arizona; he was executed on April 3, 1998.

The pair drove to Sacramento, California, with Michael Adshade and Ken Unrein of Phoenix and held them captive in their van near the city. There they killed and buried them by a small creek. Gretzler and Steelman then returned to Arizona, where they offered two hitchhikers a ride, then killed them. In Mesa, Arizona, on October 28, 1973, the two serial killers invaded a house trailer, where they tied up Robert Robbins, nineteen,

William Steelman, Gretzler's co-killer, who murdered for profit and pleasure; he is presently serving life in prison.

and Katherine Mestiter, eighteen. They shot them both to death. Shortly thereafter, the pair drove to Tucson, where they broke into the apartment of Michael and Patricia Sandberg, killing the couple and stealing their car, which they drove to the little farming community of Victor, California.

In the evening of November 6, 1973, Walter and Joanne Parkin, who owned a successful grocery store in Victor, went bowling with their friends, Dick and Wanda Earl. They left their two children with teen-aged Debbie Earl, Dick and Wanda's daughter, and the girl's brother, Rick and her boyfriend, Mark Lang. When the two couples returned, they were confronted by Gretzler and Steelman who were holding the children at gunpoint. One of the men took Parkin to his store and forced him to take $4,000 from the safe. They then returned to the Parkin's home, tied up all nine hostages and shot them to death one by one.

The next morning, Laura Carlson, a house guest who had returned late the night before and gone straight to bed, found the victims. First she saw the two children dead in their parents' bed. Then, she found the three older children and four adults all crammed into a bedroom closet. When the police arrived it was noticed that the ropes binding the victims were tied with unusual knots.

A police bulletin was widely distributed, which described the manner in which the victims had been tied up. Then word was received from Arizona police that serial killers using similar knots in that state had been identified as Gretzler and Steelman. Photos of the two were immediately published in the newspapers. A hotel clerk in Sacramento recognized the pair as they were checking in and called the police. Gretzler was easily seized, but Steelman escaped and was not captured until a SWAT team sent tear gas into the room where he had been hiding.

Gretzler confessed to the killings and pleaded guilty. Steelman did not plead before the California judge, letting his grand jury testimony speak for him. They were both found guilty of the nine murders in Victor. California had outlawed capital punishment, so the men were sentenced to life in prison, which would make them eligible for parole in seven years.

California willingly sent the men to Arizona, where the death penalty was still in use. They were sentenced to death in the gas chamber for the killing of the Sandberg couple. It is believed that Gretzler and Steelman were responsible for at least eleven other murders for which they were not tried. Steelman died in prison in 1987, and Gretzler, after his lawyers exhausted all appeals, was finally put to death by lethal injection on April 3, 1998.

MURDERING "OLD FOLKS" IN ENGLAND/ 1973-1974

Patrick David MacKay (AKA: Franklin Bollvolt the First; b. 1952) was a violent and dangerous young street thug who, at an early age, tortured animals and beat boys younger and weaker than himself. As a child, he set fire to the local Catholic church with a candle. The judge at the Dartford juvenile court placed him on probation, to the considerable alarm of neighbors, who feared MacKay would commit much worse crimes before he was through.

As a boy, MacKay roasted his pet turtle alive. Later, he became preoccupied with the Nazi regime. He decorated his room with military regalia and began calling himself "Franklin Bollvolt the First," the new world dictator. At age fifteen, MacKay, the son of an alcoholic, had a long record of violent offenses. In 1973 a Catholic priest named Father Anthony Crean took the troubled adolescent under his wing. MacKay rewarded his kindness by breaking into his residence and pilfering a check for £30. He altered the "3" and cashed the check for £80.

On St. Valentine's Day, 1974, MacKay called on 84-year-old Isabella Griffiths in Chelsea, volunteering to do her grocery shopping. When Griffiths refused, MacKay strangled her and plunged a kitchen knife into her stomach. Later that year he committed a string of muggings against elderly women. On March 10, 1975, MacKay followed Adele Price, an elderly

Patrick David MacKay, posing in a coin-operated photograph booth, wearing a Nazi swastika on his sleeve; he murdered several elderly people in 1974-1975.

Mrs. Isabella Griffiths, stabbed to death by MacKay on February 14, 1974 in her home in Chelsea.

Mrs. Adele Price, who was strangled to death by Patrick David MacKay on March 10, 1975.

widow, to her home in Lowndes Square. Feigning illness, he won the widow's permission to enter her flat, where he strangled her. Afterward MacKay paid a call on his widowed mother, who lived in Gravesend.

Then, on March 21, 1975, he decided to visit his old benefactor, Father Crean, who had attempted to prevent his prosecution on charges of theft two years prior. Finding the priest's residence unoccupied, MacKay stepped inside. When Father Crean returned a short time later, MacKay viciously assaulted him. The priest rushed into the bathroom to shield himself from MacKay, but MacKay followed close behind, and killed him.

Two days later the police arrested MacKay. The suspect freely confessed to the three murders, and was considered the prime suspect in at least eight others committed between July 1973 and March

Father Anthony Crean, who had earlier aided the troubled youth, was murdered by MacKay on March 21, 1975.

A series of photos shows a disturbed if not unbalanced MacKay in a coin-operated photograph booth, gobbling his lunch and making a menacing face; he was arrested a short time after this photo session and sent to prison for life.

1975. Patrick MacKay was tried at the Old Bailey in November 1975 for the murders of the three elderly people, whom MacKay called "the old folks." Judged to be sane at the time the murders were committed, MacKay was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment.

PATRICK WAYNE KEARNEY/1973-1977

On July 13, 1977, Patrick Wayne Kearney (b. 1940) an electronics engineer for the Los Angeles Hughes Aircraft Co. was indicted on three counts of murder by a Riverside, California, grand jury. Charges against his roommate and homosexual lover, David D. Hill, thirty-four, were dropped because of lack of evidence. Kearney took full blame for all the serial killings attributed to him, an investigator later stating that Kearney had murdered "because it excited him and gave him a feeling of dominance." At the time, Patrick Kearney was being investigated in connection with at least twenty-eight murders of homosexual men.

Hill and Kearney, roommates for fifteen years, turned themselves in to authorities on July 1, 1977 pointing to a wanted poster with their pictures and announcing: "We're them." Most of the information about the killings came from Kearney's statements to police. Bodies of many of the victims were found in plastic garbage bags along highways from south Los Angeles to the border of Mexico and several of the corpses had been dismembered after being shot.

Kearney was indicted for the slayings of Albert Rivera, twenty-one, Arturo Marquez, twenty-four, and John Le May, seventeen. The first victim to be identified was Rivera. His corpse was found on April 13, 1975, near San Juan Capistrano, with five more bodies turning up by the end of 1976. Two more victims were discovered in March 1977. (Kearney, according to reliable reports, launched his serial killings as early as 1973.) All the victims were nude, shot in the head with a small-caliber gun, and dumped alongside the highway. Almost all were transient young men who frequented the homosexual cruising areas and hangouts in and around Los Angeles and Hollywood.

At Hill and Kearney's Redondo Beach home investigators found a hacksaw, which proved to be stained with Le May's blood, as well as hair and carpet samples which matched those on tape found on the victims' bodies. Kearney and Hill had fled to Mexico, but surrendered when persuaded by relatives to turn themselves in.

On December 21, 1977, Kearney pleaded guilty to three murders and was sentenced to life imprisonment by Superior Court Judge John Hews. On February 21, 1978, Kearney pleaded guilty before Judge Dickran Tevrizzian, Jr., to eighteen

Serial Killer Patrick Wayne Kearney in custody; he reportedly murdered at least twenty-eight homosexual men from 1973 to 1977, but may have been slaying people for fifteen years.

A recent photo of Kearney, who is serving life; Kearney was known as the "Trash Bag Murderer," because many of his victims were found in garbage bags alongside California highways.

slayings of young men and boys in exchange for a promise from the prosecution that he would not be given the death penalty. Kearney also provided details of the related killings of another eleven homosexual men, bringing the probable total to thirty-two victims.

THE MAN WHO WAS SON OF SAM/1975-1977

David Berkowitz (AKA: Son of Sam; b. 1953), an unbalanced slayer who terrorized New York for more than a year as the "Son of Sam," was born June 1, 1953, the bastard son of a woman who gave him up for adoption. Throughout his miserable life, he had a deep sense of rejection. He grew up shy and terrorized by women. His stepfather, Nat Berkowitz, ran a hardware store in the Bronx and later retired to Florida. His stepson, David, remained in New York, living on Pine Street in Yonkers. He worked at odd jobs and his room was always littered with garbage. He could not sleep, he complained in letters to his stepfather, because the sound of trucks on the street and a neighbor's barking dog kept him up every night. He became paranoid, insisting that strangers on the street displayed hatred for him and spat at him as he walked past. "The girls call me ugly and they bother me the most," he wrote his stepfather.

On Christmas Eve 1975, Berkowitz attacked two girls with a knife at separate sites. The first girl frightened him off with her wild shrieking, but he plunged the blade into the lung of the second girl, a 15-year-old schoolgirl and left her for dead. She survived. Berkowitz waited seven months before striking again, this time on the night of July 29, 1976. He found two girls, Donna Lauria and Jody Valenti talking in the front seat of a car parked on Buhre Avenue in Queens.

Calmly taking a gun from a brown paper bag, Berkowitz fired five shots into them, killing Lauria and wounding Valenti in the leg. Police were baffled by this murder, the killer apparently having no motive. Investigators quickly concluded that they were dealing with a maniac who killed for thrills. Berkowitz next shot and wounded Carl Denaro on the night of October 23, 1976, firing through the rear window of his car as Denaro sat with his girlfriend, Rosemary Keenan, in front of a bar in Flushing, New York.

On November 26, 1976, two more girls, Joanne Lomino and Donna DeMasi, sitting on the stoop of a house in the Floral Park section of Queens, were approached by Berkowitz, who began to ask them directions, but stopped in mid-sentence. He pulled his gun from a brown paper bag and fired blindly, wounding both of them before fleeing. Lomino was paralyzed by a bullet that lodged next to her spine. Other bullets dug out of the wooden stairs of the stoop matched those in the Lauria-Valenti shootings.

Police still had no clue as to the identity of the killer, despite efforts to trace the gun. Then, on January 30, 1977, Berkowitz spotted a young couple necking in a car in Ridgewood. He crept up on the car, took the gun out of the brown paper bag, and fired through the window, one of his bullets striking the head of Christine Freund, who collapsed into the arms of her boyfriend, John Diel. She was pronounced dead a few hours later.

On March 8, 1977, Berkowitz walked up to Virginia Voskerichian, an Armenian student he had never met, pulled out his gun, and fired point-blank into the girl's face, killing her as she walked down a Forest Hills street. Witnesses described Berkowitz as about five feet, ten inches tall, with black hair combed straight back. He was described by authorities as "a savage killer" and women were warned to go nowhere alone at night in the city. On April 17, 1977, Berkowitz came upon Valentina Suriani and Alexander Esau, sitting in a parked car in the Bronx, only a short distance from where he had shot Lauria and Valenti. He shot both of them at close range. Suriani was killed instantly and Esau, with three bullets in his head, died in the hospital some time later.

Following this shooting, a note was found addressed to Police Captain Joseph Borrelli, who had made several statements about the killer to the press. To Borrelli, Berkowitz wrote: "I am deeply hurt by your calling me a weman-hater [sic]. I am not. But I am a monster. I am the Son of Sam. I am a little brat...I love to hunt, prowling the streets, looking for fair game ... tasty meat ... The weman of Queens are prettyist of all."

David Richard Berkowitz, the New York serial killer, who called himself "Son of Sam."

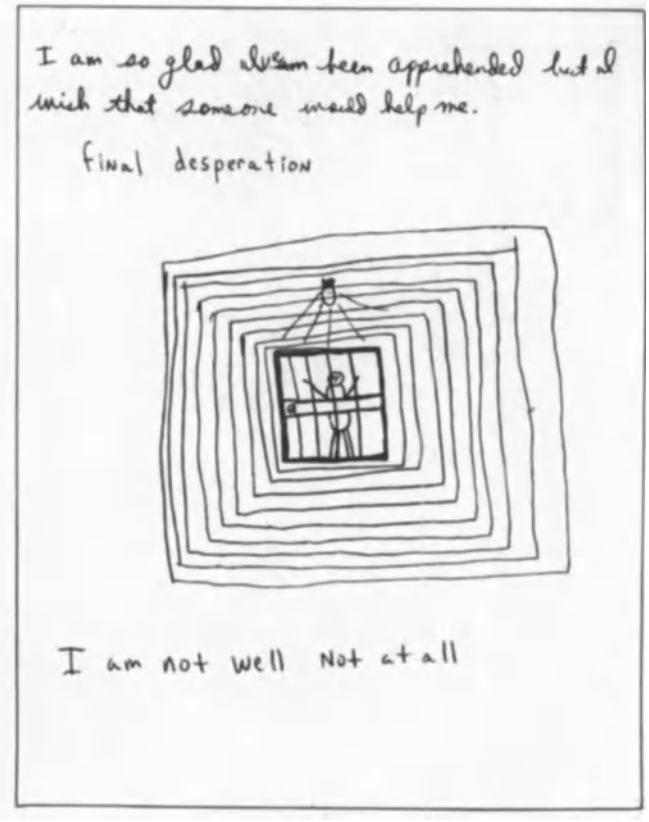
Page right: A geographical chronology of some of the attacks by Berkowitz in 1976-1977.

'Son of Sam' Chronology
0 Mile 2
Aug. 10, 1977
Suspect, David Berkowitz, apprehended by police at his home, 35 Pine Street
April 17, 1977
Two killed
July 29, 1976
One killed
One wounded
October 23, 1976
One wounded
January 30, 1977
One killed
June 26, 1977
Two wounded
November 27, 1976
Two wounded
March 8, 1977
One killed
July 31, 1977
One killed
One wounded
WESTCHESTER
Yonkers
BRONX
NEW JERSEY
MANHATTAN
BROOKLYN
QUEENS
NASSAU
Hudson River
East River
Long Island Sound
Jamaica Bay
Atlantic Ocean
Whitestone
Flushing
Bayside
Bellerose
Forest Hills
Jackson Heights
Jamaica
East New York
Flatbush
Bensonhurst
Coney Island
Rockaway Park
LA GUARDIA AIRPORT
KENNEDY INT'L AIRPORT
THROGS NECK BRIDGE
BRONX-WHITESTONE BRIDGE
FLUSHING MEADOWS-CORONA PARK
FOREST PARK
PROSPECT PARK
DYKER BEACH PARK
BROADWAY
SAW MILL RIVER PKWY
BRONX RIVER PKWY
HUTCHINSON
PELHAM BAY PARK
GRAND CENTRAL PKWY
QUEENS BLVD
LONG ISLAND EXPWY
CROSS ISLAND PKWY
FLATBUSH AVE
BKLYN-QUEENS EXPWY
FT HAMILTON PKWY
ATLANTIC AVE
SOUTHERN PKWY
BELT PKWY

Donna Lauria, eighteen, the first fatality claimed by Berkowitz, shot to death on July 29, 1976, while she was sitting in a car with girlfriend Jody Valenti.

Christine Freund, twenty-six, was shot and killed by Berkowitz on the night of January 30, 1977, while she was sitting in a car with her boyfriend, John Diel.

A smiling, David Berkowitz, right, in custody on August 2, 1977, only minutes after his arrest.



A drawing by Berkowitz after he had been jailed and was awaiting trial, one that pleaded for "help."

In this letter, Berkowitz, seeming to emulate the letters Jack the Ripper sent to authorities almost a century earlier when prowling the streets of London, claimed that he had been brutalized by his father when he was a child and that he was later ordered by his father to go into the streets and murder. Berkowitz sent a similar letter to New York columnist Jimmy Breslin, who had been writing extensively about the slayer.

Berkowitz struck again on June 26, 1977, shooting Judy Placido and Salvatore Lupo as they sat in a car in a street in Queens. This time Berkowitz had fired quickly and his aim was poor; his victims were only slightly wounded. Berkowitz nevertheless continued to roam the streets of the Bronx and Queens looking for victims, but police seemed to be everywhere and, on several occasions, he was frightened off by the presence of officers. The serial killer changed locales: He went to Brooklyn and, on July 31, 1977, found Stacy Moskowitz and Robert Violante sitting in a car. He fired four shots through the window, killing Moskowitz and blinding Violante.

A woman walking her dog saw Berkowitz run to his car and leap in, speeding away. She told police that the car had a parking violation ticket in its windshield. Police checked to find that only four parking tickets had been issued that morning and the carbon copy of one of these bore the registration number of David Berkowitz of Yonkers. Police Inspector Tim Dowd and others found the car parked near Berkowitz's apartment and waited for him to appear on August 2, 1977. Berkowitz walked toward the car at 10:15 p.m. Dowd stepped forward and said: "Hello, David."

Berkowitz stood still for a moment, then his pudgy face crinkled with his peculiar beamish smile. "Inspector Dowd!" he said, recognizing the officer from his newspaper photos. "You finally got me." He surrendered meekly and later tried to mount a defense of insanity, but psychiatrists testified at Berkowitz's trial that he was faking. The sinister Son of Sam name was an invention of Berkowitz's, taken from his neighbor, Sam Carr. It was Carr's dog who had kept him up nights. He had shot the dog, but the animal had recovered and it was later claimed by Berkowitz that the dog spoke to him as one of the voices that ordered him to murder. Berkowitz pleaded guilty to murder charges when he was arraigned on August 23, 1977, and was never tried. He was sentenced to 365 years in prison with no hope of parole. His apartment was later looted by souvenir hunters.

THE SERIAL SLAYINGS OF JOHN WAYNE GACY/1970s

John Wayne Gacy, Jr. (1942-1994) had a long record of homosexual abuse, sodomy and other acts of perversion. In 1968, at the age of twenty-six, while he was married and operating a fast food operation in Waterloo, Iowa, Gacy lured a youth into a back room after closing time and handcuffed him. He tried to pay the youth to perform oral sex on him and when this was refused, Gacy attempted to sodomize the youth. The youth escaped and reported Gacy.

Before going to trial, Gacy paid some thugs to terrorize the youth into not testifying against him, but this only strengthened the boy's resolve and he did testify. Gacy drew a ten-year sentence, but, because his past indicated no serious crime and because he proved to be a model prisoner, he was released in eighteen months.

Moving to Chicago in 1971, Gacy went into the construction business and soon developed his own contracting company. He also continued his sexual abuses. In the year he arrived in Chicago, Gacy picked up a teenage boy and attempted to force the youth to have sex with him. He was arrested, but was released when the boy failed to appear in court to testify against him. A young man later insisted that Gacy, in 1977, had held a gun on him in his Norwood Park home when he arrived to apply for work as a construction worker.

Gacy attempted to force the man to have sex with him, the applicant later said. He flourished the gun and snarled through full lips: "I killed a guy before." The construction worker did not believe Gacy, thinking he was only acting out a fantasy and nothing came of the incident. Gacy, however, had, indeed, killed several persons by this time, but not until years later would the secret of this vile serial killer be revealed.

With each sexual offense and murder that went unpunished, Gacy became more bold, daring to abduct boys from the street and force them to participate in unspeakable sexual perversions, while holding them captive in his modest

Chicago serial killer John Wayne Gacy, who reportedly killed thirty-three persons, mostly homosexual hustlers, in the 1970s.

Gacy in his clown costume and makeup; he gave performances for local children. This photo was taken in December 1976 outside of Gacy's home, at the time when the serial killer was routinely murdering people and burying the bodies beneath his home.

Norwood Park home. He then murdered them and buried their bodies. In 1977 Gacy was arrested and charged with sexually abusing a youth at gunpoint. Gacy admitted to the sexual attack and brutality, but said the youth was a willing participant and was blackmailing him. He was released with a warning.

By 1978, Gacy was operating with abandon. He earned considerable money from his contracting business and he was a small but important precinct captain for the Democratic Party in Norwood Park Township's 21st Precinct. He felt that he was insulated against detection. He would drive about in his sleek, black Oldsmobile, cruising near notorious homosexual hangouts in Chicago, such as "Bughouse Square" across from the Newberry Library, and, particularly, along North Broadway in the New Town section. On March 21, 1978, Gacy picked up 27-year-old Chicagoan Jeffrey Rignall on North Broadway in New Town.

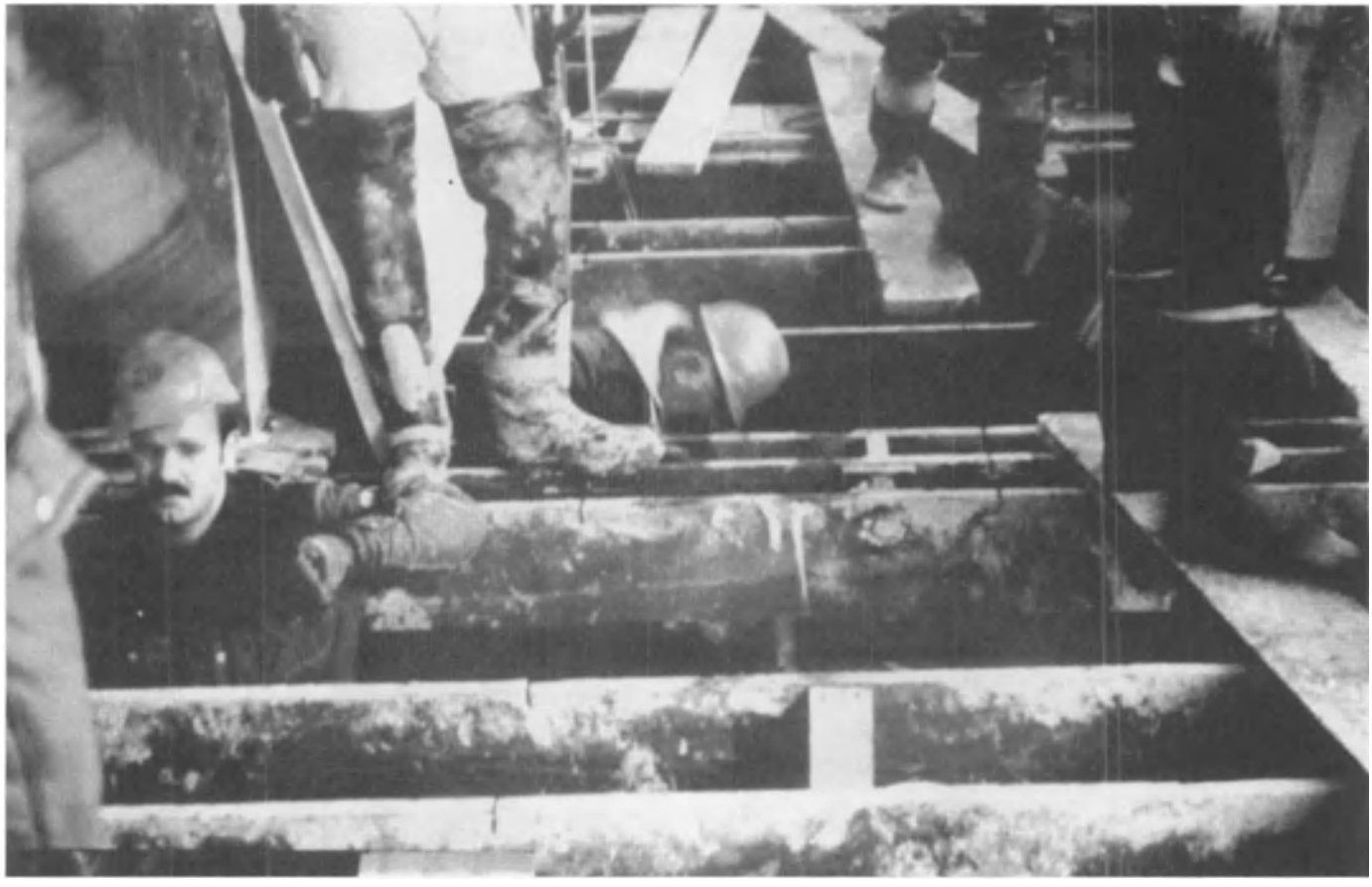
Gacy, an energetic worker for the Democratic Party, is shown at a 1978 reception with First Lady Rosalyn Carter, who autographed this photo for him.

Gacy, by then grown fat with a triple chin and bulging eyes, suggested that Rignall join him in the car to smoke some marijuana and take a drive. Rignall accepted. Gacy pulled the car over to a curb and suddenly whirled about, forcing a chloroform-soaked rag over Rignall's face. Rignall passed out and vaguely remembered later traveling at high speed and then seeing an expressway exit.

Rignall awoke in the basement of Gacy's home, his body naked and pressed into a pillory-like rack which held his arms and head. Gacy, a powerful, heavyset man, was also naked, his fat, hairy belly bulging. Gacy showed Rignall various whips, and instruments of torture, along with a number of strange-looking sexual devices, explaining lasciviously how he intended to use these implements on his victim, Rignall.

The assaults and torture went on for hours. Gacy periodically applied the chloroform and waited sadistically until his victim regained consciousness to renew his attacks. He bragged that he was a policeman, and said to his terrorized victim: "I'd just as soon shoot you as look at you." The sexual attacks became so acutely painful that Rignall wanted to die, he later said. He begged Gacy to release him, saying he would leave town and say nothing about the incident.

Rignall finally blacked out with another dose of chloroform and woke up later beneath a statue in Chicago's Lincoln Park. He was fully clothed and his wallet and money were in his pockets, although his driver's license was missing. He discovered that he was bleeding from the rectum and medical tests showed that his liver had been permanently damaged by



Workers from the Cook County Highway Department are shown excavating Gacy's house in Norwood Park, Illinois; they found twenty bodies buried there.

the heavy doses of chloroform that had been administered by Gacy. Rignall's face had been burned by the chloroform.

Going to the police with his story, Rignall was told that there was little hope of locating his attacker since he had no name, address or license number for the man's car. Rignall was determined to bring to justice the hulking sadist who had attacked him. He rented a car and drove the route he vaguely remembered while being abducted. He sat at the expressway exit he remembered clearly, patiently waiting in his car for hours, watching for the big black Oldsmobile. Finally, his perseverance was rewarded. The car turned off the expressway and passed Rignall's parked car. He wrote down the license number, then followed the car. It turned into a driveway at 8213 West Summerdale Avenue in Norwood Park, an unincorporated area bordering on Des Plaines.

Having worked for a law firm which dealt with real estate, Rignall was able to check real estate records and he unearthed the name of his attacker: John Wayne Gacy, Jr. He went to police with this information, having performed some excellent amateur detective work. The Chicago police took his information and then told Rignall that Gacy had served time in Iowa for sodomy. Rignall had difficulty in getting the Chicago Police Department to act. but finally managed to have a warrant for Gacy's arrest issued.

Meeting CPD officers at Gacy's home, Rignall was told that since the subject lived in Norwood Park, he was beyond the jurisdiction of the Chicago Police. Rignall, through his attorney, finally had Gacy arrested on a misdemeanor charge of battery on July 15, 1978, but police refused to charge Gacy with a felony, despite the protests from Rignall and his attorney, Fred Richman. Some time later, Gacy agreed to settle $3,000 on Rignall for the medical bills incurred from his sexual attack.

Everything seemed to be closing in on John Wayne Gacy in 1978. He mentioned to his neighbors that he was running out of space in his home, where he lived alone after his wife had left him. Gacy spoke of adding more floors to his house which perplexed residents in the area. One told him that if he needed more space it was easier to sell his home and buy a new and larger house. He agreed and made plans to sell his Norwood Park house.

At 11:30 p.m. on December 11, 1978, Mrs. Elizabeth Piest appeared in the Des Plaines Police Department, asking them to check on her son Robert, age fifteen, who had been missing since 9:05 that night. She and her son had been in the Nisson Pharmacy in Des Plaines at that time. Robert, who had been looking for a job for the following summer, told his mother that he had to see a "contractor" who lived nearby. "I'll be right back," he told her, but he did not return. Mrs. Piest talked to the druggist who told her that her son might be seeing Gacy, a contractor who had given the druggist an estimate for remodeling the drugstore.

Mrs. Piest and her husband Harold, her son Ken, and daughter Kerry had searched for Robert, but could find no trace of him. Des Plaines police captain Joseph Kozenczak heard Mrs. Piest's story and believed her son had met with foul play, especially since he had left her in the pharmacy with the words "I'll be right back," and he knew he was to accompany her home to celebrate her birthday that night. Nothing in Robert Piest's background suggested he might be a runaway. Kozenczak asked Des Plaines youth officer Ron Adams to follow up. Adams interviewed the pharmacist, Phil Terf, and again talked with the Piest family members. The following morning, Adams called the contractor, Gacy, a definite suspect at that time.

Gacy picked up the phone on December 12, 1978, at 9:30 a.m. He was terse with Adams, telling him: "I don't talk to any kids. I can't help you. I don't know anything about it." Gacy had already murdered the Piest boy and the body was lying in Gacy's bedroom as he made his denials to Adams on the phone. The Des Plaines police, however, were dogged. They checked Gacy's background and found his conviction for sodomy in Iowa. Kozenczak and several officers visited Gacy that night and questioned him further. Gacy admitted nothing, merely staring back at the officers as they described the Piest boy. He then mumbled something about talking "to one of the boys about some shelves" that were discarded in the remodeling of the Nisson Pharmacy. "I don't remember who it was."

John Wayne Gacy in custody at the Cook County Jail; he was convicted and sentenced to death in 1980. After exhausting fourteen years of appeals, Gacy was put to death by lethal injection on May 10, 1994.

Kozenczak asked Gacy to go to the police station and make an official statement about the Piest boy. Gacy then received a call from a relative about an uncle who had just died. He stretched out his long distance phone conversation, but the policemen remained in his home. After hanging up the phone, Gacy started to put on his coat. Two more officers then burst through the door and Gacy suddenly became obstinate, saying loudly: "Hey, I got a lot of important work to do. I can't be going down to the police station. I know this kid is missing, but that's not important to me."

"Well, it's important to the parents," Kozenczak replied, angrily impatient. Yet, without evidence, he realized he was powerless to make a formal arrest, and left after giving Gacy his card and asking him to come to the station and make a voluntary statement. Police now put Gacy under close surveillance. On one occasion, Gacy, realizing he was being watched, jumped into his car and roared off at high speed, losing his pursuers.

Meanwhile, Gacy managed to remove the body of the Piest boy from his home. He put the corpse into his trunk and then drove to the Des Plaines River at Interstate Highway 55, where he dumped the body into the swirling waters. This undoubtedly unnerved the mass killer since, upon his return trip home, his car inexplicably went out of control and wound up in a ditch, requiring a tow.

In the afternoon of December 13, 1978, Gacy appeared at the Des Plaines police station. His clothes were disheveled and his trousers and shoes were coated with mud. His glassy-eyed appearance caused one officer on duty to describe Gacy as "spaced out on some kind of drug." He asked for Kozenczak but the police captain was not in at the time. Gacy left. Later, Assistant State's Attorney Terry Sullivan helped Kozenczak obtain a search warrant for Gacy's house from Judge Marvin Peters, a considerable feat because such warrants were nearly impossible to obtain without substantial evidence.

The police searched Gacy's home, but found little. Kozenczak spotted a receipt from the Nisson Pharmacy and took it along. As it turned out, this was the most important piece of evidence in the case. The receipt was made out to the Piest boy, indicating Gacy had had contact with the boy, possibly inside Gacy's house. The killer later admitted that he had emptied his victim's pockets, thrown the receipt into a garbage can, and forgotten about it.

The police returned to the Gacy residence to take up a round-the-clock surveillance. Gacy watched the police sitting outside of his home for days. On December 19, 1978, he boldly invited two of the officers into his house to have breakfast with him. As they sat down to eat, the policemen noticed a peculiar smell. Gacy explained that he had unplugged his sump pump. The resulting water flowing beneath the building had softened the dirt of the crawl space and disturbed the twenty-nine bodies Gacy had buried there over the years.

Another warrant was quickly obtained and the bodies were dug out of the crawl space. Four more bodies found in nearby rivers over the next four months, including that of the Piest boy, were linked to Gacy. The victims ranged from a 9-year-old boy to grown men such as John Butkovich, reportedly murdered by Gacy as early as 1976. Others included Greg Godzik, John Szyc, Billy Carrol, Randall Reffett, Samuel Stapleton, Michael Bonnin, Rich Johnston and Piest, the last victim of the thirty-four sexually abused and murdered by Gacy. The serial killer—one of the worst to ever plague Chicago—was tried in 1980 and sentenced to death. After spending fourteen years on Death Row, John Wayne Gacy, his appeals exhausted, was executed by lethal injection on May 10, 1994.

TED BUNDY, THE CHARMING SERIAL KILLER/1974-1978

The public personality of Theodore "Ted" Bundy (AKA: Chris Hagen, 1947-1989) suggested nothing of the serial killer he truly was. Handsome, apparently well educated, a glib talker, Bundy struck those who met him for the first time, if they were to think ill of him, as someone who might be guilty of practicing smooth confidence games, but never one capable of violent crime. Everything in his posture and conversation smacked of culture, and his sense of humor was instant and infectious, one that won over new friends quickly and established trust on the part of the women who found him attractive.

This was a fatal attraction for perhaps as many as forty young females, all of them brutally murdered by Ted Bundy. A number of pretty, young women began to suffer violent attacks from a strange intruder and others disappeared in western states in early 1974. The first of these was Sharon Clarke of Seattle, who was attacked in her bedroom while she slept, her head brutally smashed with a metal rod. She suffered skull fractures, but survived and the rod was found in her room. There was no explanation for the attack and Clarke could not identify her attacker, even as to whether or not the attack was made by a male or female.

The first police photo taken of the clever and manipulating serial killer, Theodore "Ted" Bundy.

While authorities pondered this strange attack, Lynda Ann Healy, a student at the University of Washington in Seattle, who lived only a few blocks from Clarke, disappeared from her rented room on January 31, 1974. Then, over the next seven months, young women began to disappear with dreadful regularity. Donna Gail Manson, a student at Evergreen State College in Olympia, Washington, went to a concert on March 12, 1974, and vanished. Susan Rancourt, a Central Washington State student, disappeared in Ellensburg while going to see a foreign film on April 17, 1974. Out for a late night walk on May 6, 1974, Roberta Kathleen Parks, an Oregon State University student living in Corvallis, disappeared. Brenda Ball left the Flame Tavern near the Seattle Airport with an unknown man at 2 a.m. on June 1, 1974, and vanished. On the evening of June 11, 1974, Georgann Hawkins left her boyfriend and began walking back to her sorority house at the University of Washington and she, too, disappeared.

At Lake Sammanish, Washington, on July 14, 1974, a number of attractive, young women were approached by a

A 1974 police sketch of a wanted rapist-killer; a remarkable likeness to the photo of Bundy at left.

good-looking, dark-haired young man, who called himself Ted. He had an arm in a sling and asked a number of women to help him load a sailboat on top of his car, a Volkswagen. One woman agreed and accompanied Ted to a parking lot, but when he told her that they had to drive to a house on a hill to load the boat, she refused. Others did the same.

Blonde-haired Janice Ott agreed to help Ted and disappeared. Some hours later Denise Naslund was seen walking toward the public washrooms at the lake and was not seen again. Other women were seen talking to the handsome young man with the arm sling and many were seen to accompany him to the parking lot that day. On September 7, 1974, two hunters near the lake found the decomposed bodies of Denise Naslund and Janice Ott, along with that of another unidentified female. The remains found were in bits and pieces, scattered by wild animals, officials later concluded.

Detectives began an extensive investigation, learning from a young woman in Ellensburg that a young man wearing a sling had tried to pick her up on the night Susan Rancourt vanished. Another Seattle woman recalled a young man wearing a sling and driving a Volkswagen, who tried to pick her up. When she refused to get into his car, he shrugged and blithely took his uninjured arm out of the sling and drove off, using both hands on the wheel. Another woman reported that a man wearing an arm sling drove onto a sidewalk, attempting to block her path, in an effort to get her into his Volkswagen, but she managed to avoid him.

During these investigations, the remains of two young women were found, one in northern Washington who was identified as Carol Valenzuela of Vancouver, Washington, who had vanished some months earlier. The second body, or what was left of it, was found in southern Washington State near the Oregon border. She remained unidentified. Both women had been apparently murdered. Police by then had many suspects they thought capable of having committed the abduction-murders.

One strong suspect was a depraved young man named Warren Forrest, a park employee who had picked up a Portland, Oregon, woman, convincing her to pose for him. In a secluded area of the park, he tied her up, taped her mouth, stripped her naked, and fired darts at her naked breasts. Forrest sexually attacked her before strangling her and leaving her for dead. She survived, however, and identified her attacker.

Another strong suspect was ex-convict Gary Taylor, who was accused of abducting Seattle females under various pretexts. Then an anonymous female caller phoned police to tell them that she believed that Ted Bundy was the man who had been abducting and killing young women in Seattle. Officers duly noted the report and filed it with the thousands of other leads they had collected. But the women continued to disappear.

On October 2, 1974, Nancy Wilcox vanished and, on October 18, 1974, after leaving an all-night party in Midvale, Utah, Melissa Smith, daughter of the local police chief, disappeared. Her raped and strangled body was found on October 27, 1974, in the Wasatch Mountains, east of Salt Lake City. In Orem, Utah, Laura Aimee went to a Halloween party after midnight on October 31, 1974, and vanished.

Then, on November 8, 1974, a young man pretending to be a police detective approached Carol DaRonch in a Salt Lake City shopping mall, demanding the license plate number of her car, explaining that someone had tried to break into it. She accompanied him to her car, but found that it was undisturbed. The fake detective persuaded her to accompany him to police headquarters to view a suspect. She got into his Volkswagen, but once they were on a quiet street, the imposter stopped the car and produced a set of handcuffs, snapping one end onto DaRonch's wrist.

DaRonch let out a scream and he pulled a gun, placing this next to her head and ordering her to keep quiet. She was not the typically submissive type of woman the serial killer had dealt with in the past. She forced the door open and jumped out. The man leaped after her with a crowbar in his hand. He tried to smash her skull with this, but she caught the bar in mid-air and struggled with him. Then DaRonch saw a car coming down the street and leaped in front of it, forcing it to come to a stop. She jumped into the auto, which drove away.

The gall of the killer knew no bounds. Even with a potential victim escaping and now able to identify him, the young man tried to pick up a pretty, young French teacher outside Viewmont High School, but she turned him down. A short time later Debbie Kent vanished when she went off to meet a brother at an ice skating rink. Police searching for Kent found a key to a set of handcuffs in the school playground where she disappeared.

Ted Bundy in custody in Salt Lake City, Utah, where he charmed his captors into relaxing their guard before his escape.

Bundy in custody in Florida; by the time of this arrest, officers took no chances with the elusive killer.

Salt Lake City police then received the name of Ted Bundy from Seattle detectives, who stated that they had received an anonymous tip that Bundy had been kidnapping and killing young females. Bundy's photograph was also sent along to the Salt Lake officials and shown to Carol DaRonch, who said that Bundy was not the man who tried to abduct her. Laura Aimee, who had vanished in Orem, Utah, on October 31, 1974, was found dead, her naked body having been tossed into a canyon.

The killings went on. In Snowmass Village, a Colorado ski resort, on January 12, 1975, Dr. Raymond Gadowsky, staying at the Wildwood Inn, went to the room of his fiancée, Caryn Campbell, only to find her gone. Her remains were not found until February 17, 1975, the naked corpse hidden in some thick underbrush. She had been raped and her skull had been crushed. In another resort town, Vail, Colorado, Julie Cunningham vanished on March 15, 1975, after going to meet a girlfriend in a bar. A short time later the remains of two missing women, Susan Rancourt and Brenda Ball, were found on Taylor Mountain, Washington.

Then Melanie Cooley of Nederland, Colorado, disappeared on April 15, 1975, her body found on April 23, 1975, only a dozen miles from her home. Unlike the other victims, she was fully clothed, but her jeans had been slipped from her waist, showing that sex was the motive for the attack that killed her. Her head had been battered with a rock found nearby. Shelley Robertson disappeared on July 1 from her Golden, Colorado, home. Three days later, Nancy Baird, a gas station attendant in Golden, Colorado, vanished from her workplace. On August 23, Shelley Robertson's naked body was found in a mine shaft outside of Berthoud Pass, Colorado.

Then police, on August 16, 1975, arrested Ted Bundy. He was stopped by a Salt Lake City patrolman, who thought he was acting suspiciously, driving his Volkswagen down a street slowly as if inspecting homes for possible break-ins; the area had suffered a rash of recent burglaries. Bundy did not stop when ordered to do so by the patrol car and a chase ensued. His car was finally brought to the curb and Bundy was placed under arrest.

Bundy's room was searched, but nothing incriminating

Lynda Healy, Bundy victim.

Donna Manson, Bundy victim.

Susan Rancourt, Bundy victim.

Roberta Parks, Bundy victim.

Brenda Ball, Bundy victim.

Georgann Hawkins, Bundy victim.

Denise Naslund, Bundy victim.

Jackie Ott, Bundy victim.

Melissa Smith, Bundy victim.

Laura Aimee, Bundy victim.

Debra Kent, Bundy victim.

Caryn Campbell, Bundy victim.

Lisa Levy, Bundy victim.

Margaret Bowman, Bundy victim.

Kimberley Leach, Bundy victim.

Bundy in custody in 1979.

could be found, only a pile of maps and brochures of Colorado. Held at a police station, Bundy explained that he was a psychology student, who lived in Seattle. He said that he had also worked on the governor's campaign there and was presently in Salt Lake City studying law. The Colorado brochures reminded detectives that a number of girls had recently been abducted and murdered in that state, and they took particular notice of brochures about Golden, Colorado, which Bundy had in his possession. The detectives knew that Shelley Robertson had been killed in that town. Forensic experts went over Bundy's car and found a hair on one of the seats that matched that of Midvale, Utah, victim, Melissa Smith. Then a witness insisted he saw Bundy at the Snowmass retreat in Colorado on the night Caryn Campbell disappeared.

Bundy was charged with murder and taken to Aspen, Colorado, to stand trial. Here he charmed his wardens and prosecutors, affably cooperating with them, or seeming to, and giving an impression of an intelligent young man, who was anything but a berserk sex slayer. He was shown every courtesy, given special health foods to eat and allowed to attend court without being manacled. Bundy insisted that he could defend himself and received whatever law books he requested. Witnesses, however, showed Bundy for what he was, an inveterate liar, a cunning, crafty character who would go to any impossible lengths to get his way.

Carol DaRonch, who had at first failed to recognize Bundy from a photo as the man who tried to abduct her in Salt Lake City, then came forward and identified Bundy as the man who had attacked her. As the pretrial hearings dragged on, Bundy was allowed to roam about the law library in Aspen. Even though he was under guard, Bundy managed to open a window of the library and drop twenty feet to the ground, escaping. He was tracked down eight days later at a deserted shack on Smuggler's Mountain and brought back to Aspen, where he was now kept under heavy guard.

Bundy insisted that he was a victim of circumstance, that he merely *happened* to have been in the same places where all these women disappeared and that there were many young men, who bore a resemblance to him. He was also adept in using the law to create one legal motion after another to delay the case. While implementing this systematic legal stall, the insidious Bundy slowly took off weight in preparation for his next escape attempt.

Bundy somehow obtained a hacksaw and carved a hole around the light fixture of his cell, removing the fixture on December 30, 1977, and squeezing through the one-foot opening—by then he had lost enough weight to work his way through the opening. Bundy made a successful escape. He moved to Chicago, then Ann Arbor, Michigan, then on to Atlanta, and finally, he settled in Tallahassee, Florida, living only a few blocks from the sorority houses of Florida State University.

On the night of January 15, 1978, Nita Neary saw a man holding a log and lurking about the front door of her sorority house. As she thought about calling the police, a student named Karen Chandler, blood flowing from her wounds, staggered from her room. A madman had entered her room and had savagely beaten her on the head. Her roommate, Kathy Kleiner, had also been attacked in the same room, her jaw being broken.

In another room of the sorority house, police later found two other students Lisa Levy and Margaret Bowman. Both had been sexually abused. Bowman was dead, strangled with her own pantyhose. Lisa Levy had been brutally battered about the head and died en route to the hospital. Only a few hours later another female student, Cheryl Thomas, was brutally attacked in her room at another sorority house and was severely injured, but she survived the attack.

Though police began a widespread manhunt for the sorority house killer, they could find no one answering the sketchy description of the attacker. On February 9, 1979, 12-year-old Kimberley Leach left her classroom in Jacksonville and disappeared. Some days later Bundy, who had been living in Tallahassee under the name of Chris Hagen and using stolen credit cards to purchase essentials, sneaked out of his Tallahassee apartment, when his rent was long overdue. He stole an orange Volkswagen and drove to Pensacola, where a policeman stopped him and checked the license plates.

Ted Bundy dramatically addresses the court during his murder trial, serving as his own defense attorney

Discovering the car was stolen, the officer arrested Bundy. The serial killer bolted and the officer tackled him, struggling with him. When the officer fired a shot, Bundy meekly surrendered. He first identified himself as Chris Hagen, then admitted he was the fugitive, Theodore Bundy, wanted by Colorado authorities on charges of murder. He was held on charges of using stolen credit cards and stolen autos while detectives worked hard to tie Bundy-Hagen to the Tallahassee sorority house slayings. Meanwhile, the body of Kimberley Leach was found in the Suwannee River Park, her privates violated and mutilated; she had been strangled to death.

Still, the vain and strutting Bundy refused to admit to any murders. He claimed he was innocent. The police had made a terrible mistake. Detectives took Bundy on April 27, 1979, to an examining room. When he learned that they intended to take a wax impression of his teeth, Bundy went berserk, struggling violently so that a half-dozen men had to pin him down and hold his mouth open for the impression to be made. Bundy knew what the detectives were seeking. The impressions of his teeth were later perfectly matched to the bite marks found on the buttocks of the murdered student, Lisa Levy, and it was this bizarre piece of evidence that would later, more than anything else, convict Ted Bundy of the many serial murders he had so ruthlessly committed.

Charged with the Levy and Bowman murders, Bundy was taken to Miami and placed on trial. He pled innocent, again acting as his own lawyer. He smiled at jurors, swaggering before the judge as he spouted law and precedent-setting cases of the past. He exuded confidence that he would never be convicted. His demeanor changed as he was compelled to sit quietly and listen to arresting officers tell the court how he had admitted having sexual problems, that he had begun his sexual offenses in Seattle as a voyeur and quoting Bundy as having said: "Sometimes I feel like a vampire."

Dental experts then came forward to positively identify Bundy's teeth impressions with the bite marks found on the body of Lisa Levy, and this convinced the jury of Bundy's guilt. He was found guilty and sentenced to death by Judge Edward D. Cowart, who expressed regret that Bundy had gone "the wrong way" and that "you would have made a good lawyer...I'd have loved to have you practice in front of me." Bundy was also found guilty of the murder of the Leach girl and sentenced again to death.

Oddly, all of those around this vile and utterly cunning killer, his guards, arresting officers, the judges who heard his cases and ordered him executed, as well as most of those, who later devoted tedious and unrevealing books to his rather unimaginative murders, especially Ann Rule, who has established a literary career from serial killers, and Michaud and Aynesworth, who warmed too brightly to the man, showered him with the kind of attention given to Hollywood celebrities.

These writers complained about the limelight Bundy bathed in and then proceeded to flood him with it. The killer was an actor as well as an unrepentant criminal and the portrait he drew of himself caused all about him to empathize about a future he never had, as if he deserved a future. Though various crime scribes tried to point out his talents, there was nothing talented or redeeming about Ted Bundy and, more importantly, nothing to learn from him, except to recognize his pattern of serial murder as an alarmingly increasing *modus operandi* among modern killers.

Like the vicious killer Jack Henry Abbott, Theodore Bundy was undeservedly a *cause celebre*, and he played his part to the hilt, acting the pundit and even the criminologist as he waited to be executed, issuing cautionary statements to the young on how not to go wrong, to avoid pornography, to stay in school, to follow the legitimate road through life.

For a decade, this disgusting serial killer kept himself alive with one appeal after another, reaping millions of words

Theodore Bundy hears the verdict from a jury convicting him of murder; he was sentenced to death.

Ted Bundy is shown in a holding cell at Florida's state prison only a short time before he went to the electric chair on January 24, 1989.

from the nation's press about his so-called "intellectual thought process," and his "psychological makeup," but his act finally closed when all appeals, stays, and last-minute delays were exhausted. In a last ditch stand to save his miserable life, Bundy began a recital of all the murders he committed, twenty-three in all. (At least fifteen more murders were attributed to Bundy by authorities.)

The killer finally went to the electric chair at Florida's State Prison on January 24, 1989. His last nervous words were: "Give my love to my family and friends." He was taken to the execution chamber, his head and right calf shaved so that the electrical conduits would work properly. He sat down in the chair and was strapped in.

Bundy gripped the arms of the chair and his head, strapped to a stationary position, could not move, but his eyes darted about wildly and, according to witnesses: "He was totally white, very scared." His eyes rolled frantically before the twenty-four witnesses gathered to observe the awful killer's end. Then, promptly at 7:07 a.m., 2,000 volts went through his body, and he was pronounced dead four minutes later.

Outside the prison, more than 100 reporters moved through a huge crowd that had assembled, trying to milk one more story out of Theodore Bundy. But none in the crowd protested this execution. Signs were held high that read "Buckle up, Bundy, it's the law," and "Roast in Peace!" When the black flag went up to signal the serial killer's death, the throng cheered wildly and firecrackers and other fireworks were set off in celebration. One Florida resident, hoarse from cheering the execution, told a reporter: "I waited eleven years to see that creep fry."

THE YORKSHIRE RIPPER/1975-1980

The hunt for the "Yorkshire Ripper" lasted five years and nearly cost Assistant Chief Constable George Oldfield, a man obsessed with capturing the fiend, his life. The man Oldfield sought was Peter William Sutcliffe (AKA: Peter Williams, The Yorkshire Ripper; b. 1946), a vicious, elusive serial killer, who taunted the police and challenged them to catch him. Oldfield worked around the clock trying to piece together fragmented clues that might bring the killer to justice. Thirteen women were brutally murdered between 1975 and 1980, most of them prostitutes.

The British press portrayed this hulking night-stalker as a 1970s reincarnation of Jack the Ripper, who had murdered several London street-walkers in 1888. Before this latter-day Ripper was apprehended, the British police had questioned 200,000 people. They searched 30,000 houses and checked the registration on some 180,000 motor vehicles. It was without doubt the widest manhunt in British history. But then, the Yorkshire Ripper was the worst serial killer in 20th Century England.

The first attack attributed to the Ripper occurred on July 5, 1975, when Anna Rogulsky was assaulted by a man wielding a hammer. Six weeks later, on August 15, 1975, Olive Smelt was struck from behind in a similar manner. Both women recovered after surgery. Not so lucky was Wilma McCann, a 28-year-old Scotswoman who had resorted to prostitution to take care of her four children. McCann was canvassing the pubs of Leeds on the night of October 29-30, 1975 in search of customers when the Ripper pounced on her from behind. Struck on the head with a ball-headed hammer, the woman was dragged into an empty field and viciously assaulted with a knife. Her mutilated body was found the next day. The random murder of a prostitute carried little weight in the media. One of the dead woman's neighbors expressed the opinion that "Hotpants" McCann was "no better than she ought to have been."

No one knew at the time that the McCann murder would set into motion a series of these crimes, the next one occurring on January 20, 1976, when 42-year-old Emily Jackson was battered over the head and stabbed to death in a Chapeltown alley in Leeds. Jackson was married to a roofing specialist who did not know that his wife was supplementing the family income by turning "tricks" on the side.

By this time the CID (Criminal Investigation Department) and the press were aware that a serial killer might be loose. Chief Superintendent Dennis Hoban expressed concern: "I can't stress strongly enough that it is vital we catch this brutal killer before he brings tragedy to another family." The killer was dubbed the "Yorkshire Ripper" by writer George Hill, who covered the murder for the *Daily Express*.

The Ripper kept a low profile for the next year, resurfacing on February 5, 1977, when he stabbed 28-year-old Irene Richardson to death in Roundhay Park in Leeds. The murder site was scarcely a mile away from Chapeltown, the notorious red-light district where the Ripper cruised for his victims. Richardson, like Emily Jackson before her, was nominally connected to the trade. Richardson had taken to the streets after separating from her husband.

The murder count climbed to four on April 23, 1977 when Bradford prostitute Patricia Atkinson, thirty-two, was found bludgeoned to death in her apartment on Lumb Lane. This time the killer left behind an important clue: a bloody footprint identical to one found at the scene of the Jackson murder. The scarcity of eyewitnesses however, hampered the investigation.

Sixteen-year-old Jayne MacDonald was certainly no prostitute. She was a fun-loving teenager who had been dancing the night away at the Hofbrauhaus in Leeds. On June 26, 1977, she was grabbed by the Yorkshire Ripper near Roundhay Park and stabbed to death, possibly because he mistook her for a street-walker. The girl lived only a few doors down the lane from Wilma McCann.

Maureen Long narrowly avoided a similar fate on July 27, 1977. While walking through Bradford, she was accosted by the Ripper and dragged unconscious to a darkened street nearby. Before he could inflict the final fatal blows, something caused him to flee. Long was removed to a local hospital. She provided police with a sketchy description of the suspect and his car, which was proven to be inaccurate when the real killer, Sutcliffe, was arrested several years later.

In the next two years, six more women were murdered, beginning with 21-year-old prostitute Jean Bernadette Jordan on October 1, 1977, in Manchester, and followed by Yvonne Pearson, twenty-two, on January 21, 1978, in Bradford. On February 1, 1978, the body of 18-year-old Helen Rytka was found under a railroad viaduct in Huddersfield, West Yorkshire.

Next came Vera Millward, a 41-year-old prostitute from Manchester, on May 16, 1978. She was murdered on the grounds of the Manchester Royal Academy. This was followed by the bludgeoning death of Josephine Whitaker, a 19-year-old building society clerk from Halifax, Yorkshire, on the night of April 4, 1979.

Following this latest outrage, the Ripper communicated for the first time with the police. On June 26, Constable Oldfield played back a tape-recording he had received from the killer to members of the press. In a slow, recognizable Geordie accent, the killer taunted his pursuers. "I'm Jack," the voice said. "I see you are still having no luck catching me. I have the greatest respect for you, George, but, Lord, you are no nearer catching me than four years ago when I started. I reckon your boys are letting you down, George. You can't be much good, can ya? The only time they came near catching me was a few months back in Chapeltown, when I was disturbed. Even then it was a uniform copper, not a detective." The message closed with a chilling warning: "Well, I'll keep on going for quite a while yet. I can't see myself being nicked just yet. Even if you do get near I'll probably top myself [kill myself] first. Well, it's been nice chatting to you, George. Yours, Jack the Ripper."

Peter Sutcliffe, shown with his bride, Sonia, on their wedding day; though married, the burly truck driver sought sex from prostitutes, some numbering among the fourteen women he killed over a five-year period.

The next month the emotionally spent constable suffered a heart attack and was forced to temporarily withdraw from the investigation. He was replaced by veteran Leeds detective James Hobson, who seemed to have no better luck than his

Wilma McCann, murdered by Sutcliffe on October 29-30, 1975.

Emily Jackson, murdered by Sutcliffe on January 20, 1976.

Irene Richardson, murdered by Sutcliffe on February 5, 1977.

Patricia Atkinson, murdered by Sutcliffe on April 23, 1977.

Jayne McDonald, murdered by Sutcliffe on June 26, 1977.

Helen Rytka, murdered by Sutcliffe on February 1, 1978.

predecessor. A toll-free number for citizens wanting to hear the voice of the Ripper was provided by the phone company, but after thousands of calls the police were no closer to identifying a suspect.

Even during this major barrage of publicity, the Ripper was able to kill again. On September 1, 1979, Barbara Leach, twenty, a student at Bradford University, told some friends she was with that evening that she was going to get some fresh air before going home. She walked away from the Mannville Arms pub and was never seen alive again. Her body was found the following afternoon next to a back-alley dustbin, covered with old carpets. The wounds showed the unmistakable mark of the Yorkshire Ripper: Leach had been stabbed with the same rusty screwdriver used in the Whitaker killing.

The police investigation was becoming so intense, that it apparently caused the Ripper to lay low for almost a year before his next attack. On August 20, 1980, a 47-year-old civil servant from the Department of Education in Pudsey named Marguerite Walls was assaulted and strangled while on her way home to her apartment in Farsley. After two more unsuccessful attacks against women in Leeds and Huddersfield, the Ripper claimed his final victim, 20-year-old Jacqueline Hill, a literature student at Leeds University. She was taking a bus back to her dormitory on November 17, 1980, when she was assaulted in the "triangle of terror," the familiar stretch of ground that included Leeds, Bradford, and West Yorkshire, the killer's favorite haunt. Hill was the madman's thirteenth victim.

On November 25, 1980, West Yorkshire Chief Constable Ronald Gregory announced the formation of a special squad to deal with the Ripper case. Hobson, who superseded Oldfield as the head of the investigation, echoed the words of the killer when he predicted that the fiend would eventually be captured by the men on patrol. His prophecy was realized on January 2, 1981, when Sergeant Robert Ring and PC Robert Hydes pulled their squad car next to a Rover V-8 parked in an office complex in Sheffield. There they found Peter William Sutcliffe, an over-the-road truck driver from Heaton, engaged in a sex act with a black prostitute named Olivia Rievers.

The driver of the car told the officers that his name was Peter Williams, but a quick check of the registration tags showed that they did not belong to the Rover. While the police were deciding what to do with Sutcliffe and Rievers, Sutcliffe asked if he could relieve himself. The officers consented, and he wandered over to some nearby bushes. It would be two days before Sergeant Ring, realizing that the man they had picked up could be the Ripper, would return to the bushes, where Sutcliffe had stood and would find the hammer and knife used in several of the murders.

Sutcliffe and Rievers were taken to the police station for further questioning. Again, Sutcliffe asked to go to the bathroom, and again, he unloaded another murder weapon: a knife, which he deposited in a cistern in the bathroom. When asked to empty his pockets, the suspect pulled out a length of clothesline. On January 4, during an interview with Sergeant Desmond O'Boyle, the officer produced the hammer and knife found where Sutcliffe had been arrested.

"I think you're in trouble," O'Boyle told Sutcliffe, "serious trouble." Sutcliffe then admitted that he was the Ripper.

Vera Milward, murdered by Sutcliffe on May 16, 1978.

Josephine Whitaker, murdered by Sutcliffe on April 4, 1979.

Barbara Leach, murdered by Sutcliffe on September 1, 1979.

Jacqueline Hill, murdered by Sutcliffe on November 17, 1980.

He confessed to committing eleven murders, but the police charged him with thirteen, and had strong suspicions that he may have killed Joan Harrison, whose body was found in Preston, Lancashire.

Sutcliffe's motive for murdering prostitutes was tied to an unfortunate incident that occurred in 1969, when he was twenty-two years old. Sutcliffe picked up a streetwalker one night, but was unable to perform. The woman kept the £10 note he handed her, refusing to return the £5 he had coming in change. He ran into her at the same pub several weeks later, and, when asked about the £5, she laughed and rebuked him. "I developed and played up a hatred for prostitutes," Sutcliffe told the West Yorkshire Police in a confession that took seventeen hours to record. He said that he had deliberately arranged the clothes of his victims so that they "would be known for what they were."

In checking into his background, police learned that Sutcliffe had married Sonia Szurma in 1974. His wife was a Czech national he had been dating irregularly for seven years. The immigrant girl had been previously diagnosed as a schizophrenic, a mental condition that created many violent arguments in the next few years. While Sonia took teacher-training courses in London, Peter prowled the red-light districts in search of fresh-faced girls, who sold themselves on the street.

For the residents of Yorkshire, the long nightmare was over. Peter Sutcliffe went on trial at the Old Bailey on May 5, 1981, amidst the jeers of a thousand angry spectators who lined the streets outside chanting: "Hang him! Hang him!" He pleaded not guilty to the charge of murder on the grounds of diminished responsibility. He told the court about "his mission from God," but a jailer overheard the prisoner tell his wife that he would be let off with a ten-year sentence if he could convince the jurors that he was a prime candidate for the "looney bin." Consequently, the jury found him guilty of thirteen murders, and seven other assaults. On May 22, 1981, the Yorkshire Ripper was sentenced to life imprisonment with no chance for parole for thirty years by Justice Leslie Boreham.

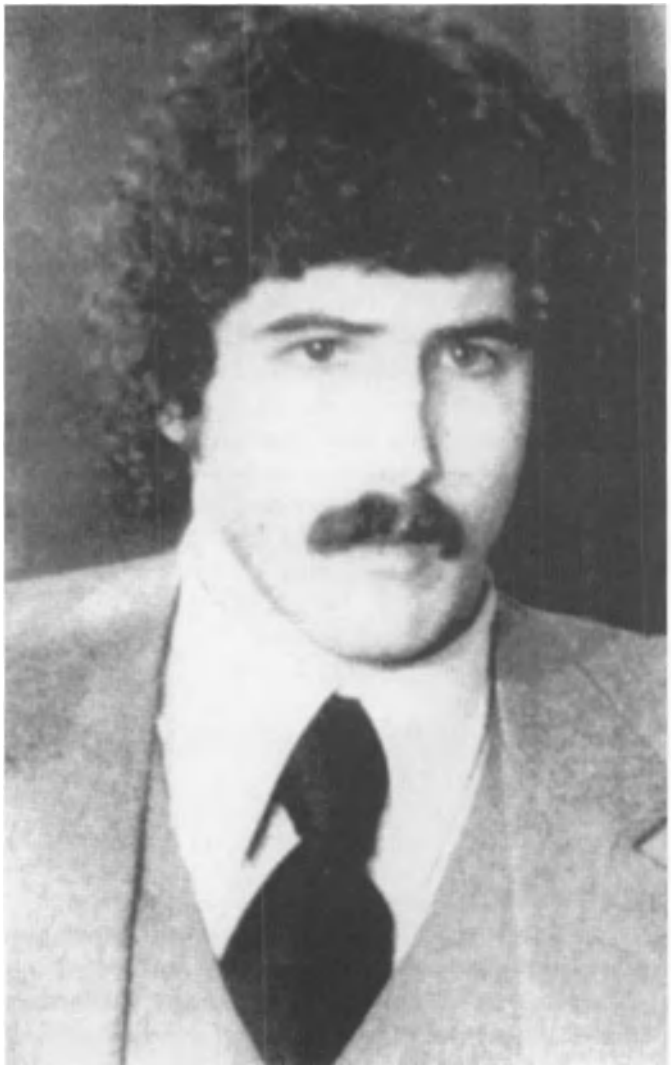
THE HILLSIDE STRANGLERS/1977-1979

For no reason other than to satiate their sadistic lusts, two bestial killers slew ten young women and girls who were mostly part-time prostitutes, murdering them from 1977 to 1979. These victims were slain in the home of Angelo Buono, Jr. (1935-2002) in Glendale, California, serial killings that were initially attributed to a ubiquitous "Hillside Strangler." Kenneth Bianchi (AKA: Steve Walker, Anthony D'Amato, Nicholas Fontana; Billy; b. 1952) was the second serial killer in this murder tag-team. Bianchi who had been born in Rochester, New York, and had been raised by foster parents, arrived in Los Angeles in 1977 to stay with his cousin Buono, a street-tough sub-normal creature who was always trying to prove his manhood and authority.

Buono reveled in his Italian heritage and flew the Italian flag 24-hours-a-day from a flagpole on the grounds of his house. He ran an upholstery business out of his garage and was already parading prostitutes through his home by the time Bianchi arrived. One night, as the cousins sat about drinking beer, they speculated as to what it might be like to murder someone.

They started their serial killing spree by murdering Elissa Teresa Kastin, twenty-one, on October 6, 1977, dumping her naked body near Chevy Chase Drive in Glendale. Their next victim was 19-year-old Yolanda Washington; her body was found on the slopes of the distinguished Forest Lawn Cemetery, the resting place of movie stars, on the night of October 18, 1977. The body was naked, cleaned by the killers so as to leave no clues, and posed in a lascivious position.

Bianchi and Buono went on to murder eight more women. On Oct. 31, 1977, the naked body of 15-year-old Judith Lynn Miller was found on a hillside next to the road in Glendale. She had been raped, sodomized, and strangled to death. Her wrists, ankles, and neck bore the marks of the ropes that had bound her, as was the case with the Washington woman and those victims to come. Bianchi and Buono, to show their con-



Kenneth Bianchi, while being detained in Washington State, where he almost convinced examining psychiatrists that he was insane.

Bianchi in a California courtroom, where he put all the blame for the serial murders on his savage cousin, Angelo Buono.

tempt for lawmen looking for them, made sure that this body and the others had been cleaned, leaving no clues whatsoever, but placed the corpses in areas, where they could easily be found and usually close to police stations, as if to thumb their noses at police.

On November 20, 1977, the killers slew three more women: Kristina Weckler, twenty; Dolores Cepeda, twelve; and Sonja Johnson, fourteen, dumping the nude body of Weckler on a slope in Highland Park and the corpses of Cepeda and Johnson in Elysian Park. They killed Jane Evelyn King, twenty-eight, on November 23, 1977, dumping her body at the off-ramp of the southbound Golden State Freeway. On November 29, 1977, Bianchi and Buono murdered Lauren Rae Wagner, eighteen, placing her naked body on Cliff Drive in Glassell Park.

Next, on December 14, 1977, police found the naked body of Kimberly Diane Martin, eighteen. The intensity of the murders slackened but, on February 17, 1978, Cindy Lee Hudspeth's naked body was found in the trunk of a car, which had been driven off Angeles Crest Highway. The killings had all been committed in Buono's home and the bodies dumped in a rough circle around that house.

Police announced regularly that they were closing in on the Hillside Strangler and that several "good" suspects had been pulled in for questioning, but when the killings stopped, police had little to say and less to investigate, their special team of investigators reassigned to other chores. Los Angeles detectives were perplexed when the killings suddenly ended.

The reason for this was hygiene. Bianchi left Buono's home because of the filthy conditions there, going to Bellingham, Washington, where, in January 1979, he raped and strangled to death with a cord two college women, Karen Mandic and Diane Wilder, packing the bodies into the trunk of Mandic's car. Following a missing persons report, these bodies were found and Bianchi came under suspicion as having been seen with one of the women shortly before her disappearance.

Ironically, Bianchi was working as a security guard and had applied for a job with the Bellingham police department. (He had also applied for a job with the Los Angeles Police Department and, in fact, had gone along on a few rides with officers in Los Angeles, while the Hillside Strangler was being sought.) Under arrest for the Mandic and Wilder disappearances, Bianchi, who had steeped himself in psychiatric studies, played a game with doctors examining him, pretending, it was later reported, to have a split personality, or many personalities, one of which being the killer of the women.

While being examined by these psychiatrists, Bianchi claimed that he had blackouts and could not remember his actions. He presented all the symptoms of someone unbalanced, out of control, legally insane. His act, however, did not work, and he was charged with the murder of the two Bellingham women.

Then Bianchi offered prosecutors a deal. He would turn over his cousin Buono, the real Hillside Strangler, he said, if he were removed to California and did not have to face the death penalty in Washington, that of hanging. Washington authorities agreed to the deal, as long as Bianchi pleaded guilty. He did and received a life sentence, then was shipped to California to testify against his brutal cousin, Buono, after which he would serve his time in a California prison, one less austere and rigid than Washington's Walla Walla Prison.

On Bianchi's statements, Buono was charged with murder but Bianchi, who had fooled six Washington state psychiatrists into labeling him legally insane, now could not testify against Buono since he had been officially labeled a lunatic. Yet it was shown that he had planned his "insanity" position years earlier, reading endless studies on psychiatry and particularly studying the novels, *Sybil* and *The Three Faces of Eve*, preparing for his own positioning of multiple personalities, a psychological profile he assumed when confronted with the Washington murders.

Bianchi had gone so far as to claim he had a degree in psychiatry and was about to actually open up a practice in Los Angeles before going off to Washington. Bianchi also had faked being hypnotized, according to most reports, when being examined in Washington, and then released his other "identities," claiming that these personalities had done the horrible murders with his beast-like cousin Buono.

Bianchi nevertheless gave a complete profile of the murders he committed with Buono once back in Los Angeles, describing how he and Buono drove about in Buono's car, using fake badges to identify themselves to young women as policemen, ordering them into Buono's auto, which they passed off as an unmarked police car.

Once the women were in the car, they were taken to Buono's home, tortured, forced to have sex with both of them, and then tied up and murdered, usually strangled, although the killers experimented with injections and other murder methods that proved unsuccessful. Then the murderers fastidiously washed their victims and dumped their naked bodies at remote spots.

Buono was arrested in 1979 after Bianchi's Washington conviction, and he was eventually tried on November 16, 1981. A grueling two years passed during which more than 400 witnesses were heard, 55,000 pages of trial transcript were compiled, and millions of dollars were spent to convict Buono. A jury, more than two years later, convicted him of nine counts of murder on November 14, 1983. The trial was aptly labeled a "judicial extravaganza" by the press, one in which Buono insisted, in court and out, that he was innocent of the murders his cousin claimed he had performed. (He had been extremely thorough in cleaning up his home after Bianchi left, not one fingerprint of the victims, not even his own, could be found by police, although a single eyelash belonging to one of the victims was unearthed and a few strands of fiber from one of Buono's chairs was found on one of the bodies.)

A surprise prosecution witness was 27-year-old Catherine Lorre, who identified both Bianchi and Buono as the two men who had stopped her on a Hollywood street in 1977, saying they were detectives and demanding her identification. She had shown her driver's license and next to it, Bianchi saw a photo of her as a little girl sitting on her father's lap, her father being the famous character actor of films, Peter Lorre. Bianchi later admitted that he had let Lorre go, because he feared that murdering the child of a celebrity would bring more police heat down upon him and Buono.

Judge Ronald George, who had refused to drop charges against Buono "for lack of evidence," as asked by the prosecution during the initial stages of his trial when it felt it would lose the case altogether, had conducted a fair and impartial trial for more than two years. He pronounced sentence on Angelo Buono, Jr. on January 9, 1984, giving him life imprisonment without possibility of parole.

Bianchi, against his clever designs, was ordered sent back to Walla Walla Prison to serve out a life sentence, parole not

Angelo Buono is shown outside his garage, where he and Bianchi murdered many of their victims. He is talking to a female undercover investigator, who suspected him of being a serial killer.

Angelo Buono, Jr., leaving court, after being pronounced guilty of murder; he was sent to prison for life and died in his cell on September 22, 2002.

available until the year 2005. Stated Judge George after sentencing: "I'm sure, Mr. Buono and Mr. Bianchi, that you will only get your thrills by reliving over and over the tortures and murders of your victims, being incapable as I believe you to be, of ever feeling any remorse."

Angelo Buono, Jr., died in his cell at Calipatria State Prison on September 22, 2002. He was sixty-seven and though his cause of death was not stated, it was believed that he had died of heart failure, having had heart problems for several years. While imprisoned, Buono, in 1986, married Christine Kuzuka, a mother of three and a supervisor in the Los Angeles office of the State Employment Development Department.

THE RACIST SNIPER/1977-1980

Joseph Paul Franklin (James Clayton Vaughan, Jr.; b. 1950) of Mobile, Alabama, carried out a series of racially motivated sniper attacks from 1977 to 1980. Franklin shot and killed ten people in five states, and was a prime suspect in at least three other shootings, including that of Vernon Jordan, president of the National Urban League, who, on May 29, 1980, was shot in the back as he returned to his motel room in Fort Wayne, Indiana. (In 1982, Franklin was acquitted of wounding Jordan.) He also remains a suspect in the March 6, 1978, shooting of sleeze magazine publisher Larry Flynt, who was paralyzed from the waist down by a shot to the abdomen.

Franklin's father, James Vaughan, Sr., was a World War II veteran, who was unable to hold a job and was jailed on numerous occasions for public drunkenness. Vaughan was away from the house much of the time, returning briefly to torment his family emotionally and physically. In 1965, he divorced Helen Rau Vaughan, who then moved her children into low-income housing in the Oakdale section of Mobile. Franklin (his real name was James Vaughan, Jr.) was a quiet loner fascinated by organized religion. His sister said that he looked up and visited every church in the Mobile area. By his senior year of high school, the boy had abandoned religion for the American Nazi movement. (He would later change his name to Joseph Paul Franklin after Nazi propagandist and racist Joseph Paul Goebbels, who committed suicide in Hitler's underground bunker in spring 1945.)

Franklin dropped out of high school to devote his energies to the right-wing hate groups. He directed his aggression particularly toward bi-racial couples. "If he saw a black man and white woman together, he would tell them right out what he thought of them and it was never nice," his sister Carolyn recalled.

In 1968 Franklin married his high school sweetheart Bobbie Louise Dorman, age sixteen. Four months later they were divorced. Franklin moved to Arlington, Virginia, in 1970 to offer his services to the Nazis. On September 18, 1970, he stood in front of the White House passing out leaflets denouncing the state visit of Israeli prime minister Golda Meir.

On October 25, 1972, Franklin was arrested and jailed for carrying a concealed weapon in Fairfax County, Virginia. Four years later, Franklin, who had recently joined the Ku Klux Klan, sprayed Mace in the faces of a black man and a white woman in a Washington, D.C., suburb. He was arrested on September 8, 1976, for this assault, but was released on bond. When he failed to show up for a December hearing, a warrant was issued for his arrest.

After a March 1977 arrest for carrying a concealed weapon, Franklin traveled extensively through the South and the Midwest for the next two years, using eighteen different aliases. On July 29, 1977, he bombed a synagogue in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and four days later in Rockville, Maryland, set off explosives at the home of a Jewish-American lobbyist.

On August 7, 1977, in Madison, Wisconsin, a sniper shot 23-year-old Alphonse Manning, Jr. and his white girlfriend Toni Schwenn in the parking lot of a shopping mall. In his 1984 confession, Franklin told police that he had intended to kill former judge Archie Simonson of Dane County after reading about a case involving two black men, who assaulted a white woman. Franklin objected to the "lenient" sentence the judge doled out. When the plan went awry, Franklin said, he killed Manning and Schwenn. While posing as a plumber in 1979, he married Anita Carden, age sixteen. He dyed his hair and changed his cars frequently, always managing to remain one step ahead of the law.

Franklin was linked to the shooting deaths of Jesse Eugene Taylor and Marian Vira Bressette, an interracial couple gunned down outside a supermarket in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, on October 21, 1979. The charges against Franklin in this instance were dropped for lack of evidence. In two sepa-

Joseph Paul Franklin, who shot and killed ten people in five states from 1977 to 1980; he was sentenced to death.

rate shootings on January 12 and January 14, 1980, two young black men, Lawrence Reese and Leo Watkins, were killed in Indianapolis. Franklin was charged with firing on the men as they stood near a window in a residential complex. Police officials had too little evidence against Franklin to sustain a conviction.

In Cincinnati, two black teenagers were shot dead near a railroad overpass on June 8, 1980. Franklin's presence in the city was confirmed by a newspaper ad he had placed in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* offering to sell a .30-06 Remington rifle, the same type used in the shooting attack on Vernon Jordan a week earlier. Suspected of these shootings, Franklin was picked up in Florence, Kentucky, and taken to the police interrogation room, but he managed to slip away from his captors.

Franklin drove his 1975 Camaro west to Salt Lake City, Utah. On August 20, 1980, he took his rifle to Liberty Park where he shot David Martin, twenty, and Ted Fields, eighteen, who had been jogging with two white women. Eyewitnesses reported seeing a brown Camaro drive away from the murder scene minutes later. Police matched the tire tread marks to those taken in Florence, Kentucky, several weeks earlier. Before he left the city, Franklin hired a prostitute to pose nude for him, surrounded by his personal arsenal of pistols and rifles.

The FBI next traced Franklin's movements to Lakeland, Florida, where he was arrested outside a local blood bank on October 28, 1980. He denied his identity, and had attempted to scrape off his tattoos when police picked him up. Franklin was extradited to Salt Lake City, where he faced federal and state charges for killing the Liberty Park joggers, and for violating their civil rights.

U.S. Assistant Attorney Steven Snarr asked for the mandatory sentence, as he assailed Franklin for having "accomplished the very evil the Civil Rights Act is designed to address." "Do you have any more lies to tell?" the defendant screamed back. Franklin was convicted and sentenced to four life terms at the federal facilty at Marion, Illinois, by Federal District Judge Bruce Jenkins in March 1981.

The case of the Madison, Wisconsin, couple murdered in 1977 went before Judge William D. Byrne in February 1986. The Dane County Circuit judge sentenced Franklin to two consecutive life terms on February 14, 1986. "The defendant's history of violence, terror, and murder prompts this court to do all it can so that he will never kill again," Byrne said.

Franklin was ultimately convicted and sentenced to death for nine murders. At this writing, he is on Missouri's Death Row, awaiting execution for a 1977 sniper attack. In 1996, the one-time white supremacist who killed Jews, blacks and interracial couples, and who claimed to have shed himself of his hateful philosophy, began admitting to many more murders that had gone uncharged to him.

Franklin confessed that he had randomly shot and killed two black teenagers, 14-year-old Darrell Lane and 13-year-old Dante Evans Brown, in 1980 in hopes of igniting a race war (which had also been the maniacal plan of mass murderer Charles Manson, see Mass Murder). A jury sifting through this old case found Franklin guilty of these killings on October 21, 1998. He also confessed to murdering 22-year-old Arthur Smothers, a black, and 16-year-old Kathleen Mikula, a white, as they walked across a bridge in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, on June 15, 1980. The interracial couple had talked about getting married.

The motivation for Franklin's confessions was unclear. Prosecutors believed that he hoped to prolong his life by admitting to more murders and thereby extend his time for appeals. Others claimed that Franklin was angling to manage an escape while being moved for trials, as he had in the past. He did not escape and still awaits execution, but he has prolonged his life through seemingly endless appeals.

THE FREEWAY STRANGLER/1978-1980

William George Bonin (1947-1996) was shuttled in and out of detention homes following his first criminal conviction at the age of ten. His father was a drunk and a gambler, and his doting mother more often than not became the servile victim of her husband's murderous rage. In 1969, the young truck driver from Downey, California, was convicted of his first sex crime, charged with molesting five boys.

William George Bonin, left, at his murder trial in 1981; he was sentenced to death, executed in the gas chamber at San Quentin on February 23, 1996. Bonin admitted to killing twenty-one boys from 1978 to 1980.

Murder accomplice Vernon Butts committed suicide in 1981.

Bonin was sent to Atascadero State Hospital, but after two years physicians concluded he was not receptive to treatment. For the next five years William Bonin moved in and out of prison on a variety of sexual offenses. A psychiatrist's report concluded that his homosexual problems were related to his mother's domination during childhood.

By his own estimate, Bonin killed at least twenty-one teenaged boys between 1978 and 1980 (authorities attributed a total of forty-four homicides to the "Freeway Strangler"). With the help of several willing accomplices including Vernon Butts, Bonin cruised the highways of Los Angeles and Orange County, targeting young homosexuals for death. Butts, at first shocked, soon became a willing participant in the killing orgy, which always accompanied "rough sex." "After the first one, I couldn't do anything about it," Butts later explained. "He [Bonin] had a hypnotic way about him."

The naked and battered bodies were deposited near the on-off ramps of the Los Angeles freeways. The press quickly dubbed the unknown assailant the "Freeway Strangler." Police from four counties assisted in the investigation which yielded no new clues. Butts grew tired of the game and temporarily dropped out of sight, but this did not deter Bonin, who recruited younger, more willing henchmen to help him locate victims. Two of these men, Greg Miley and James Monro, were drifters who wandered into Hollywood, where they met Bonin.

Police were finally tipped off to the identity of the "Freeway Strangler" by 18-year-old William Ray Pugh (no relation to 15-year-old Russell Pugh, who was abducted from Huntington Beach by Bonin on March 21, 1980, and murdered by him). William Pugh informed police that Bonin and others had been killing boys for some time and that Bonin had tried to enlist William Pugh as an accomplice. Police checked Bonin's record, which dated back to 1969, replete with many sexual offenses. The Vietnam veteran and truck driver was arrested in Hollywood after parking his van at a closed gas station near his home in Downey, California.

Charged with fourteen counts of murder, Bonin was arraigned in Los Angeles Superior Court, along with Butts, who quickly confessed to helping in five of the killings. However, the prosecution lost its star witness when Butts hanged himself in his jail cell on January 11, 1981. (Butts had earlier tried to kill himself in four unsuccessful attempts.)

Bonin was brought to trial on November 4, 1981. Accomplices Miley and Monro testified for the prosecution, telling the court that after his arrest, Bonin had instructed them to "start going around and grabbing anyone off the street and killing them," in order to convince authorities that the "Freeway Strangler" was still operating while Bonin was behind bars and that they had jailed an innocent man.

A reporter obtained and publicized an interview conducted with Bonin before his trial, one in which he reportedly admitted his serial killings: "I couldn't stop killing. It got easier with each one we did." This admission had no effect on the jury's decision, which was rendered on January 5, 1982, when, after an eight-hour deliberation, the jury found Bonin guilty on ten charges of murder and ten charges of robbery.

On March 12, 1982, Judge William Keene sentenced the serial killer to death. Bonin fought desperately for life through one appeal after another, prolonging his life for fourteen years. The serial killer was finally executed in the gas chamber at San Quentin on February 23, 1996.

THE "MISSION" OF CORAL EUGENE WATTS/ 1974-1982

Burglar Coral Eugene Watts (b. 1953), who killed an estimated forty women, felt that all women were deceitful and

unfaithful. In 1974, Watts attended Western Michigan University in Kalamazoo, Michigan (admitted even though he tested with an IQ of 75). There, October 25, 1974, he attempted to strangle two women, choking them into unconsciousness. He left their apartment without molesting them or taking anything, but became incensed when he learned that both were alive.

On October 30, 1974, he attacked 19-year-old Gloria Steele, stabbing her to death and leaving her corpse close to the university campus. He was detained in the case of the two attacks on the women who had survived, but he refused to talk about the Steele killing and voluntarily admitted himself to a state hospital on the advice of his attorney. He waited fourteen months before plea-bargaining a deal, confessing to the attack of one of the two women who survived his attack and receiving a one-year prison sentence. Upon his release in 1975, he moved to Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Watts eventually became a bus mechanic, working during the week and traveling on weekends. During this time, three young women, 18-year-old Shirley Small, 20-year-old Glenda Richmond, and 29-year-old Rebecca Huff, were attacked and killed in Ann Arbor, from April to September 1980, the victims of multiple stabbings. Many of the bodies were severely mutilated, several with jagged postmortem wounds.

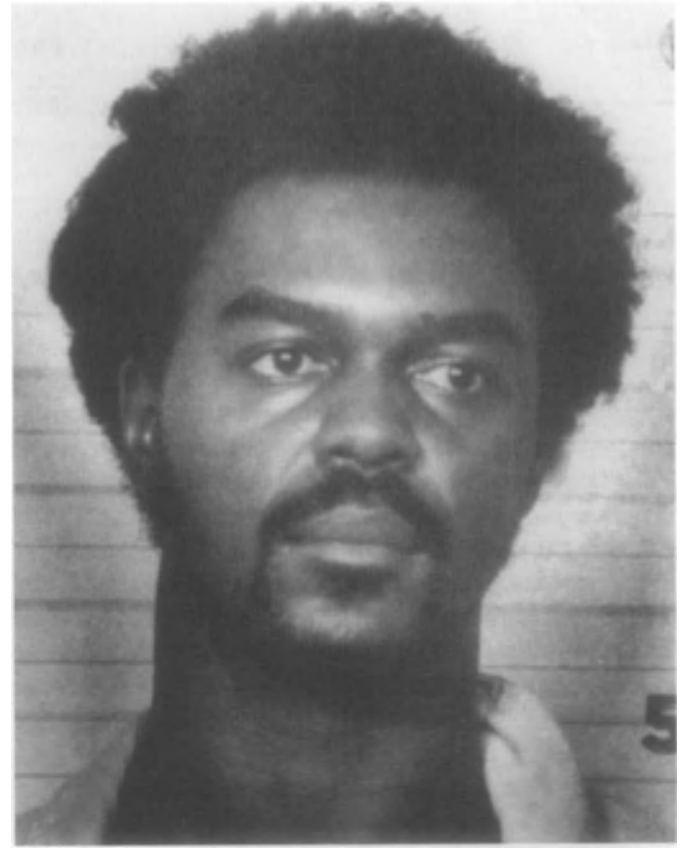
Police suspected Watts as the so-called "Sunday Morning Slasher." At that time, Watts was also allegedly killing women in Detroit and Windsor, Canada, as well. Not all of his associations with women were violent and fatal, however. In 1980, he married, but his wife found him peculiar and left him within two months. He had a relationship with another woman, who gave birth to his child.

In 1981, Watts lost his bus mechanic job and moved to Houston, Texas. There he worked regularly and attended a local Pentecostal church. The Ann Arbor police sent Houston law enforcement officials their suspicions of Watts, and Houston police placed surveillance on him over the weekends for about sixty days. Not finding anything peculiar about his behavior, they discontinued the surveillance.

On March 27, 1981, 34-year-old Edith Ledet, was found stabbed to death. The body of the medical student was discovered along a Houston tow path where she had been jogging. At midnight on September 12, 1981, Elizabeth Montgomery was suddenly knifed by a black man while she was walking her dog. She staggered back to her apartment, where she was discovered and rushed to a hospital. Only two hours after this attack, Susan Wolfe, twenty-one, who lived near Montgomery, was stabbed to death.

In January 1982, two women were killed. Phyllis Tam, a 27-year-old advertising art director was hanged with her own clothes in a secluded area near Rice University where she jogged every morning. Two weeks later, police found the body of a student stuffed in the trunk of her car. On January 18, student Margaret Fossi had been sideswiped on the road while driving. When she stopped, Watts had pulled her from her car and beaten her to death. In each of the attacks, Watts left no physical evidence and made sure his victims were dead.

On May 23, 1982, Watts attacked 20-year-old Lori Ann Lister in her apartment. He twisted a coat hanger around her wrists and throttled her before attempting to drown her in the bathtub. A neighbor, Linda Aguilar, arrived and also came under attack from Watts, but she escaped by jumping from a balcony and called police.



Woman-hater Coral Eugene Watts reportedly murdered an estimated forty females from 1974 to 1982, although prosecutors failed to convict him of a single slaying.

Police arrived to see Watts fleeing from the apartment building and they arrested him, charging him with attempted murder, aggravated kidnapping, and burglary. The serial killer again arranged a plea bargain in which he would give the police information on several murders and, in exchange, he would be charged with merely first-degree burglary. In the ensuing months, he took police to the burial sites of many of his victims. He cleared up twenty-two killings in three states and two countries. After re-investigating other unsolved murders, police concluded that Watts murdered at least forty women. When asked why he killed so many women, Watts replied that women were evil and that it was his "mission" to rid the earth of them.

The district attorney could not definitely link Watts to any of the murders and proceeded with the plea-bargained charge of first-degree burglary. Judge Doug Shaver sentenced him to the maximum sentence, sixty years in prison. Because the judge ruled that the water-filled bathtub was a deadly weapon, Watts must serve at least twenty years of his sentence before he can become eligible for parole. Shaver asked that the Texas Department of Corrections and the state legislature make sure he completed the entire sentence without a chance

for parole. At the sentencing on September 3, 1982, Shaver said to Watts, "I hope you serve each and every minute of the sixty years."

THE SERIAL KILLINGS OF LUCAS AND TOOLE/1951-1983

Henry Lee Lucas (b. 1936) and Ottis Elwood Toole (1947-1996), may have been the most prolific serial killers in U. S. history, if their bragging statements are to be believed, in that they murdered jointly and separately more than 300 people from 1951 to 1983. Both came from dysfunctional families and both were uneducated, having cretinous mentalities and no regard for civility, decency, or human life. They were subhuman creatures prowling through the social debris and economically depressed backwaters of America, selecting peer victims at random to murder.

Born August 23, 1936 in Blacksburg, Virginia, Lucas lived in dire poverty in a two-room shack with a dirt floor outside of town. His parents made bootleg moonshine and his mother, Viola Lucas, helped to support the family with occasional prostitution. His father, Anderson Lucas, was an alcoholic, who fell on some railroad tracks when in a drunken stupor and was run over by a freight train, leaving him with stumps for legs—he was called "No Legs Lucas" by neighbors and even his own family members. Anderson Lucas thereafter dragged himself about on the dirt floor of the family shack, slowly drinking himself to death. Disgusted by his wife's prostitution—she brought her "clients" into the shack at all hours to perform sex in front of her invalided husband, Anderson Lucas dragged himself outside one night, where he contracted pneumonia, which eventually brought about his death.

When Henry Lucas entered school in 1943, his mother sent him to class wearing a girl's dress and curling his hair in ringlets. He arrived without any shoes and a caring teacher provided a pair. When the boy returned home with the shoes, his mother—always too full of pride to accept gifts from strangers—beat him mercilessly. He was beaten routinely when he returned home with a pet. Viola Lucas killed these little animals, before again beating her son. Lucas soon came to understand through his sadistic mother that life was not only cheap but worthless.

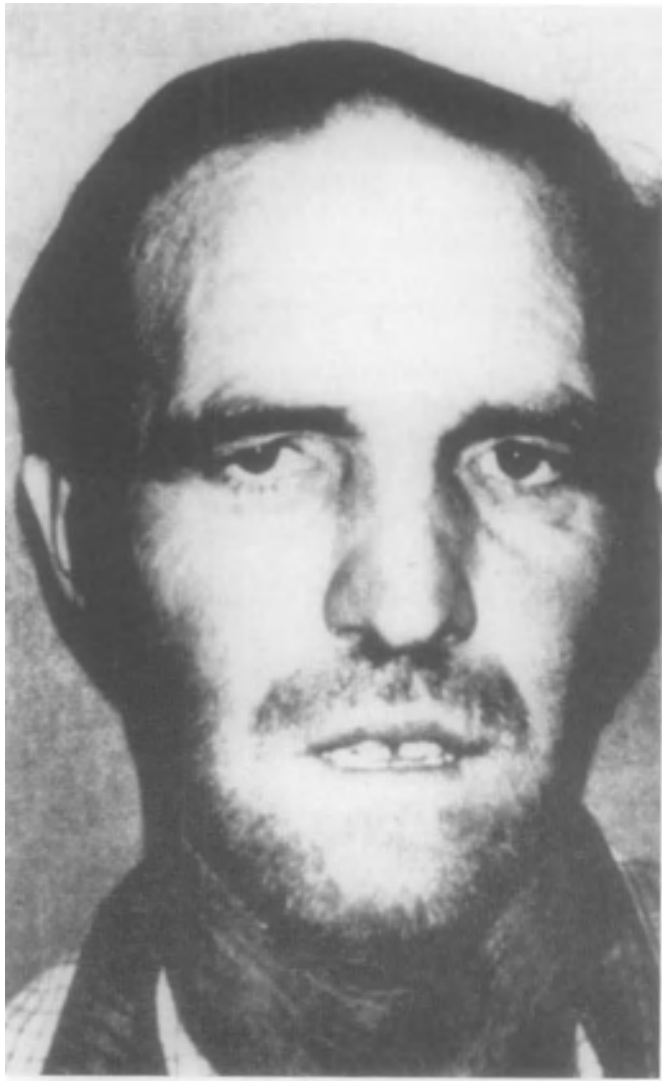
The boy injured his eye with a knife, but his mother refused to treat it. The infected eye had to be removed and replaced with a glass eye. One of his mother's lovers taught Lucas to mistreat animals, torturing and raping them before killing them, instilling a bloodlust in the boy. By the time Lucas was fifteen, he was nothing more than a savage predator. In March 1951, the 15-year-old Lucas abducted Laura Burley, seventeen, near Lynchburg, Virginia. When the girl fought off his sexual advances, Lucas strangled her to death, taking her body to nearby Harrisburg, Virginia, where he buried it in some woods. (This murder would not be cleared up until Lucas informed authorities of the killing in 1983.)

Lucas committed a series of burglaries in June 1954, in and about Richmond, Virginia. He was captured and sent to prison for six years. Escaping from a road gang on September 14, 1954, Lucas fled to the home of a sister in Tecumseh, Michigan, where he was picked up three months later. He tried to escape again in December 1957, but was caught the same day. Lucas decided to serve out his term and was released for good behavior on December 2, 1959.

Henry Lee Lucas, who reportedly murdered as many as 300 persons over several decades, numbers inflated by his own grandiose admissions; he went to prison for life.

Lucas went to Tecumseh, where he became a day laborer. He became enraged when his mother arrived unexpectedly and demanded that he return to Blacksburg, to support her in her old age. Lucas, who had always hated his mother, offered her liquor and both got drunk on the night of January 11, 1960. The old harridan took some offense to her son's remarks and hit him with a broom. Lucas grabbed a knife and stabbed her to death, leaving her body on the floor of his shack before fleeing.

Police in Toledo, Ohio, arrested Lucas five days later and he quickly confessed to murdering his mother, saying that he had raped the dead corpse several times, a statement he later recanted as "something I made up." Tried in March 1960, he



Ottis Elwood Toole, who was Lucas' sometime homosexual lover and joined Lucas in many murders, although he had reportedly committed dozens more killings on his own.

was convicted and sentenced to twenty to forty years in prison for his mother's murder. He was subsequently transferred to the state hospital for the criminally insane in Ionia, remaining there until April 1966. He was sent back to prison and paroled on June 3, 1970.

Moving back to Tecumseh to stay with relatives, he molested two teenage girls in December 1971, and was convicted of kidnapping, being sent to the prison in Jackson, Michigan. He was paroled in August 1975, despite the fact that Lucas himself protested his own release, saying that he was a dangerous person. In December of that year, Lucas married Betty Crawford, who was the widow of one of Lucas' cousins, but the union ended in 1977, when Crawford filed for divorce on charges that he had molested her two daughters from a previous marriage.

By that time, Lucas was living in Port Deposit, Maryland, and, by his later confession, had already embarked upon his serial killings, abducting young girls and women and murdering them throughout Maryland. In late 1976, he had met Ottis Elwood Toole, at a soup kitchen in Jacksonville, Florida. Toole, an arsonist and a homosexual like Lucas, bragged of having murdered many people and Lucas befriended him, embracing him as a fellow serial killer. They regaled each other with gruesome tales of each other's murders. For the next six years, the two became lovers and often roamed the country together, murdering people at will.

Toole was the most moronic of the pair, born in Jacksonville on March 5, 1947. His father, like Lucas', had been an alcoholic and had abandoned the family early on, leaving his mother, a religious fanatic, to raise Toole. He, like Lucas, was forced to wear girl's dresses. His mind, like Lucas', was twisted toward evil in childhood, chiefly by a grandmother who was a practicing Satanist, or so Toole later claimed, who dragged him through graveyards in the middle of the night in search of bones to be employed in her "black magic" rites.

By the time he was a teenager, testing proved that Toole was retarded, having an IQ of 75. Also by that time, he had, at age fourteen, murdered for the first time. He had been taken into a woods by a traveling salesman, who assaulted him. Toole knocked the man unconscious and then crushed him to death by running over him with the salesman's car, which he later sold to fund his wanderings in the western states. In 1974, he murdered four people in Colorado within six months, perhaps more, taking their cash and valuables to support his nomadic lifestyle. He married, but his wife divorced him within three days due to his flagrant homosexuality.

By the time Toole met Lucas, he was married to a woman twenty-four years his senior, forcing this woman to share her bed with Lucas and other strange men he brought to the Jacksonville, Florida, house. The woman left Toole in 1978, which pleased both Toole and Lucas, who had become lovers. The serial killers lived on and off with relatives, but, after saving some money from their day labor jobs, hopped into their old car and went off for weeks on killing and robbery sprees.

The pair split up, Lucas going to Texas, where he continued killing people on his own. Toole remained in Jacksonville, where, he burned down two houses in 1983. He was identified as the firebug by teenage accomplices and was arrested on June 6, 1983. Toole admitted the arsons and bragged that he had set fire to more than forty buildings in the last two decades. Convicted of arson, he was sent to prison for twenty years.

By that time, Lucas had gone to Texas with Toole's niece, Frieda Powell, who was called Becky. The two roamed about the countryside, until, following an argument in which Becky slapped Lucas' face, the serial killer stabbed the girl to death. As was his savage custom, he then raped the corpse, or so he later stated. On June 11, 1983, Lucas was arrested in Stoneburg, Texas, charged with having an illegal firearm. While in jail, he began to confess his many murders, so many killings that much of what he said was later discredited by officials and criminologists, although he and his partner Toole claimed to have collectively murdered more than 300 people in their long careers as serial killers.

Lucas was tried for several of these murders and was sentenced to death. Because he cooperated with authorities and cleared up dozens of old unsolved murders, his death sen-

tence was commuted to life imprisonment. Toole was also tried and convicted of several murders and sentenced to death in Florida. He bragged that he had abducted and killed little Adam Walsh (see Kidnapping), but refused to disclose the whereabouts of the boy's body unless his father, who had become a national celebrity by hosting the TV show, "America's Most Wanted," paid him a great deal of money.

Toole never cleared up this case, dying in prison from cirrhosis in September 1996. Much of his "confession," like that of Lucas, was designed to impress the world that this worthless person at least had the distinction of murdering more people than anyone else, and in that awful and idiotic claim, Lucas vied for the same position. Toole's own illiterate comment marked the crude mentalities of both of these serial killers: "I killed people I didn't think was worth living anyhow."

Lucas confessed to killing 360 persons, but later recanted his confessional litany. In 1998, Lucas tantalized Florida law enforcement officials by claiming that he had murdered a dozen or more persons in that state, but close inspection of his claims proved that he could not have been the killer in those slayings.

THE PLAYBOY SERIAL KILLER/1984

Five hundred FBI agents trailed an elusive killer believed responsible for the murders of at least nine young women between February 26 and April 12, 1984. Christopher Bernard Wilder (1945-1984) was a wealthy playboy whose lifestyle and easy manner women found attractive. His technique was not unlike that of Ted Bundy, who raped and killed dozens of women in the 1970s before being captured. Unlike Bundy, however, Wilder's trail of death ended abruptly in Colebrook, New Hampshire, on April 13, 1984.

The state trooper who bagged the killer was not sure at the time who he was dealing with. "Hold on, we want to talk to you," ordered Detective Leo C. Jellison, who had received reports of the fugitive murderer driving a blue 1982 Firebird. Wilder reached for a .357 Magnum in the glove compartment and pointed it at Johnson. The 250-pound state trooper grabbed the serial killer in a bear hug. The gun discharged and a bullet passed through Wilder's heart, killing him. Two days later Trooper Jellison was proclaimed a hero when the FBI established that he had brought down the most dangerous man in the U.S.

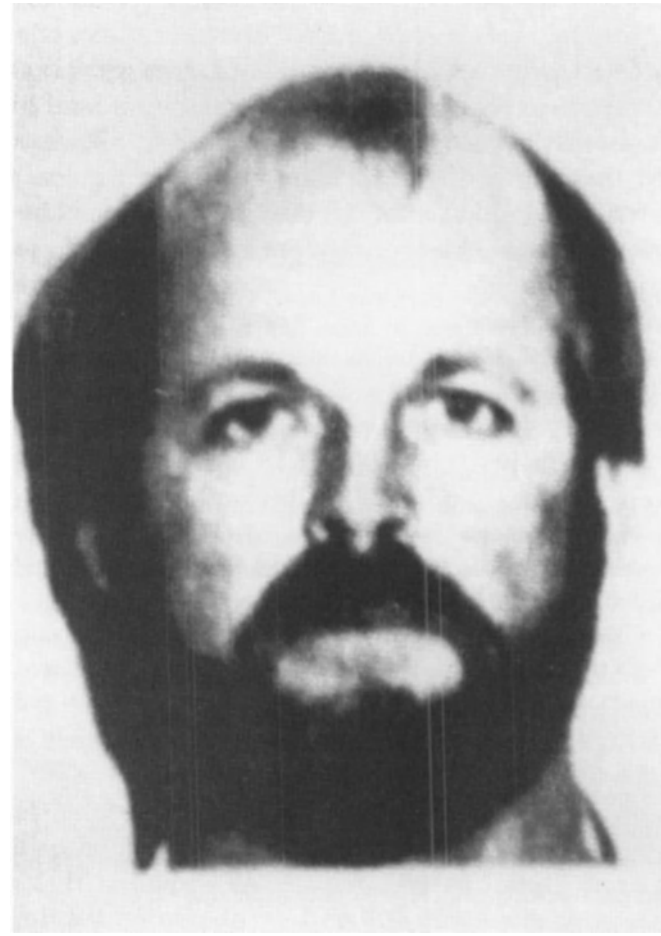
Christopher Bernard Wilder was the son of a U.S. serviceman, who had emigrated to Australia to begin a construction business. In 1970, at the age of twenty-four, Wilder returned to the U. S. to make his fortune. With his partner, L. K. Kimbrell, he started Sawtel Electric and Sawtel Construction, but he paid little attention to the business, preferring to invest in Florida's booming real estate market. Using balloon notes and quit-claim deeds to buy and sell property, he made himself a small fortune by the end of the decade.

Articulate and well-mannered, Chris Wilder bought up six parcels of prime Palm Beach County real estate worth an estimated $400,000. Much of his money was used to finance an ostentatious lifestyle. He spent many happy weekends skiing in trendy Vail, Colorado, tinkering with his speedboat moored to a private dock in Boynton Beach, Florida, or participating in the amateur race-car circuit.

In 1984, Wilder raced his white Porsche 911 in the Miami Grand Prix, finishing seventeenth in the field. It was an impressive showing for a novice. When it came to attracting glamorous women, however, Wilder was in the big leagues. "I want to date and enjoy the company of women. Women with depth. I'm looking for a long-term relationship, but not marriage," he said in a 1981 interview with a Florida matchmaking service.

His first known assault was committed in 1976 against the 16-year-old daughter of a Boca Raton family that had hired him to work on their home. Using a tactic that proved successful for him in later years, Wilder lured the girl into his truck, promising to take her to someone who might offer her a job. The girl fended him off by saying she was afflicted by venereal disease.

Lucky to escape with her life, she related the story to her parents who pressed charges. Court-appointed doctors examined Wilder and concluded that he was psychotic. "Wilder is not safe except in a structured environment and should be in a resident program geared to his needs," said Dr. D. G. Boozer.



Serial killer Christopher Bernard Wilder, who raped and murdered scores of women before he was shot and killed in 1984.

Despite the warning, Wilder was acquitted on assault charges and never received the treatment he so desperately needed.

Three years later, in 1979, he was arrested and charged with assaulting a 17-year-old Tennessee girl vacationing in Florida. He told her he was a representative of the Barbizon modeling school, and was interested in giving her a tryout. During the "session," Wilder ordered her to pose for cheesecake photos holding a slice of pizza that had been laced with drugs. "He told her to chew it real slowly so that he could see what it would be like," explained Palm Beach detective Arthur Newcombe. Afterward he forced the girl to engage in sex with him in a pickup truck. Wilder was eventually sentenced to five years' probation and was ordered to see a sex therapist twice a month.

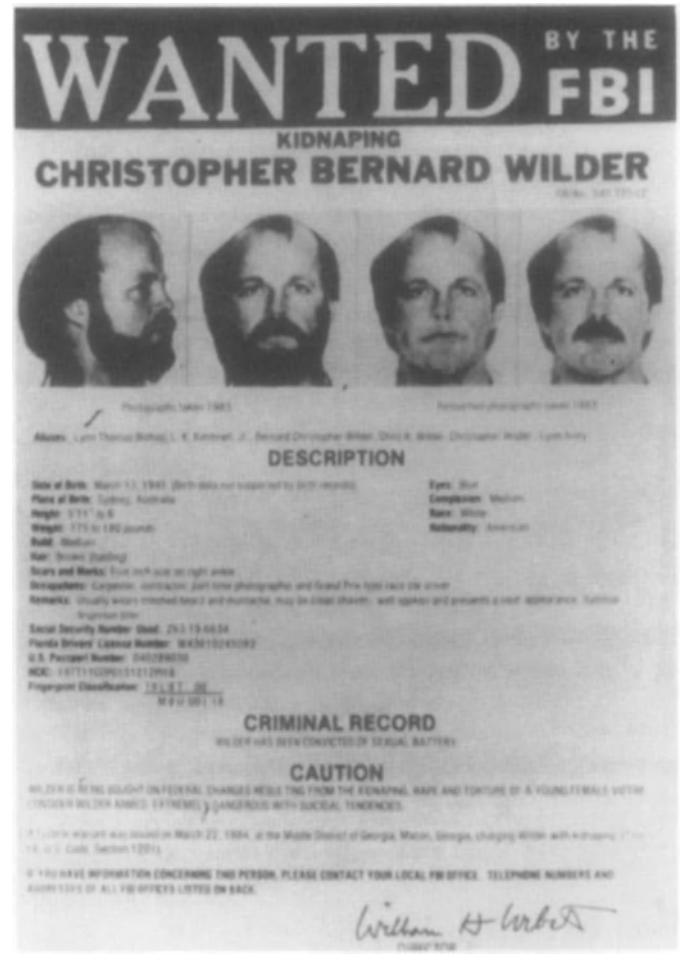
Wilder's second encounter with the police and the courts did not deter him from chasing after women. He neglected the construction business to cruise the pickup bars looking for attractive "street type" girls, who were inveigled to return with him to his photography "studio" for fashion-modeling assignments. Many were given hypnotic drugs and then forced to pose for pornographic pictures. In December 1982, Wilder violated the terms of his parole and flew to Sidney, Australia, where he was arrested for abducting and sexually assaulting two 15-year-old girls.

Released on $376,000 bail, Wilder negotiated for a postponement of the trial and returned to the U.S. "I didn't really know the man," explained his business partner Kimbrell, "but we did talk about the rape charges. He told me he didn't know the girls were only fifteen, he thought they were twenty. I told him to throw the camera away and be more careful. I could relate to his wanting sex. After all, he was single."

While in Miami for the Grand Prix, Wilder ran into 20-year-old Rosario Gonzalez, an aspiring fashion model who was handing out free samples of aspirin. She had met Wilder two years earlier in 1982, and had posed for the cover of a romance book according to her fiancé. Gonzalez was never seen after February 26, 1984. She was Wilder's first known murder victim. A week later, 23-year-old Elizabeth Kenyon vanished from a Coral Gables shopping center. The former Orange Bowl queen was a finalist in the 1982 Miss Florida contest and had been dating Wilder off and on. During the Grand Prix, Kenyon spurned his offer of marriage out of respect to the wishes of her parents, who objected to the sixteen-year age difference between the two.

Following Kenyon's disappearance, a gas station attendant told the woman's parents that he had seen Wilder in the girl's company. The distraught father pleaded with the FBI to place Wilder under surveillance, but the agents refused on the grounds of insufficient evidence and hearsay. "We couldn't understand why a man who broke probation four times couldn't be tailed," Dolores Kenyon later stated. "In our justice system the criminal has all the rights and that is why my daughter isn't here tonight."

Teresa Ferguson of Indian Harbor Beach, Florida, left her home on March 18, 1984, to shop at a nearby mall. The body of the dark-haired 21-year-old woman was found three days later in a Florida swamp. The day after the police fished the remains of Ferguson out of the swamp, Wilder claimed his



The FBI poster that declared Wilder to be the most wanted man in America.

next victim, 24-year-old Terry Diane Walden of Beaumont, Texas. When she failed to pick up her daughter at the local day-care center, school officials phoned her husband, John David, a machine operator at the Goodyear Chemical plant. Her body was found floating face down in the canal. She had been bound, gagged, and knifed to death.

By this time federal authorities were piecing together fragmented information about a dozen rapes, sexual tortures, and murders of young women committed in Florida, Texas, Nevada, and Colorado. A clear pattern had emerged, suggesting that a serial killer similar to Bundy and Seattle's Green River serial killer was loose. Several more weeks passed before the FBI assembled enough evidence to finger Wilder as the suspect. Meanwhile, the killer proceeded in a northerly direction.

On March 26, 1984, a fisherman in Milford Lake, Kansas, found the body of Suzanne Logan, a 20-year-old woman Wilder had abducted from an Oklahoma City shopping mall. Logan was another one of Wilder's modeling hopefuls. Three years earlier she had assembled her first portfolio.

Sheryl Bonaventura of Grand Junction, Colorado, became Wilder's sixth victim on March 29, 1984. Shortly before leaving for Aspen on a pleasure trip, the 18-year-old woman chided her mother for her undue concerns. "Mom, you worry too much."

she said. Before meeting with a girlfriend, Sheryl stopped at a local mall where she met Wilder, who told her that he was looking for a model. She was murdered later that day.

"We were always dreaming of someone coming up and saying `You're found. You're *Vogue* material' I would have done it," said Kristal Cesario, Bonaventura's best friend. Two days later Wilder turned up at the Meadows Mall in Las Vegas, Nevada, where *Seventeen* Magazine was sponsoring a beauty contest. An amateur photographer took a candid shot of Wilder as he was leaving the mall with Michelle Korfman, the 17-year-old daughter of a casino executive. She became Wilder's eighth victim.

The serial killer continued to California. On April 4, 1984, he picked up Tina Marie Riscio, a 16-year-old girl, at a dress shop in Torrance, California. For the next three days he held her hostage, torturing her with a 110-volt prod. Under the penalty of death, Wilder made the girl his unwitting accomplice. Together they drove eastward just as the FBI added Wilder's name to its Ten Most Wanted list.

"We consider this to be the top fugitive investigation at this time," explained FBI spokesman Chris Mazzella at the time. "Unlimited resources are being poured into it. This is a truly massive manhunt, stretching from coast to coast." Wilder and Riscio arrived in Merrillville, Indiana, a few days later. At an area shopping mall Tina approached 16-year-old Dawnette Sue Wilt and asked if she would like to become a fashion model. The girl followed Riscio back to Wilder's car to sign a consent form. The killer then pulled a gun and ordered her into the car.

Wilder proceeded to Barrington, New York, where he repeatedly stabbed Dawnette and left her for dead in a patch of woods on April 12, 1984. The wounded girl, who had been trussed up by Wilder, broke free of her bonds and flagged down a passing truck. In the hospital the severely wounded girl provided police with enough detail for them to identify her assailant as Wilder.

In Victor, New York, Wilder again used Riscio to lure 33-year-old Beth Dodge to his car. "He had told Tina he would kill her if she did anything unusual," explained an investigator. "He drove the hostage car with the hostage, and Tina followed in her car. For her to try to escape then would have been foolish. He had told her he was a race-car driver and could easily catch her." Beth Dodge was shot to death near a mall and dumped in a road side gravel pit. Wilder had murdered her for her car.

Arriving in Boston, Wilder bought Tina Riscio an airplane ticket for her return trip to Los Angeles. He handed her some "going-away money" which was later used to purchase lingerie in a tourist shop on Hermosa Beach. After her shopping spree was complete, Tina Riscio notified police about her cross-country trek with the serial killer. During the entire time the girl was away, Tina's mother believed her 16-year-old daughter was out "partying."

Wilder drove Beth Dodge's Firebird north toward the Canadian border. On Friday the thirteenth he made his ill-fated stop at Vic Stanton's Getty Station in Colebrook, New Hampshire, eight miles from the Canadian border. There he was finally apprehended and shot to death by the police. Following Wilder's shooting death, a newsman commented: "Wilder thought he could do anything he wanted, murder anyone he wanted, get anything he wanted and that no one could really stop him. It was his blind arrogance that led to his murders and his own death. They say he possessed intelligence, but he was really stupid, really dumb."

THE SERIAL KILLING LANDLADY/1985-1988

One of California's most ruthless serial killers proved to be an old lady whose docile appearance suggested that she wouldn't hurt a fly, let alone poison more than a half dozen people. She reportedly murdered at least nine of her boarders and went to prison for life after being convicted of three of these serial killings. Police arrested Dorothea Montalvo Puente (b. 1929) at the boardinghouse she ran at 1426 F Street in Sacramento, California, on November 16, 1988. They had just exhumed seven bodies from the backyard of the Victorian house, including that of Alvaro "Bert" Montoya, a lodger of Mrs. Puente's, whose social caseworker had reported him missing.

California prosecutors were not ready to lodge a formal charge against her of nine counts of murder, however, until July 1990. By that time, they had formulated a case that would eventually prove that the gray-haired, grandmotherly Puente had systematically poisoned her elderly lodgers in order to receive their Social Security checks.

Defense attorneys asked for a change of venue, arguing that the extensive press coverage in Sacramento, where preliminary hearings in the case were being heard, depicted their client as a serial-killing monster, that the media had "dehumanized" her to the extent that a fair trial could not be held in that city. Superior Court Judge Michael J. Virga selected the compromise of hearing preliminary defense motions in the capital, then moving the case to Monterey, where jury selection would be made and arguments heard from both sides.

The defense immediately made a motion to ban at the trial any talk of Dalmane, a prescription sedative found in the systems of all the victims disinterred from Puente's yard. None of these victims' bodies contained enough toxicological information for the coroner to fix a cause of death. However, Ruth F. Munroe, 61, who died at Puente's boardinghouse on April 28, 1982, was determined to have died of Tylenol and codeine intoxication. This was the first death at the F Street location, and the only one reported. A macabre sequel to Munroe's death occurred on New Year's Day 1986, when the body of Everson T. Gillmouth, another lodger of Puente's, was discovered in a wooden box near the Sacramento River in Yuba County.

Puente was charged with their deaths as well as the seven found in the yard. The prosecutors, meanwhile, moved that evidence be included that Puente had also drugged three surviving lodgers in the year before the grisly backyard discovery. Defense attorney Kevin D. Clymo surprised the trial on February 11, 1993, by offering an alternative theory as to why Puente failed to report eight alleged natural deaths (the ninth allegedly being a suicide) at the boardinghouse.

"She has a touch of larceny in her heart," Clymo admitted, acknowledging that Puente had done time in a California prison for administering drugs to an older man she'd met at a

bar. A condition of her parole was that she make no contact with elderly or mentally disabled people. Therefore, Clymo argued, when her friend Everson Gillmouth moved in with her, then died suddenly in 1985, Puente was afraid she would go back to prison for a parole violation if she reported it.

Another shocking development occurred six days later, when truck driver David Van Alstine, testifying for the prosecution, identified Alvaro Montoya and fellow victim Benjamin Fink as the two men who helped him unload a delivery of premixed concrete in the summer of 1988. The concrete was later used to cover some of the grave sites. Later in the trial the prosecution also introduced a videotape of Montoya talking to his social worker to give the jury a sense of the life that had been lost.

Another tenant testified that he complained to Puente about a smell "like death" in the boardinghouse four days after Fink's disappearance, only to be told that it was the smell of a sewer backing up. Puente herself testified that she saw Montoya alive after his disappearance, but a check of the sequence of events showed this to be a lie, as Montoya was already buried at the time Puente claimed to have seen him.

Former boarder Joyce Peterson testified that after her eviction, Puente pushed her down a flight of stairs when she returned for her belongings and her welfare check. Another exboarder, Robert S. French, said that during the winter of 1988, he witnessed Puente lifting 95-pound sacks of concrete in the front yard to move them to shelter. Puente had claimed to detectives that she had a bad heart and could not lift anything heavy, and therefore "couldn't drag a body anyplace."

One of the most gruesome pieces of testimony came from Dr. Gary A. Stuart, a pathologist who examined the remains of victim Dorothy Miller shortly after her exhumation from Puente's yard. Dr. Stuart stated that Miller's body was bound with duct tape and twine, swathed all over with plastic, then wrapped in three layers of fabric. He offered no speculation on why the body was treated this way, but could not, under cross-examination, rule out the defense contention of death by natural causes.

By April Fools Day, Social Security records were subpoeaned for use at the trial. These documents revealed that Puente, under her maiden name of Dorothea H. Montalvo, had been diagnosed as schizophrenic in 1978 and had been approved for disability benefits. She received benefits until the time of her arrest for murder—even during the years 1982-1985, when she was imprisoned after pleading guilty to forgery, grand theft, and administering stupefying drugs.

The defense, as has been the case in almost every serial killer brought to trial in recent decades, paraded the same tired argument that Puente had been abused as a child and this had been the insidious nurturing of her murderous nature. It was true that her parents were alcoholic, that she had been abused as a child and even had to scavenge for food, before she was six, when her mother died and she was placed in an orphanage. She was not one of eighteen children born in Mexico, as she later claimed, but had been born in San Bernadino County on January 9, 1929.

Puente had married for the first time in 1946, but her husband died of a heart attack two years later. To survive, she forged checks, a criminal pursuit that would become a lifelong habit, and for which she was caught and sent to prison for a year. Paroled in six months, Puente was impregnated by a stranger and she promptly put her child up for adoption. In 1952, she married Axel Johnson, a turbulent union that lasted fourteen years. During this period, she worked as a prostitute and was arrested in a brothel in 1960, convicted of prostitution and sent to the Sacramento County Jail to serve a three-month term.

Dorothea Montalvo Puente, when she became a landlady in a boarding house in Sacramento, California, murdering her elderly boarders to collect their insurance and social security money.

Puente then found work as a nurse's aide and began caring for the disabled and the elderly in private homes. It was at this time that she embarked upon thieving from her "patients," a habit enlarged when she started to manage boarding houses. She married Robert Puente in 1966 in Mexico, after divorcing Johnson, but this union lasted only two years, her husband being almost twenty years her junior. It was at this time that

Puente's boarding house at 1426 F. Street, Sacramento, where a number of bodies were later found buried.

Dorothea Puente at her 1990 trial; the jury took a record twenty-four days to return a guilty verdict on three murder charges; she went to prison for life.

Puente took control of the three-story, sixteen-bedroom care home on F. Street, the site where she would systematically poison those in her care to obtain their pension and social security payments.

By the time Puente's case went to the jury in July, 3, 1990, exhibits were amassed, including photographs of the victims' remains, scale models of the boardinghouse and its surrounding neighborhoods, maps, drawings, and graphs. Testimony and arguments had lasted five months. Jury deliberation lasted twenty-four days (a state record) over a five-week period, after which Dorothea Puente was convicted of first-degree murder in the cases of Dorothy Miller and Benjamin Fink and second-degree murder in the case of 78-year-old Leona Carpenter. The jury was deadlocked on the other six counts. At no time in her marathon trial did Dorothea Puente take the stand in her own defense. She was sentenced to life imprisonment.

THE MOLALLA RIVER KILLER/1987

A clearing in the forested hills above the Molalla River at Oregon City, Oregon, was the scene of the torture and murder of seven women, all of them known prostitutes during the summer of 1987. Three of the bodies were found with their feet cut off. These deaths were the extension of violence begun long before by serial killer Dayton Leroy Rogers.

At the 1989 trial of Rogers, Melody Dahlman Myers testified that in 1972, 19-year-old Rogers had taken her to the woods and stabbed her in the abdomen. Even though he had been married for six weeks, he said he would marry her and take her to the hospital if she would claim to have done the damage herself. He took her for help, but Myers told the truth and Rogers was arrested. He pleaded guilty to second-degree assault and was placed on probation. Thus, the violence began, interspersed with a very different life in which Rogers was active in the Seventh-Day Adventist Church and ran his own small-engine repair business.

Born in Idaho in 1954, Rogers was reared in a strict home in which he was severely punished for infractions of various rules. Whenever he or the other six Rogers children made friends with someone, their father would move elsewhere, sometimes three or four times a year. Rogers felt his first wife, Julie Miller Rogers, was physically and mentally cruel. They divorced in 1974 and he later remarried.

As demonstrated with Myers, the knife had become an important tool in Rogers' quest for sexual gratification. One woman testified at his 1989 trial that in 1976, she had been picked up by Rogers. They had sat and talked in his truck until she had to leave. At that point, he drew his knife and began to cut her clothes from her. Then he hog-tied her and began to play with her feet, finally threatening to kill her. After releasing the woman, he was charged with kidnapping and returned to prison for violating his parole.

Hog-tying became a typical method for Rogers in seeking sexual satisfaction. He began taking prostitutes to the woods where he would, usually with their permission, tie them around the wrists and ankles and then fasten the two ties together, so that they were bent over backwards. He then proceeded to cut them on the heels or breasts with a sharp knife. Forty to fifty prostitutes described his similar treatment of them.

The eleven who testified at the actual trial said that as long as they protested and fought, he would be in a frenzy and continue to cut them, but once they had given up and become submissive, he lost interest and ultimately took them back to town. A woman whom he picked up in 1986 testified that after they had several drinks, he bit her breasts and feet, drawing blood.

Police photos of serial killer Dayton Leroy Rogers, who killed and mutlitated seven women in 1987 and who awaits execution at this writing.

The increasing violence culminated during the summer of 1987. On August 6, 1987, Rogers picked up Portland prostitute Jennifer Lisa Smith in his truck. He spent the next twenty-four hours with her and at some point bound her up in the way that had become his signature. When he drove her back to town, she leapt out of his truck in front of Denny's Restaurant in Oak Grove, where he pursued her. He caught up with Smith and stabbed her to death.

Broken shoelaces used to bind her were found on her body. He was arrested and charged with aggravated murder. He called his father-in-law (his wife divorced him after he was arrested for this offense) to ask if the police had searched the stove in his workshop. They had not, but when they did, they found numerous metal bits of shoes, belts, bra hooks, and other items indicating where women's clothing had been burned. Rogers said that the bits were from Smith's and his own clothing, and the police at that time had no cause to question the sheer quantity of the metal pieces. Rogers was found guilty of the murder of Smith and sentenced to life in prison.

In the meantime, however, the nude bodies of seven women, tortured and sexually abused, had been found on an isolated lumbering road back in the forests above the Molalla River. Three of the bodies had had the feet cut off, and a fourth had been severely wounded around the ankles. A leather dog collar bound the wrists of one victim. Broken bits of shoelaces tied in the same knots that had been used on Smith's body, as well as miniature vodka bottles and orange juice containers, were found near each body.

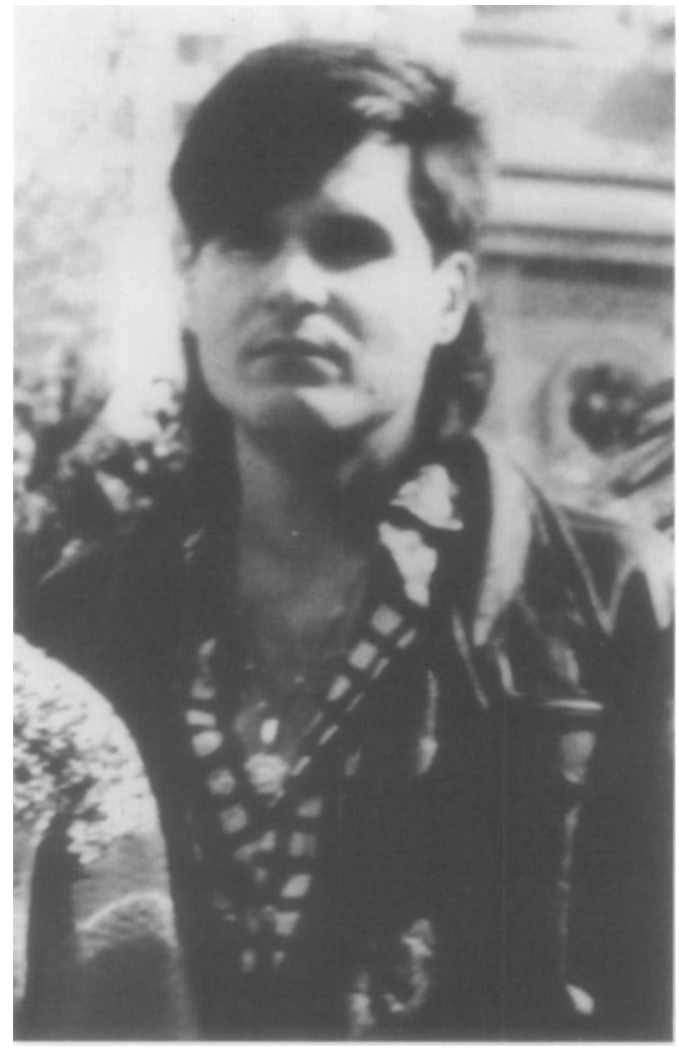
Rogers was charged with the aggravated murder of the six women whose bodies were identified, including Christine Lotus Adams, Lisa Marie Mock, and 16-year-old Reatha Marie Gyles. An all-woman jury found him guilty on May 4, 1989. According to Oregon law, the death penalty can be imposed only if the jury believes that the killing was completely intentional and that the killer is likely to pose a threat to society if he is not put to death.

The penalty phase of Rogers' trial included the testimony of his brother-in-law, Floyd Mohr, various psychiatrists, and the women, who could demonstrate that his violent behavior had been going on for an extended period. Also testifying, however, were friends who told of his caring and devotion to a prison ministry that he had started while he was an inmate. The deputy district attorney, Andrejs I. Eglitis, said in his closing statement to the jury, "That person is a walking time bomb. That person is an act of criminal violence looking for a place to happen....He's capable of fooling psychologists. He's capable of fooling psychiatrists. I hope to God he's not capable of fooling you."

The jury deliberated for seventeen and a half hours over two days before returning a vote in favor of execution by lethal injection. Rogers awaits execution at this writing.

CONSTANZO'S SATANIC MURDER CULT/ 1988-1989

Adolfo de Jesus Constanzo (AKA: El Padrino, Godfather; 1963-1989) was born and raised in Miami, Florida. His Cuban-born mother, Delia Aurora Gonzalez del Valle, practiced



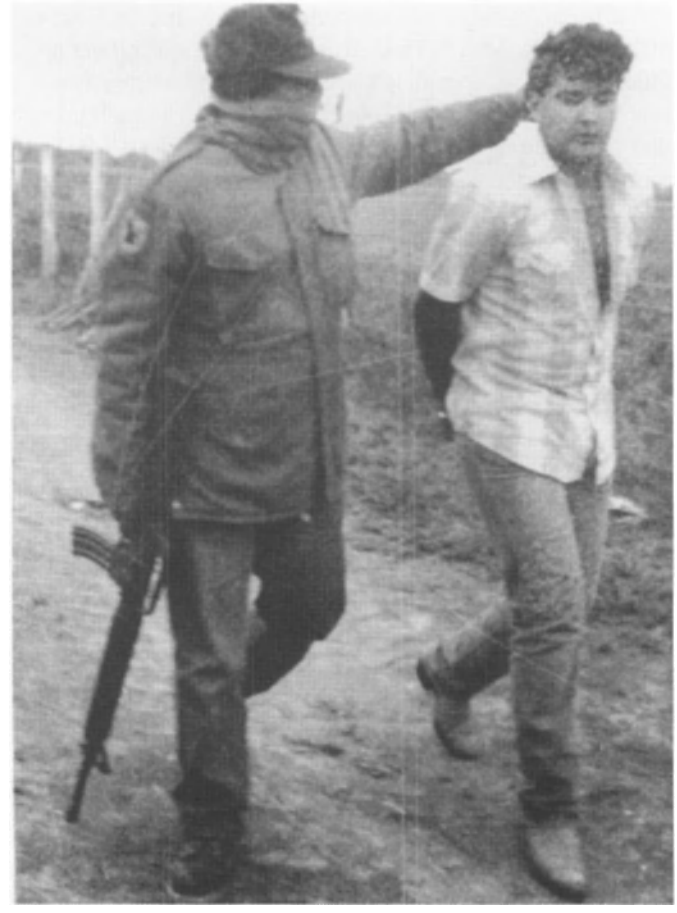
Adolfo de Jesus Constanzo, who operated a Mexican drug peddling cartel and established a murder cult in Matamoras, Mexico.

The shed at Rancho Santa Elena in Matamoras, Mexico, where Constanzo's followers took kidnapped victims and ritually murdered them.

Cult suspect Sergio Martinez was compelled, along with other cultists, to dig up bodies at Rancho Santa Elena; fifteen corpses were found.

Santeria, a religion that mixed Catholicism with the tribal gods and ancestral spirits of African slaves. Santeria, which involves some animal sacrifice, is normally a benign religion practiced by an estimated 100 million persons, mostly in the Caribbean and South America. Gonzalez Del Valle, however, used Santeria for her own evil ends, according to her Miami neighbors, settling long-standing grudges by leaving headless animals at the doorsteps of those who had angered her.

Adolfo de Jesus Constanzo, Gonzalez's son, had only one brush with the law in Miami, being arrested for (ominously, as events proved) shoplifting a chainsaw. He was, however, widely feared in Coral Park Estates in West Miami, where he lived with his mother, two brothers, and a sister. Exactly what Constanzo did in this largely Cuban enclave to inspire deep-seated fear is not known, but one former neighbor trembled at the sound of his name and stated, "Everyone here is worried that Constanzo will come back and get them for talking."



Cult member David Serna Valdez, right, is shown in the custody of a Mexican policeman.

Leaving for Mexico in 1984 to seek his drug fortune, Constanzo set up shop in Matamoras, Mexico, just over the border bridge that spans the Rio Grande linking Brownsville, Texas with Mexico. Constanzo drew several naive, uneducated followers to his ranks and launched into drug-smuggling, keeping his followers in line by practicing a warped version of Santeria, one that became a Satanic blood-lust cult where sacrifices were human beings.

Sara Maria Villarreal Aldrete, Constanzo's mistress; she served as the cult's leading "witch."

Constanzo's mini-drug cartel in Matamoras moved more than a ton of drugs a week into the U. S. and was netting more than $200,000 with each shipment. Constanzo lived high, buying a Mercedes-Benz, a lavish home, and expensive jewelry. He took a full-time mistress, 24-year-old Sara Maria Villarreal Aldrete, who led a

Mexican police photo showing Constanzo dead in a Mexico City apartment, along with his homosexual lover, Martin Quintana; both had been shot to death by cult members on May 8, 1989.

A Mexican detective, gun drawn, holds cult member Alvaro de Leon Valdez in a headlock as he is hustled to a police van; Valdez, called El Duby by cultists, admitted that he shot his leader Constanzo and Quintana to death, but claimed that Constanzo had ordered him to do it before police captured him.

double life. She served as the "witch" of the drug gang, as well as being an honor student at Texas College in Brownsville.

As Constanzo prospered, his perversions deepened. He demanded his henchmen round up victims to be tortured and then murdered in Santeria sacrifice at a ramshackle ranch he occupied outside of Matamoras. Cult members later claimed that Constanzo had by then mixed Santeria practices with a much more sinister tribal ritual known as Palo Mayombe, a malevolent Afro-Caribbean cult that practiced "evil for evil's sake," according to one cult expert. Further, Constanzo added Satanism and santismo, a bloody and ancient Aztec ritual involving human sacrifice.

Constanzo used his murderous rituals to bond his followers to him. He ordered his drug-runners to abduct persons in Matamoras and bring them to the ranch. Here the hapless victims were slashed with machetes, beaten senseless, shot, hanged, and even boiled alive, before their corpses were hacked to pieces and then buried about the grounds of the ranch. One of the last known victims of the Constanzo cult was Mark Kilroy, a 21-year-old University of Texas student who was abducted from a Matamoras street at about 2 a.m., on March 14, 1989, while outside of a cantina fighting off the effects of bad booze.

A teaching aid used by Constanzo was the 1987 film *The Believers*, starring Martin Sheen and Jimmy Smits, a movie that purported to investigate Santeria and Palo Mayombe, but one that blantantly employed those themes to sensationalize and graphically expose blood-lust scenes. Aldrete, one report had it, used a videotape of this film to lure men into the cult. Constanzo told his followers that by taking human life they would absorb the spirit and essence of their victims, all of which was gobbledygook, but it was the kind of mumbo-jumbo that appealed to his illiterate, almost cretinous followers, supposedly empowering them with a kind of God-like authority that fed their starving egos.

The disappearance of Kilroy, however, led to a massive police manhunt on both sides of the border. One of Constanzo's henchmen was apprehended and he began to talk, leading officials to the broken-down Rancho Santa Elena, the blood-stained floor and walls of the shack that passed for the ranch house, and the many graves that surrounded it. Other cult members were rounded up and were forced to dig up the dismembered remains of the cult's victims, fifteen persons in all. (There may have been twice that number, mostly young boys.) Body parts and bones, including the remains of Mark Kilroy, were unearthed for days at the gruesome site.

Constanzo, however, had fled, first to Mexico City, where he maintained a comfortable two-story white house. By the time police arrived, he was gone. They found baby clothing. Moreover, when police searched Aldrete's apartment they also found baby clothing. The rumor that Constanzo was kidnapping babies in revenge for being exposed soon spread across Mexico, but nothing of the kind was happening. Aldrete by then had vanished. Her purse and driver's license were found and authorities came to believe that Constanzo had murdered her and hidden her body as a way of covering his tracks.

The arch serial killer and Satanist, however, was running

for his life as hundreds of law enforcement officers sought him out. On May 8, 1989, they received a tip that he was hiding in an apartment in Mexico City and squads of heavily armed men stormed the place. Following a fierce firefight, officers burst into the apartment to find Constanzo and cult member Martin Quintana, both shot to death, their bodies stuffed into a closet. Police believed that Constanzo had ordered his followers to kill him before they fled the place.

When told that Constanzo had been killed in Mexico City, one of his former West Miami neighbors breathed a sigh of relief. He recalled how Constanzo as a child emulated the bloody Santeria practices of his mother, running wildly after chickens with a hatchet, grabbing the chicken and chopping off its head to gleefully splatter himself with its blood, laughing hysterically. The neighbor nodded solemnly and said, "Thank God, the real beast is dead."

WASHINGTON'S CHILD KILLER/1989

Westley Allen Dodd (1968-1993) was the perfect example of how therapy, counseling or any kind of treatment other than hard prison time utterly fails to shut down serial killing child molesters. A loner and drifter, Dodd was, like almost all child molesters, an obsessive recidivist. In dozens of instances, he was arrested and courts reduced the charges, suspended sentences, offered therapy in lieu of incarceration, while Dodd himself openly criticized this system as hopelessly ineffective. "Each time I entered treatment," he said, "I continued to molest children. I liked molesting children and did what I had to do to avoid jail so I could continue molesting."

Admitting that he had molested dozens of children, Dodd never served sentences longer than four months. He took every opportunity to prey on children. At one point he was babysitting the 10-year-old son of some friends and he promptly molested the boy. Arrested in Seattle, Washington, in 1987, Dodd expressly told his police interrogators that his urge to molest children was "predatory and uncontrollable." He received a one-year suspended sentence in 1989. Following that conviction, Dodd left Seattle and moved to Vancouver, Washington.

"I was getting bored," Dodd later stated, "I didn't have a TV." He took to stalking children in Vancouver parks, which he felt were "good hunting grounds." In one park he selected nineteen different children, fifteen boys and four girls, whom he marked for molestation and murder. One by one, however, he ruled out his intended victims, mostly because they were accompanied by an adult or because too many adults were near them as they played.

The next evening, September 4, 1989, Dodd appeared in the same park. He brought along shoelaces to use in tying up his victims, and beneath an Ace bandage affixed to his leg he hid a 6-inch fish filet knife. As dusk fell, Dodd hid in some bushes in the park and spotted two young brothers, Cole and William Neer, who were taking a shortcut through the park en route home to supper. He seized them both, tied them up, molested one of the boys, then stabbed them both to death.

Dodd then jogged home, listening to police and ambulance sirens wail in the distance, apparently, he thought, in response to his double slaying. "I was kind of afraid that I was going to get caught," he later told newsmen. "And then, as I watched the papers, I realized that the police didn't have any clues."

Westley Allen Dodd (sleeveless in court) murdered several children in Washington State in 1989; he was put to death at his own request on January 5, 1993.

Seven weeks went by before Dodd struck again. He stalked elementary school playgrounds and found 4-year-old Lee Iseli playing alone. He took the boy home with him under the ruse of promising to show him some new games. When in his apartment, he molested, tortured and murdered the boy. He took photos of the corpse and kept this in a pink photo album he labeled "Family Memories."

Vancouver police got onto Dodd's trail with the disappearance of the Iseli boy and upon his arrest he blurted out a full, gruesome confession. Jury members at Dodd's trial got sick while listening to his pitiless accounts of molestation and murder and hardened newsmen recoiled in nauseating shock. As the nation, and in particular, the state of Washing-

ton, reeled in shock at Dodd's remorseless statements during his trial, an incensed Governor Booth Gardner and Washington lawmakers passed one of the toughest child molester laws in the country.

The new precedent-setting law established a registry of child molesters through which their whereabouts could be tracked and monitored, a registry that dozens of other states would use as a role model in years to come. It demanded that convicted child molesters register with police wherever they moved, that authorities were obligated to notify communities into which child molesters moved, and, the most controversial aspect of all, that the state had the authority to imprison repeat offenders after they served their sentences if they were still thought to pose a threat.

By that time, Dodd had been convicted and was condemned to death. Unlike most Death Row inmates, Dodd wanted no part of a prolonged appeals process (a disgraceful average of fifteen to seventeen years), insisting that he be executed and threatening to file suit against any death penalty opponents who tried to prolong his life. "I *must* die, because I know I will kill again," Dodd stated. He got his wish on January 5, 1993, when he was put to death by hanging, the first time anyone was hanged in the U.S. since 1965 and the first person executed in the state of Washington since 1963. Many wanted him to rot in prison, to remain in a cell no larger than a car space and there be slowly crushed by boredom and vile memories.

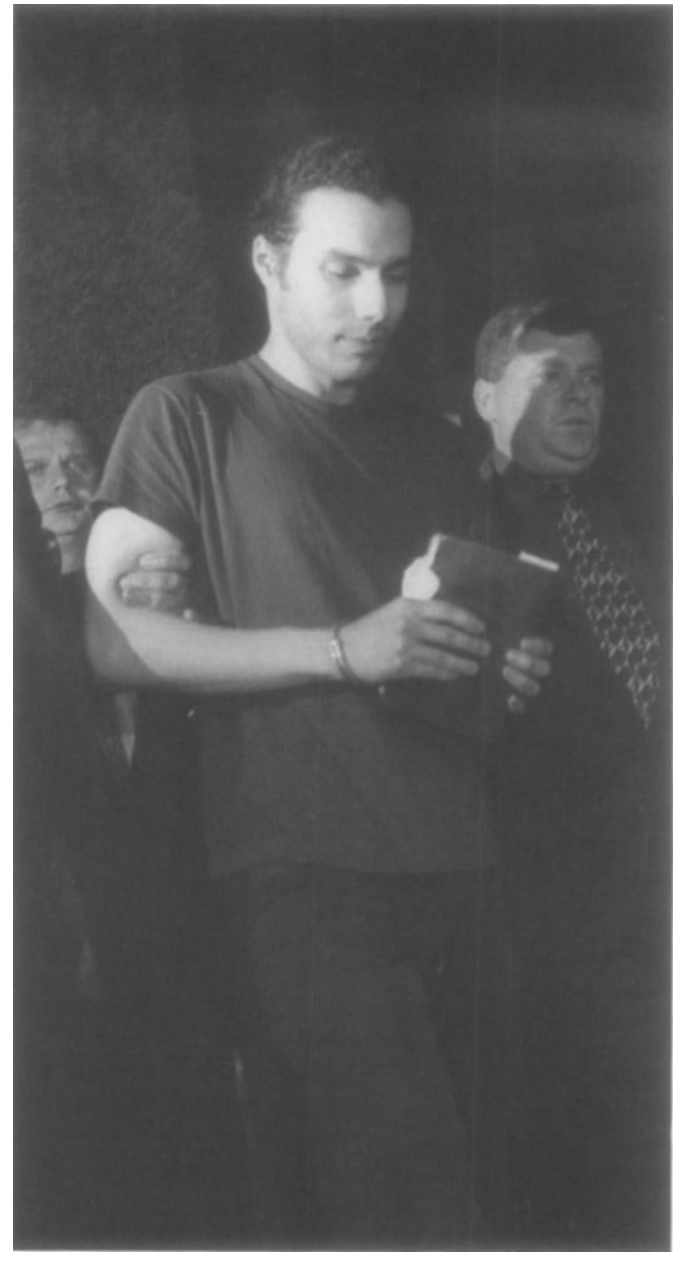
NEW YORK'S ZODIAC KILLER/1990

A Brooklyn shooting on June 18, 1996, would not have amounted to more than a routine domestic quarrel had not a curious detective investigated further to discover that the man under arrest was the notorious Zodiac killer who had terrorized New York in 1990. A family dispute erupted when 26-year-old Heriberto Seda (AKA: Zodiac Killer; b. 1970) reportedly shot his teenage half-sister in the back for running around with members of a notorious gang.

When police were summoned to Seda's third-floor Brooklyn apartment, they were met by gunfire. Seda held off police in a raging gunfight for almost four hours before he surrendered. One of the detectives inspecting Seda's apartment after the gunman was taken into custody examined the strange scrawls on paper strewn about the apartment and recognized them as those of the mysterious Zodiac killer, who had been widely sought six years earlier.

The Zodiac killer had shot four persons, one fatally, on the Queens-Brooklyn border and in Central Park. The shootings had occurred on Thursdays, twenty-one days or a multiple of twenty-one days apart. The killer wrote taunting letters to the police, saying that he would kill someone born under each of the twelve astrological signs, thus earning the sobriquet of the Zodiac killer (not to be confused with the Zodiac killer who had terrorized San Francisco decades earlier).

Zodiac had shot a Scorpio, a Gemini, a Taurus and a Cancer, somehow learning the signs from the victims. So wide was the 1990 panic that New Yorkers were warned by the press not to divulge their birth dates to strangers. Police went on extra alert every three weeks in anticipation of Zodiac striking again. After a June 21, 1990 shooting, however, the killer vanished.

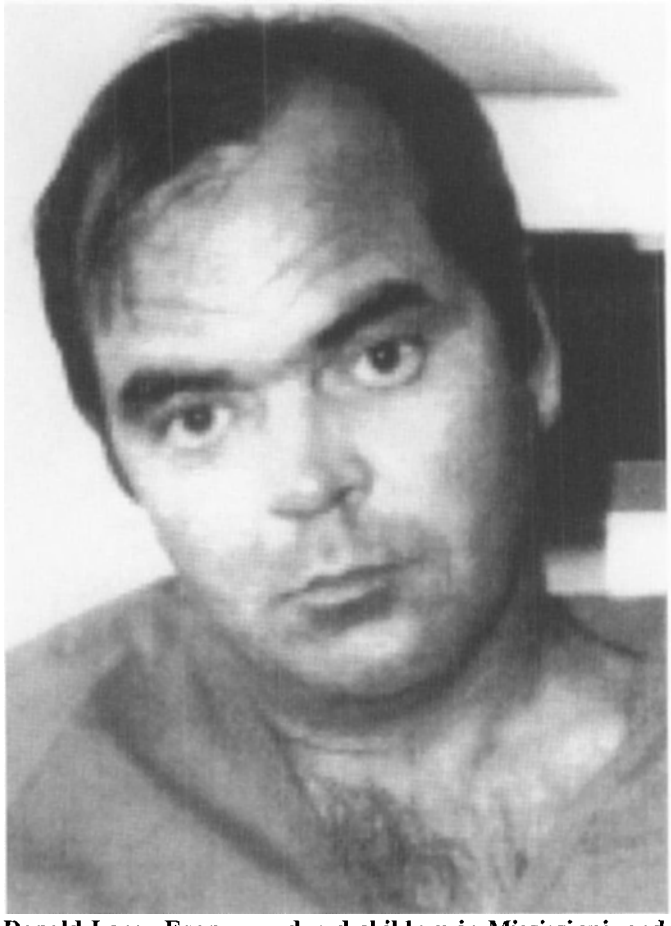


Heriberta Seda, arrested for a shootout on June 19, 1996; police then learned that he was the Zodiac killer, who had stalked New Yorkers in 1990.

When Seda was confronted with evidence from his apartment, he broke down and confessed that he was Zodiac, saying that he had been seized by "a sudden urge" to strike randomly and that he learned of his victims' astrological signs only "by chance." Seda was convicted of the 1990 shootings on June 24, 1998. He was sent to prison for life.

THE KILLER WHO WANTED TO BE HITLER/1991

The news of Jeffrey Dahmer's serial killings had no sooner burst into headlines in 1991 when an even more shocking killer was identified, Donald Leroy Evans (1957-1999). Arrested in August 1991 in Biloxi, Miss., Evans confessed to



Donald Leroy Evans murdered children in Mississippi, and later claimed to have slain sixty persons (discredited); he was stabbed to death in prison on January 5, 1999.

kidnapping, raping and murdering Beatrice Louise Routh, a homeless 10-year-old child, in Jones Park in Gulfport. He admitted dumping the body of the girl in Pearl River County.

Almost immediately after his original confession, Evans began to recite a list of murders he had committed, telling Mississippi authorities that he had been killing people since his discharge from the Marine Corps in 1977. He admitted to more than sixty murders in twenty-one states. He insisted that he had raped and murdered six women in Illinois, California, and Texas and he rattled off more victims in more states.

Evans was convicted of the Routh slaying and sentenced to death, while investigators attempted to clear up the many murders he claimed to have committed. In 1994, Evans was charged with murdering a prostitute, Ira Jean Smith, in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. He was convicted of this murder and received a second death sentence. Still, he rattled off more murders, but by this time, officials discounted most of Evans' claims, saying that he was a liar, merely attempting to postpone his own execution by being tried again and again for additional homicides, thus extending his appeals for these future convictions.

During his 1994 trial for the Smith murder, Evans, who was close to illiterate, told the court that he was a member of the Ku Klux Klan and insisted that he be allowed to wear a Klan robe during his trial (which was denied). An avowed racist, Evans then filed a motion demanding that the court address him as "Hi Hitler," a name he wished to officially adopt. Evans mistook the Nazi salute of "Heil Hitler," as the dictator's first name. This request, too, was denied.

The serial killer died in the prison at Parchman, Mississippi, knifed to death by a black inmate enraged at his racist taunts. Jimmie Mack, another death row inmate, stabbed Evans to death with a makeshift knife while both he and Evans were being taken to a shower on January 5, 1999.

AUSTRALIA'S IVAN MILAT/1991-1992

Paul Onions, an Englishman on a backpacking tour of Australia, was hitchhiking along Hume Highway, a well-traveled roadway running past the scenic Belanglo State Forest between Sydney and Melbourne, on January 25, 1990. A silver two-door Nissan four-wheel drive truck came to a stop and a strange-looking man offered him a ride. Onions got in and the driver, a man with bushy black eyebrows and a thick black mustache that curled downward around his lips, began chatting with him as they drove along. The conversation seemed friendly enough until the topic of Northern Ireland came up. Then the man became agitated. Suddenly, he pulled a gun and pointed it at Onions, saying, "This is a robbery."

Though startled, Onions tried to calm the man down. The vehicle came to a stop and the driver reached for a rope. Onions then leaped from the Nissan and began running down the middle of the heavily trafficked highway, waving frantically at drivers who refused to stop for him. The man with the thick mustache was by then running after him, ordering him to stop, saying that he would fire. The man fired his gun and Onions later swore that he heard the bullet whistle past him. Onions was slowed by the weight of his backpack and his pursuer caught up with him, pulling him by his shirt to the ground while still holding the gun.

Onions managed to break free and then throw himself in front of a van driven by a woman. She stopped and Onions jumped into the passenger seat, telling her to drive off, that a man with a gun was firing at him. The woman drove to the nearby town of Bowral, where Onions reported the bizarre incident to the police. Officers drove back to the sight of the attack on Hume Highway, but could find no trace of the Nissan or the man with the gun. The incident was filed and forgotten by police, but Paul Onions would never forget the experience, the most frightening of his life.

In September 1992, a group of backpackers going along a rocky path in Belanglo State Park were stopped by a foul odor. They at first thought the stench wafting over them came from the body of a dead kangaroo, but closer inspection revealed the decomposing bodies of two women who turned out to be 21-year-old Caroline Clarke and 22-year-old Joanne Walters, both British tourists who had disappeared between April 17 and April 19, 1992.

Pathologists determined that Clarke had died of multiple head wounds and Walters, who had been gagged, had been repeatedly stabbed. Many persons had been disappearing in this area since 1987. Naoka Onda, a 22-year-old Japanese tourist, had vanished at that time. On December 9, 1989, 19-year-

old Deborah Everist, and her 19-year-old companion, James Gibson, both Australians, had disappeared. Following the discovery of Clarke and Walters, the bodies of Everist and Gibson were found, buried in a shallow grave.

A widespread search by large parties ensued, scouring the area. These searches continued for months. Three more bodies were uncovered. Simone Schmidt, a 21-year-old German tourist, had been missing since January 21, 1991. Her body was found in October 1992. After being gagged and tied, Schmidt had been repeatedly stabbed to death.

Finally, on November 4, 1993, the bodies of two more German tourists, 20-year-old Anja Habschied, and her boyfriend, 21-year-old Gabor Negebauer, were found. They had been missing since 1991. Negebauer had been shot six times in the head. Habschied, an exceptionally beautiful girl, was found naked from the waist down. She had been decapitated and her head was never found.

All of the missing backpackers, except for the Japanese tourist, Naoka Onda, had been found, but Australian police were baffled as to the identity of their murderer. The only conclusion they drew was that the serial killer most probably worked and lived in the area, since he had repeatedly used the Belanglo State Park as a dumping area for the bodies of his victims.

It was not until an article about the missing backpackers appeared in a British newspaper that Australian investigators got their break. At the time, Paul Onions, reading about the Australian serial killings, recalled the attack made on him in 1990. He contacted police in New South Wales and in response, he was flown to Australia in 1994, where he detailed the story about the man who had attacked him four years earlier. Onions gave a vivid description of the attacker, which an artist translated into a composite sketch.

A police officer later saw this sketch and from it identified a road worker, who worked for the county highway maintenance department. The son of a Croatian immigrant, he was divorced and wore a thick, black mustache. His name was Ivan Robert Marko Milat (b. 1943). His photo was shown to Onions, who immediately recognized him as the man who had attacked him on Hume Highway.

Australian serial killer Ivan Robert Marko Milat, poses as an American western sheriff in his Eagle Vale home, outside of Sydney.

Milat was arrested on May 22, 1994, in his home at Eagle Vale, a suburb of Sydney. By the time police had taken Milat into custody, they had a complete profile of the man. He had lived in Sydney all his life with his thirteen brothers and sis-

Ivan Milat leaving a courthouse on July 27, 1996, after being convicted of murdering seven backpackers in Australia's Belanglo State Forest in 1991-1992.

ters. Milat had worked as an unskilled laborer since the age of fifteen, after dropping out of school. He had married in 1983 and divorced in 1989. Milat had been accused of a date-rape in 1974, but the charges had been dropped.

Not until March 26, 1996, did Milat's trial begin. It would be one of the longest in Australian history. The evidence against Milat was strong. Items taken from the victims, including a camera, had been found in Milat's home. Several pieces of rope also found in his home matched those used to tie up the victims. A cord found in Milat's garage, it was proved, was stained with the blood of Caroline Clarke. Plastic cables found in his garage also matched those the killer had used to tie up two of the German victims.

Milat was stoic, refusing to confess. He stubbornly denied guilt at every turn. When asked to explain how the stolen items, ropes, and plastic cords came to be found in his home, Milat shrugged, saying: "I have no explanation at all." On July 27, 1996, Ivan Milat was found guilty of murdering seven backpackers by a jury of eleven persons after they had deliberated for twenty hours. The serial killer was sentenced to life in prison.

THE TAMIAMI TRAIL STRANGLER/ 1994-1995

For four months in 1994, a serial killer preyed upon prostitutes along the Tamiami Trail, a major east-west thoroughfare feeding downtown Miami, Florida. Six prostitutes in all, five women and a male cross-dresser were raped and murdered by a single killer, their bodies tossed in neighborhoods off the road. In mid-June, 1995, a prostitute who had been bound and gagged, broke free and banged on the walls of an apartment occupied by Rory Enrique Conde (AKA: The Tamiami Trail Strangler; b. 1965), a building supply salesman.

The prostitute's cries for help prompted neighbors to call police and Conde was arrested before he could claim his seventh victim. Conde, charged with six murders on June 26, 1995, in Miami, freely admitted the murders to Metro-Dade police, vaguely explaining that his compulsion to kill had something to do with his problems with his estranged wife (he was the father of two children). He was subsequently convicted on his own confession and DNA evidence and sentenced to death.

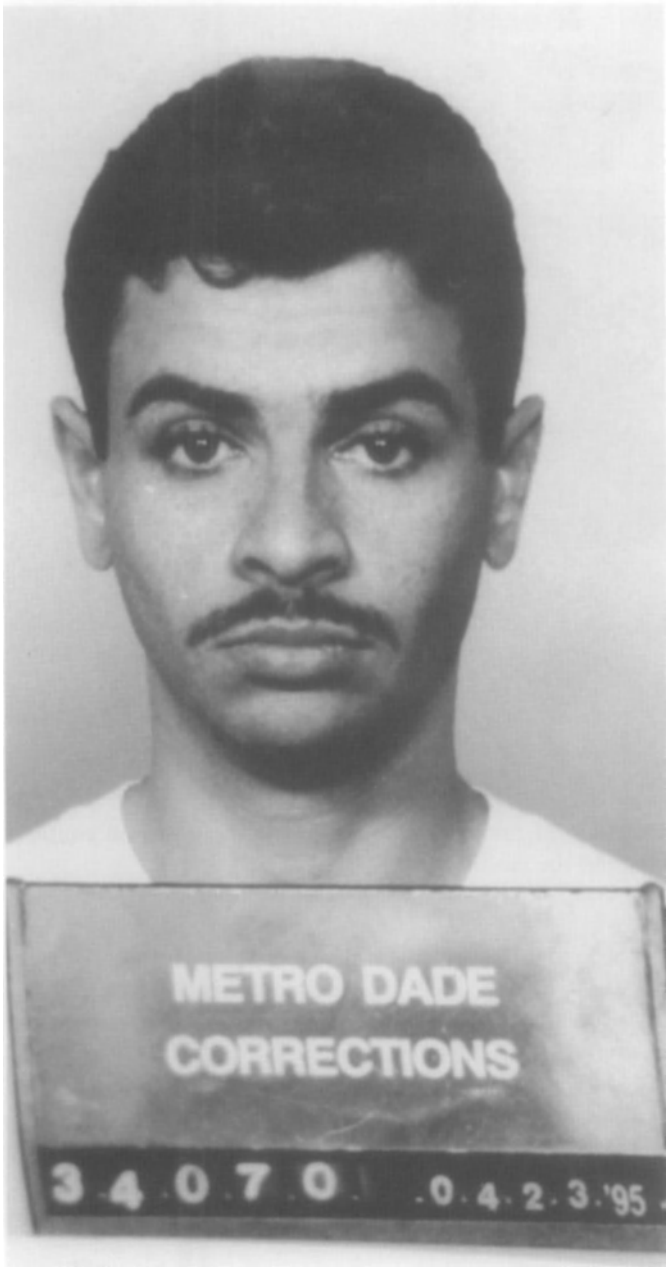
Conde, born in Barranquilla, Colombia in 1965, was orphaned at six months when his mother died of tetanus (his father had abandoned the family). He and his sister were raised by their paternal grandmother, but both went to Miami, Florida when the boy was twelve to live with their father, Gustavo Conde. The boy was reportedly sexually abused by his father, although this was a tale Conde later told the court in an effort to gain sympathy.

Wedding a 15-year-old girl in 1987, Conde mistreated his wife Carla throughout their marriage, savagely beating her for any infraction of his rules; he insisted that their apartment be immaculate and if his small son, Rory, Jr., dropped a crumb on the floor, Conde viciously beat his wife. At one point, he tried to kill her by suffocating her with a pillow.

When his wife was absent, Conde brought prostitutes to his home, where he had them lasciviously pose in his wife's lingerie, before sexually assaulting them. He often videotaped these sexual bouts, his wife later finding and viewing these tapes. The couple separated but reunited in 1992, when Carla Conde discovered herself pregnant. The family took a condominium near the Tamiami Trail. At the time, Conde worked as a building supply salesman.

After Conde refused to have sex with his wife and returned to prostitutes, his wife and children moved out, going to the home of Carla's parents. A short time later, on September 17, 1994, the first serial killings attributed to the Tamiami Strangler occurred. On that night Lazaro Comensana, a prostitute, was strangled to death. Two more similar murders quickly followed. On October 8, 1994, Elisa Martinez was strangled to death, and Charity Nava was choked to death on November 20, 1994. Conde used a black felt marker to write on the buttocks of both women: "Catch me if you can."

A short time later, Conde was discussing the case with some of his fellow employees, telling them that the Tamiami Strangler "was a smart guy. They're not going to get him." The fourth victim, Wanda Crawford, was found strangled to



Rory Enrique Conde, who murdered six prostitutes along the Tamiami Trail in 1994-1995; at this writing he awaits execution on Florida's death row.

death on November 25, 1994. On December 17, 1994, Necole Schneider, another prostitute, was found strangled. Conde claimed his sixth victim, Rhonda Dunn, on January 12, 1995.

Brought to trial, Conde was convicted of killing one of the prostitutes, Rhonda Dunn, on October 20, 1999. On March 17, 2000, Conde was sentenced to death for this conviction. On April 5, 2001, Conde, in a plea-bargain arrangement, pleaded guilty to the murders of the five other prostitutes he had strangled. He was sentenced to five consecutive life terms by Miami-Dade Circuit Court Judge Jerald Bagley, on the condition he would never receive a parole. He nevertheless still awaits execution for the murder of Rhonda Dunn and, at this writing, is on death row in Starke, Florida.

THE MURDER ODYSSEY OF ANDREW CUNANAN/1997

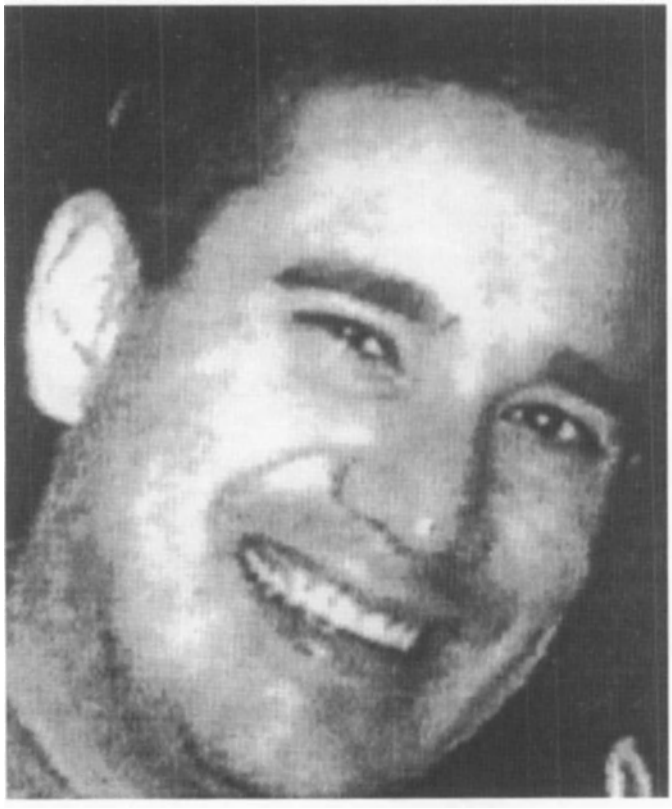
One of the worst transcontinental murder sprees in American history was enacted in 1997 by a handsome homosexual hustler called Andrew Phillip Cunanan (1970-1997). He proved to be a spectacular serial killer who had the police of a dozen states hot on his heels in a day-to-day chase that culminated in the slayings of five persons and an ignominious suicide. Nothing in Cunanan's suave, intelligent character would have ever suggested that he would suddenly embark on an odyssey of murder, that he would defy local, state and federal police to catch him, to stop him from killing. He murdered with a vengeance, following what appeared to be a plan, as if he had drawn up a special hit list he had prepared long in advance.

Born and raised in San Diego County, California, Cunanan was the youngest of four children. He attended Bonita Vista Middle School in Chula Vista, proving to be a good student who, according to his mother, began reading the Bible at age 6. His father, Modesto Cunanan, who had been born in the Philippines, had served in the U.S. Navy and was a successful stockbroker, providing enough money to send Andrew to the private and expensive Bishop School in LaJolla, the upscale community of seaside homes, tony shops and expensive cars just north of San Diego.

Bishop School offered a sedate campus of sand-colored buildings constructed in the Spanish mission style in 1909, which surround a peaceful quadrangle where students play lacrosse. Cunanan did well at Bishop, maintaining high marks. He excelled in track and ran cross-country meets. He was also the only openly gay student on the campus, "flamingly gay," according to one classmate. His favorite saying was "*apres moi, le deluge*" ("after me, the deluge," a proverbial French quote often attributed to either Madame de Pompadour or King Louis XV).

Cunanan did not hide his homosexuality at Bishop. He often appeared in a tight-fitting red leather jumpsuit or other skimpy garb that would reveal his lithe body. He whistled seductively at other boys swimming in the pool or working out in the gym, but there is no evidence that he ever attempted any kind of molestation. He was forever pretending to have relatives of importance and wealth and he early on affected an air of sophistication, although classmates described his laugh as nervous and his manner edgy. At graduation, he was voted "most likely to be remembered."

In 1988, the year Cunanan enrolled as a history major at the University of California in San Diego, his world crumbled when his father fled the country, accused by investors of scamming more than $100,000 of their money in a phony stock scheme. Modesto Cunanan abandoned his family and returned to the Philippines where Andrew, at 19, tracked him down, shocked to see his father living in poverty.



Andrew Cunanan at the time he lived high in San Diego as a homosexual hustler.

Cunanan at the time his high-paying homosexual contacts stopped the cashflow.

Modesto Cunanan had by then taken up with a mistress and, following a fight with her, became so enraged that he burned her clothes. A streak of violence also ran inside Andrew Cunanan. He once pushed his mother so hard that he dislocated her arm, an act that embittered her forever against him. She later described her son as a "high-class prostitute."

Cunanan was anything but that. After working as a cashier in a drugstore in Rancho Bernardo, he continued his studies at UCSD on and off until he dropped out. He appeared on the gay scene in the late 1980s in San Diego and, by 1990, in San Francisco. He was remembered by the manager of a gay bar on 18th Street as "gregarious, loud and always wanting to be the center of attention. He threw a lot of money around. Some people thought he bordered on the obnoxious. He was constantly laughing."

To others, however, Cunanan was a subtle and artful homosexual dodger, a worthy companion to older homosexuals whose art of conversation was stimulating and whose knowledge of current affairs often startling. He was by then no longer Andrew Cunanan, but Lt. Commander Cummings, he said, one-time student at Choate and Yale, who imported expensive antiques.

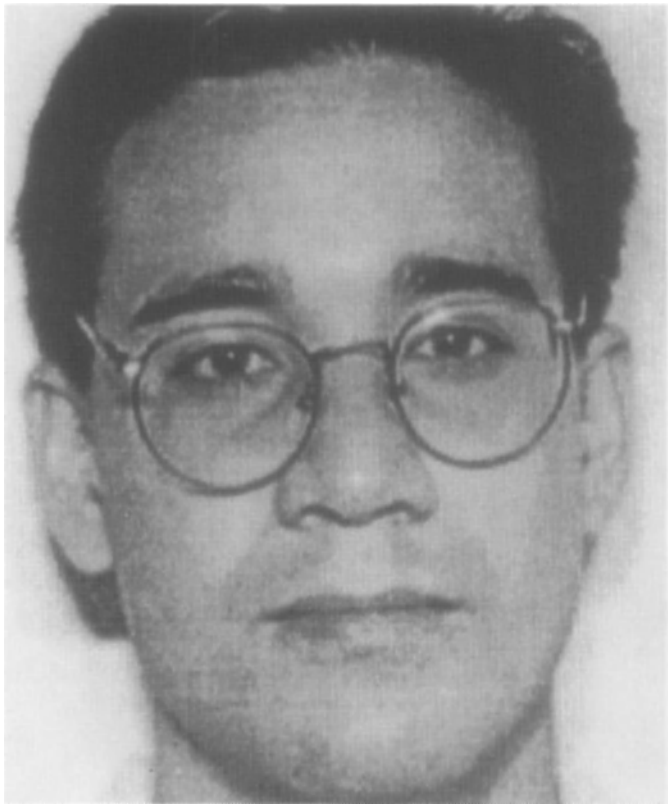
On other occasions, he would introduce himself as Andrew De Silva, the chief of a Hollywood production company who had a mansion on the Riviera and whose father was a rich sugar planter. He was always impeccably dressed, wearing tailored blazers and silk ascots, and always in fashion, favoring anything designed by Gianni Versace. He smoked Cohiba cigars and, according to one gay friend, "knew about the arts, the right kind of fork to use, the right cognac to drink ... He was in a class of his own as a gigolo."

Cunanan met his idol in 1990, it was reported, when designer Versace appeared in the VIP room of a San Francisco disco, in town to be feted for the costumes he had fashioned for the opera *Capriccio*. Versace spotted Cunanan standing in the crowd and walked up to him, saying: "I know you. *Lago di Como*, no?"

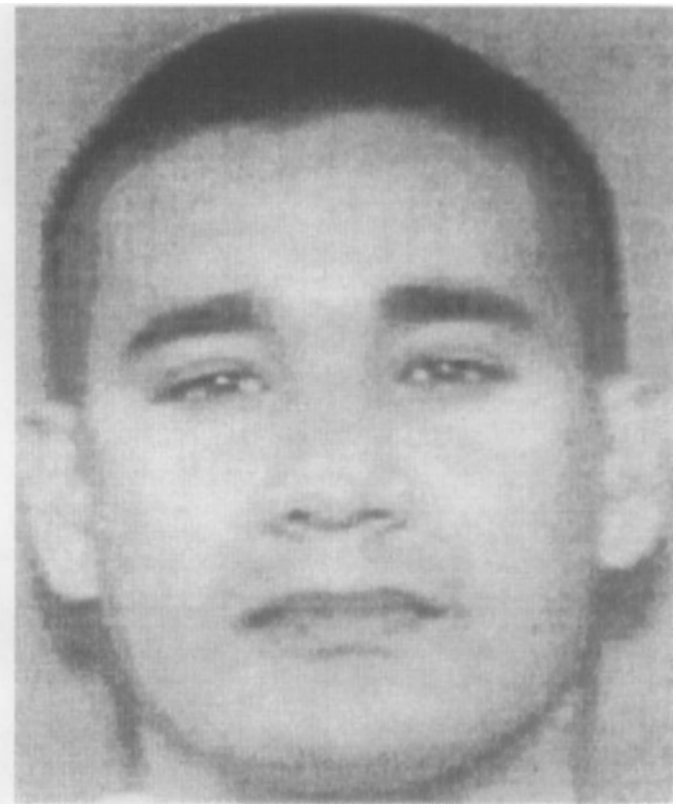
"Yes," Cunanan lied, "it is good to see you again, Mr. Versace."

Though he habitually frequented gay discos and clubs, Cunanan was never seen touching or kissing anyone. He talked vaguely of having an estranged wife and a child. He was never seen with gay men his own age, except in crowds, such as the gay party for Versace. It was whispered that Cunanan's wealth—he drove about in a $30,000 Infiniti, the gift of one of his elderly gay sponsors—was kept by an aging millionaire gay man, one of the business leaders of LaJolla who, like others of his ilk, remained in the closet. (It was later reported that Cunanan had unearthed through his elderly gay companion a "sugar daddy" list of aging, wealthy homosexuals throughout the country, a list that contained the names of Lee Miglin of Chicago and Gianni Versace of Miami Beach, both of whom he later murdered.)

The San Diego millionaire kept Cunanan in luxury and cash for about six years, but when he began to put on weight, he lost his gay sponsor, a wealthy art collector who was identified later by San Diego police as Norman Blanchford, who maintained a condo in LaJolla and who not only supplied



Cunanan in early 1997, discarded by sugar daddies, decided to take murderous revenge.



FBI photo of Andrew Cunanan, after he embarked on his murder spree in April 1997.

Cunanan with cash, but had taken him to Europe on a pleasure trip.

Down on his luck, Cunanan sold his car for cash, moved from LaJolla to Hillcrest, and began selling drugs to support himself. He also used those drugs and began drinking heavily, putting on more weight and complaining to bartenders in San Diego gay bars that he had difficulty in getting dates. He appeared despondent and worn out. In April 1997, Cunanan told a few friends that he was returning to San Francisco. "I'm not coming back," he said to one friend, almost fatalistically. "People don't know me. They think they do, but they don't."

The owner of a gay club Cunanan visited didn't know him until Cunanan called him up one day and propositioned him. The club owner declined the offer and, according to his later statements, would later see Cunanan in his club. Said the club owner: "The way he looked at me ... was pure hatred. He would just glare at me ... He was frightening. I thought, 'this guy is an evil person.' He was demonic, almost."

Cunanan had changed, drastically, some thought. His good gigolo looks were going. He had put on weight and run up $25,000 on his credit cards and had no way of paying them off. None of his sugar daddies wanted him. Worse, according to one report, he learned that he had tested positive for the HIV virus and the thought of contracting AIDS from one of his elderly gay sponsors threw him into a rage. Michael Dudley, a part-time AIDS volunteer, later reported having a safe-sex conversation with Cunanan, one that ended with Cunanan jumping to his feet and viciously kicking a wall, then screaming, "If I find out who did this to me, I'm going to get them!"

In mid-April 1997, Cunanan announced to friends that he was leaving town, that he was going to San Francisco, after he attended "to some business" in Minnesota. A few friends gathered on April 24, 1997, in a San Diego gay eatery to give him a farewell dinner—ostrich and Veuve Cliquot champagne. At that time, Cunanan gave away many of his personal belongings, sweaters, Gucci shoes, many of the gifts his sugar daddies had purchased for him on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. This time, Cunanan's friends picked up the tab; he was broke. Before leaving, Cunanan looked around the table and said in a low tone, "None of you really know who I am."

When asked by a friend the next day about his trip to Minnesota, Cunanan replied that he had a friend living there, one with whom he had developed "the perfect relationship ... He lets me do anything [sexually] I want." Cunanan went on to admit that he was by then into S&M. (Police later found S&M tapes beneath his bed in his last San Diego dwelling, a dingy apartment he shared with homosexual Erik J. Greenman, who demanded and got FBI protection after Cunanan went on his killing spree, fearing that Cunanan would return to San Diego and kill him.)

On April 25, 1997, Cunanan flew to Minnesota on a first-class one-way ticket, purchased for him by his friends in San Diego, going to meet his former lover, architect David Madson, who lived a well-to-do life in Minneapolis' trendy Warehouse District, occupying an apartment at the Harmony

Lofts complex. He owned a Dalmatian named Prints and drove a red Jeep Cherokee. Madson dined out frequently in the city's better restaurants, such as the Monte Carlo Bar and Cafe, and he was fond of dancing at Nye's Polonaise Room. He worked for the architectural firm of John Ryan Co., designing banks and buildings for financial institutions.

Madson was a likeable, charming person who held a master's degree in architecture from the University of Minnesota. He had won the President's Award for a traveling exhibit on AIDS and had been a 1994 guest lecturer at Harvard, talking on assisted living for those suffering from AIDS. He had apparently had a sexual liaison with Cunanan in San Francisco. When Cunanan appeared in Minneapolis on the night of April 25, Madson took him out for drinks with some other friends.

None of Madson's gay friends liked Cunanan, who spent most of the evening bragging about driving a Rolls Royce convertible. Madson, who had told some of his gay friends that he wanted to end any kind of relationship with Cunanan because he thought he was involved with "shady dealings," nevertheless took Cunanan home with him and two nights later, Cunanan invited another gay, Jeffrey Trail, to visit him at Madson's Harmony Lofts apartment.

Trail had been born and raised in DeKalb, Illinois. His father, Stanley Trail, was a professor of mathematics at Northern Illinois University. Jeffrey Trail graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1991 and was stationed in San Diego, where he reportedly met Cunanan and had a homosexual relationship. (Some later stated that Trail and Cunanan did not have a homosexual affair, that their relationship was platonic, that Trail served as a surrogate older brother to the troubled Cunanan, one whose sound advice he often took in straightening himself out.) In 1996, the 28-year-old Trail moved to Bloomington, Minnesota, to work as a district manager at a propane delivery firm.

The reunion between Trail and Cunanan was not a happy one. According to Minneapolis police, Cunanan discovered that both his former lovers, Madson and Trail, had formed a relationship and neither was available to him. This news, it was speculated, caused him to snap. Just after 10 p.m., on the night of April 27, 1997, Madson's neighbors heard a loud shout: "Get the f—- out!" This was followed by several loud thuds. They did not report the commotion, however.

Two days later, on April 29, 1997, the battered body of Jeffrey Trail was found in Madson's apartment wrapped in a rug. Police had been notified by Madson's employers when he failed to report to work for two days and officers, searching for him, entered his apartment to find Trail beaten to a pulp. A bloody claw hammer was found nearby. Both Cunanan and the 33-year-old Madson were nowhere to be found. Close to the body, police found a gym bag with Cunanan's name on it. Police also found a holster that belonged to Trail and from it was missing a .40-caliber handgun.

Some time later, one of Trail's gay lovers reported that Trail nervously told him that he had tried to "straighten out" Cunanan, but that he had had "a huge falling out," adding, "I made a lot of enemies this weekend ... I've got to get out of here. They're going to kill me." This remark, made in comfortable hindsight, implied that perhaps Cunanan *and* Madson were out to murder Trail. Yet, some currency was added to this insidious conclusion in that some of Madson's neighbors insisted that they saw Cunanan and Madson strolling and chatting amiably while they walked Madson's dog a day after the time the coroner fixed for Trail's murder.

With the discovery of Trail's body, Cunanan had begun to settle his "business," which was murder, plain and simple, and from the way he left clues behind as to his identity, he didn't care who knew that he had embarked upon a killing spree. This was confirmed three days later, on May 3, 1997, when the body of David Madson was pulled limp and bloated from the reeds of a lake north of Minneapolis by two startled fishermen.

Madson had been shot twice in the back and once in the head with a .40-caliber pistol. Again, Cunanan had been sloppy, or had intentionally and arrogantly left behind a blatant clue, another empty bag with his name on it. Police by then believed that Cunanan had killed Trail and then forced Madson to flee with him, driving northward out of Minneapolis in Madson's red Jeep Cherokee. At this point or earlier, Cunanan, investigators surmised, decided to kill Madson because he was a witness to his murder of Trail.

Although this was a perfectly credible concept, it defied Cunanan's blatant scattering of clues that pinpointed him as the killer. Someone suggested that police had another serial killer like Ted Bundy on their hands, but Bundy was a meticulous murderer, for the most part, who left few clues as to his identity. Cunanan's actions better copied those of the playboy woman-killer Christopher Wilder, who drove cross-country killing at will and not much caring if the police knew he was the person they were seeking or not, almost as if daring them to hunt him down and kill him, which is what they did.

By the time Madson's body was dragged dripping from the lake, Cunanan had long left the area, driving southeast in Madson's red Jeep Cherokee. While police initiated a widespread dragnet for the killer, he had gone to Chicago and the gay bars and restaurants stretching from the Gold Coast northward to the Broadway bistros of "Gay Town."

In Chicago, Cunanan apparently made contact with 72-year-old real estate developer Lee Miglin. Though married, it was later stated that Miglin was on Cunanan's "sugar daddy" list. The Miglin family later emphatically denied that the real estate tycoon was gay and said he had never had any kind of relationship with Cunanan. Yet, the question remained as to how Cunanan knew about Miglin and how he gained the man's confidence long enough to torture and murder him, a man who zealously guarded his privacy. Miglin's mutilated body—he had been stabbed repeatedly—was found by police in the garage of his Gold Coast townhouse on May 4, 1997, after his wife Marilyn reported him missing. Miglin's head had been wrapped in masking tape with holes made for the nostrils,

Photo left page: Italian designer and fashion mogul Gianni Versace, who is shown with his sister; the designer was shot and killed in front of his posh Miami Beach villa on July 15, 1997, by Andrew Cunanan.

much in the manner of a black leather S&M head mask Cunanan had owned in San Diego, one which left room only for the nostrils. His punctured body was wrapped in plastic and brown wrapping paper.

Miglin had suffered "a worse death than Christ," according to the magnate's 96-year-old mother. His neck had almost been cut in half with a saw. He had been stabbed dozens of times and his chest jabbed with pruning shears. Cunanan had spent time torturing Miglin, apparently to learn the whereabouts of cash and jewelry in the posh townhouse.

After killing the tycoon, he prepared a sandwich in the kitchen of the townhouse, eating casually as he ransacked the place, taking his victim's jewelry and better designer clothes. He shaved in Miglin's bathroom, then took Miglin's briefcase, which contained $2,000 or more in cash, and the keys to Miglin's Lexus and drove off, leaving the stolen Jeep Cherokee a short distance from the townhouse.

Miglin's family members strenuously denied that the real estate magnate was homosexual. They pointed to the fact that he had had a lasting relationship with his wife Marilyn for thirty-two years and had raised a family.

From Chicago, Cunanan drove east to New York City. While thousands of lawmen and FBI agents were searching for him, on May 5, 1997, he checked into a West 20th Street transient hotel frequented by homosexuals and used his pet alias of De Silva. According to a receipt later found by police, the fugitive, who was fast becoming Public Enemy Number One, went shopping for clothes, buying inexpensive garb in an apparent attempt to conserve the cash he had stolen from Miglin. On the following day, Cunanan went to a movie theater on West 23rd Street where he viewed the film *Liar, Liar*. The next day, May 8, according to witnesses, he went to a different theater to view the movie *The Devil's Own*.

Something or someone apparently spooked Cunanan for he suddenly left New York City, driving Miglin's Lexus into New Jersey, and then to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, sometime on May 9 or May 10, 1997. Police later theorized that as he drove along, he listened to news reports of his flight and heard one report that police had been tracking him through Miglin's car phone. He ripped out the cellular unit and, as he drove out of Philadelphia and across the Delaware Memorial Bridge, on May 10, he desperately looked about for another vehicle to replace the much-publicized green Lexus. He spotted a red pickup truck parked in Finn's Point Cemetery, a remote graveyard he was passing as he traveled through rural Pennsville, New Jersey. He drove into the cemetery, which was bordered by marshland and surrounded by tall foxtails.

The red pickup truck belonged to 45-year-old caretaker William Reese. While holding a full-time job, Reese maintained the small lodge in the graveyard for twenty years, but his burial duties were limited. The cemetery was chiefly reserved for the Union and Confederate dead of the Civil War. One of Reese's ancestors was buried at Finn's Point, along with about 200 Union dead and more than 2,300 Confederates who had died of starvation and disease in a Union prison fort on the Delaware River.

A Civil War re-enactor and head of the 14th Brooklyn Chapter he had founded, Reese arrived at the cemetery every morning to raise the flag, went to work, then returned in the evening to lower Old Glory. Apparently, Cunanan arrived at the cemetery and the amiable Reese showed him the lodge.

It was inside this building that Cunanan killed Reese, firing a single shot to the head. He left behind a shell casing that police later matched to the same weapon, the .40-caliber pistol, Cunanan had used to kill Trail and Madson. He also left behind Miglin's green Lexus. Reese, who left a wife and a 12-year-old son, was later buried among the graves of the fallen Civil War soldiers he had so lovingly tended.

By then Andrew Cunanan was driving Reese's red pickup truck south (he stopped to steal a license plate and replaced Reese's original plate on the pickup truck), going toward Florida, homing in on South Beach and the gay strip of bars and bistros through which sauntered millionaire sugar daddies, selecting from among thousands of young gay men with a wave of the finger their companions for the night, perverse potentates buying their ways through this fleshpot bazaar. Crashing about this island of hopeful, forlorn young homosexuals were waves of drag queens and transvestites, the diseased scum of a degenerate society, worthy now only of a bullet in the mindset of Andrew Cunanan.

For all of its glitz and glitter, its phony high tone talk and ersatz sophistication, South Beach was the homosexual heart of sun-baked Miami ("Florida's AIDs zone" remarked one police investigator), and the pantheon inspiration for this hip-swishing, limp-wristed community was 50-year-old Gianni Versace, head of a $500-million-a-year designer empire, and where Versace maintained a luxurious villa, peopled each night by "the glamorous types."

There was nothing glamorous about Cunanan when he reached his destination. On May 12, 1997, he checked into the Normandy Plaza Hotel, using an alias and a French passport and taking Room 116 at the rate of $35.73 a night. He later economized by moving into Room 201 and paying a weekly rate of $230.50. By his third week, the fugitive thought to conserve more money by moving to Room 322, paying a monthly rate of $690.50.

The Normandy, its walls festooned with photos of long-dead movie stars, had seen better days. Cunanan chose to hole up here, it was later presumed, because the hotel was only a few miles north of Versace's mansion at South Beach. It was Versace that the spree killer had come to see.

While law enforcement officers searched throughout America for him—reports had it that he was in Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, dozens of places—Cunanan whiled away the time sleeping long hours in his room, going out only for fast-service junk food, then scurrying back to his hideout at the Normandy. He kept the curtains closed to the ocean view, and often went out late at night and did not return until shortly before dawn. He made no phone calls from the hotel and never argued with anyone. "He came and went like a ghost," one hotel employee stated. He was never seen without a cap pulled low on his head and dark sunglasses covering his eyes.

The unattended houseboat in Miami Beach in which Cunanan lived out the last moments of his life; before police arrived, the serial killer (he had slain five persons) fired a bullet into his own brain on

Cunanan was fastidious. He kept his room so tidy that it hardly ever needed cleaning. He put his dirty towels in a bag and hung this outside his door for pickup. His linen, however, seemed peculiarly shaped to a hotel maid, who noted how she would find the bedsheets rolled into a tight ball each morning, as if "he had a bad sleep."

In early June 1997, he drove Reese's stolen pickup truck to a parking garage in South Beach, only a few blocks from Versace's villa on Ocean Drive. The pickup, which lawmen had been looking for all along the eastern seaboard, simply sat in the garage week after week, unnoticed. So, too, was Cunanan, although his presence was reported in Miami Beach, West Palm Beach, and other areas along the sun-drenched strip.

It is possible that Cunanan murdered again at this time. On May 12, only hours after the serial killer checked into the Normandy Plaza, Casey Patrick Sigler, a 41-year-old gay man, was beaten to death by a man who reportedly picked him up in nearby Flamingo Park, a hangout for gays. Sigler was battered to death in his apartment. One report had it that his attacker was black, but others later claimed that the man visiting Sigler answered to Cunanan's description. Moreover, Sigler's Toyota Celica was stolen that night, the kind of theft that was part of Cunanan's *modus operandi*.

It was never clear whether Cunanan was seeking to ingratiate himself into Gianni Versace's sexual favor (as if a liaison with the powerful and rich Versace might serve as a protection against inevitable murder charges) or was stalking him with the purpose of murdering him, of taking revenge against someone he thought might have infected him with the HIV virus years earlier.

Although the Versace family later denied that Cunanan ever knew Versace, reliable reports have it that Cunanan met Versace at the 1990 opera party in San Francisco and again in northern Italy after traveling there with one of his elderly sponsors, a homosexual millionaire who owned a hotel close to one of Versace's residences and who was a close "boyfriend" of the designer.

Versace's friends later rejected the idea that Cunanan was the designer's lover at any time, flippantly denigrating Cunanan's homosexual appeal to such a discriminating fashion guru, one giving Cunanan a lowball rating "a 5 out of 10, and you can find 10s all over South Beach." This was, of course, a tacit admission that Versace was *the* gourmet homosexual, the chief "sugar daddy" who took his pick of the best male flesh available in South Beach. It was no secret that the designer invited many handsome young men to his 20,000-square-foot villa, which boasted a gymnasium, pool, and a custom-designed shower large enough to accommodate more than a dozen bathers at a time.

A wealthy patron of the arts from Brazil later told FBI agents that she had attended a party at Versace's villa a short time before the designer was killed, and insisted that Cunanan was at the party and in close company with Gianni Versace. If this was the case, Cunanan was receiving no financial support from Versace. On July 7, 1997, the fugitive killer went to a pawnshop, Cash on the Beach, and pawned a gold coin, most probably stolen from Miglin (but some said given to him by Versace), obtaining $190 in return. Cunanan used his own name to make the transaction and even left a thumbprint on a receipt, which was sent to the Miami police the next day.

On July 11, 1997, Cunanan walked into the Miami Subs Grill, a fast-food sandwich shop three blocks north of his hotel, and ordered a Junior Tuna Combo. Cashier Kenneth Benjamin immediately recognized Cunanan after having viewed a recent TV show, "America's Most Wanted," which had featured the homosexual spree killer. Benjamin whispered to his boss, who told him to call 911. A police operator told Benjamin to stall the man until officers could arrive. When he returned to the counter, however, Cunanan had gone, walking south on Collins Avenue, another attendant having given the killer his sandwich.

Police came running into the sandwich shop only minutes later, guns drawn. They began to search the area, building by building, but they did not get to the Normandy until five days later and by that time Cunanan had slipped away, dodging his hotel bill and leaving a room scattered with designer magazines. He was later seen at some South Beach gay bars, attempting to engage drag queens in conversation, saying he was a newly arrived political science major doing research in the area. He had closely cropped his dark hair and wore a white shirt and jeans.

By this time, Cunanan was either sleeping on the beach, as hundreds do each night, or was curled up inside the cab of Reese's stolen pickup truck inside the garage. He was now planning only one course, the murder of his one-time idol, Gianni Versace. The gay designer was oblivious to such dangers.

Unlike his homes and offices in Italy, which were surrounded with security systems and bodyguards, the Versace oceanside villa, which he had purchased in 1992 for $3.7 million and had painstakingly restored, naming it La Casuraina, had no bodyguards or alarm systems, only an iron gate to which Versace and a few others had the key. The place did have eight security cameras, but none was working on the morning of July 15, 1997, when Versace strolled outside and through the gate at about 8:30 a.m., to casually walk to the nearby News Cafe to buy magazines, a morning ritual.

After purchasing $15.07 worth of publications, the designer began slowly walking back to his villa. Andrew Cunanan, at some distance, was walking behind him. Cunanan knew Versace's habits, having surveyed the News Cafe the morning previous (the Cafe's security camera later revealed Cunanan scouting the area on that day; some later claimed that Cunanan knew about the morning stroll because he stayed with Versace earlier in the month).

Versace reached his gate and paused to insert the key into the door. Cunanan, dressed in a gray muscle T-shirt, black shorts, black cap and tennis shoes, had caught up to him and stood behind him. He lifted the .40-caliber pistol to Versace's head and pulled the trigger twice. The fashion designer sank dead to the ground, blood streaming from his open skull to stain pink coral steps. Drawn to the front of the villa by the sound of the shots, Antonio D'Amico, Versace's live-in lover at the time, let out a piercing sound that many first believed was the high-pitched wail of a woman.

Cunanan fled, walking swiftly down the avenue, then dashing down an alleyway. He went immediately to the parked pickup, where he changed clothes, leaving the gray T-shirt and the black shorts in a pile near the truck. Police found these items and Cunanan's passport in the truck, along with many newspaper clippings about the nation-wide hunt for him.

The killing of Gianni Versace sent shock waves around the world, just as Cunanan expected, or, at least, police thought he expected. The other murders he had committed were of obscure persons, but now he had killed someone of international importance. Now he had committed a murder of someone so famous that, in his twisted world, his mad act was equal to the assassination of a king or emperor.

Cunanan was now a fugitive so infamous that he knew that his only hope of escape was to leave the country. The FBI later stated that for two days following the Versace murder, Cunanan sought ways to secretly depart Florida by air or by sea, calling a friend inside the homosexual network of South Beach and discussing how to get a false identification and a passport so that he could escape the country.

While hundreds of police officers frantically searched for the spree killer, Cunanan was safely holed up and undetected in an unoccupied houseboat docked on the intracoastal waterway known as Indian Creek, a houseboat owned by Las Vegas club owner Torstein Reineck (who was wanted in Germany for fraud and tax evasion). On July 23, 1997, while the world hunted for Andrew Cunanan, 71-year old caretaker Fernando Careira entered the houseboat and found the interior in disarray. As he went outside to call police, a single shot rang out. Police arrived to find Cunanan, killer of five persons, sprawled on a bed wearing only shorts. He had committed suicide by firing a bullet into his head.

CHAPTER TWELVE:
MURDER/UNSOLVED HOMICIDES

It is a grim fact that a preponderance of murders remain unsolved. Without clues, informants, eye-witnesses or hard evidence, the police are, unfortunately, incapable of solving these capital crimes. Such slayings, however, remain on the books as "open files," and since there is no statutes of limitation regarding such offenses in most countries, the perpetrators are still sought. The search for these killers by police, however, is a haphazard affair, their efforts diminished by limited time and personnel at hand to address these aging cases.

Deep historical whodunits are some times inspected and researched by crime historians, who, for the most part, are left with little but speculation, theories and guesswork. These sifters of fact and fiction busy themselves with catching dust in the wind and rooting up human artifacts in their search for long-gone culprits. A few successfully identify such perpetrators, but for the most part, these elusive criminals are shrouded by an uncertain past that separates their mysterious identities from the factual reality of the present.

The hunt goes on for the killers involved in sensational cases that have nagged the police and criminologists for decades, some of the most perplexing cases going back for centuries, such as the mysterious murder of Sir Edmund Godfrey, one of England's most respected magistrates. Godfrey's body was found in a ditch near Primrose Hill, London, on October 17, 1678, six days after he vanished from his home in Hartshorn Lane. Godfrey, an autopsy revealed, had been beaten (or stomped), strangled with a rope and run through with a sword.

Titus Oates, a rabid anti-Catholic who had brought to Godfrey a complaint about a popish plot about to unravel—one which Godfrey dismissed as perjurous—used Godfrey's death to railroad three Catholic leaders to quick conviction and execution—Henry Berry, Lawrence Hill, and Robert Green, along with three Catholic priests and five Catholic members of the House of Lords.

Crime writer and historian John Dickson Carr concluded that Godfrey's killer was none other than the Earl of Pembroke, who had stomped a man to death only months before the magistrate's slaying and had been convicted of manslaughter by none other than Godfrey. The stomping wounds suffered by Godfrey were, as Carr pointed out, identical to those of Pembroke's victim. Yet, Carr provided only circumstantial evidence and Godfrey's murder still remains unsolved.

This case and scores more linger in the minds of crime

Sir Edmund Godfrey, a leading British magistrate, who was mysteriously murdered in 1678, some claimed by a British aristocrat never charged.

Frank Dolezal was arrested and held on suspicion of being the Mad Butcher of Cleveland; he was later released. The serial killer was never found.

Mystery writer Edgar Allan Poe, who knew Mary Rogers and who used her unsolved murder as the basis of his story, "The Mystery of Marie Roget."

Madame Ann Restell (Ann Lohman), New York's infamous abortionist—a bat devil is shown devouring an infant beneath her portrait—was suspected of having botched an abortion on Mary Rogers and then disposing of her body.

historians, such as the so-called Ax Man of New Orleans, who reportedly butchered a number of residents in that city from 1911 to 1919, these murders credited to Black Hand assassins. A similar slayer, dubbed the Mad Butcher of Cleveland, senselessly slew a number of low-life people in Kingsbury Run, the city's industrial valley (where twelve were murdered and mutilated), and also in Pittsburgh (where six more were slain), from 1935 to 1939. These killings stopped as inexplicably as they began.

The unsolved murders of attractive women have drawn riveting attention from the public of their eras and crime historians following in their musty wake. Such was the case of Gulielma Elmore Sands, known as Elma, who disappeared on December 22, 1799, and whose body was found ten days later in a well in Lispenard's Meadow, in Greenwich Village. The Elma Sands case became the first great murder mystery in New York. She helped to manage a small boarding house owned by her Quaker relatives.

A beautiful young woman, Sands drew the amorous attentions of two young men, both boarders at the house. One was Richard David Croucher, a recently arrived Englishman who proposed marriage to Sands, but was rejected. The second suitor was Levi Weeks, the nephew of a rich carpenter. He, too, proposed, and Sands accepted. She was killed, however, before taking the nuptial vows. Croucher, the rejected suitor, immediately lobbied for Weeks' arrest and brought about his trial for murder.

The case against Weeks was so weak, however, that a jury promptly returned a not guilty verdict. Croucher was later convicted of raping a young woman and sent to prison for life. He was nevertheless paroled and moved to Virginia, where he was indicted for fraud. Before his trial in that case, he slipped aboard a ship sailing for England, where, years later, he was hanged for committing a capital crime. Most historians believe Croucher to have been the culprit, but others insist that Weeks murdered Sands because he had fallen in love with another woman and wanted to escape his promise of marriage. That debate continues.

New York was rocked by a second and even more sensational unsolved murder, that of Mary Cecilia Rogers, who was known as "the beautiful cigar girl," and whose body was found floating by fishermen in the Hudson River on July 28, 1841. She had been strangled to death by an eighteen-inch piece of muslin torn from her own petticoat. The 22-year-old Rogers had worked behind the counter of Anderson's cigar store on Broadway and her customers included journalists and celebrated writers like Washington Irving and Edgar Allan Poe.

Although a few suspects—young men who had dated the girl—were detained and questioned, police were unable to pinpoint the killer. Poe avidly followed the investigation and when it appeared hopeless, the writer of the macabre found a way to solve the case himself, by using Rogers as his role model in his chilling story, "The Mystery of Marie Roget," which became a crime classic story. In his story, Poe profiled his tragic heroine as being pregnant and his readers took his tale literally, coming to believe that Rogers was, indeed, pregnant, and had died at the hands of New York's most notorious abortionist, Ann Restell,

New York bordello madam Vivian Gordon, who was slain in 1931; her killer was never apprehended, even though police checked the dozens of male "friends" listed in her private ledger.

New York showgirl Dot King, who was killed in 1923.

who was known as Madame Killer because of her ineptitude with the knife.

The tale was spread that Rogers was brought to Restell by a naval officer (who later became an admiral) and that the girl died under Restell's unwieldy knife, her body then tossed into the Hudson River. This was but a piece of fiction, however, because there was no evidence of a pregnancy in the careful examination of the victim's body. Moreover, one must ask why the girl would be strangled if she had already died from Restell's botched surgery?

Rogers' unsolved homicide parallels that of the tragic Starr Faithful, whose body was found on a Long Island beach in 1931 (profiled in this chapter). Her mysterious death caused widespread publicity as did another slaying that year, that of Vivian Gordon, a sultry New York bordello madam, who flaunted her ill-gotten riches and lived extravagantly, even boasting of the "black book" she kept, which detailed the identities of her high society and underworld clients. One of these, the NYPD concluded, silenced her, but detectives were never able to pinpoint the murderer.

Another such unsolved case involved showgirl Dot King (Dorothy Keenan, 1896-1923), who was the prototype of the Jazz Age bobbed-hair flapper. King danced, drank and dallied through nighttime New York during the early 1920s. She became a hostess in a popular speakeasy and was the rival of the celebrated Texas Guinan. King was "sponsored" by a sugar daddy she called "Mr. Marshall," an alias for a high society figure. This man showered jewels upon the seductive Dot—diamond bracelets, a ruby necklace, a diamond and emerald-studded wristwatch, pearl necklaces, gems thought to be worth $30,000 (valued at ten times that much today).

At the same time, King met and fell in love with a Latin gigolo, Albert Guimares, a man without an income, who lived from the cash Dot gave him. He vanished on the day King's maid found her dead in her bedroom on March 15, 1923. A coroner's report stated that someone had held her arms behind her back while chloroforming her to death (which explained the burns on her face).

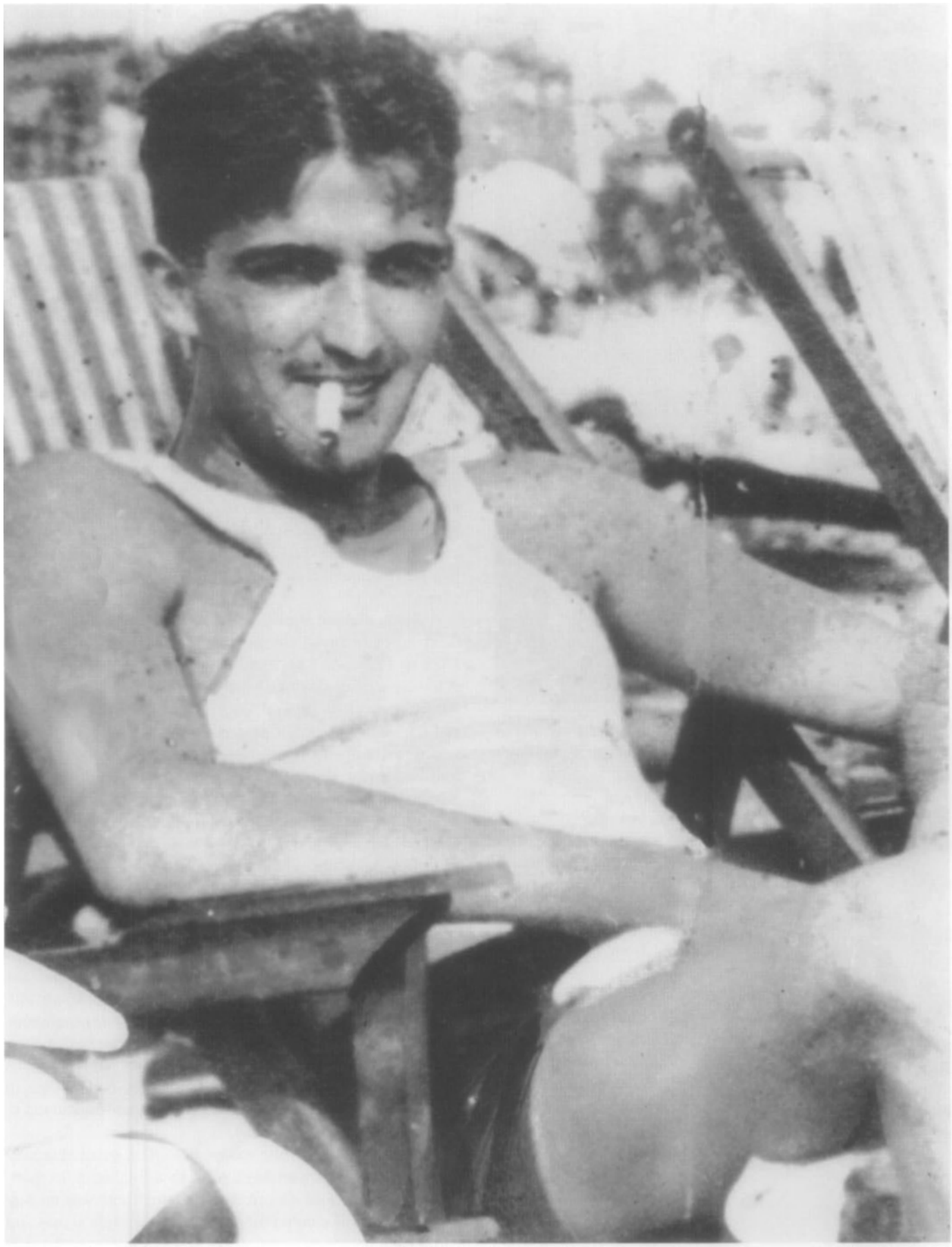
Marshall, the sugar daddy, was not suspected, but police arrested Guimares, who was suddenly flaunting cash. Though he was suspected of killing King and absconding with her missing jewelry, Guimares was released. He had an iron alibi provided by Philadelphia socialite Aurelia Dreyfus, who came forward to state that Guimares, her new lover, had been with her at the time King was murdered. The King case, like so many others, remains open.

The sensation caused by the killing of Dot King was equaled by the baffling murder of Wilma Montesi, a voluptuous, ravishing woman, whose body was found by a carpenter on a beach about twenty miles outside of Rome, Italy, on April 11, 1953. Found only in her slip at the water's edge, police first announced that the young woman had committed suicide. Investigators changed their mind when Montesi's family—her father was a wealthy sawmill owner—objected, saying that she was a happy woman and was looking forward to her upcoming marriage. Police then stated that Montesi died by accident, falling into the water and drowning.

This verdict was accepted by Montesi family members, who promptly buried the young woman in her wedding dress. Five months later, however, Silvano Muto, publisher of a gossip magazine, publicly stated that Montesi had been drugged to death by wealthy playboys at a drug party. Again, Italian police reopened the case and this time announced that Montesi had been, indeed, murdered. The killer, however, was never identified.

Italian police, a decade later, had a much more serious problem with a strange serial killer they called the "Monster of Florence." This night stalker killed and mutilated sixteen people in and about Florence, Italy, from 1968 to 1985, invariably selecting as victims couples necking in cars parked in remote areas (not unlike the *modus operandi* of David Berkowitz of New York, see Serial Killers). This fiend was never caught. Police in Kenosha, Wisconsin met with the same results in their dedicated attempt to locate the perpetrator of seven murders from 1967 to 1981.

On rare occasions, either by accident or through a misstep of the perpetrator, open murder cases are suddenly solved. This was the case of Gary Leon Ridgeway, a 54-year-old truck painter, who, in 2001, after being suspected of several murders, arranged for a plea-bargain in exchange for his confes-



Albert Guimares, a hustling gigolo, who was suspected of murdering King and stealing her jewels, but another woman provided his alibi on the night of the King murder.

Beautiful Wilma Montesi, who was found dead outside of Rome, Italy, in 1953, reportedly murdered at a playboy's drug party.

Serial killer Gary Leon Ridgeway, who solved the "Green River Killings" by confessing to forty-eight murders in 2003.

sion to being Washington State's notorious "Green River Killer." Ridgeway admitted to murdering forty-eight women—mostly runaways and prostitutes, most of his victims claimed from 1982 to 1984. He received forty-eight life sentences in November 2003, despite public consensus that such flagrant plea-bargaining was a travesty of justice and that Ridgeway should have been be put to death in a state where capital punishment was exercised.

Ridgeway calmly stated his motive for these serial killings: "I wanted to kill as many women as I thought were prostitutes as I possibly could...I hate most prostitutes and I did not want to pay them for sex...I picked prostitutes because I thought I could kill as many of them as I wanted without getting caught." From his savage mutilation murders and taunts to the press, another such killer felt the same way. He was the ubiquitous and never apprehended Jack the Ripper.

JACK THE RIPPER/1888

No other killer in British history rivaled that of the gruesome, mocking Jack the Ripper, a serial killer whose arrogance and boldness defied the entire police department of London and held in terror a great city for as long as he cared to roam its streets and slay at will. He was a murderous braggart, who gave himself his own grim name, publicly signing "Jack the Ripper" in notes and letters to the authorities to taunt them. His ability to kill whenever an evil whim urged and the inability of the police to apprehend him indelibly stamped his black fame in the minds of all, from the street urchins of the East End to Queen Victoria fretting over his identity in her palace.

From the notorious reputation the Ripper has gleaned in more than a century, one might assume that he slaughtered dozens or more helpless victims. The truth, according to most authorities past and present, is that Jack the Ripper killed five women within a ten-week period, from August 31 to November 9, 1888. Other killings before and after that were also attributed to bloody Jack, but they differed, some radically so, in style and method and were most likely the dark deeds of others.

Some diehard Ripperologists insist that this mass murderer slew as many as nine or more female victims, from April 1888 to February 1891, and perhaps beyond. But the five *definitive* Ripper slayings were unmistakably his handiwork. All five women had their throats slashed, were disemboweled and mutilated; the killer paid obsessive attention to the destruction of female organs. Not only did he dare the police to find and arrest him, but he proved his identity by proudly sending some human remains of his victims to authorities.

In one instance, he actually foretold a "double event," one in which he would murder two women on the same night, a haughty prediction which came all too true. The Metropolitan Police of London seemed inept and powerless to stop the fiend from his appointed murderous rounds. They had never before had to contend with such a monster, one that killed purely for the sadistic pleasure of killing.

Pressured by the Crown, the press, and the public, the police, under the direction of Sir Charles Warren, frantically exhausted their forces in futile searches and wild speculations unconnected to the slim facts unearthed. The East End of London, where the murders occurred, was infested with thousands of criminals and prostitutes. There were sixty-two brothels in this area in the year 1888, and 233 lodging houses catered to whores.

Inside these dirty little rooms, heated by small charcoal-burning stoves and invariably lighted by a single candle, thousands of assignations occurred each night. There was no way in which the police could monitor these one-night stands and check each prostitute's customers. It was clear from the start that the Ripper had chosen one sort of person to murder, prostitutes, but these hapless, diseased creatures, ranging in age

from their late teens to their seventies, outnumbered on-duty police fifty to one.

Most of those prostitutes plying their trade in the East End were middle-aged, alcoholic females. They had no education for the most part and were most often infected with myriad venereal diseases. One such was Emma Elizabeth Smith, forty-five, who, on the night of April 3, 1888, was fatally assaulted while returning to her single small room at 18 George Street, Spitafields. Earlier, Smith had been seen soliciting a well-dressed gentleman, who wore a dark suit and sported a white scarf.

A constable saw Smith staggering toward the door of her lodging house. She collapsed in his arms, babbling about being attacked earlier by four men on Osborn Street. She thought one of these assailants had been a teenager, but was not sure. The men had beaten her about the face and had slashed off her ear. Worse, these attackers had brutally inserted a foreign object in her vagina and broken it off. Emma Smith died of peritonitis a few hours later.

The next killing often attributed to the Ripper, and more in keeping with his grisly *modus operandi,* was that of Martha Tabram (or Turner), another middle-aged prostitute. Stabbed no fewer than thirty-nine times, she was discovered dead at 3 a.m. on August 7, 1888, at George Yard Landing, later Gunthorpe Street, in Whitechapel. The killer had paid particular attention to Tabram's female organs and parts, as most of the fatal wounds were administered in these areas.

Police were baffled at these first two attacks. Both occurring in the early morning hours, these killings involved women who had been seen alive only a few hours before they were found dying or dead. In neither instance was anyone seen running from the area, and neither victim had called out or given an alarm that would have been heard in the densely populated districts. It was assumed that Smith and Tabram had solicited men, who pretended to buy their sexual favors and, when they turned their backs to prepare for a street assignation, had slashed them to death and quietly left the area.

Mary Ann "Polly" Nichols, age forty-two, was the next victim, the first of the "certifiable" Ripper victims, according to dedicated Ripperologists. She was an alcoholic harridan, who was known for her barroom brawls. A tough and uncompromising harlot, Nichols could have put up a ferocious fight for her life, but she was apparently given no chance to do so by her killer. Her body was found on Buck's Row by a patrolling constable at 3:15 a.m. on August 31, 1888. The Ripper had slashed her throat twice, two incisions about an inch apart, so deep that the blade had cut to the vertebrae. The victim was almost decapitated.

When the body was taken to the Old Montague Street Workhouse morgue, further inspection revealed deep slashes on Nichols' abdomen and in the area of the vagina, but no organs had actually been removed. It was later speculated that the Ripper had had no time to perform this grisly chore since he was probably interrupted by the approaching footsteps of the constable and fled. However, five front teeth of the victim were missing. It was not reported if these teeth had been removed by the killer or lost when the victim was still alive. Again, the victim had not cried out, even though she was

Jack the Ripper is shown as a gruesome, bloodthirsty ghostlike murderer in this contemporary sketch of the serial killer, who stalked London's Whitechapel area in 1888.

A contemporary sketch shows the Ripper, left, as a furtive character observed by two characters at right bearing resemblances to the fictional sleuth, Sherlock Holmes, and his companion, Dr. Watson. Arthur Conan Doyle's great detective first appeared in "A Study in Scarlet," in 1887, a year before the Ripper killings occurred, and his popularity soared with a public that had more belief in Holmes' abilities to solve crimes than that of Scotland Yard.

St. Mary's Church, on Whitechapel Road, the site where Emma Elizabeth Smith was attacked on April 3, 1888. Smith may or may not have been a Ripper victim.

The body of Martha Tambram, shown in a mortuary after her murder on August 7, 1888. Some criminologists do not consider Tambram a Ripper victim, but others do.

apparently standing beneath the open window of a bedroom, where another woman was sleeping.

The depth and width of the wounds, especially around the neck, caused examining doctors to believe that the killer had employed a blade from six to eight inches long. Since the incisions had been made cleanly and appropriately across the jugular vein to assure death, the examiners also speculated that the killer possessed some medical experience or knowledge of post-mortem operations.

Nichols had been married, but had left her husband, William Nichols, who was brought to the morgue to identify the mutilated remains of his estranged spouse. At first reluctant to look upon the corpse and bitterly complaining that his wife had left a good home to turn to prostitution more than three years ago, Nichols said that he did not wish to look upon her again. He did, however, view the remains and then he sobbed, while staring at the corpse and saying: "I forgive you for everything, now that I see you like this!"

After three prostitutes had been murdered, police concluded that if these victims had been slain by the same killer, he had no motive for murdering them except for an abiding hatred for prostitutes. Detectives fanned out through the East End, searching for any man who had mistreated prostitutes. The name "Leather Apron" kept recurring in their investigations. "Leather Apron" turned out to be a bootmaker named John Pizer, who had manhandled and pushed about prostitutes when he was drinking in the lowlife pubs of Whitechapel.

Pizer, who earned his sobriquet from a leather apron he wore when repairing boots, occupied his cramped workshop-lodgings, and many small, sharp knives were found on the premises. Pizer told police that the knives were essential to his bootmaking trade, and he demonstrated their uses. Moreover, his family swore that he was at home, when all three of the previous murders had occurred. He was interrogated at length and then released.

While the police had been looking for Leather Apron, constables picked up a strange-acting character named William Piggott, who bore a close resemblance to Pizer. This man had been drinking heavily in a Gravesend pub and had begun to talk to himself and chant incoherently, alarming the proprietor who called police. His clothes and one hand were blood-stained and, after considerable questioning, Piggot told detectives that he had gone to the aid of a woman who had been having some sort of fit.

As Piggott steadied her, he said, she grabbed his hand and bit it so hard that she pierced the flesh, causing blood to flow.

George Yard in Whitechapel, a dimly-lit area, where Martha Tambram was killed.

The story sounded fabricated, and Piggott was held for further questioning. He was placed in a cell, but the minute he was behind bars, he began to howl like a dog and bang his head against the walls and bars of the cell. Doctors were called and quickly pronounced Piggott insane. He was removed to a lunatic asylum.

The press by this time was screaming alarm about a berserk killer, an unnamed fiend, who lurked in the shadowy lanes and narrow streets of the East End, murdering women at random, while police seemed powerless to stop him. The slaying of Nichols was the third murder that could realistically be attributed to the Ripper. At that time, the newspapers had taken notice of the first two murders, that of Smith and Tabram, and had coupled these killings to the Nichols slaying, attributing all three killings to the same man.

Irrespective of the hindsight of Ripperologists of a century later, who insisted Nichols was the first true Ripper victim, the press of that day considered her the *third* victim and part of a one-person murder spree. All three women, Smith, Tabram and Nichols, were whores, and all three were middle-aged and down on their luck. All three were abroad in the early morning hours, and all three were found on lonely, narrow lanes with no one about.

What continued to perplex the police was the fact that not a single person had seen these women in anyone's company near the time of death and, even more puzzling, none of the victims had cried out. However, the Metropolitan Police of London did not, at that time, have investigative branches that specialized in types of crime, including prostitution. Had a vice squad as such existed at the time, police would have known *why* none of the victims before and after this time gave no call of alarm. No police officer ever came forward to describe the methods of the street whores in relationship to the murder method of Jack the Ripper.

The victims simply had no idea that they were about to be killed and never saw the long, sharp knife that Jack the Ripper wielded when he so clinically cut their throats. The practice of street whores in London at the time was to solicit customers and go to an out-of-the-way corner or back lot or alleyway to have a quick assignation. There was generally no light at all in these dark byways. Traditionally, the prostitute turned her back on the customer and flipped up her skirts, allowing entry from behind.

Standing unseen behind the victim, Jack withdrew his knife from the black surgical bag he carried, came close to the woman bending over in front of him, then reached forward, driving his knee into the small of their backs, pulling their heads back with one hand and, with the free hand, bringing the knife over the shoulder of his victim and with one or two slashes across her neck, cut her throat from behind. Pulling the knife toward him, while pushing the weight of the victim away from him, the killer unleashed great force against the blade, almost severing the necks of his victims.

Moreover, by killing in this manner, the Ripper avoided being spattered with blood. The blood shot out from the front of the victim, in the opposite direction of Jack, who was behind the victim. In this way, he avoided soaking his clothes with blood. Without being covered with blood, Jack was able to return to either his workplace or domicile without drawing

A contemporary drawing shows Constable John Neil discovering the body of Mary Ann "Polly" Nichols in Bucks Row, Whitechapel, on August 31, 1888. Many considered Nichols be the Ripper's first murder.

The body of Mary Ann Nichols in the mortuary (Old Montague Street Workhouse), the day after the Ripper slashed her throat to the vertebrae.

A newspaper sketch of John Pizer, who was called "Leather Apron," a suspect in the Ripper killings.

suspicion upon himself. (The murder method described by the author above is based upon coroner's reports in these cases, and, ironically, is almost identical to the method by which Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman were murdered in Brentwood, California, on the night of June 12, 1994, by, in the author's opinion, O. J. Simpson, which allowed Simpson to escape the scene of the killings without being entirely coated with blood.)

There was much debate between investigators and medical experts at the time that the Ripper was a physician. Many doctors theorized that he could not have been so since most of his incisions were crude and often missed the mark in his search for certain organs, mistakes no professional physician would make. Yet, these long-ago observers either forgot or ignored the then training medical practices—that medical students were compelled at one time or another in those days to find and remove organs from experimental cadavers in the dark so as to become expert in locating such organs. Such was the case with the Ripper, who, after killing his victims, had to grope in the unlit byways for those organs, making his incisions as would a blind man, searching by hand over bone-protruding flesh for the location of the organs he sought.

As the Ripper killings continued, the residents of the East End, especially Whitechapel, the hub of the killing area, panicked. No one talked of anything but the deranged cutthroat, who roamed their streets, murdering at will. Police were openly jeered and derided as they made their rounds. When would the monster strike again? Terrified residents had not long to wait. Eight nights after the slaying of Nichols, on September 8, 1888, the Ripper struck again.

Annie Chapman, a 47-year-old prostitute, drunk and bragging through the pubs of Whitechapel that she would know how to deal with the killer if he came her way, staggered down Dorset Street in the early morning hours. She asked for a room at a cheap boarding house but, not having enough money, she was turned away.

Chapman lurched down the street and turned into narrow Hanbury Street. Here she was seen by a woman to stop and talk to a stranger, who was later described as about 40-years-old, wearing dark clothes, with a dark complexion, which marked him as a foreigner. He was described as a "gentleman." Chapman was seen to talk to this man in a friendly manner at 5:30 a.m. The "gentleman," according to the witness, a park keeper's wife, wore a duck-billed deerstalker hat later associated with Sherlock Holmes. The stranger was heard to say to Chapman: "Will you?" Chapman was heard to reply: "Yes." The two went down the street arm-in-arm.

A half hour later, Annie Chapman's chopped up corpse was found in a small yard behind 29 Hanbury Street. Chapman had been nearly decapitated and her head was held by a strand of flesh and some bone to her torso by a scarf she had been wearing when last seen alive. Chapman was found lying on her back with her legs drawn up, her left arm resting on her left breast. Her body had been savagely mutilated.

A doctor, who examined the corpse at the scene of the crime, tersely reported: "...small intestines and flap of the abdomen lying on the right side above right shoulder attached by a cord with the rest of the intestines inside the body, two flaps of skin from the lower part of the abdomen lying in a large quantity of blood above the left shoulder; throat cut deeply from left and back in jagged manner right around the throat." In addition, two front teeth were missing from Chapman's mouth. Even more gruesome was the fact that the murderer had removed one of the victim's kidneys and the ovaries from the body and taken these grim trophies.

A piece of leather was too conveniently left under a nearby tap. Police reasoned that the killer believed that authorities were still seeking Leather Apron, although Pizer was found and cleared two days after Chapman's murder. This seemed to be a calculated move on the part of the murderer to pin the

blame for the crimes on the suspect Leather Apron (Pizer). The killer also left another false clue, a piece of a blood-soaked envelope with the crest of the Sussex Regiment upon it. The murderer was undoubtedly a newspaper reader, who kept the clips reporting all the murders.

It had been reported that several hours before her death, Martha Tabram had been seen by witnesses in the company of a soldier. Her wounds were later described as possibly having been inflicted by a soldier's knife or bayonet. It was well known that witnesses, who had seen the soldier with Tabram had scrutinized a whole company of soldiers from the Tower, who were paraded before them. Not one was identified. Obviously, the Ripper planted the torn piece of envelope to cause police to believe that a soldier still might be the culprit. Detectives, however, believed this clue was too obvious and ignored the idea of searching for a military man.

Twenty days after the slaying of Annie Chapman, the killer identified himself for the first time as Jack the Ripper by mailing a letter to the Central News Agency on September 28, 1888. Dated three days earlier, it read:

> Dear Boss,
> I keep on hearing that the police have caught me but they won't fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track. That joke is about Leather Apron gave me real fits. [This was undoubtedly a reference to the false clue the Ripper left behind after the Chapman killing.] I am down on whores and I shan't quit ripping them until I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. [Another reference to Chapman, the killer was taunting police with his knowledge that he murdered the woman only a short distance from a boarding house where seventeen people were sleeping in rooms with open windows.] How can they catch me now. I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff [blood from Chapman who had been drained of blood] in a ginger beer bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I can't use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope *ha ha.* The next job I do I shall clip the lady's ears off and send to the police officers just for jolly wouldn't you. Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work, then give it out straight. My knife is nice and sharp and I want to get to work right away if I get a chance. Good luck.
> Yours truly, Jack the Ripper
>
> Don't mind me giving the trade name. Wasn't good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands, curse it.

The postscript to this letter refers to physicians who examined the wounds made on the bodies of the Ripper's victims and stated the possibility of the killer being an unhinged doctor or a demented medical student, given the knowledge

Annie Chapman, shown in a mortuary, murdered by the Ripper on September 8, 1888.

of the human anatomy and the surgical skill employed in making incisions and removing internal organs. A second letter arrived at the Central News Agency on September 30, 1888, the day of the fourth murder (or second, depending upon at which point you begin counting), a murder which Jack brazenly predicted in this missive:

> I was not codding dear old Boss when I gave you the tip. You'll hear about saucy Jack's work tomorrow. Double event this time. Number one squealed a bit. Couldn't finish straight off. Had not time to get ears for police. Thanks for keeping last letter back till I got to work again.
> Jack the Ripper

After Jack attacked and murdered two more women in the predawn hours of September 30, 1888, the so-called "double event," he immediately sat down and wrote to the Central News Agency, boasting of the killings, couching these murders as preplanned killings. The first of these victims was Elizabeth "Long Liz" Stride, a 45-year-old Swedish prostitute. Her real name was Elizabeth Gustaafsdotter, and she was also known on police blotters as Annie Fitzgerald. At 1 a.m., Louis

The courtyard in back of 29 Hanbury Street, Spitafields, where Annie Chapman was brutally murdered and mutilated.

Dr. George Bagster Phillips, shown examining the mutilated corpse of Annie Chapman.

Deimschutz, a delivery man, drove his horse-drawn cart into the back yard of the International Working Men's Education Club on Berner Street, near Commercial Road. His horse's shoed hoofs clattering noisily over the cobblestones, he suddenly brought his cart to an abrupt halt when he saw a body stretched before him.

Deimschutz jumped from the cart and ran to the body of Long Liz Stride. It was warm to his touch and there was a great pool of blood, more than two quarts according to later estimates, welling about the corpse. The victim's throat had been slashed, a long, deep incision, but the Ripper had apparently been interrupted by the delivery man and had fled at the sound of his approaching cart. (He had said in his recent missive: "Couldn't finish straight off.")

At the time Jack was attacking Stride, another harlot, 43-year-old Catherine Eddowes, had been released from the Bishopsgate Police Station, where she had been placed behind bars some hours earlier for creating a drunken disturbance. Police were later criticized for turning this woman out at the very time of night, when they knew the Ripper was most actively seeking prostitutes to murder. A constable stood at the entrance to the station and saw Eddowes emerge. She turned to him and said: "Night, old cock." She then walked toward Mitre Square, Houndsditch, and painful death.

At about 1:30 a.m., Eddowes met the man known as Jack the Ripper and undoubtedly agreed to sexually service him, going off toward Mitre Square with him. Within fifteen minutes, Jack had slit her throat, viciously slashed her face, even nicking her eyelids with his slashing knife, then cut at her ears, which were left attached. ("Had not time to get ears for police," the maniac had written.) He had disemboweled Eddowes, slicing through the abdomen and removing the left kidney and entrails. The intestines, as had been the case with Annie Chapman, had been strangely thrown over the shoulder. A constable turned into tiny Mitre Square and in the corner of this dark area he thought he saw a pile of rags. He turned his light upon the heap of clothing to find the bloody remains of Catherine Eddowes.

These two killings sent the whole of London into a panic. Police Commissioner Warren sputtered apologies and promises before a disturbed Queen Victoria, who demanded action. She wanted the monster caught no matter the cost and time to the police. Warren told her that everything possible was being done to find and arrest this fiend. He stated that he had special bloodhounds out in the streets and that he was considering newly designed rubber-soled shoes for his policemen.

Warren explained to the queen that the hob-nailed boots then worn by his officers clattered loudly on cobblestones and could be heard for some distance, undoubtedly warning the Ripper of an approaching constable. The new rubber-soled shoes would allow policemen to approach in almost total silence. The queen merely clucked her disgust with such inane, straw-clutching proposals.

Meanwhile, George Lusk, a volatile resident of Whitechapel, had formed the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee, and he loudly proclaimed that if the police could not catch the Ripper then he and his bully boys, now hunting Jack in the streets in armed groups, would locate the killer and

Contemporary sketches show the "double event" in the predawn hours of September 30, 1888, the sketch above showing the discovery of the body of Elizabeth "Long Liz" Stride, on Berner Street, the sketch below showing a constable finding the mutilated corpse of Catherine Eddowes near Mitre Square.

Elizabeth Stride shown in the mortuary, her throat slashed, but otherwise unmolested—the Ripper had fled after being interrupted by an unexpected delivery man.

lynch him from the nearest lamppost. Lusk had been warned by police not to take matters into his own hands, but Lusk and his pub-crawling supporters sneered at the authorities, labeling them do-nothings. On October 16, 1888, Lusk received a small package and a note reading:

> *From Hell*
> Mr. Lusk:
> Sir I send you half the Kidne I took from one woman prasarved it for you tother piece I fried and ate it was very nise I may send you the bloody knif that took it out if you only wate a whil longer signed Catch me when you can Mishter Lusk

Inside the small package, Lusk found a human kidney and this was matched to the remains of Catherine Eddowes. This message and grisly package proved to be one of the genuine missives sent by Jack the Ripper. By this time, there were scores of pranksters and disturbed London residents inundating the police with messages and letters from the notorious Jack. The letter Lusk received was obviously disguised in ungrammatical text to convince authorities that Jack was an unschooled Irishman, particularly after the way he phonetically spelled the word "preserved" as "prasarved," giving the word a spelling in keeping with its pronunciation with a thick Irish accent.

None of this aided the police. Patrols were doubled, then tripled, and street prostitutes and inmates of bordellos were warned repeatedly to keep off the streets at night, but this was tantamount to telling these near destitute creatures to stop living. Police headquarters and Scotland Yard saw a steady stream of pickets before their entrances, all demanding action. Buckingham Palace was swamped with petitions signed by thousands of citizens from all over London. These petitions were directed at Queen Victoria and asked her to bring this horror to an end.

The queen was, of course, as powerless as the police. She spent many nervous hours deliberating over the matter. Victoria came to believe that the killer had to be a foreigner, a seaman visiting the fair city of London. It was inconceivable to her that the monster could be an Englishman. No native son, she was convinced, possessed the brutality, the bestial inclinations, to perform the kind of slaughterhouse acts committed by Jack the Ripper. He had to be an alien from foreign shores.

Victoria wrote to her home secretary: "Have the cattle boats and passenger boats been examined? Has an investigation been made as to the number of single men occupying rooms to themselves? The murderer's clothes must be saturated with blood and kept somewhere." Queen Victoria was aware of the woeful ineffectiveness of her policemen. Following the murder of Mary Kelly, supposedly the last of the Ripper's victims, Victoria wrote on November 11, 1888, to Lord Salisbury, her prime minister: "All these courts must be lit and our detectives improved. They are not what they should be."

Jack the Ripper had become a national calamity. This was never more clearly illustrated than by the fact that Lord Salisbury actually convened a cabinet meeting specifically designed to deal with him. Yet little came of the meeting. Sir Charles Warren could only shake his head, stating once more that he had taken extraordinary measures to track down the Ripper, that he had set bloodhounds on the killer's trail. He failed to mention that the two bloodhounds employed for this purpose, Barnaby and Burgho, had been trained to follow what the police thought might be the scent of the killer, taken from the piece of leather and other scraps left at the scenes of the killings.

Warren did not mention to Lord Salisbury that he himself had pretended to be Jack, having the bloodhounds following *his* scent to see if they could perform their duties and how he had run so far ahead of the dogs that he had lost them. The dogs themselves then broke loose, ran away, and had to be hunted down by other dogs and police. The use of the bloodhounds was an utter failure and was later lampooned in the press.

Warren was the worst sort of man to be in charge of this impossible case. He was an old-fashioned bureaucrat, one without imagination, who followed traditional police methods that

were obviously obsolete in dealing with a killer who murdered without apparent motive, selecting victims at random. Warren's concept of catching the lunatic was simply to throw more men into the dark, labyrinthine streets of Whitechapel and surrounding areas, but these dragnets were also useless.

Four, sometimes six constables together clumped along noisily through the fog-bound alleyways, their approach so obvious that they might as well have been preceded by brass bands bleating bugles and thumping drums. The furtive and slinking Jack could easily avoid these large patrols. And who were they looking for, really? An obscure man wearing dark clothes, a "gentleman," a man wearing the commonly worn deerstalker hat? How would they know their man unless they actually caught Jack in the act, leaning over his victim, slicing away.

A medical sketch provided at an inquest shows the body of Catherine Eddowes, horribly mutilated by Jack the Ripper.

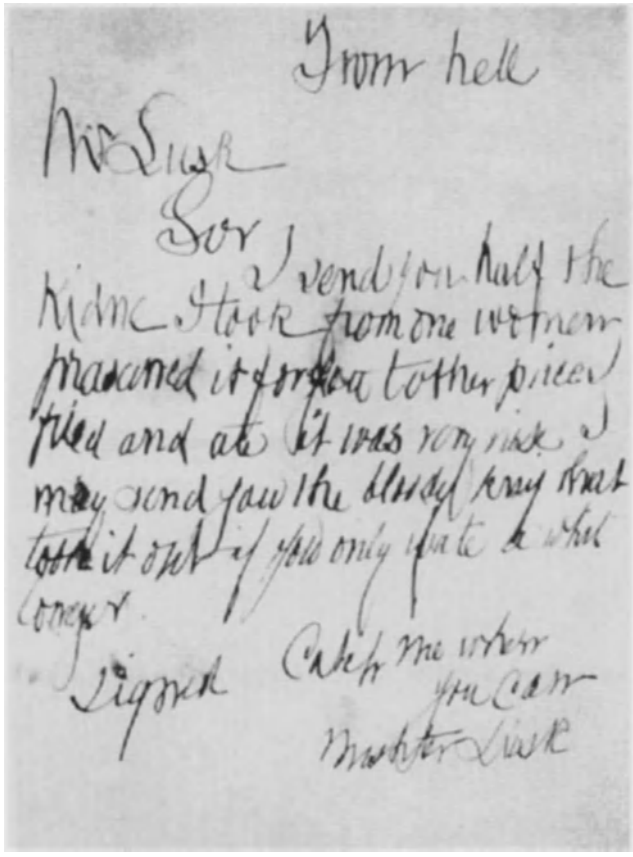
Warren also did not tell Lord Salisbury that he had wiped out clues as to the possible identity of the Ripper. Following the double killing of Stride and Eddowes, a constable had found a scrap of cloth soaked with blood, a piece of fabric torn from Eddowes' dress and apparently used to wipe off Jack's bloody knife. This bit of apron was found on Goulston Street near Mitre Square, and when the constable turned to a nearby wall and flashed his light upon it, he saw a message written there. It read:

> The juwes are not the
> men that will be blamed
> for nothing.
> Jack The Ripper

The wall writing had been done only a few hours after the Eddowes killing, according to authorities. Sir Charles Warren was called to the spot, where he looked at the writing, and then quickly ordered the words wiped off the wall. It was obvious to him, or so he later said, that the Ripper was attempting to place the responsibility for the killings on a Jew or a Jewish group of killers. Warren's apologists later claimed that the commissioner had acted in the best interest of the community and by wiping out this racial slur, had prevented anti-Semitic outbursts. There were tens of thousands of Jewish immigrants then living in London, with more arriving each day from the continent. Dislike for Jews was widespread. Yet Warren, in his zeal to keep the peace, had violated a cardinal rule of police work. He had destroyed evidence, important information that begged for analysis. By wiping away the Ripper's words, he made it impossible to have experts analyze the handwriting.

Warren had been motivated to destroy this wall note for another reason, some later argued. He was a high-ranking mem-

George Lusk, the tempestuous leader of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee, who reportedly received a letter from Jack the Ripper.


From hell

Mr Lusk

Sor I send you half the Kidney I took from one woman prasarved it for you tother piece I fried and ate it was very nice I may send you the bloody knife that took it out if you only wate a while longer

Signed Catch me when you can

Mishter Lusk

The letter reportedly written by Jack the Ripper and received by George Lusk on October 16, 1888.

ber of the Masons, the secret fraternal association, and he immediately recognized the peculiar spelling of the word "Juwes," instead of "Jews." This spelling was the ancient way of spelling the word in old Masonic rites.

Warren feared, it was later conjectured, that the true link to be made to this wall writing would be to the Masons. Moreover, the disemboweling of the victims, particularly in the instances where the entrails had been thrown over the right shoulder, was reportedly in keeping with ancient Masonic rites of sacrifice. It would be claimed, many years after, that Jack was a representative of a high-positioned radical Masonic group that had conspired to rid London of its plague of prostitutes.

On November 9, 1888, Mary Jane Kelly, another prostitute, was murdered by Jack the Ripper. This was the most gruesome killing of all. Mary Jane Kelly, also known as Mary Ann Kelly or Mary Jeannette Kelly, was unlike all the previous victims. She was only twenty-four and was attractive and intelligent. She was in the prime of life and made a good living at her unsavory trade. Kelly had lived with a fish peddler until the couple quarreled and he moved out. She then turned to full-time prostitution, although she had practiced the trade on and off, even when living with other men.

Kelly maintained her own small lodgings, a first-floor room with a separate entrance at 13 Miller's Court near Dorset Street. Behind on her rent, Mary Kelly began to solicit men with regularity on November 7, 1888. Two nights later, on November 9, at 2 a.m., Mary Kelly approached a man she knew and tried to borrow six pence. He refused and, a few moments later, the man saw Kelly standing in the street talking to "a well-dressed gentleman."

Between 3:30 a.m. and 4 a.m., Elizabeth Praten, who lived in a room above Kelly's, heard Kelly cry out: "Oh, murder!" Praten was half asleep and thought she was having a dream. She went back to sleep. Such cries in that crime-infested area were commonplace and did not necessarily mean that someone was being murdered, but that there was a domestic battle, a drunken brawl, at worst, a robbery taking place.

At 10:45 a.m. the next morning, rent collector Thomas Bowyer knocked on Kelly's door. Getting no response, he peered through the first-floor window and gasped in horror. Next to the bed close to the window, Bowyer saw two mounds of flesh, carved as if by a butcher, and on the bed, the gutted body of Mary Jane Kelly. There was a huge pool of blood beneath the bed. Bowyer ran for the owner who returned with him, looked into the window, and *then* summoned the police.

Police arrived and blocked off the small street, posting guards at the door to Kelly's small room. No officers entered the premises while detectives waited for Sir Charles Warren. The police commissioner had given strict orders that, in the event of another Ripper killing, he was to be summoned immediately and no officer was to do anything until his arrival.

This day, however, was Lord Mayor's Day, and there were festivities and parades only a few blocks from the murder scene. News of the Kelly slaying was captured in headlines within a few hours, and newsboys by the dozens raced through the streets shouting: "Murder, horrible murder!" The Ripper had chosen this particular day, it was later claimed, to upstage the lord mayor of London, such was Jack's bloated ego.

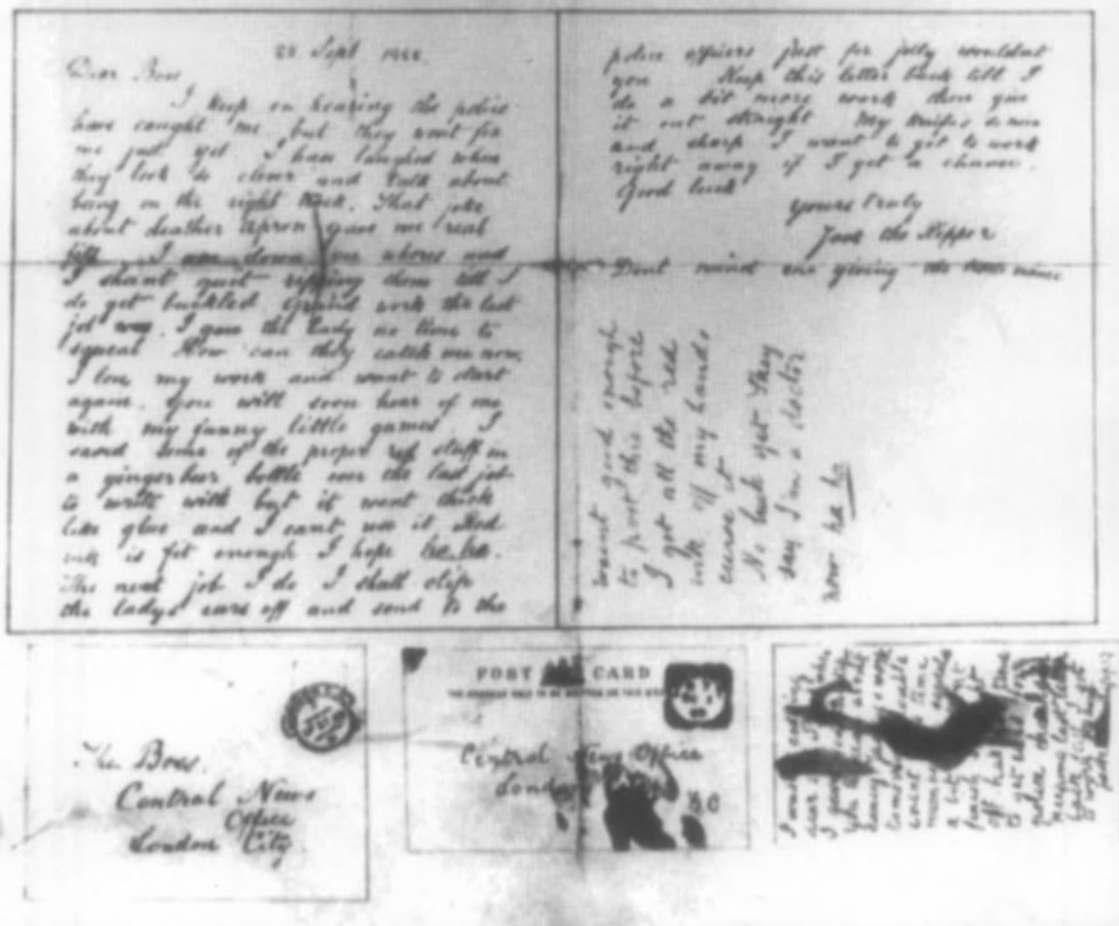
Warren could not be found, and finally other officers ordered Kelly's door broken down. A half dozen officers took turns battering the door with their shoulders and when it finally gave way, these burly men rushed inside, only to stagger outside again to retch from the awful carnage they had seen. There was very little left of Mary Kelly to examine. The Ripper had apparently spent more than an hour mutilating the corpse after murdering the woman by slitting her throat.

This was the first murder Jack had committed indoors and he had taken his time in cutting up his victim, enjoying an orgy of bloodletting. It was Jack's most vile and disgusting crime. Even the doctors who arrived to make their official report found themselves queasy at the sight of the devastated remains of Mary Kelly. The report, published in its entirety the next day in *The Illustrated Police News*, read:

> The throat had been cut right across with a knife, nearly severing the head from the body. The abdomen had been partially ripped open, and both the breasts had been cut from the body. The left arm, like the head, hung to the body by the skin only. The nose had been cut off and the forehead skinned, and the thighs, down to the feet, stripped of the flesh. The abdomen had been slashed with a knife across down-

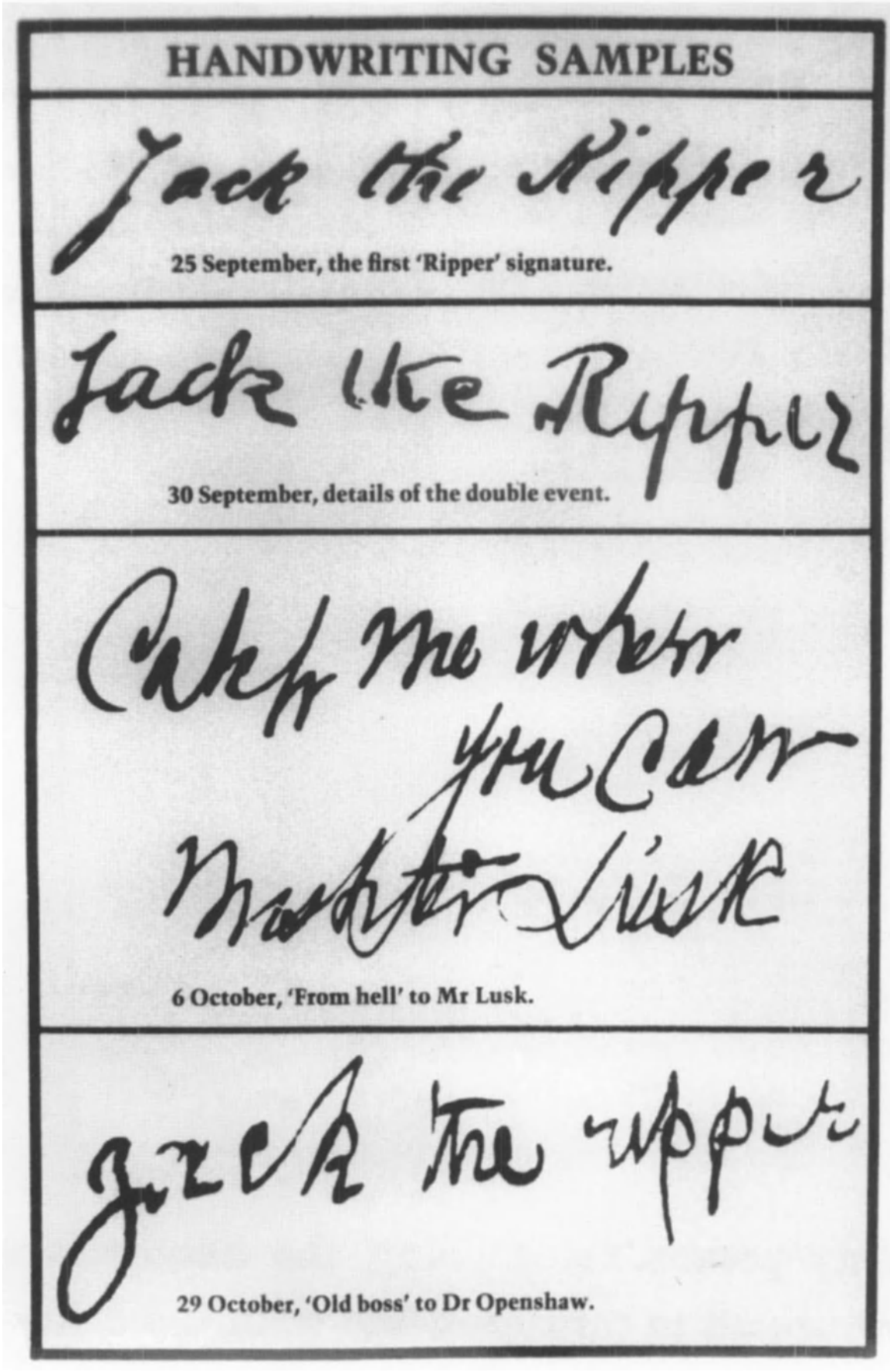
METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Fac-simile of Letter and Post Card received by Central News Agency.

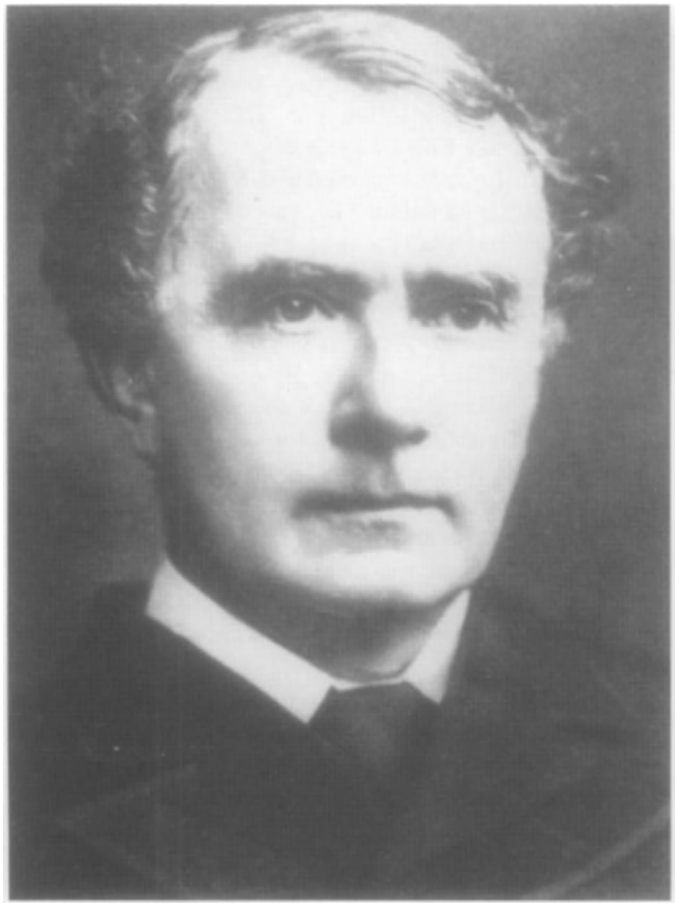

25 Sept 1888
Dear Boss
I keep on hearing the police have caught me but they won't fix me just yet I had laughed when they look so clever and talk about having me in the right box. That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits I am down on whores and I shant quit ripping them till I do get buckled Grand work the last job was I gave the lady no time to squeal How can they catch me now I love my work and want to start again You will soon hear of me with my funny little games I saved some of the proper stuff in a ginger beer bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I cant use it Red ink is fit enough I hope Ha Ha The next job I do I shall clip the ladys ears off and send to the police officers just for jolly wouldnt you Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work then give it out straight My knife's so nice and sharp I want to get to work right away if I got a chance Good luck
yours truly
Jack the Ripper
Dont mind me giving the game away
POST CARD
Central News Office
London
Boss
Central News
Office
London City

Any person recognising the handwriting is requested to communicate with the nearest Police Station.

The letter sent to "Dear Boss," which was postmarked September 27, 1888 and sent to the Central News Agency. It was signed "Jack the Ripper," and dated September 25, 1888, and was reproduced and distributed by the Metropolitan Police.


HANDWRITING SAMPLES
Jack the Ripper
25 September, the first 'Ripper' signature.
Jack the Ripper
30 September, details of the double event.
Catch me when
you can
Mr Lusk
6 October, 'From hell' to Mr Lusk.
Jack the Ripper
29 October, 'Old boss' to Dr Openshaw.

The various handwriting styles of the person(s) sending four letters purportedly sent by Jack the Ripper; each of the samples show different writing styles, but the killer may have disguised his handwriting in each or all of the letters. Graphologists studying these handwriting styles came to no revealing conclusions.



Home Secretary Henry Matthews, who could give no satisfactory answers to Queen Victoria regarding Jack the Ripper.

Sir Charles Warren, head of the Metropolitan Police, who thought to capture Jack the Ripper by ordering rubber-soled shoes for his policemen (so they could quietly creep up on the lurking maniac) and employing bloodhounds that promptly got lost in the East End. Warren also destroyed valuable evidence and otherwise confounded his own investigators in a bumbling investigation that led to his resignation.

> wards, and the liver and entrails wrenched away. The entrails and other portions of the frame were missing, but the liver, etc., were placed between the feet of this poor victim. The flesh from the thighs and legs, together with the breasts and nose, had been placed by the murderer on the table, and one of the hands of the dead woman had been pushed into her stomach.

This savage killing established a new hallmark in the history of British murder. Nothing like it had ever been seen or reported. The mutilation of Mary Kelly had been ferocious. The madman had indulged himself in the most bestial acts, taking his time as he sliced and cut away the remains. So much blood had been produced that Jack had to wipe it away with rags, which he burned in the small stove as he worked. These charred remains were later found in the grate. He had also burned a hat and portions of other clothes that may have been his own blood-soaked garments.

Mary Kelly's daily clothes were found neatly folded on a nearby chair so it was assumed that she had entered the room with Jack, disrobed in front of him, and then went conveniently to the bed, where, instead of making love, he reached out with his lethal knife. It may have been that the Ripper, coated with blood, had burned his own clothes and left by the window, where traces of blood were found, wearing only a long cloak and his boots.

When Police Commissioner Warren heard the news of the ghastly murder in Miller's Court, he only shook his head. He resigned his post a short time later, admitting his utter failure to capture the fiend. The killing of Mary Kelly, in the staunch opinion of most Ripperologists, was the last murder committed by Jack the Ripper, but there were at least two, perhaps three more murders occurring after this time, that could be attributed to Jack. They fit his *modus operandi* to some degree.

Elizabeth Jackson's headless corpse was found floating in the Thames in June 1889. She was later identified from scars and was a known prostitute operating in the Chelsea

Mary Jane Kelly, the youngest and most attractive of the Ripper's known victims; she invited him into her one-room flat on the night of November 9, 1888.

area. On the night of July 17-18, 1889, Alice McKenzie, a prostitute working in Whitechapel, was found with her throat cut from ear to ear and her sex organs cut out. The last murder of any similarity close to the time of Jack's known killings was that of Frances Coles, a street whore commonly known as "Carroty Nell" because of her red hair. She was found on February 13, 1891, in Swallow Gardens, Whitechapel, with her throat slashed and mutilations on her abdomen.

In the course of the last murder, Constable Ernest Thompson, out for the first time on night patrol, turned into Swallow Gardens and saw a man bending over Frances Coles. He stood up and fled, running at great speed and soon disappeared. Thompson rushed to the side of Coles, who was still alive. She remained unconscious for a few hours, but doctors were unable to save her or to revive her so she gave no information about her killer. This may have been the only occasion where the Ripper was seen by a police officer, but Thompson's description of the man was vague at best since he did not get a good look at the man who was quite a distance from him when Thompson entered the darkened area of Swallow Gardens.

There were descriptions of Jack the Ripper, many of them, provided by witnesses who came forward later to state that they had seen men with the women, who were killed by the maniac. Jack was described as being short and stout, standing only five feet, five inches. He was also described as tall, five feet, ten inches, and slender. He was described as wearing the clothes of a gentleman, or those worn by the upper class: tailored suits, a deerstalker hat, a dark slouch hat, a derby, an Inverness cloak or a long dark coat, and, in many instances, carrying a small black bag, the type that doctors or surgeons used.

It was speculated that inside that bag Jack carried the tools of his horrific trade, his sharp knives, perhaps scalpels and other medical instruments. Jack was described by many as a "foreigner," a man who had a dark complexion and dark hair. It was not by happenstance that Jack, observed by others while talking to his victims-to-be, stood purposely in a way as to shield his face, either turning his back to others or standing in the shadows, the brim of his hat pulled low over his forehead in order to hide his face.

One of those who gave the most detailed description of the Ripper, if he was the Ripper, was George Hutchinson, who knew Mary Jane Kelly. He told police that he had seen Kelly only an hour before her murder, at 2 a.m. Hutchinson said that Kelly picked up a man while walking to her lodgings, a slender man who stood about five feet, six inches, with a pale face and a dark, thin mustache turned up at the ends. He was well-dressed and Hutchinson made a point of saying that the man looked "Jewish" to him, and that he would estimate his age at thirty-five. He wore a long, dark, well-tailored coat that hung loosely on him. Beneath the overcoat, he wore a dark-colored jacket and a light-colored waistcoat. A gleaming gold chain crossed the waistcoat from pocket to pocket.

The man also wore dark trousers with white-buttoned gai-

ters, a white shirt, a black tie, and an expensive horseshoe pin affixed to the tie. It was this description that would be fixed in the minds of all who thought about Jack the Ripper for decades to come, a dashing and handsome young man, wealthy, polite, a gentleman whose good looks and fine manner lured women into the arms of a homicidal maniac.

This man, Hutchinson observed, was standing on Thrawl Street and, as Kelly passed him, he gently tapped her on the shoulder. She stopped, smiled, and began talking to him. "All right," she was heard to say to the man.

"You will be all right for what I have told you," the man said in a low, smooth voice.

"All right, my dear," Kelly told the dark man. She put her arm around his shoulder and began to lead him toward her lodgings. "Come along. You will be comfortable."

The couple strolled past Hutchinson who followed them to Kelly's first-floor lodgings. They went inside and Hutchinson saw a candle being lit through the window. He stood some distance away from the small one-room flat, curious, he told police later, about such an aristocratic-looking customer. He wanted to see how long this man would stay with Kelly. Hutchinson left, he said, after about half an hour, which would make the time about 2:30 a.m. It was a short time after this, according to police estimates, that Jack the Ripper withdrew his knife and began to carve up Mary Kelly.

A few hours after police had arrived at the gory scene of Mary Kelly's blood-spattered room, a man who matched Hutchinson's description stopped before a Mrs. Paumier, who sold roasted chestnuts. He was a gentleman wearing a long dark coat, a black silk hat, and a thin black mustache turned up at the ends. He gripped a small black bag. "Have you heard that there has been another murder?" asked this man of Mrs. Paumier.

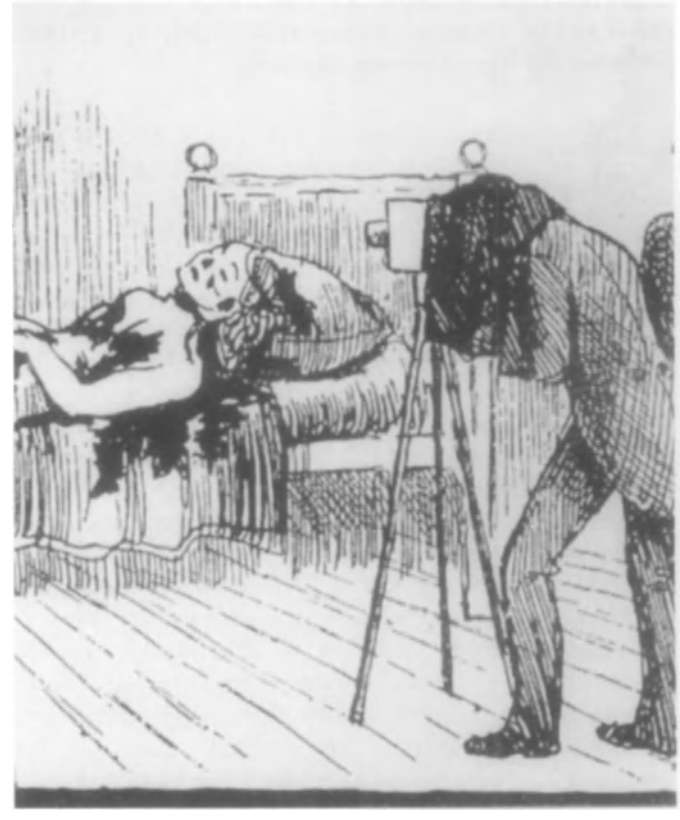
"I have," replied the chestnut vendor.

"I know more of it than you do," the handsome stranger said through a strange grin. He then walked away. Mrs. Paumier told police that this very same man had stopped three women, all prostitutes, on the night of Mary Kelly's murder, offering them money to go with him. All three women, for various reasons, refused. The third woman asked the man: "What's in that bag you're carrying?"

The well-dressed stranger began walking away, but said in a low, menacing voice: "Something the ladies don't like." When reports of the shiny black bag carried by the man thought to be the Ripper were published, these bags, popular with doctors and professional people, suddenly went out of style. No one dared to carry this kind of bag lest he be suspected of being the worst murderer London had ever seen.

How, everyone asked, did the Ripper manage to leave Whitechapel and other murder areas? Police were everywhere in the streets after the bodies were discovered, covering all major exits of the district. One theory had it that Jack never left the district after committing murder. He simply went to one of the thousands of the small boarding houses in the area and rented a cheap room for the night. At dawn, he washed, dressed, and casually left the area. Yet the identity of the Ripper has continued to plague police, psychiatrists, amateur sleuths, and crime historians.

A contemporary sketch shows Mary Kelly taking a well-dressed Ripper into her small flat on the last night of her life. He carries the little black bag in this sketch, one which reportedly contained the knives and scalpels he used in his murders.



A contemporary sketch depicts a police photographer capturing the image of Mary Kelly's mutilated corpse at 13 Miller's Court. Police photos captured the savage destruction of the victim, along with the killer's bloody fingerprints.

A mortuary photograph of Alice McKenzie, who was murdered and mutilated in Whitechapel on July 17-18, 1889, following the Ripper's *modus operandi*.

The body of Frances Coles, shown in the mortuary following her murder on February 13, 1891, who, like McKenzie, was killed in a Ripper-like slaying.

The police did have suspects, 176 of them, but none were charged with the killings. Theories abound to this day and many suspects were offered as likely candidates for the gory role of Jack the Ripper. None of these individuals were ever established as the real serial killer. Some had criminal records, some were mad, some were entirely innocent, but their station in life and previous indiscretions caused sensation-seeking writers to brand them guilty.

One of the most impossible of the suspects was a mad Russian physician, Dr. Alexander Pedachenko. He was reportedly sent to England by the Okhrana, the Czarist secret police, to embarrass British detectives by committing murders the London police could not solve. It was also claimed in another version of the Pedachenko tale that this madman had murdered several women in Russia after the *modus operandi* of the Ripper, but, because of his high social position, was sent to England, where he continued his slaughtering ways. He was also known as Michael Ostrog, Mikhail Ostrong, Vassily Knoovalov, and Andrey Luiskovo. Pedachenko worked at a clinic in London's East End and reportedly treated Martha Tabram, Mary Nichols, Annie Chapman, and Mary Kelly.

Pedachenko was reported to be the Ripper in a manuscript found in the basement of Gregory Rasputin after the Mad Monk's assassination in 1916. The manuscript, written in French, was examined by William Le Queux, a journalist, who had a ravenous appetite for the sensational and whose research was later discredited as shoddy. His tale was nevertheless later supported by mystery writers Sapper and E. Phillips Oppenheim. But others have pointed out that Rasputin did not have a basement in his house, neither wrote nor read French, and was not in the least interested in criminals. Dr. Thomas Dutton, a friend of Chief Inspector Frederick Abberline, who was in charge of the Ripper investigations for Scotland Yard, believed that Pedachenko was the best suspect in the Ripper case, according to one report, but his reasons were never made public.

Sometime in late 1888, Pedachenko supposedly left London, returned to Russia, and lived in St. Petersburg, where he killed a woman and was sent to a lunatic asylum for life. Sir Basil Thompson, head of Scotland Yard's Criminal Investigation Department, was convinced to his dying days that Pedachenko was Jack the Ripper.

Another medical man, Dr. Stanley by name, was another suspect. He reportedly contracted syphilis from Mary Kelly and went in search of her, killing off her friends and associates before tracking her down and cutting her body to pieces in his blind vengeance. Dr. Stanley supposedly died in Buenos Aires in 1929, from the ravages of Kelly's disease, after confessing his grim crimes to a student. Very little exists to even prove that a Dr. Stanley existed, and, according to the precise records of the General Medical Council of Great Britain, no Dr. Stanley practiced in London in 1888-1889.

A man named V. Kosminski was also a suspect. He was described as "a vice-ridden Polish Jew" and lived in Whitechapel, where he was known to have abused prostitutes whom he threatened to "slice up some day." Kosminski was arrested in March 1889 for attacking several people and he was quickly judged to have homicidal tendencies. He, like Pedachenko, was sent to an asylum, where he later died. Thomas Cutbush was arrested on March 5, 1891, a month after the murder of Coles, who was possibly the last Ripper victim.

Cutbush had been stabbing women in the buttocks. He was also determined to be insane and he was shipped off to an asylum. A painter and close friend of Oscar Wilde named Frank Miles was, many years later, also claimed by some to be the notorious Ripper. Patricia Cornwell, in a highly publicized 2002 book, claimed that another painter, Walter Richard Sickert, was the Ripper, but she based her shaky "evidence" on theories rooted to Sickert's notes, memoirs, sketches and paintings and her claim was mostly dismissed by serious criminologists.

Thomas Sadler is shown in this sketch with murder victim Frances Coles; Sadler was thought to be the Ripper, but prosecutors could not prove a case against him, although police remained convinced that he was, at least, guilty of the murder of Frances Coles.

Even a newspaper writer of the gaslight era, one Roslyn D'Onston, was, decades later, named as the Ripper. A failed physician, who was also an alcoholic and drug addict as well as a friend of black magic advocate, Aleister Crowley, D'Onston, it was said, actually killed the whores of Whitechapel in order to write about them for London's newspapers. He became a suspect when he included in his detailed reports information that only the Ripper would have known, or so it was claimed. Yet D'Onston was never charged and, if he was ever picked up by the police and questioned, records of this detention have been lost.

A resident who boarded at 27 Sun Street in Finsbury Square, G. Wentworth Bell Smith, became another strong suspect, at least as far as the killings of Nichols, Chapman, Stride, Eddowes, and Kelly were concerned. Smith, a solicitor of a trust society in Toronto, Canada, was the role model for Marie Belloc-Lowndes' *The Lodger*, her imaginative profile of Jack (which was later made into a silent film by Alfred Hitchcock). Smith was forever complaining to his landlord, E. Callaghan, about the whores in the streets and how these strumpets had the audacity to enter churches. "They should all be drowned," Smith once told Callaghan.

Smith was a nocturnal prowler who left Callaghan's house late at night, wearing rubber-soled shoes and a long dark coat. He said that he was an insomniac and would often return just before the dawn with early-edition newspapers beneath his

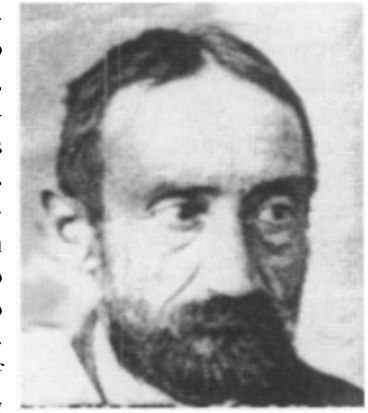
Inspector Frederick George Abberline, right, is shown interviewing fruit peddler Matthew Packer, who sold grapes to a young man shortly before Elizabeth Stride was murdered; a grapestalk was clutched in Stride's hand when her body was found. Abberline was in charge of the Ripper investigation, a reliable but unimaginative officer with limited perspectives.

Sergeant George Godley, who worked for Abberline in the Ripper investigations; he energetically tracked down suspects and may have inadvertently interviewed the Ripper himself when talking to one of the interns at the Whitechapel clinic.

arm. On occasions, Smith left Callaghan's boarding house with a small black shiny bag. When Smith was in his room, he paced the floor constantly, his loud treading heard by Callaghan who lived below. Smith was a paranoid and expected trouble at any moment. He kept three loaded revolvers in his bureau and would stand in front of it whenever anyone was in his room with him, ready to reach for these weapons at any moment. Smith left Callaghan's house in early 1889 and was never seen again.

Various nondescript and anonymous suspects were dredged up with considerable effort to identify the elusive Jack. One preposterous claim was that the killer was a Jewish *shochet,* the slaughtering butcher who killed animals according to Talmudic law. This theory is rooted in the fact that there was a large Jewish population in Whitechapel at the time of the murders and therefore many such workers and abattoirs performed the ritualistic butchering for Jewish meat shops. These slaughterers possessed the sharp knives and the ability used in the attacks on the murdered women, but they lacked motive. Other than technique, there was little credence in this theory.

Frederick Bailey Deeming was another suspect, a serial killer and bigamist (see chapter on Bigamy), who had killed his wife and children in England and then, in 1891, fled to Australia, where he murdered another wife and was about to kill a third woman when apprehended. Deeming, who was executed on May 23, 1892, claimed while awaiting the hangman that he was Jack the Ripper. But this was mere boasting and an attempt to prolong his own life by being sent back to England, where he hoped to be tried for the Ripper killings and then prove himself innocent, possibly evading the gallows. Deeming, nevertheless, according to his documented movements, could not have been at the scenes of the murders committed by Jack.



Michael Ostrog, also known as Dr. Alexander Pedachenko, who was a strong suspect in the Ripper case.

Another serial killer, Dr. Thomas Neill Cream (see Serial Killers), who had murdered several people in the U.S. and who poisoned London prostitutes in 1891-1892, went to the scaffold on November 15, 1892. He was heard to say by the executioner, only a moment before he dropped through the trap: "I am Jack..." The rope cut off the final words, "the Ripper." It was this last act of vanity and a final taunt to the police that caused Cream to be considered a prime suspect in the Ripper killings.

Cream, however, according to prison records in Illinois, was sent to Joliet State Prison on November 1, 1881, and was not released until July 31, 1891, long after the Ripper murders had been committed. Moreover, Cream's method of murder differed widely from that of Jack. He was a sly killer, poisoning all his victims, and his timid personality would never have permitted him to perform the slaughter that Jack so much enjoyed. Being a sickly weakling, Cream lacked psychological and physical strength, whereas Jack the Ripper was obviously in top physical condition, judging from his ability to run from the police and move with such lightning speed when murdering his victims.

One of the most popular suspects, the favorite among police officials, was Montague John Druitt, a handsome young man who came from a well-to-do family. He had graduated from Oxford and probably studied medicine for about a year, which would explain his ability to murder with surgical precision if, indeed, he was the serial killer. Druitt was left little money upon the death of his father and he became a barrister, but his practice failed. Next, Druitt took a job as a schoolteacher in Blackheath. He was dismissed in 1888 for getting "into trouble." Druitt, apparently a homosexual, had taken liberties with a young boy, according to one account, and had been summarily fired. Druitt's mother, by this time, had been institutionalized, and it was later learned that there was a streak of insanity running through Druitt's family.

Following Druitt's dismissal from his teaching job, he moved to Whitechapel and wandered its streets day and night, living hand-to-mouth. Reports of his exact whereabouts during the Ripper killings were vague at best. Some said he was present in Whitechapel at the time, while others claimed that he had

Journalist William Le Queux supported the theory that Ostrog was the Ripper.

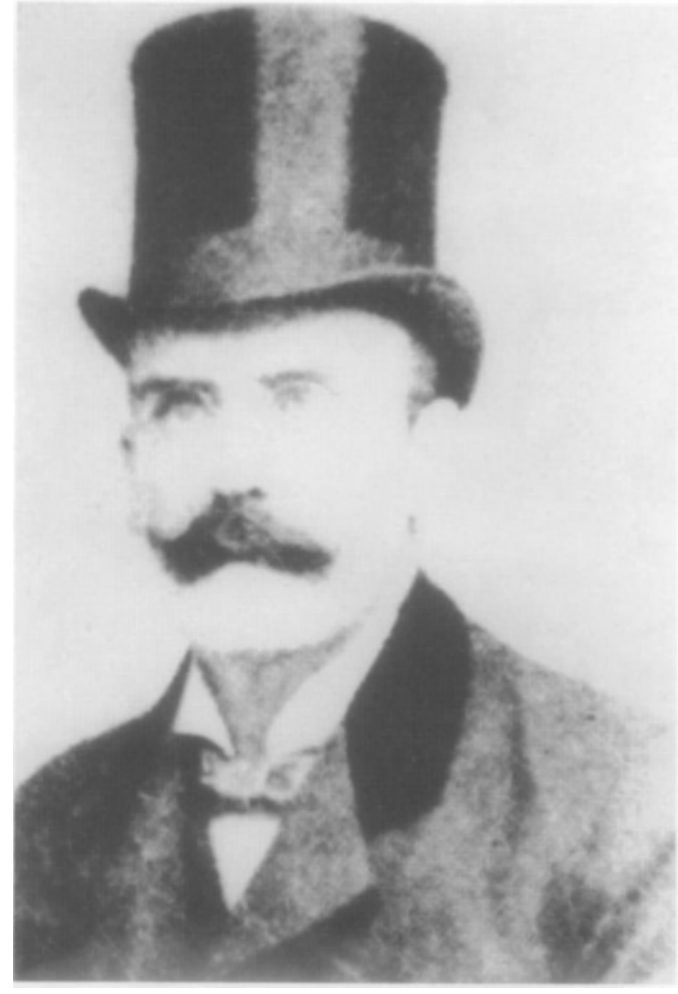
already been sent to an asylum. Druitt was despondent but not violent. He had no criminal background and had never committed an act of violence. Druitt was released from an asylum toward the end of 1888 and wrote a note to himself, which was later found by his brother. It read: "Since Friday I felt I was going to be like mother and the best thing for me was to die." He disappeared on December 3, 1888.

A month later constables fished Druitt's badly decomposed body from the Thames River. Druitt had loaded his pockets with rocks and had drowned himself. The reason why Druitt remained the favorite suspect for police was that he committed suicide shortly after the murder of Mary Kelly, who was considered the last authentic Ripper victim. But this was merely a convenience for the police, whose officials, to quiet apprehension, concluded publicly that the Ripper killings ended after Kelly's death. Yet, as stated earlier, there were several similar deaths as late as 1891. Druitt became a suspect only by reason of the time of his death. As such, he was no suspect at all.

George Chapman was one of the most promising suspects. A Polish immigrant, Chapman's real name was Severin Antoniovich Klosowski. He had worked in a hospital in Prague before emigrating to England. He worked as a barber's surgeon in Whitechapel during the time of the Ripper killings, and possessed sharp knives with which he removed warts and moles, as well as practicing minor bloodletting to "clean the blood," a primitive medical technique that even by the 1880s had fallen into disfavor. Chapman went on to murder three women, all common-law wives or mistresses, from 1897 to 1902, but his method of murder was poison, not throat-slitting. Chapman was hanged on April 7, 1903.

After Chapman's arrest, Chief Inspector Abberline, who had been in charge of the investigations into the Ripper killings, went to his one-time assistant in that case, Inspector George Godley and told him: "You've got Jack the Ripper at last!" He never explained this remark, but it was later thought that Chapman had been on Abberline's suspect list in 1888 when he was desperately and fruitlessly searching for the evasive Jack.

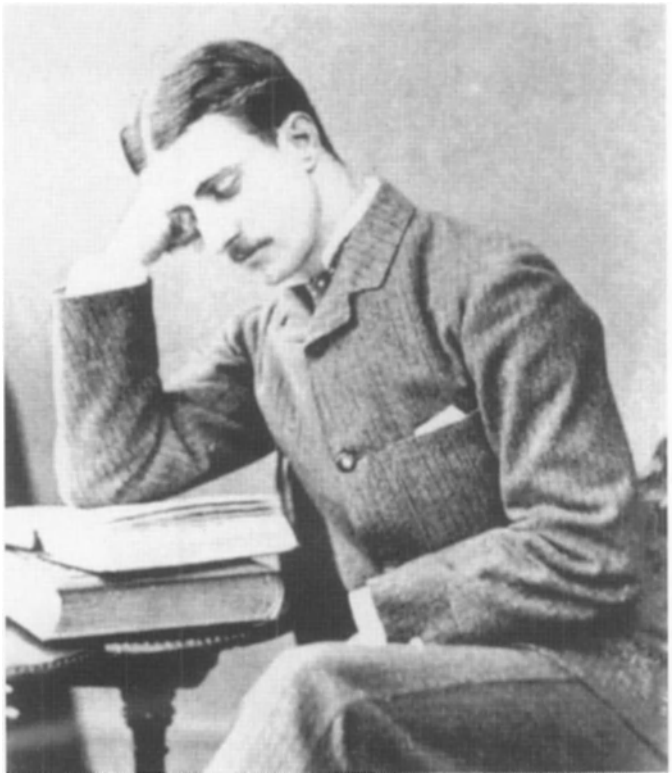
It was later speculated that though Chapman murdered those women close to him with poison, he could have very well have employed the more gruesome method of slitting the throats and disemboweling whores with whom he was not associated. He may have believed that poison would not be as readily identified and that by killing those close to him with this method he could evade detection. This remained speculation. Chapman never confessed to any of his killings.



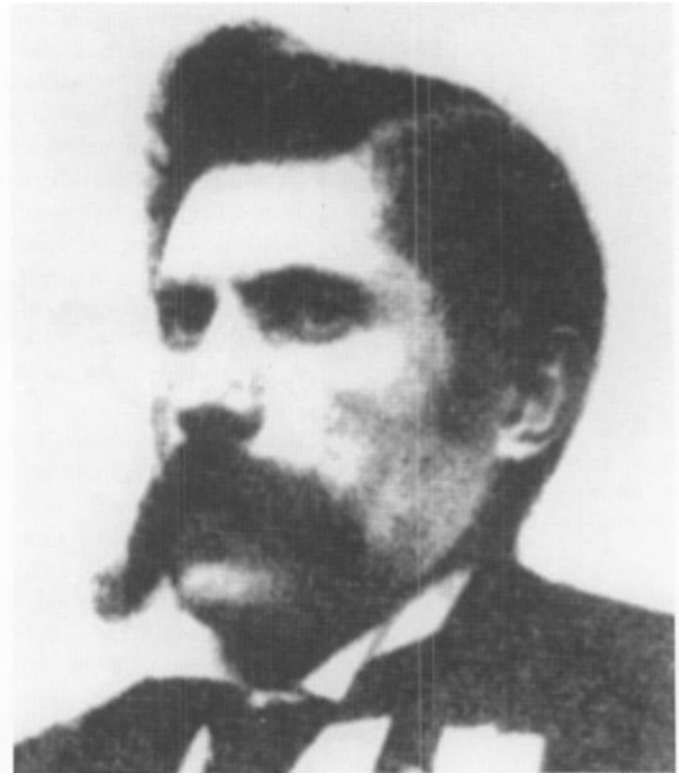
Dr. Thomas Neill Cream, who was hanged in 1892 for poisoning several women, reportedly claimed to be the Ripper just before he went through the trap.

Another latter-day suspect was the unnamed secretary of William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army. According to Booth, his secretary stated a few days before the slaying of Frances Coles in 1891: "Carroty Nell will be the next to go." The secretary disappeared after Frances "Carroty Nell" Coles was slain on Feb. 13, 1891. Thomas Sadler, an alcoholic railroad worker, was later claimed to be Coles' killer. He had been arrested as a strong suspect in the killing of Alice McKenzie in 1889 but, because of lack of evidence, he was never charged with this killing or that of Coles, whom he also knew.

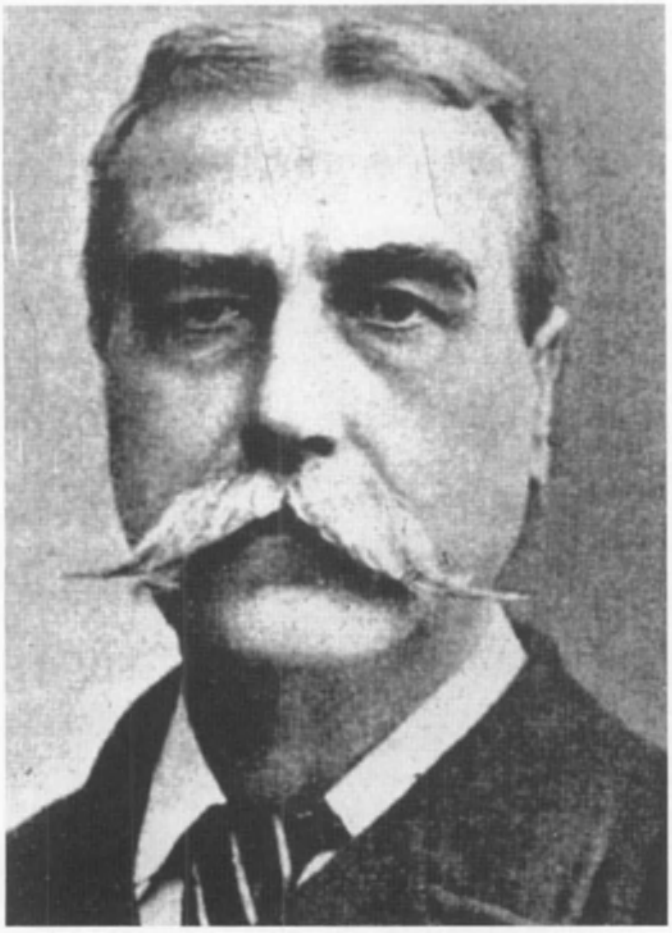
There were those, including the redoubtable creator of Sherlock Holmes, Arthur Conan Doyle, who believed that a woman, a midwife, was the real Jack the Ripper, "Jill the Ripper," according to some. This theory holds that "Jill" was a midwife who had been sent to prison for performing illegal abortions. Upon her release, this powerful, unhinged woman haunted the streets of Whitechapel, taking her vengeance out on prostitutes, careful to dissect her victims with some surgical skill, which midwives then possessed, and especially mutilate the sex organs of her victims in a throwback to her previous profession.



Montague John Druitt, who drowned himself in the Thames and became a Ripper suspect in the eyes of the police, who conveniently closed the case with Druitt's death.



Woman killer George Chapman, a poisoner like Cream, who was hanged in 1903, but who was thought to be the Ripper by Inspector Frederick George Abberline.



Roslyn D'Onston (R. D. Stephenson), an alcoholic writer and drug addict, who was also thought to be the Ripper.

Spiritualist Robert James Lees, who saw the Ripper in "a vision," and later followed the "guilty" man.

Where Doyle looked for suspects in low places, others saw the Ripper as a member of the professional class, the idle rich, or even royalty. One account insists that Dr. William Gull, physician to Queen Victoria, was the Ripper. Spiritualist William Lees, who had performed séances for the queen, envisioned several Ripper murders and was so terrified that he fled to the continent.

Lees returned after these murders and, when getting off a bus, saw a man he intuitively felt was the killer. He followed this man to Gull's mansion and then confronted the man, who turned out to be Gull himself. The physician admitted that he was having blackouts, according to Lees, since suffering a stroke in 1887. Gull did visit a surgery in Whitechapel, but he was never known to have roamed the crime-ridden area at night, as some later claimed. Further, Gull's stroke had left him partially paralyzed and there was no way in which this invalid could have committed the energetic acts of Jack the Ripper.

Next, the wealthy poet and ne'er-do-well, James Kenneth Stephen was named as a strong suspect. He was eccentric and obsessed with violence, which permeated his writing. It was said that Stephen's eccentricities merely cloaked pure madness and that, as a homosexual suitor who was rejected by no less a person than Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, heir to the British crown, Stephen went berserk and took his rage out on the whores of Whitechapel, an area where Stephen and Prince Albert had reportedly visited an exclusive homosexual club.

Such a club did exist, and many distinguished British men did meet there for homosexual assignations, but none were ever arrested. This place was rarely raided, and authorities notified the proprietors far in advance so that their elegant clients could depart ahead of the police and save embarrassment all around. It was claimed that Stephen wrote the Ripper letters, affixing his own thumbprint to one of them, and purposely misspelled certain words and omitted simple punctuation to convince police that the killer was unschooled. Stephen's handwriting and that of the Ripper's were compared. A few similarities were not enough to identify Stephen as the Ripper.

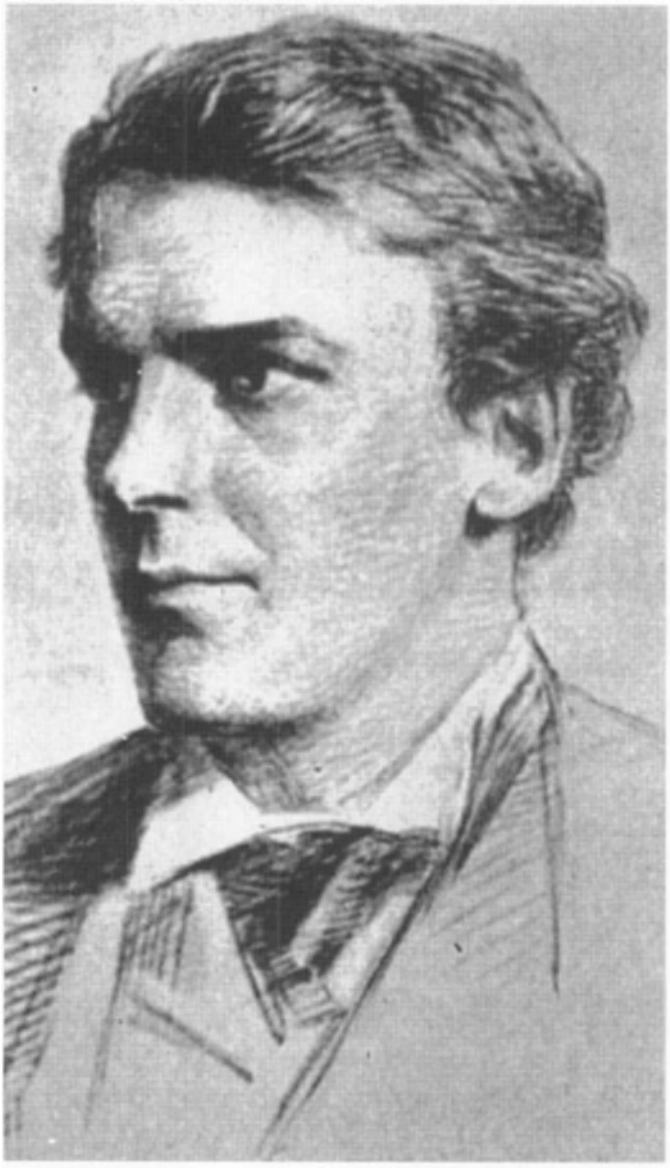
It was also claimed that Stephen wrote the letters and even sent the kidney from the disemboweled Catherine Eddowes, but he was merely covering up for his dear friend, the real Jack the Ripper, who was none other than the Duke of Clarence himself. The eldest son of future king Edward VII was suffering from syphilis, it was claimed, which he had contracted through a Whitechapel whore, a disease that caused advanced paresis of the brain and the prince's premature death in 1892.

Prince Eddy, as the Duke was nicknamed, had sought out Whitechapel whores to murder as he slowly went insane, taking his vengeance out on these poor creatures. Most of this wild theory stems from the research of Dr. Thomas Stowell, who, in 1970, examined the papers of Dr. William Gull and said that Gull's own unpublished records supported this story. Stowell's research was destroyed by his family after his death and Gull's records have yet to be examined by anyone else.

Sir William Gull, the man that Robert Lees trailed to his own mansion, believing that Gull was the Ripper. Gull was beyond reproach as the personal physician to Queen Victoria; he had suffered a stroke that left him partially paralyzed and, because of that crippling stroke, most thought he could never have performed the Ripper killings.

The absurd theory expands on Prince Eddy being the culprit and the London police authorities knowing about it and using it to blackmail Queen Victoria into political sanctions for certain inept ministers. In return, they kept Prince Eddy's identity as the Ripper a secret. This is the most preposterous theory of the lot.

Though autocratic and rather cold, Queen Victoria was a person of impeccable moral conduct and high principles, who, history and her personal conduct has shown in evidence, would never have shielded even one of her own family had they been guilty of any crimes. Further, examining the records showing the whereabouts of the Duke of Clarence during the Ripper



James Kenneth Stephen, an eccentric writer, who became another strong suspect in the Ripper slayings and who was reportedly the homosexual lover of Prince Albert Victor.

Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, heir to the British throne, known as Eddy, who also came to be a suspect in the Ripper slayings, but he was an improbable candidate.

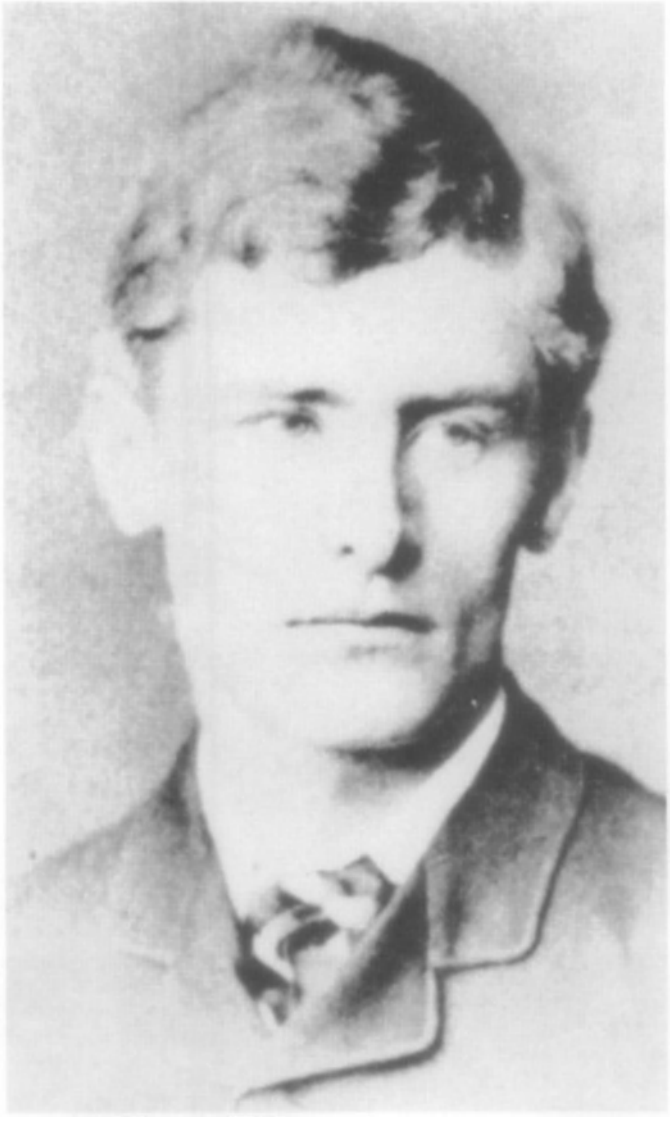
slayings proves that he could not have committed these crimes. In several instances he was out of the country at the time of the murders.

None of the above suspects really fit into the horrific mold created by the Ripper. He was not, in the opinion of the author, a vicious homosexual seeking vengeance on low-class prostitutes. Why, if this were the case, would he select only common prostitutes to murder? He was not a demented doctor or an unhinged prince. He was not one of the many poisoners who later went to the hangman.

Jack the Ripper was a young man, full of ideals, one who had once been married to a woman who had turned to prostitution, who had deserted him and her family. This was the common thread connecting all the victims. All nine women had been married one way or another and had left their husbands and their families, turning to prostitution. They had betrayed the concept of the family, then the most sacred of institutions. It should be remembered that Mary Kelly was three months pregnant when horribly murdered and butchered.

All of the prostitutes murdered from 1888 to 1891 went regularly to small clinics in the East End and their records and examinations were on file, a regular murder list for the medical man who examined them all, the man who eventually hunted all of them down, the man whose own wife had deserted him for the streets, selling her favors to other men, betraying family and motherhood.

The police, the medical experts, and the historians following in their footsteps decades later looked only, and continue to look, into Whitechapel as an area *into which* the killer went in search of victims and bloodletting. They look still for a maniac of bizarre nature, a diseased homosexual, a foreigner with odd political motives tied to serial killing, one



Painter Walter Sickert in 1884, four years before the Ripper slayings; several writers, including Stephen Knight and Patricia Cornwell, claimed that Sickert was the Ripper.

poisoner or another from a later era. None stood within Whitechapel and looked out as would an incensed husband deserted by a woman, who cuckolded him with strangers she did not know nor love.

In the opinion of this author, he was there all the while, this enigmatic Jack. He worked there. He lived there. He murdered there, this young intern at a clinic where the names and addresses of his victims were in files at his fingertips. He did not, after each murder, flee the area, but returned to the clinic where the blood on his clothes and hands counted for nothing more than the badge of his profession.

Of course, this intern would have blood on his clothes and his hands. It was part of his job, operating on the countless patients that came to his clinic with ugly lesions and festering sores. And with a knife he was an expert, preserving the living, and, on those dark nights in the streets, bringing death to those already dead in his own distorted mind. He would outlive the era of his dark fame, but not the haunting self-image which lurked inside his own shadow.

The killer crossed into the twentieth century unmolested. Comfortable and distinguished in his profession, he looked back like any other upon the gaslight era of Jack the Ripper and, like any other, beheld this serial killer as a dark barbaric stranger from another time.

NOTE TO SCOTLAND YARD: To solve this nagging and much-nurtured case, the author suggests that investigators begin with the photographs taken in Mary Kelly's first-floor, single-room lodging. Among those photographs, originally filed as glass plates, there is a close-up of the murder victim, mutilated by Jack's knife. The body, as the photograph shows, was on a small bed next to the wall of the room. The killer, his hands coated with the blood and gore of his victim, which he took considerable time to disembowel, left discernable fingerprints on the unmolested parts of the victim's flesh and on the wall next to the bed, as the glass plates will show when properly enlarged. (Discernable bloody fingerprints were also placed by the sender of the card sent to "Dear Boss" on September 25, 1888, but these prints are not directly linked to the location of any known Ripper slayings and may or may not be the killer's authentic prints.)

It is well known that fingerprinting as an identification system was not employed by your agency at the time of the Ripper slayings, so that even possessing a clear fingerprint belonging to the real Jack the Ripper would be, at that time, insignificant. Certainly, none of the many suspects interrogated by your agency were fingerprinted so that a match from any print taken in Mary Kelly's room to any of the prints of these suspects is, at this late date, not applicable. However, the author believes that a fingerprint from that terrible room, captured in your photographs, can be matched to the real killer.

The author, who does not have the time or inclination to further pursue this case, suggests that your agency match the print(s) of the Ripper to one of the interns working at the Whitechapel clinic. At the time of the murders, the clinic employed a number of young interns who, among their many chores, took smears from local prostitutes to capture types of venereal diseases for further research—Whitechapel being one of London's centers of prostitution at that time—and these smears were traditionally captured between two small, oblong glass slides. These slides, identified with the initials or names of the interns producing them, were, the author believes, part of medical research that has been preserved and stored to this day. The killer's fingerprints will be found on the slides bearing his name or initials and can be matched to the prints from the photographs taken in Mary Kelly's room.

THE LIZZIE BORDEN CASE/August 4, 1892

It is a wonder that a plump, shy, 32-year-old American spinster from an upperclass family could ever become one of the world's most celebrated murderers, especially when she was acquitted at her sensational 1893 trial and, that the heinous crimes for which she stood accused could have been easily committed by two other persons. Lizzie Borden (1860-1927) lived a quiet

Lizzie Borden at age seventeen.

Lizzie in her twenties.

Lizzie under arrest in 1892.

Lizzie in middle age.

life in Fall River, Massachusetts, residing in her father's large three-story house on Second Street. It was here, on the sizzling hot day of August 4, 1892, that Andrew Jackson Borden, sixty-nine, and his wife Abby Durfee Gray Borden, sixty-four, were found chopped to death from hatchet blows. Other tenants of the death house at the time of the grisly murders included Lizzie's sister Emma, the family maid and cook, Bridget Sullivan, and John Vinnicum Morse, sixty, brother of the first Mrs. Borden, who had come to visit.

Lizzie's mother, Sarah Morse Borden, had died when Lizzie was a small child and Andrew Borden had quickly remarried in 1865 to Abby Durfee Gray, a kind-hearted, gentle woman, who worked as hard in her own home as did the hired help. It was later claimed that Lizzie harbored a deep-seated hatred for this woman, who had replaced her own mother in her father's affections, but this could hardly have been the case since Lizzie's mother died when Lizzie was very young and it was Abby Borden who raised the child and who was the only real mother Lizzie ever knew or remembered.

Andrew J. Borden, Lizzie's father, a penny-pinching landlord, with many enemies.

Abby Durfee Gray Borden, Lizzie's hard-working stepmother with no known enemies.

In fact, as an adult, Lizzie called Abby "mother," except when angry with her and then, in minor fits of pique, called her "Mrs. Borden." Her sister Emma, an equally retiring spinster, was older than Lizzie, forty-one at the time of the murder, and could have more easily nurtured the deep-rooted resentments of Abby Borden attributed to Lizzie as motives for murder.

Later claims also insisted that Lizzie wanted her stepmother and father dead so she could claim her father's money, or that she was about to be disinherited for obscure reasons and struck quickly to preserve her inheritance. This was all nonsense. Both Lizzie and Emma stood to benefit from their father's will without concern; the will had been written a decade earlier. Andrew Borden had not altered the will nor had he any plans to change it, and this both sisters knew.

Moreover, Borden had not only set aside a handsome inheritance for both of his daughters, but he had allocated considerable land and farms for them and both enjoyed above-average allowances from which to freely draw money for clothes and other expenses. As spinsters, the Borden sisters had little to worry about; the present was comfortable and the future secure.

Andrew Borden made a visit to this site, The A. J. Borden Building, only a short time before he was horribly murdered.

Bridget Sullivan, the hard-working maid in the Borden household, was a closed-mouthed person who literally worked from dawn until dusk, cleaning, cooking three meals a day, and doing the most arduous chores for the large family, albeit Abby Borden helped with the considerable workload. It was Bridget, who prepared the heavy meal eaten by the family the night before the killings, one which caused Andrew and Abby Borden to become ill. In fact, Lizzie herself, as well as Bridget, had become slightly sick after dinner, so the later claim that Lizzie had poisoned the food in her first attempt to murder her parents was also rejected as nonsense.

John Vinnicum Morse, Lizzie's uncle, left to see friends on the day of the murders.

Borden maid Bridget Sullivan was in the house with Lizzie on the day of the murders.

Some days earlier, Lizzie had tried to purchase prussic acid. She had told the druggist that she wanted the prussic acid to clean a sealskin coat, but the local druggist had refused to sell her the acid. It was said that she nevertheless obtained poison and managed to dose the meal. The Bordens ate from common platters and therefore Lizzie could not be sure which portion would contain the lethal dose, if, indeed, she had opted for this murder plan which, since she also took her portions from those common platters, could have meant her own death.

John Vinnicum Morse, Lizzie's uncle, visited the family on August 3, 1892, taking the guest room. Early on the day of the murder, Morse left the Borden house to visit friends in Swansea. Emma Borden also left the house, renting a buggy and driving some thirty miles to visit friends in Fairhaven. Lizzie was left in the house with Bridget and her parents. Andrew Borden left the house at about 9 a.m., visiting the downtown bank of which he was president, and making several stops to collect rents from the buildings he owned.

Borden was not a well-liked man by those with whom he did business, known as a penny-pinching landlord who fought over every dollar he earned. He had enemies, it was well known, one man arguing so heatedly with Borden a week earlier in the Borden house that he was ordered to leave the premises. Also, the Bordens had, in recent months, suffered a rash of burglaries in their barn, and they had reported a daylight burglary of the house two months before the murders.

Lizzie had nightmares about impending doom because of her father's skinflint reputation and the enemies he had created through his hard business deals. She confided her fears to Alice Russell, telling the neighbor: "I feel that something is hanging over me that I cannot throw off." She felt that her father's enemies would "burn the house down over us," describing this nightmare to Mrs. Russell.

Lizzie's critics later pointed out that all of these uttered forebodings were planned by Lizzie to create the illusion of strange killers, who could later be blamed for the murders that she herself committed. Yet Lizzie Borden's character and personality had never shown her to be calculating or insidious. She was a much-protected child and her father doted upon her as an adult. She lived a sheltered life up to the time of the murders, and her fears were those of a child rather than a devious adult with a clever murder plan.

At 9:30 a.m. on the morning of the murders, Bridget Sullivan went to the Borden barn and got a pail and a brush and began washing the outside first-floor windows of the house. Abby Borden went upstairs to make the beds and Lizzie was somewhere in the house at the time. At 10:30 a.m. Andrew Borden arrived back home from his downtown business chores, but when he tried the front door of the house he found it locked. He knocked and rattled the doorknob which Bridget heard.

The maid left her window-washing and entered the house through an unlocked side door and went to the front door. Just as she did so, she later testified, she saw Lizzie standing on the first step of the front staircase leading to the bedrooms, appearing as if she had just come downstairs. When Borden was finally let into the house, he walked into the dining room, asking for Abby.

"She's gone out," Lizzie told him. "She had a note from somebody who was sick."

Borden went upstairs to his bedroom, then he returned to the main floor and rested on a small couch in the sitting room. Bridget continued washing the windows but from inside the house, while Lizzie began ironing some handkerchiefs in the kitchen. She asked the maid if she planned to go out in the afternoon, reminding Bridget, whom she called Maggie, that there was a sale of some dress goods that day at a local store. Bridget told her that she was not feeling well, that the heavy family breakfast had upset her stomach.

The meal served by Bridget that morning was extraordinary for the sweltering hot season, consisting of mutton-broth soup, johnny cakes, coffee, and cookies. The soup had been made from the mutton eaten the night before, which had obviously made everyone ill, but no one thought to question the soup. The Borden household was a frugal one and nothing was thrown away if it could serve a purpose; so consuming some slightly tainted soup would follow the family's utilitarian traits.

Lizzie then told Bridget that "if you go out, make sure and lock the door, for Mrs. Borden has gone out on a sick call and I might go out, too."

"Miss Lizzie, who is sick?" Bridget asked.

"I don't know. She had a note this morning. It must be in the town."

A few minutes before 11 a.m., Bridget climbed the back stairs to her attic room to take a short nap, her daily custom. She worked from 6 a.m., preparing breakfast, then completed other chores until her short nap before preparing the family lunch. The maid lay back on her bed and tried to sleep, but the intense heat caused her only to doze. She later testified that she could hear every noise in the old house, every creaking floorboard and that all was silent. At 11 a.m. she heard the city hall clock chime out the time. Then she heard Lizzie frantically calling her: "Maggie! Come down!"

She went to the back stairs and called down to Lizzie: "What's the matter?"

Lizzie called back with words that sent shivers of fear through the maid: "Come down! Quick! Father's dead! Somebody came in and killed him!"

Bridget raced down the stairs and found Lizzie standing at the door to the sitting room. Lizzie blocked the half-opened door to the sitting room, as if to shield the maid from the awful scene within, then said: "Oh, Maggie, don't go in. I have to have a doctor quick." She told Bridget to go to the home of Dr. Seabury W. Bowen, a house diagonally across the street from the Borden house, and bring the physician. The maid raced across the street and found that Dr. Bowen was making a house call; she returned to find Lizzie in the hallway.

"Miss Lizzie," Bridget asked, "where were you when this thing happened?"

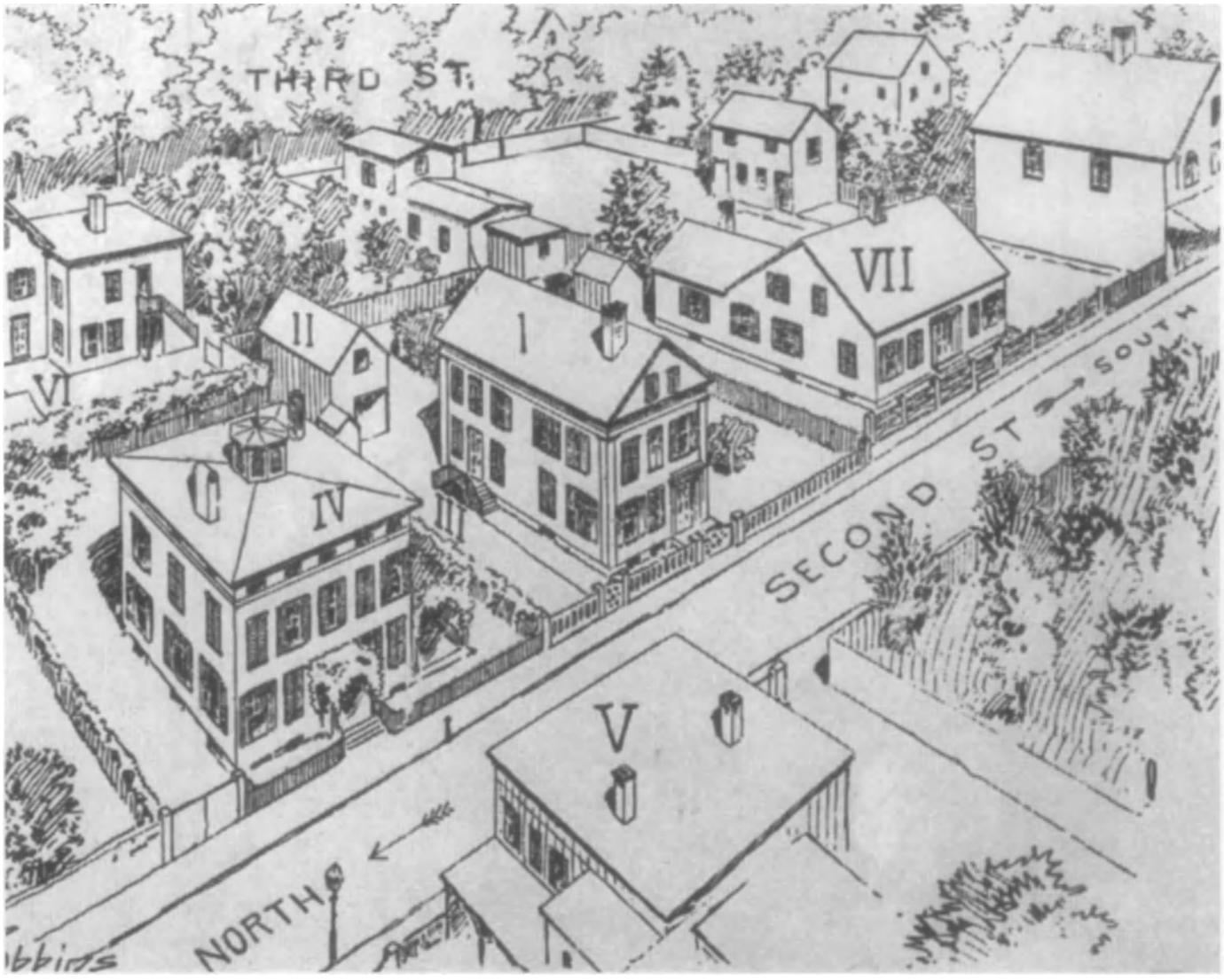
The body of Andrew Borden lies on a couch in the living room; the victim's face was all but obliterated by numerous chops from an ax.

The body of Abby Borden lies on the floor of an upstairs bedroom in the Borden house; she, too, had been slain by a killer using an ax.

The Borden house at 92 Second Street, Fall River, Massachusetts, shown shortly after the murders; thousands of people milled about the residence only hours after Andrew and Abby Borden had been killed.

The rear of the Borden house, with the barn at right, where Lizzie said she was hunting for sinkers at the time of the murders.

The side porch of the Borden house, where Lizzie called out to her neighbor: "Oh, Mrs. Churchill, do come over! Someone has killed Father!"



The Borden house and its neighbors: I. Borden House; II. Borden Barn; III. Side Porch Entrance; IV. Mrs. Churchill's House; V. Dr. Bowen's House; VI. Dr. Chagnon's House; VII. Dr. Kelly's House.

Mrs. Adelaide B. Churchill, the first neighbor called by Lizzie to witness the murders in the Borden house.

Mrs. Alice M. Russell, who was summoned to the Borden house by Bridget Sullivan, on Lizzie's orders.

Hosea M. Knowlton, the energetic district attorney, who vigorously prosecuted Lizzie Borden.

George D. Robinson, ex-governor of Massachusetts, who undertook the defense of Lizzie Borden.

Lizzie Borden at her murder trial, anxiously sitting forward as she listens to George Robinson present his masterful arguments on her behalf.

"I was in the yard," she said, "and heard a groan, and came in and the screen door was wide open." She then ordered the maid to fetch her friend and neighbor, Mrs. Russell. Bridget went next door to bring back the neighbor. At this time, Mrs. Adelaide B. Churchill, whose house bordered the Borden home on the north, looked out an open window and saw Lizzie standing at the screen door, holding on to it, trembling. "Is there anything the matter," Mrs. Churchill asked.

"Oh, Mrs. Churchill," Lizzie said, "do come over. Someone has killed Father."

Mrs. Churchill hurried to Lizzie, standing with her at the side door and holding on to her arm, as if to keep her from fainting. "Where is your father?"

"In the sitting room," Lizzie responded in a dazed voice.

"Where were you when it happened?"

"I went to the barn to get a piece of iron," she replied. She later explained that by "iron" she meant a fishing sinker as she intended to go fishing when she visited the Borden farm outside of town, a trip that had been planned for a week.

"Where is your mother?" questioned Mrs. Churchill.

"I don't know. She had a note to go see someone who is sick, but I don't know but she is killed, too, for I thought I heard her come in. Father must have an enemy for we have all been sick, and we think the milk has been poisoned."

Then Mrs. Churchill went looking for a doctor, asking neighbors to call police. Oddly, given Lizzie's remark about her mother being another possible murder victim, Mrs. Churchill did not suggest to look for Mrs. Borden. Bridget then returned to the house, meeting patrolman George W. Allen, who was responding to Mrs. Churchill's alarm. Following these two was a scurrying Dr. Bowen. Both Officer Allen and Dr. Bowen entered the sitting room and found Andrew Borden sprawled on the couch, his face a river of blood, a pulpy ruin that caused even Dr. Bowen to shudder.

Shaking his head, Dr. Bowen said in a near whisper: "Physician that I am, and accustomed to all kinds of horrible sights, it sickens me to look upon the dead man's face." Patrolman Allen noticed that the sitting room was undisturbed. There had been no struggle and not a stick of furniture was out of place. The dead man lay half on the couch, his legs sticking outward to the floor. His hands were unclenched and it ap-

peared that he had been attacked while sleeping. The couch and the wall behind it were coated with Andrew Borden's blood, as if the blows he had received, from what was later determined to be a hatchet, were savagely repeated.

While Dr. Bowen and Officer Allen were inspecting the gruesome corpse in the sitting room, Lizzie sat in the kitchen, as if in a stupor, Mrs. Churchill and Mrs. Russell comforting her. She then said that someone should look for Mrs. Borden and tell her what happened. Mrs. Churchill and Bridget then decided they would search every room in the house, believing that they would find Mrs. Borden in the same condition as her husband. Their assumptions were correct. As they climbed the front staircase, Mrs. Churchill looked into the guest room to see a body sprawled on the floor. She and Bridget went back downstairs and Mrs. Russell asked the ashen-faced Mrs. Churchill: "Is there another?"

"Yes, she is up there," replied the terrified neighbor. Officer Allen and Dr. Bowen almost bounded up the stairs to inspect the guest room where John Morse had slept the night before. Abby Borden, too, had been hacked to death, her head crushed with what looked to be numerous blows from a hatchet. She lay in an awkward position, face down, on her knees, her backside pushed upward and forward.

It appeared that Mrs. Borden had been making the bed in the guest room when attacked. Her blood had splattered the bed covers and the nearby wall. A medical examiner arrived and diligently counted nineteen head wounds to Mrs. Borden's skull, ten to Mr. Borden's head, a total of twenty-nine, not the eighty-one "whacks" later attributed to Lizzie.

While funeral arrangements were made for the Bordens, Lizzie became the focal point of a subtle police investigation. She was repeatedly questioned as to her whereabouts during the time of the murders. Her answers varied. She said she was in the yard, then she said she was in the barn, then in the loft of the barn searching for sinkers, even picking pears and eating these in the barn. Why Lizzie would even enter the hot barn on such a steamy day caused great suspicion on the part of police and Fall River Mayor John W. Coughlin, who ordered Lizzie placed under house detention.

Lizzie's confused conduct continued when she faced a coroner's jury. The inquest could not firmly establish just *where* Lizzie was at the time of the murders. She was then officially arrested, charged with the murder of her parents. Her trial began on June 5, 1893. She was defended by former Massachusetts governor George D. Robinson. Bridget Sullivan did a complete turn-about and offered herself as a witness for the prosecution, some later said because this would cast less suspicion in her direction.

The maid had as much opportunity to murder the Bordens as did Lizzie. In fact, when she went up to take her nap that fateful morning, she could have easily gone up the backstairs, entered the family area on the second floor and killed Mrs. Borden. The prosecution was handled by District Attorney Hosea Knowlton and he was anything but gentle with Lizzie.

Knowlton claimed that Lizzie hated her stepmother, believing they had secretly disinherited her, although Knowlton had no evidence whatsoever to support this idea. By presenting this line of argument, Knowlton also implicated Emma

Lizzie awaits the verdict with downcast eyes, her sister Emma, right, covering her face (her habit throughout the trial).

Borden, who was then above suspicion, in that she and Lizzie equally shared in Andrew Borden's will. (Some Lizzie Borden historians later claimed that Emma Borden could have easily murdered her parents, returning from out-of-town, slipping into the house to murder Abby and Andrew and then driving her buggy back to Fairhaven. Emma *did* rent a buggy which was reportedly seen outside the Borden house shortly before the murders, according to one report.)

The district attorney then attacked Lizzie's story about the note from an anonymous sick person, a note Lizzie claimed Abby Borden had shown her, but one that she did not read. There was no note, Knowlton said. This was merely a device Lizzie employed to explain her stepmother's absence when Andrew Borden's body was found. Lizzie simply invented the note, Knowlton said.

Robinson's defense was spirited and telling. With all that blood spattering after each blow, he pointed out, why was Lizzie not coated with gore? She was seen only a few minutes before and after the discovery of Andrew Borden's body, dressed in the same dress and not a blotch of blood on her. It was also claimed that Lizzie had somehow managed to wash off the blood after murdering her parents. (In a ridiculous TV story Elizabeth Montgomery portrays Lizzie as she runs about naked to commit the murders, washes, and then puts her original dress back on).

Lizzie Borden shown after her acquittal.

Maplecroft, the mansion into which Lizzie and Emma Borden moved following the acquittal; Lizzie Borden lived out a peaceful life in this home, doubling the $350,000 fortune her father left to her and her sister through shrewd investments. She died in 1927.

The washroom, however, had been thoroughly examined by police just after the murders and no trace of water existed; there had been no quick bath. Also, where was the murder weapon, Robinson wanted to know. He held up the hatchet that was exhibited in court, but this, the prosecution admitted, had been found in the Borden basement without a handle, rusted, and covered with cobwebs. Not a spot of blood could be found on it.

The *possibility* of a strange intruder entering the house, Knowlton pointed out, was a good one. The screen door was open and there was enough time for someone to come into the Borden house, kill both Abby and Andrew Borden, and escape undetected while both Lizzie and Bridget were out of the house. The defense attorney pointed to the recent burglaries suffered by the Bordens to prove that their property had been successfully invaded and looted earlier and where one burglar could go, a murderer could follow. Every word bantered between prosecution and defense was picked up and hurried into print by the more than forty newsmen covering the trial which captured national headlines for two weeks.

Lizzie Borden herself was the reason why country wide readers were fascinated with this case. She was not a low-born, uneducated slattern from the criminal dens of America. Lizzie represented mainstream America. In fact, she was of the upper middleclass. She had money, position, and was an esteemed member of Fall River society. Lizzie was a member in good standing of the Fruit and Flower Mission, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society, and, most important, a Sunday school teacher. Could such a woman cold-bloodedly murder her parents? The jury thought not.

On June 20, 1893, Lizzie Borden stood before the court and was pronounced not guilty. She sank back into her chair, exhausted, relieved. Applause and mild cheering broke out in the courtroom, mostly from Lizzie's friends and members of her social clubs. With her sister Emma at her side, Lizzie moved out of the old Borden house and purchased a handsome mansion called Maplecroft. She spent the rest of her life here, occupying her hours with social clubs and aiding stray animals. She made small but shrewd investments and she and her sister more than doubled the $350,000 left to them by her father.

Lizzie Borden, at the time of her death on June 2, 1927, left most of her estate to animal shelters. She died, in the eyes of the law, an innocent woman, but the public had long been convinced of her guilt, not from the results of the trial that freed her, but from a bit of clever doggerel written at the time of her trial, lines that pricked the imagination of the public and were passed down from one generation to another, so that history has blurred the true facts, leaving only the following wrongful but memorable ditty:

Lizzie Borden took an ax,
And gave her mother forty whacks;
And when she saw what she had done,
She gave her father forty-one.

THE DEATH OF A LADIES' MAN/June 11, 1920

Millionaire bridge expert and ladies' man extraordinaire, Joseph Browne Elwell (1875-1920) was killed by persons unknown on the morning of June 11, 1920. His violent death is considered by criminal historians to be one of the classic murder mysteries of the 20th Century. Nothing in Elwell's early life remotely suggested the inexplicable fate he would later meet. Born in Cranford, New Jersey, to middle-class parents, Elwell attended public schools and proved to be a good student, alert and enterprising. He moved to Brooklyn in 1900 at age twenty-five, seeking work. He found it in a hardware store where he was soon the most productive salesman.

Charming, polite, and dapper, Elwell was given a sales job at $60 a month, plus commissions; he traveled from store to store with his line of hardware goods, always on the lookout for new business. To develop contacts, Elwell joined several social clubs in Brooklyn, including the Irving Republican Club, where the consuming passion of members was bridge whist. Elwell had always been good with cards, having a remarkable memory which allowed him to recall every card played in a game. He soon became so adept at bridge that he earned more money from the game than from his job.

At the suggestion of club members, he began teaching bridge whist to socially prominent people, collecting sizeable fees that soon allowed him to quit his sales job and earn a handsome living at cards. Elwell's reputation grew to the point where he was recognized as the foremost bridge expert of his day, and his social position vastly improved. He was soon invited as a celebrity into the dens and parlors of New York's rich and famous, as a teacher of bridge, the game of the social elite. In this heady circle Elwell met Helen Derby, former wife of a successful lawyer, whom he married in 1904. The couple had a son, Richard, a year later and settled down in Manhattan.

Elwell began to write books on bridge, with his wife's considerable help, and these soon headed the best-seller lists. His *Elwell on Bridge* would become one of the most widely-read books in America, returning huge royalties to his coffers, which were already burgeoning. It is estimated that as early as 1908 Elwell was earning $20,000 each year from his card tutoring, equal to ten times that sum by today's inflated dollar. He invested wisely in real estate and the stock market and his fortunes bloomed; Elwell was soon banking tens of thousands of dollars. Acting on tips from his social contacts, who assiduously worked the Market, Elwell accumulated huge fortunes in cotton futures.

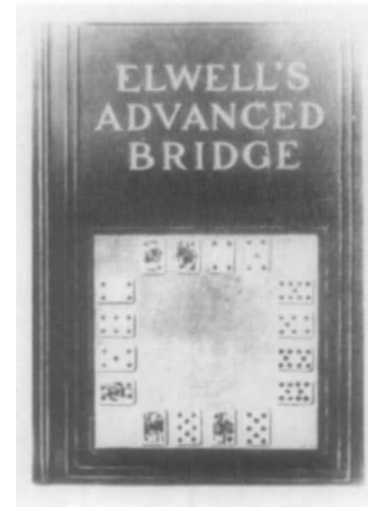
The card expert purchased a handsome three-story brownstone at 244 W. 70th St. and hired a staff of servants. Traveling with the smart set, Elwell soon found it necessary to buy expensive vacation homes in Palm Beach, Florida, Saratoga Springs, and Long Island, New York. As he prospered, Elwell began to have affairs with other women, from chorus girls to social sirens, even other men's wives.

Helen Derby Elwell found this new lifestyle insufferable and the couple separated in 1916, with Elwell paying $200 a month for all of Helen's expenses, plus paying handsomely for his son's private schooling. He found the arrangement satisfying, for it permitted him to live the life of the playboy, and soon his female friendships expanded into a regular harem.

Wealthy Joseph Browne Elwell at a Long Island beach shortly before his mysterious murder.

More than fifty women (some reports later gave the number as high as seventy), became "close friends" of Elwell. He carefully wrote down their phone numbers and addresses in his little black book, later found by police, along with pertinent information about their sexual abilities and deficiencies. Into another ledger, he meticulously entered amounts of money he paid to these women, either as loans or as "gifts."

With the mind of a meticulous accountant, Elwell never paid in cash,



The cover of the best-selling book that made Elwell famous and rich.

Helen Derby Elwell, who was cuckolded by Elwell as soon as he acquired wealth, causing a separation.

always by check, and these canceled checks he kept in a black metal box next to the name and address book and the ledger, tucked neatly into a top drawer of his desk. The bridge expert hid these records by stacking magazines atop the metal box, so that he could quickly access these items for additional entries to be made.

Because of the heavy female traffic in and out of his townhouse, Elwell made sure that his three house servants lived elsewhere. They included William H. Barnes, the valet and part-time secretary (he would later claim he was Elwell's business manager), Edward Rhodes, the chauffeur, and housekeeper Marie Larsen. But even the seemingly inexhaustible Elwell had to slow down, and by early summer of 1920 he became nervous about the many women in his life. He found them at his front door, on his stoop, and ringing his phone off the hook. He jokingly mentioned this avalanche of attention to a friend, remarking: "This must stop before one of these jealous ladies murders me." Mrs. Larsen, a loyal, silent type, was nevertheless kept busy collecting female underclothes in her employer's bedroom and even throughout the other rooms of the townhouse.

In late May 1920, Elwell ordered the locks changed on the front doors of his house, but Mrs. Larsen thought this move was prompted less by the bevy of women in her employer's life than by a break-in a year earlier, when three thieves smashed the basement window at the rear of the house. They looted the place, only to be arrested by detectives, while in the house, called there by an alert neighbor who had seen the burglars enter. (These men were serving prison sentences when Elwell was murdered a year later.)

For several years, in addition to his other pursuits, Elwell had taken a keen interest in horse racing and had invested in a

Elwell is shown sitting atop one of his horses at the Beach Racing Stable in Covington, Kentucky, a stable he bought, along with expensive cars, a yacht, and numerous mistresses.

small stable in Covington, Kentucky, The Beach Racing Stable, which he owned jointly with turf man William H. Pendleton. Moreover, he spent thousands of dollars to buy two great stallions with another sportsman, Phil Chinn, a track celebrity. By the spring of 1920, horse racing fascinated Elwell as much as bridge and he found himself spending more and more time at the track and making plans to enlarge his stable, hiring Lloyd Gentry, a noted trainer, to get his horses in shape to enter significant races that year.

In early June 1920, Elwell began seeing Viola Kraus, a pretty brunette, who had filed for divorce from Victor von Schlegell, a top executive at the United States Rubber Company. Schlegell had been a famous football player for Yale in 1898 and he and his estranged wife moved in the same social circles as Elwell. Viola Kraus was the sister of Mrs. Walter Lewisohn, the wife of a business tycoon and Broadway celebrity. Lewisohn managed several stock portfolios of Elwell's and it was through him that the bridge expert met and became enamored of Viola. All of these ultra-polite high society people came together on the night of June 10, 1920, although not intentionally.

That evening, Elwell accompanied Viola and the Lewisohns to the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, attending a 7:30 dinner. As they were retrieving their coats, the foursome turned to see Victor von Schlegell with Emily (Elly) Hope Anderson, a beautiful young singer from Minneapolis, who was studying in New York. Oddly, Miss Anderson had been a friend of Elwell's. The parties exchanged cordial greetings and then broke into ironic chuckles. Viola Kraus had just that day been granted a divorce from Schlegell. A few hours later the Elwell party was seated at the New Amsterdam Roof to view the "Midnight Frolics" and they were joined by a South American journalist and *bon vivant,* Octavio Figueroa.

Elwell looked to a nearby table, pointed to its occupants, and his party broke into laughter. Seated next to them was Schlegell and Miss Anderson. Schlegell grinned and said: "I can't keep away from Vi even if the judge said today that we needn't be together again." Schlegell and Miss Anderson left early, but the Elwell party stayed until closing time, leaving the New Amsterdam at 2 a.m. Elwell and Viola had some cross words, or so Viola later told police, and he therefore refused to get into the taxi carrying the Lewisohns and Viola, saying that he would get another cab. The Lewisohns later claimed that Elwell merely said the cab was too crowded and that he would talk to them the next day.

The bridge expert walked to Seventh Avenue, where he hailed a cab driven by Edgar Walters, who drove to a newsstand. There, Elwell purchased a copy of the *Morning Telegraph,* and Walters next took the bridge expert to his home on West 70th Street. Elwell gave him a thirty-five cent tip, walked across the street, and went up the three stairs to the front doors of his house, entering at exactly 2:30 a.m., according to Walters who wrote down his fare at that time.

Elwell, presumed to be alone in his townhouse, did not go directly to bed that night, but was busy on the phone. Viola Kraus later claimed that she called him about 3 a.m. to patch up the mild argument they had had. The bridge expert appar-

The chair in which Joseph Elwell was found fatally shot; he was almost unrecognizable by his own maid, appearing without his expensive toupee and false teeth.

Reporters are shown swarming about the Elwell Manhattan brownstone, where the bridge expert was slain; the NYPD had no answers.

Mrs. Marie Larsen, Elwell's maid, who found her employer slumped and dying in a locked house, presenting police with a perfect mystery.

ently made several calls himself that night, one, according to telephone company records, made to William H. Pendleton, Elwell's racetrack partner, calling Far Rockaway 1841.

Pendleton later testified that his phone, which was next to his bed, never rang that morning and his maid, who had an extension of the same number in her room, also stated that the Pendleton phone never rang that morning. At 6:09 another long distance call, to an unknown party in Garden City, Long Island, was made, ostensibly by Elwell. Obviously, Elwell was disturbed about something, as he decided to stay up all night making phone calls, and yet this is not supported by the fact that he was found mortally wounded a few hours later, dressed only in his pajamas.

It was already daylight when milkman Henry Otter, a driver for the Sheffield Dairy Company, walked up the stairs of Elwell's house, leaving a quart of milk in the small vestibule, finding the two outer doors open. Otter logged the delivery at precisely 6:15 a.m. At 7:10 a.m., Charles S. Torey, the mailman, arrived with a number of letters. He went into the vestibule, dropped the letters on the tile floor, then twice rang the buzzer which was outside the main door leading into the house. This was the mailman's usual signal that he had delivered the mail.

Mrs. Marie Larsen, the housekeeper, appeared at the front door at 8:10 a.m. She unlocked the main door inside the vestibule—only she and Elwell had keys to this door since the locks had been recently changed—and entered the house, carrying the bottle of milk. As she walked down the hall toward the kitchen to prepare Elwell's breakfast, Mrs. Larsen thought she smelled smoke. She later described the smell as "powder smoke." She passed the open doors leading to the living room and saw Elwell sitting in the large plush-upholstered chair next to a card table.

At first Mrs. Larsen thought she was staring at a stranger. The man was completely bald and he was toothless. She had never before seen her employer without his toupee or his false teeth. Before her, slumped in the chair, his chin upon his chest, was Joseph Elwell. He was wearing his pajamas, the top unbuttoned, revealing a chest of gray hair and a flabby belly. His feet were bare. In the middle of his forehead, directly between the eyes, was a hole from which blood was still oozing. The man was still alive, breathing heavily, according to Mrs. Larsen. She dropped the milk bottle and ran outside to the street.

Seeing milkman Otter in the street collecting empty bottles, Mrs. Larsen called to him: "Call an ambulance, quick! Mr. Elwell has been shot!"

Otter was a man who minded his own business. He tersely shouted back: "I'm not a policeman, I don't know how to call an ambulance! Run up to the corner and tell the cop about it!"

Mrs. Larsen raced off to blurt her discovery to a traffic cop who, in turn, accompanied her back to the Elwell house. He too noted that the man was still breathing and tried to use the phone on a small table next to the chair in which the wounded Elwell slumped. It was not working, so the officer went next door, where he called police headquarters, asking that an ambulance be sent immediately. The call was registered at exactly 8:31 a.m. The ambulance arrived within minutes and it raced off with its dying cargo to a nearby hospital. Elwell was pronounced dead two hours later, without regaining consciousness.

Before the ambulance drivers took Elwell out of his chair, Mrs. Larsen and the traffic cop noticed that a letter from the horse trainer, Lloyd Gentry, had been opened and was resting in the dying man's lap. Another letter, one from Elwell's son, then sixteen and writing from his boarding school, lay unopened on the floor with five other pieces of mail, all advertisements. By the time homicide detectives arrived, they were presented with a murder without a body to examine, as it had already been removed. They were deprived of viewing the exact position of Elwell's body, how he was sitting, the positions of his legs and arms, all important aspects of their subsequent investigation.

From the first moment the police entered the picture, this case became a *cause celebre*. As soon as it was learned that Joseph Elwell had been shot, the city's top brass appeared, including District Attorney Edward Swann, Captain Arthur Carey, later a deputy inspector in charge of the Homicide Bureau, and Inspector John Cray, of the Detective Division, one of New York's best sleuths. Following close at hand was the city's noted medical examiner, Charles S. Norris. As an army of police filed into the Elwell home, a host of reporters followed, gathering in the street and demanding answers the police could never provide.

At first Norris thought the man had committed suicide and Carey agreed with him. Then a spent bullet was found on the table next to the chair where Elwell had sat. On the wall behind the chair was a mark, which police soon realized had

been caused by the bullet fired into Elwell's head. The bullet, a .45-caliber steel jacket, had gone through the victim's head, struck the wall behind him at an upward angle, ricocheted off the wall and bounced onto the table. The empty cartridge shell was found at Elwell's bare feet before he was removed from the house. The cartridge and bullet had been made in 1917 by the U.S. Cartridge Company for the U.S. Army. The weapon from which the cartridge had been fired was a .45-caliber automatic, strictly government issue. The automatic was never found.

Norris' examination of the body convinced authorities that murder had been committed. Elwell had powder burns on his face and Norris concluded that the gun firing the fatal bullet was held not closer than three and not farther than four feet from his head. Moreover, the exit wound was higher by an inch than the entry wound, causing the police to believe that the killer fired the weapon from a sitting or crouching position. This was supported by the mark on the wall behind Elwell's chair, which was above the spot where his head rested in the stuffed chair.

On the mantle across the living room, police found a cigarette stub, not the brand smoked by the victim, but without telltale lipstick marks. Though the entire house was dusted, no fingerprints were found, other than Mrs. Larsen's and that of the victim. The phone standing on the table next to the victim's chair was out of order and police reported that this had "been tampered with."

Mrs. Larsen reported that the phone had not been working for two days and yet this phone, the only one in the house, had been used by Elwell throughout the night to make long distance calls, according to the phone company. Further, Elwell had received a call from Kraus, according to Viola Kraus, only hours before he had been murdered.

The time of death was fixed by Norris, the medical examiner, at forty-five minutes before Mrs. Larsen found the dying man, or at 7:25 a.m. Captain Carey theorized that Elwell had heard the postman's ring and had gone downstairs immediately in his pajamas. Eager to read the letter from his horse trainer, Gentry, he sat down in his chair, opened the letter, and was shot only twenty minutes later. Carey later claimed that a burglar could have entered the house after Elwell opened the heavy inner door to get his mail, and left the door ajar. The man, however, would have had to inexplicably spend twenty minutes in the hallway before entering the living room to kill Elwell, and then leave the premises within forty-five minutes.

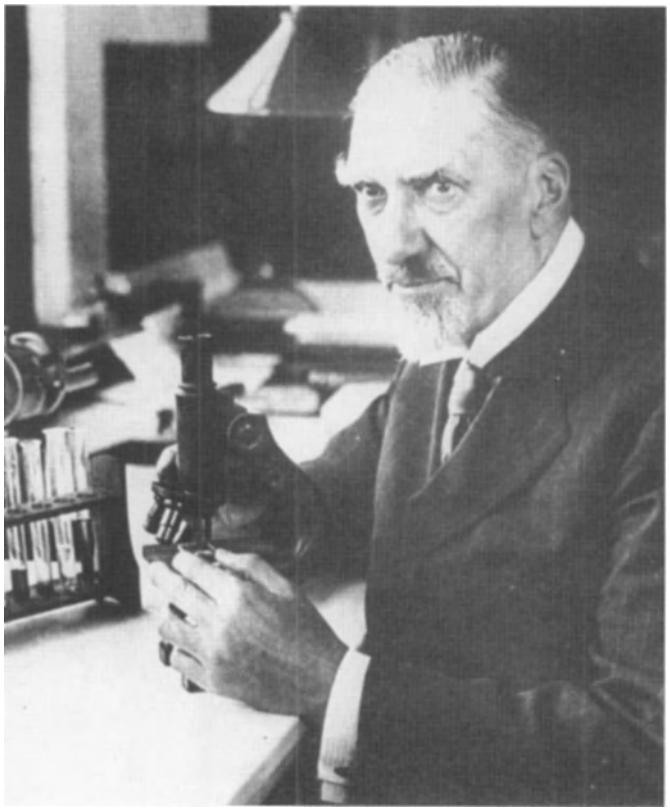
There was no way to exit or enter the place, except by the front door, which was closed and locked when Mrs. Larsen arrived at 8:10 a.m. Still, this would have been enough time to gather considerable valuables. But a thorough examination of the house revealed that nothing had been taken. On the third floor, the location of Elwell's sumptuous bedroom, the dead man's jewelry and other valuables were present. There was $400 in his tuxedo pants pocket, draped neatly over a chair. All of his clothes were as he had left them and no drawers had been opened, no closets or other rooms entered.

None of the dozens of people in the street between 7 a.m. and the time Mrs. Larsen arrived saw anyone leave the Elwell house. A painter had been working next door from 7 a.m. on, until he saw Mrs. Larsen run from the house and he insisted he saw no one else leave the building. A burglar was ruled out in that nothing had been taken and it was unlikely that even the most novice intruder would think to enter a house in broad daylight, risking quick detection. Since bars were on the basement windows and the back door was heavily bolted, no one could have entered except by the front door.

Emily Hope Anderson, one of Elwell's girlfriends, who had dinner with him on the night he was murdered.

It was thought that perhaps someone had been in the house with Elwell all along, perhaps a female companion, but there was no trace of another person having spent the night either in the guest bedroom or in Elwell's adjoining bedroom. Detectives took pains to notice that only Elwell had slept in the bed, and on top of the bedspread in his pajamas, it having been a hot night. The pillow on the other side of the bed had no indentation.

That Elwell knew his killer was not ruled out. The man allowed his killer to get very close to him, but whether that killer was male or female was never determined. Yet the victim's vanity was such that everyone who knew him realized he would never have allowed any acquaintance, let alone a lover, to see him without his toupee and teeth. No woman, including his wife or his housekeeper, had ever viewed Joseph Elwell without a toupee and his expensive false teeth. Police later found the toupee, which had been neatly put away by its owner before going to bed. His teeth were still soaking in a glass in the bathroom. There had been no house guest, police concluded; Joseph Elwell had spent his last night on earth all alone.



New York medical examiner (pathologist) Charles S. Norris, who at first thought Elwell committed suicide, then concluded he had been murdered, even saying that he knew (but never disclosed) the identity of the killer.

A heavy weapon such as the .45 used to kill Elwell was eliminated as a weapon a female would have used. Too heavy, too much of a jolt when firing, Captain Carey said, adding that it was not the kind of automatic a lady would employ. Such thinking was in accord with a predominately masculine perspective of the day that held that all women were timid and frail and if they did elect to use a handgun to kill someone, their most popular choice would be a "dainty" weapon like a derringer. Still, the police, once they discovered Elwell's list of lady friends, began to consider each a likely suspect, interviewing every one of them.

Investigators did not rule out family members, although they had been well taken care of by the wealthy Elwell. He had purchased a fine home for his parents, and his brother and two sisters, who, along with his much-ignored wife, had concrete alibis for the night of the murder. Mrs. Elwell even admitted that she was about to file for a divorce at her husband's insistence. She stood little to gain by Elwell's death, knowing he had not made provisions for her in his will.

Police investigated every one of Elwell's business and social associates, even traveling to Saratoga, Palm Springs, and Kentucky to look into his far-flung business ventures. They scoured racetracks all over the East Coast, following up leads that only led to ignorant racetrack touts. What perplexed the police even more was the obvious fact that Elwell had no dedicated enemies. He owed money to no one, was apparently generous with money, and no one begrudged him his lifestyle, not even his abandoned wife. At first, Viola Kraus became a suspect of sorts, since she called Elwell's house an hour after he had died in the hospital.

A detective answered the phone and asked her to come over. She did, confused and upset as she pushed her way through a mob of reporters at the door. She had no idea that Elwell was dead, she said, and had arrived to retrieve a pink kimono left nights earlier. This was given to her by housekeeper Larsen, who had hidden it from the police to prevent Viola from being compromised, which she was anyway. (If Mrs. Larsen could hide a kimono before investigators arrived, some sleuths later speculated, she could certainly have hidden the murder weapon, but no motive for doing so could be established.)

Others were quickly compromised. When police insinuated that Schlegell had a motive for killing Elwell because the bridge expert had taken up with his ex-wife, the businessman said he had no interest in what Viola did with her life. He then produced Miss Anderson, who testified that she was having breakfast in Schlegell's apartment at the very time someone was blowing a hole into the bridge expert's head. Viola Kraus produced the Lewisohns, who insisted that she had slept in their apartment on the morning of the murder and did not leave their apartment until almost noon on that day.

Still, the police doggedly kept after anyone associated with the dead man, running down Elwell's lover list. There was the wealthy divorcee, Mrs. Josephine E. Wilmerding, whom the press dubbed "the woman in white" and who provided a concrete alibi. (Viola Kraus was labeled "the woman in pink" because her kimono was of a pink hue.) Bridge pupil Mrs. Schuyler L. Parsons had an unshakable alibi. So did Countess Sonia Szinswaska of Poland and Princess Dalla Patra Hassan el Kammel. On and on the investigation dragged. For years the police interviewed the most casual Elwell acquaintances, following every slim clue. At one point, they grilled Mrs. Larsen's husband mercilessly because he had served in the army and may have, at one time or another, fired a .45-caliber automatic.

Police spent months looking for a disheveled soldier who had been seen talking to Elwell days before he was shot, but this man was never found. The murder weapon, along with the killer, was never found. The Elwell family did not suffer. Elwell's mother, Mrs. Jennie A. Elwell, died in February 1927 and left more than $125,000 to her surviving son and two daughters, most of this being money her murdered son had earlier given her.

Elwell's wife struggled to save her murdered husband's estate for her son and was, for the most part, successful. Wronged woman that she was, Helen Elwell even had a decent marker erected over her philandering spouse's grave in a Ridgewood, New Jersey cemetery. After the burial ceremony, Mrs. Elwell was badgered by reporters for any kind of statement. She refused, however, to make one as she walked solemnly from the scene. But before getting into a car, the woman turned and said matter-of-factly: "Mr. Elwell was a piker all his life and a chaser of women."

THE KILLING OF A FILM DIRECTOR/ FEBRUARY 1, 1922

The 1922 murder of Hollywood director William Desmond Taylor (William Cunningham Deane-Tanner, 1877-1922) has remained one of filmdom's greatest unsolved crimes, one that has baffled investigators, criminal historians, and armchair detectives for more than eighty years. The tall, ruggedly handsome 45-year-old film director was considered one of the most cultured men in Hollywood, the envy of matinee idols and the love object of a bevy of Hollywood vamps and ingénues.

Born in Mallow, County Cork, Ireland, Taylor's original name was William Cunningham Deane-Tanner. He was the oldest son of a wealthy landowner who had been a colonel in the British army. His grandfather had been a member of the British parliament. Taylor, who had been trained from childhood to become an officer in the British army, graduated from Clinton College in 1895, but instead of joining the army, shocked his family by becoming a member of a theatrical group in Manchester, England. He took the stage name of William Desmond Taylor, one that he would use thereafter as his legal name.

Taylor's acting career stalled and he immigrated to Canada. He worked briefly as an engineer and then moved to the Klondike during the gold rush. He failed to find gold and moved to New York, where he met his younger brother, Dennis Deane-Tanner. The brothers opened an antique store, but saw little profit due to Taylor's expensive tastes and habits. He was addicted to custom-made clothes and the cuisine of expensive restaurants. He was also a blatant opportunist, so when he met Ethel Harrison, a member of the Floradora Sextet and niece of real estate tycoon Daniel J. Braker, he quickly proposed. The couple married a short time later, Taylor's wife knowing him only as William Deane-Tanner.

Meanwhile, Taylor's brother, who had been living meagerly and wearing threadbare suits because of Taylor's wastrel habits, was left to run the antique shop alone. Taylor continued to spend money lavishly, borrowing heavily from his wife's uncle. The ne'er-do-well actor told his drinking companions that he expected to inherit Braker's vast estate. The millionaire died in 1908, but Taylor was shocked to learn that all that was left him was the money Taylor had already borrowed. Taylor, desperate for cash, took $600 from the antique shop till, all the cash his brother had on hand, pocketed $100, and sent the balance to his wife before deserting her. He left no forwarding address.

In 1912, Ethel Tanner was granted a divorce on charges of adultery. She claimed that shortly before her husband abandoned her and their small daughter, Daisy, he had had an affair with a Broadway showgirl, taking this woman to an Adirondacks retreat, where he used the name Townsend. Dennis Tanner (neither brother was using the full name Deane-Tanner by this time) then sold his antique shop and, imitating his brother's actions, he, too, abandoned his wife and child.

Nothing was heard of either brother until 1914, when relatives of Tanner's ex-wife attended a movie and were stunned to see the missing man on the screen dashing about as a cowboy hero. The missing Dennis Tanner also had a minor role in the film. The film credits revealed no William Cunningham Deane-Tanner, however. The man playing the hero in the film was called William Desmond Taylor. The relatives rushed to reveal their discovery to the ex-Mrs. Tanner, but she was unconcerned with this news. She was already remarried to the millionaire owner of Delmonico's, one of New York's finest restaurants.

William Desmond Taylor as an actor in the early silent period; he later became one of Hollywood's leading directors.

Taylor's daughter Daisy, however, wrote to her father. Taylor wrote back from Hollywood, telling her he was delighted to hear from her. When he joined the Canadian air force to fight in WWI, Taylor sent his daughter a photo of himself wearing a captain's uniform of the Royal Canadian Air Force. He cut quite a dashing figure, wearing jodhpurs and boots, and carrying a walking stick. This was Taylor's favorite photo of himself and he had dozens of copies made, giving this autographed photo to his many female admirers over the years.

William Desmond Taylor at the time he had become the top director for Famous Players-Lasky, a subsidiary of Paramount Studios.

After deserting his wife in New York, Taylor took bit parts in Hollywood movies to survive, but his striking, sharp features and charming manners soon earned him bigger parts. By 1917, he was given leading roles. A few years later Taylor began directing one-reelers, then features. He was appointed the chief director for Famous Players-Lasky, a subsidiary of Paramount Studios, in 1922, working under studio manager Charles Eyton. Both Eyton and Paramount chief Adolph Zukor considered Taylor one of the most gifted directors in Hollywood. They paid him a salary of $50,000 a year, then a staggering amount, he was given hefty bonuses for bringing his pictures in on schedule, and his expense account was almost equal to his salary.

The director lived stylishly in a bungalow court on Alvarado Street. The interior of his house was adorned by tapestries and original paintings, along with thousands of books. Taylor exuded the air of the refined, urbane middle-aged gentleman. Nothing in his life outwardly reflected an excessive lifestyle, which was then the hallmark of Hollywood. Other homes of Hollywood celebrities were adorned with bearskin or tiger skin rugs, sexually suggestive paintings and sculpture, and full bars where all manner of illegal liquor was available to guests eager to break the unpopular law of Prohibition. In some homes, like that of actress Barbara La Marr, guests were invited to help themselves to trays laden with cocaine and opium.

All this William Desmond Taylor disdained. He was the epitome of good taste and noble living, or so everyone thought. Secretly, Taylor was carrying on a half-dozen affairs with some of Hollywood's greatest silent film stars, including Mabel Normand, one of the most popular comediennes in the business, and ingénue Mary Miles Minter, who looked no more than fifteen, but was thirty during her tempestuous affair with Taylor in 1922. The director, who had an enormous sexual appetite, was also seeing actress Claire Windsor, along with a number of other Hollywood personalities, from extras to stars.

Much in Taylor's life remained a mystery, however, even to his Hollywood intimates. He seldom spoke about his background, and when he did he described his past in vague, contradictory terms, his stories varying widely. At the time, Taylor also employed a truculent chauffeur named Edward F. Sands, a man who avoided cameras whenever his employer's photo was taken. Henry Peavey, Taylor's butler, was as eccentric as Sands. He was discernibly homosexual, walking in mincing steps, employing feminine gestures in an exaggerated manner by flopping limp wrists, swaying his hips, speaking in a high falsetto voice that turned to a screech when he was excited.

In early 1922, Taylor took a European vacation. Upon his return, he called one of his paramours, Mabel Normand, to invite her to his house on the evening of February 1, 1922. The two dined together, eating a supper prepared by the fussy Peavey. That night Taylor told Normand that his chauffeur, Sands, had all but destroyed him financially, explaining that Sands, who had disappeared just before Taylor returned from Europe, had stolen his jewelry, damaged the director's two expensive cars while drunk, run up bills on his charge accounts, forged checks against Taylor's bank account, and even taken a good portion of his employer's wardrobe with him.

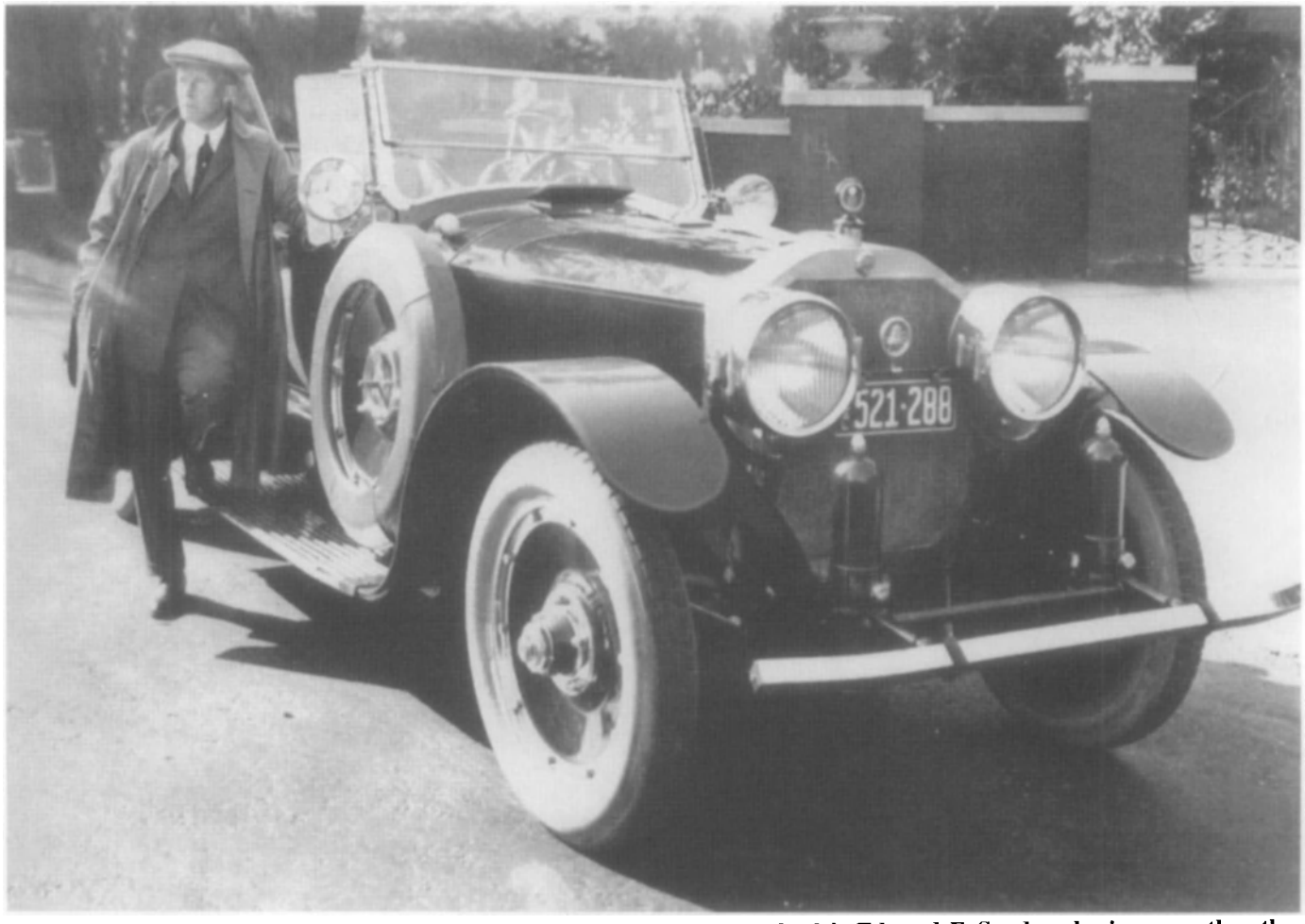
Taylor showed Normand his desk, which was littered with cancelled checks, bills, and receipts. He explained that while he was completing his income tax forms he had discovered his chauffeur's thefts. "That contemptible Sands has almost undone me," he told Normand. "Nearly every one of those checks is forged. He did such a good job that I can't tell which are my signatures and which are his. I've been going over them all day and it's driving me mad."

"What are you going to do about him?" Normand asked.

"I'll do plenty if they ever find Sands," Taylor said in a voice full of threat and anger.

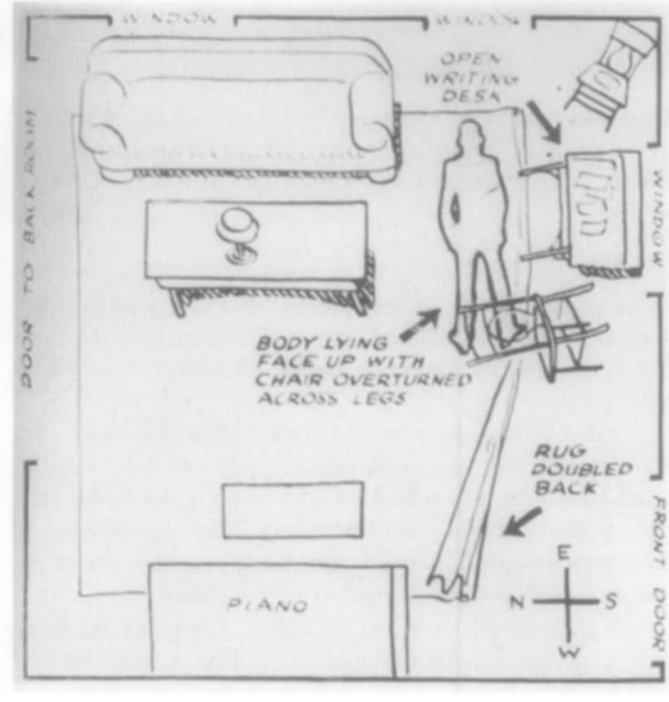
Normand left the Taylor home at 7:45 p.m. Through the opened window of her limousine, Taylor handed her two books he wanted her to read. The comedienne gave him an affectionate kiss on the cheek and was driven home. Shortly after 8 p.m., actor Douglas MacLean and his wife Faith, along with others living in the bungalow court, heard what they thought was the sound of a car's backfire. They later stated that these sounds could have been shots being fired.

Faith MacLean looked out her front window at the time and saw a man leaving the Taylor house. "I suppose it was a



Taylor is shown next to his open-air limousine; the chauffeur at the wheel is Edward F. Sands, who is none other than Taylor's brother, Dennis Tanner. Taylor later claimed that his brother financially ruined him by looting his bank accounts.

Taylor's bungalow, left, in a court of lavish homes on Alvarado Boulevard in Los Angeles, where the director was mysteriously murdered.



A Los Angeles Police Department diagram shows where Taylor's body was found in his bungalow, following his murder on the night of February 1, 1922.

Faith MacLean lived next door to Taylor and saw a strange figure leave his bungalow on the night of the murder, telling police: "It was dressed like a man ... but it walked like a woman."

Silent film star Mary Miles Minter, who was having a torrid affair with Taylor at the time of his murder; her career ended when her love letters to the director were discovered.

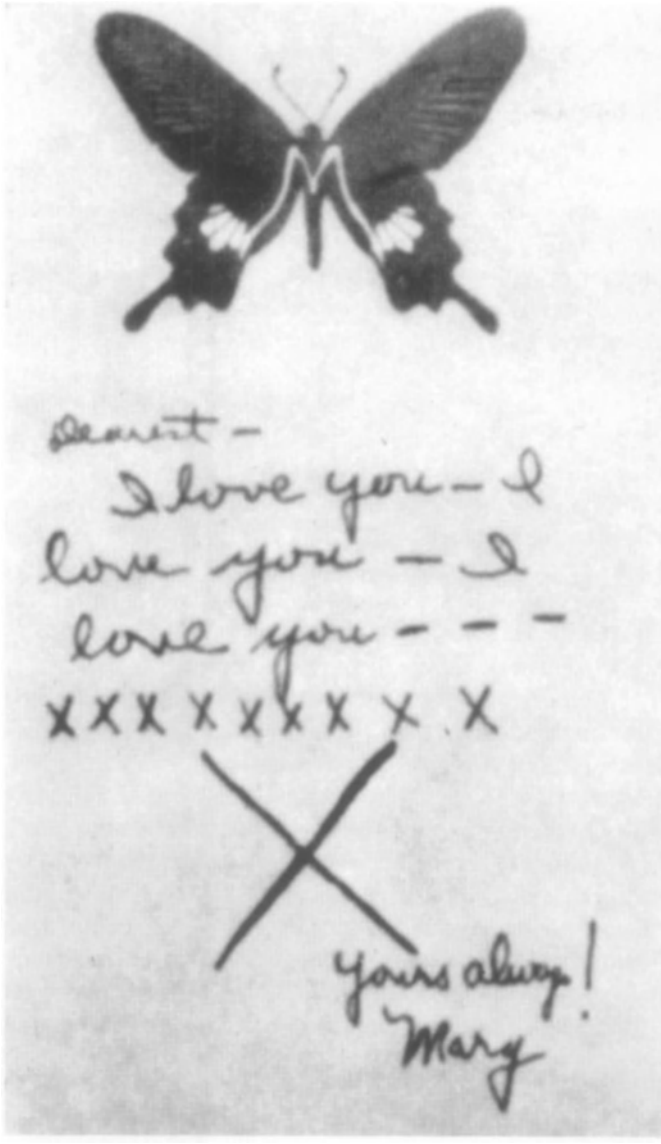
man," she later told police. "It was dressed like a man, but you know, funny-looking. It was dressed in a heavy coat with a muffler around the chin and a cap pulled down over the eyes. But it walked like a woman—quick little steps, with broad hips and short legs."

Edna Purviance, who had been Charlie Chaplin's first female costar and who occupied one of the bungalows in the court, saw lights go on in the Taylor house a few hours later and she knocked on Taylor's front door. There was no answer. Purviance thought Taylor was entertaining another one of his female friends, so she returned to her bungalow.

A short time later, Howard Fellows, Taylor's new chauffeur, knocked on the front door, but got no answer. He had been instructed by his employer to park the Taylor limousine if no one answered the door and then go home, which he did. At 7:30 the next morning, Henry Peavey, the butler, who lived elsewhere, arrived at the backdoor of the Taylor house. He picked up the morning milk bottle and, using his key, entered the bungalow. He walked into the living room and saw Taylor lying face-up on the floor. A chair rested on top of his legs. The director was fully dressed. His arms were at his sides and his legs were close together. His position was later described as "lying at attention."

A small trickle of blood had crusted about Taylor's mouth. Peavey leaned down and saw that the director was not breathing. He jumped up, raced out the backdoor, and ran through the court and down the sidewalk screaming: "Massa Taylor's dead!" (according to one Los Angeles newspaper).

Peavey was like a man possessed. He shook and twitched and jerked his body about in his frenzied flight from the murder scene, screeching in his falsetto voice as he ran down Alvarado Boulevard. Douglas MacLean and Edna Purviance



One of the many love notes written to Taylor by Mary Miles Minter, correspondence innocuous by today's standards, but shocking to the actress' countless fans in that innocent era.

Film comedienne Mabel Normand, who was also having an affair with Taylor at the time of his murder; her career, too, coupled to the revelation that she was addicted to drugs, was crushed.

were the first to answer his cries. They went into the Taylor house through the unlocked back door and Purviance spotted the director lying dead on the floor. She ran back to her own house and called Mabel Normand, not the police. Normand called Charles Eyton, Taylor's superior, and Eyton called Paramount mogul Adolph Zukor. Purviance, who knew about the director's many affairs, then called Mary Miles Minter. The ingénue was not available, but her protective mother, Charlotte Shelby, took the call and seemed indifferent to the news of Taylor's death.

While Purviance was making her Hollywood calls, MacLean phoned a doctor, who arrived shortly to examine Taylor. He felt for a pulse and found none. He listened for a heartbeat and heard none. "This man's dead," announced the physician.

"Of what?" MacLean asked.

"He died of gastric hemorrhage," said the doctor who then called the coroner's office to report Taylor's death. A few minutes later, Charles Eyton and his aides arrived. Edna Purviance went back to the Taylor bungalow to see Adolph Zukor, one of the most powerful men in Hollywood, arrive. By then Eyton and his aides were tidying up the bungalow. Eyton found some bottles of liquor and almost threw them at MacLean, barking: "Get rid of this booze, quick!" Zukor walked up to the body of his top director, studied it for a moment, and then turned to Eyton and said: "Find anything that might damage the studio's reputation and destroy it!"

Paramount had suffered major scandals in the recent past, including the horrendous rape-murder case against its stellar comedian, Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, and Zukor did not want his studio to undergo another publicity disaster. Eyton and his men dashed around the bungalow, gathering female gar-

Actress Claire Windsor, who was also reportedly having an affair with Taylor at the time he was killed; unlike Minter and Normand, her career remained undamaged by gossip and rumor.

ments that were tucked into desk and bureau drawers, along with piles of love letters sent to the director from many of Hollywood's top female stars. A fire was started in the fireplace and Zukor, Eyton, and other studio executives began burning everything and anything that might incriminate Paramount in Taylor's untimely death.

Mabel Normand then arrived and raced into the bedroom where she began a desperate search for many of her own love letters to the philandering Taylor. As the Paramount executives and Normand were ransacking Taylor's home, Peavey, the butler, continued his hysterical screaming and gyrations up and down Alvarado Boulevard. Neighbors finally called police and Peavey, who had to be subdued, babbled out the fact that his employer was dead.

A coroner's assistant arrived and looked down on Taylor's corpse, saying: "He looks too neat lying there like that."

"Yeah," another person in the living room said, "like someone had laid him out."

Eyton stopped burning papers for a minute to glance over to the body and then he nervously shouted: "Turn him over! Turn him over!" The body was turned over and all in the living room gaped at the two bullet holes that had punctured the back of William Desmond Taylor. "Murder," gasped Eyton. A minute or so later Mabel Normand departed the Taylor house. Zukor then left, telling Eyton to remain behind and "handle this awful mess."

When detectives arrived to inspect the body, they concluded that Taylor had not been shot where his body was found. The holes in his suit coat did not line up with the holes in his back, so they propped the body up at his desk chair and hiked up the suitcoat so that the holes lined up. Taylor had been seated at his desk, working, they theorized, when his killer crept up behind him and shot him twice. Then the killer laid out the body on the floor, perhaps to rifle Taylor's pockets, which the detectives found were empty.

At the backdoor of the house were a number of cigarette butts, indicating that the killer had waited there the previous evening, until Normand and Peavey had left for the night. Edna Purviance again called Charlotte Shelby, mother of Mary Miles Minter, to tell her that Taylor had been shot to death. Shelby drove to her mother's home, where her daughter Mary had been living. Mother and daughter had been arguing for several months, mostly about Mary's clandestine affair with Taylor, and Mary had moved out of her mother's house, going to live with her grandmother, Julia Branch Miles. Shelby went to the Miles home and confronted her daughter, shouting through a locked door: "Mr. Taylor was found murdered this morning!"

Mary Miles Minter quickly grabbed the keys to her car and began to leave the house when her mother grabbed her, ordering her to stay in her room. Mary struggled free, ran to the car, and drove at high speed to the Taylor residence. Police were swarming over the place and refused to let her in. Minter then went to see Mabel Normand and stayed with her for several hours. Whatever these two movie stars had to say about their dead paramour was never revealed.

The worst they anticipated came about when detectives unearthed their gushing love letters to Taylor. The press soon acquired these and published the intimate thoughts of both Normand and Minter. Police also found, beneath a stack of film scripts, dozens of pornographic photos showing Taylor with several film actresses.

The scandal heightened when it was learned that Mabel Normand was an opium addict. A note found in the director's home from Taylor to Normand chastised her for continuing this "filthy, beastly habit." So incensed had Taylor been about Normand's drug problem that he had conducted his own investigation of drug dealers in Los Angeles' Chinatown. He had turned over his findings to the district attorney, leading investigators to speculate that Taylor might have been murdered by drug traffickers for revenge.

Even Mary Pickford, the greatest film star of the era, was

Taylor is shown in uniform with silent film star Mary Pickford; the director had served in the Canadian Royal Air Force in World War I. This photo led reporters to Pickford's door.

Dennis Deane Tanner, the director's ubiquitous brother, who vanished shortly before Taylor's murder; many believed that he had killed his famous brother after looting his bank accounts.

drawn into the case. She had merely given Taylor an autographed picture of herself, but because he had kept this on his bedstand, it was suggested that even the pristine Pickford was having an affair with the director. When asked about her relationship with Taylor, Pickford replied that she did not heed Hollywood gossip. "I will pray," was her final comment as she closed her door to reporters.

A strong suspect in the case was the missing chauffeur, Edward Sands, who turned out to be none other than Taylor's brother, Dennis Deane-Tanner. Detectives pursued the theory that Sands-Tanner had looted his brother's checking account, wardrobe, and jewelry box in retaliation for Taylor's bankrupting him in New York and later using him as a lowly servant in Hollywood. This so rankled the younger brother, one account had it, that Tanner went to the bungalow on the night of February 1-2, 1922, and shot his brother dead.

Charlotte Shelby also became a prime suspect. Taylor had been shot with a .38-caliber revolver, and Shelby was known to possess just such a weapon. In fact, she was seen practice-firing this weapon only a short time before the director was murdered. Her motive, it was said, had nothing to do with protecting her daughter's image, but that Shelby herself had been having an affair with Taylor and murdered him in revenge for having been rejected in favor of her daughter. It was Shelby, some said, who left the Taylor home that night disguised as a man.

The valet-butler Henry Peavey was a suspect briefly. Peavey had been arrested a few weeks before the murder on a morals charge, for attempting to seduce a young boy in a Hollywood park. Taylor had used his influence to save his butler from a jail term and paid his fine for him. Peavey, instead of appreciating Taylor's kindness, it was claimed, re-

Mary Miles Minter in retirement; her mother, Charlotte Shelby, left, some believed, killed Taylor after he left her for her daughter and she disguised herself as a man when leaving the bungalow that night.

sented his employer's knowing about his perversions and killed him for that knowledge. Peavey later went insane and died of paresis in a Napa mental institution in 1931.

Taylor's killer was never identified. The amorous film director was buried as the victim of an unsolved murder case, one that has caused amateur sleuths to sift through the slim evidence in the case over the years and produce wild conjecture and impossible theories. Taylor's murder and the resulting publicity ended the careers of Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter. Normand was branded a dope fiend and found it almost impossible to obtain movie roles. Her life was further complicated in 1923 when her chauffeur, Horace A. Greer, shot and almost killed millionaire Courtland S. Dines as the Denver oil tycoon was about to enter Normand's limousine for a night on the town with the star. Both chauffeur and tycoon had been battling over Normand's sexual favors. This scandal, hot on the heels of the Taylor murder, utterly destroyed her career. She married actor Lew Cody in 1926. A few years later she contracted tuberculosis and died in a sanitarium on February 22, 1930, at age thirty-three.

Mary Miles Minter fared better. She separated from her domineering mother, later battling Shelby in court for control of her own estate. Mary invested her savings wisely in real estate and lived out her life in comfort. To the end of her days, Mary Miles Minter kept an autographed portrait of Taylor in her bedroom. He was her one great love and her one great mistake.

THE MINISTER AND THE CHOIR SINGER/ September 16, 1922

The secret affair between the Reverend Edward Wheeler Hall (1882-1922) and Eleanor Reinhardt Mills (1888-1922), the petite, pretty woman who sang in his choir, brought these lovers to violent death, creating one of America's greatest mysteries. The trials involving the Hall family that resulted from the double murder were some of the most lurid of the sensation-ridden 1920s. The press indulged itself in a glut of garish reportage, feeding on impossible characters they dubbed "The Pig Woman," and "The Idiot." In the end, no one profited except the readers and the publishers of those sensation pandering tabloids.

It all began when an amorous couple, Raymond Schneider, twenty-two, and Pearl Bahmer, fifteen, strolled down a lover's lane three miles outside of New Brunswick, New Jersey, early on a Saturday morning, September 16, 1922. The couple walked into a famous spooning area, De Russey's Lane, then into Phillips' Lane, named after the nearby Phillips farm. Schneider and Bahmer stopped, frozen in their tracks.

Before them, under a crab apple tree, were the bodies of a man and woman. Both had been shot in the head. The man, the Reverend Hall, lay flat on his back, a wide Panama hat over his head. His own calling card was propped up against his foot, a grim joke rendered by the killer. The woman, Mills, lay with her head cradled in Hall's arm.

Schneider and Bahmer ran for the police and soon the crab apple orchard was swarming with police and detectives. The balding, chubby, once-affable Hall had been shot only once. A .32-caliber bullet had been sent into the Episcopal minister's back. His death appeared to have been swift and almost merciful. Mrs. Mills, however, was another matter. Her killer had shot her three times in the middle of the forehead.

The 34-year-old Mills had been the lead soprano in Hall's Church of St. John the Evangelist of New Brunswick. Her voice had thrilled the congregation as it lilted through one hymn after another. Someone, after shooting her to death, had undoubtedly remembered too often hearing that voice and had vindictively slashed Mills' throat from ear to ear. An autopsy, not fully described until four years later, showed that the killer had savagely cut out her tongue and then hacked out her vocal cords.

The murdered couple had obviously been caught in the middle of making love, or so police believed. Since both were married at the time, it was quickly thought that their cuckolded spouses could have been involved in the deaths. The manner in which the victims were neatly dressed also allowed some officials to speculate that they had not been killed when dressed, that they had been found naked, while making love, and killed.

After murdering them, the killer or killers had dressed the victims, investigators speculated. Mills had been clothed in

her blue lawn dress with red polka dots, placing her blue velvet turban on her head, her black hose on her legs, and brown oxfords on her small feet. Reverend Hall was also neatly attired, wearing a gray worsted suit, white shirt with high stiff collar, white tie, black socks, and black shoes.

The killer had even been careful enough to button Reverend Hall's suit coat and, when the Panama hat was removed, it was noted that the clergyman's glasses had been meticulously placed on the bridge of his nose. Mills' mutilated head was covered with a long scarf. The whole gruesome scene appeared to be a setting which had been posed by a killer with a macabre sense of humor. He had mocked his victims, placing them together to signify their adulterous relationship. Scattered over the bodies and in the immediate area were dozens of love letters Mrs. Mills had written to the Reverend Hall over the years.

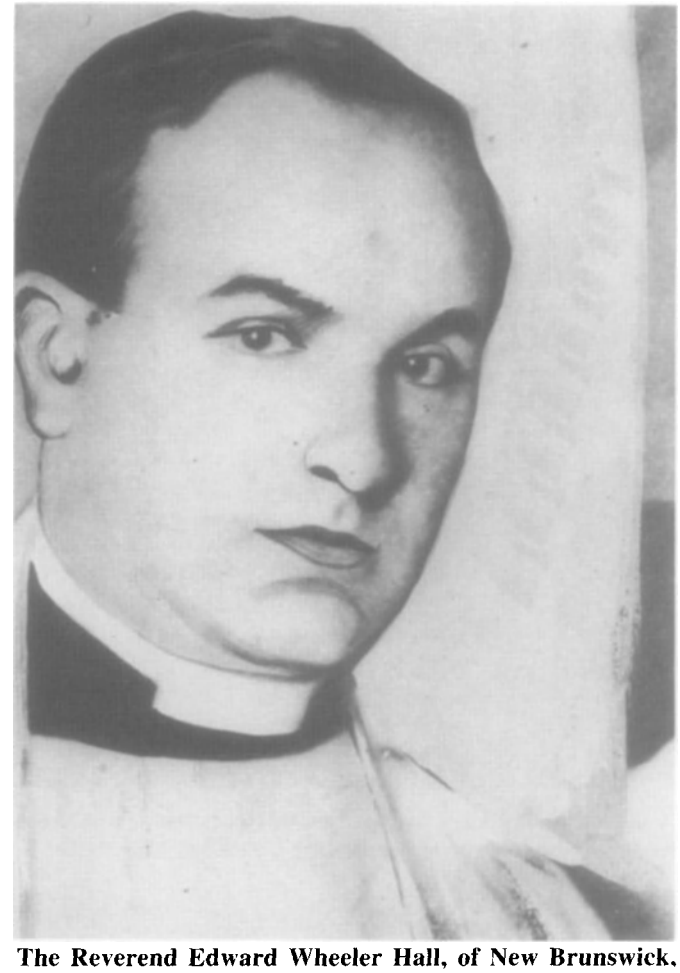
By leaving these love notes, torrid by that era's standards, the killer further emphasized the illicit relationship between the murdered pair, as if to vindicate the killings. Later, these letters would be published widely in the nation's press. James Mills, husband of the slain choir singer, callously sold off his wife's missives, which gushed love for another man, at $500 a letter.

As police officers, detectives, and coroner's officials stomped about the murder site, newsmen as well as curious residents, arrived and the site took on the image of a carnival. One of the reporters raced to a telephone and called Mrs. Frances Noel Stevens Hall, the pastor's wife, telling her that her husband had just been found dead, murdered, lying next to the body of his lead choir singer, Mrs. Mills. Was there anything between the couple, the naive newsman asked.

Mrs. Hall did not reply, slamming down the receiver. Mrs. Hall was the richest woman in New Brunswick, New Jersey. She lived in the largest mansion in New Brunswick and was seven years older than her slain husband. Mrs. Hall was autocratic, arrogant, and aloof to gossip and scandal, or so she maintained all of her august life.

A half hour after the newsman's phone call, Mrs. Hall's wealthy cousin, Henry de la Bruyere Carpender, a leading member of New York's Stock Exchange, appeared at the murder site. With him was William E. Florence, New Jersey state senator, and the Hall family lawyer. Carpender ignored policemen at the site and went immediately to the body of his brother-in-law, kneeling for a moment at his side. He took the hand of the corpse briefly and said: "Well, old fellow, you never did this yourself." Carpender ignored the body of Mrs. Mills. Both he and Florence then departed without uttering a single word to the police, as if their visit were merely to verify Hall's death.

The authorities at the scene did not question Carpender because they were too busy arguing over the jurisdiction of the case. Azariah Beekman, prosecutor for Somerset County, pointed out that even though the bodies of the murdered couple were inside his county by 350 feet, they had been murdered in Middlesex County, which contained New Brunswick, the home of the deceased, and the case properly belonged with Middlesex officials. Middlesex authorities shouted back that it was a Somerset case since the corpses



The Reverend Edward Wheeler Hall, of New Brunswick, New Jersey, murdered with his mistress, Eleanor Mills, in a lover's lane on the night of September 16, 1922.

Lovesick Eleanor Mills, who sang in the choir at Hall's church, and who boldly cuckolded her husband, while carrying on a torrid affair with the minister.

A detective simulates the position of Hall's body, when it was found the morning after the murders. Hall's calling card had been propped up at the feet by the killer and Mrs. Mills' love letters to him were strewn next to the two bodies.

De Russey's Lane, a spooning area, where the minister and his mistress were slain, discovered by a young couple, who later came under suspicion by baffled detectives.

were found in that county, though barely. Obviously no one wanted to assume the responsibility for this case from the beginning.

Technically, this last position was correct and Beekman had to bow to the law. Somerset County assumed responsibility for the case and the bodies were sent to the morgue. After the bodies were removed, Somerset detective George Totten scooped up several .32-caliber cartridges, the same caliber bullets that had killed the murdered couple. In a few hours, the area was overrun with hundreds of spectators. Vendors appeared, hawking hot dogs, soda pop, and popcorn. Whatever clues might have been present were trampled into the dust. The first people police interviewed that day were James Mills and Frances Hall.

Mills, eleven years older than his slain wife, was the sexton and janitor of Hall's church. He was meek and a seemingly ineffectual man who openly admitted that his wife had been seeing Reverend Hall, but he insisted that their relationship was platonic. When pressed by reporters, Mills admitted that his attractive young wife had been leaving their house at all hours of the day and night for months. It was all innocent, he said. He pointed out that Reverend Hall had visited his home many times, staying for dinner.

Pressed for more details concerning Mrs. Mills' movements on the last night of her life, the mild-mannered Mills admitted that his wife had left their house at 7:30 p.m. on Thursday and that was the last time he had seen her alive. Before she left the house, Mills asked his wife where she was going. He quoted her taunting reply: "Why don't you follow me and find out?" He said he waited until midnight for his wife to return and then went to bed. He awoke at 2 a.m. and, finding his wife still not home, went to the church, which was empty. He returned home, went back to sleep, and by 9 the next morning, he was back at the church looking for Mrs. Mills.

Mills said he saw Mrs. Hall and told her his wife had not come home the previous night. He said that Mrs. Hall had stated that her husband, too, had not returned home. But there the spouses let the matter lay. They went about their business, saying nothing to anyone, including the police. When Mrs. Mills' body was found about thirty-six hours later, Mills was found in a New Brunswick drugstore, sipping a chocolate soda. The obvious unconcern of Mills and, especially of the very proper Mrs. Hall, as to the whereabouts of their spouses, brought suspicion on both of them.

Hall had married Frances Stevens in 1911. She was then thirty-six and wealthy. He was a struggling 29-year-old clergyman who, two years after his marriage to Frances, was appointed pastor of the well-endowed St. John the Evangelist church. Members of the wealthy Stevens family were the richest supporters of this church. Frances Stevens was no prize. She was dowdy, overweight, had a decidedly unattractive face and a severe personality.

New Brunswick residents believed Hall had married Frances Stevens for her money, but the marriage proved to be happy, at least on the surface. When Mrs. Hall finally consented to answer questions from police, she said that her husband had left their home at 7:30 p.m., giving the exact time as Mills had given when explaining his wife's departure. She said that the Reverend Hall had told her he had "some business to attend to."

Wealthy and aristocratic, Mrs. Frances Hall was aloof and almost indifferent when she was charged with the murder of her errant husband.

Mrs. Hall said she had spent a "sleepless night" when realizing that her husband had not returned home, and the next morning, she had called the police, asking if there had been any "casualties" reported. This was an odd word, but Mrs. Hall was not challenged; she was one of the most distinguished citizens in the community and authorities were cautious in interviewing her. Mrs. Hall also pointed out that police undoubtedly had a record of her call and that they had told her that no "casualties" had been reported.

Jane Gibson, the so-called "Pig Woman," claimed that Mrs. Hall and her brothers were the culprits.

Ailing and wheeled into court on a stretcher, Jane Gibson shouted out her accusations at the Hall family members, while her mother screamed from the gallery: "she's a liar!"

Servants who worked in the Hall mansion emphatically stated that Mrs. Hall and her brother, Willie, who was thought to be rather dim-witted, had never left the house on Thursday night, the time of the murders. A watchman who patrolled the exclusive neighborhood, however, reported that a woman wearing a large gray coat entered the side door of the mansion at 2 a.m. on Friday, but he could not identify the woman as Mrs. Hall. Mrs. Hall then admitted that she had been the woman seen by the watchman, and that she could not sleep, and had gone with her brother, Willie, to the church in search of her husband. She then added that she believed her husband had gone to give spiritual aid to some parishioner who "might have been taken ill."

Mrs. Hall and her brother, said Mrs. Hall, then went to the Mills home, but when they saw no lights on, they returned home. It was apparent that Mrs. Hall had known for some time that her husband had been having an affair with the pert Mrs. Mills. In fact, the affair had been going on since early 1922. After eleven years of marriage, Mrs. Hall, at age forty-seven, was heavyset, gray-haired, and could have passed as her husband's matronly mother instead of his wife. Mrs. Mills, on the other hand, was young, vivacious, and attractive.

Willie Stevens, who appeared to be a big, oafish bachelor, and who was later ridiculed because of his ungainly appearance, at first insisted that he had never left the Hall mansion, but under continued police questioning, admitted accompanying his sister to the church early Friday morning. Stevens was rather comical. His thick, uncombed hair stuck outward like a porcupine and his thick-lensed glasses made him appear myopic. He wore a walrus mustache over thick, sensuous lips, and his receding chin tucked itself into a bull neck.

Willie Stevens had been left a sizeable fortune, more than $150,000, but he was given only a $40-a-week allowance so that he would not "spend away his fortune." Stevens liked costumes and was made an honorary fireman. He spent a good deal of time at the New Brunswick Fire Department. He purchased expensive steaks with his allowance and took these to a firehouse where he cooked them for the appreciative firemen, who treated him like a mascot. He was given a fireman's hat and Willie proudly wore this on strolls through the town's Hungarian quarter, where extravagant costumes were the norm and Willie in his fireman's hat did not cause undue attention.

Henry Stevens, another brother who lived in Lavallette, New Jersey, and who was enormously wealthy, came under suspicion because his ability as a hunter and marksman was well known. It was pointed out that it would not take a sharpshooter to kill Hall and Mills since they were both shot at almost point blank range. Henry Stevens was as arrogant and uncooperative with the police as his sister, conduct that made

him appear that he was hiding something, but he produced an iron-clad alibi. He was at a waterfront party with a host of people when the murders occurred.

Several local suspects were picked up and questioned. Then police, seemingly helpless, promptly arrested the couple that had been unlucky enough to have found the bodies, Schneider and Bahmer. Raymond Schneider was found to have recently left a wife of only two months. He was unemployed, and described as an "idler." Pearl Bahmer was portrayed as a young vagrant. Both were arrested and charged with the murders, but were held only briefly.

Schneider, at this time, claimed that another youth, Clifford Hayes, had shot Hall and Mills, saying that Hayes thought he was killing Pearl Bahmer and her father. Hayes was arrested, but discharged after proving to be innocent. Schneider later admitted lying under oath, giving no reason for implicating Hayes. He was convicted of perjury in a later trial and sent to prison for two years.

Then the strangest person in this strange cast of characters stepped forward, Mrs. Jane Gibson, also known as Mrs. Jane Easton. She was thrice divorced, owned a hog farm near the murder site, and became the chief witness against the Stevens family. The press immediately nicknamed Mrs. Gibson "The Pig Woman" because she owned a hog farm. Gibson came forward to state that she saw the killers, or heard them, on the night of the murders, September 14, 1922.

Gisbon said she had been riding her mule Jennie in search of poachers who had been stealing corn from a field, next to the Phillips farm. She said she heard men and women arguing in the nearby crab apple orchard, then shots. She mounted faithful Jennie and fled. This was not enough to indict the Stevens family members. On November 27, 1922, a grand jury filed a "no bill" verdict, meaning no one had been indicted for the murders.

Mrs. Hall left for a year-long vacation in Italy. James Mills continued to ring the bells of the church and Mrs. Gibson returned to her hog farm. The case remained in limbo, the murders unsolved. Four years went by before New Brunswick police learned that Louise Geist, a maid in the Stevens mansion, had lied about Mrs. Stevens' whereabouts on the night of the murders. Geist had married a piano salesman, Arthur M. Riehl, who divorced his wife in 1926, charging that she was a liar, and stating that his wife had been paid $6,000 by the Stevens family to keep quiet about what she knew in connection with the Hall-Mills slayings.

This story was bannered in the New York *Mirror*. The paper's managing editor, Phillip Payne, who had wrung every detail from the 1922 murders, urged New Jersey governor A. Harry Moore to reopen the case, based on Riehl's allegations. Payne persuaded Moore and others to charge the Stevens family by saying that he had employed a fingerprint expert, who had found Henry Stevens' thumbprint on the calling card left at the murdered Reverend Hall's foot. On July 28, 1926, police marched into the Hall mansion and arrested an indignant Mrs. Hall in her nightgown, and sleepy-eyed Willie Stevens for murder. Henry Stevens was awakened at his residence and also charged with murder.

Willie Stevens, center, called an "idiot" by the press, proved himself sane and reasonable in his testimony.

James Mills, the cuckolded husband of the slain Eleanor Mills; he sold his wife's love letters to the tabloids and served as a commentator for the press in the 1926 trial.

Mrs. Hall posted a $15,000 bond and was released, but she and her two brothers went on trial on November 3, 1926, at Somerville, New Jersey. The courtroom in the small courthouse was packed with five hundred people, even though it was designed to hold no more than half that number. Scores of reporters descended upon the town to write endless stories, real and imagined, about the case. Included among these headline-hunters was Charlotte Mills, the teenage flapper daughter of the slain Mrs. Mills. Her father appeared as a prosecution witness against the Stevens, but his memory was hazy and he offered little that would convict the family members.

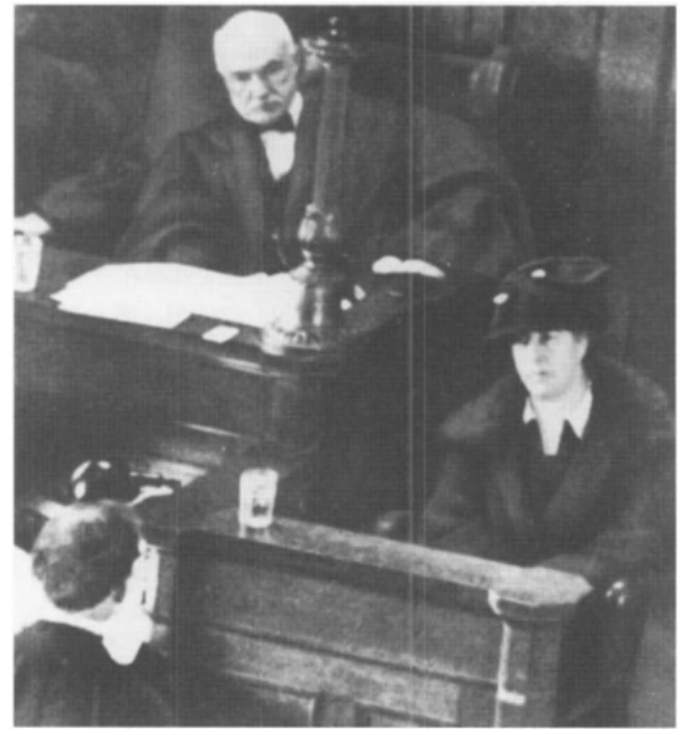
Again, Mrs. Gibson, the celebrated "Pig Woman," appeared for the prosecution. She had recently undergone a cancer operation and in a dramatic move, was brought into court on a hospital bed, moaning and groaning. She testified in this position, sometimes craning her head to stare at Mrs. Hall, who sat at the nearby defense table. Hall refused to set her eyes on her accuser and she remained aloof during the entire proceedings.

Mrs. Gibson seemed to recall more details in 1926 than what she could remember in 1922 and it soon became apparent that she was playing to the crowd and enjoying her fame. Croaked Gibson: "I was peeking and peeking and peeking" into the crab apple orchard, and that she saw Mrs. Stevens, and her brothers Willie and Henry get out of a car near the crab apple tree. She said she heard a woman's voice, ostensibly Mrs. Hall's, shout: "Explain these letters!" She heard the Stevens' brothers arguing with the Reverend Hall and then, she said, there was a struggle.

As she eked out her story, a nurse applied cold cream to Gibson's lips, so that she could continue to bravely unravel her murder tale. She said that there was more shouting and fighting and she became frightened and "I run for my mule." Gibson said she was fleeing from the scene when she heard "bang, bang, bang, three quick shots. Then I stumbled over a stump getting on the mule and I run for home." She went on to say that she had lost her moccasin and returned to the scene, where she saw Mrs. Hall bending "over something."

Adding to the drama and confusion at that moment was Gibson's elderly mother, who sat behind her in the first row of the visitor's gallery, yelling loudly at her daughter's every utterance: "She's a liar! She's a liar! She's a liar!" The defense attorneys attacked Gibson's memory with a vengeance. They asked her if she could remember the names of her three ex-husbands. She could not. She could not remember when she had been married or when she was divorced from these men. How then, the defense pointed out to the jury, could Gibson remember anything about a murder case that was four years old? Gibson was then taken back to a Newark hospital, but only after the ambulance stopped at her request to get her a pint of ice cream from a road vendor.

Mrs. Hall then went to the witness stand and showed remarkable confidence. She answered badgering questions from the prosecution with ease. Unruffled, she was dubbed the "Iron Widow" by the press. Willie Stevens also proved to be anything but "the Idiot," as the press had earlier profiled him. He, like his sister, was cool and calm under fire and could not be moved from his original story regarding his actions and that of his sister's on the night of the murder. The jury was impressed enough to render a not guilty verdict on December 3, 1926.



Mrs. Frances Hall on the witness stand in 1926, where she told the court that she had no idea that her husband was having an affair with Eleanor Mills; her dignified composure convinced jurors of her innocence.

The Stevens family had not escaped unscathed, having to spend more than $200,000 in a trial that cost everyone twice that amount. Then the Stevens family sued the New York *Mirror* for $3 million. The case was settled out of court for an undisclosed amount. The editor, Phillip Payne, who had brought the 1926 court battle into existence, disappeared in a transcontinental flight in 1927, taking off in a monoplane piloted by Lloyd W. Bertaud in a flight from Maine to Rome. The flamboyant editor and Bertaud vanished somewhere over the Atlantic. Payne was later profiled in two films, *Five Star Final* (1931) and *Unholy Partners* (1941) portrayed in both films by Edward G. Robinson.

Mrs. Gibson died of cancer, still a celebrity on February 7, 1930, in a Jersey City hospital. Mrs. Hall remained in New Brunswick for another twenty years, attending her husband's church and continuing her role as the grande dame of the community. Willie Stevens gave up his position as an honorary fireman in New Brunswick. He spent the remainder of his days with his sister behind the huge walls of the Stevens mansion. The murders of Reverend Hall and Mrs. Mills remained unsolved.

THE MURDER OF JULIA WALLACE/ January 20, 1931

Much like Mrs. Stevens in the Hall-Mills case, William Herbert Wallace (1878-1933) was accused and tried for murdering his spouse in a strange case that still mystifies British criminologists. Wallace was an insurance salesman and amateur chess

Attractive, sophisticated Julia Wallace, found murdered in her locked home in Liverpool, England, on the night of January 20, 1931, a homicide that baffles police to this day.

The Wallace home at 29 Wolverton Street, shown only hours after Julia Wallace was found bludgeoned to death; all the doors and windows were apparently bolted from the inside.

player, was scheduled to play in the Second Class Championship at the Liverpool Central Chess Club on January 19, 1931, the night before his wife was murdered. Julia Wallace, like her husband, was mild-mannered and refined.

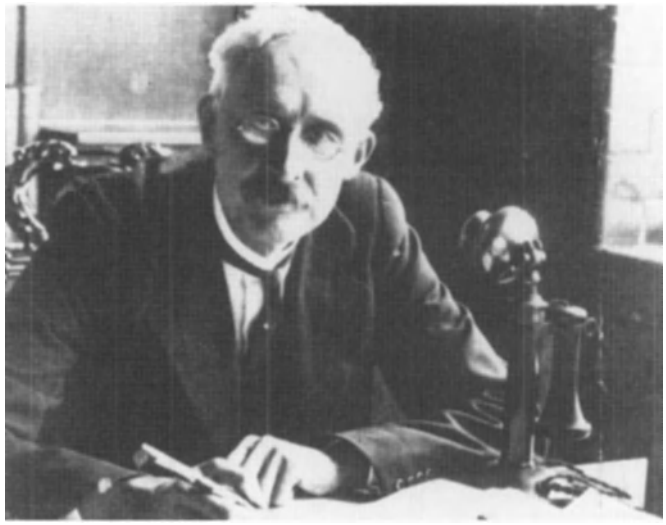
The couple first met in Manchester in 1911 after he had returned from the orient, where he had done bureaucratic work in China and India while studying western stoic philosophy. The two were intellectual, sharing an interest in music and philosophy. They were married in 1913. Wallace recorded eighteen years of peaceful, happy married life in his diary.

On the night of the chess championship, club manager Samuel Beattie took a telephone message for Wallace. A man who identified himself only as R.M. Qualtrough requested that Wallace meet him at 7:30 the next night at 25 Menlove Gardens East. Although the name Qualtrough is fairly common in Liverpool, the caller spelled out his name for Beattie to make sure he got it. When Wallace, fifty-two, arrived late at the club and received the message, he remarked that he did not know anyone by that name.

Assuming the matter concerned insurance, Wallace went to meet Qualtrough, but the address proved to be fictitious. Wallace returned to his Liverpool home on January 20, 1931, at about 8:45 p.m. He was apparently unable to gain entrance. The front and back doors were bolted from the inside and his wife did not answer. His neighbors, John and Florence Johnston, were leaving their house then, and he spoke to them about his house being locked. Then he tried the door again and was able to open it.

Upstairs, Wallace found 50-year-old Julia Wallace dead. She had been bludgeoned eleven times, although the police pathologist later testified that the first blow almost certainly killed her and that all the additional blows were "gratuitous." Wallace ran back downstairs, calling out to the Johnstons, "Come and see. She has been killed."

Qualtrough was never found. Wallace told police that he had been home between "about 6:05 and 6:45 on the night of the murder. A 14-year-old milk delivery boy said he saw Julia Wallace take in the milk at 6:30 p.m., and the evening paper



Introspective, chess-playing William Herbert Wallace was tried for the murder of his wife and later released on appeal, although many believed he had killed his wife.

had been delivered at 6:35 p.m. The paper was found spread on the kitchen table. The pathologist, Professor John Edward MacFall, set the time of death at 6:10 p.m. When a locksmith was asked to check the locks on the doors, he found them inadequate. The strongest evidence against William Wallace was his normal stoicism. Police thought he was behaving too calmly. He was arrested on February 2, 1931, and went to trial on April 22, 1931.

The prosecution suggested that Wallace made the "Qualtrough" call himself to avert suspicion. Beattie said the voice on the phone was "gruff but ordinary"; surely Beattie would have recognized Wallace's voice. Wallace had no apparent motive for killing his wife and no murder weapon was found. Justice Wright instructed the jurors that all the evidence against Wallace was circumstantial, strongly suggesting that he considered the case not proven. The jury nevertheless found Wallace guilty of murder. Wright reluctantly sentenced Wallace to death.

The Court of Criminal Appeal overturned Wallace's conviction four weeks later, and Wallace was set free. A bizarre backlash of public opinion occurred. During the trial, Liverpool residents seemed to believe that Wallace had been horribly wronged, but afterward he was harassed by people who believed he had gotten away with murder. His insurance company considerately transferred him out of the field to a desk job, but his former chess playing partners refused to associate with him, and children taunted him by chanting rhymes they made up about the murder.

Wallace had had recurring stomach troubles and they returned full force in December 1932. By February 9, 1933 the pain was so severe he needed to be hospitalized, and he died of kidney disease on February 26, 1933. To this day, many believe Wallace to be the killer of a wife he ostensibly loved and cared for through most of his adult life.

THE STRANGE DEATH OF STARR FAITHFULL/June 8, 1931

On June 8, 1931, a wandering beachcomber named Daniel Moriarity, making his rounds on a Long Island, New York, beach made a gruesome discovery. Washed up on the sand was the body of a beautiful woman with long hair. Moriarity pulled the body away from the water line and summoned the police. A check of the missing persons' files turned up the oddly poetic name Starr Faithfull (Starr Wyman; 1906-1931), a 25-year-old woman, whose disappearance had been reported three days earlier by her stepfather Stanley Faithfull, a retired manufacturing chemist.

An autopsy showed that Starr had died from drowning. But the police weren't sure if it was murder or suicide. District

Starr Faithfull in 1927, a doomed flapper looking for thrills and fun and found death four years later.

Attorney Elvin Edwards was convinced she had met with foul play. There were visible lacerations on the upper arms, probably inflicted by someone with a powerful grasp, Edwards surmised. The evidence of rape was inconclusive and medical examiners debated the point for two days. Edwards, however, was certain that the girl had been criminally assaulted and was anxious to establish hard evidence to back up his belief.

A check of the woman's background revealed that she was the daughter of Frank W. Wyman, divorced from Starr's mother in the early 1920s. Mrs. Wyman was a Bostonian of high social standing. She had lived with her two daughters, Starr and Tucker, at Faithfull's home in Greenwich Village. Before the Depression, the girls had vacationed in Europe. The junket abroad only served to whet Starr's appetite for more of the good life. But the family suffered some financial reversals that put such further excursions out of reach.

Unable to join the privileged globe trotters, Starr lived vicariously in their world by crashing the last-night parties on ocean liners, slipping off the ship minutes ahead of the final call. While pursuing her own peculiar fantasy, Starr made the acquaintance of Dr. George Jameson-Carr, a ship's surgeon stationed aboard the *Franconia*. He was a serious-minded intellectual, well versed in the arts and literature.

Starr fell hopelessly in love with the doctor, but soon came to understand that not only did he not share her rapture, but he found her advances annoying. When Jameson-Carr asked her to leave his quarters, Starr stumbled out of the room in a drunken stupor and disappeared into the crowd. Unknown to the doctor, she remained on board, forcing the captain to summon a tug boat to pick her up as the ship headed down river toward the open sea.

On June 4, 1931, the date of her disappearance, Starr was observed wandering the docks where the *Mauritania* and *Ile de France* were about to set sail. After leaving home that morning, Starr went to a Manhattan department store, where she wrote a brief farewell note to Jameson-Carr, which she mailed to England via the *Olympic*. "Hello Bill, Old Thing: It's all up with me now. This is something I am going to put through. The only thing that bothers me about it, the only thing I dread, is being outwitted and prevented from doing this which is the only possible thing for me to do. If one wants to get away with murder one has to jolly well keep one's wits about one."

There was speculation that Starr had stowed away on board and then committed suicide from the deck of one of the great liners as it left the port of New York. Edwards was still insisting that she had been murdered, when new revelations about her past appeared in newspapers that had kept the case alive through myriad headlined stories. A year earlier, Starr had been found in a hotel room with a man identified as Joseph Collins, thought to be a male prostitute. Hearing her cries for help, hotel guests alerted the police.

When officers entered her room they found her naked and bleeding. Starr was taken to Bellvue Hospital, where she spent the night screaming for her parents to come and get her. "I was drinking gin as far as I know...I don't remember...I suppose somebody knocked me around a bit," she said. The police

Starr Faithfull in 1931, then haunting ocean liners before their departure and joining farewell parties, where she knew no one.

dismissed Collins, even though there was little doubt he had beaten Starr. Police found a diary, which she called her "Mem Book," several entries alluding to a man with whom she was conducting an affair.

This man was identified only as "A.J.P." The entries mentioned continuing sexual torment. "Spent night A.J.P. Providence. Oh Horror, Horror, Horror!!" Stanley Faithfull provided additional details to the press, revealing that Starr had been seduced at the age of eleven by an elderly Boston financier whom he called "X." Following up on this, the press linked "X" to "A.J.P.," coming up with the name of Andrew J. Peters, former U.S. Congressman and one-time mayor of Boston.

As a young girl, Starr had played with the mayor's children. Mrs. Faithfull was distantly related. A large sum of money,

June 8, 1931: Starr Faithfull lies dead on a lonely beach in Long Island, New York; her death would plague detectives and mystery writers for decades to come.

Stanley Faithfull, Starr's eccentric stepfather, released all the family secrets to the press and sought the eerie limelight shed upon his wayward stepdaughter.

Detectives hover over the sand-blown body of Starr Faithfull; at first they believed she had either accidentally drowned or committed suicide, but an autopsy pointed to murder.

Elizabeth Taylor won an Oscar as the star-crossed call girl in the 1960 film, *Butterfield 8*, which was based upon the short and tragic life of Starr Faithfull.

estimated to be between $20,000 and $80,000 had been paid to the Faithfulls as a "settlement," for damages done to Starr. The former mayor had allegedly enticed the young girl into his home, drugged her, and raped her. Peters issued denials of wrongdoing.

District Attorney Edwards then announced that he had positively identified the killers, who had taken Starr to Long Beach, drugged her, and drowned her. He claimed that one of the killers was a prominent New York politician and he promised to arrest the culprits within thirty-six hours. However, when pressed for further details, Edwards later retreated and a follow-up statement was never issued and no suspects were taken into custody.

Suicide seemed to be the only plausible theory. Dr. Jameson-Carr returned from England and revealed the existence of three suicide letters sent by Starr between May 30 and June 4, 1931. "I am going now," she wrote to Jameson-Carr in care of the liner *Berengaria* on May 30, 1931, "to end my worthless disorderly bore of an existence before I ruin anyone else's life as well." She described in melodramatic detail what she imagined to be the perfect death experience. "I am going to drink slowly, keeping aware every second. Also I am going to enjoy my last cigarettes. I won't worry because men flirt with me in the streets. I shall encourage them. I don't care who they are."

The ship's doctor was in Belgium when he received word of her death. Jameson-Carr rushed back to New York to try to clear up the mystery. Stanley Faithfull declared that the letters Jameson-Carr claimed to have received were forgeries. After careful analysis, a battery of handwriting experts declared the letters were genuine. Those familiar with the case concurred that Starr Faithfull killed herself over an unrequited love. Her sister Tucker recalled an occasion in London when Starr attempted suicide by taking twenty-four grains of allonal, but was revived by physicians.

Morris Markey, a journalist for the *New Yorker* Magazine was not convinced by this logic. In 1948, he offered the more titillating theory that Starr had been murdered on the very same night she planned to kill herself. The unknown assailant was someone she had picked up in town. Her scribbled letter to Jameson-Carr on June 4 had, after all, promised that she would encourage any man who came her way. The killer, Markey surmised, grew frustrated by her teasing games. "And then I think she teased this unknown man beyond endurance...he mauled her...then he was frightened...and decided that she would never tell of it," Markey wrote. The assailant dragged Starr Faithfull to the water and held her head under until she was dead.

The first autopsy performed on Starr showed the presence of two grains of Veronal, not enough to induce death. There was enough food in her system to suggest that she had eaten a final meal before meeting her death. The second autopsy, ordered by District Attorney Edwards found that while she was probably not raped, Starr Faithfull had recently engaged in sexual intercourse. The presence of bruises on the corpse suggested that the love-making had turned violent. After drowning her, the killer retraced his steps in the shallow waters in order to avoid leaving incriminating footprints.

This is where the odd story of Starr Faithfull ends, with one more dangling mystery. The girl who sought pleasure and affection from strangers was later profiled in John O'Hara's fascinating novel, *Butterfield 8*. Actress Elizabeth Taylor played the tragic call girl in her Oscar-winning performance in the 1960 film of the same name.

THE TOBACCO TYCOON AND THE TORCH SINGER/July 5-6, 1932

Libby Holman (Elizabeth Lloyd Holzman, 1904-1970) was one of a handful of celebrated white torch singers in the 1920s. She will be forever remembered for singing one song. With Helen Morgan it was "My Bill," with Fannie Brice it was "My Man," and with Libby Holman it was "Moanin' Low." She was identified with other songs, of course, including "Body and Soul," which she introduced; "Can't We Be Friends;" and "Something to Remember You By," from the 1930 musical *Three's a Crowd.*

It was in this popular Broadway show that Holman selected a member of the band to sing to, the same band member each night, a man wearing a sailor suit and standing with his

Libby Holman is shown with bee-sting lips early in her career as a torch singer of such tunes as "Moanin' Low."

Libby Holman is shown between Clifton Webb and Fred Allen in the 1930 Broadway production of "Three's a Crowd," and in which Libby sang the memorable tune "Body and Soul."

back to the audience. This was Fred MacMurray in his first Broadway appearance; he would go on to become one of Hollywood's most enduring leading actors. The woman who sang to him, however, would become involved in the sensational 1932 murder of her then-husband, Zachary Smith Reynolds, tobacco tycoon and, from all reports, cuckolded spouse.

Libby Holman was born Elizabeth Lloyd Holzman in Cincinnati, Ohio, on May 23, 1904. Her father, Alfred Holzman, was a successful stock broker, her mother, Rachel (Workum) was an attractive school teacher. The couple produced three children, Marion, Elizabeth (Libby), and Alfred, Jr. A year after Libby was born, her father and his brother, Ross Holzman, declared bankruptcy. Holzman and Company had speculated too broadly in the volatile cotton market and had overextended themselves.

More than $1 million was lost by investors, according to one report, this being the biggest financial disaster to date in Cincinnati. Then it was learned that Ross Holzman had ostensibly gone to Louisville, Kentucky, to raise more funds. He was never seen again. Gone with Holzman was $150,000 in bonds he had borrowed from a Kentucky utilities firm, along with $7,000 he had embezzled from the distinguished Cincinnati Club while a member.

Alfred Holzman was left in disgrace and poverty. His brother Ross never again surfaced, but it was believed that he went to Honduras, a country he had often talked about. The Holzman family sank into debt and both parents took menial jobs to survive. Libby was raised with the rumors of her family's former wealth, and from childhood, all she thought about was becoming a millionaire. She fantasized about her thieving uncle, Ross Holzman, referring to him as Uncle Honduras, believing that one night he would appear and shower the family with money. But it was Holman's marriage to a troubled young tobacco heir that would bring her such a fortune.

Zachary Smith Reynolds, heir to one of the great tobacco fortunes, shown at age sixteen; he would become an extravagant playboy.

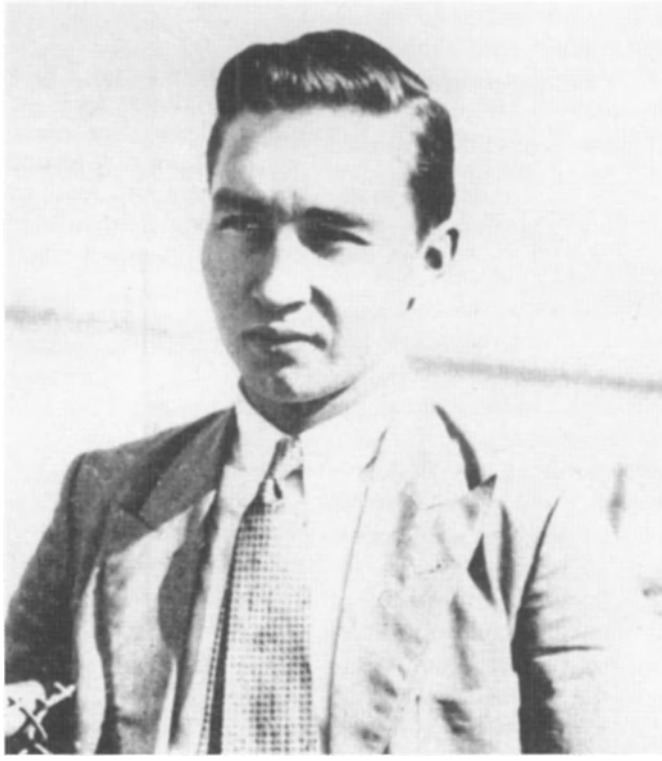
To rid himself of some of the taint his financial failure and his brother's thefts had heaped upon his name, Alfred Holzman, in 1918, petitioned the courts to have the family name changed to Holman. This was granted and Libby later stated that the name change delighted her. With her stage and singing ambitions, Holman was a better name, she felt, with which to forge a show business career.

Libby Holman graduated high school in 1920, still wearing the hand-me-down dresses of her older sister, Marion. She entered the University of Cincinnati to study drama and graduated in 1924. Then she was off to New York to make a name for herself on Broadway. She haunted the casting offices and stood for hours in line to try out for parts but without success. Then she got her big break, the part of a streetwalker in a play called *The Fool.*

In 1925, after taking several bit parts in Broadway plays, Holman, more because of her shapely legs than her voice, was given a part in the *Garrick Gaieties* written by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. She sang a sensuous opening number, "Ladies of the Box Office," and was suddenly the darling of the theater crowd. Her success boomed after that until she had become a top star in 1929.

In that year, youthful playboy Zachary Smith Reynolds, heir to the $40 million Reynolds tobacco fortune, went to see *The Little Show.* He sat in the first row wearing riding boots and jodhpurs and became enthralled by the singer on stage, Libby Holman, whose deep voice chanted out "Moanin' Low." She was twenty-five at the time, he eighteen. Reynolds pursued her with flowers, candy, and jewelry. She ignored him.

Reynolds was used to having his way. He and his older brother Richard, who had been raised by servants as maharajahs after their parents died early in life, spent their money along Broadway recklessly, courting statuesque chorus girls and giving lavish parties. Dick Reynolds, a heavy drinker,



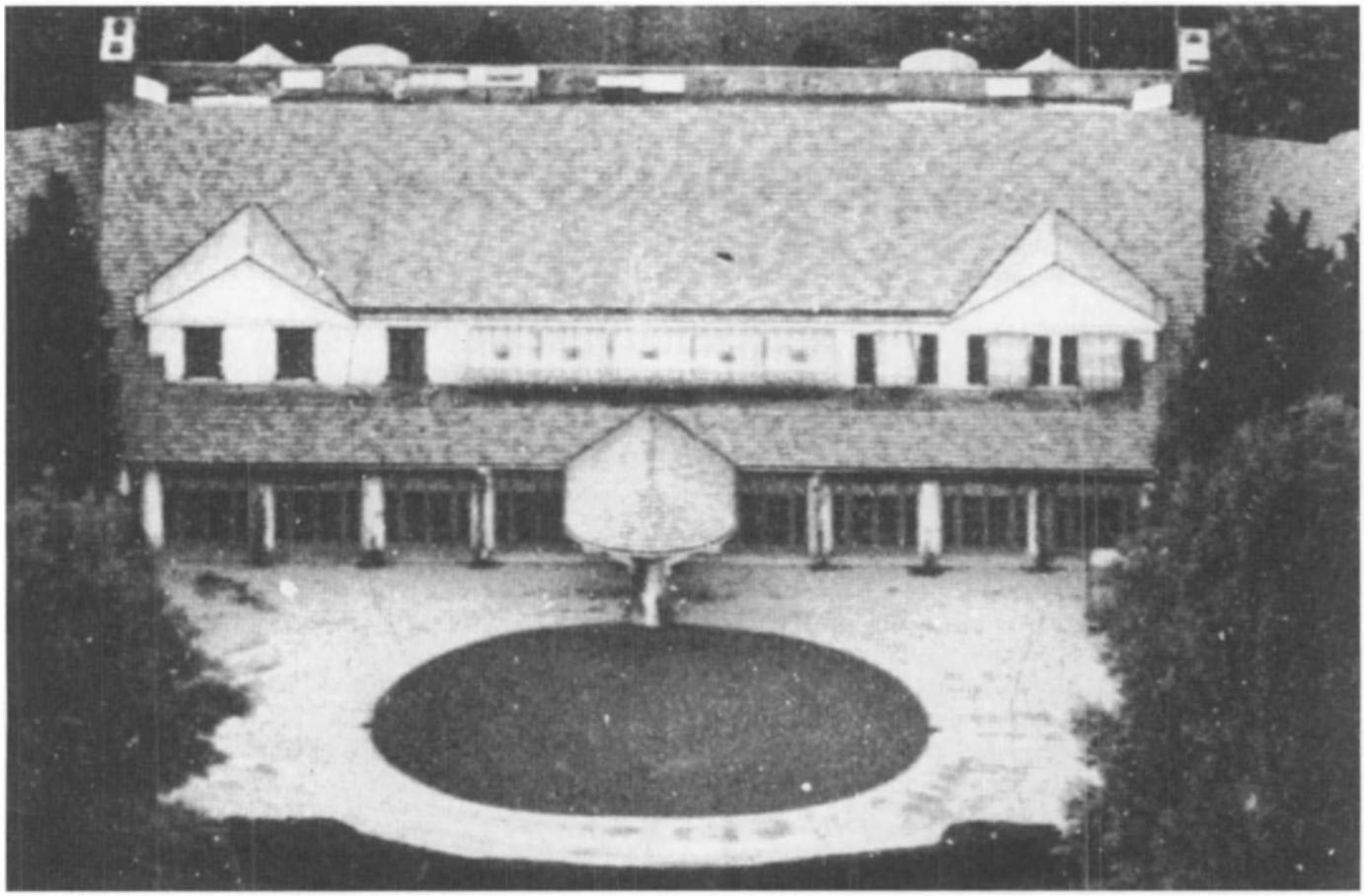
Zachary Smith Reynolds at the time he married Libby Holman; he overwhelmed her with jewels, furs, expensive cars, and his millions.

went to England in 1929 and got drunk before recklessly killing a pedestrian with his sports car and spending several months in jail. Zachary, called Smith by his friends and relatives, idolized his older brother, who busily corrupted him with the thought of Broadway and its fleshpots.

Reynolds, from the first moment he saw Libby Holman, swore she would be his and Holman yielded under his constant demands to see her. They dated throughout 1931 and in that year Reynolds bought Holman a pistol, telling her that kidnappers were everywhere and that it would be a good idea if she had a weapon. He taught her how to shoot, the .32-caliber Mauser automatic he had bestowed upon her.

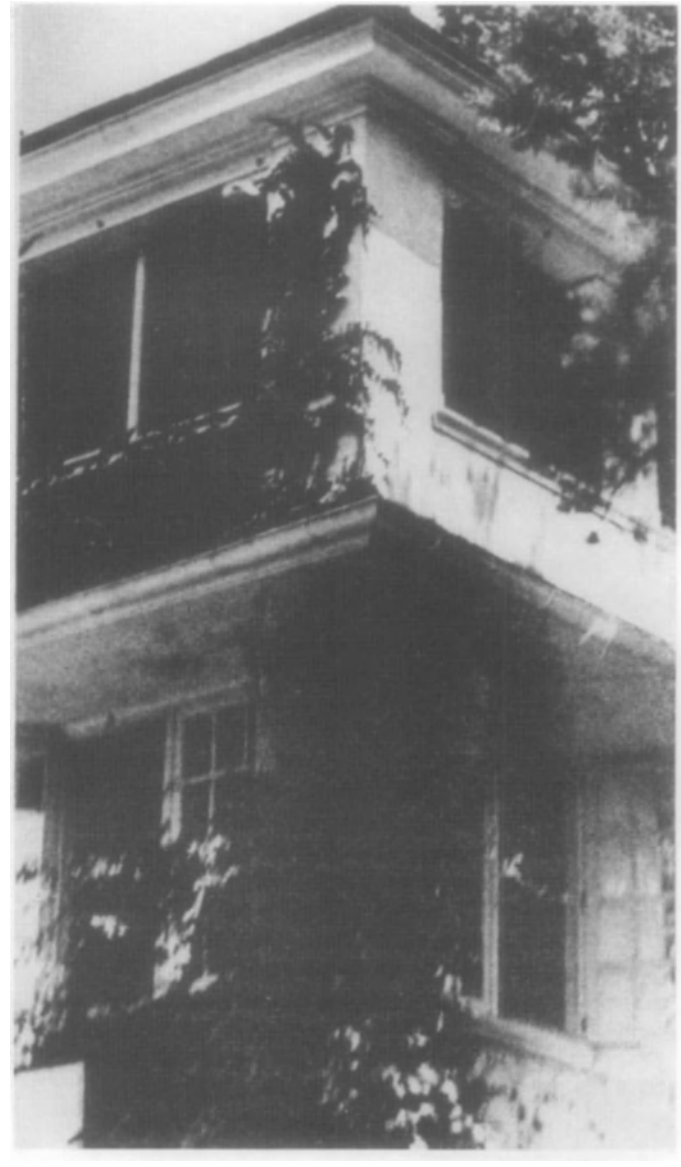
Meanwhile, the Depression deepened. Libby Holman's career soared. She made $2,500 a week in her Broadway shows. She bought a lavishly appointed town house and an even snappier sports car. Reynolds, meanwhile, devoted himself to aviation and planned several long-distance flights, an adventuresome hobby that captured Holman's imagination. Finally, the Depression reached Broadway and Holman's fortunes began to dip. More and more she eyed the comfort and security the Reynolds millions might bring her.

Reynolds took her for a flight over the Reynolds' ancestral estate in Winston-Salem, N.C. She gasped when she learned that the thousand acres over which they were flying all belonged to Reynolds. Moreover, Reynolda, the palatial mansion she entered, staggered her. This was real wealth, she con-



The sprawling mansion called Reynolda, on the Reynolds estate at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, where Reynolds and Libby gave one wild party after another.

The spacious living room at Reynolda, where, during a drinking party on the night of July 5-6, 1932, Zachary Smith Reynolds grew despondent, believing his wife was cheating on him.



The second floor "sleeping porch," where Zachary Smith Reynolds ended his life.

cluded. Holman finally consented to marry Reynolds, who quickly obtained a divorce from his estranged wife, Anne Cannon, on November 16, 1931. He and Libby Holman were wed that day. After traveling around the world for months, the couple settled in Reynolda and, in the early summer of 1932, gave one lavish party after another.

The parties were non-stop affairs with catered meals, flowing liquor, and champagne. There were motorboat rides at night and car races during the day. The party never stopped. A visiting reporter from the New York *News* attended a week-long festivity at Reynolda and returned to his paper to write: "Whirligig: Speed: Faster: Crazier: Champagne cocktails...Corn liquor straight...Pour it on...Step on the gas...Shoot the works...Speed: Gin, rye, bourbon, sex. Dizzy dames. Dizzy house parties. A thousand-acre estate. Private golf course. Tennis courts. Swimming pool. Lake. Moonlight dips. Dances. Joyrides. Airplanes. Yachts. High powered car. Speed. Chasing a new thrill today. Tiring of it tomorrow. Nowhere to go but places. Nothing to do but things. Speed, with youth at the throttle. Millions to spend...and bored stiff. Life's blah. The world's a phony. The whirligig spins on."

Holman was always the center of the party, singing her Broadway hit tunes over and over again to a captive audience. Theater people like Clifton Webb and Tallulah Bankhead visited the estate. So did Blanche Yurka, Peggy Fears, and Beatrice Lillie. This crowd, according to Jim Baggs, a friend of Reynolds, was "little more than a convention of homosexuals." Holman had, in fact, cultivated homosexual friendships throughout her theater career. It was later claimed that Libby Holman really had no interest in men, but was in love with a number of women and that her marriage to Reynolds quickly fell apart when he learned the truth about her sexual inclinations.

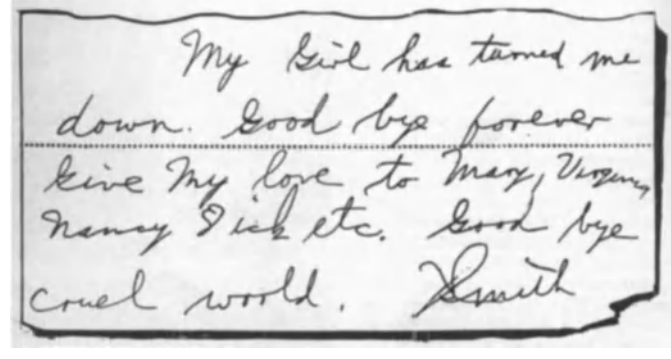
Zachary Smith Reynolds became moody and withdrawn during the summer of 1932. His best friend, Albert "Ab" Walker, seemed to spend more time with Libby than did her husband. Walker was the son of a successful Winston-Salem realtor who had been a high school football hero. Short and well-built, Walker was outgoing while Reynolds was introverted. Walker was gregarious while Reynolds was tight-lipped.

Reynolds felt that his wife was avoiding him and accused her of evading him. Holman denied it. On July 5, 1932, another party was given at Reynolda with the guests leaving around midnight. Actress Blanche Yurka retired to her room at that time. Ab Walker, who was staying at the mansion, sat around drinking with Holman and Reynolds. Tipsy by then, Holman went outside, and Walker and Reynolds went to search

The weapon used in the shooting death of the tobacco tycoon.

Ab Walker, who had been a lifelong friend of the tycoon, but who reportedly betrayed him with a sneaking affair with Libby, and who was later accused of murdering Zachary Smith Reynolds.

Libby, extreme left, is shown heavily veiled at her murder trial; she professed her innocence publicly, stating: "I loved that boy!"



A note written by Reynolds years before he met Libby was used by the defense to prove that the tycoon was suicidal from an early age.

Libby is shown with her newly-born son, Christopher Smith Reynolds in 1933; the murder case against her was dropped after the Reynolds family asked that all charges be dismissed.

for her. Holman was found wandering around in her nightgown and both young men took her back to the mansion. What happened next is in doubt.

One story held that Holman and Reynolds went into Walker's bedroom and Walker followed them. A fight broke out and Reynolds was suddenly killed by a bullet. Another has it that Holman and Reynolds retired at about 12:30 p.m., but an hour later, Yurka was aroused by the sound of shrieks and yelling from their room. Holman suddenly appeared on the balcony above the living room, her gown coated with blood, and announced to Walker, who was cleaning up: "Smith, Smith shot himself!"

Walker, who was wearing only swimming trunks, raced up the stairs and found Reynolds sprawled on a bed on a sleeping porch outside the master bedroom he shared with Libby. Blood seeped from a bullet hole in his head. Yurka,

Libby is shown with her 8-year-old son Christopher and her new husband, Ralph Holmes in 1941; Holmes committed suicide in 1945 after separating from Libby, who was twenty years his senior.

The neo-Georgian mansion Libby purchased in 1938 in Connecticut; by that time, $6.5 million had been awarded to her son from the Reynolds estate, money which she freely spent on a lavish lifestyle, which also included funding the career of some of young actors like Montgomery Clift.

Tallulah Bankhead thusly described Holman's inactive career: "She is between murders."

Walker, and Libby carried his limp form to a car and rushed to the Baptist Hospital. Here, the unconscious Reynolds was taken to an operating room, while two doctors examined him. There was little that could be done other than to wait for the tycoon to die. Despite orders to leave the operating room, Ab Walker remained at his friend's side. Dr. Alexander Cox later stated that he got the idea that Walker was waiting to see if his friend Reynolds would regain consciousness and talk.

Holman was finally taken to a hospital room where her blood-soaked negligee was replaced with hospital garments. Ab Walker walked into the room, asking head nurse Ruby Jenkins to leave, saying that he had to talk to Holman alone. As she was leaving, Jenkins heard Walker tell the torch singer: "Don't talk, don't say anything. Don't say anything to anybody!"

Some minutes later Jenkins heard a noise and entered the room without knocking. She found Walker on the floor with Holman on top of him. Libby nervously explained that she had fallen out of bed and had dragged Walker with her. She then announced that she was pregnant with the child of the 20-year-old man dying in a room downstairs.

On July 6, 1932, at 5:25 a.m., Zachary Smith Reynolds died in his hospital bed. That morning, Reynolda was swarming with policemen and sheriff's deputies under the command of 34-year-old Transou Scott, who had been sheriff of Forsyth County for two years. The weapon used in Reynolds' death, a .32-caliber Mauser, the same kind Reynolds had given Holman a year earlier, was found on the sleeping porch, a few feet from the bed where Reynolds had been found.

Police also found a pair of Holman's sleeping pajamas in Ab Walker's room, which was some distance from her room and that of her husband's. Walker, by that time, had gone home to bed. Later that day he told his father that he had had nothing to do with Reynolds' death. He saw a friend, Bob Critz, later that day and explained what happened, but Critz said that he felt Walker was holding something back. "Well," Walker sighed, "there is something I'm going to take to my grave."

When Walker was later questioned by Sheriff Scott, he proved to be uncooperative and truculent, saying as little as possible. Blanche Yurka, still a guest at Reynolda, went riding with C. G. Hill that night, discussing the Reynolds death with him. Hill later went to Sheriff Scott and said that the actress had told him that no one who was in the mansion on the night of the shooting would ever reveal what had happened. When confronted with this statement, Yurka angrily denied ever having said such a thing.

A strange coroner's inquest was held on July 8, 1932, at Reynolda, in the very bedroom Holman and Reynolds had shared. The coroner's jury crammed itself into this room and questioned Walker, Yurka, and Holman. Walker was asked if he knew "if Mrs. Reynolds was a Jewess?" He said that he had not. He was then asked if he ever heard Reynolds express opinions about Jews and Walker replied that he had not. This line of questioning was peculiar and it seemed to stem from Libby Holman, that she had somehow talked to officials, saying that her husband had recently learned that she was Jewish and this put him in a suicidal mood.

It was claimed that Reynolds had always had a suicide complex. A scrap of writing he had scribbled at age sixteen, where Reynolds stated his unhappiness at being turned down by a girl, was offered up to prove this complex. "Goodbye forever," Reynolds had written, "goodbye cruel world." This, of course, was nothing more than the lovesick moanings of a teenager who, through his words, may have meant that he was

running away, not committing suicide. But the effect of this kind of testimony caused Coroner W. N. Dalton to quickly close the hearing, stating that Reynolds had met death by suicide.

Sheriff Scott would have none of this. He and local officials reopened the case. Coroner Dalton suddenly changed his mind and ordered another inquest. This time Holman said that Reynolds had killed himself because he was sexually inadequate, an absurd claim in that she had already admitted that she was pregnant with Reynolds' child. The dead tycoon was also the father of a 2-year-old child through his marriage to Anne Cannon. The second coroner's inquest ended with a verdict that Reynolds died "from a bullet wound inflicted by a person or persons unknown."

Still, Forsyth County authorities were not satisfied. Neither was Richard Reynolds, the dead man's older brother. He arrived in Winston-Salem on August 24, 1932, and immediately told the press: "In view of all the facts available at this time, I believe my brother's death was murder. If it is, I want to see justice done. I do not think Smith was of a temperament that would allow him to commit suicide." W. N. "Will" Reynolds, uncle to Zachary Smith and Richard Reynolds, and chairman of the board of the R. J. Reynolds Company, echoed his nephew's beliefs, not accepting for a minute the fact that Zachary Smith Reynolds committed suicide.

Libby Holman was then charged with murdering her husband, Zachary Smith Reynolds, and Ab Walker was named as an accessory. The charge was later reduced to second-degree murder. Reynolds' body was exhumed and re-examined. The powder burns evident on his face, and the path of the death bullet indicated to experts that the victim had not committed suicide, but had been shot to death by someone other than himself. Released on bond and joined by her father and mother, Holman gave an interview to her friend, Ward Morehouse, of the New York *Sun*.

Holman sat before the newsman knitting a pink sleeping suit for her unborn child. Gushed Holman: "It's knowing that I am going to give birth to the child of the man I loved that affords me my only gleam of happiness, that gives me any desire to live at all. The fact that within four long months I will have a child, *his* child, makes me strong enough to fight for a complete and absolute vindication.

"I didn't shoot Smith Reynolds. God in heaven knows that. The Reynolds family know it in their hearts. I loved

The early career of actor Montgomery Clift, shown with Elizabeth Taylor in a scene from the 1951 film, *A Place in the Sun*, was nurtured and advanced by Libby Holman, who gave him money and set up Hollywood contacts for him.

Smith as I never loved anyone before or will ever love again. The fullest and richest hours of my life were spent with that dear boy. I loved him tenderly, dearly and completely and to him I meant everything, everything. When I realized he was gone...I didn't want to live...my life was over...And now I want to go through with the trial. I want no strings left, no doubts left in people's minds as to my innocence. I don't want only an acquittal, I want a complete apology."

She got neither. Libby's trial was scheduled for November 21, 1932, but, on October 18, solicitor Carlisle Higgins received a startling letter from W. N. Reynolds, head of the Reynolds family, in which Reynolds asked that the case against Libby Holman and Ab Walker be dropped. This was done and Libby Holman was no longer charged with murder.

Libby Holman in 1968, two yeas before her death; she stated to a friend earlier: "I was so drunk that night that I don't know whether I shot him or not."

She was neither exonerated nor convicted, but many would form their own opinion about her guilt in the years to come. Libby Holman herself was unsure of what happened that fateful night, saying to a friend later: "I was so drunk that night I don't know whether I shot him or not."

Holman's child, a boy she named Christopher, not Smith, as she had vowed to her husband, was born two months later. She had to battle in the courts for a number of years before approximately $6.5 million was awarded her son. The singer married Ralph Holmes, another aviator, in 1941. Holmes, the son of Broadway actor Taylor Holmes and brother of screen actor Phillips Holmes, was then serving with the Royal Air Force. The couple separated in 1945 and a few months later Holmes was found dead from an overdose of sleeping pills.

Libby Holman continued to appear in public occasionally, singing the old torch songs that had made her famous. Her son grew to be a tall, strapping fellow who was killed in 1950, while climbing a mountain in California. Holman became even more reclusive, but, in the early 1960s, she did make a rare singing appearance on Broadway. During one of these appearances, Tallulah Bankhead, Holman's on-and-off friend for decades, was appearing in another play nearby. One day the outspoken Tallulah asked her co-star Patsy Kelly to invite Holman to join them for a tea break.

"Is Libby working again?" asked Kelly.

"Yes, darling," replied the acid-tongued Tallulah. "She's between murders."

In her last years, though wealthy, Libby Holman suffered repeated attacks of depression. She was at the time married to artist Louis Shanker and lived in a luxurious home in Stamford, Connecticut. She took large doses of lithium, but nothing helped to cure her deep fits of depression. On the evening of June 18, 1970, the 67-year-old Libby Holman was found by servants in her garage on the front seat of her Rolls Royce wearing only a bikini bottom. She was in a stupor. Rushed to a nearby hospital, she died without speaking a few hours later.

THE DEATH OF THELMA TODD/ December 14-15, 1935

Beautiful Thelma Todd (AKA: The Ice Cream Blonde, Blonde Venus; 1906-1935) was a gifted comedienne who lived on the wild side, corrupted, as so many stars were, by celebrity fame. Todd, the "Ice Cream Blonde" and "Blonde Venus," died in her garage above the Will Rogers Beach on December 15, 1935. Publicists at the Hal Roach studio expressed their regrets over the unfortunate death of their brightest star. It was their belief that Todd fell asleep or passed out at the steering wheel of her car and was asphyxiated by carbon monoxide fumes.

Others were not so sure. The whole thing hinted at a cover up engineered by Hollywood insiders to protect the interests of the studio. A nasty murder investigation would sully the reputation of key industry figures in the public limelight. No one, least of all Hal Roach or Joe Schenck, founder of 20th Century-Fox, wanted that to happen.

Thelma Todd in the late 1920s, when she was a rising starlet at the Hal Roach Studio in Hollywood and appearing in many one-reel comedies.

Todd, her hair dyed black, is shown as a dancing girl in the 1930 film, *Kismet*, before she became a star known as the "Blonde Venus."

Todd was born in Lawrence, Massachusetts, the daughter of a local politician named John Shaw Todd. While still in her teens, she won the crown of Miss Massachusetts. The blonde glamour girl never aspired to a career in show business. The ambitions of others, coupled with incredible happenstance, made her a star of the silver screen almost overnight. A theater manager in Lawrence who was on friendly terms with her father sent Todd's photograph to Jesse Lasky of Paramount Studios in Hollywood, urging the mogul to give the girl a chance.

Todd, who was teaching sixth grade at the time, had no prior knowledge of this. Lasky was impressed with her natural beauty and offered her the opportunity to learn acting at the Paramount school in Astoria, Queens. There she was taught the finer points of etiquette, makeup, dancing, and other necessary skills needed for a successful screen career. After six months she was one of sixteen candidates awarded a one-year contract by Paramount. They appeared together as a group in *Fascinating Youth*, a box-office hit in 1926.

Todd displayed a natural talent for light comedy. Within a year, she had taken Hollywood by storm. The studio loaned her to the Hal Roach Studio, where she starred in seventeen two-reelers with her best friend, ZaSu Pitts. By the early 1930s, she had appeared alongside Buster Keaton in *Speak Easily*, and Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy in *The Bohemian Girl*. Todd

had a beautiful speaking voice and easily made the transition to talkies in 1927. However, she wanted desperately to perform in serious drama and went so far as to change her name to "Alison Lloyd." This she did "so that no taint of comedy would cling to her skirts."

In 1930, director Roland West starred her opposite Chester Morris in *Corsair,* a gangster drama that became an immediate sensation. She appeared in several other dramas, but went back to being Thelma Todd after Roach threatened to change her name to "Susie Dinkleberry. So that no taint of drama would cling to her skirts," he said half-seriously.

In July 1932, Todd eloped with Pasquale "Pat" DeCicco, a talent agent. The marriage ended disastrously in March 1934, after Todd charged her husband with physical and mental cruelty. During this time, Todd acquired a taste for liquor, fast cars, and handsome leading men. She had affairs with actor Ronald Colman, band leader Abe Lyman, and the mercurial director Roland West who achieved critical acclaim with *The Bat Whispers,* and *Corsair,* before his career stagnated. On January 23, 1933, Todd slammed her car into a palm tree on Hollywood Boulevard, suffering severe internal injuries. Upon her recovery Roach hired a private chauffeur, Ernest Peters, to drive her to her numerous parties and social engagements.

Thelma Todd in 1933, when she had become a leading actress in many major films, specializing in comedies, and known by then as "The Ice Cream Blonde."

Peters was behind the wheel on the night of December 14, 1935, when Todd was the guest of honor at the opulent Trocadero nightclub on Sunset Strip. The party was thrown by Stanley Lupino, whose daughter Ida was on the brink of stardom. DiCicco demanded inclusion on the guest list, only to show up with two glamorous starlets hanging on each arm. Ida Lupino later recalled the anger in Todd's voice as she upbraided her husband for his callous and manipulative conduct. The evening ended on that sour note, as Todd left the party. Turning to her many admirers at the nightclub, she waved before leaving.

Todd told Peters to drive her back to her "Sidewalk Cafe" on Posetano Road, a popular roadway restaurant. Her home, which she shared with her lover and business partner, West, was located up the hill from the restaurant. She urged the chauffeur to drive fast, for she believed that there were gangsters following close behind. Arriving at the cafe, Todd told Peters to go home. "Don't you want me to walk you up to your apartment?" he asked. "That won't be necessary," she replied. "Go home Ernest." It was the last time anyone saw Thelma Todd alive.

At 10:30 a.m. on December 16, 1935, Todd's private maid, May Whitehead, arrived at the Todd's home with a load of packages. As was her usual custom, she opened the garage door to pull the 1933 Lincoln phaeton sedan into the driveway in order to leave her own car in its place. Approaching the Lincoln from the passenger side, the maid noticed her employer slumped over the wheel, dressed in the same outfit she had worn to the Trocadero two nights before.

Roused from his bed by Whitehead, West stumbled down to the garage after being informed of the tragedy by the maid. Police arrived to find traces of blood on the seat and running board, yet there was no evidence of an open wound on the body, just a facial laceration that was believed to have been caused when the actress fell forward into the steering wheel.

The police theorized that Todd, discovering that she was locked out of the apartment, decided to sleep in her car. Since it was a cold, windswept night she started the motor to keep warm. Her death by asphyxiation was called a terrible accident. It was a tidy explanation that nervous studio officials accepted at face value, despite evidence from an autopsy that showed a bruise inside her throat, the kind that a bottle might make if forced into her mouth.

A coroner's jury returned a verdict of death by carbon monoxide poisoning. The case was closed by police, but nagging questions remained. Why were her silk slippers not scuffed? If indeed Todd had trudged up 271 stairs from the restaurant to the garage as the police thought, the slippers

Thelma Todd's Roadside Café on the Pacific Highway; the actress had earned so much money in Hollywood that she established this lucrative side business. Her stylish home can be seen upon the hill above the restaurant.

Thelma Todd, second from right, is shown dining with friends; she loved nightclubbing and was last seen alive during a party at the Trocadero on the night of December 14-15, 1935.

Ida Lupino, then a rising movie star, was the honored guest at the last party attended by Thelma Todd; Lupino later stated that Todd smiled and waved to her on the night of her death.

would have borne definite marks of wear. To further confuse matters, Todd was reportedly seen alive some time after the estimated time of death. Mrs. Wallace Ford insisted that she had received a phone call from Todd on Sunday afternoon in which the actress confirmed her acceptance of an invitation to a cocktail party that night.

"And when you see who's coming with me you'll drop dead," Todd said. Jewel Carmen, the estranged wife of Todd's live-in lover Roland West, testified that she had seen Todd on the street with an unknown male companion. This person was never found. Deputy District Attorney George Johnson dismissed the accidental death theory as preposterous. "It seems too difficult to believe Miss Todd went to that garage and started the motor of her car to keep warm," he said.

But who then actually murdered the movie actress? There were several likely suspects. New York mob boss Charles "Lucky" Luciano had demanded of Todd the right to locate a gambling casino on the upper floor of her café, it was reported. When she refused, veiled threats were made against her life. Pat DeCicco, the erstwhile booking agent, was embittered by the pending divorce action and reportedly would stop at nothing to exact revenge, it was claimed.

The most likely suspect was Roland West. On December 17, 1935, three deputies from the Los Angeles County Sheriff's office allegedly had told Hal Roach that West confessed to killing Todd. "West was very possessive, very controlling," Roach admitted years later. "He told Thelma she was to be back by 2 a.m. She said she'd come and go as she well pleased. They had a little argument about it and then Thelma left for

Police Captain Bert Wallis examines the mink-wrapped body of Thelma Todd, slumped inside her 1933 Lincoln sedan.

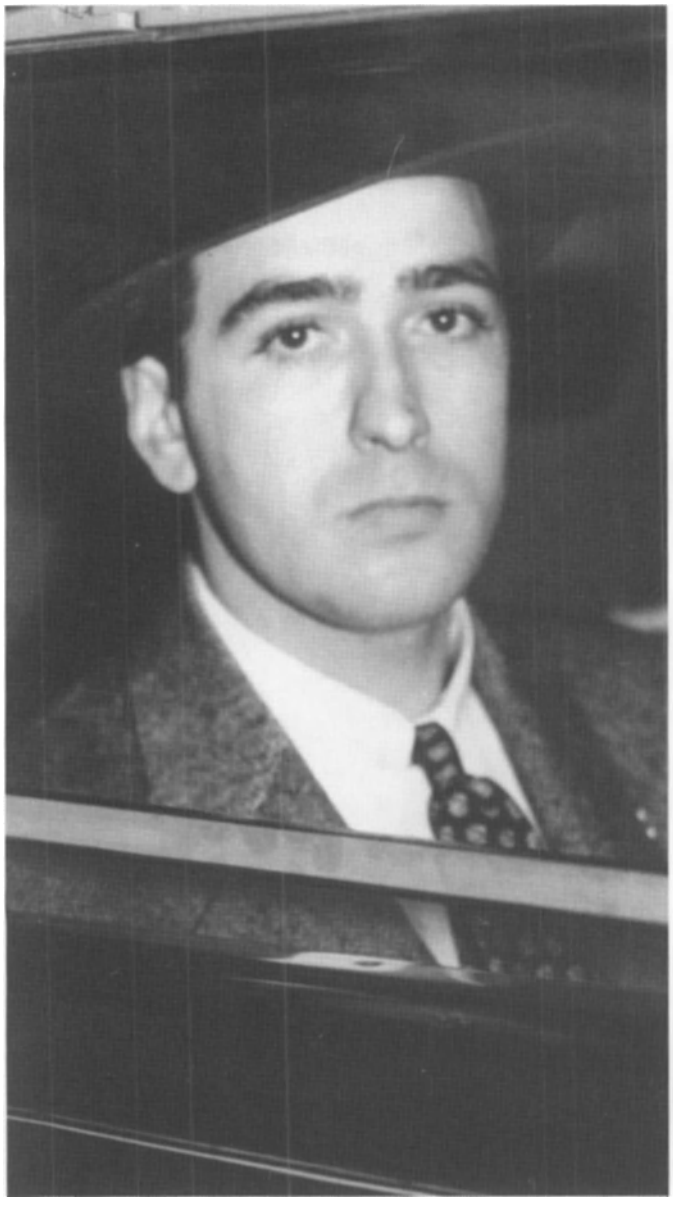
Detectives mill about the outside of Todd's garage only a short time after the film actress was found dead.

the party. When Sid Grauman [owner of Grauman theaters in Hollywood] called West, about 2:30, to tell him Thelma was leaving, West went into her apartment and locked her out. He was going to teach her a lesson."

Then, according to one version, West followed her back to the garage and locked her inside with the engine running. "He wasn't thinking about carbon monoxide, just about teaching her a lesson about who was the boss. So he left and went back to bed," Roach added. The story was quickly suppressed by Roach to protect the integrity of his studio. Todd was still a married woman and the details of her adulterous affair with West could result in a scandal not unlike the Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle debacle of 1921, still fresh in everyone's mind. Such a scandal could prove ruinous for business at a time when Will Hays exerted tremendous influence over the moral climate in Hollywood.

West also had friends in high places, it was pointed out. Eugene Biscailuz, formerly of the California Highway Patrol, was the sheriff at the time. West was a 32nd Degree Mason and an esteemed lodge brother of Biscailuz. The oath-bound Ma-

Film director Roland West, left, sits on the running board of the death car while a detective questions him about Thelma Todd; he became a primary suspect in Todd's death, which was at first ruled an accident from carbon monoxide poisoning.



Pasquale "Pat" DeCicco, who wedded Todd in 1934; the marriage ended in the same year and the volatile DeCicco, it was thought, may have murdered the actress out of revenge.

Shown at Todd's funeral are, left to right, May Whitehead, the maid who first discovered Todd's body; Mrs. Alice Todd, the mother of the dead actress; and Dr. Harold Proppe.

sons were pledged to help each other whenever the need arose. Members of the Los Angeles Police Department were equally culpable, it was claimed. Under the iron-fisted rule of Mayor Frank Shaw, political corruption filtered downward through the ranks. For the good of the city, as well as the movie studio, it was deemed advisable to put the wraps on the story, though Detective Chief Thad Brown reportedly had the "goods" on West.

No indictments were returned against any of the suspects. Roland West died in 1951 after he reportedly confessed his guilt to his close friend, actor Chester Morris. Morris then later told director Alex Gordon. An ironic footnote to the tragedy can be found in a cryptic scene from one of Todd's movies with the Marx Brothers, entitled *Monkey Business*. In it, comedian Groucho Marx seizes Todd's arm and says, "Now be a good girlie or I'll lock you in the garage!"

THE MURDER OF SIR HARRY OAKES/ July 7, 1943

The society murder on July 7-8, 1943 of Sir Harry Oakes, a close personal friend of the Duke of Windsor, and the wealthiest land owner in the British Bahamas was never solved, although all the circumstantial evidence pointed to Count Alfred Marie de Fourguereaux de Marigny, Oakes' son-in-law, as his murderer. The count and his wife Nancy were the darlings of the social set in the Bahamas. They drifted from one gala party

to the next, unaffected by the war raging in Europe. "The war? I do not follow the news. Why should I?" the count once remarked to a newsman.

Oakes, a self-made American aristocrat, disapproved of his daughter's decision to marry de Marigny, a divorced Frenchman, who claimed to have been born of noble stock on the island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean. Sir Harry threatened to disown his daughter, giving his son-in-law a possible motive for murder. After a falling out with de Marigny, Oakes threatened to send his daughter back to Bennington College in Vermont, which would have left the Count virtually penniless.

Oakes was a powerful man in the Bahamas and he dictated the courses of many lives. He had created the air service that linked the islands to each other and controlled the airfields and planes that serviced travelers. He had financed hospitals and schools throughout the islands and generously gave much of his fortune to support the British war effort, funding the construction of Spitfires, the celebrated British fighter planes.

The discovery that Oakes had been murdered in his bed inside his sprawling fifteen-room home, called "Westbourne," sent shock waves through the islands. The discovery was made by Oakes' close friend and financial adviser, Harold Christie, who, when getting no response to the knock on Oakes' bedroom door, entered the large room on the morning of July 8, 1943. He found Oakes sprawled on his bed, his head caved in by what police later described as "a long blunt instrument." The killer had set the body on fire, and the corpse was badly charred.

The killer then, through some mad caprice, dumped feathers from a slashed pillow all over the body, which clung to the mottled flesh, making the body of the tycoon all the more

Sir Harry Oakes, one of the richest men in the Bahamas, who was murdered on the night of July 7, 1943.

The resplendent mansion of Sir Harry Oakes, called "Westbourne," where the millionaire businessman and philanthropist was murdered in his bed.

The charred body of Sir Harry Oakes on the morning after his murder; his head had been crushed, the body set on fire.

Harold G. Christie, a house guest on the night of the murder, found the body of his lifelong friend the following morning.

hideous in death. This was obviously the "tar-and-feathers" treatment that had been traditionally administered to confidence men by irate citizens gulled in phony business transactions.

Evidence suggested that de Marigny had killed his father-in-law, but investigators had less than a solid case against the opportunistic de Marigny. A handprint, said to be the count's, was found on a screen next to Oakes' bed, but was confused with other prints found on a piece of glassware. Following a speedy trial, de Marigny was acquitted and released on November 11, 1943. However, according to the jury's recommendation, the count was asked to leave the island. This decision was made without the permission of the Duke of Windsor, governor of the Colony.

It was commonly believed that Oakes' real killers were Mafia hit men sent by Meyer Lansky to do the job when Oakes refused to sanction a scheme to build casinos in Nassau. Oakes' close personal friend, Harold Christie, a business associate of Lansky, allegedly acted as liaison between the Duke of Windsor and the mobsters, but at the last minute, Oakes backed down and declared he would have nothing to do with such an arrangement. It was hypothesized that Lansky's people murdered Oakes in revenge, a killing that was never solved.

Alfred de Marigny was tried for Oakes' murder, but was found innocent; acquitted, he is shown with his wife, Nancy Oakes.

THE BLACK DAHLIA CASE/January 15, 1947

The Black Dahlia case, still unsolved to this day, proved to be one of America's most baffling and sensational murders of the 20th Century. On January 15, 1947, the horribly mutilated body of Elizabeth Ann Short was found in a vacant Los Angeles lot by a woman walking her small child on Norton Street, between Thirty-ninth and Coliseum streets. She literally stumbled over the lower half of the victim's body, which was on the sidewalk, the other half of the torso being in the high weeds of the lot. The woman ran screaming for the police and soon the nation's headlines blared the skimpy facts of the gruesome killing.

Called into the case were veteran detectives Harry "Red" Hansen and Finis Arthur Brown. They would stay on this most vexing case of their careers for many years to come, following endless leads, listening to countless crackpots confess to the murder, and, in the end, leave the file open and unsolved for generations to come. Hansen would work on the case periodically up to the time of his retirement in 1971.

The corpse the officers saw had been mutilated by a savage fiend, one who had battered the head and slashed the face almost beyond recognition by cutting the mouth at the edges from ear to ear to form a gruesome grin. The killer had made repeated cuts on the thighs, arms, and breasts, and these slashes were both straight and in circles. Scores of cigarette burns marked the flesh. Rope burns found on the hands and feet made it evident that the victim had been bound and tortured for several hours before the maniac finished his grisly work.

The initials "B.D." had been carved into one thigh. (These initials stood for Black Dahlia, as police later learned.) The killer had scrubbed the body before depositing it in the empty lot. The detectives noted the killer had meticulously cleaned the body parts with a hard brush, leaving bristles embedded in the flesh. This was undoubtedly done to eliminate any traces of the killer's identity (or, possibly, to satisfy a perverse fetish of some sort).

Identification was impossible, except for the victim's fingerprints, which were taken and sent to FBI headquarters in Washington, D. C. Within a short time, the Los Angeles Police Department was sent the results of the Bureau's search through its millions of prints—a card which identified the dead woman

Elizabeth Ann Short, who was known as "The Black Dahlia," and who was horribly murdered and mutilated on or before January 15, 1947, her unsolved killing haunting LAPD detectives to this day.

Elizabeth Ann Short, left, with a friend on a California beach some years before a maniac cut her in half, this snapshot found by detectives following her death.

as Elizabeth Ann Short, born July 29, 1924, in Hyde Park, Massachusetts, giving her last known address as Santa Barbara, California. Once the press learned of this, reporters were sent scurrying through the Los Angeles area to get more background on the victim.

One of the more enterprising scribes, Bevo Means of the Los Angeles *Herald-Express*, discovered that Short had lived in Long Beach and interviewed Short's former landlady, learning that Short had a peculiar quirk. She always dressed in black. All her shoes were black, her dresses and skirts and blouses were black. She wore a black jade ring at all times and, when her trunk was found, it was learned that all her undergarments were black.

Means talked to the owner of a drugstore in Long Beach and found out that the victim was much admired by all the young men she met at his soda fountain. "Who could forget a beautiful girl like that?" the drugstore owner told Means. "Always in black. The fellows coming in here called her The Black Dahlia." The sobriquet was used by Means in his first story, and the name electrified editors across the country. Soon every newspaper, radio station, and wire service used the arresting name, which became household words across the nation.

The name Black Dahlia also explained the initials carved on the victim's leg. Detective Hansen soon learned that Short, one of five children, had been raised in near-poverty in Medford, Massachusetts, and had left home in 1942 at age seventeen, going to Los Angeles to seek a career in show business. It was an old story, one enacted thousands of times each week as pretty, young women with no experience headed for Hollywood and wound up taking menial jobs to survive, or, worse, turned to prostitution.

Elizabeth Short made the usual rounds of the film studios and got nowhere. She landed a job at Camp Cooke, working in the post exchange as a hostess, serving coffee and doughnuts to lonely GIs, a position she held through 1944. She was a popular girl, even elected a "Cutie of the Week." She reportedly became engaged to Major Matt Gordon, Jr., an Air Corps officer, who was later killed in India. Her life went downhill after that. Short was picked up several times as underage, while drinking in Santa Barbara lounges and bars with soldiers, and finally she was shipped back to Massachusetts. She got off the bus before arriving there and returned to Hollywood, where she became a call girl.

It was at this time, while earning considerable cash from her occasional "dates," that an assistant producer at one of the studios dubbed her The Black Dahlia, after noticing that she always wore black. Short was promised many screen tests by her clients, who never kept their word. Forsaking the elusive film contract, Elizabeth Short returned home in 1946 to see her mother. Then she drifted to Florida and later Chicago, working as a cocktail waitress in both cities.

By December 1946, Short had returned to her old haunts in California, just barely avoiding the label of streetwalker. She moved to San Diego and convinced a woman to take her in, telling her that she was a destitute war widow, a story she would repeat many times to gain sympathy, lodging, and money from the kind-hearted.

In January 1947, Short was back in Long Beach, but had resolved to quit prostitution, telling her friends that she was looking for a job and had given up her dreams of becoming a movie star, that all she wanted was to find a good man, to settle down, and to have children. She mentioned that she was deeply in love with a man she referred to only as Red.

A few days later, her dissected corpse was found. Hansen began to interview Short's friends, hunting for the elusive boyfriend The Black Dahlia intended to marry. The killer then surfaced indirectly, six days following the murder. He called Jimmy Richardson, city editor of the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*, speaking in a voice described by Richardson as "soft and silky." The caller detailed the mutilations made on the corpse to convince Richardson that he, indeed, was the murderer. "I killed her," the caller said. "I'm going to turn myself in, but I want to have a little more fun. I want to watch the cops chase me some more." Then he added: "You can expect some souvenirs of Beth Short in the mail."

Richardson described the caller as egotistical, proud of the fact that he had eluded police, a personality with a superior attitude not unlike the fiend known as Jack the Ripper, who stalked prostitutes through London's Whitechapel fifty years earlier. A few days later, as promised, the killer sent the "souvenirs." Enclosed in the package was Short's birth certificate, her address book with more than seventy names of male clients in it, and a note which had been pieced together from newspaper headlines which read: "Here is Dahlia's Belongings. Letter to follow."

A lonely burial for a lonely girl: Only three persons, seated left to right, Mrs. Phoebe Short (Elizabeth's mother), A. C. White, a brother-in-law, and Mrs. Virginia West (sister of Elizabeth) attended the ceremonies on January 25, 1947, at a Los Angeles cemetery. Rev. G. R. White, at left, is shown conducting the services, while two LAPD detectives stand in the background.

Detectives immediately began to run down all the men listed in Short's address book, although they first thought that the killer would not have been so foolish as to send such an item with his own name in it. Later, it was reasoned that the killer, being the vain slayer that he was, could well have had his name in that little black book and had sent it on as a challenge to police to see if they could select him from all the others listed therein.

Challenging the police is a game historically played by many criminals, usually by psychopathic killers like the Ax Man of New Orleans, David Berkowitz (Son of Sam), William Heirens, and Jack the Ripper (see entries). Even Richard Loeb, who, with his love slave, Nathan Leopold (see entry in Celebrity Slayings), boldly murdered Bobbie Franks, then, with the consummate gall of the megalomaniac, insisted upon helping the police to find the killer, hunting for clues, looking for the body that he himself had hidden. The killer of Elizabeth Short was no different, except he never revealed his true identity and used the phone and the mail to make his presence known and felt.

Following the killer's contact with newsmen, Hansen and other detectives were able to track down Elizabeth Short's trunk, and inside they found many love letters from boyfriends. They began to contact these men in hopes of finding the killer. Meanwhile, as expected by some experts, the killer reneged on his promise to give himself up, sending another postcard, again made up of letters clipped from newspapers which read: "I've changed my mind. You would not give me a square deal. Dahlia killing justified."

No more mail arrived from the sender, who police believed to be the real killer. Detectives also believed that one of Short's friends, Robert Manley, who was also known as Red, was a prime suspect. Manley, a 24-year-old married hardware salesman who lived in Huntington Park, had sent a telegram to Short in San Diego only a week before she was murdered. It read: "Be there tomorrow afternoon late. Would like to see you. Red."

When Hansen picked up Manley for questioning, the suspect yelled: "I don't know her! I never met the woman!" Manley did an about-face when being grilled at police headquarters, admitting that he had picked up Short at a San Diego bus station and they had spent the night together in a motel room. He told Hansen that "she had bad scratches on both her arms and above the elbows...She told me that she had a friend

The message—pieced together by headlines clipped from newspapers—that was sent by Short's killer; the envelope held Elizabeth Short's address book and birth certificate.

who was intensely jealous of her...an Italian with black hair." Manley said that he did not know this person or even his name, only that this man lived in San Diego.

Manley told police that he had denied knowing Short at first because he and his wife had been arguing and he did not want to make matters worse by confessing his affair with Short. He went on to state that his night with Short was not pleasant, that she had gotten sick after they had been drinking and he had wound up driving her to Los Angeles and dropped her off at the Biltmore Hotel on January 9, 1947. He swore that this was the last time he had seen her, a week before her savage murder.

Manley was interrogated with considerable intensity by detectives and his whereabouts on the night of the murder were thoroughly checked. He was finally released when police were convinced that he was innocent. The image of the Black Dahlia, however, was to plague Robert Manley. In 1954, he was committed to an insane asylum by his wife who claimed that "he hears noises, writes foolish notes, and has a guilt complex." Police again questioned Manley, once again believing that he was innocent of the murder.

Dozens of other men were suspected, dragged in for questioning, and "sweated" for hours, but all proved to have solid alibis for the night of the killing. Psychiatrist J. Paul de River of the Los Angeles Police Department had predicted that the Dahlia case would cause considerable crackpots to confess to the murder, but officials were in no way prepared for the *hundreds* of psychological malcontents who came forward.

One of these was Daniel S. Voorhees, a 33-year-old unemployed waiter, who called detectives and screamed over the phone: "I can't stand it any longer! I want to confess to the murder of the Black Dahlia!" He was picked up and, while being driven to headquarters, Voorhees blurted over and over "I killed her, I killed her." Though he signed a confession, which stated that he had committed the murder, Voorhees denied ever sending the letter and postcard to newsmen and the police. Some days later Voorhees jumped up in his cell and yelled that he did not kill Short, demanding to see his attorney, adding: "I'm not gonna talk to you anymore. I've talked too much already." Voorhees was later sent to an institution for psychiatric care.

Hansen and his partner Brown answered a report from another self-confessed killer, finding Army corporal Joseph Dumais covered with blood and dozens of newspaper clippings dealing with the Dahlia slaying littering his cheap room. Said Dumais: "It's possible that I could have committed the murder. When I get drunk, I get rough with women." His claim did not hold up and he was released. Then John N. Andry, a

chief pharmacist's mate in the navy, was arrested by the detectives after he bragged in a Long Beach bar that he had great skill in cutting up bodies. When grilled by police, Andry said: "Well, I'm capable of doing it," but he quickly added that he was "only kidding."

Dumais, Andry, and countless others, who confessed were questioned by Detectives Hansen and Brown, who always asked pointed questions of the many who confessed, questions to which only the murderer would have the answers and which dealt chiefly with the state of the corpse as it was left in the empty lot, as well as specific mutilations made by the killer. None had the answers.

The case slipped into the macabre over the years. At one point seers and soothsayers, who claimed to see the past and future inundated the police department with reports of where to look for the killer and how to employ magic to produce positive results. One caller, a woman phoning long distance, seriously told Detective Hansen to "bury the girl with an egg in her right hand. The killer will then be found in a week. That's the way it works in Alabama!"

A photographer insisted that if the police turned over the eyes of the dead girl he would be able to retrieve an image of the killer from the irises, this being an old myth in trapping murderers, a wayward notion that the last vision of the victim, the image of the killer, is forever trapped in the victim's eyes. Then there was the ludicrous. Hansen received a call from a hysterical waitress who reported that two men with guns had just left her restaurant, two ugly-looking thugs who had talked furtively and in suspicious detail over their sandwiches about the Dahlia killing. When she identified her restaurant, Hansen had to suppress a laugh, saying: "That was us! My partner and I ate there today."

Robert Manley, the last person known to have seen Elizabeth Short alive, is shown with an LAPD detective as he identifies a shoe and bag found in a Los Angeles city dump on January 25, 1947 as those belonging to the Black Dahlia.

Robert Manley, the prime suspect in the Black Dahlia case—he was cleared, providing a convincing alibi for the night of the murder—is shown with his wife, Harriet Manley.

LAPD Detective Harry Hansen, right, is shown with another detective investigating evidence in the Black Dahlia murder, a case that he stayed with for decades, always hoping to find the murderer.

In the wake of the Dahlia killing, there followed a series of murders that were not dissimilar in *modus operandi*. Mary Tate was sexually attacked and strangled to death with a silk stocking only three days after Short's body was found. In February 1947, the mutilated body of Mrs. Jeanne French was found, with obscenities written in lipstick on her stomach.

On March 11, 1947, the body of Mrs. Evelyn Winters was discovered, also hacked to pieces. Then police found the body of Rosenda Mondragon, who had also been strangled to death with a silk stocking. Next to be found was Mrs. Dorothy Montgomery, her body left naked and mutilated. Mrs. Laura Trelstad was found beaten to death, her naked body dumped in a vacant area. Detectives believed that at least two of these murders were committed by the same fiend who slaughtered Elizabeth Short, but these murders, like that of Dahlia, remain unsolved to this day.

Captain Jack Donahoe, overall head of the Black Dahlia investigation, developed an unusual theory, coming to believe that the killer was not a man but a *woman*, pointing out that the wounds inflicted on Short's body were similar to those, which had been performed by women in other cases. Donahoe believed that the horrible mutilations were done out of the kind of spite a female reserves for a detested rival.

Donahoe added that between male and female killers,

women were "the deadlier of the species." He also pointed out that Elizabeth Short had spent some time among a lesbian community in Long Beach and may have incurred the wrath of either one or a group of lesbian killers who took their revenge on her for deserting their sexual world. There were few women, however, who confessed to the Dahlia slaying.

A prime suspect, who was arrested in December 1947, was Donald Graeff. This man had taken in a destitute woman, Mrs. Helen Miller, and had attacked her, carving his initials on her hip. Graeff claimed he was drunk at the time of his attack and had no idea of what he was doing. He was dropped as a Dahlia suspect after an extensive investigation into his background. Year after year, the so-called killer continued to come forward. Nine years after the Dahlia murder a New York dishwasher, 44-year-old Ralph von Hiltz adamantly insisted that he knew who the killer of Elizabeth Short was, that he had no part in the killing, but had witnessed the murder and helped the slayer dissect the corpse. He was interrogated, but had no real information on the murder; he was dismissed as another crackpot.

Hansen answered every lead on the case for twenty-five years, no matter how absurd they might have been. He believed, after becoming intimate with every nuance of Elizabeth Short's life, that she may have brought about her own demise. He said: "From all accounts, Elizabeth Short liked to tease men. She probably went too far this time and just set some guy off into a blind berserk rage." Hansen also believed that he "never met the killer face to face. I know he didn't manage to slip through with the other subjects. We considered the possibility of his coming right in, making a confession, then cleverly sidestepping the key question. We watched for that, had taken measures to expose him in that advent. We never underestimated this guy. You'd never believe the amount of checking we did on this case. We followed everything as far as it would go, then we'd turn right around and walk through it all again." The bizarre motive of the killer, as well as his (or her) identity, remains as mysterious and unexplained today as it was on that first shocking day when the shattered remains of The Black Dahlia were found.

CHICAGO'S GRIMES SISTERS/ December 28, 1956

During the 1950s a series of baffling, unsolved child murders sorely tested the resources of the Chicago Police Department. In October 1955 three adolescent boys, Craig and Anton Schuessler, and their friend Robert Peterson were abducted and murdered by persons unknown (Stable worker Kenneth Hansen was convicted of these murders decades later, see Kidnapping). The horrific nature of the crime, and the fact that the police were unable to identify a suspect led to sharp criticism of Chief Timothy O'Connor and his detective force.

On December 28, 1956, two South Side girls disappeared shortly after they had exited the Brighton Theatre, where Elvis Presley's movie, *Love Me Tender* was playing. Barbara Grimes (1941-1956), fifteen, and her sister Patricia Grimes (1943-1956), thirteen, were reported missing by their parents at around midnight. There was grave concern that the same murderer who had kidnapped and killed the Schuessler boys had abducted the Grimes sisters. The police thought that the girls

Barbara Grimes, fifteen, disappeared on December 28, 1956; her body, along with that of her younger sister, was found almost a month later.

Patricia Grimes, thirteen, vanished with her older sister after seeing a movie; the girls reportedly accepted a lift from a young man.

Spectators mix with police and newsmen on German Church Road in DuPage County, where the bodies of the Grimes sisters were found on January 22, 1957.

Drifter Edward "Bennie" Bedwell, center, wearing jacket, was charged with the kidnapping-murders of the Grimes Sisters, but his confession, it was later discovered, had been beaten out of him and he was later released.

might have attempted to emulate their leather-jacketed hero Elvis Presley, by running away from home.

The singer was contacted in Memphis, where he immediately issued a statement to the girls via the press: "If you are good Presley fans, you will go home and ease your mother's worries." Barbara and Patricia were not the kind to rebel against parental authority. They were good students in the Catholic school system, and had shown no rebellious tendencies.

Newspaper columnist Ann Landers received a letter allegedly written by a young girl, who was in the Brighton Theatre that day. It read:

> "Betty asked me to go with her and her parents to visit her aunt. Later we decided to go to the movie. While looking for a seat Betty noticed Barbara and Pat Grimes sitting with some other kids. Outside the show we all got to talking and we exchanged phone numbers. When we got to the street where we turned off, we said good-by and we ran across the street. Then Betty forgot something she had to tell Barbara and we ran back to the corner. A man about twenty-two or twenty-five was talking to them. He pushed Barbara into the back seat of a car and Pat in the front seat. We got part of the license number as the car drove by us. The first four numbers were 2184. Betty thinks there were three or four numbers after that. We didn't think so much about it but it struck us as kind of funny. When we heard that they were missing we didn't know what to do."

The letter was not signed, raising suspicions that the killer might have written it. In January 1957, Police Sergeant Ernest Spiotto questioned a young man who had snipped off a lock of hair from a girl sitting in a movie house. The individual told of a troubling dream he had, in which two girls were found lying naked in a public park surrounded by trees and a tiny creek. The location that matched the description was only several miles away from the actual spot where the Grimes sisters were found on January, 22, 1957.

Motorist Leonard Prescott was driving down German Church Road, a twisting two-lane highway in remote DuPage County when he spotted two "mannequins" lying in a ditch. Their frozen, lifeless bodies were piled on top of each other. The Grimes girls had at last been found, but the answers to the puzzle still eluded the police. A pathologist determined that the cause of death was due to exposure. There was little evidence of rape or sexual abuse.

The police interrogated the young man who had described the location, where the bodies were found, but released him for lack of evidence. Though scores of Chicago detectives answered thousands of tips on the case and interviewed hundreds of suspects and so-called witnesses, not one concrete clue developed in the baffling Grimes case. The CPD still treats the case as an "open file."

Mrs. Loretta Grimes, the mother of the slain girls, is shown sobbing at a table during the inquest of her daughters' deaths as she is comforted by two of her other daughters on January 29, 1957. The killer was never found.

JACK THE STRIPPER/1964-1965

In a chilling emulation of Jack the Ripper, a psychopathic killer in London began murdering prostitutes in early 1964, strangling his victims and then stripping them. The first victim was Hannah Tailford. On February 2, 1964, her nude body was found floating in the Thames. Within the next year and a half, five more women, all prostitutes, were found either strangled or suffocated, their corpses tossed in the Thames or left along isolated roads. The killer eluded intensive police investigation. Several of the victims had their front teeth knocked out.

Irene Lockwood, discovered on April 8, 1964, had been strangled, as had Birdie O'Hara. Margaret McGowan, a prostitute, who had testified in the infamous Profumo sex scandal, was found in a pile of garbage on November 25, 1964. At first, British police thought that McGowan's death might be connected to the Profumo Affair, but upon close examination, detectives dismissed this idea, attributing the murder to a serial killer.

An army of detectives combing London for clues were unable to pinpoint the identity of the murderer. This clever maniac was very careful in covering his trail, but he left a gruesome hallmark in all of his slayings. All of his victims were found naked. He had stripped the women after killing them, earning the unsavory sobriquet of "Jack the Stripper."

A police sketch of the serial killer who terrorized London, and who was known as "Jack the Stripper."

Detectives did learn that all of the women disappeared between 11 p.m. and 1 a.m., so it was supposed that the murderer worked a night shift. Scotland Yard Chief Superintendent John Du Rose, acting on the discovery that four of the six bodies were flecked with spray paint, launched a search of all garages and small factories in the western section of London. When the murders stopped in late 1965, Du Rose searched through records of suicides, jailings, and accidental deaths since the killing.

A night security guard had killed himself, leaving a suicide note saying, "I am unable to stand the strain any longer." Although no definitive evidence against him was established, it was conveniently assumed that he had been Jack the Stripper. The files on these cases, however, remain open.

SAN FRANCISCO'S ZODIAC KILLER/ 1960s-1970s

A serial killer whose *modus operandi* was strangely similar to that of the Monster of Florence, a killer who preyed on couples in parked cars in Italy in the 1960s and 1970s, the Zodiac Killer (not to be confused with New York's Zodiac killer of 1990, later identified as Heriberto Seda, see Serial Killers) committed a series of killings in northern California beginning in 1966. Investigators named him the Zodiac Killer due to the signs and cryptograms he mailed to the police.

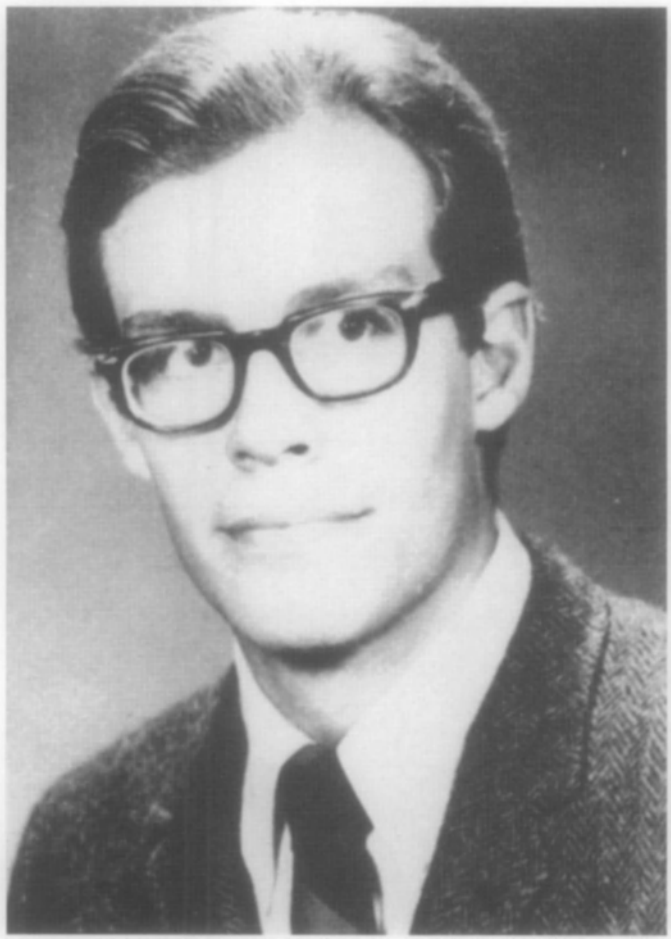
Through descriptions provided by surviving victims, it is fairly certain that the Zodiac killer was male. He did not claim responsibility for several murders he most certainly committed, and police could not find bodies of several victims he claimed to have killed. Most of his victims were young women, and the Zodiac killer once claimed he was "collecting slaves for my afterlife." Body counts of Zodiac murders range from nine to more than forty.

The first killing that the Zodiac murderer confessed to occurred on a deserted road outside Vallejo, California, on December 20, 1968. The killer approached David Faraday, seventeen, and Bettilou Jensen, sixteen, who were sitting in a parked car. He shot Faraday three times in the head with a .22-caliber pistol, and then shot Jensen five times after she jumped out of the car and attempted to run away.

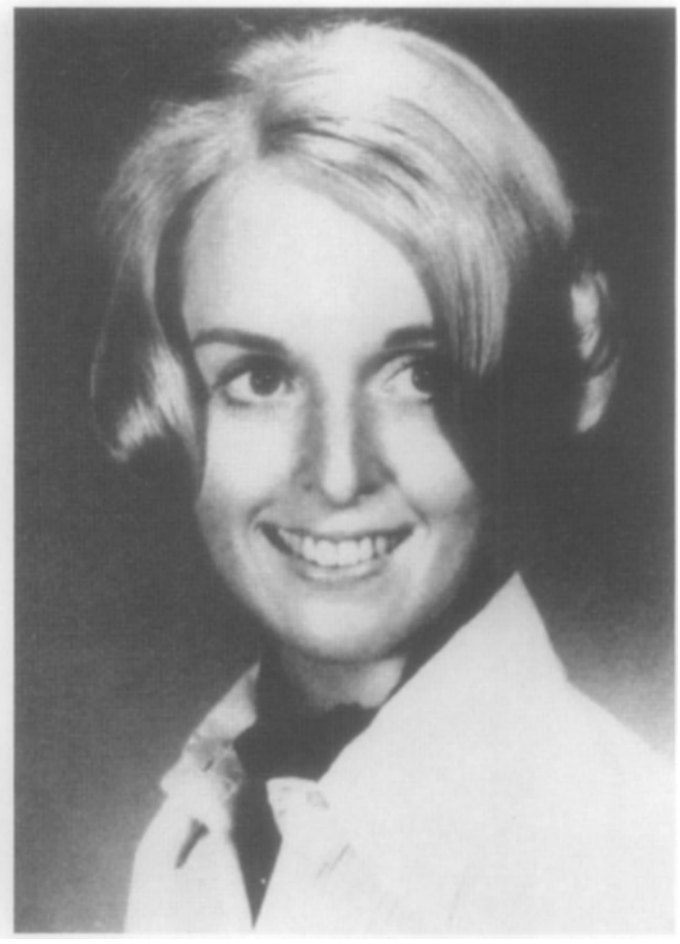
The killer struck again on July 4, 1969, killing a 19-year-old girl and critically wounding her companion, who survived, but could give only a sketchy description of the attacker, who had blinded him by shining a flashlight in his eyes. He said the attacker was male, fairly heavy, and wore glasses.

A particularly gruesome murder attributed to the Zodiac Killer was that of Cecelia Shephard, whom he stabbed twenty-four times in the back. He then carved the outline of a cross into her skin. The killer then shot a taxi driver in the back from the rear seat of the taxi, wiped the car clean of prints, and cut off a bloody piece of the driver's shirt to send to the police.

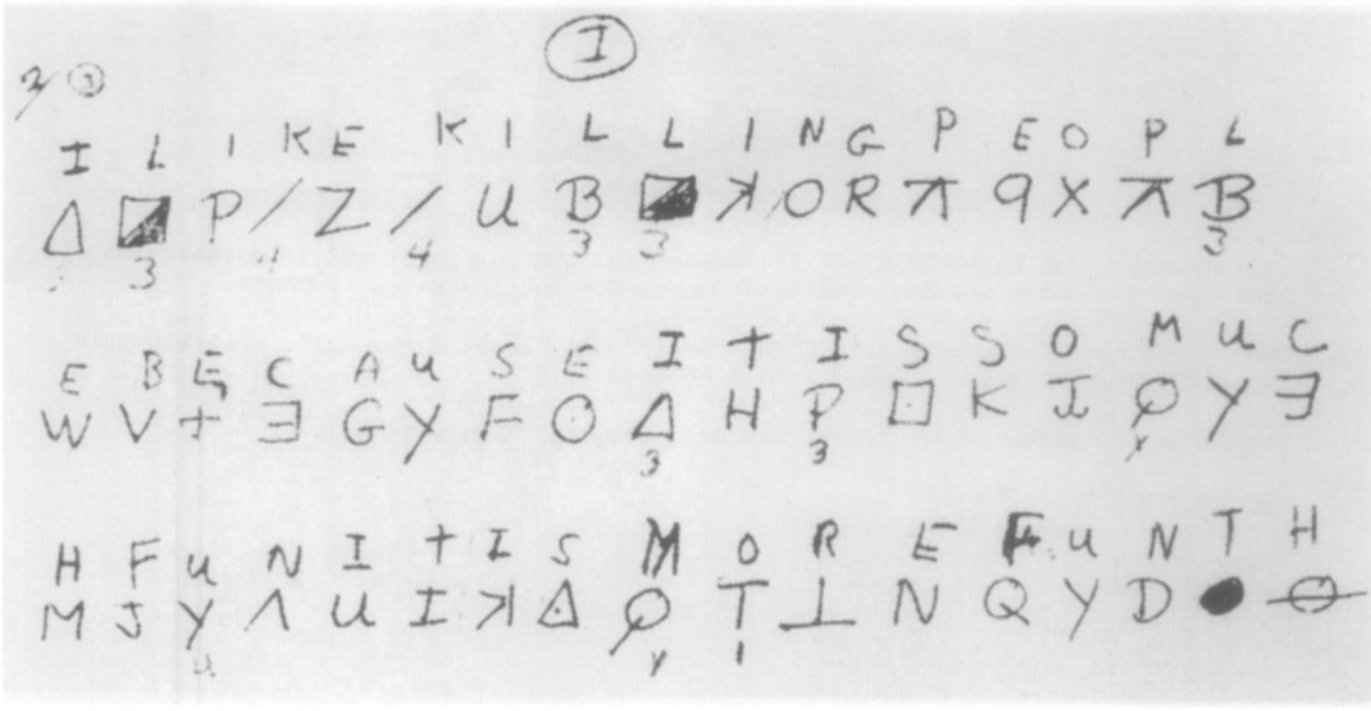
The driver lived and gave the most accurate description to date of the murderer. With the driver's description, a composite of the Zodiac killer was developed and circulated. Police searched for a man approximately five-feet, eight-inches tall with short reddish-brown hair and thick glasses.



Byron Hartnell, who was attacked with girlfriend Cecelia Shepard, by the Zodiac killer; though stabbed several times in the back, he survived.



Cecelia Shepard, who was stabbed twenty-four times in the back by the Zodiac killer; so savagely was Shepard slashed that there was no hope of survival.



When Navy experts could not decipher the Zodiac's cryptogram shown above, amateur cryptographers decoded his gruesome message.

WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT

NO. 90-69 WANTED FOR MURDER OCTOBER 18, 1969

ORIGINAL DRAWING

AMENDED DRAWING

Supplementing our Bulletin 87-69 of October 13, 1969. Additional information has developed the above amended drawing of murder suspect known as "ZODIAC".

WMA, 35-45 Years, approximately 5'8", Heavy Build, Short Brown Hair, possibly with Red Tint, Wears Glasses. Armed with 9 MM Automatic.

Available for comparison: Slugs, Casings, Latents, Handwriting.

ANY INFORMATION:
Inspectors Armstrong & Toschi
Homicide Detail
CASE NO. 696314

THOMAS J. CAHILL
CHIEF OF POLICE

The wanted poster above was issued by the San Francisco Police Department and shows sketches of the Zodiac killer, as described to police artists by surviving victims. He was never apprehended.

The killer stopped communicating with police in 1975. He claimed to have killed thirty-seven people, though police believed that some of the letters were fakes. While the San Francisco police attributed only six murders to Zodiac, the sheriff of Sonoma County, Don Striepeke, placed the total slayings at more than forty, these murders occurring in four western states, based on a computer study of similar murders.

Striepeke hypothesized that the murderer worked from a large "Z" drawn over a map of several states. Police believe that the murderer either died or was committed to a psychiatric institution. Like the Monster of Florence, he simply ceased killing.

THE MICHIGAN CHILD MURDERS/1976-1977

Oakland County, Michigan, northwest of downtown Detroit, is home to moderately affluent suburban communities, well-policed, and generally free of the multitudinous crimes that plague nearby Detroit. However, suburban Oakland County was the scene of seven child murders between January 15, 1976, and March 16, 1977. These unsolved crimes defied the efforts of over fifty law enforcement agencies that joined in the hunt for the killer.

On January 15, 1976, 16-year-old Cynthia Cadieux became the first victim. The teenager was killed after leaving her girlfriend's house in suburban Roseville, and her unclad, bludgeoned body was later found on a desolate stretch of road. Less than a week later, 14-year-old Sheila Srock was shot to death by a home invader at her sister's Birmingham home. In August 1976, Jane Louise Allan, thirteen, was found on a public road outside Miamisburg, Ohio. The evidence suggested that she had been bound, gagged, and smothered. Although these first three murders seemed unconnected, the next four murders were clearly the work of one individual.

Mark Stebbins, a 12-year-old Ferndale youth disappeared shortly after leaving the American Legion Hall on February 13, 1976. He was found dead a week later in Southfield. There was evidence of sexual molestation. Similar to the Stebbins murder, Jill Robinson, twelve, vanished shortly after walking out of a hobby shop in Royal Oak on December 22, 1976.

Like the Stebbins boy, Jill Robinson's body had been washed and arranged in a funeral position. The body was found near the I-75 Freeway in Troy on December 26, 1976. Seven days later, Kristine Mihelich of Berkley left her house to buy a magazine. Her body was found adjacent to a rural road in Franklin Village on January 21, 1977. Again, the corpse had been thoroughly cleaned and arranged in the traditional funeral position.

The only eye-witness account of the killer was given to police following the disappearance of 11-year-old Timothy King on March 16, 1977. According to the witnesses, a white man between twenty-five and thirty-five driving a Blue Gremlin was seen conversing with the King boy outside a local drugstore. Timothy's body was found next to a road in suburban Livonia on March 23, 1977. He had been suffocated and sexually assaulted.

The killer was never heard from again. Investigators from over fifty police departments focused their search on the owners of blue Gremlins in the Detroit area, but not one suspect emerged. Birmingham police chief Jerry Tobin speculated that the murderer might have been an affluent businessman. At the time, Tobin stated: "We think he is a white-collar-class person or a professional man somebody who is trusted, like a doctor, a policeman, a member of the clergy."

The ritualistic nature of the crimes—the fact that the bodies had all been washed and laid in the traditional funeral position—suggested to police that the killer might have been foreign-born, perhaps Middle Eastern. An informant with a Middle Eastern accent told a local psychiatrist that he could point out the murderer in one of Detroit's gay bars. However, the informant never showed up. The investigation dragged on for months with no viable clues and these murders remain unsolved at this writing.

Three police composite sketches of the suspected killer, who kidnapped and murdered seven or more children in 1976-1977.

THE MURDER OF JONBENET RAMSEY/ December 26, 1996

On December 26, 1996, JonBenet Ramsey (1990-1996), a pretty 6-year-old girl, who had won several beauty contests—she was Little Miss Colorado for 1995—was found murdered in the basement of her parents' sprawling Boulder, Colorado, home. An autopsy revealed that the girl had been sexually attacked and then strangled to death. Her skull had also been crushed by a powerful blow to the head.

A ransom note, found on the stairwell leading to the basement of the Ramsey home, claimed that the girl had been kidnapped (even though her body was present) by a group representing "a small foreign faction" and demanded $118,000 for her release. Police and media speculated that the kidnappers—if, indeed, that's who the killers had been—had attempted to abduct the girl, but that she put up a fight and they killed her, dropping the ransom note they had prepared in advance.

Much of the case remained enigmatic in that the Boulder police, even after a prolonged investigation, never charged anyone with the rape-killing. What evidence detectives collected was never made public. Shrouding the murder further was the fact that the child's parents, John and Patsy Ramsey, shielded themselves behind expensive lawyers and talked to authorities only in carefully screened interviews, as was the case when they faced the media.

Though no suspects in the killing were ever named, John and Patsy Ramsey remained under an "umbrella of suspicion." Theories abound. One investigator surmised that an intruder killed the child in her bedroom, then attempted to hide the body in the basement, and left the note so that he would not have to risk taking the body from the home in the hope that the parents would pay the ransom before the body was discovered. Another suspected that one of JonBenet's older siblings killed her.

A scream was heard by a Ramsey neighbor on the night of the murder, one report stated. Another said there was no scream. A writing expert said that the ransom note bore a striking resemblance to Patsy Ramsey's own handwriting. Another expert said no. Then a bevy of experts tried to figure out why the so-called kidnappers would demand the odd ransom amount of $118,000, instead of a million, which her tycoon father could reportedly afford to pay. The case drowned in questions and was starved for answers.

Criticism was rampant. Police in Boulder were lambasted for allowing John Ramsey to search his own house eight hours after he had called police in response to finding the ransom note, a search that led to his discovery of his daughter's body. Moreover, police were blasted for allowing friends and relatives to roam through the house at that time. Then prosecutors and police fell out, accusing each other of bungling the case.

In fall 1997, Detective Steve Thomas of the Boulder force, who had investigated the murder, quit his position. He accused District Attorney Alex Hunter of botching the case in an extraordinary effort to protect the Ramseys. Lou Smit, a special investigator, who looked into the case, also quit, but he stated that he thought the Ramseys, who later relocated to Atlanta, Georgia, were innocent. In the end, there was no solution, only silence and wonder.

Six-year-old JonBenet Ramsey, strangled to death in the home of her wealthy parents in Boulder, Colorado, on December 26, 1996; her killer was never found.

There is every reason to believe that the killer of little JonBenet Ramsey and his/her horrible predecessors and successors look back upon their own terrible crimes with the strange perspective of manufactured innocence as they make their placid ways through life. They maintain a public posture of common virtue and respectability and in the end, convince themselves that they have had nothing to do with the hideous deeds reported in the daily press. They have their layered rationales: That was someone else, some strange creature crawling about in the past. And nestling inside this cozy rationalization, the reality of guilt and conscience becomes a hazy historical nightmare in which all the lurking slayers are conveniently anonymous.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN:

PIRACY

Although one might argue that the Vikings were the first pirates, routinely raiding the coastal towns of England, Scotland and Ireland as early as 789 A.D., the age of piracy began in earnest shortly after Columbus sailed to the New World in 1492. As virgin lands were discovered, great fleets moved across the oceans, seeking commodities and gold. Following in their wakes were the pirates, seagoing highwaymen, who plundered the rich cargoes of these vessels, often slaughtering the crews who served them, or taking these hapless prisoners to be later sold as slaves. The pirates menaced world commerce for more than three hundred years, tens of thousands of these self-styled corsairs capturing lone ships and even whole commercial fleets.

The pirates sought and found safe harbors in remote island chains in the Mediterranean and the Caribbean and off the isles of India and China. These were barbarous men, for the most part, with little or no regard for human life, except for what a life might bring them in ransom. Robbery, rape and murder were their usual pursuits, when not drowning themselves in alcohol. They considered themselves above and beyond the law.

Charles Bellamy, who flourished in the so-called "Golden Age" of piracy, in the early 18th Century, captured a Boston merchantman off the coast of South Carolina in 1717. When the captain of that ship challenged Bellamy's authority to take his vessel, the pirate declared: "I am a free prince and I have as much authority to make war on the whole world as he

Daniel Defoe, who penned the first chronicle of the pirates.

Below, Robert Newton, as pirate Long John Silver menaces Bobby Driscoll, as Jim Hawkins in the 1950 film of *Treasure Island*, faithfully based upon the Robert Louis Stevenson tale.

who has a hundred sail of ships at sea and an army of 100,000 men in the field."

The exploits of such men were heralded far and wide, the first to chronicle their deeds in detail being Daniel Defoe, who used the alias of "Captain Charles Johnson" when writing *A General History of the Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pirates*. He condemned these ocean-going freebooters, but within his pages one can detect Defoe's

The great swashbuckler Errol Flynn, as the physician-turned pirate, in the 1935 film, *Captain Blood*, the first spectacular talkie about buccaneers.

Dueling pirates: Tyrone Power, left, and George Sanders in the 1942 film, *The Black Swan*, another epic about corsairs and their conquests.

sneaking admiration for these cutthroats. By any comparison, the pirates were extraordinary men, who took fierce pride in their independence and regarded their murdering and pillaging as a right granted by the gods.

These pirates took on mythical images that were nurtured and perpetuated by writers such Lord Byron in his 1814 essay, "The Corsair," one in which he profiled his piratical hero as a victim of despotic society. The pirate was romanticized by Sir Walter Scott in his 1822 novel, *The Pirate*, and Robert Louis Stevenson made his pirates into legendary characters in his 1883 tale, *Treasure Island*. The motion pictures furthered that image with such classic swashbuckling films like *Captain Blood*, starring Errol Flynn, and *The Black Swan*, with Tyrone Power. As late as 2003, the film *Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl* vaulted pirates to fantasy figures.

To be sure, there were among these brazen thieves intelligent and (rarely) compassionate captains, such as Jean Bart, but for the most part they were wolves preying upon innocent commerce with a pathological obsession to obtain riches at any cost. The governmental navies of the world united to track down these sea wolves and destroy them, sweeping the pirates from the seas by the middle of the 18TH Century. A few sea-going rogues continued to practice piracy into the next century and some pirates exist to this day in remote areas of the China Seas, but they are furtive, hunted creatures and a far cry from the bold buccaneers who terrorized the oceans of the past.

THE TERRIBLE REDBEARDS/1500s-1540s

One of two sea-roving Turkish pirate brothers who raided Italian, Spanish, and French shipping for the Mamelukes, Barbarossa I (Arouj or Horush or Koruk; AKA: Redbeard, c.1473-1518) pillaged indiscriminately. In 1504, two heavily-laden treasure ships of the Vatican were sent from Genoa to Rome, and when they became separated, a small, fast ship, captained by Barbarossa I, intercepted the second ship and attacked it. After subduing the Vatican crew, the Turks stripped off their own garb and put on the uniforms of the captives. They quickly overtook the first Vatican ship and signaled for it to rendezvous. When the second ship caught up with the

The fierce Barbarossa brothers, Turkish pirates who sank countless ships and seized enormous treasures in the Mediterranean Sea during the 1500s.

first, the disguised pirates quickly overwhelmed the Vatican crew.

Barbarossa I then sailed with an enormous booty to Tunis, where the pirate chief, called Redbeard, gave half of the loot to the Emir for protection. But Barbarossa, who had lost one hand in his pirate battles, had no intention of sharing power with the Emir and, at an audience with the potentate, casually reached out with his one good hand and strangled his host to death, immediately proclaiming himself Emir.

Incensed at the increased raids conducted by Barbarossa I against his ships, Charles I of Spain ordered a huge armada with 10,000 men to storm Tunis and the Turkish pirates, along with their Arab allies, were slaughtered. Barbarossa I was trapped in the Emir's palace and there scores of Spanish soldiers cut the pirate to pieces. It was the terrible reputation of Barbarossa I that tainted the image of his surviving sibling, and most historians have profiled both Barbarossa brothers as fierce, merciless beasts who murdered at whim and showed not a bit of mercy to their victims. Both wore the sobriquet Redbeard but the most infamous of the pair was certainly Barbarossa I.

Upon the death of his brother, Barbarossa I, Khizr, or Barbarossa II (Khizr, Khair ed-Din or Khaireddin or Chaireddin; AKA: Redbeard, c. 1466-1546), went to Selim I, the Sultan of Turkey, and asked that he provide an army to retake Tunis from the Spanish, stating that he would make the land a present to Turkey in return. The armies and navy were provided and Barbarossa II retook all the lost lands of Tunis and was made deputy ruler in 1516 by Selim I.

For more than thirty years Barbarossa controlled the Mediterranean Sea with his hordes of Turkish and Arabic pirates, becoming as famous as Attila the Hun or Hannibal. His ships looted almost every coastal town from Spain to the Black Sea and, since he considered his raids part of a Holy War against Christians, he was inclined to show little mercy to prisoners. Those too young or old, those unfit for work as slaves, were butchered by his pirates. The rest of a town's inhabitants, thousands, were sold into slavery.

Barbarossa II, who was also known as Redbeard, heard that the Duchess of Trajetto was a rare beauty and the pirate decided she would make an excellent gift for Selim I. He raided the city of Calabria with a mighty fleet of sixty ships, but found that the Duchess, warned in advance of Redbeard's intentions, had escaped her seaside villa in her nightgown, riding her horse to death to reach safety. When she returned to Calabria, she found the city in ruins, most of the inhabitants murdered, crucified as was Barbarossa's favorite method of execution or taken off into slavery. The pirate, in his rage at not capturing the duchess, had burned the city to the ground. This incident pointed to the world the barbarous nature of the Turkish pirate.

Yet, the same man took an 18-year-old Italian girl prisoner, so the story goes, when besieging Reggio. Instead of sending the beautiful girl to one of his many harems, the pirate, who had fallen in love with the girl, begged her to marry him, saying he would abandon the siege of her city if she consented. She did, and Barbarossa retired to his magnificent palace in Constantinople, living into his sixties in wedded bliss.

Barbarossa II was far from the hedonistic, cruel tyrant the world thought him to be when he died in bed in 1546. By this time, Barbarossa had given up the black flag and sword and had become a scholar, learning several languages and becoming a patron of the arts. He did not die, as popular history has it, through sexual overindulgence with a bevy of his harem ladies surrounding him. He died with his Italian wife at his side and a book in his hands.

THE VOYAGES OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE/ 1570s-1580s

The naval heroics of British admiral Sir Francis Drake (c.1545-1596) amounted to little more than piracy, sanctioned by the throne of England. When the Spanish demanded of Queen Elizabeth I that Drake be executed for attacking their ships, the Queen might have agreed in order to assure peace, but the Spanish also demanded a return of £1.5 million in treasure that Drake had stolen during his around-the-world voyage. When the Queen knighted Drake on board his ship, *Golden Hind*, the Spanish were outraged and began preparing for war.

Francis Drake was born in Devonshire, and apprenticed to sea as a pirate by his cousin Sir John Hawkins. In 1567, Drake stood at the helm of the *Judith* during an expedition to the Gulf of Mexico. He earned a reputation as a fearless, if not cunning, seaman during three expeditions to the New World. In 1572, he was commissioned a privateer by the Queen and was the first Englishman to see the Pacific Ocean. During this voyage, Drake sacked the town of Nombre de Dios, and played havoc with Spanish shipping in the region. Before the looting

The privateer (later admiral) Sir Francis Drake, backed and knighted by Queen Elizabeth I, wreaked havoc upon the Spanish fleets and looted great amounts of gold for England.

Drake, center, without helmet, and his men greet Indians on the Rio de la Plata during the global voyage of the *Golden Hind* (1577-1580).

Sir John Hawkins financed Drake, traded in slaves, designed the heavily-gunned, sleek ships that destroyed the Spanish Armada, and was with Drake when he died in 1596.

of that coastal town, Drake moved through the jungles of Panama, where he waylaid mule trains laden with Spanish gold, although he lost half his crew members to Yellow Fever, poisonous snakes and Spanish troops hunting the brigands. (This and many other Drake episodes were incorporated into the greatest pirate film of them all, *The Sea Hawk*, starring the inimitable Errol Flynn.)

Drake returned to England to prepare for his eventual trip around the world, a journey of piracy licensed by the Queen. He embarked in December 1577, sailing through the Cape Verde Islands and past Brazil. Continuing past the Straits of Magellan and up the coast of Chile, Drake seized as many Spanish ships as he could, amassing a fortune of plundered cargo in the hold of his ship. He sailed across the Pacific, through the Indian Ocean, and around the Cape of Good Hope.

By this time the Spanish ministers demanded that "El Draque" hang for his peacetime piracies. Drake returned to Plymouth in September 1580. Elizabeth carefully weighed Drake's service to her against the irate demands of the Spanish. After six months, she went to Deptford and knighted him. In subsequent privateering missions, Drake sailed with the blessings of the throne, although the Spanish refused to consider him as anything more than a common pirate.

Drake often retired to his estates to play the country squire, and even became the mayor of Plymouth (1581). The courteous Drake thought himself a God-fearing Protestant knight errant and soon grew restless on land, wearying of his image as a national hero. He again embarked upon raiding voyages and on an ill-fated expedition to the West Indies, where he was accompanied by Sir John Hawkins, he died aboard his own ship in 1596.

Errol Flynn, center, fences with a horde of foes in the greatest pirate movie of them all, the 1940 film, *The Sea Hawk*, which was based upon the incredible exploits of Sir Francis Drake.

JEAN-DAVID NAU'S "REVENGE"/1660s

Taking his name from his ancestral birthplace in Brittany, Jean-David Nau (AKA: Lolonois, Francois Lolonois) became a pirate not to amass wealth, but to avenge his suffering at the hands of the Spanish. As a youth he had shipped out as an indentured servant and had worked long hours in the steaming tropical Caribbean heat of Hispaniola sugar plantations. He was incessantly beaten and tortured, until he became a hateful, vengeance-seeking killer. In light of his later conduct, one could easily term Jean-David Nau as a bloodthirsty psychopath.

Nau escaped his servitude by fleeing to the island of Tortuga, a safe harbor for fugitives, murderers, and pirates. Nau recruited a band of 700 pirates for the sole purpose of waging undeclared war against Spanish shipping. With Michel le Basque serving as his top aide, Nau sailed to Gibraltar, then on to New Granada, and Nicaragua, although he had no navigational experience.

Nau's raids and cruelty against the coastal towns became legendary. One account maintains that Nau cut open a Spanish prisoner's chest with a cutlass, removed the heart, and began chewing on it. He shouted to a group of terrified prisoners, who had been reluctant to tell him where treasures were hidden: "I will serve you all alike, if you don't talk!" Another favored method of torture employed by Nau was to tighten a cord around a victim's forehead until the eyes popped out of their sockets. The cruel practice was known as "woolding."

Nau's own death was equally ghastly. After being captured by Darien Indians, the pirate captain was kept alive long enough to witness his limbs being pulled from his body and thrown into a roaring bonfire.

French pirate Jean-David Nau, called Lolonois, a savage pirate, who killed for pleasure and tortured captives for entertainment.

Pirate Nau (Lolonois) is shown cutting out the heart of a captive and feeding it to another victim, bestial conduct that was routine for this corsair.

MORGAN OF THE WEST INDIES/1660s-1670s

Sir Henry Morgan (c.1634-1688), one of the most infamous of seventeenth-century British privateers, was born in Llanrhymney, Glamorganshire, Wales. He was the eldest son of Robert Morgan, who was either a farmer or a gentleman, depending on which source is cited. The issue of his father's occupation and corresponding status was apparently a matter of some concern to Morgan himself, as is evidenced by the lawsuit he filed against an English publisher. Morgan objected to the publisher's alleged descriptions of Morgan's father as a farmer and him as a "monster of cruelty."

As anxious as he was to be described favorably, Morgan never made clear what circumstances brought him to the West Indies or what he did there in the years before 1665, when he gained prominence as a buccaneer. One account stated that he went to sea as a cabin boy and ended up in Jamaica, but another suggested that he arrived there with elements of Cromwell's army in 1655. Regardless of the circumstances in which he arrived, it is clear that he had useful connections with the colonial establishment in Jamaica. Morgan's uncle, Sir Edward Morgan, was appointed deputy governor of Jamaica in 1663. The governor of the island at the time was Sir Thomas Modyford, a wealthy planter from Barbados.

Jamaica had no naval protection in the mid-1660s, so Modyford awarded privateering commissions to men like Morgan for the island's protection. Prior to 1667, this type of commission was officially sanctioned by the British because they had no treaty with Spain, their main rival in that part of the world. However, in 1667, King Charles II signed a treaty with Spain and ordered Modyford to rescind all privateering commissions. Modyford, believing that the Spaniards in Cuba were preparing to seize Jamaica, ignored the king's orders and asked a large company of buccaneers with Morgan at its head to raid Cuba, take Spanish prisoners, and torture them to obtain information regarding their invasion plans. Modyford induced Morgan and his men to take the assignment by granting them permission to plunder the towns as well.

Morgan set out with a force of 700 men both British and French in twelve ships. They landed in Cuba and marched fifty miles inland to the town of Puerto del Principe, whose citizens ransomed themselves with 1,000 cattle. Disappointed with their booty, the buccaneers sailed to the Isthmus of Panama to sack the coastal city of Porto Bello, a transit point for the treasure being taken out of Peru. The city was defended by three strong forts, but Morgan's men were fierce fighters. After taking two of the forts, Morgan and his men forced a group of captured nuns and monks to serve as shields for the buccaneers by preceding them up the scaling ladders with which they stormed the final fort.

The nuns and monks were killed, but Morgan and his men overwhelmed the last fort and proceeded to behave in typical buccaneer fashion. They looted the town, including the churches, raped the women, and tortured the prisoners including some small children to obtain information about where valuables were hidden. Morgan and his men held the town for thirty-one days, during which time his crews repulsed the at-

Sir Henry Morgan, a privateer turned pirate hunter, who was knighted and became governor of Jamaica.

A Spanish galleon of the era proved to be the easy prey of pirate Henry Morgan.

Morgan, shown right forefront holding spear, leads his pirates in the sacking of Puerto del Principe in Cuba.

Laird Cregar, center, portrayed pirate Henry Morgan, in the 1942 film, *The Black Swan*; shown with him is Tyrone Power, right, and Thomas Mitchell.

tack of a Spanish relief expedition, before sailing back to Jamaica. Despite the fact that his commission permitted him to attack only Spanish shipping, Morgan received only a mild reprimand from Modyford for the plunder. The governor reasoned that the attacks on Spanish towns kept Spanish forces engaged in self-defense, and thereby lessened their capability to attack Jamaica.

Morgan's next expedition was to Maracaibo, where he suffered a setback. As Morgan and his men planned a raid on the city on board his flagship, the *Oxford,* in the harbor of Port Royal, an explosion rocked the ship, killing over two hundred men. Only Morgan and about twenty-five officers sitting on his side of the table survived the blast. Buccaneers from other ships swarmed into the area to loot the remains, taking boots, swords, and pistols, and hacking off corpses' fingers when necessary to salvage a ring. Although the explosion was probably caused by a careless or drunken gunner, Morgan insisted that it was a French plot.

Morgan's prestige suffered temporarily because of the incident on the *Oxford,* but by 1670, he was ready to embark on another large mission. The Spanish had renewed their attacks on Jamaica, burning and looting some of the coastal towns. Modyford once again gave Morgan a commission to do whatever was necessary to drive the Spanish back. The commission was in direct disobedience of his instructions from London, but Modyford ignored this fact in order to defend the island.

Morgan gathered a force of some 2,000 men on thirty-six ships, ranging from a flagship of 120 tons and twenty-two guns to an unarmed sloop of twelve tons. Preparations for the expedition were made through the autumn of 1670. The buccaneers raided Spanish hogyards and cattle ranches and cruised the coast seizing cargoes of foodstuffs. The Council of Jamaica unanimously approved the venture on the basis of what Modyford referred to as "the old, pleasing account of no purchase, no pay." The buccaneers would take their pay in plunder.

According to the articles of the expedition, compensation for injuries would be paid first by six hundred Spanish dollars for the loss of a hand or a leg; 1,800 for both hands; 1,500 for both legs; and one hundred for an eye. (These amounts were substantially higher than for expeditions conducted completely at sea because of the greater risk of mortality and serious wounds in land campaigns.) After the injuries were paid for, the remaining spoils were to be divided into equal shares, with a certain number of shares going to each captain.

With preparations completed, the expedition set sail in December 1670, despite a treaty that had just been signed in Madrid that recognized British territorial claims in the West Indies. Morgan's force traveled first to Providence Island, which the governor surrendered to them without a fight. (The governor arranged with Morgan for a sham battle, which would be fought with powder but no shot, so that he could save face with his constituency.) Then, using Old Providence as a base, the buccaneers attacked Fort San Lorenzo at the mouth of the Chagres River.

At least one hundred buccaneers were killed and seventy severely wounded before the garrison of 350 Spanish soldiers was subdued. Leaving 300 men to guard the fort and 150 to protect the fleet, Morgan and 1,400 buccaneers sailed to Panama City in January 1671. After a grueling march through the jungle and a brief but fierce fight, Morgan and his men subdued the city and looted it before burning it to the ground. The town, reputedly one of the richest in Latin America, yielded so much treasure that it took 175 mules to haul it away. The buccaneers also took 600 prisoners to be ransomed, adding even more value to the spoils.

When the triumphant Morgan returned to Jamaica, he discovered that Spanish complaints about Modyford's violation of the "Treaty of America" had caused the governor to be sent back to England under arrest. Six months later, Morgan was also called to London to "answer for his offenses against the king, his crown, and dignity." Neither Morgan nor Modyford was punished, but they were both detained in London for three years until the king was certain that Spain would not demand their punishment. At the end of the three years, they were sent back to Jamaica, Modyford as Chief Justice and Morgan as Lieutenant-Governor and both were knighted. In his new position, Morgan hunted down buccaneers with the same ferocity he had displayed when he was one of them. Morgan himself died peacefully in his bed in 1688.

THOMAS TEW, THE RED SEA PIRATE/1690s

Like Drake and Morgan before him, Thomas Tew became a pirate with the official approval of government officials. A long-time privateer, Tew was, in 1692, approached by a group of merchants and officials in Bermuda, who offered him a share in the 70-ton sloop *Amity*. After paying for his share in December of that year, Tew carefully recruited a crew of sixty hardy seaman, all adept with cutlass and musket. He then met with Isaac Richier, the governor of Bermuda, and persuaded that riches-seeking official to give him a commission to raid French trading posts on the west coast of Africa, France then being at war with England.

Such commissions were avidly sought by pirates, who, if captured, could explain their criminal deeds as "official actions," in that they had plundered on behalf of their government. Such commissions were freely given by government officials, who sought to acquire wealth for their country and for themselves. With government approval, Tew set sail, but when only a few days at sea, he called his crew members together and proposed that they abandon the plan to attack the French outposts, as these lonely bastions would yield little or no treasure. Instead, he suggested, that the *Amity* sail around the Cape of Good Hope, and into the Indian Sea and from there, sail into the Red Sea, where he was convinced rich plunder could be had. The crew agreed and the *Amity* altered its piratical course.

Tew encountered only one prize during his voyage, but it yielded him and his crew a fortune, a huge vessel of the Great Mogul of India, which was laden with enormous riches. Though guarded by hundreds of Indian troops, this ship gave up without much of a fight. Not one of Tew's men were killed. Tew and his crew members loaded into the hold of the *Amity*

Pirate Thomas Tew, left, entertains Colonel Benjamin Fletcher, royal governor of New York, with his adventures in the Red Sea, where he seized a treasure ship from the Great Mogul of India.

the equivalent of £100,000 worth of gold, silver, spices, silk and elephant ivory tusks. Sailing southward, the *Amity* took refuge in a tranquil bay on the island of St. Mary, off the Madagascar coast. Tew took on new provisions, and made repairs, then sailed leisurely to America, arriving at Newport, Rhode Island in April 1694.

The tales of treasure told by Tew and his men electrified the town, and made heroes of the pirates. Every young man along the Atlantic seaboard hearing of Tew's exploits, envisioned himself a pirate and thousands eagerly signed on board merchant vessels quickly converting to pirate ships. Tew sailed his vessel to New York, where he met with Colonel Benjamin Fletcher, the royal governor. The pirate spent several hours regaling Fletcher with his piratical feats, all of which delighted the governor.

Though the Indian prize had enriched Tew and his crew members to the point where they might retire in comfort, they, like most of their ilk, were lured back under the black flag by greed. In November 1694, Tew paid the venal Governor Fletcher £300 to obtain another "official" commission to raid the Red Sea. His next voyage was far from the success he had enjoyed in 1692. The Amity sailed into the Red Sea and, spotting another Indian vessel in September 1695, made a bold attack. Tew and his pirates boarded the ship, but they were met by hordes of hard-fighting Indian sailors and soldiers. Tew, leading his men, was greeted with a volley of musketry that tore open his belly and blew him onto the deck. He sat for moments trying to hold in his entrails and then died with a surprised look on his face.

FRANCE'S GENTLEMAN PIRATE/1690s

Jean Bart (c.1651-1702) was a French privateer from Dunkirk who operated with the secret commission of King Louis XIV. He was a gentleman pirate, elegantly attired and insisting upon the normal rules of warfare when his squadrons overwhelmed Dutch vessels and destroyed the Dutch herring fleets along the Atlantic coasts during the war between France and the Netherlands (1672-1678). He captured eighty-one ships and took enormous spoils, but did not seek the normally ruthless reprisals of those in his trade when offered resistance. So successful was Bart that King Louis XIV personally appointed him a lieutenant in the French navy.

Bart was after loot to send to his king, not slaves. The prisoners captured by his well-disciplined men were treated with consideration and put ashore at the first landfall. If Bart demonstrated any great failing, it was his vanity. He dressed in ornate clothes, strutting about the deck of his flagship, peacock-proud. He dined on the best plate and was adamant that his top mates display the proper table manners, hardly the image of the raw, uncouth pirate the world had come to dread.

French pirate Jean Bart, who became an admiral and national hero.

Made a captain, Bart led the French corsairs against the British, engaging the enemy at Beachy Head in 1690, and defending Dunkerque in 1694-1695. After Bart's successful raids against the forts near Newcastle-on-Tyne, he attacked a 91-ship convoy of wheat and this prize relieved a famine that had gripped France for months. These feats were acknowledged by Louis XIV, who, in 1697, gave Bart the command of a royal fleet. He died a much respected captain of the French Royal Fleet, known for his courage, despite his early occupation as a desperate corsair. Bart's memory was commemorated prior to World War II, when a French battleship was named after him.

HENRY EVERY, PRINCE OF BUCCANEERS/ 1690s

A legendary character, British pirate Henry Every (AKA: John Avery, Long Ben; b.c.1665), known to his cutthroat crews as "Long Ben," was born near Plymouth about 1665 (some reports have him born as early as 1653), and went to sea early. In the early 1690s, Every served under the pirate, Captain "Red Hand" Nichols. By 1693, Every captained a slave ship along Africa's Guinea coast. In the spring of 1694, Every truly launched his career as a pirate. He began as first mate aboard the 46-gun ship, *Charles II,* which left Bristol, commissioned by the Spanish government as a privateer, assigned to stop French smugglers from raiding Spanish colonies in the Caribbean. Every and many of his followers undoubtedly signed on board this ship with the secret plan of taking over the vessel and conducting a pirate expedition in the Indian Ocean.

Captain Gibson of the *Charles II* was a confirmed alcoholic and, while the ship was in port, he took more than his share of rum and fell into a stupor in his cabin. Every and his men quietly secured the hatches, weighed anchor, and set sail. Hours later, when Gibson was rocked to revival by the heavy swells of the Atlantic, Every appeared in his cabin and told him that he had taken over the ship, stating: "I am bound to Madagascar with a design of making my own fortune, and that of all the brave fellows joined with me." Every gave Gibson the choice of either joining him and the mutineers intent on piracy or leaving the ship in an open boat. Gibson and five or six others chose to leave the ship and were set adrift in a small boat, left to make their way to shore, which they did.

Every renamed the ship the *Fancy* and sailed to Madagascar, flying his newly designed pirate flag, four silver chevrons on a red background. Once in the Eastern seas, Every and his men attacked vessels of all nations, looting and plundering at will. Every ordered the heavy upper masts of the *Fancy* stripped so that the ship's speed was increased. He could now outrun any pursuer.

The *Fancy* made the island of Johanna its home port and when a heavily-armed French ship made the mistake of sail-

ing into the harbor one day, the *Fancy* quickly attacked it and overwhelmed the crew, who turned out to be pirates. The French ship was loaded with plunder taken in the Red Sea from Moors and this loot greatly enriched the crew of the *Fancy*. Moreover, Every's numbers swelled when forty Frenchmen from the captured ship joined his piratical band.

So bold did Every become that he wrote a letter, or a pirate's manifesto, so to speak, and left this with a native chief at Johanna, asking that it be delivered to the captain of the first British ship to enter the port after the *Fancy* had departed. This curious document, blending English patriotism and roaring pirate bravado, declared:

> To All English Commanders:
> Let this satisfy that I was riding here at this instant in the ship *Fancy*, man of war, formerly the *Charles II* of the Spanish expedition who departed from La Carua 7th May 1694, being then and now a ship of forty-six guns, 150 men and bound to seek our fortunes. I have never as yet wronged any English or Dutch, or ever intend whilst I am commander. Wherefore, as I commonly speak with all ships I desire whoever comes to the perusal of this to take this signal, that if you or any whom you may inform are desirous to know what we are at a distance, then make your ancient (ship's flag) up in a ball or bundle and hoist him at the mizen peak, the mizen being furled. I shall answer with the same, and never molest you, for my men are hungry, stout and resolute, and should they exceed my desire I cannot help myself. As yet an Englishman's friend.
>
> At Johanna, 18th February 1695
> Henry Every

(He inserted a postscript) Here is 160 odd French armed men at Mohilla who waits for opportunity of getting any ship, take care of yourselves.

An English East Indian sailed into the harbor at Johanna a short time later and was handed this remarkable document, but instead of earning appreciation from the British, at the promise of being left unharmed, Every's bold declaration branded him a hunted pirate by the British and all nations. He would forever be pursued as a felon and became one of the few British pirates never granted amnesty. The *Fancy*, meanwhile, sailed into the Red Sea where it was met by four other pirate ships from the U. S. colonies. In August 1695 Every was elected commander of this powerful fleet.

At first Every's pirate fleet had little luck in running down its prey, the treasure ships of the Great Mogul. One fleet of twenty-five ships slipped past the pirate vessels in the night but, at dawn, Every spied two ships coming into view. The huge *Gang-i-Sawai*, one of the largest vessels on the sea at the time, was so enormous and powerful that the Indian commanders believed her to be unbeatable in battle. This ship carried 200 battle-seasoned sailors, 600 musketeers and 600 passengers. It had sixty-two guns and towered over anything on the oceans. Its lone escort, the smaller *Fatah Mohamed*, was also a powerful warship. Every thought nothing of sailing after these two ships in the *Fancy*, intent upon capturing and destroying them both.

Pirate Henry Every commanded a fleet of ships that plundered the Indian seas and the waters of the Bahamas; he reportedly bought died in bed.

The *Fatah Mohamed* purposely lagged behind the behemoth *Gang-i-Sawai* to do battle with Every, but after the *Fancy* drew alongside the *Fatah Mohamed*, letting loose a broadside that ripped into the side of the Indian ship, the *Fatah Mohamed* quickly surrendered. It carried more than £50,000 in gold and silver and this treasure was quickly taken aboard the *Fancy*. Most of the Indian crew were slain before Every pushed off in pursuit of the lumbering *Gang-i-Sawai*. This ship was returning from Mecca after a pilgrimage and carried many high-ranking Indian officials, as well as relatives of the Great Mogul.

The *Gang-i-Sawai* was considered by Indian historian Khafi Khan to be the greatest ship ever built. It carried more than 500,000 pieces of gold and silver, which were to be delivered to the coffers of the Great Mogul at the Indian port of Surat. Eight days before it reached that destination, the fast-moving *Fancy* overtook the giant *Gang-i-Sawai*. Though the Indian ship could easily outgun Every's ship and its musketeers outnumbered the pirates five to one, its commander was a coward and, when he first glimpsed the *Fancy*, he fled below decks, hiding with twenty young women, concubines of the Great Mogul. He ordered the women to don turbans so that they might be mistaken for men and he dressed himself as a slave.

Above decks, misfortune quickly overtook the *Gang-i-Sawai* when its first salvo aimed at the *Fancy* resulted in one of its own guns blowing up and killing five or six of its crewmen. Fires broke out, causing panic among the crew and musketeers who saw it as an omen of disaster. Then Every's best gunners fired a shot which blew away the main mast of the Indian vessel, causing it to lose control.

The Indian ship maneuvered about wildly and the *Fancy* circled it like a wolf stalking an injured stag. Every ordered the *Fancy* to come alongside the great Indian ship and, when grappling hooks pulled the two ships together, the pirates literally had to climb upward to board the towering *Gang-i-Sawai*. The pirates, goaded by the lure of the fabulous riches, eagerly battled the phalanxes of musketeers, driving them overboard and killing them in large groups.

Every lost about twenty men, but more than 300 of the Indians were slain. The loot was taken aboard the *Fancy* and the women on board were raped. Most of the prisoners were tortured by the pirates into disclosing where their valuables were hidden and then left to die. Following the barbaric slaughter, Every and his men selected the most attractive women on board and took these hapless females with them when the *Fancy* sailed away, leaving the burning hulk to sink. The *Gang-i-Sawai* did not go to the bottom, however, but managed to stay afloat and later limp into port with its few surviving crewmen, who told the tale of Every's bestial attack.

The plunder from the Indian ships made the pirates rich. Every took two full shares and then spread the loot throughout his five-ship fleet. Each pirate received about £1,000 and younger seamen, ages sixteen to eighteen, received £500. Boys in the pirate crews under the age of sixteen were given £100 and set ashore to set themselves up in "honest apprenticeship." Many of Every's crew members retired then and there, leaving the ship on the tropical island of Bourbon (known as Reunion after 1793) where they quit piracy and became gentleman planters. So depleted was Every's crew that he took on ninety African slaves and converted them to seamen before setting sail for the Bahamas. The pirates anchored in St. Thomas some weeks later.

The pirate flag Henry Every's ships flew from their masthead.

Every is shown with a slave on his island fortress in the Bahamas, where he lived like a king, governing thousands of pirates.

Every and his men were welcomed by the Bahamian governor, Nicholas Trott, whom the pirates had bribed with more than £7,000 in gold and great quantities of ivory and other precious goods. Trott gave Every and his top aides a formal dinner in the Governor's mansion and then saw them off when they set sail for Jamaica. Here Every and his men sent a request for pardon to Governor William Beeston, offering him £24,000 for the official favor. Beeston, an honest man, refused and Every sailed back to St. Thomas, where the pirates gave the *Fancy* to Governor Trott for his protection. The men got drunk and allowed the ship to be driven ashore during a gale. The vessel was a total wreck, only its guns salvaged from the storm. The pirates disbanded, many going to the U. S. colonies, where some were later imprisoned.

Every, who changed his name to Benjamin Bridgeman, and a few of his lieutenants bought sloops and sailed for England, the least likely hideout since they were all posted there as wanted felons. The sloops arrived in various Irish and English ports, but the pirates soon drew attention to themselves by swaggering about the towns and spending their stolen riches like rajahs.

One man, John Dann, was caught in Rochester, near London, wearing a coat lined with gold sovereigns and weighing more than twenty pounds. The pirates stupidly displayed rare gems and paid greatly inflated prices for horses, thus drawing attention to themselves. Twenty-four of them were captured and six were hanged. The rest were sent to penal service in the U. S. colonies. The only pirate to escape was the bold Every. He landed his sloop near Dunfanaghy, about thirty miles northwest of Londonderry in County Donegal, Ireland.

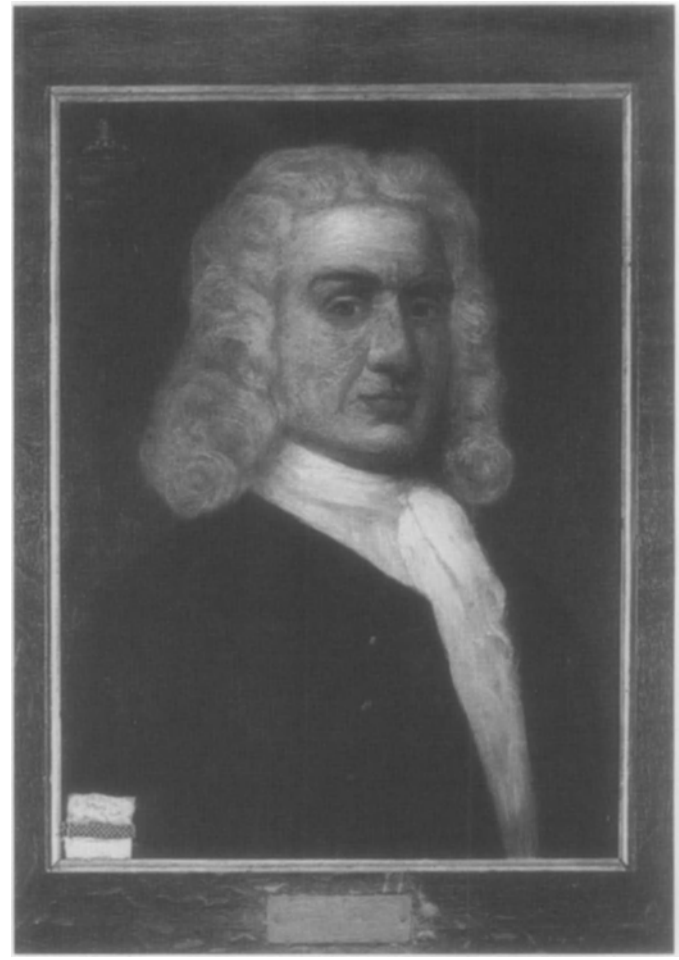
The fate of Every was never learned. Some of his men claimed he went to Dublin or Scotland, or to Exeter, near his birthplace, Plymouth. Daniel Defoe gave one account twenty years later that the shrewd Every, living under the name of Bridgeman, settled down in the town of Bideford, in Devon, where he tried to negotiate the sale of a sack of diamonds with greedy merchants. The merchants gave him a small down payment against the gems, promising the balance after they had been sold. However, they gave Every only a pittance each week so that he was finally reduced to begging and died a pauper with hardly enough money to buy a cheap coffin. Another version has it that Every lived high for many years and died in bed, the squire of a large Irish estate.

Every's looting of the *Gang-i-Sawai* became legendary and inspired thousands of British seamen to become pirates, just as Thomas Tew's first great prize in the Red Sea inspired countless American boys to sign on board pirate ships and end their premature lives in bloody sea battles. In India, the Great Mogul's advisers turned on the British East India Company, accusing it of engineering the piratical attack on their greatest ship. Dozens of British officers were thrown into prison and many died of torture and malnutrition. One was stoned to death. The East India Company lost millions in trade because of Every's actions and it took years before the Company earned back the good graces of the Indian leaders.

CAPTAIN KIDD AND HIS MYTHICAL TREASURE/1690s

Captain William Kidd (c.1645-1701) has been pilloried for several hundred years as the worst pirate who ever boarded a ship. Seemingly endless tales have been written about his villainous nature and his ruthless slaughter of helpless captives. He has been depicted as a bloodthirsty plunderer and a deceitful emissary of King William III of England. He was most likely a little bit of all of these, but he was nowhere the scourge of American seaways during the late 1690s as he was later depicted and the fabulous treasures he was supposed to have buried along the east coast of the U. S. are probably as mythical as many of the horrible feats attributed to him.

William Kidd was born in Scotland, circa 1645, and he began as a small trading goods merchant, later going into shipbuilding. He migrated to New York in 1690 and, as a captain of armed merchant ships, he successfully drove off a number of French raiding vessels, more to protect his own interests than to safeguard British colonial shipping. He was nevertheless looked upon as a hero, and the state assembly gave him a reward of £150 and a citation listing him among New York's leading citizens.



A portrait of William Kidd, who became one of the most notorious pirates of the 1690s.

Prospering through his shipping line, Kidd further enriched himself by marrying a wealthy widow. He became a leading church member and a pillar of New York society. In 1695, William III authorized a syndicate of wealthy Whigs to hire Kidd to clear the American sea lanes of pirates who had been raiding British shipping. Kidd was also authorized to attack French commercial ships since England was then at war with France. Most of the booty seized by Kidd was to be converted to cash and distributed to those participating in the syndicate. These included Sir John Somers, the lord chancellor of England, as well as Sir Edward Russell, the first lord of the admiralty, and the Duke of Shrewsbury, the secretary of state.

The king stated that he himself would participate in the syndicate, but he failed to put up the required £3,000 and was eliminated from sharing in the booty. What made Kidd's job next to impossible was the syndicate's insistence that his crew receive, instead of pay, only a quarter of the prizes, a woefully small payment, since sixty percent of the spoils was then the standard offered any privateering crew. Kidd complained about the arrangement, saying that he would not be able to sign aboard any seamen except cutthroats and fugitives.

In 1696, Kidd set sail in the 287-ton *Adventure Galley*. The first seventy crewmen he hired were all married men with

Captain Kidd's resplendent home in Manhattan at Pearl and Hanover streets, where he was visited by political leaders and aristocrats.

families, a law-abiding lot. But to this understaffed crew Kidd added another eighty men, taken from local prisons and poorhouses, all of them cutthroats and thieves, the worst sort of sailors. His ship was equipped with thirty-four guns, carried a great deal of sail, and had twenty-three oars for rowing when the ship was becalmed.

Kidd sailed to the mouth of the Red Sea, reaching the island of Perim in July 1697. While en route, he had insulted several officers of the Royal Navy by demanding additional sails and supplies and upbraiding Indian merchant ships for flying the British colors. He informed the Indian captains that only he, who possessed a royal commission, was allowed to fly such colors. The *Adventure Galley* waited for a fleet of ships to enter the narrows which, Kidd knew, was a favorite ambush point for pirates preying upon commercial ships.

On August 16, 1697, a fleet of sixteen ships sailed through these narrows and Kidd attacked it, not bothering to see if the ships were French or pirate. They were neither, being a flotilla of British and Dutch vessels. Kidd nevertheless sailed his ship alongside a British merchantman and let loose a broadside that crippled the vessel. The *Sceptre*, a British warship accompanying the fleet, gave chase and Kidd ordered his crew to evade and flee it. He had attacked the wrong kind of ship and came away without any loot, which caused resentment among his crew members.

Kidd next appeared in the Indian Ocean, where he attacked a Moorish barque and allowed his men to board this small merchant vessel. They brought back with them a bale of pepper and a sack of coffee, which he allowed them to keep for their mess. He also forced the skipper of the Moorish ship, an Englishman named Parker, to serve the *Adventure Galley* as pilot. The Moorish ship was not a legitimate prize under Kidd's charter.

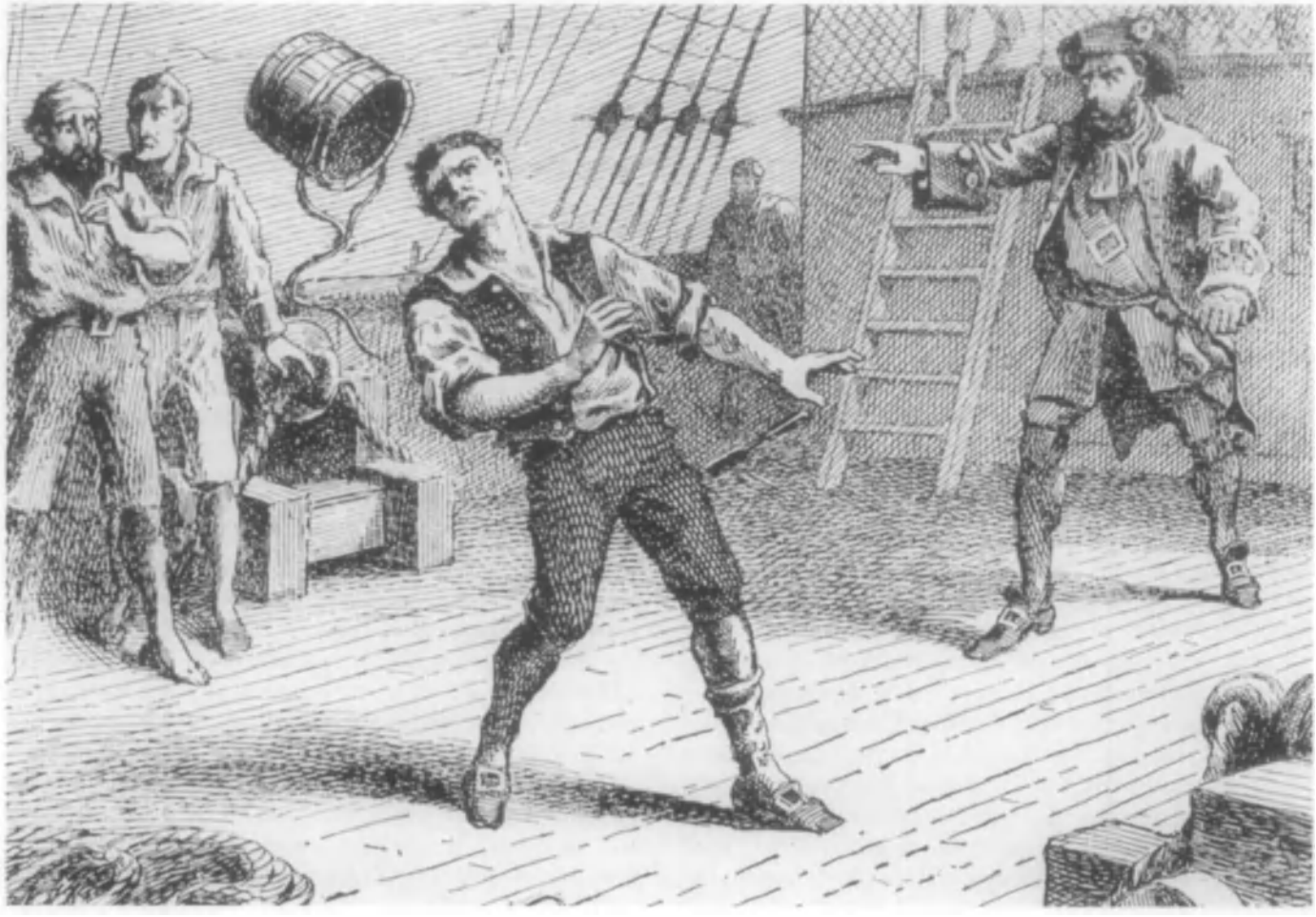
Kidd next appeared at the British-controlled island of Kawar, stopping for water and wood. When British officials learned that Kidd was holding Parker, two officers of the Royal Navy boarded the *Adventure Galley*, and demanded that the captive be released. Kidd boldly lied to them, saying that he held no such captive, while all the while Parker was locked in chains in the vessel's brig. Kidd then set sail, but two of his crewmen jumped ship and informed authorities that Parker was indeed on board the *Adventure Galley* and that Kidd had turned pirate, planning to attack any kind of ship he felt was worth seizing.

In November 1697, Kidd's ship spied a large merchantman, but when the *Adventure Galley* sailed close to this coveted prize, it proved to be flying the British colors. His gunners moaned, but Kidd ordered them not to fire. The crew threatened to mutiny, but Kidd threatened to have them thrown in chains and the unruly seamen backed down. William Moore, a gunner, felt, as did many other crewmen, that Kidd was depriving them of their prizes and he upbraided the captain. Kidd exploded and struck Moore with a bucket, which fractured his skull. The captain ordered Moore, who was unconscious, to be carried below decks, shouting: "Damn him! He is a villain!" Moore died the next day and was buried at sea. The crew grew even more sullen and truculent.

Three weeks later, Kidd seemed desperate to fulfill his commission by capturing *some sort* of vessel, hopefully a French or a pirate ship. He spotted a large merchant ship and

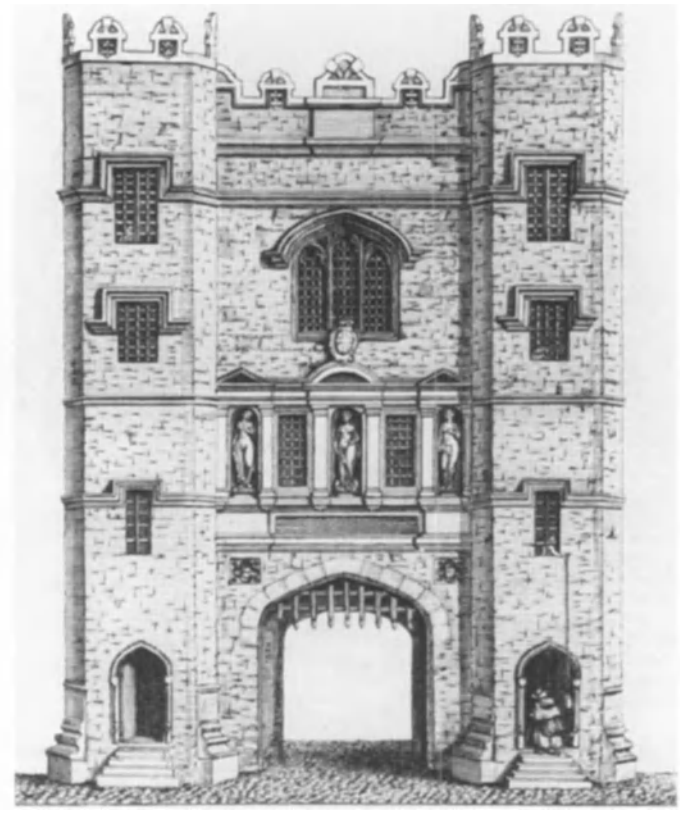
Captain Kidd buries his family Bible at Plymouth Sound after resolving to become a pirate, an apocryphal story that nevertheless captured Kidd's true intent.

Lord Bellomont, governor of New York and New England, who defended Kidd, then, when the pirate proved unreliable, inveigled him to a meeting, where he could be arrested.



Captain Kidd fatally injures seaman William Moore, by striking him with a bucket; Moore died the next day, a fatality that caused resentment among crew members.

Kidd supervises two of his pirates in digging a hole on the beach at Gardiner's Island, where he reportedly buried a great treasure.



Newgate Prison, where, ironically, Kidd was held on charges of piracy and theft from the syndicate that had commissioned him as a privateer.

cleverly hoisted the French colors. The merchant ship also hoisted a French flag. Kidd boarded the ship and discovered that it was the *Maiden,* commanded by Dutch officers and a crew of Moors. The captain gave Kidd a French pass, telling him that he was sailing under the authority of the French. Kidd was elated, saying: "By God, I have catched you! You are a free prize to England!" He then set the Moorish seamen adrift in a longboat, took the *Maiden* to a port, and sold off its rich cargoes of cotton, quilts, sugar, and horses.

Kidd split this loot with his crew, keeping none for the syndicate, which had hired him, and thus broke his contract with the British authorities. He renamed the captured vessel the *November,* after the month in which he had captured it, and sailed off commanding a flotilla of two ships. One tale later reported that Kidd, the son of a Presbyterian minister, when he had actually decided to become an out-and-out pirate, went ashore on a small island and buried his Bible, thus signifying his dark dedication to the life of a freebooter.

Kidd had operated legally, according to his own reasoning, using the French pass given to him by the Dutch skipper as proof that he had captured the type of ship he was ordered to seize, but the pass proved not to be his vindication. Almost all merchantmen carried passes from all the powerful nations and the Dutch captain also had in his possession a British pass. The French pass, however, was enough to satisfy Kidd that he had not broken his contract, although, technically, he had committed piracy. Kidd proceeded to plunder several merchant ships and finally attacked an Armenian ship, the *Quedah Merchant,* off the Indian coast during a storm. This 500-ton vessel was laden with gold, rare spices, opium, gunpowder, rice, iron, beeswax, and butter. It was also commanded by an Englishman named Wright.

Kidd used the same ruse and ran up the French flag. Wright countered the ruse by sending an elderly French gunner on board the *Adventure Galley,* posing as the skipper of the *Quedah Merchant,* and showing a recently signed pass from the director general of the Royal French East India Company. This pass was enough of an excuse for Kidd to announce that he was seizing the ship in the name of England. He hoisted the British flag and took command of the merchant ship, declining an offer from its owners, who tried to buy him off with a payment of £3,000. Kidd took the vessel to a port and sold off its rich cargo and again divided this among the crew. He received forty shares of the loot.

The *Adventure Galley* was then riding at anchor in St. Mary's harbor and oddly, so was a pirate ship, the *Mocha Frigate,* a ship captained by Robert Culliford, a privateer like Kidd who had openly turned pirate. Kidd was still apparently torn between his duty and his inclinations toward piracy. He suddenly asked his men to fire upon the pirate ship and take its crew captive. His crewmen jeered and howled derisively at him, one shouting that if they fired at anyone it would be at

him! Following this split, all of Kidd's crewmen, except thirteen, quit his service and went over to Culliford. These deserters included Joseph Palmer and Robert Bradinham. Both would later testify against Kidd at his trial for piracy.

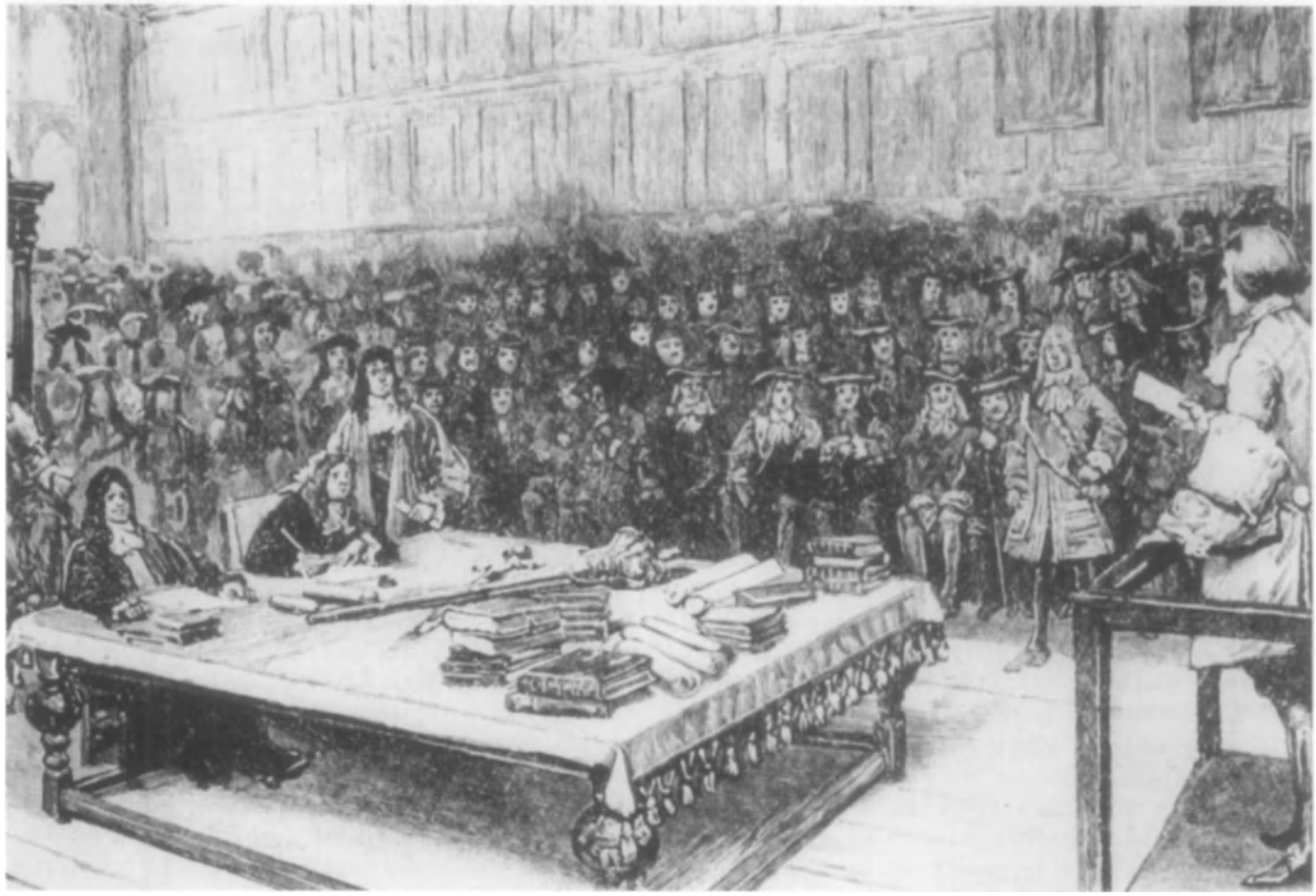
Kidd was left with the *Adventure Galley,* which had been stripped by its former crew and was now a leaking hulk. He burned her and took her iron, equipped the *Quedah Merchant,* and then set sail with considerable spoils still on board to pacify his lofty sponsors. By then, letters had been written by British officials in India, describing Kidd's piracies to his sponsors in England, who were more indignant at not having received their shares of the spoils than at their emissary's wrongdoing. They condemned Kidd out of hand and ordered that he be arrested whenever he touched British soil. British officials in America were directed by the admiralty to capture Captain Kidd in order that "he and his associates, be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law."

To the Tory politicians, the Whig-backed Kidd represented a major scandal and they inflated Kidd's pirate image to the point where he appeared to be the most hellish freebooter on the high seas. Meanwhile, Kidd and his small crew lumbered across the Atlantic in the bulky *Quedah Merchant.* The vessel anchored off Anguilla in the Leeward Islands and here Kidd and his men learned in shock that they were being sought throughout the world, having been branded abominable pirates by the very men who had hired Kidd.

The captain and crew decided that the *Quedah Merchant* was too cumbersome to try and outrun any pursuing British man-of-war and Kidd bought a sleek trading sloop, the *Antonio,* transferred his considerable treasure to the new ship, and then sailed for New York, where he felt he could explain his actions. He still possessed the two French passes which he hoped would exonerate him from the label of pirate.

Kidd sailed the *Antonio* to New York and sent one of his men with a letter to Lord Bellomont, one of his closest friends and a man with great influence with the lords in England, who had condemned him. First, however, Kidd buried some of his considerable treasure in Oyster Bay, on Gardiner's Island, and reportedly in many other spots including Block Island, Rhode Island; Stratford Point, Connecticut; Clarke's Island in the Connecticut River, on Rye Beach; and on Fisher's Island in the lower Hudson River. (The spot on Gardiner's Island was later found by treasure hunters.) There was much to bury, if indeed, Kidd did bury all his loot, which consisted of many gold bars, gold dust, silver plate, precious stones, and chests of fine silks.

Lord Bellomont, who had originally gotten Kidd his commission, realized that if he championed Kidd at this time,



Captain Kidd addresses the House of Commons on March 27, 1701, without betraying his Whig backers, and blaming others for his piratical acts; he was judged guilty and sentenced to death.

he himself would be ruined by powerful men in London. He inveigled Kidd ashore for a meeting and promised that he would seek the king's pardon for Kidd's questionable acts. "I assure you on my word and honor," wrote Bellomont to Kidd, "I will perform nicely what I have promised."

Kidd first met with his wife Sarah and two daughters on board the *Antonio,* which then sailed to Boston and a meeting with Lord Bellomont. The ship landed in Boston on July 2, 1699, and Kidd went ashore, taking rooms in a comfortable boarding house. He foolishly sent several bribes to the governor's wife, including an enameled jewelry box with four diamonds set in gold and £1,000 worth of gold bars wrapped in a fine silk green bag. Lady Bellomont returned these items without comment.

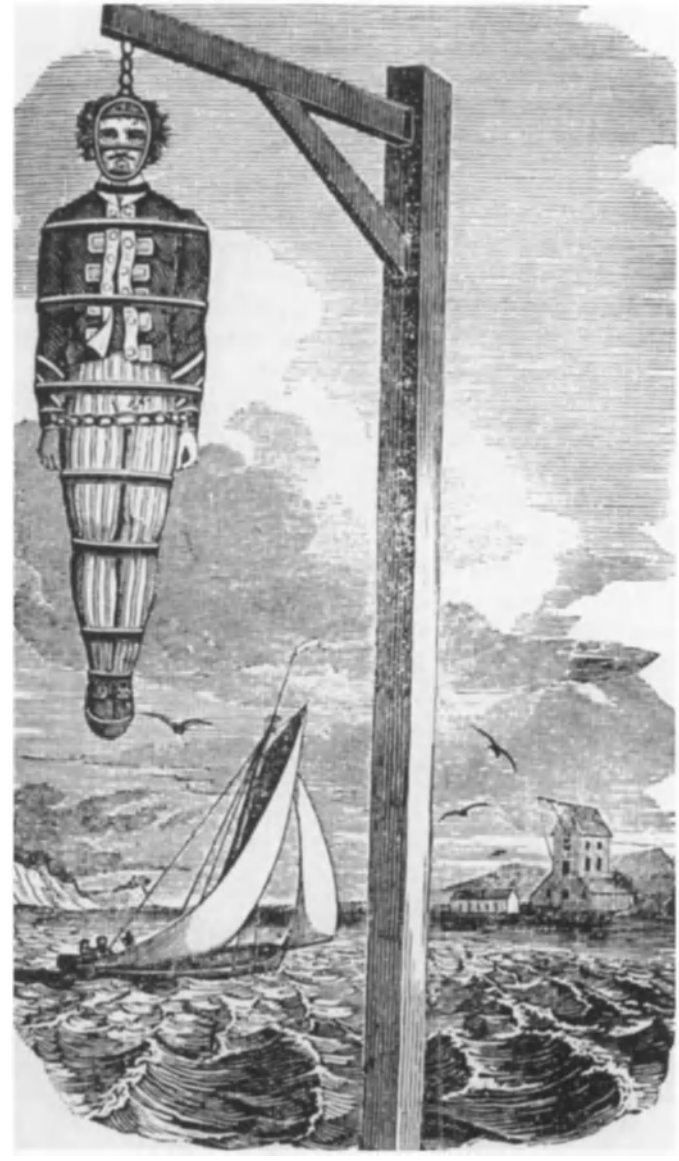
The next day Lord Bellomont received Kidd not as a friend, but as a judge, ordering him to sit before a council of Whig authorities. Bellomont curtly demanded that Kidd explain his extraordinary voyage. Kidd said that his mutinous crew had burned his log. He was ordered to provide a report, but when Kidd failed to do so, he was arrested on July 6, 1699. A desperate search for Kidd's treasure by Bellomont's men commenced. John Gardiner, the man who lived on Gardiner's Island and ran a small tavern and inn there, was ordered to turn over the loot he knew Kidd had buried there.

Gardiner did turn over some of the gold and gems, but he apparently kept a considerable share for himself, including many huge Golconda diamonds. Most of Kidd's spoils were hidden by the wily captain because he believed that, if he were found guilty by a British court, he could bargain with the crown by offering to turn over his buried treasure for a royal pardon.

Bellomont sent on to the royal treasury what loot his men did recover, including more than 1,000 ounces of gold, 2,300 ounces of silver, a pound of precious stones, and more than 100 bags of goods. Kidd was returned to England on board the H. M. S. *Advice,* which left America on February 6, 1700, and arrived in the Thames on April 11, 1700. Kidd, who had been locked in his cabin throughout the voyage, was then taken aboard the royal yacht *Katherine,* which sailed to Greenwich. There an armed escort appeared on board and went to Kidd's cabin.

Upon opening the door, the guards were greeted with a sickening sight. Kidd appeared a wreck. His eyes were bloodshot and drool curled from his gaping mouth. His head sagged on his chest and he appeared unbalanced. He had not changed his clothes since leaving America and his unwashed body gave off a powerful stench. He offered one of the guards a gold coin, telling him to "give this to my wife." He then asked for a knife so he could commit suicide. When this was refused, Captain Kidd asked that he be shot, not hanged.

Captain Kidd was taken to Newgate Prison and thrown into a cell. This privately run prison was a foul pest hole, where guards routinely abused prisoners. If a prisoner could pay his guards, he could obtain enough food to stay alive, but no more. The place was permeated with the foul stench of unwashed bodies and excrement. The few visitors who braved the place entered with flowers into which to bury their noses in order not to breathe the foul air. Kidd remained in this dungeon-like fortress for more than a year. He was denied



The body of Captain Kidd, encased in an iron gibbet and bound in chains, swings at Tilbury Point in the Thames estuary, as a warning to all other would-be pirates.

exercise, visitors, the right to send letters, even to his wife, and the right to receive any letters. He was not allowed to prepare his defense for his upcoming trial. Before this occurred, Kidd was ordered to appear before the Tory-controlled House of Commons. He was so filthy that he had to be bathed in vinegar and given a new suit of clothes, which hung loosely upon his now haggard, thin frame.

On March 27, 1701, Kidd appeared dazed before the Tories who sought an explanation of his activities. Had Kidd admitted his piracies, and thus implicated his sponsors, the Tories would have undoubtedly granted him a pardon and gone after his Whig sponsors. He had no head for politics, however, and, in a long-winded, ponderous, and often confusing speech read from a meandering script he had written, claimed complete innocence. The Tories were disgusted with him, one member of the house later stating: "I had thought him only a knave. Now I know him to be a fool as well." Kidd's trial was set for May 8, 1701.

Kidd had counted on using the two French passes that he had taken from the *Maiden* and the *Quedah Merchant*. These passes, he believed, would prove that the ships were French (although one was Dutch and the other Armenian) and thus justify his actions. He had, however, turned these two passes over to Bellomont and they were withheld from him by the court. Moreover, Kidd was denied legal counsel until a few hours before his trial. He was prevented from testifying at his own trial, nor were any of his loyal crew members, also under arrest, allowed to testify.

The dedicated pirates Bradinham and Palmer, however, were allowed to testify for the prosecution. Kidd was charged with murdering his gunner, William Moore, and a secondary charge of piracy was added. It appeared that his Whig sponsors, despite his clumsy attempt to claim complete innocence and thus protect them, intended to take vengeance upon Kidd for his not providing them with the expected spoils from his strange and confused expedition.

Bradinham played the loyal seaman when testifying against Kidd, who was allowed to cross-examine the witness. He did a bad job of it, making only one telling point: To save his own life, Bradinham had perjured himself in giving evidence against Kidd. Bradinham swore that Moore had done nothing to provoke Kidd's actions. Kidd admitted his guilt, saying that the death of Moore was an accident for which he was "heartily sorry." He was found guilty of the murder charge by a jury that deliberated for less than a half hour. Kidd was then found guilty of piracy and his fate was sealed. He was sentenced to be hanged. In response, Kidd declared: "My Lord, it is a very hard sentence. I am the innocentest person of all, only I have been sworn against by perjured people."

Kidd tried one last gambit. He appealed to Robert Harley, speaker of the House of Commons, saying that if he were pardoned, he would return to America under guard and reclaim the buried treasure for the crown, a fortune Kidd estimated to be worth £100,000. There was no response to this final plea. Also, there was little or no buried treasure to be dug up. On May 23, 1701, Kidd was dragged from his Newgate cell and placed in a cart draped with black cloth and driven to Wapping. In front of the rumbling cart walked a deputy marshal who carried on his shoulder the silver oar which was the emblem of the admiralty court.

Someone had taken pity on Kidd and given him all the liquor he could drink before he left his cell. He was so drunk that he could hardly stand in the cart and had to be supported as he made his way to the gallows at Execution Dock, where thousands had gathered to witness his execution. Hooting and jeering dinned into Kidd's ears as the hangman adjusted the rope. He disdained any consolation from a clergyman. He was promptly hanged, but the hangman, who was also drunk, had done a bad job and the rope broke, sending Kidd into the mud, causing the enormous crowd to howl in perverse delight.

Kidd was dragged up again to the gallows and this time, at the urging of the clergyman, Kidd "professed his charity to all the world with his hopes of salvation through the merits of his Redeemer." He was then successfully hanged. His body was then tarred, bound with chains, and the head set in a metal harness. This was done so that when Kidd's flesh rotted away, his bones and skull would remain in place. A special gibbet was constructed at Tilbury Point at a cost of £10. Every ship leaving the harbor passed this point and seamen could view the remains for years to come as a reminder to what might befall them should they break the law or defy the crown.

Charles Laughton portrayed the pirate in the 1945 film, *Captain Kidd* in a performance that brilliantly captured the brutal and sly nature of the buccaneer.

Almost all of Captain Kidd's treasure was dug up and returned to the royal treasury, about £3,000 worth of gold, gems, and goods. Yet to this day, thousands of amateur treasure hunters, from Maine to the Carolinas, spend endless time and effort digging and searching for a treasure that does not exist, recovered long ago by members of Kidd's piratical crew and returned to England's coffers or squandered in pubs, on harlots, or used to finance the kind of misadventures that brought Captain William Kidd to his doom.

BLACKBEARD, THE LUNATIC PIRATE/ 1700s-1710s

No pirate who roamed the open seas in search of booty and conquest ever matched the fierce character of Blackbeard (Edward Teach; AKA: Tach, Tatch, Thatch; d.1718), who was truly a sadistic madman, a bloody butcher of helpless victims. But he was fair in his insanity, oppressing his crews and peers with the same demoniac punishments as he inflicted upon his enemies and captives. It was later said by revisionist historians that Blackbeard blatantly performed atrocities to establish for himself an image of mercilessness, of ferocity, producing instant terror in those who faced him in combat. The truth was that Blackbeard was deranged and simply enjoyed killing, reveling before his own death in the hundreds of lives he had taken.

Blackbeard was born Edward Teach in either Bristol, England or Jamaica. His brother became a respected artillery officer in the Jamaican army, but Blackbeard went to sea early and became a pirate as a youth. His name came from the long, flowing black beard he assiduously cultivated, one which he used to create a bogeyman character. Daniel Defoe described the beard as "that large quantity of hair which like a frightful meteor covered his whole face and frightened America more than any comet."

The pirate Blackbeard (Edward Teach), put gunner's matches on his hat and at the end of his braided beard to instill fear in his enemies.

Blackbeard twisted his hair in long strands, adorning it with ribbons, and to further accent his fierce-looking beard he would, before attacking a ship or coastal city, put slow-burning gunner's matches in the ends of his waxed beard strands and in his hat so that he looked like a volcano belching fire and smoke. When going into battle, the pirate put on a glaring red sash and hung six pistols from it. Being ambidextrous, he wielded two swords in combat.

To serve with Blackbeard was to risk one's life with enemies and the captain as well. A giant of a man with seemingly endless stamina and power, he was forever testing his crews. He would pick fights with the toughest of his mates and bring the contest almost to death blows. Dozens of his pirates bore facial scars that they had received from Blackbeard's sword or knife point. On one occasion, Blackbeard suspected that one of his crews was planning a mutiny or desertion. He boarded this ship and ordered everyone into a hold where sulphur barrels were stored.

The pirate crews of Blackbeard and Charles Vane join in drinking and dancing at their hideout on Ocracoke Island off the North Carolina Coast in 1718.

The fight between Blackbeard and Lieutenant Maynard, which resulted in the death of the fierce pirate.

Hanging from the bowsprit of Maynard's sloop is the severed head of the dreaded pirate, Blackbeard.

Robert Newton, who played many a corsair in movies, is shown here as the fearsome buccaneer in the 1952 film, *Blackbeard the Pirate*.

"Now," he said with gleaming eyes, "we shall make our own hell!" With that he lit the sulphur and compelled the crew to stay in the hold and inhale the noxious fumes. He laughed wildly as his crew members eventually bolted for the hatch, coughing and choking, their faces streaming tears. He stayed longest in the hold and emerged to call his now submissive followers weaklings.

Captives taken after Blackbeard's crews overwhelmed a ship were usually mistreated. Women were invariably gang raped by his crews, Blackbeard believing that they were a "natural part of the spoils." He forced some of his captives to walk the traditional plank to their own watery graves, and others who looked at him in "an odd fashion" were run through with his sword, or had their eyes poked out or their ears or noses cut off. A few he disemboweled in front of his crews and fed the bloody entrails to sharks following his flagship, *Queen Anne's Revenge,* a forty-gun French frigate, which seldom found its equal in high seas combat. Oddly, when capturing a ship, Blackbeard often spared the enemy captain. He would interrogate the crew of the ship he had captured and, if these sailors swore that their captain was a fair man, the captain would be spared, put into a longboat first and shown all the courtesy of a military prisoner. Captains who received a bad report from their crew members were horribly mutilated and then murdered.

Blackbeard earned an undying reputation as the worst buccaneer in pirate history, yet he operated for only about three years before his career was brought to an end. His ships operated out of Ocracoke Inlet in North Carolina. He preyed upon shipping of all nations sailing along the coasts of Virginia and the Carolinas.

The pirate operated with impunity because of the connivance of North Carolina governor, Charles Eden and his secretary and collector of customs, Tobias Knight, both of whom

secretly protected Blackbeard and shared in all his loot. One report held that the venal Eden, so thankful for one enormous delivery of loot, sent Blackbeard a 16-year-old virgin from North Carolina, whom he suggested Blackbeard marry. The pirate turned the girl over to his crew for their sexual pleasures.

Blackbeard was so bold that he would sail to the bar outside of Charleston, his favorite hunting ground, and blockade the harbor for ten days to two weeks at a time. Then he would attack and capture any ship that went in or out of the harbor. Charleston governor Robert Johnson begged Eden for help but got none. Then, in 1718, Johnson learned that two men-of-war were anchored as guard ships off the Virginia coast. Johnson asked Virginia governor Alexander Spotswood to send the two warships to attack Blackbeard.

Without authority, Governor Spotswood dispatched Lieutenant Maynard and the two men-at-war to the Carolinas with explicit instructions to wipe out the pirates. Maynard sailed his vessels to Ocracoke Inlet and attacked at dawn, but ran aground. The smaller man-of-war was nearly blown out of the water as Blackbeard's flagship raked it with a broadside. But the pirate ship also ran aground, and leaving his own stranded flagship, H.M.S. *Pearl*, Maynard and his crew boarded the *Queen Anne's Revenge*, fighting hand to hand with the pirates, overwhelming them.

Only minutes before the enemy boarded his ship, Blackbeard, undoubtedly realizing that his end was near, seized a huge jug of rum and poured it down his throat, sloppily spilling it down his front. He then roared: "Damnation to all who give or ask for quarter!" He charged into the enemy after firing off his six pistols, swords flailing. Three sailors, including Maynard himself, attacked the giant and ran him through several times with their swords.

To prove that the scourge of the seas was dead, Maynard cut off Blackbeard's ugly head, hanging this grisly trophy from the bowsprit of his ship so that all the inhabitants of the Virginia coastal towns could see that the pirate was finally dead. Governor Eden exploded and threatened to have Spotswood and Maynard arrested. When this proved futile, Eden tried to punish these gentlemen with legal action, but this, also, failed. Eden gave up and also ceased to encourage any other freebooters to plague the coast of the state he had been appointed to protect and preserve. Blackbeard remains in the fierce annals of piracy the most terrifying of his awful breed, a human monster of the high seas, who thoroughly enjoyed death and destruction, even his own.

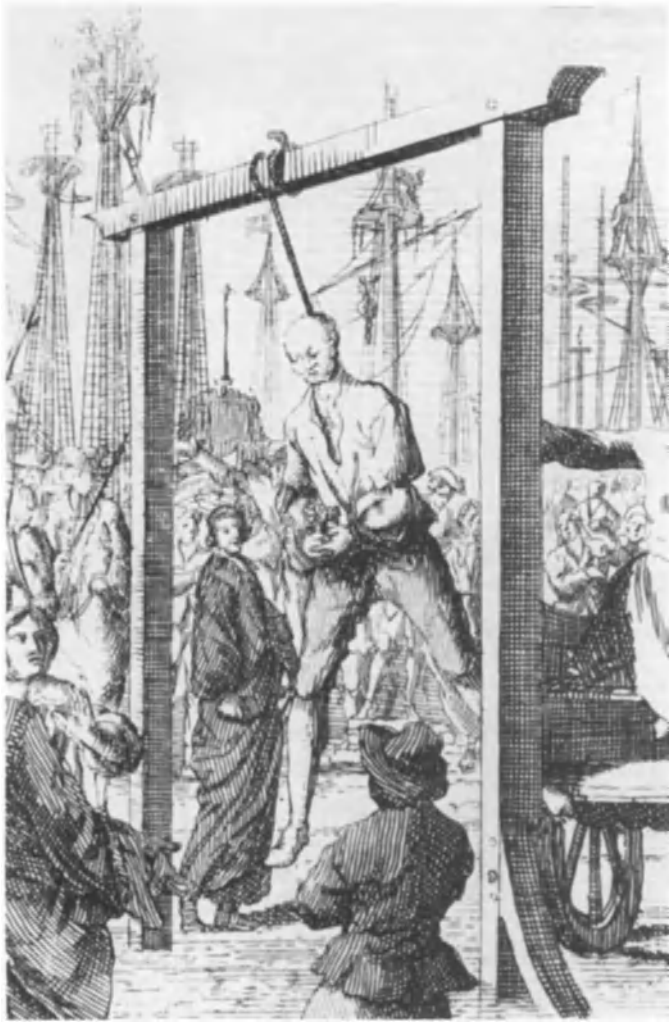
THE PIRATE OF THE CAROLINAS/1710s

Endowed with a small fortune, a good education, and social rank, Stede Bonnet (AKA: Major Bonnet, Captain Edwards, Captain Thomas; d. 1718) relinquished these worldly advantages to plunder the coastal waters of the British colonies of North America. His social acquaintances on the island of Barbados, where he resided, believed that a disease of the mind had caused him to become a pirate.

About 1715, Stede Bonnet outfitted a fast sloop with ten guns and seventy men. He named his vessel *Revenge*, and

Stede Bonnet, a former major in the British army, who turned pirate, wearing a powdered wig and dandified clothes; he lost his ship to Blackbeard in 1718.

The capture of pirate Stede Bonnet in 1718; he was imprisoned, but later escaped.



November 8, 1718: The hanging of Stede Bonnet on the docks of Charleston, South Carolina.

sailed toward the Virginia Capes, where he soon captured the *Anne,* the *Turbet,* the *Endeavor,* the *Bristol,* and the *Young.*

Within a few months, Bonnet's cargo hold was filled with molasses, clothes, ammunition, rum, and other prizes. his own ship, however, was captured by another notorious pirate, Blackbeard (Edward Teach), and Bonnet was forced to serve aboard his ship, *Queen Anne's Revenge* When Blackbeard lost his ship at Topsail Inlet, Bonnet regained command of his sloop. He sailed to Bathtown, North Carolina, where he made his peace with the colonial authority, promising to end his crimes against the British. In return for a royal pardon, Bonnet agreed to move against the Spaniards as a privateer.

Bonnet discovered that Blackbeard had stolen a good part of his provisions. Bent on revenge, Bonnet sailed up and down the Capes but could not locate Blackbeard. In his search for Blackbeard, Bonnet was unable to pay a fair exchange rate for necessary goods, and he reverted to piracy. The *Revenge* plundered every vessel in sight and Bonnet, now called Captain Thomas, became the terror of the British colonies. The South Carolina authorities, alarmed at having a pirate in their midst, enlisted the help of Captain William Rhet, a privateer who placed his two vessels, the *Henry* and the *Sea Nymph,* at the governor's disposal.

Bonnet was at last overtaken by Rhet in September 1718 off the coast of Carolina. Bonnet and his crew were put ashore on Sept. 30, 1718 near Charlestown. The men were placed under guard by the militia, but Bonnet and David Hariot, one of his men, escaped by bribing one of the sentinels.

Fearing that Bonnet would organize a new pirate band, the governor issued a reward of £700 for his apprehension. Meanwhile, Bonnet had secured a new vessel. but was sorely in need of provisions. He laid anchor at Swillivants Island, off Charlestown. Colonel Rhet learned of Bonnet's whereabouts from the governor and, with a heavily armed band of men, he set out for the island. In a brief firefight, Hariot was killed and Bonnet was forced to surrender.

On November 6, 1718, the pirate leader was returned to Charlestown, where he was put on trial in a Vice-Admiralty Court. Indictments were sworn against Bonnet and thirty-three members of his plundering band. All but four men were found guilty and sentenced to die. The prisoners declared that their intentions were honorable, but that they were driven to piracy by the terrible shortage of provisions.

On November 8, 1718, twenty-two members of the pirate gang were executed at White Point near Charlestown, pursuant to the sentence handed down by Governor Nicholas Trott. In passing sentence on Bonnet, the Trott noted the fact that he compounded his crimes by murdering eighteen people. Trott quoted scripture, and expressed the hope that Bonnet was sufficiently repentant. On November 18, 1718 Captain Stede Bonnet was hanged.

VANE OF THE CARIBBEAN/1710s

Pirate Charles Vane (AKA: Charles of Vaughan, d.c.1719) plundered the seas around Jamaica and Barbados in the early eighteenth century. In 1717, in New Providence, an island in the Bahamas, he and many other pirates were granted conditional amnesty by Governor Woodes Rodgers. Vane refused, firing at one of the governor's man-of-war ships as he sailed away. Two days later, Vane and company captured a ship headed to Barbados, appropriating the vessel and adding its twenty-five sailors and quartermaster, Yeats, to the pirate crew. In the Spring of 1718, Vane captured sloops from Cuba, Puerto Rico, and New Providence, and through the summer and into the fall looted ships from Antigua and Guinea. Eventually, the pirates had two ships, one commanded by Yeats, the other by Vane.

Yeats, however, soon disgusted with Vane's harsh treatment of him and the men, decided to defect. He set sail with his own vessel. When Yeats neared Charleston, South Carolina, he sent a message to the governor requesting amnesty for himself and his men, promising surrender. The governor granted his request, and Yeats, to further curry favor from the governor, turned over several stolen slaves and much of his loot.

Vane was incensed by Yeats' desertion, vowing revenge. He set sail, hoping to catch his one-time associate, but, instead, he captured two ships from Charleston bound for England. The pirate then eluded several warships commissioned by the governor of South Carolina to capture Vane. In late November, 1718, Vane's ship was struck by a French man-of-war. The pirate attempted to flee, but some of his crew and his quartermaster, John Rackham, known as "Calico Jack," wanted

After defying British warships, Charles Vane lost his nerve and was abandoned by his piratical crew, replaced by John "Calico Jack" Rackham.

to board the ship and fight it out. Vane refused, saying it was "too rash and desperate an enterprise, the man-of-war appearing to be twice their force."

Robert Deal, the first mate, sided with Vane, but the rest of the crew supported Rackham. Vane, however, insisted on flight, persuading most the crew that attacking the powerful French warship was suicidal. The pirates sailed away from the French ship, but the crew branded Vane a coward and relieved him of his command the next day, sending him and his supporters off in a small sloop with provisions and ammunition. Rackham was voted captain, and Vane's flagship sailed without him for the Caribbean.

Vane sailed toward Honduras in a smaller ship. In February 1719, a typhoon destroyed this vessel and drowned most of his men, stranding Vane on a small uninhabited island near the Bay of Honduras. He survived for several weeks on fish and turtles until a Jamaican ship landed to replenish its water supplies. Holford, the ship's captain, refused, however, to transport Vane, after realizing that he was a notorious pirate.

Said Holford: "Charles," he said, "I shan't trust you aboard my ship unless I carry you a prisoner; for I shall have you caballing with my men, knock me on the head, and run away with my ship a-pirating." Captain Holford said he'd be back in

A merchant vessel is shown under attack from Vane's ship, which captured dozens of such prizes from Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Bahamas.

Woodes Rogers, right, the governor of the Bahamas, offered Vane amnesty, but the pirate answered by attacking two British warships.

a month and, if he found Vane again would take him to Jamaica and see him hang. Soon after Holford's departure, however, another ship landed and took Vane on board as a crewman. The captain of this vessel did not recognize him.

Some weeks later, Holford met up with this same ship, and was invited to dine by the captain, and noticed Vane hard at work down in the hold. Holford told the captain who Vane was and volunteered to take him prisoner and surrender him to authorities in Jamaica. Vane was taken aboard Holford's ship and taken to Jamaica, where he was promptly tried and convicted of piracy. He was then executed.

HOWELL DAVIS, THE RELUCTANT PIRATE/ 1710s

Born in Milford Haven, in Pembrokeshire, Wales, Howell Davis (d. 1720) was raised to become a seaman and became a pirate only by chance. Davis was serving as the first mate on aboard the slave ship *Cadogan,* en route from Nassau, Bahamas, to Madagascar, when it was captured by the buccaneer Edward England. The pirates murdered the captain of the *Cadogan* and attempted to force the crew to sign oaths of allegiance. When Davis refused, Captain England, impressed with his bravery, returned the ship to him, advising him to sail for Brazil, dispose of the slave cargo, and keep the profits. After England departed, Davis and the crew decided to resume their original course toward Barbados.

Howell Davis was a buccaneer who won the admiration of his crew through courage and guile, often disguising his ship as a merchant vessel.

On reaching port, the colonial authorities arrested Davis and accused him of piracy. When Davis was released from prison three months later, he sailed to New Providence, Bahamas, determined to adopt the very criminal pursuit to which he had been wrongly branded. Davis was disappointed to find that Governor Woodes Rogers had broken up the pirate colony. Rogers agreed to make an accommodation with Davis and gave him command of the *Buck,* a cargo ship laden with a rich payload earmarked for the French and Spanish traders.

With a crew of cutthroats and murderers, Davis sailed to Martinique, where he drew up articles of piracy, an open declaration of war against all nations. From Coxon Hole, Honduras, the pirate crew seized two French ships before sailing under the British flag to the Cape Verde Islands. Thus disguised, the *Buck* was welcomed into friendly ports and given the protection of the colonial powers. Davis next sailed to Gambia in western Africa, where he purported to be a Liverpool, England, trader. There he stole warehouses of gold and ivory before joining forces with two other notorious pirates of the day, Oliver La Buze and Thomas Cocklyn.

In the next few months, the *Buck* captured several English and Dutch prizes. Davis transferred his crew and cargo to a Dutch ship, the *Royal Rover.* Near the coast of Anamaboe, in western Africa, Davis seized a slave ship named the *Princess* on June 5, 1719. The second mate, also from Pembrokeshire, was 36-year-old Bartholomew Roberts. The Welsh pirate took his new-found protege along, allowing him to choose whether or not he wanted to become a pirate, an offer that Davis had himself earlier declined from pirate Edward England.

In 1720, Davis arrived at Prince's Island, a Portuguese settlement, where he planned to capture the governor and hold him for a £40,000 ransom. To lure the governor on board, Davis offered him the chance to inspect twelve slaves offered for sale. One of the slaves escaped and warned the governor. Davis and his escort were shot and killed as they made their way toward the governor's mansion. The surviving crew members of the *Royal Rover* nominated Bartholomew Roberts to succeed Davis. This he did, and with blood-thirsty effectiveness.

BARTHOLOMEW ROBERTS' BLACK FLAG/ 1710s-1720s

Bartholomew Roberts (AKA: Black Bart; c.1682-1722), one of the world's most notorious buccaneers, came late to piracy. By the time he reached his mid-thirties he had twenty years' experience as a seaman and was an expert in handling a ship, controlling a crew, and deploying the tactics of naval warfare, skills most likely acquired in active service with the British navy or aboard a privateer. Regardless of his prowess as a seaman, Roberts was excluded from the possibility of commanding a ship by virtue of his relatively low birth. He resisted the notion of piracy until Howell Davis, the captain of the *Royal Rover,* a pirate ship on which Roberts was being held captive, was killed and the crew offered him its command.

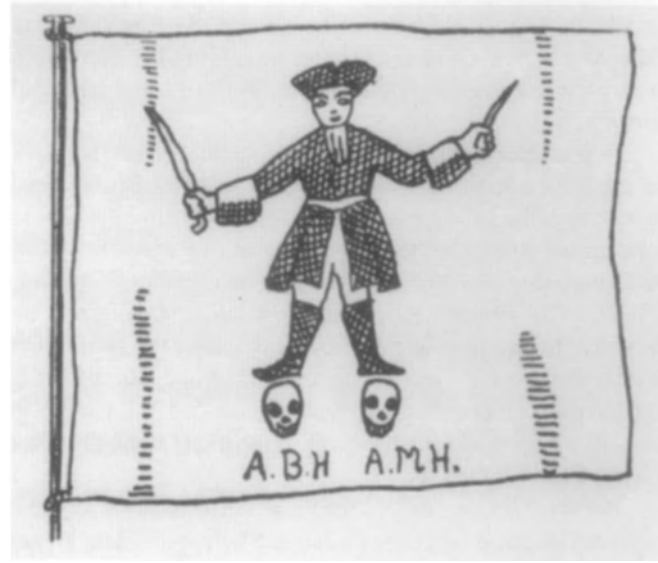
Roberts accepted the post with alacrity. Apart from a new style of dress (which included a crimson damask waistcoat

Pirate Bartholomew Roberts is shown in 1722, at the time of his greatest prize, the seizing of eleven slave ships at Whydah, his two pirate ships, the *Great Ranger* and the *Royal Fortune*, shown in foreground.

and breeches, a red feather in his tri-cornered hat, and a gold neck chain with a diamond cross suspended from it), Roberts adopted few of the habits and characteristics of most pirates. He eschewed alcohol himself and discouraged its use among his crew. He set out a list of rules and made each member of the crew swear to abide by them. He tolerated no disrespectful behavior.

Roberts and his new pirate crew set sail in July 1719. After first returning to Prince's Island, where Howell Davis had been killed in an ambush, and destroying a Portuguese settlement there by way of revenge, Roberts took his ship south along the African coast where he seized and plundered two ships, a Dutch trading ship and a Royal African Company slave boat. The crew voted then to sail to Brazil, a journey which Roberts managed to navigate in a record twenty-eight days.

In September 1719, the *Royal Rover* sighted a fleet of forty-two Portuguese merchant ships loaded with Brazilian gold, tobacco, sugar, and hides. With the audacity that was to become his signature, Roberts sailed directly into the middle of the fleet, boarded the ship with the greatest store of goods,



The black flag flown by Bartholomew Roberts, showing him astride skulls representing two island chains that defied his raids.

plundered it (a haul which included the equivalent of £50,000 in currency), and sailed away again without a confrontation.

After celebrating their victory on Devil's Island off the coast of Guyana, Roberts and his crew sailed into the Caribbean. There they were forced to retreat by the British Royal Navy and turned toward Newfoundland, a departure point for merchant ships crossing the Atlantic. In June 1720, the *Royal Rover* sailed into the port of Trepassey, where the crew plundered twenty-six merchant ships. Roberts took one of the prize ships and converted it for his own use, calling it the *Royal Fortune.* Off the Newfoundland Banks, Roberts captured another six French ships, for one of which he swapped his recent acquisition. He added twenty-eight guns to the new ship and dubbed it also the *Royal Fortune.*

From mid-summer 1720 until late in 1721, Roberts and his crew enjoyed an incredible success rate. Off the New England coast they took a number of English prizes, among them the sloop *Samuel.* They returned briefly to the Caribbean, but before long decided to return to the African coast. Weather conditions prevented the crossing and the pirates sailed to Surinam on the north coast of South America. Defiantly, Roberts decided to return to the Caribbean in spite of the presence of the Royal Navy.

There Roberts and his crew terrorized the islands so thoroughly that the residents attempted unsuccessfully to secure help in defeating the pirate. Roberts became so incensed at this move that he redesigned his personal flag to show him standing with each of his feet on a skull, one labeled "ABH" for "A Barbadian's Head," and the other labeled "AMH" for "A Martinican's Head."

After bringing Caribbean shipping to a virtual standstill, Roberts and his crew decided to return to Africa, where they could trade their booty for gold. In Sierra Leone, Roberts was informed of the presence on the coast of two British men-of-war, the *Swallow* and the *Weymouth,* each of which was equipped with sixty guns and had been sent to protect British shipping and trading interests against Roberts and others of his ilk. In August 1721 Roberts captured the Royal African Company frigate *Onslow* and after increasing her guns from twenty-six to forty, he adopted her as his third and final *Royal Fortune.*

In late December Roberts made a tactical error. He relied on the information he had been given that the British warships would be safely out of his path by the time he turned back up the coast. Due to an outbreak of dysentery, however, the British ships had been delayed at Prince's Island. On January 11, 1722, Roberts sailed into Whydah, a slaving port on the coast. In so doing, he passed directly under the guns of the British ships, which were anchored near Cape Coast Castle. The *Swallow* set out after him. On February 5, 1722, the Britsh man-of-war located Roberts in one of the inlets along the coast toward Cape Lopez.

Roberts, seeing the approaching ship, mistook it for a merchant ship and sent Captain James Skyrme off in the *Great Ranger* to pursue and capture it. The captain of the *Swallow* turned back to sea, feigning flight and allowing the pirates to gain on him slowly. When reaching a distance where the guns would not be heard on shore, the British man-of-war turned about and opened fire on the pirate ship. Finally Skyrme was forced to call for quarter. After sending their captives back to Prince's Island under guard, the *Swallow* turned back toward land and Roberts' two remaining ships.

Members of Roberts' crew celebrate a recent victory at the Old Calabar River; alcoholism was rampant among pirates and often led to their capture.

Roberts was caught unaware and at first attempted to escape the British ship. He then decided to confront the pursuing ship. In the first round of fire, Roberts was hit in the throat and killed. Unnerved, his crew continued to fight after they had thrown his body overboard as he had requested. After several hours the crew of the *Royal Fortune* admitted defeat and asked for quarter. Of the 254 prisoners taken, 169 were charged.

All of the prisoners pleaded not guilty to charges of piracy. Seventy-four men were acquitted, fifty-four were sentenced to death (two were later reprieved), seventeen were sent to prison in London, and twenty were sentenced to seven years' hard labor in the Royal African Company's mines. Fifty-two men, including Captain Skyrme were hanged. The last hangings occurred on April 20, 1722. The bodies of eighteen of the worst offenders were dipped in tar, bound with metal straps, and hung in chains from gibbets on three hills.

THE UNLUCKY CALICO JACK/1710s

John Rackham (or Racham; AKA: Calico Jack) took command of the pirate ship *Vane* on November 24, 1718, in the Caribbean. After plundering several vessels, Rackham and his men

John "Calico Jack" Rackham's piratical exploits were studded with misfortune; he fell in love with lady pirate Anne Bonny before he was hanged.

The "Jolly Roger" flag flown brazenly from the topmast of Rackham's pirate ship.

Pirate Anne Bonny in a prison cell, consoling her condemned lover, John "Calico Jack" Rackham.

went ashore on a small island near Jamaica, where they spent Christmas drinking and carousing. When their liquor ran out they went back to sea in search of more. They plundered a number of ships over the next few months, but procured little more than provisions. Rackham did take one ship, which turned out to be full of plantation-bound thieves from Newgate Prison, but even this bounty was retaken within a few days by an English man-of-war.

Rackham's luck did not thereafter greatly improve. He sailed to Bermuda where he took two ships. However, the governor of Providence heard Rackham had docked in Bermuda and sent an armed sloop, which recaptured Rackham's prizes. Rackham escaped only to be caught by a Spanish guard ship, while at anchor off the coast of Cuba. Rackham and his men cleverly left their ship at night and boarded an English sloop commandeered earlier by the Spanish. Though forced to abandon the *Vane,* which the Spanish raked with gun and cannon fire in the morning, the pirates escaped with a ship that continued to serve their purposes.

In August 1720, Rackham attempted to replenish his crew by taking prisoners from plundered ships off the coast of Jamaica. The Jamaican governor heard of his presence there and sent out a force headed by Captain Barnet. Barnet located Rackham near Point Negril and gave chase. He had the advantage of a brisk wind and soon captured Rackham and his ship and crew, who were brought ashore on November 16, 1720, and tried before an admiralty court at Saint Jago de la Vega. Rackham, George Fetherston, Richard Corner, John Davis, John Howell, Patrick Carty, Thomas Earl, James Dobbin, and Noah Harwood were convicted and sentenced to death by Sir Nicholas Laws. Five of them were hanged the next day at Gallows Point in Point Royal.

The other four were hanged the following day at Kingston. The bodies of Rackham, Fetherston, and Corner were later taken down and hanged in chains on public display in three

different sites. Nine men who had joined Rackham the same day he was captured were also tried. Though it was shown that these men had not committed any acts of piracy, they also were condemned to death and hanged on February 7, 1721. Only two pirates escaped execution, both females. Anne Bonny and Mary Read were granted stays of execution because they were pregnant.

PHILLIP ROCHE, THE IMPETUOUS PIRATE/ 1720s

Born in Ireland, Phillip Roche (d. 1723) was an accomplished sailor, who eventually advanced to the position of first mate. When acquiring that position, Roche suddenly decided to turn pirate, a decision that led him to the gallows within two years. Peter Tartoue, a Frenchman sailing to Cape Breton, hired Roche as first mate. Roche brought with him as part of the crew five Irish seamen. On the night of November 15, 1721, soon after the ship set sail, Roche ordered two seamen to furl the sails. As soon as they descended to the deck, Roche and his piratical followers stabbed them and threw them overboard.

A boy and a sailor witnessed these slayings, and the pirates threw the boy into the sea and murdered the sailor. Their cries woke the rest of the crew and, as they hurried on deck, Roche and his men murdered them all, including the captain. Roche later confessed that he and his men were "all over as wet with the blood that had been spilt, as if they had been dipped in water, or stood in a shower of rain, nor did they regard it any more."

The killers then drank up much of the former captain's rum and named Roche their new leader. They intended to sail for the Gulf of St. Lawrence but, finding themselves short of provisions, stopped at Portsmouth, where they disguised the ship by renaming it the *Mary Snow* and repainting it.

Roche and his crew then sailed for Rotterdam to dispose of their cargo and pick up a new one. An Englishman named Annesley, joined them there, brought a large quantity of goods aboard and sailed with them for London. After one day at sea, the pirates threw him overboard. Annesley swam beside the ship for a long time, begging to be rescued and promising the crew all his property. He finally drowned. When the ship arrived in the Thames, Annesley's friends sent inquiries about him. Roche denied knowing anyone by that name. But Roche's real identity was suspected, and he was arrested and detained for questioning before the secretary of state.

The pirate continued to insist that he was not Phillip Roche. But when an intercepted letter that he had written to his wife was shown to him, he confessed his crimes and was taken to Newgate Prison. Officials hinted to Roche that he might be pardoned if he could provide the names of three persons who were equally guilty of his crimes. But, as the pirate could not do so, he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to die. Roche was hanged at Execution Dock on August 5, 1723.

Mutinous Phillip Roche, holding spike, and his henchmen, are shown shoving the bodies of Captain Tartoue and a crew member into the sea.

IRELAND'S EDWARD ENGLAND/1720s

The Irish buccaneer Edward England was once described by the author Daniel Defoe as "having a great deal of good nature ... courageous, not over-avaricious, humane, but too often overruled." England's unfortunate victims probably regarded him

Pirate Edward England rampaged in the Caribbean and along the African coast, but he showed kindness toward his captives, which led to his undoing.

somewhat differently. In one instance, England lashed an enemy captain to a pole and ordered his crew members to throw broken glass at the man. Finally, England ordered that he be shot through the head.

The pirate captain began his career at sea, sailing from Jamaica as first mate on a sloop, but was pressed into pirate duty when his ship was seized by Captain Winter and taken toward New Providence. There, England voluntarily became a pirate captain. With a crew, the captain sailed from New Providence to plunder the shipping lanes off the coast of Africa. In the spring of 1719, England and his men seized ten vessels belonging to the British government. On the way to the West Indies, England continued to wreak havoc on British and Portuguese shipping. At various native settlements along the way, the pirate crew dropped anchor and engaged in debauchery before setting the towns on fire and slaughtering whole tribes.

In August 1720, the pirate captain sailed his vessel, the *Fancy,* to Johanna Island near Madagascar. There, England and a fellow pirate captain, John Taylor, encountered the *Cassandra* and the *Greenwich,* commanded by James Macrae and Richard Kirby. When Macrae spied the two pirate ships approaching, he implored Captain Kirby of the *Greenwich* to come to his aid. Instead, Kirby withdrew from the bay to observe the ensuing battle from a safe distance. Macrae and his crew withstood a merciless bombardment from the pirate ships, but at night, the crew of the *Cassandra* sailed away from their ship in a long boat. Captain England's men stormed the ship and took £75,000 from the cargo hold.

After ten days, Captain Macrae returned to the harbor to bargain for the return of his ship and its cargo. England and Taylor argued bitterly over what they should do with Macrae. Taylor, and many of the men believed he should put him to death, but England was inclined to show mercy. Macrae was soon freed. The pirates exchanged the badly crippled *Fancy* for the *Cassandra.* With the remaining crew, Macrae managed to reach India and was promoted by the East India Company for heroism. England, for showing weakness, was deposed by Captain Taylor and forced to sail in a long boat to Madagascar, where he died in poverty. Edward England lost his command for displaying mercy, a failing that brought many a pirate to ruination.

THE AMBITIONS OF GEORGE LOWTHER/ 1721-1723

In 1721 the British vessel *Gambia Castle,* owned and operated by the Royal African Company, sailed toward the African coast with a garrison of soldiers assigned to fortify the settlement at St. James Island against pirates. George Lowther (d. 1723) was the second mate and John Massey was the captain in charge of the garrison. Lowther had long nurtured the ambition of commanding a ship, but his method in taking such a command was not through promotion but through piracy.

When the *Gambia Castle* arrived in the port of St. James Island in May 1721, the crewmen discovered that the outpost had been taken over by the merchants employed by the company. They refused to supply the ship with adequate food and provisions. Massey, torn between loyalty to his country and self-preservation, was easily influenced by second mate George Lowther to refuse the direct orders of the ship's captain, Charles Russell.

Lowther and Massey decided to seize control of the ship and sail it back to England. They looted a storeroom and took the governor's son prisoner while the ship was outfitted and provisioned for sea duty. Captain Russell offered the mutineers favorable terms if they would surrender the ship. Lowther, who had emerged as the spokesman and leader of the mutiny, flatly refused the offer, but freed the governor's son.

While the *Gambia Castle* was at sea, Lowther presented the crew with the facts. A return trip to England would carry with it certain death, for mutiny was a capital offense. It was better to take their chances on the sea as pirates. The *Gambia Castle* was renamed *Delivery* because it was going to deliver the crew to freedom on the high seas. The black colors were run up the mast, and "Captain" Lowther set course for the Spanish Caribbean and the rich prizes awaiting there.

The *Delivery* plundered a French sloop of its cargo of wine and brandy, and also attacked a brigantine from Boston called the *Charles.* Captain Massey, who wanted only to return to England, quarreled with Lowther. Massey wrote a long letter explaining that his original intention was to save the

George Lowther stands guard, while some of his crew members eat a meal; on the beach, other pirates scrape the barnacles off their careened ship.

lives of his men, who faced certain starvation because of the uncompromising posture of the governor. He explained that he had never intended to plunder His Majesty's fleet.

Massey returned to England via Jamaica, and delivered the letter to the African Company. On July 5, 1723, he was brought before the Court of Admiralty at the Old Bailey on two counts of piracy. Captain Russell and the governor's son appeared as witnesses for the prosecution, refuting Massey's story. Massey was convicted, and hanged at Execution Dock three weeks later.

Meanwhile, Lowther sailed to Honduras and joined forces with Edward Low, whom he appointed his lieutenant. Natives attacked the pirate fleet anchored at Port Mayo in the Gulf of Matique. Lowther was forced to set fire to the *Delivery.* He outfitted a new ship, the *Ranger,* and parted company with Captain Low.

In the spring of 1723, Lowther and his buccaneers approached a string of Spanish islands near Tortuga. Captain Walter Moore, commander of the sloop *Eagle* spotted the pirate ship and asked it to show colors. The ship hoisted St. George's flag. Trapped in the inlet waters, Lowther and his men attempted to escape toward shore. Moore pursued them, with the full cooperation of the Spanish. Sixteen pirates were captured on the island of Blanco, but Lowther was not one of them. The pirate shot himself in the head, finding death preferable to a Spanish jail.

THE SAVAGE EDWARD LOW/1720s

Edward "Ned" Low worked in a rigging-house in Boston for several years, then signed on as a crewman on a sloop bound for Honduras. When the ship arrived in the Gulf of Honduras, the captain ordered Low to go ashore to chop wood for the return trip. It was a dangerous mission, because the Spanish army ashore shot British trespassers. When Low and his twelve mates returned, the Captain immediately ordered them back to shore for another load of wood.

This so angered Low that he grabbed a musket and fired on the captain. He missed his mark, shooting another crewman by mistake, but by then there was no turning back. Ned Low was guilty of mutiny, and would be hanged if he didn't escape. Low put the captain and most of his crew off the sloop and prepared to leave the harbor.

The next day, Low raised the black flag and set sail for the Grand Caymans as commander of a pirate ship. At the island, Low met Captain George Lowther, another rebellious sailor turned pirate, who pledged his assistance. With Lowther as chief commander, the pirate crew headed for New England, taking several ships along the way. After Edward Low and Captain Lowther captured a fast brigantine on May 28, 1722, the two men decided to divide the loot and go their separate ways.

Low and his forty-four man crew sailed the brigantine near the Rhode Island coast, where they captured the sloop *James Calquhoon* on June 3, 1722. In August, Low and his band sailed for the Cape Verde Islands, where they seized two Portuguese ships and three English sloops bound for Curacao. The pirates were lucky until they went ashore at St. Michaels for provisions. A visiting Portuguese merchant ship arrived at

Edward "Ned" Low turned to piracy after rebelling against the cruelty of a merchant ship's captain; he is shown escaping from one of his vessels that sank in a hurricane.

the same time and identified Low to the royal governor, who had Low and his crew thrown into irons.

Low managed to escape, but he was deprived of his brigantine. He outfitted his old schooner, which he renamed the *Fancy,* and set sail with a new crew. They had not been at sea long when Captain Low decided to attack a Portuguese vessel called the *Nostre Signiora de Victoria.* The pirates took the ship and tortured the crewmen into revealing the location of a sack of money supposedly hidden in the bow.

The captain of the Portuguese ship had lowered the cloth sack by a rope from the window of his quarters. Just before he surrendered his crew, he cut the rope and the 11,000 gold coins fell into the sea. When Low heard of this, he ordered the captain's lips cut off and burned them in his presence. The pirates then murdered the entire crew.

Edward Low and his buccaneers watch indifferently as one of their captives is made to "walk the plank," the typical fate of those who fell into the hands of pirates.

For the next two years Ned Low plundered the coastal waters from the British colonies in North America to the Caribbean islands. In January 1724, he captured a vessel called the *Squirrel*, near the West Indies. That was the last anyone heard of him. Captain Low was rumored to have made his way to Brazil, but more probably he died when his ship was sent to the bottom of the Caribbean after a sea battle with a British frigate.

TWO FEARSOME FEMALE PIRATES/ 1710s-1720s

Anne Bonny was the illegitimate daughter of an Irish lawyer named William Cormac. The attending scandal drove Cormac to the New World, where he began a new life with his mistress and infant daughter. Cormac flourished in Charleston, South Carolina, and bought a large plantation. While in her teens, Anne disappointed her father by running off with an itinerant sailor named James Bonny.

Bonny heard of handsome subsidies paid to fortune hunters in the Bahamas by Governor Woodes Rogers, who was looking for men to track down and capture pirates that infested the area. With his wife Anne, he traveled to the island in 1716 and worked as a paid informant, picking up scraps of information on the waterfront. Anne was disgusted with her husband's seamy line of work and when the opportunity presented itself, she fled New Providence to become a pirate herself. While Bonny investigated the pirates, Anne openly consorted with them.

When Governor Rogers offered an amnesty, pirates by the dozen converged on the island, including John "Calico Jack"

Female pirates Anne Bonny and Mary Read sought their fortunes on the high seas, and were as bold and fierce as any of their male counterparts. Read was exceptionally accomplished with the sword.

Mary Read, right, is shown running a sword through a pirate, who had dared to challenge her lover to a duel.

Rackham, known for his gaudy striped pants. Rackham noticed Anne and tried to "buy" her divorce from Bonny. The husband refused and reported Rackham's intentions to the governor, who ordered Anne flogged unless she returned to her husband. Instead, Anne went to sea with Rackham. Together they outfitted a pirate ship and went in search of prey.

They soon captured a Dutch ship laden with rich cargo and a crew of healthy sailors ready to be impressed into pirate duty. Anne Bonny selected a fair youth she deemed worthy of seduction. The boy turned out to be a girl, Mary Read. Read and Bonny became fast friends. They also acquired an unsavory reputation as two of the most fearsome pirates of the Caribbean until one day in October 1720 when Captain Burnet of the Royal Navy captured their vessel, the *Queen Royal,* as it lay anchored off Jamaica.

Rackham was taken along with the rest of the crew to St. Jago de la Vega, where they were tried as pirates. Anne Bonny and Mary Read pleaded pregnancy (or in the argot of the day "pleaded their bellies") and escaped the death sentence. Mary Read died in her prison on December 4, 1720, from a fever before her child was born. Anne Bonny escaped, and was said to have lived to old age on a South Carolina plantation.

AMERICA'S PIRATE HUNTER/1810s

The pirates of North Africa, mostly Turks and Moslems who controlled Algiers, Morocco, Tripoli, and Tunis, declared open war on U.S. shipping in 1801. The Pasha of Tripoli, to extort more cash from the U.S., chopped down the flagstaff of the U. S. consulate, drawing an immediate response from President Thomas Jefferson. No longer would the U. S. continue a policy of appeasement and bribes to the North African pirates, said Jefferson, and he ordered the tiny U.S. fleet into the Mediterranean to bombard Tripoli.

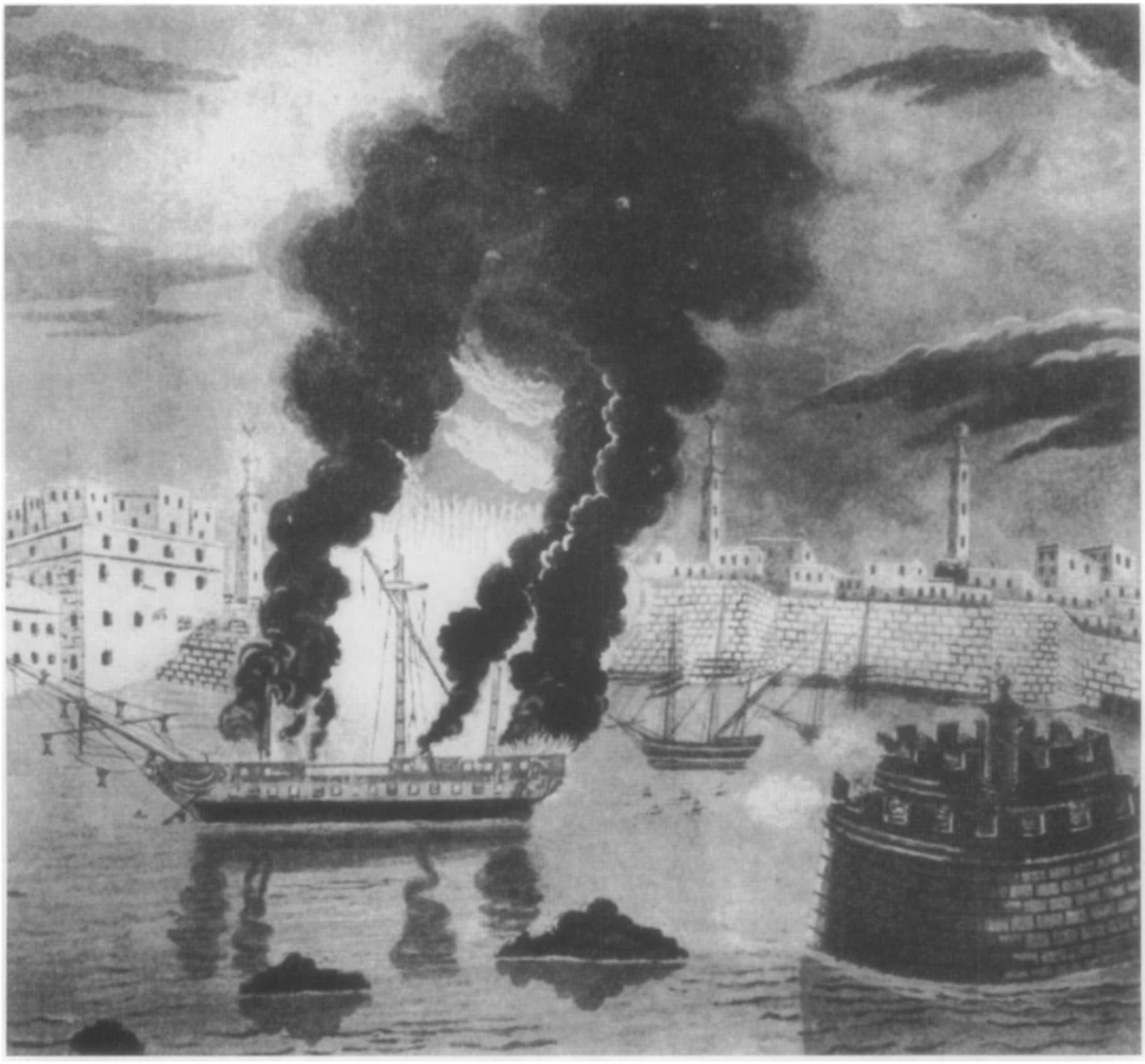
On Oct. 31, 1803, the USS *Philadelphia,* a 36-gun American frigate commanded by Captain William Bainbridge, ran aground in Tripoli's harbor and was captured. The pirates turned

The heroic Stephen Decatur, who told Algerian pirates that they could have American tribute from the mouth of his cannon.

the guns of the ship against the U. S. blockading fleet commanded by Captain Edward Preble. To eliminate this threat, Lieutenant Stephen Decatur (1779-1820), a firebrand officer possessed of incredible courage, led seventy-four men into the harbor in small boats on the night of February 16, 1804.

Decatur and his men slipped aboard the *Philadelphia,* and after a wild fight with the Turkish pirates, killed all the guards on board. They then set fire to the *Philadelphia,* rendering it useless to the pirates, and escaped with only one fatality. Decatur, a fiery patriot, repeatedly proved his bravery during the Tripolitan pirate war. On another occasion, he and his men boarded a pirate ship. Decatur, wielding a cutlass and a pistol, was knocked to the deck of the enemy gunship, but before the pirate captain could cut his throat, Decatur fired a fatal shot into the pirate's throat.

At that moment, with Decatur prone on the deck, another pirate ran forward and was about to decapitate Decatur with a swing of his scimitar, but a wounded American sailor jumped forward and placed his head in the way, receiving the blow and dying in place of Decatur. The American sailor, who was



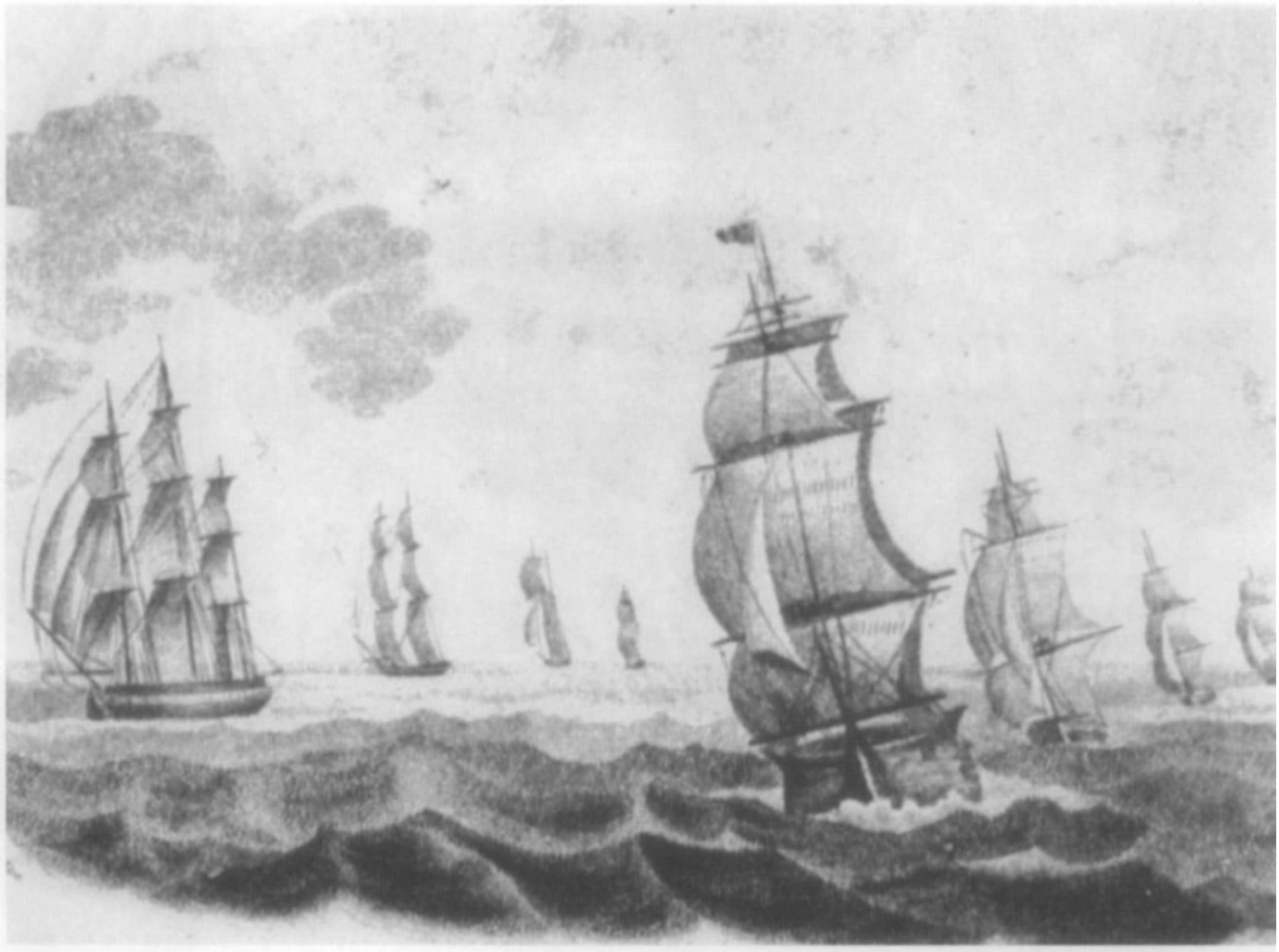
The burning of the American frigate *Philadelphia*, which was captured by Tripoli pirates; Stephen Decatur slipped a small band of U. S. sailors on board this ship and set it afire, then rowed away to safety.

almost helpless from a wound at that moment, was said to be either Daniel Frazier or, more likely, Reuben James, after whom several U. S. warships were later named. The Turkish pirates in Tripoli, due to the continuing U.S. blockade, sued for peace in 1805.

Decatur, in 1815, again led a punitive squadron to the Mediterranean Sea to prevent Algerian pirates raiding U. S. ships. The brilliant Decatur once again quelled the main Algerian pirate fleet off the coast of Spain and then forced Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis to pay $81,000 for the American ships captured or destroyed by the pirate captains. He forced the North African potentates to sign treaties forbidding them to collect "tribute" or bribes from the U. S. When the Dey of Tripoli pleaded with Decatur for a small token of tribute in the form of gunpowder to save face, Decatur retorted: "If you insist upon receiving powder as tribute, you must expect to receive [cannon] balls with it!"

Following Decatur's expedition against the North African Turks and Moslems in 1815, U. S. ships went unmolested by pirates. Decatur, the hero of the hour, returned in triumph to the U. S. At a banquet in his honor at Norfolk, Virginia, Decatur uttered his famous toast: "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the *right*, and always successful, *right or wrong!*" The life of the brilliant Decatur came to a premature end when he was killed in a duel with naval officer James Barron on March 22, 1820.

Stephen Decatur, after boarding a Tripolitan pirate ship, was knocked to the deck by its captain; Decatur shot him dead, his life saved by wounded American sailor Reuben James (some said Daniel Frazier), who placed his head in the path of a sword being wielded by another pirate.



Decatur's squadron returns in triumph from victories over Tripoli, Tunis and Algiers in 1815; his successful campaign against the pirates established the U. S. Navy as a formidable foe feared by foreign buccaneers.

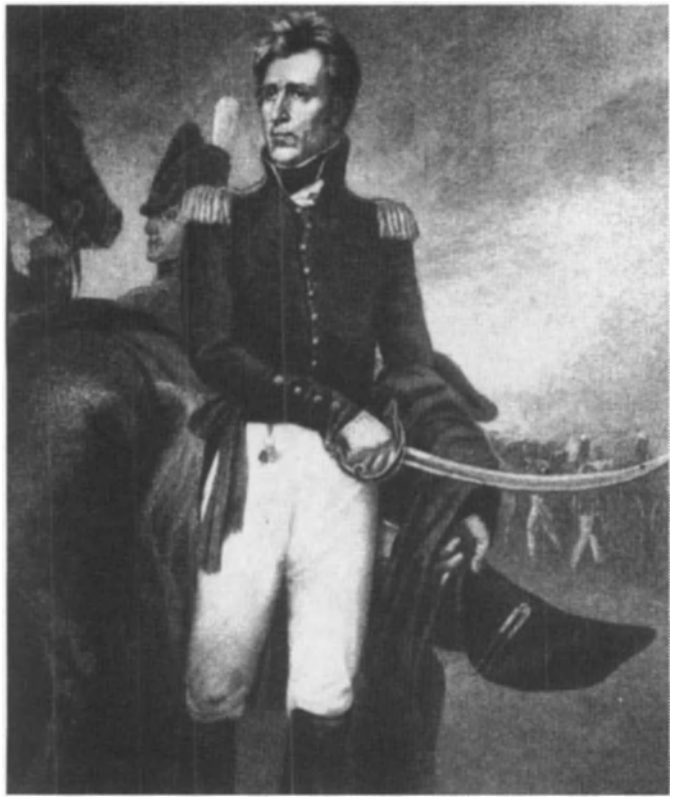
THE LAST OF THE BUCCANEERS/1810s-1820S

No power in New Orleans could control the pirates who operated freely throughout the Gulf of Mexico and made New Orleans and points south their home. In the eighteenth century, Blackbeard, Henry Morgan, and others attacked, looted, and sank hundreds of ships at will, protected by the many nations then at war. These pirates all carried letters of marque (commissions), ostensibly issued to them by small, new, independent countries that labeled them privateers. These pirates were authorized to attack vessels of any warring country and return the prize ships to home port, selling off the cargo to merchants and the crew and passengers to slave dealers.

The most notorious of these tiny countries issuing such *carte blanche* powers to sea wolves was Cartagena on the Colombian coast. The long trip to Colombia soon discouraged the pirates of the coast; they thought it more convenient to use the Bay of Barataria, between Grand Isle and Grande-Terre Island, as their base of operations. Prize ships and cargoes were brought to this natural port sixty miles south of New Orleans and the loot smuggled into the U. S. via New Orleans.

The unpredictable, sometimes chivalrous pirate, Jean Lafitte, at the time he raided throughout the Caribbean.

Lafitte, on deck, holding sword aloft, boards a merchant vessel with his pirate crew; he was a fearless leader with a subtle loyalty to the U. S.

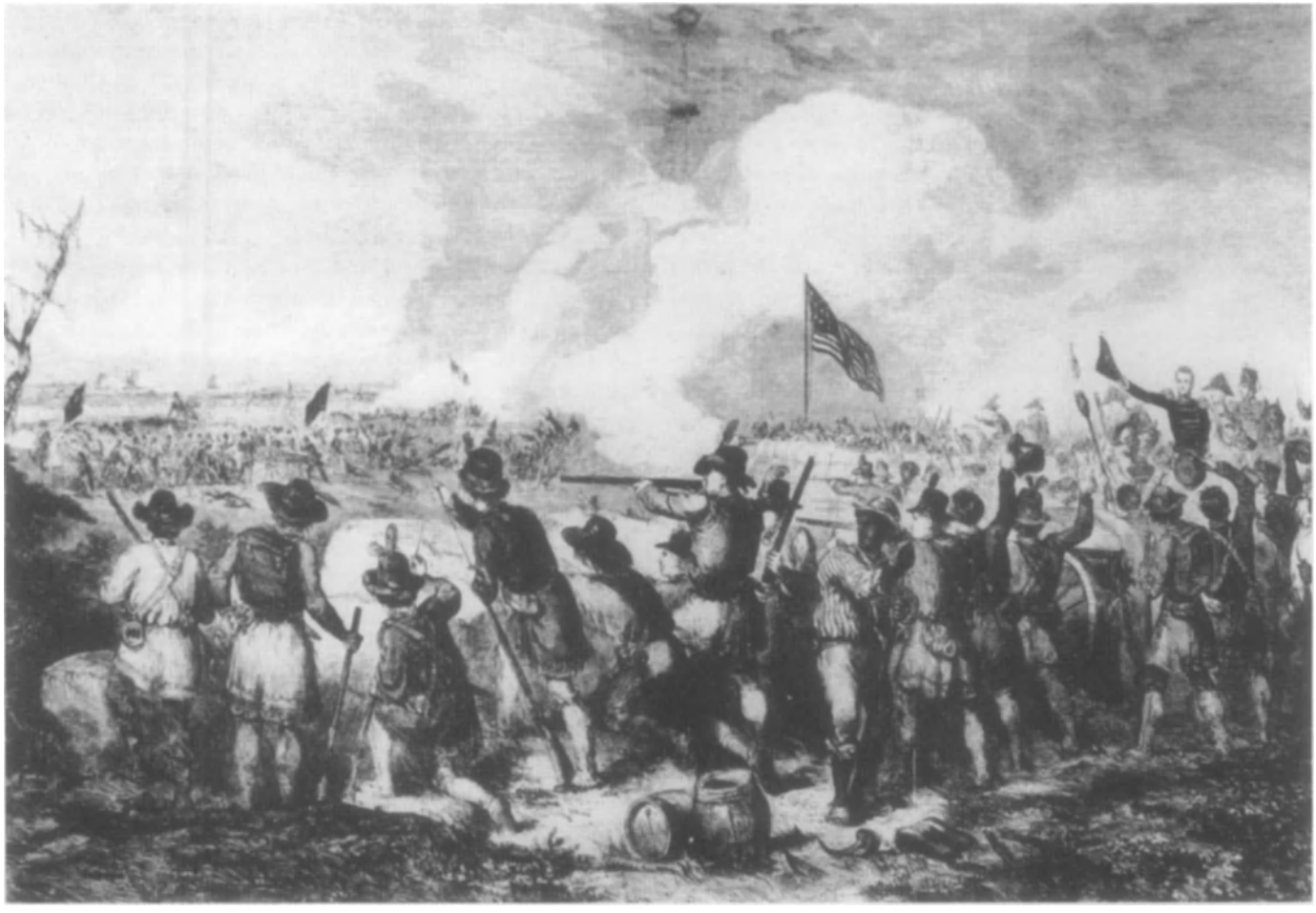


General Andrew Jackson, who asked Lafitte and his pirates to fight with his troops against British forces in 1815.

Of all the freebooters operating from Barataria, the most infamous and legendary was Jean Lafitte (1780-1826), who, with his brother Pierre, looted and sacked his way across the Gulf and throughout the Caribbean for two decades. Little fact, however, attends his vaunted exploits. Lafitte was born in Bordeaux in 1780 and died at the early age of forty-six in 1826, broke and enraged at his obscurity. He was a slim, dark-haired man of average height, who first appeared with his brother, Pierre, in New Orleans in 1806, when he opened a blacksmith shop on St. Philip Street.

Ingratiating himself to the polite society of the city, Lafitte's smithy soon prospered, patronized by the best families. On the side, the Lafitte brothers processed smuggled goods brought up to New Orleans from Barataria by the pirates. When the news arrived in 1808 that the pirates were raiding one another's strongholds for goods and slaves, Lafitte decided to take control of the anarchists and return order to this profitable, albeit illegal, enterprise.

Lafitte journeyed to Barataria by piragua and boldly marched into the camp of pirates on Grande-Terre Island, a teeming fortress with 500 of the most vicious sea renegades ever assembled in one spot. Through his considerable charm, wit, and ability to speak several languages faultlessly—Spanish, Italian, French, and English—Lafitte soon convinced the most rowdy of the piratical band that their best interests lay in following his dictates. It was simply a matter of money, he explained; Lafitte knew best how to invest the profits of the



Lafitte's pirates joined other Americans on the ramparts at Chalmette, outside New Orleans, on January 8, 1815, to mow down with musket and cannon fire more than 2,000 attacking British soldiers in the final battle of the War of 1812 (which, unknown to both sides in this battle, had ended two weeks earlier with the signing of the Treaty of Ghent).

privateers and quickly displayed his financial ability to further enrich them.

Lafitte dealt with a rough bunch, including Ren Bluche, Cadet Bouteille, Chighizola, better known as Nez Coup ("Cut Nose") because of the horrible scar he wore across his nose as a result of a sword slash, Vincent Gambie, and the redoubtable Captain Dominique You, who had fought with the legions of Napoleon I as an artilleryman and who later distinguished himself in the battle of New Orleans. (Captain You commanded five pieces of artillery so expertly against the British, using Lafitte's pirates as gun crews, that Andrew Jackson raised him to the rank of captain in the U. S. Army and, during the historic battle, told You: "I wish I had fifty such guns on this line, with five hundred more such devils serving them." Captain You later turned his back on freebooting and became one of New Orleans' most revered citizens, dying as a patriot instead of a pirate and being buried in St. Louis Cemetery next to the finest citizens in the city.)

Lafitte did not take over the pirate community at Barataria without force. One of his reluctant lieutenants, Captain Vincent Gambie, smirked at Lafitte's authority. "I am no privateer, such as Jean Lafitte wishes to call us," Gambie shouted to his men one rum-struck night. "I am a bloody pirate!" He waved a broad ax about his head. "With this weapon I have opened the heads of more than twenty men. I have split wide women and children!" He grinned, showing a set of broken teeth. "I liked it! To hell with Jean Lafitte!" Gambie then staggered to his shack and fell into a drunken torpor.

Gambie's men thought to duplicate their captain's insubordination and shouted curses at Lafitte, who walked calmly into the glare of their campfire. Lafitte, who was by then called the Boss, stared silently at the upstarts. One of Gambie's officers jumped up, shouting: "The men of Gambie take orders only from Gambie!" He half yanked his sword from its scabbard in a menacing movement.

Lafitte casually drew a pistol and, from a distance of fifteen feet, fired its single ball. The shot killed the pirate instantly as he was struck between the eyes. The slaying served to bring Gambie and his men quickly into line and no more criticism of Lafitte was spoken. (Gambie's skull was later split open by his own men and with his own ax.)

Lafitte organized all the raids on the sea and disposed of all the stolen goods, his fifty ships flying the flag of Cartagena. As his success became known, more pirates flocked to Lafitte's banners, a thousand of the worst brigands of the seas. He improved living conditions at Barataria by having comfortable

Jean Lafitte when he fought with Jackson at New Orleans in 1815.

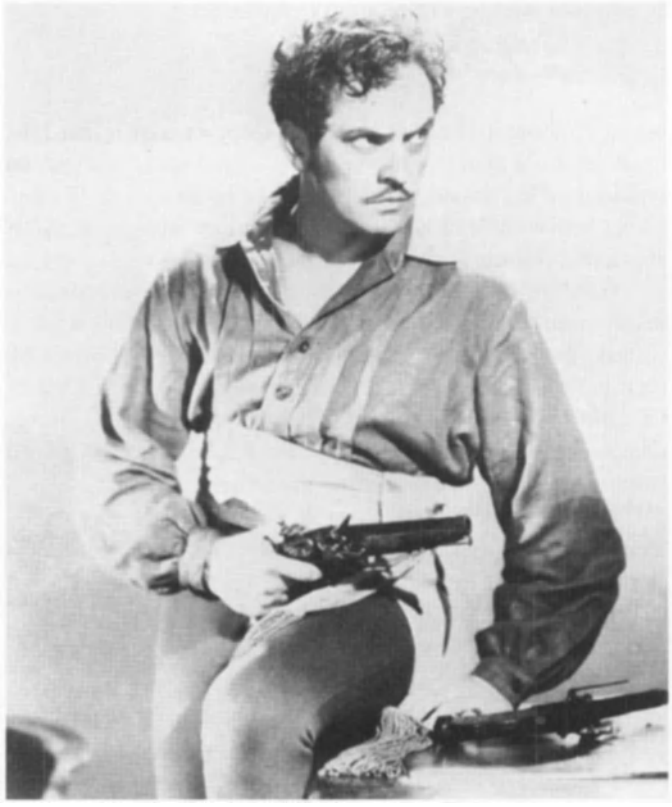
huts built and importing hundreds of women to the settlement to keep his men company. Brothels, gambling dives, and saloons soon dotted the area. Lafitte built an elegant mansion for himself and furnished it with the luxurious loot his privateers took from hundreds of captured ships.

Some of the most respected leaders of New Orleans, men who headed the government, cultural and civic leaders of the city, were Lafitte's willing guests at Barataria. Of course, all of these pleasantries were designed to further cement strong relationships with certain businessmen of New Orleans, those who took Lafitte's illegal goods as well as his slaves and sold them to the public at large, acting as fences.

By 1813, Lafitte had a commercial strangle-hold on the city and threatened to monopolize the entire Mississippi valley. In desperation, Governor W. C. Claiborne proclaimed all inhabitants of Barataria out-and-out pirates, not privateers, and urged all citizens to shun them and their goods. When the Lafitte brothers attempted to woo the upper crust families of New Orleans to their side of the commercial war, Claiborne proclaimed Jean Lafitte an outlaw and set a price of $500 for his arrest. Lafitte, in his typical grand manner, sent out a proclamation which appeared on almost every wall of the city, and in which he offered $1,500 for the arrest of Governor Claiborne and his delivery to the pirate's nest of Barataria.

Incensed, Claiborne also ordered Pierre Lafitte's arrest, and Jean's brother was quickly clapped in jail. Pierre Lafitte then disappeared, mysteriously breaking out of prison. The offenses of the pirates were quickly forgotten with the War of 1812 and the battle of New Orleans in 1815, a battle the pirates helped mightily to win. Following Jackson's victory, all the pirates, the Lafitte brothers included, who had fought against the British, were pardoned. Jean and Pierre Lafitte and a hundred others abandoned their fortresses at Barataria and roamed the Gulf of Mexico, finally settling at Galveston, Texas, where, it seemed, almost every wanted felon and cutthroat had gathered.

From this port, the Lafittes again began preying upon merchant ships until one of their crews was captured while looting a Spanish vessel and taken to New Orleans for trial. Seventeen of Lafitte's best men, including Robert Johnson and Jean Desfargues, were summarily hanged for piracy. It was the end of Lafitte's love affair with New Orleans. The corsair moved deeper into the hostile waters of the Caribbean and though he vanished from the public eye, he is most remembered as the mysterious pirate, who saved New Orleans from the British invaders.



Fredric March as Lafitte in the 1938 film, *The Buccaneer*.

Yul Brynner as Jean Lafitte in the 1958 film, *The Buccaneer*.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN:

ROBBERY

The criminal act of robbery dates back to the earliest periods of recorded time, with myriad biblical references citing such brigands, not the least of whom was Barabbas, the bandit who was set free in lieu of the crucified Jesus. Robbery was a way of life for scores of nomadic tribes in Asia that finally banded together under the banner of Genghis Khan, who began as a bandit until becoming leader of the so-called Golden Horde that conquered most of the then known world. In Europe, the Vikings, Goths, Huns and other invaders from Central Europe were nothing more than marauding robbers, pillaging the Roman Empire for spoils and with no thought of appropriating and governing the lands they looted. With the opening of the New World by Columbus, the most notorious bandits, beginning in the 16th Century, operated along the sea lanes of the world's great oceans as dreaded pirates (see Chapter Thirteen, Piracy).

By the 17th Century, the great cities of Europe were awash with thieves, who subtly robbed their victims by picking their pockets, such as the notorious Moll Cutpurse of London. England, at this time, was plagued by a new type of robber, the highwayman, daring thieves who waylaid coaches and lone travelers on horseback and at gunpoint. One of the earliest of these brigands was Phillip Stafford, a former captain in the British army, who became a successful highwayman in the 1640s, especially preying upon wealthy clergymen for whom he held intense hatred. Stafford, ironically, gave up robbery to become a pastor, absolving himself publicly before his parishioners, until falling back on his old ways, stealing the church's gold, linen and sacramental plate. He again took to the road, but was apprehended, tried and hanged at Reading.

Highwayman Claude Duval, left, is shown robbing the Master of Buck Hounds to Charles II in Windsor Forest; Duval became the most notorious highwayman of 17th Century England.

Another such rogue was Claude Duval, a youthful highwayman, who robbed the coaches of British aristocrats. He displayed elegant manners and danced by moonlight with his

charmed female victims before taking their jewels and money. Duval was hanged at Tyburn in 1671. William Johnson, another notorious highwayman of that era, was not so polite. A failed businessman turned robber, Johnson committed robberies with the help of forger Jane Housden, his mistress, who provided him with information on travelers carrying gold and jewels. Johnson had a short temper and manhandled any victim reluctant to turn over his purse. That temperament brought about his demise when, being tried at the Old Bailey, he shot and killed a jailer in open court when he refused to allow him to speak to Housden, then on trial for coining (counterfeiting coins). Johnson and Housden were then promptly tried and convicted of murder and both were hanged in 1712.

The most legendary English highwaymen—Dick Turpin, James Maclaine and John Rann—overshadowed in the chronicles of crime the exploits of dozens of their ilk, but many of these lesser-known meandering miscreants made their memorable marks along the dark highways they haunted. Often as not, these wayward creatures became highwaymen after their own honest labors and professions failed them, such as John Everett, a salesman turned highwayman, who was hanged in 1729, or Thomas Lympus, who abandoned his position as a postal clerk to rob the very system that employed him, absconding in 1738 with a fortune after holding up a postal messenger. Lympus fled to France and lived high, until his money ran out and he made the mistake of returning to England, where he was caught following another robbery and promptly hanged.

Henry "Gentleman Harry" Simms, who robbed coaches in England and Ireland, with such alacrity that officials thought he commanded a band of hundreds. Simms, who was hanged in 1746, had been a friend of Jenny Diver (Mary Jones), London's most celebrated pickpocket, and who was immortalized in "The Beggar's Opera" (she was hanged in 1740). William Page, on the other hand, was a gentleman's gentleman, a part-time actor, livery servant and occasional body

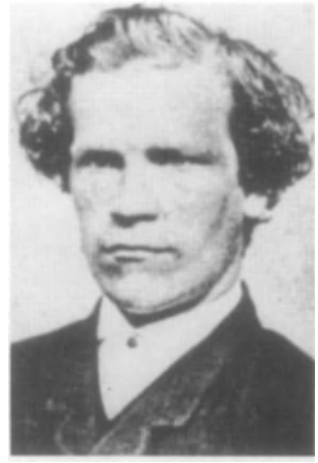
Thomas Lympus is shown robbing a postal messenger on February 21, 1738 and getting away with a fortune.

Actor-turned highwayman, William Page committed more than 300 robberies in the 1750s.

California bandit Joachim Murieta (or Murrieta) attacks a defenseless woman in this lurid dime novel portrait; he was reportedly killed and decapitated by a bounty hunter in 1853.

servant to a wealthy aristocrat. Page witnessed his employer being robbed by a highwayman one night and thought the robbery so easy to perform that he immediately adopted that criminal pursuit. Page committed more than three hundred robberies in the late 1750s and lived like a gentleman in London, until he was caught and hanged in 1758.

Like Page, William Field had worked for an aristocrat, serving as a footman. He had been sold into slavery, but escaped a penal colony and returned to England to mete out his vengeance through highway robbery. Field committed as many as four to five robberies of coaches a night, until he was captured and hanged in 1773. The brothers George and Joseph Weston shared a similar background, and became highwaymen. They were hanged together in 1782.



Franz Muller committed the first known railway robbery on July 9, 1864.

Percy Lefoy robbed and killed a coin dealer on a London train while it steamed through Merstham Tunnel in 1881.

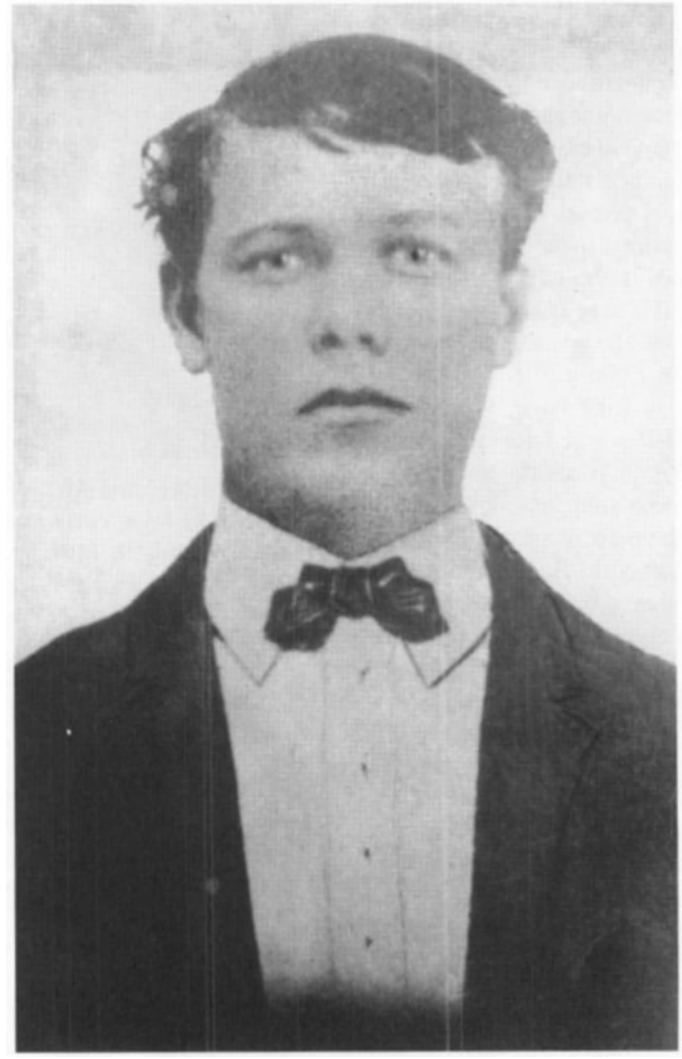
Bob Dalton is shown with his sweetheart, Eugenia Moore, on May 9, 1889; Moore often scouted banks and train schedules for robberies the Daltons planned. Bob Dalton led his band on an abortive raid to rob two banks in 1892 and met with disaster.

Two decades later in America, Michael Martin ("Captain Lightfoot") an Irish youth, who had learned his trade as a robber in England, migrated to the U.S., where he became the first highwaymen in Massachusetts. Far to the west, a bevy of brigands rose from the murky swamps and dense forests along the Natchez Trace, robbing and murdering travelers with such frequency that small armies tracked them to their lairs. Among these robbers were the brothers Wiley and Micajah Harpe, known as Little Harpe and Big Harpe. They were brutal men, who not only took all the valuables from their victims, but stripped them of their clothes and shoes, then, if the whim urged, murdered them out of hand. Sam Mason was another of these fierce American highwaymen, who routinely killed his victims in robberies, so that "none would look upon my face again."

The most memorable of these Natchez Trace robbers was John A. Murrel, known as "The Great Western Land Pirate," and about whom countless legends were later spun. To the south, Bras Coupé, a runaway slave, organized a band of robbers, who terrorized the Louisiana bayou country for a decade. Twenty years later, Joachim Murieta (or Murrieta), the daring Mexican bandit, robbed stagecoaches and travelers in California. His fierce exploits made him a living legend long before his reported death in 1853. While these brigands operated on the frontiers of America, the frontiers of Australia were menaced by the likes of Frank Gardiner, who robbed stagecoaches in the 1850s and 1860s, succeeded in infamy by that country's most celebrated highwayman, Edward "Ned" Kelly, who wore iron-plated armor in pitched gun battles with police.

Train robbery began not in America or Australia, but in England, the first such criminal act being conducted by Franz Muller, who, in 1864, robbed and murdered Thomas Briggs, a 70-year-old bank clerk on the North London Railway train, throwing his victim from the moving train and establishing

The end of the Dalton Gang: Brothers Bob and Grat Dalton are shown hands tied and propped up dead between peace officers after they and two others had been shot to death on October 5, 1892; a third brother, Emmett Dalton, was the only survivor of the fusillade from the citizens of Coffeyville, Kansas, who stopped the outlaw brothers from robbing two banks at the same time.



Sam Bass, shown at age sixteen in Indiana, became one of the most notorious bank and train robbers in Texas, killed by lawmen in 1878.

another "first," in that this was also the first homicide committed on a moving train in England. Muller fled to America, but a dogged Scotland Yard detective, Chief Inspector William Tanner learned that Muller had booked passage and went aboard a faster ship that arrived ahead of Muller's vessel, arresting the robber when he walked down the gangplank. (Muller was returned to England, where he was tried, convicted and condemned, hanged on November 14, 1864.) The very same technique in apprehending a fugitive was employed by Inspector Walter Dew of Scotland Yard, when he took a fast ship to the U. S., which arrived before another vessel docked, one which carried Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen and his mistress, Ethel LeNeve. Crippin had chopped up his wife, Belle Elmore Crippen, and buried her body in the basement of his London home and then run off with his mistress (who was dressed as a boy during the voyage). Crippen was hanged on November 23, 1910.

England saw another terrible train robbery on June 27, 1881, when Percy Lefoy, a journalist and short story writer, robbed and killed 64-year-old Frederick Gold, a coin dealer, on the London to Brighton train as it passed through the Merstham Tunnel, a robbery-murder that sent Lefoy to the gallows. By then, in America, train robbing had almost become routine. As the railways pushed through the western frontiers, bands of hard-riding outlaws—many of these being the remnants of guerrilla forces used in the Civil War—began robbing trains in the Midwest. The Reno Brothers of Indiana, were the first to rob an American train, stopping a passenger train in 1866.

Many of these outlaw bands were headed by brothers who came from the South and Midwest—the Farrington Brothers; Reuben and Jim Burrow; the Younger Brothers, who rode stirrup to stirrup with the James Brothers, and the three Dalton Brothers, Robert, Gratton (Grat) and Emmett, who, in 1892, rode into their home town of Coffeyville, Kansas, and were shot to pieces, with only Emmett surviving to tell their saga. Another brother, William Dalton, who had once been a lawman, turned train robber and rode with the Bill Doolin Gang

Charles E. Boles (or Bolton), known as Black Bart, robbed stagecoaches and left doggerel in empty strong boxes

of Oklahoma. He was shot dead on the front porch of his home by officers in 1893. Brothers George and John Sontag robbed trains in California and met the same fate as that of the Daltons.

Many of the bank, stagecoach and train robbers between 1865 and 1900, this thirty-five-year period being the heyday for such western bandits, followed obediently behind the most audacious in their midst. The boldest of these included Henry Plummer, who committed countless robberies and killings in Nevada, Idaho and Montana, before he was lynched by vigilantes in 1864. Though having no regard for the law, many of these bandits clung to their own strange code of ethics. Sam Bass, the train robber, died in his abortive raid on a bank near Round Rock, Texas in 1878, but with his dying breath refused to "blow [inform] on my pals" when lawmen asked about the identities and whereabouts of his confederates.

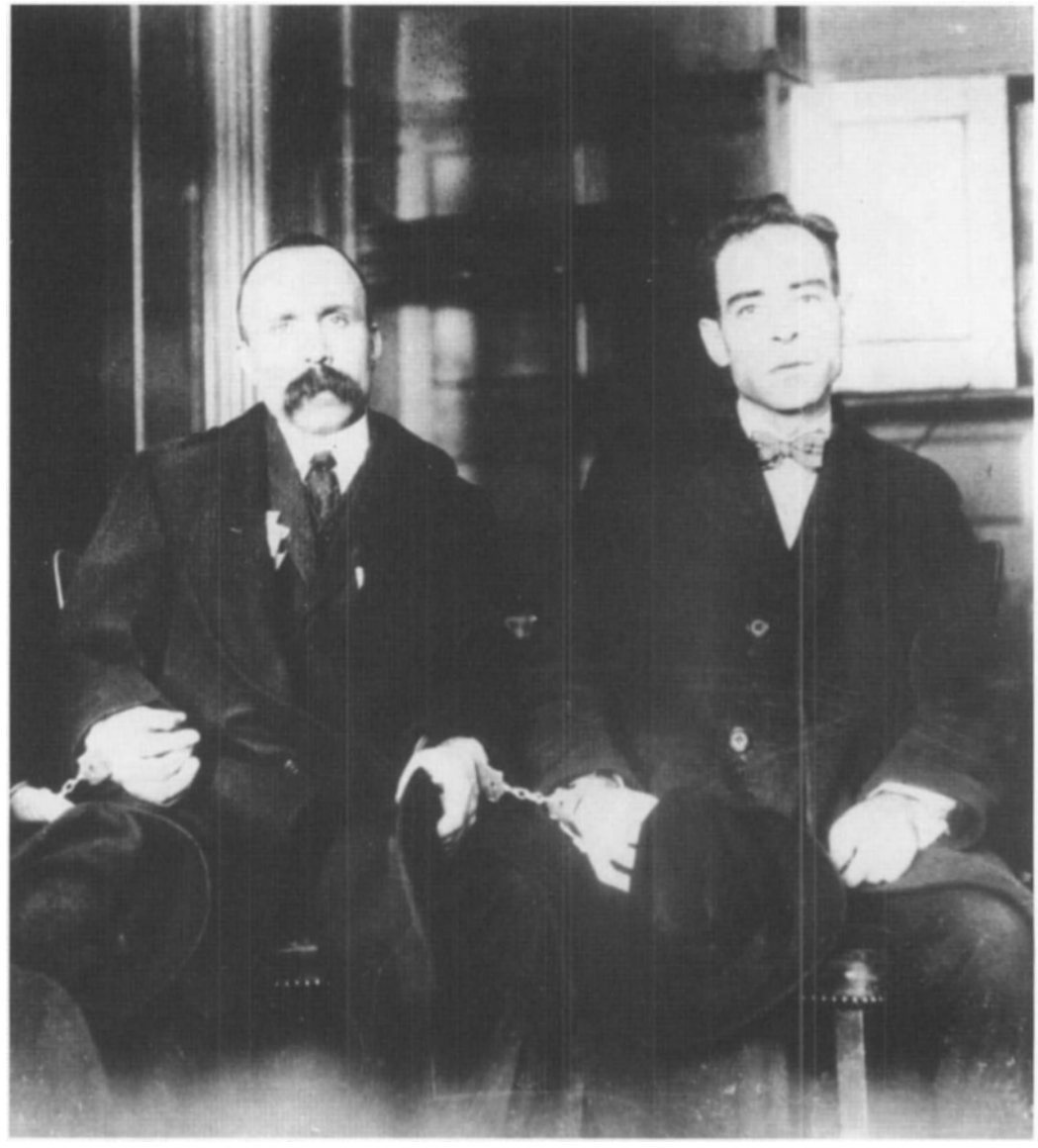
The lawman of that day did not spend too much time racing after these bandits, who robbed a bank in one town or a train in one county and then fled on horse-

Bandit Oliver Curtis Perry committed one of the most spectacular train robberies on record.

A contemporary sketch shows how Perry employed his acrobatic technique in robbing the New York Express in 1892.

back to another county or even a state. Peace officers such as James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok, Wyatt Earp and William Barclay "Bat" Masterson, were too busy rounding up drunks and facing down gunslingers in the wild towns where they wore the badge to lead exhaustive searches for the elusive robbers.

Rustling cattle, if this activity was confined to a local area, was another matter. Earp and his brothers Morgan and Virgil, along with their friend, gambler and gunfighter John H. "Doc" Holliday, confronted the Clanton gang of rustlers in Tombstone, Arizona, where the classic gun battle at the O. K. Corral occurred in 1881. Rustling cattle was almost a routine occurrence in the Old West, this kind of robbery meeting with terrible justice. If a rustler of cattle or a horse-thief was found, he was invariably lynched on the spot. Such was the case of Jim Averill and his sweetheart, Ella "Cattle Kate" Watson, who had rustled large herds of cattle, were caught and lynched in 1889.



Anarchists Bartolomeo Vanzetti and Nicola Sacco, who were convicted of a bloody 1920 Massachusetts robbery and who were executed in 1927 over the protests of millions who believed them innocent.

Stagecoach robberies throughout the West became a pedestrian crime. The most fascinating of these bandits was an elderly gentleman who called himself Black Bart. He was Charles E. Boles (or Bolton), a man of some refinement, who fancied himself a poet, and often left bits of doggerel at the sites of his robberies. One such ditty found in an empty strongbox read:

I've labored long and hard for bread,
For honor and for riches
But on my corns too long you've tred,
You fine-haired sons-of-bitches.

Boles robbed a number of California stagecoaches in the late 1870s before he was tracked down and sent to prison. One of his peers, William "Old Bill" Miner, robbed stagecoaches in California throughout the 1870s, then began robbing trains. In and out of prison, Minor robbed his last train in 1911 and died in a prison cell two years later. He preferred to work usually alone, distrusting associates. "They make mistakes," he complained in old age about his bumbling fellow robbers, "and this gets you caught after they inform on you."

One daring young man, Oliver Curtis Perry, would have nothing to do with other robbers. He worked alone, robbing banks in Wyoming before going East to single-handedly rob the New York Express on September 29, 1892, dropping by rope from the top of the moving train during a blinding hailstorm and crashing feet-first through the window of the express car to over-

Judge Webster B. Thayer presided with blatant prejudice at the Sacco and Vanzetti trial.

whelm a guard and conductor. He then snatched more than $100,000 in gold and jewels and jumped from the moving train. Trapped by lawmen in a railroad yard a short time later, Perry attempted to flee by driving a locomotive with one hand and firing a pistol at a posse pursuing him in another locomotive, but he was captured and sent to prison.

Perry escaped several times, but was always recaptured. He was finally sent to the maximum security prison at Dannemora, where he became despondent. He fashioned a block of wood with two protruding nails, which he used to gouge out his own eyes. He left a note that said: "I was born in the light of day against my will, of course. I now assert my right to shut out the light." Perry never spoke another word, dying silently in his cell in 1930.

Other than Butch Cassidy and members of the Wild Bunch, few bandits on horseback attempted the robbing of trains or banks by 1900. The risks were too high, with each state by then having law enforcement agencies and man power capable of tracking down these outlaws. One who defied the Texas and Arizona rangers, was Henry Starr, alleged nephew of the infamous cattle rustler Belle Starr. He robbed banks throughout the Southwest in the 1910s, and, in 1914, was the first bandit to use an automobile in robbing a bank. Starr was shot and killed in an abortive bank robbery in 1921.

The coming of the auto as a popular, inexpensive vehicle brought with it myriad car bandits, who robbed banks in small towns, for the most part, then departed in a cloud of dust. They invariably fled from one state to another, local police refusing to follow them into states where they had no jurisdiction. At that time, through the 1920s and early 1930s, there existed no federal law enforcement agency that had the authority to pursue these robbers. In the case of the Mobley-Ashley Gang, the robbers preyed upon banks in Florida, but never left the state. They simply drove to their various hideouts in the Everglades, a huge swampy area infested with snakes, alligators and poisonous insects, a state within a state that few lawmen were willing to enter. This gang, headed by John Ashley, robbed banks from 1914 to 1924, and gleaned an estimated $1 million from their heists. Ashley and three of his gunmen were captured in 1924 and all four were killed while "resisting arrest," but evidence indicates that the bandits were murdered while handcuffed.

A similar fate befell (in the nature of a "judicial execution") two other suspected robbers, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, immigrant Italians, who were avowed anarchists in a day when the "Red Menace" was a reality. Sacco and Vanzetti were accused of robbing a shoe company payroll in South Braintree, Massachusetts in 1920, coldbloodedly killing two guards and taking $16,000 in cash. They were convicted in a controversial trial at which arch-conservative Judge Webster Thayer presided. Thayer reportedly convicted the pair out-of-hand before the trial ever began. He was quoted as saying: "Did you see what I did to those anarchist bastards?" Both were condemned to death and a worldwide campaign ensued to save their lives. Sacco and Vanzetti were nevertheless executed in the electric chair on August 22-23, 1927.

Charles Arthur "Pretty Boy" Floyd, the Oklahoma bank robber known as the "Robin Hood of the Cookson Hills." He was shot to death in 1934 when cornered by FBI agents in Ohio.

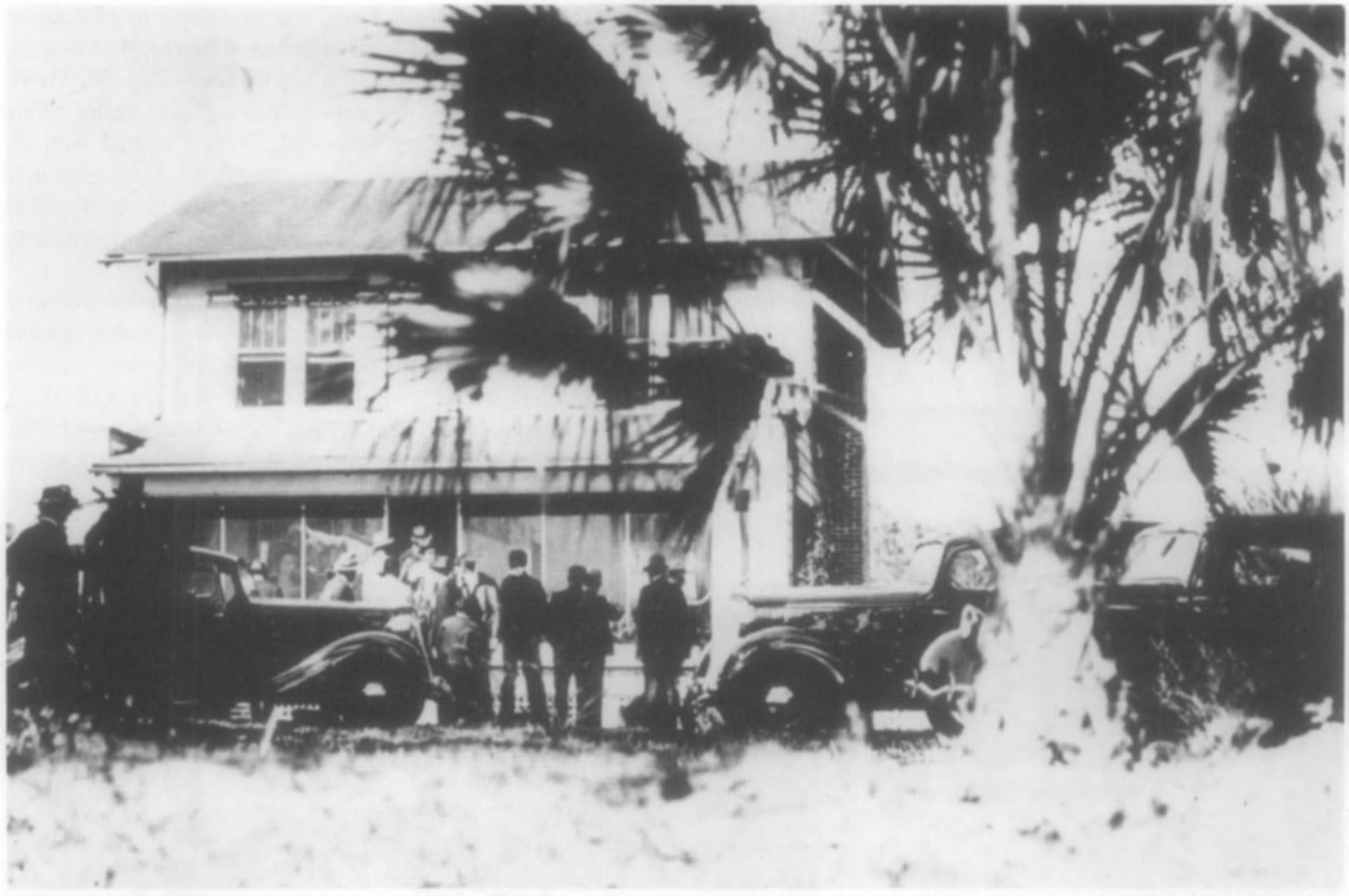
During the 1920s, U. S. banks were plagued with scores of "professional" bank robbers, such as Al Spencer (who had been robbing banks and trains in the horseback era), Harvey Bailey, the brothers Matthew and George Kimes, Jake Fleagle,

A composite photo shows the lethal Barker Brothers (left to right), Herman, Arthur ("Dock") and Freddie, notorious bankrobbers and kidnappers of the early 1930s.

Ray Terrill and Wilbur Underhill (the "Tri-State Terror"). When economic chaos gripped the nation in the early 1930s, bank robbery increased at an alarming rate. At the nadir of the Depression, a new breed of bank robbers sprang from the Midwest and Southwest, emulating the western outlaws, but using cars and submachine guns instead of horses and six-guns. Most of these robbers were from rural areas, farm boys, such as Charles Arthur "Pretty Boy" Floyd, from Oklahoma.

Floyd was a romantic figure to the back county people of his native Cookson Hills. He robbed dozens of banks in Oklahoma and elsewhere and was encouraged to do so by his impoverished fellow citizens, who felt that banks and bankers had created their economic woes. Bank foreclosures of farms and small businesses had driven thousands of hard-working families onto the road, and these homeless drifters saw Floyd, whom they called "Chock," as an avenger of their plight. At one point, Floyd walked down the main street of a small Oklahoma town holding several guns. Some friends asked him where he was going. "To rob the bank," Floyd replied. Some of these citizens applauded and one shouted: "Give 'em hell, Chock!" That day, as he had on many another, Floyd not only robbed

Arizona Donnie Clark Barker, called "Ma," at left with her elderly paramour, Arthur Dunlop, who was murdered by Ma's boys. FBI chief Hoover said Ma led the gang, but one gang member said she was merely "an old lady we kept around for laughs."



The bungalow at Lake Weir, Florida, where FBI agents battled with Ma and Freddie Barker for four hours; the Barkers fired submachine guns at the agents, until both were shot to death.

January 17, 1935, Oklawaha, Florida: The bodies of Fred Barker (left) and Ma Barker lie on slabs in the local morgue; both were riddled with bullets, but Freddie may have ended the battle after his mother was shot to death by committing suicide.

the local bank, but took pains to burn all of the unrecorded mortgages the bank held on local stores and farms. Floyd's own family had been dispossessed by a bank that had foreclosed on the Floyd farm.

Often as not, Floyd gave some of the money he took from banks to his neighbors and friends, earning the sobriquet: "The Robin Hood of the Cookson Hills." To FBI agents, however, he was a cold-blooded killer, and was blamed for the 1933 Kansas City Massacre (see Murder/Mass Murder), which took the lives of several lawmen in an abortive attempt to free bank robber Frank Nash. Floyd was shot down by FBI agents under the command of Melvin Purvis, while trying to escape across a field on an Ohio farm, on October 22, 1934. Purvis stood over the fatally shot bank robber and asked him: "Were you at the Kansas City Massacre?" Floyd replied with his dying breath: "I didn't do it. I wasn't in on it." (One report held that Purvis ordered one of his men to execute the bank robber on the spot and a coup de grace bullet was then fired into Floyd's head.)

Other bank robbers of that day were less charismatic than Floyd. The Barker Brothers—Herman, Lloyd, Arthur (known as "Dock") and Fred Barker were the lethal sons of Arizona Donnie Clark Barker, the infamous "Ma" Barker (1872-1935). They robbed scores of banks in the late 1920s and early 1930s, and added many kidnappings to their crimes (see Kidnapping). Encouraged in their criminal pursuits, one Barker after another went behind bars. Herman Barker, after being trapped by a posse in 1927 following a bank robbery outside of Newton, Kansas, committed suicide by firing a bullet into his brain, rather than be captured and go back to prison.

Barker gang member Alvin "Creepy" Karpis, so named because botched plastic surgery drastically altered his facial features, FBI chief Hoover named him "Public Enemy Number One" until his 1936 capture in New Orleans; he was paroled in 1968 and went to Europe, dying ten years later.

As a teenager Clyde Barrow had already committed several thefts and was a habitual criminal.

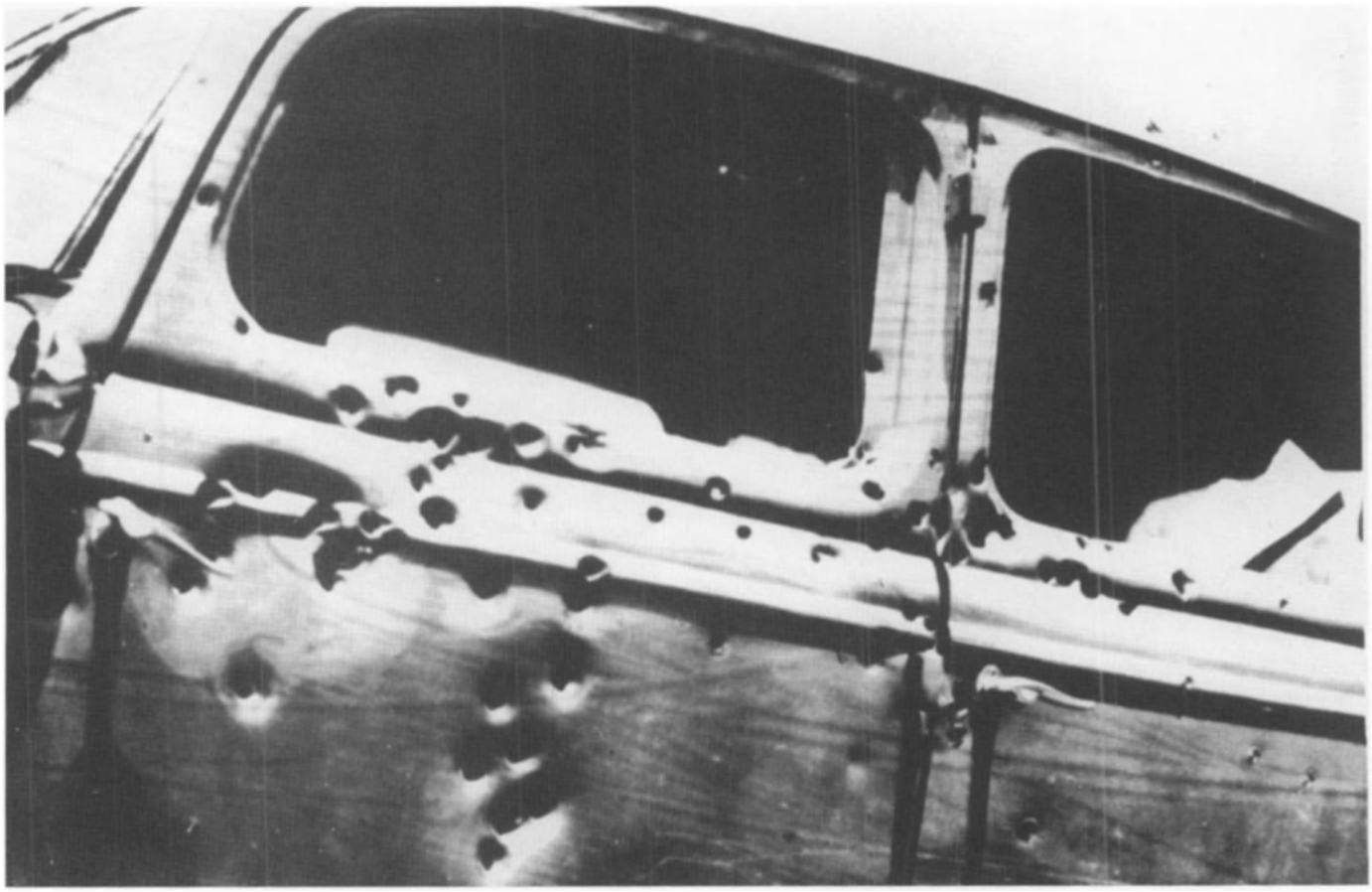
Bonnie gets the drop on Clyde, a snapshot of the two lethal bandits clowning; this and many other photos were left in an apartment the gang abandoned in Joplin, Missouri, on April 13, 1933, where they killed two officers when escaping police.

Bonnie Parker posing with gun on hip and cigar in mouth, trying to look as tough as she really was, although she did not smoke cigars.

Clyde Barrow holding several rifles; he was fascinated with weapons and kept a large arsenal in the stolen cars he drove.

Bonnie and Clyde are shown at a picnic area outside of Dexter, Iowa on the morning of July 24, 1933 (Barrow is cleaning weapons); only minutes after this photo was taken, a huge posse attacked the gang, wounding both Parker and Barrow, who escaped.

In this startling photo, taken only minutes after a posse attacked the Barrow gang outside Dexter, Iowa, Blanche Barrow (left) is shown screaming for the life of her fatally shot husband while officers hold her; Marvin "Buck" Barrow, is shown kneeling in his underwear at right, dying from several wounds. Bonnie and Clyde had escaped only minutes earlier.



The car in which Bonnie and Clyde were driving when they were ambushed by a posse of Texas rangers, who riddled the auto as it drove down a dirt road outside of Gibsland, Louisiana on May 23, 1934; the murderous bandits were shot to pieces.

The six Texas Rangers who killed Bonnie and Clyde: (top row, left to right) Ted Hurton, P. Moakley, B. M. Gault; (bottom row, left to right), Bob Alcorn, Henderson Jordan and the leader, Frank Hamer. They had no regrets.

Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker in the morgue, only an hour after they were slain by a posse of Texas Rangers; their bodies had been pierced by dozens of submachine gun and Browning Automatic Rifle bullets. "They were the worst killers of the Southwest," one of the Rangers said. "We weren't about to take any chances with those two. Others did, and they died. A lot of folks can rest easy now...even Bonnie and Clyde."

A scene from the 1967 film, *Bonnie and Clyde*, showing the gang escaping a police trap; (left to right), Michael J. Pollard (head down), Faye Dunaway (as Bonnie) and Warren Beatty (as Clyde). A fine period production, this film nevertheless misrepresented the true nature of the homicidal bandits.

Ma Barker accused officials of executing her son on the spot. In reviewing the Barkers, FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover later said that Herman's suicide altered Ma Barker's personality "from an animal mother of the she-wolf type to veritable beast of prey." Hoover credited Ma Barker as the mastermind behind all of the gang's robberies and kidnappings, although this was later discredited by Alvin "Creepy" Karpis (or "Old Creepy," a gangland nickname derived from his having botched plastic surgery that resulted in a grotesque appearance). Karpis (1908-1979), who was Freddie Barker's homosexual lover and later went to Alcatraz, said that Ma Barker was only "an old woman the boys carried around for laughs."

Yet the Barkers, with or without Ma's influence, were well-connected to corrupt politicians in St. Paul, Minnesota and Hot Springs, Arkansas, where they often hid while planning their next bank robberies, shielded by local authorities and paying huge protection money. A small army of experienced gunmen were on call for many of the bank robberies scouted by bank caser Eddie Bentz. These heist experts included Larry Devol, Volney Davis, Earl Christman, Harvey Bailey, Jess Doyle, Phil Courtney.

By early 1935, however, the Barker gang, their whereabouts betrayed by politicians and gang informants, were tracked down and either arrested or killed. Arthur "Dock" Barker was arrested on a Chicago street on January 8, 1935, by FBI Agent Melvin Purvis. He went to Alcatraz for life and was killed while trying to escape "The Rock," in 1939. Ma Barker and her psychopathic son Freddie were trapped by FBI agents at a house outside the resort town of Lake Weir, Florida, and both were killed after a prolonged firefight in which Freddie and Ma Barker, both wielding submachine guns, fought to the death on January 16, 1935.

Less than a year earlier, two other bank robbers, Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker, who had become infamous in the Southwest, were shot to death by a posse outside Gibsland, Louisiana on May 23, 1934. Barrow and Parker were Texas misfits from rural towns. Bonnie Parker had been a waitress in a café and Barrow was a petty thief. They joined with Barrow's older brother, Marvin "Buck" Barrow and his wife, Blanche, and a few adolescent thieves to commit several robberies of grocery stores and small banks in the Southwest from 1932 to 1934.

The Barrow Gang was notorious for murdering their robbery victims out-of-hand. Clyde and Bonnie were ruthless killers, who reveled in taking human life. They shot and killed several lawmen while escaping dragnets. Bonnie Parker shot a traffic cop dead in Oklahoma City "just for fun," as she later stated. Unlike the 1967 film, *Bonnie and Clyde*, which glorified Barrow and Parker, these two bank robbers "were psychopaths who would murder you if you looked cross-eyed at them," according to James Henry "Blackie" Audett. While visiting Herb Farmer, who supplied weapons to the independent bank robbing gangs of the era from his Joplin, Missouri, home, Audett encountered Barrow and Parker. "I walked into Herb's house," he told the author in 1978, "and saw these two kids sitting on the sofa. They were fondling a Browning Automatic Rifle and a submachine gun, like they were making love to those guns, cooing and kissing the stocks." Herb took me into the kitchen and I stood there with Farmer, whose knees were knocking. 'That's Bonnie and Clyde in there,' he said. 'Don't say a word to those two—they're crazy. They told me that on the way up here from Oklahoma, they passed a motorcycle cop and shot him. They stopped to dump gas all over him and his cycle and burned him to a crisp and then danced around the burning body.'"

Said Audett to Farmer: "Well, sell them the guns and they'll get out of here."

"*Sell* them!" Farmer replied. "Hell, if I don't just give 'em those guns, they'll kill me and you, too!"

Farmer gave Barrow and Parker the guns "as gifts," and when Barrow complained that his car was low on gas, Farmer and Audett gave Barrow some cash to buy more gas. "I would have given them my shoes, if they wanted them," Audett added. "Clyde was a snake, waiting to bite someone and Bonnie was worse, giggling about blowing the top of someone's head off. They both smelled bad and their clothes were dirty and torn, because they lived in the cars they stole. They shot and robbed from their own people. Nobody wanted to be around these two nuts. Before I left Farmer's place, Herb said to me: 'I swear I'm gettin' out of this business, before those two come back and shoot me for fun!"

After Buck Barrow was killed in a police ambush at a picnic field outside of Dexter, Iowa, on July 24, 1933, and Blanche Barrow was captured, Clyde and Bonnie escaped. They lived like hunted animals on the back roads of the Southwest, stealing cars, holding up small banks and waiting for the "laws" to close in on them. They shared a deathwish, which Bonnie Parker summarized in a lengthy poem that was later widely published and ended with:

Some day they will go down together,
And they will bury them side by side.
To a few it means grief,
To the law it's relief,
But it's death to Bonnie and Clyde.

The posse that ambushed Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker took no chances with these killers. They loosed a fusillade of bullets on their passing car and riddled the auto and its two occupants, making sure that these two homicidal bank robbers were, indeed, dead. The killing of Bonnie and Clyde not only gave law enforcement officers the "relief" Bonnie Parker predicted, but edified many another bank robber, who felt that these psychopathic thieves had so focused the nation on bank robbery that state and federal law enforcement considerably increased its efforts to apprehend such criminals. "All they did was to bring more heat down on us," said Charles Arthur Floyd. Another bank robber of that era, the most infamous of them all, John Herbert Dillinger (see entry, this chapter, IN THE DAYS OF DILLINGER), had no respect for Barrow and Parker. When reading about one of their robberies and attendant murders, Dillinger commented: "These two are giving bank robbery a bad name."

With the destruction of the "super gangs" in the 1930s, bank robberies diminished, and with America's eventual economic recovery, fewer desperate bandits took to the roads to rob

French robber and killer Emile Buisson, beheaded at Santé Prison on February 28, 1956.

William Liebscher, Jr., was a used-car salesman who robbed California banks "on the side." When in custody in 1957, he called his wife, telling her: "I won't be home for a long time... I hate to tell you this, but I have been robbing banks for a year and a half."

banks, although bank robbery increased following World War II, and through the turbulent 1960s, when terrorist organizations began robbing banks to fund their operations. In Europe and elsewhere, the number of bank robberies nowhere equaled those in the U. S., although there were periods in which some spectacular bank robbers emerged, such as France's Emile Buisson, who robbed banks from the 1930s to the 1950s, and who committed a number of murders in the process. He was beheaded in 1956.

Bank robbery became, to a great extent, a "lone wolf" operation, where even normally law-abiding citizens embarked on such criminal excursions. Typical was William Liebscher, Jr., a used car salesman in California, who robbed banks "on the side" for eighteen months, until he was captured by FBI agents in 1957. Underpaid blue collar workers, unemployed white collar workers, and others in financial trouble, took to bank robbing. There were few "organized" bank robbing gangs willing to risk their operations with tighter security measures taken by law enforcement. Offbeat robberies, outside of banks, were more conveniently conducted by such gangs. This was the case of the 1978 Lufthansa heist at that airline's cargo terminal in New York, where members of the Gambino crime family stole a reported $6 million and which was profiled in the film *Goodfellas*.

Since that time, bank robberies have actually increased. According to FBI statistics, the year 2000 saw 7546 bank robberies, burglaries and larcenies in the U. S. Banks today, however, are heavily protected by armed guards, and, most importantly, electronic cameras and alarms that will summon police to the site of the robbery within a few minutes, thus dissuading potential bank robbers from foolishly testing those security systems. Such a system, however, was reportedly not in place when, on August 11, 1994, three men armed with submachine guns (as in the days of the Barkers), robbed the Carlton Hotel in Cannes, France, making off with $45 million worth of gems from the hotel's jewelry shop, the largest jewelry heist on record to date. This well-organized robbery was far from the conniving efforts of England's most celebrated pickpocket, Moll Cutpurse, who was satisfied with stealing a few coins from wealthy passersby in the streets of London almost four hundred years earlier.

MOLL CUTPURSE OF ENGLAND/1600s

The most notorious female criminal in early British history was Moll Cutpurse (AKA: Mary Markham, c.1589-1662), born Mary Frith on London's Aldersgate Street around 1589. Her parents were hard-working, law-abiding middle-class citizens and there is little or nothing to suggest a criminal influence in Moll's background. The little girl was, however, extremely homely and, as she aged, Cutpurse would develop a decidedly masculine-looking face. Moll's parents denied her nothing, even providing tutors for her, but from an early age she rebelled against them. One historian described her as "above breeding and instruction. She was a very tomrig, rumpscuttle, or hoyden."

Despairing of ever having a man find interest in her, Moll, by her early teens, took to playing with the roughest boys in her neighborhood, and standing outside of pubs and contorting her already repulsive features into hideous faces at the men entering and leaving. Physically powerful, Moll could best any boy in acrobatic feats and could run and jump faster and higher than any of her male peers. She was also feared for her ability to use her large fists and had the reputation of beating up any boy or man who displeased her.

The family realized that they could not control the wild girl, so her rich uncle made arrangements to send her to the American colonies, believing that once she arrived in Virginia, the rigorous pioneer life would tame her. Moll acquiesced and boarded a ship bound for America but, as the ship pulled away from the Gravesend dock, she dove overboard and swam to shore. "I escaped the voyage," she sardonically remarked later, "alike hating Virginia and my virginity."

Donning men's clothing, Moll struck out on her own, becoming a fortune teller and befriending the members of the lowest criminal element in London. Most of her friends belonged to the Society of Divers, a diver being one who dove into the pockets of wealthy passersby to pick wallets and purses. One of the most adept of these was Mary Jones who was later celebrated in *The Beggar's Opera* as Jenny Diver (see entry).

Moll learned the art of pickpocketing so well that she soon became one of the most successful thieves in London. Those purses too difficult to pluck from a pocket, Moll learned, had to be cut away, and often as not this meant cutting away an entire pocket in the coat of a victim without being detected. Pickpockets who could successfully perform this delicate act were known as "cutpurses." Such techniques required special dexterity and skill, which Moll expertly demonstrated time and again. So adept did she become at this method of pickpocketing that she quickly earned the esteemed underworld sobriquet Moll Cutpurse.

Moll reveled in her legendary exploits, such as cutting away the purses of more than fifty victims in a single day, and became rich. Even law-abiding citizens looked upon Moll as a sort of cult heroine. She played the part, dressing in elegant men's apparel, brocaded breeches, doublet, plumed hat, and smoking a pipe, a habit she was addicted to until her death at age seventy-three. So rich did Moll Cutpurse become that she bought stores and property, but she never deserted her underworld friends, continuing to fence their stolen wares for a handsome profit into old age.

See here the Preſidefſe oth pilfring Trade
Mercuryes ſecond; Venus's onely Mayd
Doublet and breeches in a Uniform dreſſe
The Female Humurriſt a Kickſhaw meſſe
Heres no attraction that your fancy greets
But if her FEATURES pleaſe not read her FEATS..

Moll Cutpurse (looking better than she actually did) was England's most notorious pickpocket and robber.

Not until she decided to blatantly publicize her wicked image did she run afoul of the law. In 1605, she leaped upon the stage of London's Fortune Theatre, dressed, of course, as a man, and puffing heavily on a pipe, and loudly sang bawdy songs while strumming a lute. She regaled the raucous crowd with lascivious stories until watchmen arrived to place her under arrest. The charge was a minor one, that of a female wearing the garb of a man. She was fined and released.

More serious punishment came with her being branded four times on the hands after she was somehow caught with her fingers working loose the pocketbooks of unsuspecting victims. These rare arrests and subsequent brandings were badges of honor to Moll, but as she grew older and her fingers were less adept in picking purses, she abandoned the practice. She put together a band of roughnecks and embarked on the career of highway robbery. She would ride wildly down a road in pursuit of a coach and order the driver to halt while training a brace of pistols on him. Her confederates would then order the passengers to step out and they would be robbed of their

jewelry and purses. Moll was even bold enough to stop the coach of General Fairfax. The general resisted and Moll shot him in the arm. When he tried to flee by grabbing the reins of the horses, Moll shot two of the horses to death, then climbed onto the coach, knocked the general unconscious, took his purse bulging with gold coins, and fled.

Fairfax returned to Hounslow, where a company of troopers were alerted. They pursued Moll and found her in the middle of the road, cursing her horse, which had gone lame. Surrounded by fifty guardsmen with drawn swords, Moll threw down her empty pistols and surrendered. Taken to Newgate Prison, she was tried and sentenced to be hanged. Moll asked to see General Fairfax, who was astounded to discover that a woman had robbed and shot him. When meeting Fairfax, Moll proposed a deal.

Moll would pay Fairfax £2,000, she said, if he would drop the charges against her and arrange for her release. Fairfax, at the time, was in need of funds, Moll knew, because he was helping to finance Cromwell and his roundheads, who were in revolt against King Charles I. The general accepted the deal, and after the money was paid, released Moll. The experience so frightened Moll that she gave up highway robbery. With her considerable fortune, she retired to her lavish Fleet Street residence, but kept active by opening the Globe Tavern, which became the center of all criminal activities in London, the meeting place for every pickpocket, highwayman, and cutthroat in the city.

At the Globe, Moll gave advice on planned robberies and burglaries and also established herself as the most important fence in the city, buying stolen silver and gold and other valuables and then reselling them at a considerable profit, often to the original owners. She was referred to at this time in her life by the aristocrats of London as "The Queen of Misrule." Moll then established a bevy of beautiful harlots on her premises and used these women to compromise wealthy nobles, making sure the aristocrats wrote letters to her girls that Moll later used in effective and lucrative blackmail schemes. Further, because no man, not even the lowest of her criminal associates, would involve himself with Moll due to her repulsive face and body, she grew to hate all females and horribly abused her barmaids and female servants. Moll later established brothels, where clients were encouraged to abuse the strumpets.

Moll's hatred for women ran so deep that she took to prowling the streets of London, picking up young girls from rural towns, who had come to London to seek honest employment. She cajoled and lured these girls to her brothels, where they were made white slave captives and forced into a life of prostitution. Those who resisted the powerful Moll were beaten senseless by her and physically carried to her bordellos. If a girl proved truculent after having been held captive for more than a week and refused to service Moll's noblemen clients, Moll personally administered severe whippings. Denied the love of men, Moll perversely watched through peepholes as her captive whores were ravished by her clients, cackling with joy over each debasement and debauchery.

Reveling in her role of criminal overlord, Moll swaggered through the elegant areas of Drury Lane and St. Giles, richly bedecked in her men's clothing, puffing her pipe and roaring out ribald stories to aristocrats who squirmed at being in her company. She was once again arrested for "indecently and publicly wearing male attire." Tried and convicted in February 1612 at the Court of the Arches, Moll was sentenced to do public penance. She was forced to stand before St. Paul's Church on a Sunday morning after services, dressed only in a white sheet, making public apologies to passersby for daring to dress like a man.

Moll wept openly, but it was later learned that these were not penitent tears. Moll had downed three bottles of rum before doing her penance and she was sloppy drunk while standing in the square pretending to be a remorseful sinner. Thousands filled the square to witness this spectacle, as Moll knew

Moll Cutpurse (Mary Frith) is shown smoking her pipe; she was repeatedly arrested for dressing like a man and shouting obscenities in public.

they would. They hooted and jeered at her, cursing her, calling her every vile name. Meanwhile, as Moll had arranged it, scores of her best pickpockets roamed through the crowd, picking the purses of the very persons who stood about deriding her.

As the decades rolled by, Moll Cutpurse amassed one of England's great fortunes. She purchased grand manor houses, even estates. Her wealth was fabulous and her criminal career so notorious that every child in the country knew her name. She grew more hideous with each passing year, and by her late sixties, gluttony had made her obese. She never bathed and the stench of her body became so overpowering that even her closest associates crossed the street, when they saw her approaching. In the next few years, Moll's once keen mind became muddled. She lost track of her affairs and her associates bled her accounts, stole her valuables, and looted her houses. At the age of seventy-three, afflicted by severe dropsy, Moll Cutpurse had but a few hundred pounds left and this money she bequeathed in her will to the three maids still working for her. She left a small amount to a distant relative, a Captain Frith.

Moll's last wish was that she be buried face down in her coffin "as because I am unworthy to look upwards, and that, as I have in my life been preposterous, so I may be in my death." In 1662, her diseased, bloated body relaxed into death, and she was buried in St. Bride's churchyard, face down, according to her request, so that God would not have to look upon her withering ugliness at Judgment Day.

COLONEL BLOOD AND THE CROWN JEWELS/1671

Born in Ireland, Thomas Blood (c.1618-1680) was the son of a blacksmith and his life was full of intrigue and adventure, both real and imagined. During England's Civil War, beginning in 1642, he served in the Parliamentary forces of Cromwell and, through dashing battle feats rose to the rank of colonel. He later obtained forfeited estates which gave him a yearly income of £500. He subsequently lost these estates and the lucrative income, which turned him into an ardent Republican. He led an abortive coup to overthrow the crown in Ireland by seizing Dublin Castle and capturing the Duke of Ormonde in 1663. Defeated, Blood fled to Holland, where he went into hiding.

Blood became a legendary conspirator, involved in the plots of the Fifth Monarchy Men in London and the revolutionary Conventeers of Scotland. In 1666, he fought in the battle of Pentland Hills, but he managed to escape, as usual. Blood's successive and miraculous escapes from these conspiracies and other misadventures, led most to believe that he had been allowed to flee by government officials, who had made a secret pact with him: his freedom in exchange for information about the rebels with whom he worked.

In 1671, Blood put together the most fantastic plot of his life, the stealing of the British Crown Jewels from the Tower of London. Oliver Cromwell had stolen the jewels in 1649 after Charles I had been executed and, upon their recovery, great care was shown in protecting the royal heirlooms from ever being stolen again. The jewels consisted of crowns, state

Colonel Thomas Blood, the Irish adventurer, who stole the British crown jewels out of revenge in 1671.

swords, scepters, orbs, and spurs of chivalry, which were of gold and silver and richly ornamented and inlaid with rare gems. These priceless jewels had been placed in the Tower of London with a strong and loyal detachment of guards ordered to protect the jewels around the clock from any thief.

That thief was none other than the daring Colonel Blood. In April 1671, Talbot and Dolly Edwards, official caretakers of the jewels, who lived in the Martin Tower rooms directly above the heavily guarded jewel room, were approached by a traveling minister and his wife. The Edwards couple was obligated to show the jewels to distinguished visitors, and they conducted a tour of the jewel room for the visiting clergyman and his wife.

The clergyman and his wife befriended the Edwards couple and the minister stated that he knew of a wealthy young man who would be a good suitor for the Edwards' daughter. When next he visited the Tower, the parson promised, he would bring the young man along. The Edwards couple delighted in the

Colonel Blood and his fellow robbers are shown looting the crown jewels from the Tower of London; all were captured and the jewels retrieved. Blood escaped the hangman through his glib tongue and charming personality.

prospect of meeting the young man. The parson returned on May 9, 1671, bringing along two friends and telling Edwards that his nephew, the young suitor, would be along shortly. Said the parson: "Until he gets here, why don't we visit the jewel room? My friends are most anxious to see the ensigns of the king."

Once inside the jewel room, the parson, who was none other than Colonel Blood, seized the gullible Talbot Edwards, while his two friends tried to bind him with ropes. Edwards struggled and Blood pulled out a mallet and struck the caretaker on the head three times, knocking him unconscious. Then a gag was stuffed in Edwards' mouth and he was tied to a pillar.

Blood and his two fellow thieves then began to steal the most valuable jewels in the room. The Colonel used his mallet to smash the largest crown flat so that it would fit in his pouch. The second man slipped the royal orb into a large pocket in his coat. The royal scepter was too long to conceal, so the third man quickly filed the scepter into halves and slipped these into the specially made pockets of his cloak. Just as the filing of the scepter was completed, the alarm was given and guards swarmed through the many passageways of the Tower.

Blood and his two friends dashed from the jewel room and down flights of stairs, slipping past guards going upward. The guards thought the three men were officials also looking for the thieves. Blood and his men got to the main gate, where their horses awaited them, held by a confederate. Mounting, they rode wildly away with a detachment of guards riding after them. The thief carrying the orb found the gold ball too cumbersome to carry and threw it into a large crowd which had assembled along the escape route. Then he dismounted his horse and vanished.

Colonel Blood rode on, but the leather pouch holding the crown slipped from his saddle horn and he stopped to retrieve it. As he did so, the mounted guards overtook him and a wild sword fight ensued, which ended with Blood being disarmed and made prisoner. He was taken back to the Tower and imprisoned there, along with the other three men. The jewels were recovered and were thereafter guarded night and day by specially trained soldiers, who were stationed inside the jewel room as well as outside.

Blood proved to be a recalcitrant captive. He refused to cooperate with his captors, telling them that he would not answer any questions "unless they are put to me by the king

himself." When King Charles II was told of this, he was as staggered by the arrogance of Blood's demands as he was by the daring robbery. The king could not resist meeting the adventurer, who was expected to be executed.

King Charles went to the Tower and visited with the bold Colonel Blood, listening to his eloquent explanation for attempting the robbery. The amazing thief told the king that in taking the Crown Jewels he was merely retaliating against an oppressive system that had wrongfully deprived him of his estates. Charles was so enthralled by the colorful Blood that he not only reprieved him from the gallows, but pardoned him and his companions. The king restored Blood's estates and even awarded the great conspirator with a pension of £300 a year (some said as a bribe to Blood for not continuing his conspiratorial ways). Charles' generosity did little to curb Blood's appetite for intrigues and plots. He continued to be involved in all manner of conspiracies. When he died on August 24, 1680, Blood was deeply enmeshed in a lawsuit brought against him by the Duke of Buckingham.

THE INIMITABLE DICK TURPIN/1730s

Richard "Dick" Turpin (AKA: Dick Palmer, John Palmer, Tom Palmer; 1706-1739) was a British highwayman whose exploits became legendary. He was reportedly born in "The Crown Inn," the son of John Turpin, an Essex innkeeper. Turpin served an apprenticeship under a Whitechapel butcher and set up his own business by the time he was twenty-one. Accused of stealing livestock, Turpin left the area. In Essex, he became a member of a smuggling gang and then joined a gang that stole live deer, primarily in Epping Forest. When the group began committing robberies, Turpin became its leader.

England's infamous highwayman Dick Turpin vaults a cart in his wild ride through Edmonton with his great horse, Black Bess.

The robbers' first target was a man called Strype, who ran a Watford chandler's store. They robbed Strype's house of money, but did not harm him. They next broke into the home of a Loughton woman, blindfolding her and her maid. When the woman refused to tell the robbers where she kept her money, they allegedly tortured her by placing her hand over a fire until she provided the information. Then the robbers stole more than £400.

At a farm in the Barking area, the gang tied up a farmer, his son-in-law, wife, and maid, and stole more than £700. The thieves' next target was the house of a man named Mason, an official in charge of Epping Forest. Turpin, however, had gone to London, gotten drunk, and apparently forgotten about the plans. The gang went ahead without him. They broke in, kicked and hit Mason, and vandalized the house. After finding 120 guineas, they left and went to London, where they found Turpin and gave him some of the loot.

On January 11, 1735, the Turpin gang raided a farmer's house at Charlton, Kent, interrupting a card game. They forced the farmer, a man named Saunders, to take them through the house, where they found more than £100. They also allegedly ate mince pie and drank wine before leaving with threats to return if the robbery was reported too quickly. The gang attacked the Surrey home of a Mr. Sheldon on January 18, 1735, tied up Sheldon's coachman in the stable, captured Sheldon, and robbed his home of jewelry, eleven guineas, and other valuables.

On February 4, 1735, the bandits burst into the home of a Mr. Lawrence of Edgware, Middlesex, and stole money, silver, and other valuables. Before leaving one of the gang members also raped the maid. Following the Lawrence robbery, the king was notified, and a reward of fifty guineas was offered for the arrest and conviction of any of the gang members.

The gang set out to rob a farmer's house in the Marylebone region on February 7, 1735. They tied up two servants and the farmer, Mr. Francis, in the stable. In the house, they tied up and beat the farmer's daughter, wife, and maid before making off with jewelry, money, and other valuables. After this attack, the reward for their capture was increased to 100 guineas. Two of the leaders were arrested, tried, convicted, and hanged in chains, effectively discouraging the rest of the gang. When the gang disbanded, Turpin decided to become a highwayman.

Turpin met Tom King (d. 1737), a notorious highwayman, on Cambridge Road in February 1735. Turpin reportedly did not recognize King and ordered him to hand over his valuables. When King identified himself, the two agreed to begin robbing together. They were successful in robbing many travelers, and were thought to have operated from a cave in Epping Forest. On May 4, 1737, Turpin shot and killed Thomas Morris, a servant, who intended to capture him for a reward. After that incident, additional reward money was offered for Turpin, who was described as "...about thirty ... marked with the smallpox, his cheekbones broad, his face thinner towards the bottom...." Turpin and King nevertheless continued their robberies without interruption.

Dick Turpin is shown relaxing in his hideout, a remote cave officials found impossible to locate.

Close to the Green Man Inn in Epping Forest one evening, the highwaymen caught up with another traveler, a man named Major. Turpin's horse was exhausted, so he took Major's horse. Major reported the theft to authorities, who learned that a similar horse had been spotted at the Red Lion in Whitechapel.

A constable went to investigate and when he attempted to question King, the highwayman pulled out his pistol, which misfired. King shouted to Turpin, who was approaching, telling him to shoot the lawman. Turpin's shot missed the constable and instead fatally wounded King, who died a week later. While he lingered, King told officials about likely places to find Turpin, and huntsmen and bloodhounds searched the region guided by this information.

Turpin fled to Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, and then traveled to Welton, Yorkshire, where he assumed the name John Palmer. He made repeated trips to Lincolnshire, stole horses, and brought them back to Yorkshire to trade or sell. He was arrested and confined in York Castle on suspicion of stealing horses in early February 1739. He allegedly was identified as Richard Turpin after he sent a letter to his brother in Essex that was seen by his former teacher, a Mr. Smith, who traveled to York and identified Palmer as Turpin.

On March 22, 1738, Turpin was brought to trial at the York Assizes with Sir William Chapple presiding. The highwayman was convicted of stealing a foal and a mare at Welton and given the death penalty. He admitted to a few robberies and to one murder. Turpin reportedly bought some new clothes while awaiting execution and hired five men as mourners. When he was hanged at York on April 7, 1739, he reportedly spoke with the hangman for about half an hour and then jumped off the ladder. He was buried at the cemetery of St. George's church, but the body was later found in the garden of a city surgeon. A crowd carried it back to St. George's, where it was re-interred.

Richard Turpin was immortalized in the novel, *Rookwood*, published in 1834 by William Harrison Ainsworth (1805-1882). Ainsworth, who primarily wrote historical novels, was fascinated by highway robbers, especially Turpin. In the preface to *Rookwood*, he stated "I had always had a strange passion for highwaymen and have listened by the hour to their exploits, as narrated to me by my father, and especially to those of `Dauntless Dick', that `chief minion of the moon' ... Turpin was the hero of my boyhood."

THE "GENTLEMAN HIGHWAYMAN"/1749

The British robber known as the "Gentleman Highwayman" appears to have acquired his fame for his good looks and the fact that he almost killed the English writer Sir Horace Walpole. James Maclaine (1724-1750), a Scotsman, was raised in Ireland by his father, a Presbyterian minister. He showed his propensity for laziness, extravagance, and womanizing early in life and, instead of going into the business career for which he had trained, he set out to win a wealthy wife.

Using a legacy from his father, Maclaine established himself as a man of fashion, but went through the money before finding himself a wife. Reluctantly, he went into domestic service, but regarded it as an opportunity to steal, so the job did not last long. He went to London, where he married a Miss MacGlegno, an innkeeper's daughter, and quickly failed at being a grocer. When his wife died, he left their child with his in-laws and went away with William Plunkett, the Irish apothecary who had attended his dying wife and who recognized Maclaine's capacity for crime.

Maclaine became a gentleman dandy, attended by his servant Plunkett, and the two set about stealing from the gentry. When Maclaine lost all he had at gambling, Plunkett acquired pistols and horses and the two set out as highwaymen. Apparently Maclaine tended to hang back from the action, especially if danger threatened, but Plunkett did not seem to mind, willingly sharing the take. Maclaine made a point of repaying borrowed money, only to have Plunkett steal it back.

In November 1749, the two men held up Horace Walpole as he was riding through Hyde Park. Maclaine's pistol went off by accident, scorching Walpole's face. The next day, when

James Maclaine, the "Gentleman Highwayman," who was courteous to victims he robbed, especially women. One of the masks he used in his robberies is at his feet.

James Maclaine and his fellow highwayman William Plunkett rob a coach containing the Earl of Eglinton, the proceeds of this theft later sent Maclaine to the gallows.

Maclaine learned the identity of the man he had almost shot, he wrote a letter of apology to Walpole and even agreed to return what he had taken, but Walpole did not appear at the designated site to retrieve his belongings.

A few months later, the Gentleman Highwayman and his faithful Plunkett robbed a coach en route to Salisbury. Unusually, one of the victims advertised for his lost items in a newspaper. When Maclaine tried to pawn them, the fence recognized the items from the paper. On July 27, 1750, Maclaine was arrested. Terrified, he tried to place all the blame on Plunkett, but then confessed.

At his trial, he tried to retract his confession, saying it was the result of "a delirium and confusion in the brain" at the shock of being arrested. But the jury did not believe him, and he was found guilty. The following Sunday, more than 3,000 people came to Newgate Prison to visit him. When he was sentenced to death, public support for the handsome 26-year-old was amazing, but it failed to change the outcome. The Gentleman Highwayman was hanged on October 3, 1750.

SIXTEEN STRING JACK/1770s

Born to poor parents in a village near Bath, England, John Rann (AKA: Sixteen String Jack; d. 1774) was hired at age twelve by a woman visiting a local spa. When he displayed an aptitude for work, she took him to London. By the time he turned twenty, he had been promoted to the position of coach driver. He also had acquired tastes for clothes and women, however, neither of which his coachman's salary could support. After working briefly as a pickpocket, Rann decided that he was better suited to the life of a highwayman. He bought a horse, two pistols, a mask, and a fancy new suit. It was a detail of his breeches with no fewer than sixteen silk strings that earned him the name of "Sixteen String Jack."

In total, Rann was arrested seven times and acquitted, generally for lack of evidence, six times. Arrested first in 1772 for robbing a coach on Hounslow Heath, he was committed to Bridewell, but was later released. In December 1773, he and three other highwaymen, William Davis, David Monro, and John Saunders, held up the Hampstead stagecoach and robbed one of its passengers of the small sum of one guinea, three shillings, and sixpence. When informed of the crime, Bow Street (the contemporary police department) sent out one of its more competent "runners," John Clarke, who arrested the four the following evening. Again the evidence proved insufficient and Rann won acquittal.

In these and subsequent arrests that resulted in acquittals, two facets of Rann's method of operation figured prominently. Rann's victims were rarely able to identify him in court because when he worked he dressed in clothes decidedly different from the finery he wore to trial. Additionally, he never sold his stolen goods, leaving that dangerous work to Eleanor Roche, a prostitute, and his frequent companion. Despite the care with which he performed his crimes, Rann came close to being caught in May 1774.

After robbing John Devall of a watch and a small sum of money, Rann turned the watch over to Roche, who, in turn, gave it to Catherine Smith to take to a pawnbroker. The pawnbroker became suspicious, called police, and both Rann and

Highwayman John Rann, called Sixteen String Jack because of the strings dangling on his breeches.

however, produced a witness named William Hills, who had seen Rann and Collier going up the hill at Acton just twenty minutes before Dr. Bell was robbed. He positively identified the robbers as they had not yet put on their masks. Hill's testimony convinced the jury and Rann and Collier were found guilty and sentenced to death. Collier's sentence was later commuted, but Rann's condemnation was allowed to stand. Eleanor Roche, for her part in the crime, was sentenced to fourteen years in a penal colony.

Rann continued entertaining his friends while he awaited his execution at Newgate. Shortly before his execution, he staged a farewell dinner attended by a number of his prostitute friends. He reportedly went to his execution at Tyburn bravely attired in a new green suit.

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT/ 1700s-1720S

For many impoverished youths in England or Ireland in the eighteenth century, the life of the highwayman was alluring. Michael Martin (AKA: Captain Lightfoot; 1775-1822) of Connehy, Ireland, was no different. At age seventeen he ran away from the family farm to seek his fortune. In the large city of Dublin, he met many dissolute characters, including the notorious highwayman "Captain Thunderbolt." Martin became his associate for the next twenty-six years, staging many highway robberies together in Scotland and Ireland.

In 1818, Martin decided to strike out on his own, as authorities were on his heels. He fled to the U. S. on board the brig *Maria*, landing in Salem, Massachusetts, on June 17, 1818. At first, he decided to earn his living honestly. He purchased a farm in the country, but the venture bankrupted him. Then he

Roche were arrested. Rann confidently denied Smith's accusations and again was released. In November of the same year, he was caught one night entering a house through a window. He appeared before Sir John Fielding, explaining to the magistrate that he had had a date with the owner of the house, one Doll Frampton, and, when he arrived late, had found the house locked. He was entering through the window to "surprise" Frampton, he said. When Frampton was called into court and upheld his story, Rann was released.

Rann did actually spend some time in prison for running up debts he could not pay. Due to the pressure of these debts he returned to robbery. In September, Rann and a partner, William Collier, stole a watch from a Dr. Bell, chaplain to Princess Amelia. He gave the watch as usual to Roche, to sell. Roche sent her servant, Christian Stewart, to a pawnbroker, who accepted the watch, but contacted the manufacturer, who, in turn, revealed that it had been made for Dr. Bell. John Clarke, eager to finally make a charge stick against Rann, arrested him as he and Collier were getting ready to commit another robbery. Roche and Stewart were arrested soon thereafter.

Confident as ever, Rann invited a group of his friends to a supper to celebrate his expected acquittal. The prosecution,

America's first highwayman, Captain Lightfoot (Michael Martin) robbed the coach of the governor of Massachusetts, which caused his downfall.

opened a brewery that also failed. A failed love affair finally convinced him to resume his former occupation of highwayman. He disguised himself as an itinerant Quaker and set off on the Connecticut highway. In early 1819, he held up a merchant for $70 and struck the man over the head.

For the next three years Martin, who called himself "Captain Lightfoot," meandered through New England, copying the techniques of his former mentor. He made no distinctions in the selection of his victims, although he claimed he did not rob women. After he robbed the governor's coach in 1821, the Massachusetts governor demanded Martin be tracked down and arrested. Rewards were soon posted for any man who could bring "the most notorious scoundrel" to justice.

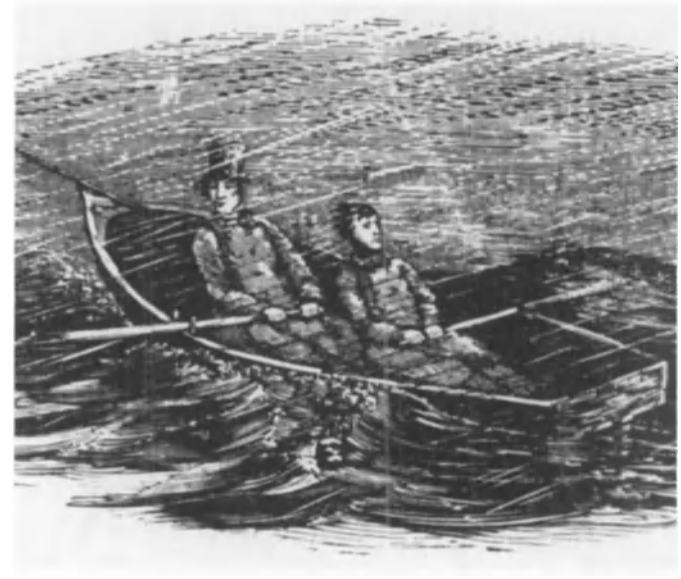
A posse of local farmers caught up with Martin as he lay sleeping in a hay barn outside Springfield, Massachusetts. He surrendered meekly to the farmers and was taken to Letchmere Point, near Cambridge, Massachusetts. Tried as a horse thief, Martin was convicted and sentenced to die on December 22, 1822. He was taken to the hanging tree, where hundreds of spectators had gathered. Martin removed a handkerchief from his pocket. "When shall I drop the handkerchief?" he asked his executioner. "Whenever you are ready," was the answer. Martin let the cloth slip from his hands and the prison wagon lurched into motion. Michael Martin, alias Captain Lightfoot, was dead at age forty-seven.

THE GREAT WESTERN LAND PIRATE/ 1820s-1830s

John A. Murrel (b. 1794) was lionized in fictional tales that described him as The Great Western Land Pirate. He was no American Robin Hood, however, but a vicious cutthroat and robber. He had the distinction of being the first bandit to terrorize and rob travelers along the Natchez Trace, the only trail through the wilderness from the Ohio Valley to Natchez, Miss.

Murrel befriended a young traveler named Virgil Stewart in 1834. Traveling along the Trace under another name, Murrel

Bandit John A. Murrel on horseback stealing a slave for his black army, one to be used in a revolt in the South.



Murrel (wearing hat) rows across a lake in a storm with his captive, Virgil Stewart, en route to his secret camp in the Natchez Trace.

amused himself by telling Stewart about his older brother, who had become a bandit. He described countless robberies and murders committed by the older brother. By the campfire one night, Murrel leaned his scarred and frightening face close to Stewart and said: "I might as well be out with it. I'm the older brother I've been telling you about."

Murrel told Stewart that he and his bandits had been stealing slaves and reselling them. "I have carried off more than a thousand slaves," Murrel told Stewart proudly, adding that he kept the fiercest, most powerful slaves for himself to add to the ranks of his slave army. Murrel believed that Stewart was his friend and would join him in his dark enterprises.

In grim detail, Murrel outlined his plans to attack Natchez and New Orleans with thousands of armed slaves. The bandit hated the landed gentry of New Orleans, he said, and the Southern aristocracy that somehow in the past had injured him and his family. Murrel not only vowed to have his revenge, but meant to control the entire states of Louisiana and Mississippi.

To preserve his own life, Stewart not only placated Murrel but pretended to join his revolt. On the way to Murrel's camp, which was deep in the wilderness of the Trace, Stewart learned the real reason for Murrel's hatred of the southern landowners. Years earlier, he had been caught horse-stealing and had been whipped and branded. He was a preacher at the time, and the humiliation of the public whipping caused him "to abandon the work of the Lord." Murrel blamed the very landowners he preyed upon as having caused him to turn outlaw and bandit. "My blacks will cut all their throats!" he vowed. "We will swim in rivers of blood!"

At Murrel's camp, Stewart witnessed scores of blacks marching about, heavily armed, preparing for the invasion of Natchez and New Orleans. Stewart took his opportunity to

escape the camp in the middle of the night. Upon reaching Nashville, he told his horror story of John A. Murrel and the impending slave revolt. Stewart then led a small, heavily armed posse to the outlaw's camp, where they captured Murrel and his men. Murrel was returned to Nashville, where he stood trial for slave stealing and banditry. He was convicted and sent to prison for ten years, being released in 1842, and once more disappeared into the Natchez Trace. Though rumors persisted of his continuing robberies and murders, no one ever again saw John A. Murrel alive.

THE BRIGAND OF THE SWAMPS/1830s

A product of the antebellum South, Bras Coupé (AKA: Squier, The Brigand of the Swamp, d. 1837) was a giant slave, about six-foot-six-inches, owned by General William de Buys, who also owned one of the largest plantations outside of New Orleans. First known as Squier, the giant black was a marvel to behold when he performed African tribal dances such as the bamboula and the calinda, the latter requiring incredible gyrating, leaping, and contortionist movements, all stemming from voodoo ceremonial rites.

Bras Coupé would perform his wild dances with hundreds of other slaves, who were brought to New Orleans' ancient Circus Square. Here, once a week, between 4 and 6 p.m., slaves were allowed to vent their frustration and anger in wild, abandoned dancing. This custom began in 1817 and continued until the Civil War. The square itself was renamed Congo Square for obvious reasons, and Bras Coupé became the star attraction. He would select a new black female slave each week and whirl, toss, and throw her about until she fell exhausted, but he would continue leaping and stomping until overseers called the curfew and ended the frenetic celebration.

De Buys was tolerant of his prized possession, teaching Bras Coupé to shoot and hunt, and even loaning him his best rifles to hunt wild game in the swamps and bayous about New Orleans. He learned to fire a weapon with both hands because, he said, he had had a dream where he lost an arm. In 1834 he was shot in a swamp by whites, who thought he was a runaway slave, the bullet shattering his arm which had to be amputated. The loss of his arm embittered Bras Coupé; he became moody and developed an explosive temperament. Then he tried to run away, but when he was captured and returned to his owner, the indulgent de Buys refused to have him whipped or punished.

Instead, the general lectured his errant slave on the proper behavior for a favored possession. The one-armed giant stood mute, then ran away permanently to the swamps, where he formed a band of other runaway blacks, who preyed on white travelers and made robbing forays into small villages and hamlets. (Bras Coupé would later serve as the role model for Robert Penn Warren's character Rau-Ru in his novel of the Old South, *Band of Angels.*)

Soon the once-esteemed slave became known as The Brigand of the Swamp. So notorious did Bras Coupé's reputation become that unruly children all over Louisiana were warned that if they did not mind their manners they would "be trimmed by Bras Coupé." The outlaw's band swelled to several dozen cutthroats, and Bras Coupé led his men into New Orleans itself on raids, where he attacked districts of the city, looting

The educated slave Bras Coupé is shown dancing the Bamboula in New Orleans' Congo Square before he turned bandit and killer.

Sidney Poitier, shown at right with Clark Gable and Yvonne de Carlo, profiled a sanitized Bras Coupé in the 1957 film, *Band of Angels*, which was based upon the Robert Penn Warren novel.

homes, murdering helpless whites, including women and children. More than fifty deaths were attributed to his murderous gang within three years.

The outlaws, which even included some renegade whites, would strike in the middle of the night, race through houses and scoop up valuables, then torch the house and shoot and knife to death all the occupants, while they slept in their beds. Bras Coupé became the most notorious black outlaw in the U. S., and it was believed that if he could have called enough dissident blacks and disenfranchised whites to his banner, the South would have suffered another slave revolt, worse than the 1831 uprising led by Nat Turner.

To the oppressed blacks, Bras Coupé became a heroic and legendary creature. He could not be shot, it was said at their campfire meetings, since Bras Coupé's skin was as hard as iron and no bullet could penetrate it. He could not be burned since he used voodoo herbs to cover his flesh. He could not be caught by the vigilantes and troops following him into the swamps since mystical fogs would envelop the pursuers and whisk them off to far countries.

Those who hunted the bandit through the eerie bayou country told bone-chilling tales about this fierce brigand. If they stumbled upon him in the gloom, hunters were cautioned to never look into his eyes since his stony stare could wither the limbs or even kill. Pursuers camping in the swamps could hear his booming, sinister laughter echoing through the mangroves. Worse, the brigand had turned cannibal by 1836, or so it was claimed. One eyewitness vigilante reported that while hiding in thick brush he watched Bras Coupé kill four pursuing soldiers with his one hand, then tear them limb from limb and make a meal of them, hideously devouring their uncooked flesh.

Such ghastly tales, along with very real accounts of the brigand's murders and robberies, caused New Orleans Mayor Dennis Prieur to place a $2,000 reward on Bras Coupé's head. The New Orleans *Picayune* urged the capture or killing of the outlaw, describing him in one editorial as a "semi-devil and a fiend in human shape whose life was one of crime and depravity."

The myth of this outlaw evaporated on July 18, 1837. Fisherman Francisco Garcia was sitting in a boat, the *Bayou St. John,* when he was spotted by Bras Coupé, who shot at him. Garcia quickly paddled ashore and, grabbing a club, attacked the giant. Bras Coupé staggered back from the blows, weakened by a bullet wound he had received on April 6, 1837, when two white bounty hunters shot him. Garcia clubbed the outlaw to death, then put the huge body into a sack and drove with it to New Orleans in his cart.

Garcia uncovered the body as he entered the city so that thousands of slaves could see his trophy. The blacks wept to see their hero slain and carted to city hall. Here the fisherman jumped from the cart and ran inside to claim the $2,000 reward. After much haggling with Mayor Prieur, Garcia was paid $250. (There was a claim that Garcia deserved no reward at all and that he should have been locked up instead; some said he had actually been a member of Bras Coupé's band and had betrayed his leader, killing the outlaw as he slept in Garcia's hut.)

The brigand's badly beaten corpse was taken to the Place d'Armes and dumped next to the fountain. For days the carcass rotted in the hot sun, while thousands of slaves were forced to march past it in single file and view the remains. This was to teach all slaves that revolt against the white South

meant death. (A similar action was taken by Mexican authorities following the 1919 assassination of the great Mexican leader Emiliano Zapata, whose body was gruesomely exhibited to dissuade his followers from continuing their struggle for independence.) The display of Bras Coupé's corpse did nothing but anger slaves, and many resolved to escape their brutal masters. The legend of Bras Coupé was passed on from one generation of blacks to another, until few of the real facts remained inside of what is now a traditional image of a black Robin Hood.

ENGLAND'S GREAT GOLD ROBBERY/1855

The Great Gold Robbery of 1855 in England was engineered by Edward Agar, one of the most brilliant thieves of the nineteenth century. Agar, strikingly handsome with a thick head of black hair and heavy sideburns, was an ingenious man whose clever abilities at forgery and robbery earned him a small fortune and, eventually, a long prison sentence. Early in life, the well-educated Agar pursued a business career, but realized eventually that his station would not lead to a great fortune, his driving ambition in life.

Through underworld contacts in London, Agar met James Townsend Saward, a successful barrister who was also a master forger and the underworld czar who organized London crime for more than two decades. Saward, considered the greatest forger of his day, was known as "Jim the Penman" to his cronies, and taught his techniques to the affable Agar.

In 1848, through Saward's underworld contacts, Agar met William Pierce, a lean man with a long, somber face, who worked for the South Eastern Railway in London as a ticket printer, a man of expensive tastes and little money. Pierce was as venal as Agar, but lacked Agar's intellect. Almost at once, Agar began to ask Pierce about the gold shipments that passed from London to Paris via the railroads. Pierce immediately realized that Agar was planning to rob one of these trains and excitedly told the forger all he knew about these gold shipments.

Undoubtedly, Agar had developed a deep interest in these shipments after reading about the 1848 theft of £1,500 in gold sovereigns from a British train. The gold shipment, locked in a strongbox and under guard, was being transported from London to Bristol. Yet, when the box was delivered in Bristol, it was discovered to have been broken open and the sovereigns were missing. Agar admired the theft, which was never solved.

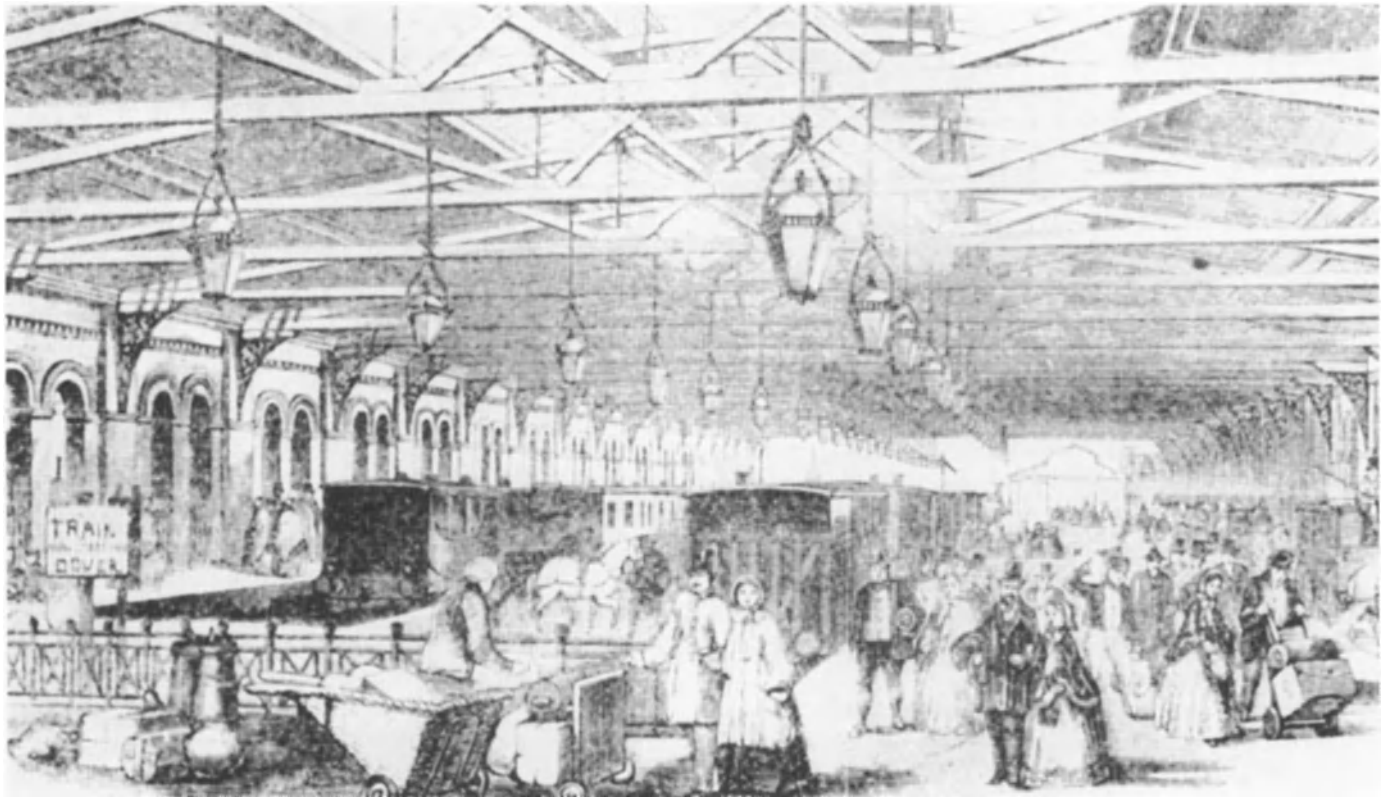
In long talks with Pierce, Agar learned how gold shipments were sent by train from London to Paris, and what rigid security measures were taken to protect the gold. The forger decided the risk was too great. He told Pierce that he would have to think of a method by which they could obtain the gold without use of force. He gave up the plan and traveled to the U. S. Some time in 1854, Agar returned to London. He looked up Pierce, and again began discussing the possibility of robbing the South Eastern Railway.

Agar's plan was to bribe certain railway staff members to obtain copies of two keys to the safe containing the gold shipments on the night train from London to Folkestone. Agar had done his research well. He knew that gold from London goldsmiths was sent to railway officials in heavy wooden boxes bound with iron hoops. These boxes were weighed and sealed by South Eastern Railway officials and then put on board the night train to Folkestone in an iron safe in the express car. The safe could only be opened by *two* keys, one held in London, the other in Folkestone by railway security chiefs. The captain of the ship taking the shipment across the Channel to Boulogne had a set of keys, as did the bank officials receiving the shipment in Boulogne and in Paris. Once the shipments

Edward Agar, who masterminded the robbery of the London gold train in 1855.

Railway official William George Tester helped the thieves to rob a fortune in gold.

Railway guard James Burgess helped Agar loot the gold from the safes on the train.



London Bridge Station, where the gold was shipped to European banks; it was here that Agar and Pierce boarded the gold train to rob its safes on May 15, 1855.

reached Boulogne, the boxes and their seals were again checked and then sent by train to the banks of Paris.

By the time Agar proposed this plan, Pierce had already been discharged from South Eastern Railway on suspicion of committing petty theft. Pierce, however, still knew key railway staff members and quickly contacted William George Tester, the station master at Margate. Tester was brought into the plot in the early summer of 1854. He was a vain dandy with a full head of thick hair. He primped before mirrors in public houses and prided himself on his trimmed beard.

Tester wore a monocle and thought of himself as a man of destiny. He was given money by the well-off Agar and soon saw that his fortune lay in robbing a gold train. Through Tester, Agar, and Pierce secretly visited the railway offices in Folkestone at night, where they studied the procedures of the arriving night trains and the transfer of gold shipments to the Channel steamers.

Agar hung about Folkestone, befriending railway workers in the local pubs. He came under the scrutiny of local policemen who warned railway men to stay away from him, saying that he was probably a clever pickpocket. Agar, learning of this, left for London immediately, where Pierce had lined up another key railway employee, James Burgess, one of the guards in the train car that carried the gold shipments. Burgess also joined the plot, believing that he would soon retire with his portion of the loot. Agar then went to work on the seemingly impossible job of obtaining the two separate keys to the train safe.

Tester involuntarily solved half of the problem. Without making the request, he was suddenly transferred from Margate Station to London and promoted to an executive position. Once in London, he saw an opportunity to obtain the first of the two keys. One of the safes used in the train shipments had to be sent to Chubb's for replacement, a chore which Tester handled personally. He made a wax impression of the single London key used for the replacement safe and gave this to Agar. To obtain the second key, the one held in Folkestone, Agar devised a clever scheme. In October 1854, he sent a shipment of £200 in gold from London to himself in Folkestone, using the alias C. E. Archer.

At the Folkestone station, Agar asked for his gold shipment. He watched carefully as the clerk retrieved the key to the safe, seeing that it was stored in a cupboard inside the station master's office. He then stayed in Folkestone, visiting the station often. Agar noticed that the night clerk regularly left the office unattended for a brief period each night. One night, with the clerk gone for only a few minutes, the bold Agar slipped into the office, retrieved the key to the safe and made a wax impression of it. He left the office undetected.

Returning to London, Agar and the others spent months perfecting the two keys made from the wax impressions, filing and shaping these. Next the thieves spent weeks cutting duplicate dies for resealing the bullion boxes. Then, with all in readiness, the thieves waited for their opportunity. The train guard, Burgess, notified Agar that a large gold shipment, £14,000 in gold sovereigns, would be shipped from London to Folkestone on the night of May 15, 1855.

Agar and Pierce bought first class tickets on this train and arrived that night at London Bridge station. Pierce wore a wig and a false beard so that none of the railway workers he knew

Agar and Burgess pack the gold from the sealed boxes into satchels, replacing the gold with lead; they later collected the satchels when the gold train arrived in Folkstone.

would recognize him. Agar and Pierce carried several satchels that were weighted with lead shot to the exact weight of the gold shipment, as given to them by station official Tester. Agar also carried the two keys to the safe, chisels, a mallet, dies for the resealing of the iron bands clamped about the gold boxes, sealing wax and tapers. A porter labored to carry the satchels onto the train and placed them in the baggage car where the gold safes were located. The guard on duty in the car that night was Burgess.

Agar and Pierce went to separate compartments and waited for the train to get up steam. As soon as the train pulled out of the station, Agar went to the gold car and Burgess let him inside. While Burgess acted as lookout, Agar went swiftly to work on the safes, opening them with his handmade keys, which fit perfectly. Next he removed the iron bands clamped around the boxes and removed the gold, placing it in his satchels and replacing it with the lead from the satchels. The transfer completed, Agar nailed the iron clasps around the boxes and placed new seals on them.

After the train reached Redhill, Agar stepped off the train for a few minutes, with two satchels full of stolen gold sovereigns. He handed these to the waiting Tester. Then Agar got back on the train which rolled away toward Folkestone. Pierce next joined Agar and Burgess in the gold car, where both men worked furiously to remove the many remaining gold boxes from the safes, replacing the sovereigns with the lead and then re-clamping and sealing the boxes.

When all the gold had been removed and was in the satchels stored next to the safes and the lead-filled gold boxes were locked in the safes, Agar and Pierce returned to their separate compartments and rested after their labors. When the train arrived in Folkestone, they simply got off the train and waited for the porter to carry their satchels from the gold car. The porter delivered several satchels to them and they then returned to London with the stolen gold.

Meanwhile, the two safes from the gold train were transferred, as usual, to a steamer, *Lord Warden*, which sailed for Boulogne. Once in Boulogne, the captain of the steamer opened the safes, and the boxes were weighed and the seals checked. They were pronounced secure and shipped on to Paris. The next day, bank officials opened the boxes and stepped back in shock to find nothing but worthless lead instead of the gold.

Authorities in Paris and London began a frantic investigation. Railroad employees in England and in France were interrogated. Scores of detectives investigated the theft, but not a clue was found leading them to the thieves. The French indignantly insisted that the theft had been committed in England. The British police sternly claimed that the robbery had occurred in France. Six months went by and still authorities found no trace of the thieves or the gold. They were prepared to give up the hunt.

While an intensive investigation ensued, the thieves gathered every day in Agar's large rented house at Cambridge Villas in Shepherd's Bush, London. They spent many hours melting down the gold sovereigns. Some of this they sold off and the rest they buried beneath the pantry floor. The four thieves split the profits equally and then went on their separate ways.

Pierce retired, buying a house in Kilburn. Burgess remained a guard on the railroad. Tester banked his stolen loot and then improved his position mightily. The nervy Tester asked for and received a testimonial from the South Eastern Railway company. Their glowing recommendation aided him in obtaining an appointment as general manager of the Royal Swedish Railways.

Perhaps this robbery would never have been solved had it not been for the womanizing Agar. He had been living with his mistress, Fanny Kay, with whom he had a young son. Yet, he began spending time and money on another woman, attempting to steal her affections from a thief named Humphreys. In revenge, Humphreys framed Agar on forgery charges. Agar was sentenced to transportation for life to Australia. Before Agar was sent to Australia, he arranged to have Pierce take £1,500 of his own money and about £3,500 from the gold robbery and give this to his mistress Fanny so that she and his son would have some security.

Pierce, however, reneged on his promise to turn over these sums to Fanny Kay. Moreover, he cruelly refused to pay the rent for Agar's mistress and son and they were thrown into the street, left destitute, except for a few sovereigns. The mistress went to Newgate Prison to see Agar, but he had already been sent to a prison ship about to sail for Australia. Fanny, in despair, cried out her desperate plight to the warden of Newgate, who realized that the money Agar had promised Fanny might be the loot from the gold robbery and ordered Agar back to Newgate. When Agar heard how Pierce had betrayed him, he took his revenge by informing on Pierce and the others, detailing the entire gold robbery to officials.

Pierce was arrested at his home in Kilburn and thousands of pounds were unearthed beneath the front step of his house. In the same month, November 1856, Burgess was also arrested. Tester was arrested a short time later when he returned from Sweden to meet with his family. All four men were placed on trial on January 12, 1857, and, with Agar testifying against his fellow thieves, all were found guilty of robbery. Tester and Burgess were sentenced to fourteen years transportation to a penal colony. Pierce, however, hired a crafty lawyer who found a flaw in the indictment against him, and he received only a two-year prison term. Agar was sent off to serve his life term.

Some justice existed for Fanny Kay and her son, however. Although all the recovered loot from the robbery was returned to the South Eastern Railway, Agar's own money, about £1,500, was put in trust for Fanny and the boy. Thus ended England's great gold robbery. Its brilliant architect, Agar, died in an Australian penal colony many years later. Before he died, broken in spirit, a new prisoner arrived to tell him that he had become a legend in England's underworld. Replied Agar: "That means nothing, nothing at all!"

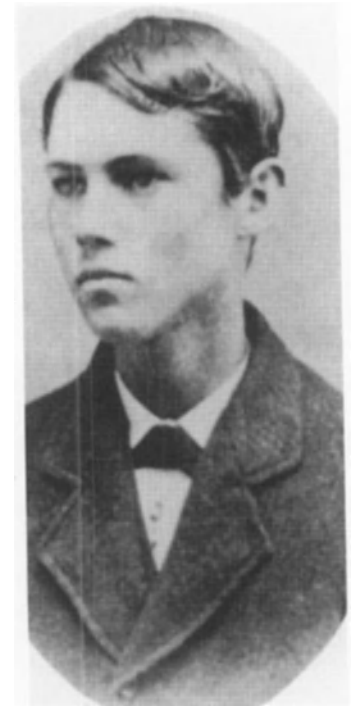
Where infamy offered nothing to England's Edward Agar, the notoriety earned from his many robberies excited and nurtured America's foremost bandit of the 19th Century. He was Jesse James.

THE OUTLAW JESSE JAMES/1860s-1880S

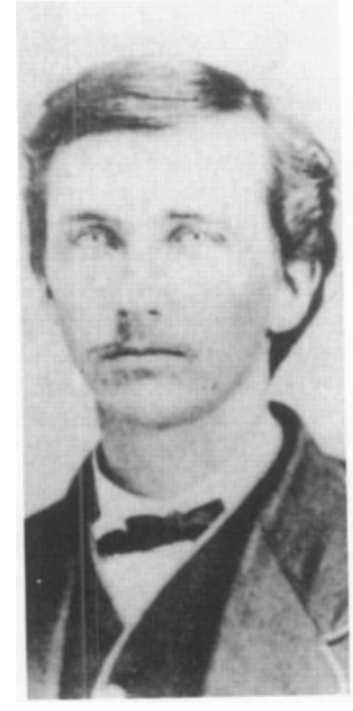
Born on his father's farm near Kearney, Clay County, Mo., on September 5, 1847, Jesse Woodson James (AKA: Dingus, Thomas Howard, 1847-1882) would become America's most famous bandit, rivaling in lore and legend that of England's Robin Hood. Millions of words would be written about this handsome, dashing, and utterly ruthless bank and train robber. To many of his peers, he appeared a folklore hero who took vengeance in their name upon an industrial society that was grinding the old agrarian lifestyle to ashes. To others, he and his band represented the last vestiges of the Old South and its lost cause of secession.

A good deal of truth was in the tale that Jesse James the bandit was created by oppressive troops of the Union Army, and worse, operatives working for the then widely disliked Pinkerton Detective Agency. Detectives of this agency killed innocent members of the James family and thus unified the rural communities of Missouri in protecting and nurturing this greatest of outlaws. Beyond the myriad propaganda and countless myths about this western legend, lived a farm boy who became a professional thief and a cold-blooded killer. He was at large for sixteen years. He committed dozens of daring robberies and killed at least a half dozen or more men. He died at the age of thirty-four.

Jesse James was raised with little formal education. His father, Robert James, was a Baptist preacher and his mother, Zerelda Cole Mimms, was a hard-working, strong-willed farm woman. Jesse's older brother, Frank (Alexander Franklin James, 1843-1915), a taciturn, withdrawn, and Bible-reading youth later followed his younger, more aggressive brother into banditry.



Teenager Jesse Woodson James, by then a marksman.



Alexander Franklin James at twenty, by then an outlaw.

It was because of the notorious and celebrated exploits of the James Brothers, the Younger Brothers who rode with them, and the Dalton Brothers who came later, that the state of Missouri, their home state, became known as "The Mother of Bandits." The James and Younger boys were products of what was then known as the Middle Border, the wild and still unsettled states of Missouri and Kansas.

The parents of the James boys were hardy pioneers. Robert James married Zerelda Cole Mimms when she was seventeen. The couple moved from Kentucky to western Missouri, where James became the pastor of a small Baptist Church outside of Kearney, Missouri. He and his wife, with the help of neighbors, built a log cabin in the wilderness and began to carve out a farm. On January 10, 1843, the couple's first child, Alexander Franklin James, was born. Jesse was born four-and-a-half years later. Robert James, though a cleric, was consumed by the gold fever, and in 1850, when Jesse was only three, left his family and went to California to seek his fortune, telling his wife that he would send for her as soon as he struck it rich. He slaved in the gold fields and found nothing but an early death from pneumonia.

A short time later, Zerelda James married a man named Simms, but their marriage dissolved within a few months. She was a woman of strong opinions, who fiercely guarded her sons from criticism, one of the contributing factors in the breakup of her second marriage. In 1855, she married a third time, to Dr. Reuben Samuels. The physician was well-to-do, docile, and allowed his wife to make important family decisions. When it came to the boys, Mrs. Samuels made all the decisions. A third child, Archie Samuels, was born. He was retarded and was kept close to home, his older brothers doting upon him.

The James brothers stayed on the farm begun by their father, and through Dr. Samuels' acquisition of adjoining property, the James holdings grew. The family bought some slaves to work the land, and Frank and Jesse also farmed through their teenage years. When the Civil War broke out, the James brothers sided with the Confederacy. First Frank, then Jesse, rode off to fight with Confederate guerrillas under the command of William Clarke Quantrill. Frank later fought with William "Bloody Bill" Anderson and was part of the guerrilla band that attacked and sacked Lawrence, Kansas. In 1863, Union soldiers swooped down on the James farm and looted the place, setting fires to crops and driving the slaves off the property. When the teenage Jesse attempted to stop the soldiers, he was beaten almost to death.

When he recovered, 17-year-old Jesse rode off to join his brother Frank and Cole Younger, who were fighting Union troops and raiding Union towns with Quantrill. Jesse was by then an expert horseman and crack shot with pistols and rifles. He was part of Anderson's contingent when it raided and burned Centralia, Kansas, in 1864, helping to shoot down seventy-five Union prisoners in what later became known as the Centralia Massacre. A large Union force pursued Anderson's detachment, but the Confederates turned about and ferociously attacked the Union troops, routing them and slaying dozens. Jesse James was seen riding pell-mell into the Union ranks, the reins of his horse held by his teeth, firing two pistols. He shot down six northern soldiers and was credited with killing three of them.

That night, Jesse James sat at a campfire, taking no part in the discussion about the day's battle. He spent his time cleaning his pistol. Suddenly, the gun's hair trigger went back and a bullet took off the tip of James' left middle finger. He stared momentarily at the bloody finger, then said as he wrapped a kerchief about it: "Well, if that ain't the dingus-dangest thing!" His fellow guerrillas laughed with him and nicknamed him "Dingus" James. The James boys grew to such prominence that the Samuels were singled out for persecution by Union troops, who raided the farm and compelled the Samuels family to move to Nebraska. Following the end of the war, the James brothers returned to a ruined and vacant farm. As guerrillas that were not part of regular Confederate armed forces, they were still considered outlaws and rewards were posted for them dead or alive.

In early 1865, when a general amnesty was offered guerrillas, Jesse James led a small band toward Lexington, Missouri, intending to surrender. The group included his brother, Frank James, and Cole Younger. A company of Union troops ignored the amnesty, and waiting in ambush, opened fire on the Confederate guerrillas. Jesse, in the lead, was shot off his horse, a bullet puncturing his lung. As the guerrillas fled, James crawled to the nearby underbrush. Two Union soldiers pursued him, but he shot and killed one of their horses and they thought better of trying to capture James, who escaped. He was found by a friendly farmer the next day in a creek bed, trying to tend to his severe gunshot wound. The

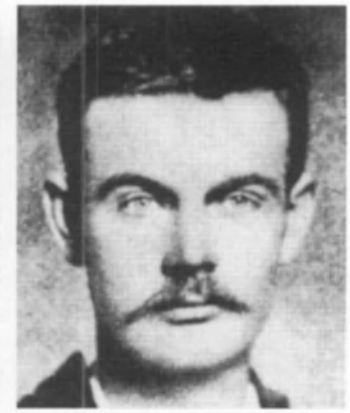
Jesse James when he rode with Quantrill's guerrillas.

Zerelda James Samuels, mother of the James boys.

John Younger, who was killed in an 1874 gun duel with Pinkerton agents.

Cole Younger in 1876, at the time of the Northfield, Minnesota, raid.

Jim Younger, a bandage covering a gun wound over his lip, in 1876.



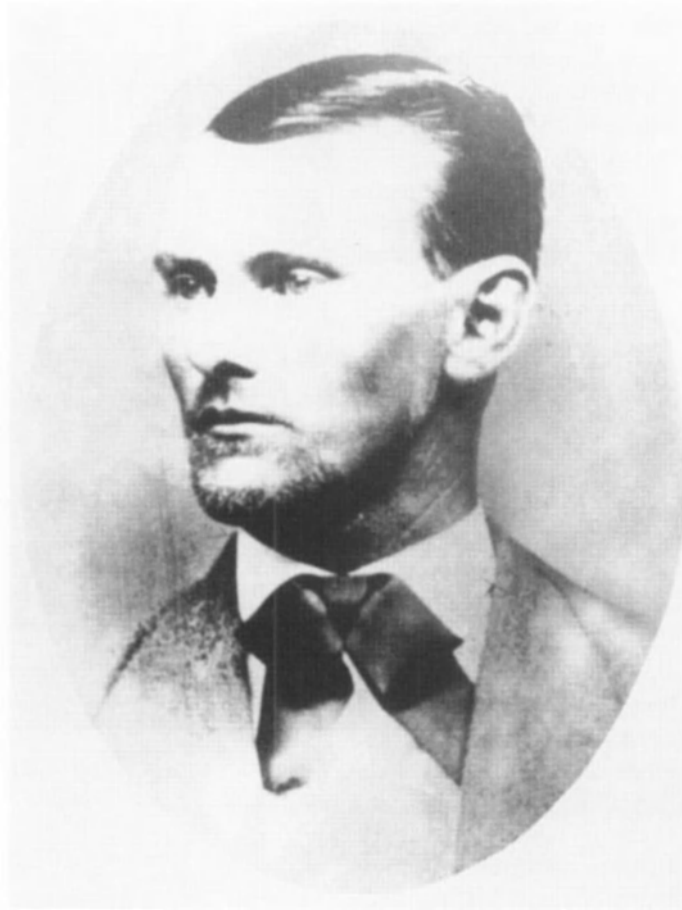
Bob Younger in 1876, at the time of the Northfield, Minnesota, raid.

farmer bandaged James' wound and then helped him travel to Nebraska, where his mother and stepfather nursed him back to health.

James, believing he would not recover, begged his mother to take him back to Missouri, saying: "I don't want to die in a northern state." She and her husband put him into a wagon and rode slowly to Harlem, Missouri, taking Jesse to a boarding house owned by Mrs. Samuels' brother, John Mimms. There, Jesse met young Zerelda Mimms, his cousin, who had been named after his mother. She nursed him back to health and the two fell in love. Zee, as she was called, was too young to marry, but the two promised to wed in the future (they would take their wedding vows nine years later).

When Jesse was almost well, his mother and stepfather took him back to the family farm near Kearney. He worked sporadically with Frank in the fields, although he had relapses from his wounded lung and was often bedridden. Both he and Frank, when in the fields, wore guns on their hips, and kept saddled horses nearby, in the event Union troops acting as occupying forces in Missouri after the war swooped down to arrest or even shoot them, such was the bitterness that survived the war.

The war had changed much in the national character of the U. S. and it had also changed the perspective of the farm boys, who had fought in it. The James boys had tasted battle and blood, adventure, and danger. They had survived the worst car-



Jesse James in 1876, when he led his band to Northfield, Minnesota, and disaster.

The First National Bank in Northfield, where the James gang was decimated by armed citizens.

nage ever seen in the country, and either out of boredom or an ambition that went beyond the dull chores of their farm, they, like many others in that turbulent era, buckled on gun belts, mounted horses, and rode into small towns to rob banks. The rationale the raiders later said was "we were driven to it." They blamed Yankee bankers and railroad magnates for impossible farm mortgages and threatening foreclosure in underhanded land-grabbing schemes. And to some small degree it was true.

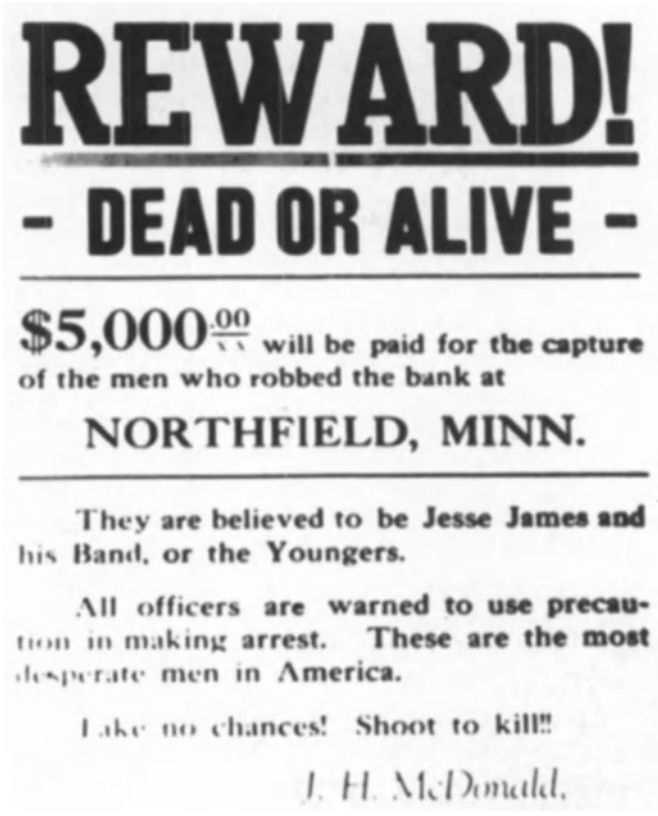
The first bank robbery attributed to the James Brothers occurred on February 13, 1866. Ten men rode into Liberty, Missouri. While eight waited outside with the horses, two went into the Clay County Savings Bank. One of these men was later identified as Frank James. The other was Cole Younger, the oldest and most daring of the Younger Brothers (this included three out of thirteen children, who later took up robbery, Coleman, James, and Robert).

One of the robbers, allegedly Frank James, approached father and son cashiers Greenup and William Bird, and said: "If you make any noise, you will be shot." He then demanded that all the money behind the teller's cage and in the vault be stuffed into a wheat sack. Both robbers held pistols aimed at the Birds. The robbers emerged from the bank without incident a few minutes later. Inside the wheat sack was more than $60,000 ($15,000 in gold and $45,000 in nonnegotiable securities).

The men outside joined the two coming from the bank and the ten rode slowly out of town. Then George "Jolly" Wymore, en route to classes at William Jewell College, paused in the town square and stared at one of the riders as if he knew him. The rider slowed his horse, rode a few feet away from Wymore, then wheeled in his saddle, drawing his pistol and firing three shots into the startled Wymore, who collapsed and died on the spot. Apparently, the rider realized that Wymore had recognized him. As Wymore fell, the entire gang drew weapons and began firing wildly into the air as they spurred their horses down the street and out of town. A posse was quickly formed, but it lost the bandits, who had crossed the Missouri River on a ferry and disappeared in a raging snowstorm.

The Liberty raid was the first daylight bank robbery in the U.S. by an organized band of robbers. (The first U.S. bank robbery was committed by lone postal employee Edward W. Green, who held up a bank in Malden, Massachusetts, on December 15, 1863.) Whether or not Jesse James was present at the Liberty bank robbery was debated by several western historians. Some claimed he was at home nursing his old lung wound. Others insist that Jesse was outside the bank with the other riders, waiting for his brother Frank and Cole Younger to emerge. However, Jesse was certainly a member of the same gang that robbed the Alexander Mitchell Bank in Lexington, Missouri, on October 30, 1866.

In a dramatic contemporary sketch, Cole Younger, center, on horseback, waits for his brother Bob to climb onto his horse after Bob Younger's mount had been killed by Northfield citizens, who unexpectedly attacked the bandits.


REWARD!

- DEAD OR ALIVE -

$5,000.00 will be paid for the capture of the men who robbed the bank at

NORTHFIELD, MINN.

They are believed to be Jesse James and his Band, or the Youngers.

All officers are warned to use precaution in making arrest. These are the most desperate men in America.

Take no chances! Shoot to kill!!

J. H. McDonald.

A "shoot to kill" reward poster issued immediately after the Northfield raid, offering $5,000 for the capture of the bandits.

A tall young man, who stood a little under six feet entered the bank, while another young man stood outside the front entrance. The first young man went to a teller's cage and held out a $50 bill to cashier J. L. Thomas. "Can you change this for me?" he asked.

"No." the suspicious Thomas replied, remembering the Liberty bank had just been robbed and that a man first asked to change a large bill during that robbery.

The young man then drew a gun and leveled it at Thomas. Three other men entered the bank and also drew guns, training these on the bank employees. The tall young man said: "You've got $100,000 in this bank. Unless you turn it over to me, you'll be killed."

"That's not true," Thomas said, denying the bank had that much money.

"Let's have the key to the vault," the tall young man demanded.

"I don't have it," Thomas told him.

The bandits went through Thomas' pockets and found nothing. They then stuffed $2,011 into a wheat sack and left cursing. Actually, the vault held considerably more cash. The tall young man was identified as Jesse James and this was the first time the bandit was linked to robbery.

On March 2, 1867, the James-Younger gang rode into Savanna, Missouri, and went into the local bank. They aimed guns at bank president, Judge John McClain, who refused to turn over the vault keys. One bandit stepped forward and shot McClain in the chest. The bandits ran from the bank and rode quickly from the town. McClain survived. On May 22, 1867, it was a different story. The James-Younger gang decided to adopt guerrilla tactics, when raiding the Hughes and Wasson Bank of Richmond, Missouri. They rode into town shooting their weapons and whooping like drunken cowboys. Pedestrians ran in all directions while six men—Jesse and Frank James, Cole, Jim, and Bob Younger, and James White—broke down the locked front door of the bank. The bandits stuffed $4,000 into a wheat sack and then raced to the street.

Citizens grabbed their guns and began firing on the bandits as they mounted their horses and attempted to flee. Mayor John B. Shaw tried to rally residents as he ran to the bank with a pistol in his hand. The bandits fired many shots at him and Shaw fell to the street dead, seven bullets in him. Impetuously, the bandits decided to attack the jail instead of fleeing, having heard that former Confederate guerrillas were being held there. They tried to batter down the jail's front door. Frank Griffin, the 15-year-old son of the jailer, ran behind a tree with a rifle and began shooting at the bandits. They rode past him and riddled his body, killing him. His father, B. G. Griffin, then raced forward, but a bandit caught him and fired a bullet into his head, leaving him dead beside his son.

The gang then rode quickly out of town, but a large posse caught up with them at sundown. A pitched battle ensued and the bandits escaped under the cover of darkness. Several were tracked down. The first was Payne Jones. A young girl guided a posse to the Jones farm and Jones came running out of his farmhouse with two guns blazing. He shot down the girl and killed a posse member. Jones was captured but later killed in a gun battle. Next, Richard Burns was tracked to his farmhouse near Richmond. Vigilantes took him to a large tree, and with torches flickering, quickly tried and convicted him of the Richmond robbery and murders. He was then hanged. Andy Maguire and Tom Little, identified as Richmond raiders, were apprehended and lynched.

The James brothers were also identified and several vigilante groups assembled. Before the vigilantes rode to the James farm, "alibi cards" were sent to the vigilante leaders. The cards bore signed statements from Frank and Jesse James saying they had no part in the Richmond bank raid, and incredibly, their word was accepted.

If the James brothers said they were innocent, then that was the end of the matter, such was their reputation in western Missouri. Nowhere in Clay or Ray counties would a Missourian betray these men. Anyone who continued to insist that they had robbed the bank risked being shot and killed while traveling lonely roads. Merchants who labeled the boys thieves and murderers risked boycotts and being put out of business. This fierce loyalty to the ex-guerrillas lasted until the day Jesse Woodson James was executed by two traitorous men.

The James-Younger gang continued robbing banks despite the threat of Union soldiers, lawmen, and vigilantes. There were always farmers, men who had fought in the Civil War on the southern side, who were willing to ride with them

James gang member William Stiles, alias Bill Chadwell, shown dead, killed at Northfield.

Clell Miller rode for years with the James boys; he is shown dead, killed at Northfield.

Samuel Wells, alias Charlie Pitts, shown dead, killed in flight from Northfield.

on a raid or two to get enough money to pay off a mortgage or support a family. The James and Younger brothers were the professionals and kept most of the loot.

After the Richmond raid, the James boys were careful to select banks some distance from their homes and made only a few attacks each year, then returning to their farms to resume peaceful, law-abiding ways. In these early years they robbed with leisure, but later they became desperate, infamous and much-wanted. In those later years, they sought the "big strike," a robbery that would yield a great sum and allow them to permanently retire, to resettle in California or to flee to Mexico or even South America.

Jesse and Frank James and Cole and Jim Younger, along with four other men, rode a far distance on March 21, 1868, arriving in Russellville, Kentucky. Actually, Frank James had been in the area for some days, scouting the Southern Bank of Kentucky. He had used the alias Frank Colburn, pretending to be a cattle buyer from Louisville. He entered the bank and approached the managers, Nimrod Long and George Norton. He asked Long to cash a $100 bill, but Long became suspicious. Frank James pointed to a tall, blue-eyed man standing in the door of the bank. "I've got to pay off one of my hired hands," he said.

Long looked over the bill carefully and then said: "This bill is counterfeit, Mr. Colburn."

Frank James laughed, took the bill back and tucked it into his vest pocket, saying: "I reckon it is." He then drew his pistol and aimed it at Long. "But this isn't, Mr. Long. Open the vault."

The young man in the doorway was also holding a pistol and aiming it at him. Long turned and then dashed for the rear door of the bank, but Jesse fired a single shot that grazed the banker's scalp and sent him unconscious to the floor. Then Jesse ran to him and hit Long on the head repeatedly with his gun butt. Long, a burly man, rolled over and grabbed the bandit's hands. Frank James stood next to the struggling men, shouting for Jesse to "finish him!" He aimed his pistol at the banker, but could not fire for fear of hitting his brother.

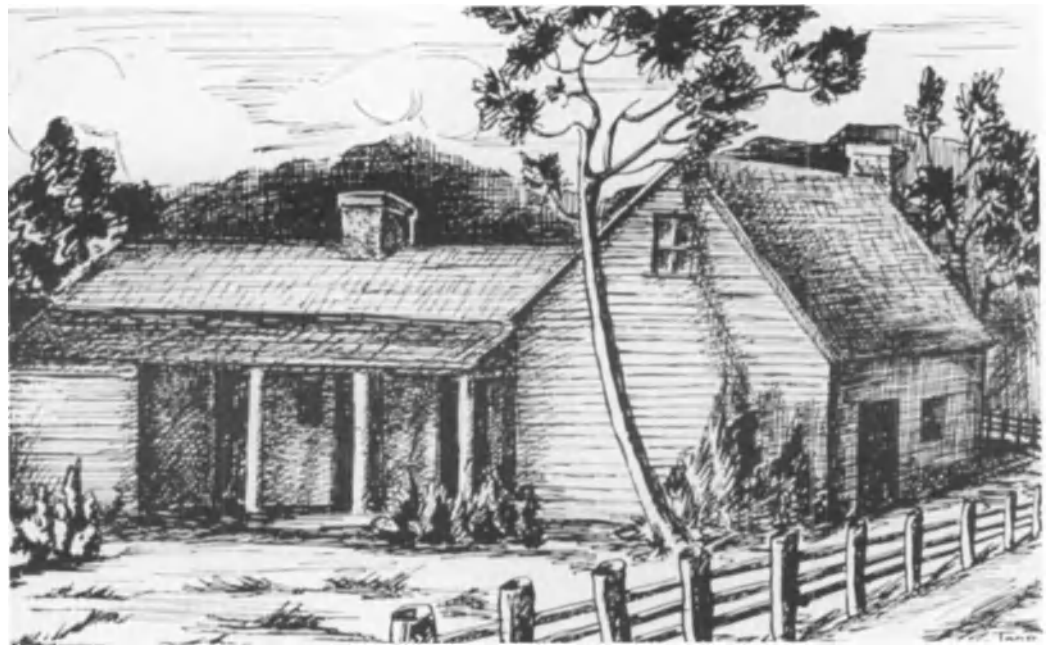
Suddenly, Long found enough strength to throw off Jesse and jump up. He ran to the door and outside into an alley. Jesse and Frank fired at him, but the two bullets merely struck the door frame. Once outside, Long raced down the alley, yelling: "They're robbing my bank! They're robbing my bank!" Citizens misunderstood Long's message and thought his bank was on fire. Several raced about the streets grabbing water buckets. Meanwhile, Frank and Jesse James dragged two sacks full of gold from the bank, about $14,000, and put the heavy sacks on the saddles of the gang's horses.

An old man, half blind, wandered into the middle of the street. Cole Younger rode up to him, saying: "Old man, we're having a little serenade here, and there's danger of you getting hurt. Just get behind my horse here and you'll be out of the way." Younger moved his horse gently next to the old man so that he edged him out of the road. The bandits then formed a single line and raced out of the town hollering and firing their weapons as if in a cavalry charge. A fifty-man posse gave pursuit, but lost the experienced riders in the wilderness.

The Pinkerton Detective Agency was then hired by an association of bankers and the agency began its long crusade to capture the James-Younger band. Their detectives interviewed George Hite, a neighbor of the James Brothers, but he insisted he knew nothing of the Russellville raid and that the James Brothers were innocent. He was lying. His own sons often rode with Jesse and Frank James.

One of those sons, Clarence Hite, upon Jesse's assassination in 1882, explained how the gang met in barns and in kitchens of farmhouses to plan their robberies. They would scout a town and determine whether or not the local bank held a sub-

Zee James, the wife of Jesse James, shown with her husband's arsenal.



The rural James house near Kearney, Missouri; Jesse briefly returned to his mother's home after the Northfield raid.

stantial amount of cash. They might send someone from the gang to make deposits, who, as a depositor, would ask questions about security and whether or not the bank was solvent and thus learn from the bankers the amount of money usually kept on hand.

In these days, the gang operated democratically, its members selecting a target bank and then casting their votes to rob it or not. Jesse James was not then the leader of the gang, although he was considered by its members as the most daring and the one most likely to kill anyone who interfered in a robbery. Not until the gang's disastrous raid on Northfield, Minnesota, in 1876 did Jesse become the overall leader, and by then his authority rested upon his widespread reputation, which he enjoyed and used to advance his own image among his fellow outlaws. He was also by then a deadly killer, who even threatened to shoot his own brother Frank at one time for disagreeing with him.

Frank James was almost as much an enigma as his younger brother Jesse. Well-read, Frank liked to quote the Bible and Shakespeare, but his fellow bandits thought him sanctimonious, hypocritical, and overly cautious to the point of annoyance. He vexed the impetuous Younger brothers, especially the good-natured Cole Younger. But Frank James was no mere toady to Jesse. He was resolute and a deadly marksman, as feared a gunman as his younger brother. It was Cole Younger, however, who was the most experienced horseman and gunman, and it was Cole who lent balance and authority to the gang. Jesse and Frank James showed their murderous natures on December 7, 1869, when they rode into Gallatin, Missouri, going into the Davies County Savings Bank.

Frank James offered a $100 bill to cashier John W. Sheets, asking him to change it. Sheets began walking to his desk. Sheets had been a Union officer during the Civil War and the brothers apparently held a deep hatred for him. It was later claimed that it had been Sheets who had commanded the Union troops that had fired on Jesse and wounded him when he had attempted to surrender in 1865. Jesse James, without warning, suddenly shot and killed Sheets as he stood next to his desk. Jesse fired twice, hitting Sheets in the head and chest.

Frank James then ran behind the counter and gathered up about $500, which he threw into a wheat sack. William McDowell, a clerk, ran toward the front entrance of the bank and Frank shot him in the arm. The wounded clerk staggered to the street and shouted an alarm. The bandit brothers raced to their horses. Frank mounted, but Jesse's foot was snagged in the stirrup of his horse and the animal bolted, dragging the outlaw almost forty feet down the middle of the street. Frank turned back, stopped Jesse's horse, allowing the younger James to jump on Frank's horse. They then rode from town with bullets smacking at their single horse's hoofs. They later stole another horse and completed their escape.

The horse the bandits left behind was identified as having belonged to Jesse James, but he reported that his horse had been stolen just before the Gallatin robbery. Jesse had earlier established another identity for himself after robbing the Gallatin bank. As he and Frank left town, they stopped a Methodist minister named Helm, and Jesse told the pastor that he was "Bill Anderson's brother. I just killed S. P. Cox, who works back there in the bank at Gallatin. He killed my brother in the war and I got him at last!" Jesse had purposely lied about himself and his victim, wrongly identifying Sheets, to cover his murder. But this ruse did not work.

A large posse headed for the James farm on December 15, 1869, and when they arrived, Jesse and Frank James, mounted

two fast horses and raced from the barn. The posse pursued them, with Deputy Sheriff John Thomason in the lead. Thomason dismounted and trained his rifle on the two fleeing James boys, but his horse bolted and spoiled his shot. Thomason's horse then caught up with the James brothers and Jesse shot the animal dead. The boys escaped.

Somehow, the James boys managed to convince local authorities that they were not the bandits responsible for the bloody Gallatin holdup, even though most citizens were certain they were. For almost two years, the James gang remained inactive. Then, on June 3, 1871, Jesse and Frank James, Cole, Jim and Bob (or John) Younger, Jim Cummins, Charlie Pitts (alias Samuel Wells), and Ed Miller took a leisurely ride to the sleepy little hamlet of Corydon, Iowa.

The house in Nashville, Tennessee, where Jesse James and his family hid following the Northfield raid.

Jesse and Frank James and Cole Younger entered the Ocobock Brothers Bank and found only one clerk. The other bandits waited outside the bank and noticed the streets were empty. Frank asked the clerk where everyone had gone and the clerk explained that Henry Clay Dean, a celebrated Methodist preacher, was giving a lecture at the local church, and the entire town had turned out to hear him.

"All the better," Jesse said, drawing his pistol and aiming it at the clerk. Within a few minutes the bandits had cleaned out the bank, taking with them more than $45,000 in gold and bills. The bandits rode slowly out of town, but when they came to the church, where the townspeople had gathered, Jesse smiled and told his men to wait. He got off his horse and went into the church, standing in the middle of the aisle at the back of the church, where he loudly announced: "Folks, you should know that some riders were just down to the bank and tied up the cashier. All the drawers are cleaned out. You folks best get down there in a hurry!" He then began to laugh loudly and, while the congregation stared in awe at the tall young man with piercing blue eyes, he slowly turned and walked back to his horse. He and his men rode out of town slowly, all laughing.

Finally, one man in the church shouted: "For God's sake! It's the James gang! They've just robbed the bank!" After finding the cashier bound, the citizens of Corydon hastily formed a posse and rode after the bandits, but the gang outdistanced them and the pursuers lost all trace of the thieves by the time they reached Clay County, Missouri. The gang did not wait long to plan and execute its next raid, this time riding to Columbia, Kentucky, on April 29, 1872. Jesse and Frank James entered the bank.

Outside waiting with the horses were Clell Miller and Cole Younger. Jesse demanded the key to the safe but cashier R. A. C. Martin balked and Jesse shot him three times, killing him. Frank James casually stepped over Martin's body and cleaned out the cash drawers, taking $600. The gang rode quickly out of town. A huge posse seeking vengeance for the Martin slaying rode after the bandits, but the James gang, old hands at evasion by then, doubled back on their own trail twice, circled Columbia, and then rode on to Missouri, completely confusing the pursuing lawmen.

On May 23, 1872, Jesse James, Cole and Bob Younger, Clell Miller and Bill Chadwell (alias Bill Stiles) rode into Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, entering the local bank where cashier O. D. Harris recognized the bandits. He quickly complied with their demands and filled a grain sack with more than $4,000 in gold and bills, and the gang left town at a gallop. No posse pursued the robbers. By then, it seemed inevitable that every town in Missouri would receive a visit from the James-Younger gang and most local lawmen became apathetic in their efforts to catch the thieves, knowing that the bandits were protected by almost everyone in Clay and Ray counties. A short distance outside of Ste. Genevieve, Jesse dismounted to readjust the gold sack hanging from his saddle and, at that moment, his skittish horse ran off into a field.

A farmer appeared on the road and Jesse asked him to go after the animal. He refused but quickly changed his mind when the other members of the gang aimed six-guns at him. The farmer chased the horse across the field and returned him to Jesse. He grinned at the outlaw chief with a toothless smile and then asked with a thick accent: "I catch der horse. Vot do I get for dot, yah?"

Jesse mounted the animal and replied: "Your life, Dutchy. Vot you tink, yah?" He rode off laughing. By then Jesse James

A contemporary sketch shows Jesse James in 1881, when he organized a new gang and planned more train and bank robberies.

was very much aware of his growing reputation and he enjoyed his notoriety. He even played up to his self-image of the unbeatable bad man, a daring bandit with a sense of humor and intelligence to outwit any country bumpkin posse. He demonstrated his belief in his fame on September 26, 1872, when he, Frank James, and Cole Younger rode to the fairgrounds outside of Kansas City, Missouri. At the main gate, Jesse dismounted and went to the cashier. He smiled at Ben Wallace, the cashier, and then said in a pleasant voice: "What if I was to say that I was Jesse James and I told you to hand out that tin box of money? What would you say?"

"I'd say I'd see you in hell first," snapped Wallace.

"Well, that's just who I am and you'd better hand it out pretty damned quick or..." He aimed a pistol at Wallace. The cashier handed over the money in the tin box, $978. Stuffing this in the traditional sack, Jesse mounted his horse. The feisty Wallace ran from the cashier's box and grabbed the stirrup on Jesse's horse, holding on to it. "It's the James gang!" he shouted, but few in the crowd heard him. Jesse turned the horse away from Wallace, drawing his pistol and firing a shot that went wild and struck a girl in the leg.

The three men then galloped into some nearby woods and vanished. En route home, Jesse cursed the bad luck. Frank James said nothing. He had scouted the fair and had reported that as much as $10,000 was kept on hand with the cashier. He had been right, but shortly before the bandits arrived to rob the cashier, thousands of dollars had been taken from the strongbox and sent to a local bank for safekeeping.

The paltry sum taken at Kansas City caused the bandits to believe that bank robbery simply was not worth the effort anymore. Even banks were unreliable in having large sums of cash on hand. Trains, however, always carried large amounts of gold, silver, and currency. They knew well that the first train robbery had been committed by the ill-fated Reno Brothers of Indiana, but they felt themselves superior to the Hoosier bandits and believed they would have no trouble in successfully looting trains.

To that end, the gang rode to Adair, Iowa, in mid-July 1873. Frank James had taken several trains west, as far as Omaha, Nebraska, riding the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Express (while reading *Pilgrim's Progress*). He reported to the rest of the gang that when the Express reached Adair on July 21, 1873, it would be carrying more than $100,000 in gold, destined for eastern banks.

Gang members arrived outside Adair on that day and removed a section of track. These riders included Jesse and Frank James, Cole and Jim Younger, Clell Miller, Bob Moore, and Commanche Tony. As the Express came around a bend, its engineer, John Rafferty, saw the break and reversed the engine. It was too late. The engine raced into the open track and crashed onto its side, crushing Rafferty to death. Jesse and his men rode from a nearby wood and went to the baggage car, pointing guns at the clerks, who opened the safe to give them not $100,000 but only $2,000 in federal reserve notes.

The gold that was supposed to have been on board had been rescheduled that morning and had gone through Adair four hours earlier on a fast Express. The bandits rode back to Missouri discouraged. They decided to go back to farming and for six months, the James-Younger gang was inactive.

Before attacking their next train, the James-Younger gang committed a vintage holdup. On January 15, 1874, the bandits rode south to Arkansas and, outside of Malvern, held up the Concord Stagecoach, one of their few such robberies. Cole Younger, who was the experienced hand and practical hub of the gang, proved during this robbery that he, too, had his moments of caprice.

After the gang stopped the stage, driver and passengers were ordered to step down and line up before the gang as guns were trained on them. More than $4,000 in gold, bills, and jewels were taken from the well-to-do passengers. When Cole Younger took a gold watch from a man who protested in a strong southern accent, the bandit paused. "Are you a southerner?" he asked, a rather ridiculous question since there

were few northerners traveling in Arkansas at that time.

"Yes, suh," replied the gentleman traveler.

"Were you in the Confederate Army?"

"I had that distinction, suh."

"State your rank, regiment, and commanding officer," Younger demanded.

When the passenger gave Younger this information, he was startled to see Younger hand him back his watch. "We are all Confederate soldiers," Younger said with some pride, enjoying his magnanimity. "We don't rob southerners, especially Confederate soldiers." He pointed his finger at the rest of the passengers and said in a solemn voice: "But Yankees and detectives are not exempt."

In fifteen days, the gang had ridden back to Missouri, and on January 31, 1874, entered the small flag station at Gadshill, Missouri, a depot along the line of the Iron Mountain Railroad. The bandits, which included Jesse and Frank James, Cole, Jim, and Bob Younger, Jim Cummins, Clell and Ed Miller, Sam Hildebrand, Arthur McCory, and Jim Reed, flagged down the Little Rock Express. As the train came to a stop, the bandits jumped into the baggage car and quickly opened the safe, shooting off its locks. They took from it more than $22,000 in gold and bills. Some of the bandits went through the cars, robbing the passengers. Jesse James then mounted his horse and rode up to the engineer's cabin where Cole Younger held the engineer under his gun. "Give her a toot, Cole!" Jesse shouted to him. Cole Younger grabbed the whistle cord and yanked on it. As the whistle shrieked, Younger laughed like a small boy with a new toy.

Before the gang departed, Jesse threw a stick to the engineer. Around it was wrapped a piece of paper. James told the engineer: "Give this to the newspapers. We like to do things in style." The scrap of paper contained Jesse's own press release of the robbery, which he had written only a few hours before the train had been stopped. It read:

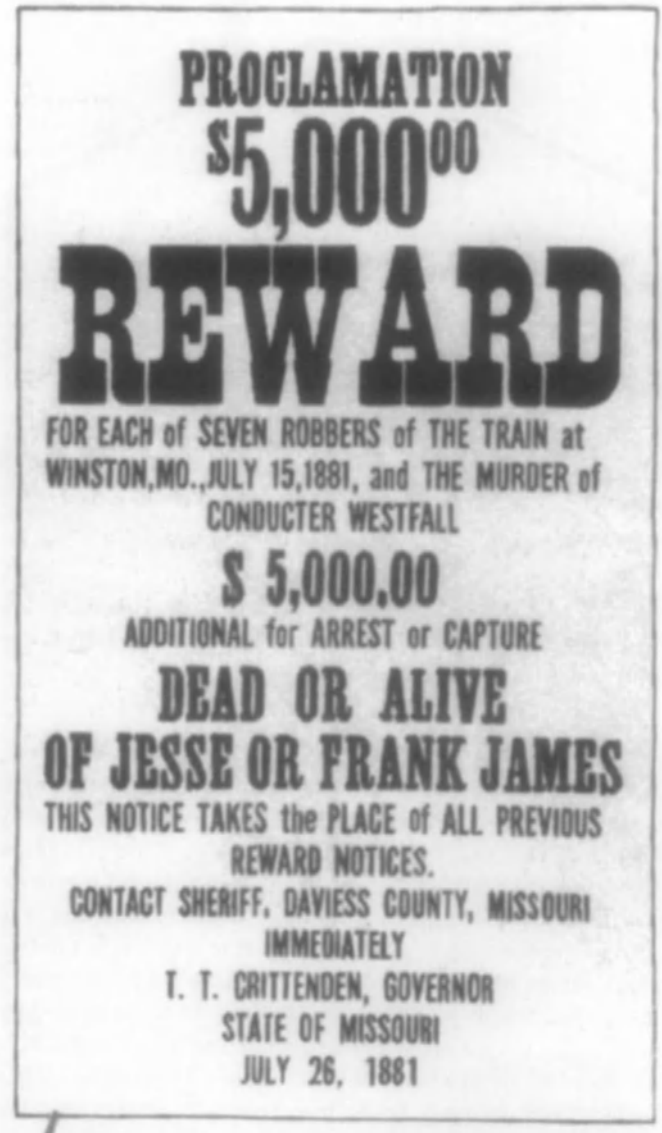
THE MOST DARING TRAIN ROBBERY
ON RECORD!

> The southbound train of the Iron Mountain Railroad was stopped here this evening by five [there were ten bandits] heavily armed men and robbed of _____ dollars. The robbers arrived at the station a few minutes before the arrival of the train and arrested the agent and put him under guard and then threw the train on the switch. The robbers were all large men, all being slightly under six feet. After robbing the train they started in a southerly direction. They were all mounted on handsome horses.
>
> PS: They are a hell of an excitement in this part of the country.

After the Gadshill raid the robberies stopped, and it seemed as if the James-Younger gang had been swallowed by the earth. There was no trace of any of the bandits for almost a year. With the spoils from the robbery, Jesse decided to finally wed Zerelda Mimms, his cousin. They had met often in wooded retreats and lonely cabins in the wilderness. Now Zee Mimms insisted that they either marry or never see each other again. Jesse and Zee went to Kansas City and were married. They then traveled to Galveston, Texas, where a reporter for the St. Louis *Dispatch* interviewed Jesse before he and Zee boarded a steamer headed for Vera Cruz, where they planned to honeymoon. Jesse candidly told the reporter: "On the 23rd of April, 1874, I was married to Miss Zee Mimms, of Kansas City, and at the house of a friend there.

"About fifty of our mutual friends were present on the occasion and quite a noted Methodist minister [Reverend William James, Jesse's uncle] performed the ceremonies. We had been engaged for nine years and through good and evil report, and not withstanding the lies that had been told upon me and the crimes laid at my door, her devotion to me has never wavered for a moment. You can say that both of us married for love, and that there cannot be any sort of doubt about our marriage being a happy one."

Jesse and Zee James, however, did not take ship for Vera


PROCLAMATION
$5,000.00
REWARD
FOR EACH of SEVEN ROBBERS of THE TRAIN at WINSTON,MO.,JULY 15,1881, and THE MURDER of CONDUCTER WESTFALL
$ 5,000.00
ADDITIONAL for ARREST or CAPTURE
DEAD OR ALIVE
OF JESSE OR FRANK JAMES
THIS NOTICE TAKES the PLACE of ALL PREVIOUS REWARD NOTICES.
CONTACT SHERIFF, DAVIESS COUNTY, MISSOURI IMMEDIATELY
T. T. CRITTENDEN, GOVERNOR
STATE OF MISSOURI
JULY 26, 1881

The $5,000 reward for the James boys issued by Missouri Governor T. T. Crittenden in 1881, one which attracted the eye of Robert Ford, a member of the James gang.

The home in St. Joseph, Missouri, where Jesse James was murdered by Bob Ford in 1882.

Cruz, but traveled back to Missouri and settled on a small farm near Kearney, living in a log cabin. Jesse James was by then dedicated to a way of crime and had no thought to retire or reform. His wife's attitude about his criminal ways was never learned, but Wood Hite, a family friend, later stated that "she looked the other way ... out of love." Hite went on to say that Jesse James was a devoted husband and loved his wife very much. The couple produced two children, Jesse, Jr., and Mary James. The outlaw spent a great deal of time with his children, playing with them whenever he was home. The couple continued to travel, living in Texas, then Tennessee, and even in the heart of Kansas City.

Frank James would also marry two years later, eloping with 17-year-old Annie Ralston, a union that would produce a son, Robert, in 1878. While Jesse was settling down to a farming life, the Pinkerton Detective Agency increased its efforts to arrest the James boys for their past crimes. Detectives roamed in pairs and in groups through western Missouri, seeking the James brothers and their allies, the Youngers. The detective agency had been waging a private war with the James-Younger clan for sometime.

On March 16, 1874, Jim and John Younger were riding through the woods near Osceola, Missouri. Two Pinkerton detectives, Louis J. Lull and E.B. Daniels, who had been trailing them, suddenly found themselves faced by the two Youngers. The detectives claimed they were cattle buyers, but Jim Younger correctly guessed them to be Pinkertons. The detectives and the Youngers both drew their guns at the same time and Lull and Daniels were killed. So was John Younger. A month later, Jesse James, Clell Miller, and James Latche, killed another Pinkerton agent, John W. Whicher. From that day on, the Pinkertons hounded the James-Younger gang.

The Pinkertons watched the Samuels farm on and off, believing that Jesse and Frank would pay their mother a visit. Detectives learned, on January 26, 1875, that the boys would arrive at the Samuels farm after sundown. They stationed men near the farmhouse and then shouted for Jesse and Frank to come outside. A light in the window went out and then a bomb of some sort was thrown through the window by one of the Pinkerton men. It exploded with a deafening roar. The bomb blew off Mrs. Samuels' arm and a fragment of the bomb tore through the side of Archie Peyton Samuels, the 8-year-old half-brother of Jesse and Frank. The child died within an hour in great pain and agony.

No other act than this "inexcusable and cowardly deed," as the press termed it, could have earned more sympathy for the James boys. The newspapers vilified the Pinkertons, who were universally hated, and labeled them child-killers and inhuman monsters that attacked defenseless women and children. Even though Allan Pinkerton repeatedly denied that any of his men had thrown a bomb into the Samuels' home, his agency fell into disgrace. Jesse was so incensed at the killing of his little half-brother and the mutilation of his mother that he spent long hours planning the execution of Allan Pinkerton.

According to Wood Hite, he actually took a train to Chicago and spent hours waiting for Pinkerton to show up at his headquarters there, planning to shoot the detective on sight. He did see Pinkerton, but did not shoot him on a crowded Chicago street. He later told Hite: "I had a dozen chances to kill him when he didn't know it. I wanted to give him a fair chance, but the opportunity never came."

For some time after this, Jesse and Frank James fell out. Frank had apparently tried to convince his younger brother to retire, that bank and train robbing were getting too dangerous. Jesse, on the other hand, called Frank a coward, especially since he refused to try to track down Allan Pinkerton and take vengeance on him for the death of his half-brother.

Frank James refused to associate with Jesse or the rest of the gang for some time. He remained on a farm, reading and writing letters to Missouri newspapers, attempting to vindicate himself and stating that he was not responsible for the robberies attributed to him. He went on to say that he and his brother Jesse "were not good friends [at the time of the Kansas City fairgrounds robbery] and have not been for several years."

By early 1875, the brothers were reunited and led the Youngers to Texas where, on May 12, they robbed the San Antonio stage of $3,000. Cole Younger reportedly had to be persuaded to join the band. He was busy romancing Belle Starr, the daughter of Collins County rancher John Shirley. Cole Younger then had the notion to quit banditry. He told Jesse and Frank James that he was thinking of settling in Dallas, where he had a job offer as a census taker. Jesse talked him out of this idea and Younger followed the James boys back to Missouri, where an important train robbery was planned.

Through a bribed railroad clerk, the gang learned that the United Express Company would be shipping more than $100,000 on the Missouri Pacific Railroad. On July 7, 1875, Jesse and Frank James, Cole, Jim and Bob Younger, Clell Miller, Charlie Pitts, and Bill Chadwell were waiting for the train as it slowed to cross an old railroad bridge east of

Crowds assembled at the James house in St. Joseph, Missouri, after learning that the notorious bandit had been killed; souvenir-hunters stripped the house within hours.

Otterville, Missouri. The gang trained pistols on the engineer who brought the engine to a halt. The bandits then approached the Adams Express car and entered it, ordering guard John Bushnell to open the safe. "It can't be done," Bushnell nervously told Jesse. "I don't have the keys to it. It's locked all the way through and the keys are at the other end of the run."

"Get an ax," Jesse told Bob Younger, who took a fire ax from the wall of the baggage car and began chopping away at the safe. It was useless. All Younger succeeded in doing was making a few dents in the heavy iron safe. Then Cole Younger demanded the ax. A tall, powerful man, Younger repeatedly swung his 200 pounds against the safe for ten minutes, finally making a small hole in the top of the safe. Jesse reached through the hole and pulled up a leather pouch from which the bandits took more than $75,000. They stuffed the money into a grain sack and then tossed it to Frank James and the others waiting outside. Jesse, Cole, and Bob Younger then climbed on their horses, but before riding off, Jesse told Bushnell: "If you see any of the Pinkertons, tell 'em to come and get us."

This strike, the gang's largest to date, convinced Jesse and the others that with the proper information they could commit robberies that would bring them quick fortunes and enough money to retire. Bill Chadwell, a native of Minnesota, was sent to scout the large First National Bank in Northfield, Minnesota, reputedly one of the wealthiest banks in the Midwest. Though far from their regular haunts, the Northfield bank promised as much as $200,000 in cash and gold, perhaps more. The gang members were further lured to rob this bank because its two principal stockholders were Benjamin Butler and W. A. Ames, who had been Union officials in the Civil War and were still much hated for the oppressive measures they employed when occupying southern cities.

Butler, the general in charge of conquered New Orleans, had issued an order which allowed his soldiers to treat women there as common streetwalkers. Ames was considered the worst carpetbagger to ever plague the South. Both men had enriched themselves through the spoils of war and the misfortune of the devastated southerners.

In August 1876, the James-Younger band began its ride north, moving slowly and with great confidence. They had never experienced any serious setbacks and their members had remained unharmed in ten years of robbery. The bandits were all mounted on the finest horses available and looked prosperous. All wore new suits, shiny black boots, and long linen dusters like those worn by cattle buyers. They carried new carbines and heavy Colt pistols on their hips. Jesse wore two more Colts in shoulder holsters.

The eight men rode into Northfield, Minnesota, on September 7, 1876. To the bandits, Northfield looked like any other town they had raided, with a main street and small stores nestled next to the bank. Yet Northfield was unlike any town the gang had ever visited. Its residents were industrious pioneers, who placed great value on thrift and an even greater value on the law.

Minnesota was not Missouri, where roving bands of outlaws were commonplace. The state was relatively free of such

The James children, Mary and Jesse James, Jr., were playing outside the house when Bob Ford killed their father.

bandits and the natives of Northfield were fiercely protective of their town and the savings in their bank. And, as they proved with lethal dedication, they would battle anyone who tried to take what they had earned by the sweat of their brows.

At 2 p.m., Jesse, Charlie Pitts, and Bob Younger entered the First National Bank, while Cole Younger and Clell Miller waited outside the bank, holding the horses. At the end of the street Frank James, Bill Chadwell, and Jim Younger sat on their horses, guarding the exit of the town, ready to protect the gang when it fled Northfield. Trouble began almost immediately. J. A. Allen, a hardware store owner, spotted the men outside the bank and walked over to investigate. Clell Miller grabbed his arm and said: "Keep your goddamned mouth shut!" Allen broke free of Miller's grip and began to run down the street, shouting: "Get your guns, boys! They're robbing the bank!"

Henry Wheeler, a university student home on vacation, saw Allen and took up the alarm. He, too, began to shout: "Robbery! Robbery! Robbery! They're all at the bank!" Cole Younger and Miller quickly mounted their horses and they were joined by Frank James, Jim Younger and Chadwell. The five outlaws began racing up and down the street, shouting to the startled residents: "Get in! Get in!" This technique had worked many times in Missouri where gun-shy natives raced for cover. But the citizens of Northfield did just the opposite. Dozens of men, young and old, grabbed pistols, rifles, and shotguns and ran to the street or took positions in windows, behind doors, and at the corners of buildings.

Inside the bank, Jesse James held his pistol on acting bank cashier Joseph Lee Heywood, telling him: "Don't holler! There's forty men outside the bank." Heywood nodded as Jesse added in a menacing voice: "Open the goddamned safe before I blow your head off!"

"I can't do that," Heywood said, "there's a time lock on it."

Pitts ran forward with a knife and cut the cashier's throat slightly. He and Bob Younger both stuck their pistols into Heywood's stomach. The cashier kept insisting that the safe was on a time lock. None of the bandits bothered to check the safe. Heywood was lying. The safe was unlocked and had no time lock. Then a clerk, A. E. Bunker, ran into a back room. Pitts fired a shot at him, but his bullet missed its mark. Bob Younger went through the cash drawers and found only a small amount of money. Firing could be heard in the street and Pitts went to the front entrance of the bank. He turned to Jesse and shouted: "The game's up! Pull out or they'll be killing our men!"

Bob Younger and Jesse James followed Pitts out the front door, but one of them—it was never determined which—turned and shot Heywood in the head. He fell dead to the bank floor. The scene that greeted Jesse as he stepped into the street was as bloody as any battle he had experienced in the Civil War. Clell Miller was riding crazily about, his face blasted to pulp and gushing blood. Elias Stacy, a resident, had rushed him moments earlier and let loose a shotgun blast that caught Miller full in the face. He was unrecognizable. His flesh hung in shreds from his jaw and his shirt front was soaked with blood. He moaned and screamed wildly, firing his six-gun indiscriminately. One of Miller's wild shots struck and killed Nicholas Gustavson, a terrified immigrant, who was trying to reach the cover of a building.

A bullet smacked into Cole Younger's shoulder. Then A. B. Manning fired a shot that struck Bill Chadwell square in the heart. The outlaw stood straight up in his saddle for a moment, then toppled to the earth, dead. Wheeler, the university student, had gotten a gun and repeatedly shot the already wounded Clell Miller until he also fell from his horse dead. Bob Younger raced forward on his horse, firing at Manning, and Wheeler fired a shot at him, wounding him in the hand. Younger switched his weapon to the other hand and fired back at Wheeler.

By that time the citizens had blocked both ends of the street and dozens of men were firing at the outlaws, who rode up and down the street through a murderous cross fire, looking desperately for an escape route. A bullet struck Charlie Pitts, then Jim Younger, then Cole Younger. The gang was being shot to pieces. "It's no use, men!" Jesse shouted to the others. "Let's go! Let's go!" Bob Younger, who had been shot from his horse, managed to climb up behind his brother Cole and what was left of the gang rode wildly down the street through heavy fire. Scores of citizens, who did not have weapons threw rocks at them.

Some miles outside Northfield, the gang rested for a few minutes. Jesse looked at Bob Younger's wounds and then told his cousin Cole Younger that Bob was too seriously wounded to continue. He suggested that either Bob be left behind or "we put him out of his misery." Reaching for his six-gun, Cole Younger, who had taken Jesse's orders for years, glared at Jesse and told him that he would not leave his brother behind. "Maybe it's best we split up," he said. Jesse and Frank, the only bandits in the gang not wounded, nodded and then rode off in one direction.

The Younger Brothers and Pitts headed in another direction. The Youngers were slowed by their wounds and left a clear trail for pursuing lawmen to follow. Fourteen days later they were trapped in a swamp outside of Madelia, Minnesota.

Bob Ford, killer of Jesse James, who holds the pistol that slew the infamous bandit; Ford would later be killed in Creede, Colorado.

More than fifty men surrounded them and a full-scale battle ensued. An hour later, Sheriff Glispen shouted to the outlaws who were behind a large fallen tree: "Do you men surrender?" As the lawmen waited for an answer, they reloaded their weapons and prepared for further battle.

Then the silence was pierced by a voice from behind the large tree. "I surrender!" Bob Younger, bleeding from five wounds, stood up unsteadily and waved the possemen forward. "They're all down, except me." The lawmen came forward cautiously, guns at the ready. They found Cole Younger wounded seven times and Jim Younger wounded five times. Both were still alive. Charlie Pitts lay flat on the ground, his six-guns and rifle empty of bullets. There were five bullet wounds in his chest. He was dead.

The Younger Brothers were taken into custody, and as they rode in an open cart through the small Minnesota towns, en route to medical attention, citizens came out by the thousands to see them, curious about these strange men from Missouri who had traveled hundreds of miles to risk their lives. All three brothers were tried and sentenced to life imprisonment. As they entered the state penitentiary at Stillwater, Minnesota, Cole Younger was asked why he and his brothers had turned to crime. "We were victims of circumstances," he explained, not half believing his own oft-repeated words. "We were drove to it, sir."

Charlie Ford later had nightmares about Frank James hunting him; he committed suicide.

The Northfield raid made national headlines and Jesse and Frank James became the most sought-after outlaws in the U. S. But they were nowhere to be found. Hundreds of possemen scoured Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Iowa for them as the brothers moved slowly south. They traveled on foot, stole horses, and then abandoned them. They slept in abandoned farm buildings during the day and moved only at night. They ate raw vegetables and hid from sight, believing that all were their enemies. It took them three weeks to reach Missouri and by then they looked like scarecrows, their clothes in rags.

Jesse and Frank realized that they were too notorious now to remain in Missouri. The murders they had committed in Northfield had branded them cold-blooded killers. Even many of their former supporters in Missouri found it hard to excuse their actions. Hiding in a covered wagon, Jesse and Frank were driven to Tennessee. Both purchased small farms outside of Nashville and lived there in obscurity for three years with no thought of returning to the outlaw trail.

Jesse, however, ran low on money and organized a new gang in Fall 1879 that included his brother Frank, Bill Ryan, Dick Liddell, Ed Miller, Tucker Basham, and Wood Hite. On October 7, 1879, the gang held up the Alton Express near Glendale, Missouri, and took more than $35,000 from the baggage car safe. The outlaws were inactive for almost a year and a half before they robbed a stage in Muscle Shoals, Alabama, of $1,400.

On July 10, 1881, Jesse led the same men to Riverton, Iowa, where they held up the Sexton Bank, looting it of $5,000. Five days later, they stopped the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific train at Winston, Missouri. When Frank McMillan tried to interfere with the robbery, Jesse shot him dead. The train engineer, William Westfall (or Westphal), refused to do as Jesse ordered and the bandit chief shot him dead in the engine cabin. The outlaws got only $600 from this bloody robbery, which caused Missouri governor Thomas T. Crittenden to offer a $10,000 reward for the capture and conviction of Frank and Jesse James.

The amount of money offered in this reward was staggering for its day. In earlier times, however, this kind of reward would not have tempted any member of the James gang. The Younger brothers, cousins to the James boys, were blood kin and absolutely loyal. Other earlier members were fellow veterans of the guerrilla battles of the Civil War and were tied to the James and Younger brothers through old associations and loyalties. But the new gang members Jesse had recruited for the band had little or no allegiance to them. This included Robert and Charles Ford, two young men, who had learned of the reward and planned to murder Jesse.

Bob Ford, the younger of the Ford Brothers was not a

Frank James in 1882 after he surrendered to Governor Crittenden; he would be tried for many robberies and murders, but would be acquitted.

regular member of the gang. He spent time around gang members, clamoring to ride with the bandits, but was mostly used to run errands, a fact which caused him to become resentful and embittered. Charlie Ford rode with Jesse and Frank James, however, on August 7, 1881, in a strange robbery that occurred near Blue Cut, outside Glendale, Missouri, near the site where the gang had stopped a train two years earlier. The gang, consisting of Jesse and Frank James, Charles Ford, Wood and Clarence Hite, and Dick Liddell, stopped a train by piling large timbers across the track.

Engineer Jack Foote brought the train to a halt and the bandits used a pickax to chop their way into the locked express car. They hammered open the safe, but were disappointed at the small amount of money in the safe. The outlaws then walked through the train, robbing the passengers. Jesse, wearing a thick, black beard, and the only bandit without a mask, made no effort to disguise himself. In fact, he reveled in his notoriety. He had taken to collecting the dime novels that Eastern presses had churned out about his exploits. "I'm Jesse James," he said to several stunned passengers and then he boldly introduced other members of the gang. The bandits rode off grumbling about the meager loot, less than $1,500. This was Jesse James' last robbery.

Following this robbery, Frank rode back to his farm near Nashville. Jesse, accompanied by the Ford Brothers, rode to Missouri to visit his mother. The three men slept in the Samuels barn. Jesse kept his pistols at the ready, believing that the Pinkertons might arrive at any moment. When he fell asleep, the Ford Brothers began discussing how to kill the man they followed. They had been planning to murder Jesse for months, but were cautious and fearful of this deadliest of outlaws. Robert Ford was already in contact with Governor Crittenden, promising him that he would kill Jesse James in the near future.

After having breakfast at his mother's home for the last time, Jesse, still accompanied by the Ford Brothers, rode to St. Joseph, Missouri, where he was living under the name of Thomas Howard with his wife and two children. The family occupied a small but comfortable house atop a hill and in this quiet community, Jesse went on planning robberies. He sent the Ford boys out to scout several banks he was thinking of robbing.

The second James gang began to disintegrate quickly. Ed Miller was found dead, his body shot to pieces and dumped on a rural Missouri road. Jim Cummins later claimed that Jesse had murdered Miller after learning that Miller planned to turn himself in and inform on the rest of the gang. Wood Hite was then killed by Dick Liddell and Bob Ford over a split of the loot from the second Glendale train robbery at Blue Cut. Liddell, thinking that the Ford brothers intended to murder him, surrendered and confessed all he knew. His statements led to the arrest of Clarence Hite, who was tried and convicted of robbery and sent to prison for twenty-five years.

Only four active members of the James gang were now at large: Jesse, Frank, and the Ford brothers. Still, Jesse was undaunted and planned another robbery, summoning the Fords to his St. Joseph home on the morning of April 3, 1882. Zee James made breakfast for the three men and the two small James children were sent out to play in the back yard. Following the meal, Jesse and the Fords went into the small parlor to further plan the robbery of the Platte County bank. When Jesse glanced at a newspaper containing Dick Liddell's confession, Charlie Ford, according to his later statements, was suddenly gripped by fear that Jesse would learn of the Fords' secret meeting with Governor Crittenden. Bob Ford also became nervous, and later stated at James' inquest: "I knew then that I had placed my head in the lion's mouth. How could I safely remove it?"

James put the newspaper aside, stood up, walked to the window and looked outside to see his children playing. He then turned and spotted a picture that was hanging crooked on the wall. According to the Fords, he then removed two gun belts, one about his hips, another around his shoulders. Each belt contained two big Colts, four guns in all. James looped the gun belts around a chair. Why he took the belts off was never known. The Fords may have told this story to make their target all the more dangerous. Some claimed that Jesse wore no guns in the house at any time, at least not *four* weapons, especially in the company of men he trusted. Given his belief in his invulnerability, it is most likely that Jesse was never armed that morning.

The outlaw chief stood upon a small stool to reach the picture on the wall. As he adjusted the picture, Jesse exposed his back to the Fords. Robert pulled his pistol and aimed it squarely at the bandit's back. His hand shook so that he had to steady it with the other. At a distance of about four feet, he fired several times. James turned slightly to give his assassin a fierce look and then fell lifeless to the floor. Zee James rushed in from the kitchen, and kneeling at her husband's side, cradled his head in her arms, sobbing. Robert Ford sputtered that his gun went off by accident.

The Fords raced from the house. As Bob Ford ran down the hill toward the telegraph station he yelled loudly to anyone who would listen: "I killed him! I killed Jesse James! I killed him! I killed him! I killed Jesse James!" Only a few minutes later, he wired Governor Crittenden that the most wanted man in the U. S. was dead, that he, Bob Ford, had killed the infamous Jesse James. He immediately demanded his reward. The Ford Brothers were later charged with murder, but Crittenden, keeping his word, had the charges dropped and the reward money sent to the Fords.

The news of the bandit's murder was bannered in almost

every newspaper in the U.S., from New York to California, from Maine to Texas. "Jesse by Jehovah!" read the front page headline in the St. Joseph *Gazette*. "Goodbye, Jesse!" read the Kansas City *Journal*. The newspapers and the dime novelists, who had churned out endless copy on the outlaw for sixteen years lamented his passing, if only for commercial reasons. Almost immediately, the legend and lore of Jesse James began to be embellished so that within a few months, he was known as a hero. The ruthless killer and thief, the real Jesse James, was somehow forgotten and in his place sprang up a sterling, enviable Robin Hood.

The heavily bearded body of the outlaw was officially identified by his wife and by Mrs. Zee Samuels, his mother. The old woman appeared the next day at an inquest where the Ford Brothers and Dick Liddell testified. When Mrs. Samuels took the stand, she wept and said: "I live in Clay County and I am the mother of Jesse James ... My poor boy ... I have seen the body since my arrival and I have recognized it as that of my son Jesse ... The lady by my side is my daughter-in-law and the children hers ... He was a kind husband and son." Then she fixed her eyes on the Fords and Dick Liddell. She held up the stump of her arm and shook an empty sleeve in their direction, shouting: "Traitors!" The Fords and Liddell were hurried out of the courtroom by officers. Their lives were thought to be in great jeopardy, and Frank James would appear at any moment, leading a large band of men, with the single thought of killing the Fords.

Mrs. Samuels took Zee Mimms and her children back with her to the Clay County farm and with them the body of her son, which had been placed in a $500 coffin, an expensive casket for that day. The outlaw was buried on the Samuels farm and a white marble headstone was placed over the grave. It read:

Jesse W. James
Died April 3, 1882
Aged 34 years, 6 months, 28 days
Murdered by a traitor and a coward
Whose name is not worthy to
appear here.

On October 5, 1882, five months after his brother's murder, Alexander Franklin James, last of the outlaw band, surrendered to Governor Crittenden. The 39-year-old bandit marched into the governor's office and took off his gun belt, placing it before Crittenden and saying: "Governor Crittenden, I want to hand over to you that which no living man except myself has been permitted to touch since 1861." The governor promised James protection and a fair trial. James was a celebrated prisoner and reporters flocked to interview him. One asked: "Why did you surrender? No one knew where you were hiding."

"What of that," James replied. "I was tired of an outlaw's life. I have been hunted for twenty-one years. I have literally lived in the saddle. I have never known a day of perfect peace. It was one long, anxious, inexorable, eternal vigil. When I slept it was literally in the midst of an arsenal. If I heard dogs bark more fiercely than usual, or the hooves of horses in a greater volume than usual, I stood to my arms. Have you an idea of what a man must endure who leads such a life? No, you cannot. No one can unless he lives it for himself."

Jesse Woodson James, shown dead after having been shot in the back by Bob Ford on April 3, 1882.

Universal sympathy for Frank James and the James family was exhibited. The cowardly way the Ford brothers had killed Jesse almost assured Frank James an acquittal. After a number of long trials, that is exactly what he received. He returned to the Samuels farm and took up peaceful pursuits, working as a horse trainer and a racetrack starter. After the turn of the century, he appeared in a small Wild West show with his friend, Cole Younger, who, by then, had been released from prison. Frank James died in a small bedroom of the Samuels farmhouse on February 18, 1915.

Cole and Jim Younger were not released from the penitentiary at Stillwater, Minnesota, until July 10, 1901. Bob Younger had died in prison of pneumonia on September 16, 1889. Jim Younger fell in love with a young woman in St. Paul, but she rejected him when he asked her to marry him. Younger went to his hotel room and shot himself to death. Cole Younger returned to Lee's Summit, Missouri, where he lived a quiet life. He became a farmer and later appeared at

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NEW YORK, TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1882

HIC JACET

JESSE JAMES

STATE OF MISSOURI

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

An editorial cartoon shows how the public built a monument to Jesse James, glorified in death for American boys inspired to follow in his footsteps.

local fairs, sometimes with Frank James. As the two bandits aged, they gave lectures to Sunday school classes and at ladies tea parties, thundering their condemnation of the outlaw life. The tall and muscular Cole Younger was the last of the outlaw band to die, suffering a fatal heart attack on March 21, 1916.

The Ford brothers, following Jesse's death, enjoyed some brief notoriety, but were mostly shunned as "vile cowards." Charlie Ford was consumed by fear that Frank James or some of Jesse's other relatives would hunt him down and kill him. He was plagued by nightmares and became an insomniac. He finally committed suicide. Bob Ford moved west, traveling from town to town, opening up several saloons with the reward money he had received. He was shot to death in Creede, Colorado, a decade after he became the most infamous "traitor" in the U.S. by shooting Jesse James in the back. Ford's shooting of Jesse James was challenged by J. Frank Dalton, who appeared in the late 1940s to claim that he was Jesse James and that the man shot in 1882 in St. Joseph, Missouri, was an imposter. But it was generally agreed that Dalton was the impersonator and that the man buried in James' grave was indeed Jesse (as DNA tests in the 1980s and 1990s proved).

From the moment Jesse Woodson James was put into his grave, his life became a great fiction and he was lionized as a hearty pioneer, a brave son of the Middle Border, an embodiment of the spirit of adventuresome America. Fabulous tales were told of his kindliness and generosity. One abiding canard involved a widow woman who had given the James boys breakfast as they fled from a bank robbery. She informed her guests that she was about to lose her farm, that she did not have the money to pay the mortgage.

Jesse reportedly gave her the money and then hid as the land owner appeared and collected this sum from the woman, signing back the deed to the farm to her. Jesse then rode after the landlord and held him up, recouping his loan to the widow woman. Jesse was kind to children and chivalrous to women. Journalists of the day took pains to point out that he never robbed a woman in a bank, in a stagecoach, or on a train. They omitted the many murders he was known to have committed.

Most of these tales had no foundation, but generations of small boys were thrilled by these stories and Jesse James became their tarnished idol, much to the chagrin of lawmen and parents. A decade later, the Dalton Brothers tried to emulate the James boys and were destroyed at Coffeyville, Kansas. In the next century, the likes of John Dillinger and Charles Arthur "Pretty Boy" Floyd, who both admired Jesse James in their youth, not only followed his career closely, but copied his

Tyrone Power portrayed the famous bandit in the 1939 film, *Jesse James*, a beautifully filmed production that failed to realistically show the bandit as a cold-blooded killer.

bank robbing techniques. The bandit's myth deepened so that it became part of the core of the American character or psyche, one of dash and quick action, one of fearless adventure. A song created by an amateur composer came into existence almost overnight following the bandit's death and did much to perpetuate the legend of this strange and mysterious man whom few called friend and whom no one really knew. This melodramatic ballad captured the myth if not the reality of Jesse Woodson James:

Jesse James was a lad who killed many a man.
He robbed the Glendale train.
He stole from the rich and he gave to the poor,
He'd a hand and a heart and a brain.

(Chorus)
Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life,
Two children, they were brave,
But that dirty little coward that shot Mister Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,
I wonder how does he feel,
For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept in Jesse's bed,
Then he laid Jesse James in his grave.

Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor.
He'd never seen a man suffer pain,
And with his brother Frank, he robbed the Gallatin bank
And stopped the Glendale train.

It was on a Wednesday night, the moon was shining bright.
He stopped the Glendale train.
And the people all did say for many miles away,
It was robbed by Frank and Jesse James.

It was on a Saturday night, Jesse was at home,
Talking to his family brave.
Robert Ford came along like a thief in the night,
And laid Jesse James in his grave.

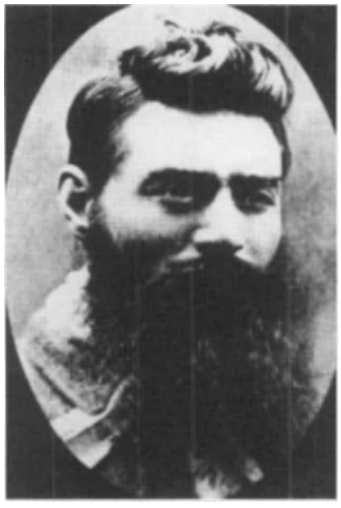
The people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death
And wondered how he ever came to die.
It was one of the gang called little Robert Ford,
Who shot Jesse James on the sly.

Jesse went to his rest with his hand on his breast,
The devil will be upon his knee.
He was born one day in the County of Shea
And he came from a solitary race.

This song was made by Billy Garshade,
As soon as the news did arrive,
He said there was no man with the law in his hand

Could take Jesse James when alive.

NED KELLY OF AUSTRALIA/1870s



Edward "Ned" Kelly, Australia's most notorious bandit.

The body armor Ned Kelly fashioned and used in attacking police.

Edward "Ned" Kelly (1854-1880), Australia's most infamous desperado, is often referred to by historians as the "last of the bushrangers." Kelly was wrongfully imprisoned as a young man, and he left prison bitter and vengeful. His hatred of police bordered on the maniacal, finally manifesting itself in the wanton murders of three police constables at Stringybark Creek in 1878. Kelly was the son of an Irish farmer and former convict who was transported from Belfast to the Tasmania pri-son colony in 1841. His father quickly earned a reputation as a mean-spirited horse thief and cattle rustler.

One of seven children, Kelly grew up on his father's farm near Melbourne. In his roughneck childhood, criminal activity was fairly normal. His father, his uncles, and their friends were frequently being arrested for rustling and horse theft and sent off to prison. Kelly himself was first imprisoned for assault and indecency for allegedly attacking a man named McCormack and later sending the man's wife a pair of bull testicles accompanied by an obscene note.

Kelly was convicted of the crime and sent to prison for six months, despite the fact that McCormack tried to withdraw the charges and another man confessed to the "prank." He returned from prison embittered and hardened, developing a reputation as a barroom brawler. Before long he was convicted of horse stealing and sentenced to three years in prison. When he was released after serving nearly the entire

Ned Kelly demonstrated his body armor for his fellow bandits, but gang members were disinclined to use similar shields, which they believed cumbersome.

term, Kelly was determined to live a criminal life.

At this point, the 22-year-old Kelly, already a skilled marksman and rider, teamed up with his 16-year-old brother, Dan, and formed what would soon become the notorious Kelly Gang. In April 1878, Police Constable Fitzpatrick came to the Kelly farm to arrest Dan Kelly on charges of stealing livestock. The entire family joined in the battle against the single constable. Family members, including the Kelly women, fought Fitzpatrick off and he left wounded and without his man.

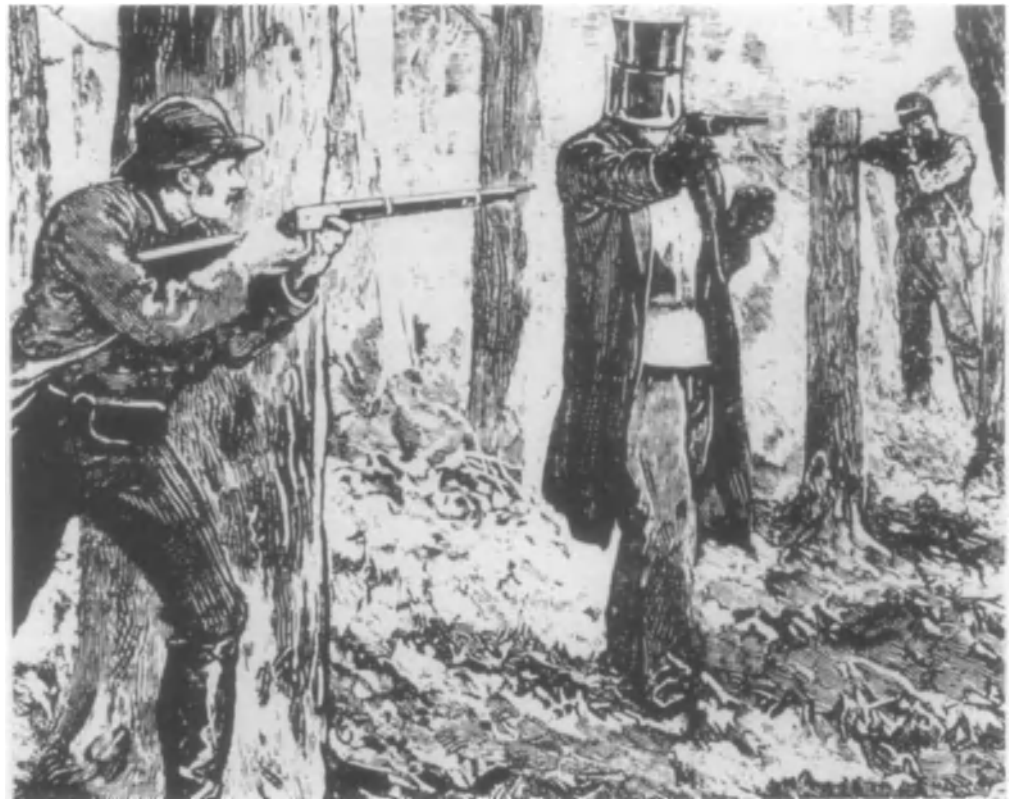
When arrest warrants were subsequently issued for Ned and Dan, they fled to the bush, where they were joined by two other young men, Joe Byrne and Steve Hart. (Joe Byrne, a young, aspiring poet wrote the first popular ballads celebrating the Kelly Gang's adventures.) In the meantime, Mrs. Kelly and the other members of the family were arrested, convicted, and sent to prison for their parts in the attack on Constable Fitzpatrick. Mrs. Kelly was sentenced to three years for hitting the officer over the head with a shovel.

In October 1878, a £100 bounty was offered for the arrest of the Kelly gang. Disguised as gold prospectors, Constables Scanlon, Lonigan, Kennedy, and McIntyre set out across the

Wombat Ranges to bring the bandits to justice. Armed with Remington .44s, they were under constant surveillance by Kelly. Finally Kelly and his gang ambushed the officers.

Two of the four police officers were killed in the shoot-out and a third was killed later. Only McIntyre escaped with his life. The ambush made the Kelly Gang the talk of Victoria, and a special Felon's Apprehension Act was passed in the state parliament in response to the attack on the constables. Additionally, the bounty on the gang was increased to £2,000, then a staggering sum.

For the next few months the gang rampaged through the area. They managed to evade capture because they were intimately familiar with the countryside and also because they received continual information regarding the whereabouts of the police from their many sympathizers. On December 9, 1878, the police received a tip that the gang was to be in a particular location. While they waited for Kelly and his men to show up, Kelly and his cohorts were actually 100 miles away at Euroa.



Ned Kelly is shown battling Australian police while wearing his body armor in 1880; twenty-five bullets bounced off the crude iron shield, but he was captured after falling to the ground when shot several times in his unprotected legs.

There the gang took twenty prisoners while they raided the bank and made off with £2,000. On February 10, 1879, the Kellys arrived in Jerilderie, New South Wales, where they took thirty people hostage in a local hotel. Police arrived and attempted to capture the gang, but while the siege continued, the bandits robbed the local bank of £2,141 before making a clean getaway.

Criticism against the police intensified after this episode and the rewards offered for the capture of the Kelly Gang increased. However, the police were again foiled in their attempts to stop the gang. When they attempted to invoke the Felon's Apprehension Act to arrest the gang's sympathizers they discovered that many of their supporters were women and public opinion prevented them from being arrested.

The Kelly gang kept a low profile until June 1880 when they took some plowshares from some farms in the countryside. On June 26, 1880, at Beechworth, Joe Byrne murdered a former gang member, Aaron Sherritt, who had turned informant. Sherritt's murder was an intentional ploy to draw the police posses into the open. By this time, Kelly had become determined to shoot it out with the constables or perish. Just outside of Glenrowan, Kelly forced two railroad workers to remove a section of track so that the train carrying the police superintendent would crash.

Kelly is shown recovering from his wounds in a Melbourne hospital. He was later condemned to death for his many robberies and murders and hanged on November 11, 1880, at age twenty-four.

At Glenrowan Kelly and his men rounded up sixty-two hostages and locked them inside a hotel owned and operated by a sympathetic Englishwoman named Ann Jones. Kelly's plan probably would have worked except that a schoolteacher slipped out of town and warned the approaching train of the danger. The police, once alerted, advanced on the town and surrounded the hotel. The Kelly brothers, Byrne, and Hart held them at bay for nearly seven hours in a protracted gun battle. Dan Kelly and Hart poisoned themselves and Joe Byrne died from gunshot wounds.

During the siege Ned escaped into the bush where he donned a suit of armor he had earlier constructed from plough moldboards. He emerged from the bush and slowly advanced on the police line, garbed in his ninety-two pounds of armor. The police scarcely knew what to think of this strange apparition. They fired on Kelly, but he continued to advance, firing two pistols at the officers.

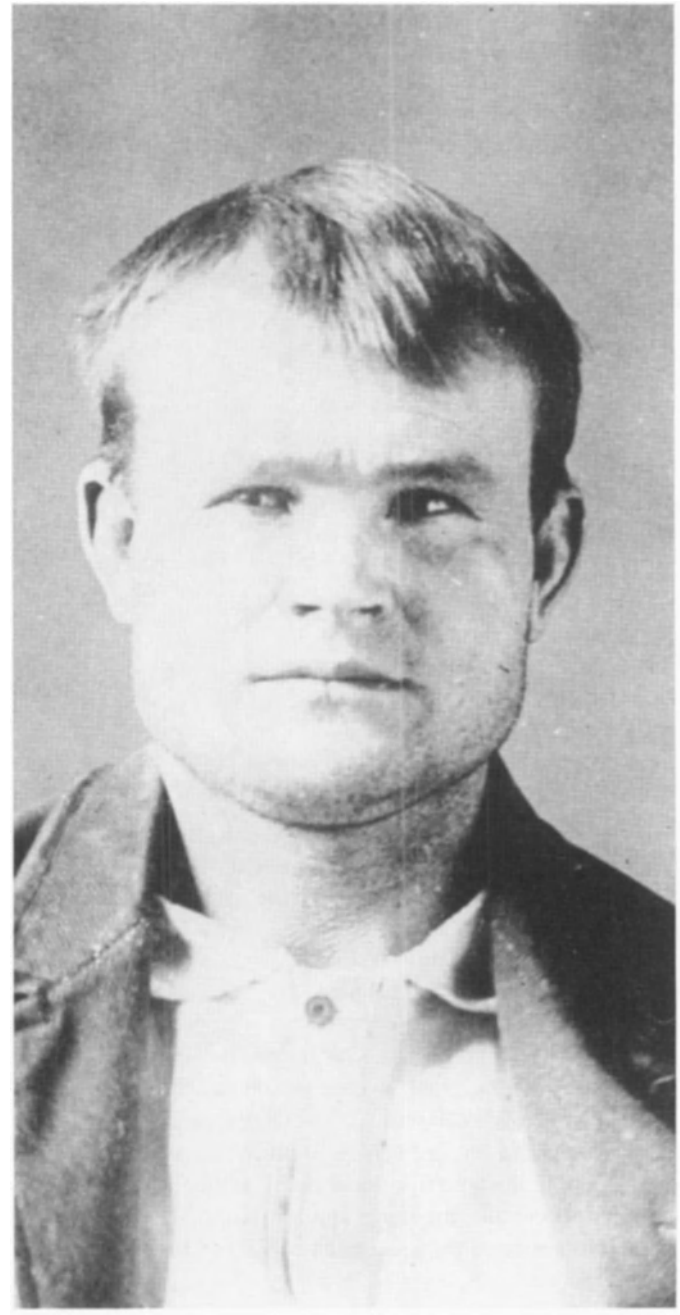
Twenty-five bullets struck Kelly's armor. The armor saved his life, but he was finally wounded in the legs and fell to the ground. When asked why he decided to confront the police rather than running, Kelly replied, "A man gets tired of being hunted like a dog ... I wanted to see the thing end."

The last of the bushrangers was taken to Melbourne, where he was tried and convicted of robbery and murder. Kelly was only twenty-four years old when he was hanged on November 11, 1880, after stoically remarking: "It has come to this. Such is life." Kelly's spectacular criminal career brought about an investigation by the Royal Commission, which produced a report in 1881 that made many recommendations about police administration, equipment, and training of the police force in Victoria. In the report, Ned Kelly, whose capture alone was estimated to have cost the police approximately £115,000, was described as a "quiet, self-possessed man with a fanatical hatred of the police."

BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE WILD BUNCH/ 1890s-1900s

Butch Cassidy (Robert Leroy Parker; AKA: George Cassidy, William T. Phillips, Ingerfield, Lowe Maxwell; 1866-c.1908) and his Wild Bunch members were the last of the old time western bank and train robbers, a motley group of outlaws with distinctive personalities and a flair for the flamboyant. Cassidy was no mean-minded desperado, but a fun-loving, easygoing bandit who preferred to use his brains rather than his six-gun. He was backed up in most of his gun play by the lightning fast-draw artist, the Sundance Kid. His gang members included Will Carver, addicted to reading press notices about the gang; Ben Kilpatrick, the towering bandit known as the Tall Texan; and the most deadly of the group, Harvey Logan, who was also known as Kid Curry, a dead-eyed killer who vowed he would never be taken alive by the law and kept his word.

Born Robert Leroy Parker in Beaver, Utah, on Apr. 13, 1866, Cassidy was one of ten children and had no formal education. He became a cowboy while still in his teens when he met outlaw Mike Cassidy, adopting Cassidy's name after he joined him in rustling cattle in Utah and Colorado. Cassidy



Butch Cassidy (George Leroy Parker), an affable robber who, with his Wild Bunch bandits, made up the last outlaw band of the Old West.

taught Butch how to shoot so that he was able to hit a playing card dead center at fifty paces and his draw was much faster than historians later described. Mike Cassidy led a small band of robbers and rustlers but, after he shot a Wyoming rancher, he disappeared. Butch Cassidy took over the gang.

The gang's hideout was at Robber's Roost, located in the southwest corner of Utah, a rough, mountainous area which was difficult to find, even by the outlaws who returned again and again to the rocky haven. In early 1887, Cassidy met Bill and Tom McCarty, hard-riding outlaws who headed up their own gang, which included Matt Warner (real name Willard

Christiansen), Tom "Peep" O'Day, Silver Tip (Bill Wall), Gunplay Maxwell, and Indian Ed Newcomb.

When the McCarty boys suggested Cassidy join them in a train robbery, the apprentice outlaw happily agreed. On November 3, 1887 Cassidy and the McCartys stopped the Denver and Rio Grande express near Grand Junction, Colorado. The stubborn express guard refused to open the safe in the mail car and Bill McCarty put a six-gun to his head. "Should we kill him?" he asked.

"Let's vote," Cassidy said.

The gang members voted not to kill the guard and the train moved off leaving the bandits with not a dime in loot. Cassidy became disheartened with train robbery and went back to rustling and occasional work as a cowboy or a miner in the local Colorado and Utah mines. It was almost a year and a half before Cassidy agreed to once more accompany the McCartys on another raid. This time the gang picked out the First National Bank of Denver, robbing it of $20,000 on March 30, 1889. Tom McCarty approached the bank president that day and, expressing his sense of macabre humor, stated: "Excuse me, sir, but I just overheard a plot to rob this bank."

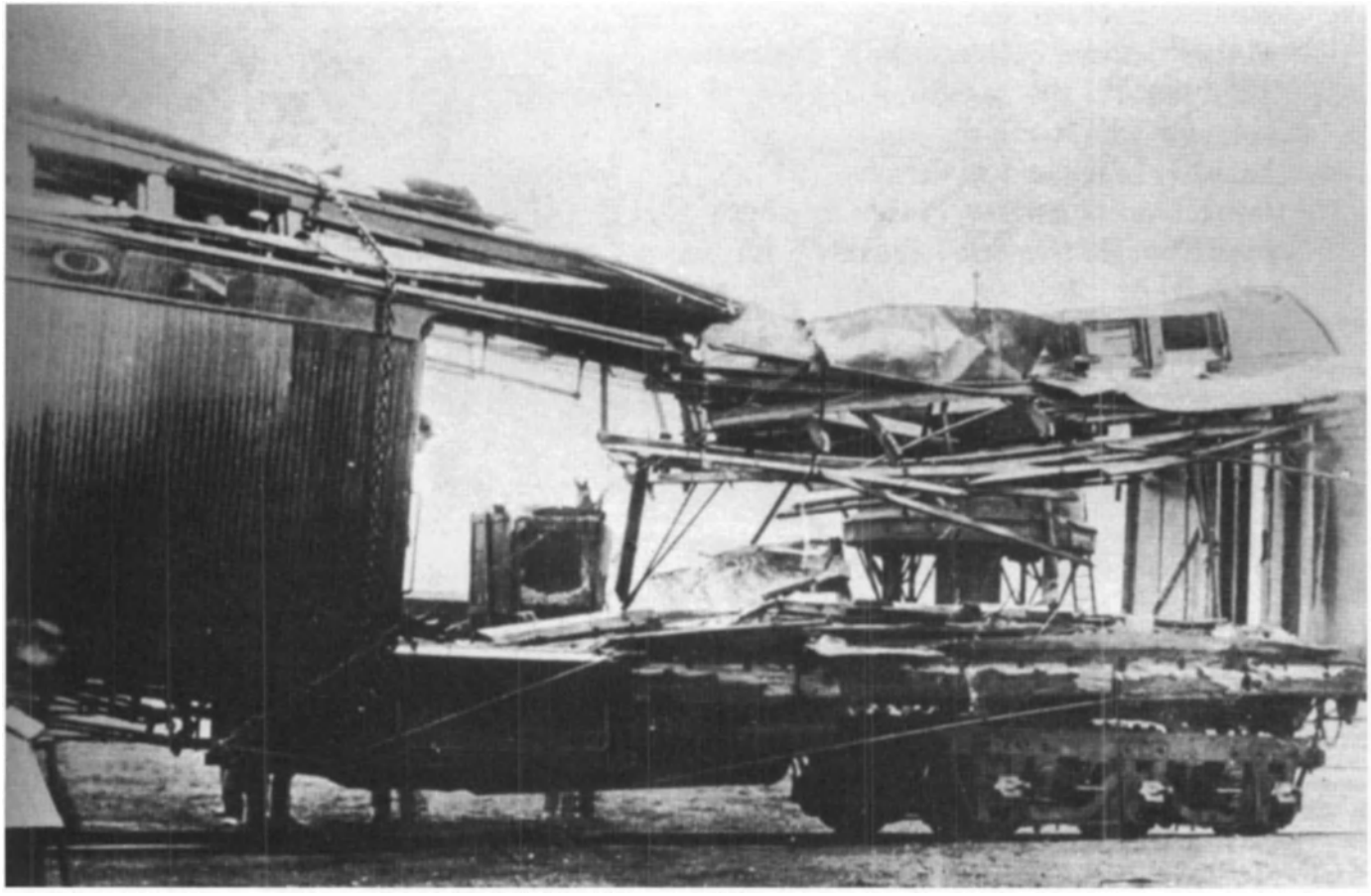
The bank president trembled so that he appeared to be undergoing an apoplectic fit, then managed to say: "Lord! How did you learn of this plot?"

"I planned it," McCarty said, pulling his six-gun. "Put up your hands."

Four men, Cassidy, Tom and Bill McCarty, and Matt Warner rode out of Denver with $5,000 each from the robbery, a fortune for those days. Warner immediately opened a saloon. Cassidy and the McCartys, however, decided to raid another bank and, on June 24, 1889, robbed the

Butch Cassidy at the time he worked as a cowboy, robbing banks on the side; he took the name Butch Cassidy from an old-time outlaw.

A famous photo shows the leaders of the Wild Bunch; (standing, left to right) William "News" Carver, Harvey "Kid Curry" Logan; (sitting, left to right) Harry "The Sundance Kid" Longbaugh (or Longabaugh), Ben "The Tall Texan" Kilpatrick, and Butch Cassidy.



The express car blown to pieces during the train robbery committed by Cassidy and others at Wilcox, Wyoming, on June 2, 1899; the guard, a man named Woodcock, defied the gang and was almost killed when Cassidy set off the dynamite, which had been placed at the door of the car.

bank of Telluride, Colorado, taking $10,500. Like the bank robbery in Denver, the gang never fired a shot. They merely trained guns on the bank employee, emptied the tellers' cages and looted the opened vault, then rode quietly out of town. Lawmen, however, formed huge posses and conducted wide and long searches for the bandits. This caused Cassidy and the others to go into hiding.

Cassidy decided to follow the straight and narrow path and he took several jobs with ranches as a cowboy. He even worked as a butcher in Rock Springs, Wyoming, which is where he earned his sobriquet "Butch." But such legitimate pursuits never worked out for Cassidy. A drunk picked a fight with him, while he was serving customers and Cassidy knocked the man cold which caused his arrest. He was convicted of disturbing the peace and served a short term in the local jail. When released, Cassidy vowed he would never again work for a living.

Cassidy and Al Hainer, another cowboy, then began an extortion racket, selling Colorado ranchers protection, telling them that they would make sure that cattle was not rustled nor any of their property damaged by fire or other man-made hazards. Cassidy and Hainer were the man-made hazards, of course, and any rancher who did not pay monthly protection fees had his cattle rustled by Cassidy and Hainer. Complaining cattlemen caused Wyoming lawmen John Chapman and Bob Calverly to hunt Cassidy and Hainer down to their cabin hideout near Auburn, Wyoming.

The lawmen crept up on Hainer as he was tending to the horses, wrestled him to the ground and tied him to a tree. Calverly then entered the cabin, his six-gun drawn. As soon as Cassidy spotted him he leaped for his two six-guns and gun belt, which were on a chair. Calverly fired four shots, one of which creased Cassidy's scalp and knocked him unconscious. Both men were quickly tried for extortion, sentenced to two years, and sent to the penitentiary at Rawlins, Wyoming, on July 15, 1894. The man who had sworn out the arrests for Cassidy and Hainer, rancher Otto Franc, of the Big Horn Basin, was mysteriously murdered in 1903. Cassidy was released on January 19, 1896, and immediately headed for a place called Hole-in-the-Wall, the last great hideout of the western outlaws. He had learned of this place behind the walls of the penitentiary and he resolved to put together the last superbandit gang.

Hole-in-the-Wall was located in Colorado, more of a fortress than Cassidy's old Utah haven, Robber's Roost. At Hole-in-the-Wall, Cassidy was welcomed by the notorious Logan brothers, Harvey and Lonnie. Harvey Logan was the worst killer of the Wild Bunch, a brooding, small-bodied man with piercing black eyes, who had taken the name of Kid Curry, after another bandit, Big Nose George Curry. Cassidy also met

The posse that set out after Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch after the train robbery at Tipton, Wyoming on August 29, 1900; (identified by numbers, left to right) 1) George Hiatt; 2) T. T. Kelliher; 3) Joe Lefors, the lawman the Wild Bunch most feared; 4) H. Davis; 5) Si Funk; 6) Jeff Carr.

such gunmen and outlaws as Bob Meeks and William Ellsworth "Elzy" (or "Elza") Lay. Cassidy talked long and hard to these men about the mistakes he and others had made which resulted in imprisonment or death. He talked about how his friend Bill McCarty and another McCarty brother, Fred, had been shot to pieces in Delta, Colorado, on September 27, 1893, when they attempted to rob the bank there and how Matt Warner had been captured and sent to prison for a long prison term. (Warner would later reform and lecture against crime, dying in 1937.)

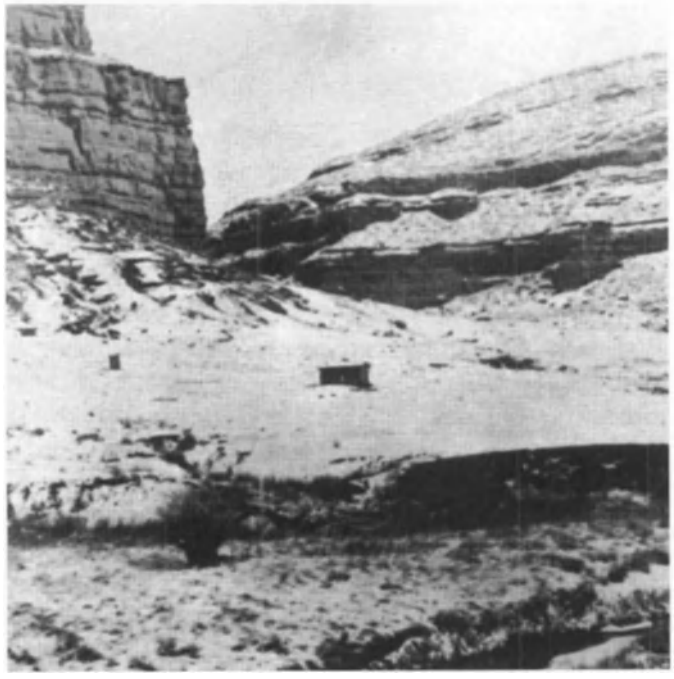
Cassidy warned his fellow bandits that it was no good to merely ride into a town and rob the bank, unless the town was scouted and it was learned whether or not a local vigilante group existed, or how strong the local sheriff's force was, how many deputies were in that town, and chiefly, how much money was really in the bank. Usually, he pointed out, such information could be easily learned by merely visiting the bank in advance and asking a few questions of its employees.

On August 13, 1896, Cassidy led Bob Meeks and Elzy Lay to the Montpelier Bank, which they successfully robbed of $7,165. Butch had scouted this bank some weeks ahead of the robbery, learning that money would be transferred to this bank a few days before he raided it. Next, Cassidy, with Elzy Lay and Joe Walker, rode to the large mining camp at Castle Gate, Utah, on April 21, 1897, a camp where Butch had once worked as a miner. He knew when payrolls were received and paid and he and his fellow bandits arrived just in time to scoop up $8,000. Before the outlaws fled, Cassidy had Walker cut the telegraph wire so that the local lawmen could not be warned.

Cassidy then rode to a New Mexico ranch with Lay where the two of them took jobs as cowboys. This was part of Butch's plans. He no longer drew attention to himself by freely spending the money he had robbed. He would put up a good "front" by pretending to work while posses were searching for shiftless thieves. Cassidy and Lay left the ranch in early June, rode back to Hole-in-the-Wall and gathered more men, Harvey Logan, Walt Putney, Tom "Peep" O'Day, and Indian Billy Roberts. These men then rode to Belle Fourche, South Dakota, on June 27, 1897, and robbed the bank there, taking about $5,000.

On May 13, 1898, Joe Walker was killed with another man by a posse seeking cattle rustlers near Thompson, Utah. When the two bodies were brought in, the entire town of Thompson turned out to cheer, thinking that the other man was the dreaded Butch Cassidy, but the corpse was that of Johnny Herring, a lesser-known outlaw who bore some resemblance to Butch. Cassidy was far from dead. In fact, he had, by then, carefully planned a train robbery at Wilcox, Wyoming, on June 2, 1899.

This robbery was conducted by a gang consisting of



Hole in the Wall, a natural fortress surrounded by mountains in Wyoming, where Cassidy and the Wild Bunch routinely took refuge.

Cassidy, George "Flatnose" Curry, Elzy Lay, Harvey Logan, Lonny Logan, Ben Kilpatrick, the Sundance Kid (Harry Longbaugh or Longabaugh), and Ben Beeson. The bandits stopped the Union Pacific's Overland Flyer on a small trestle which was barricaded. When the train came to a halt, Cassidy ordered the engineer, W. R. Jones, to uncouple the express car. He refused and Harvey Logan pistol-whipped the engineer. He still refused and Lay took the controls in the engine's cab and forced the train forward.

Just as the train crossed the trestle the small bridge blew up. Cassidy and his men had forgotten a small charge of dynamite they had placed there. Once the train was some distance from the smashed trestle, the gang stood outside the express car and called out to the guard inside, a man who identified himself as Woodcock. He was ordered to open the express car door and come out.

"Come in and get me!" the defiant guard shouted to the bandits. A charge of dynamite was placed next to the door and the fuse lighted. The bandits dove into a nearby ditch and the resulting explosion tore the express car in half, sending Woodcock hurling outward. He was injured but alive. Harvey Logan ran up to the stubborn guard, pulling his six-gun and putting this next to the man's head. "This damned fellow is going to hell!" Logan shouted.

Cassidy ran up to him and brushed his gun aside, saying: "Now, Harvey, a man with that kind of nerve deserves not to be shot." Meanwhile the rest of the bandits ran about wildly, picking up more than $30,000 in bank notes and securities which had been blown every which way. This spectacular raid caused the Union Pacific to enlist the Pinkerton Detective Agency, which sent scores of agents after the outlaws. Lawmen also, in dozens of posses led by such famous manhunters

The beautiful and mysterious Etta Place, who was Harry Longbaugh's sweetheart and accompanied him to South America, where they joined Cassidy.

as Charles Siringo and N. K. Boswell, were on the trail of the gang.

Cassidy decided that the best way for the outlaws to escape was for the Wild Bunch to split up. He, the Sundance Kid, who had become Cassidy's most loyal companion, and Ben Kilpatrick rode toward Hole-in-the-Wall while Logan, Curry, and Lay took a more circuitous route and were cornered by a large posse near Teapot Creek, Wyoming.

The outlaws took refuge behind boulders while several possemen, including Sheriff Joe Hazen, charged their position. Hazen was shot off his horse, dead, by the sharpshooting Harvey Logan. The outlaws then mounted their horses and, blazing away with their six-guns, shot their way through the ranks of the disorganized posse. Logan and Curry rode on alone while Lay joined notorious bandits, Thomas "Black Jack" Ketchum and G. W. Franks, and held up a Colorado Southern train on July 11, 1899, at Twin Mountains, New

Mexico, stealing $30,000.

The next day, the three bandits were surrounded at Turkey Creek Canyon, New Mexico, by a determined posse. A gunfight ensued and Lay was wounded twice and Ketchum once. The outlaws shot and killed Sheriff Edward Farr, Tom Smith, and W. H. Love before escaping. Ketchum was later captured and hanged for train robbery in a gruesome execution. (Ketchum was hanged on April 25, 1901 at Clayton, New Mexico, telling the hangman to "let her rip!" before going through the trap; the knot about his neck, however was inexpertly fixed and during the drop, Ketchum's head was separated from his body). Lay was trapped by lawmen in August 1899 and was subdued after a desperate fight; he was sent to the New Mexico Territorial Prison on October 10, 1899, being given a life term. He would be paroled in 1906 and reform, living until 1934.

A sketch indicates where Butch Cassidy and Harry "The Sundance Kid" Longbaugh reportedly died (shown in the hut at top left) after a shootout with Bolivian troops in San Vicente in 1908. Many tales claimed that Cassidy or both outlaws escaped and lived into old age.

Despite losing some of his best riders, Cassidy put together another band of outlaws for another train raid. These bandits included Harvey Logan, who had managed to ride through several posses and return to Hole-in-the-Wall following the wild Wilcox robbery, the Sundance Kid, Ben Beeson, Ben Kilpatrick, and Laura Bullion, the Tall Texan's girlfriend. They stopped the Union Pacific's Train Number 3 at Tipton, Wyoming, on August 29, 1900.

Ironically, the express guard, Woodcock, was in the mail car and he again refused to open the door to the bandits. Butch shook his head in disgust and then said to the engineer: "You tell that iron-headed Woodcock that if he doesn't open the door *this* time, we're going to blow up him and the whole damned car sky high!" When the engineer pleaded with Woodcock, the plucky guard finally relented and threw open the door. The bandits blew open the safe and took more than $50,000, the largest haul taken by the gang up to that time.

Joe Lefors, one of the most feared lawmen of the era, was then assigned by the Union Pacific to track down Cassidy and his gang at all costs. He wore out fifty men and twice as many horses chasing the Wild Bunch across Wyoming, but lost them when they slipped into their mountainous hideout, Hole-in-the-Wall. The gang rode out again to strike the bank at Winnemucca, Nevada, taking $30,000 on September 19, 1900. Next the gang rode all the way to Wagner, Montana, where Cassidy, Logan, Kilpatrick, the Sundance Kid, and Deaf Charley Hanks stopped the Great Northern Flyer on July 3, 1901. (The Sundance Kid had robbed a train near this spot almost ten years earlier.)

Two of the men boarded the train, and as the train got up steam, Logan climbed into the engineer's cab by crawling over the coal tender, dropping down with two six-guns in his hands and ordering the engineer to stop the train. The Sundance Kid and Ben Kilpatrick raced through the passenger cars, firing their six-guns into the ceiling and shouting to the startled passengers: "Keep your heads inside the car!"

When the train came to a small trestle, it ground to a stop where Cassidy and Hanks were waiting. Cassidy planted a charge of dynamite beneath the Adams Express car and blew off its side. More than $40,000 was taken from the safe, but most of it was in unsigned bank notes. This never bothered the Wild Bunch. Bill Carver or someone else with good penmanship merely signed the notes and these were quickly cashed or passed. During this holdup, Laura Bullion was present, tending to the horses.

Laura Bullion was Ben Kilpatrick's girl, although she had been a mistress to many an outlaw before him. Following the Wagner robbery, the Wild Bunch split up for the last time. Ben Kilpatrick and Laura Bullion rode east and were later arrested in Memphis with part of the loot taken from the Wagner robbery. Both were given long prison terms. When Kilpatrick was released in 1912, he attempted another train robbery and was killed by an aggressive express car guard, who crushed the Tall Texan's skull with a large wooden mallet. Harvey Logan was later trapped by a posse and, rather than be taken captive, sent a bullet into his brain.

The fate of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid after that has been much in debate. It is known that Cassidy and Sundance rode to Fort Worth, Texas, to relax in Fannie Porter's luxurious brothel. The Sundance Kid then took up with a bored teacher and housewife, Etta Place, a beautiful statuesque brunette, who longed for adventure and left with Cassidy and Sundance, when they decided that the West was too "hot" for them, all three going first to New York to stay in the finest hotels, eat in the best restaurants, and have their photos taken

Paul Newman and Robert Redford are shown in the shootout at San Vicente, Bolivia, in the memorable 1969 film, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, which faithfully followed the facts and appropriately closed with an ambiguous ending.

while wearing evening attire.

The trio then traveled to Bolivia where they hid out by taking jobs as miners for the American-owned Concordia Tin Mine. While living in employee quarters (Sundance and Etta living as man and wife), the three went off on several raids. They reportedly took a vacation to Argentina and robbed a bank in Mercedes, San Luis Province, in 1906. Once more in Bolivia, Etta decided to leave the outlaws and returned to the U. S., where she changed her name and drifted into oblivion. Butch and Sundance, however, continued their errant ways.

In Spring 1908 they robbed a Bolivian payroll in Aramayo and were trapped in the small village of San Vincente by a regiment of troops searching for the "gringo" bandits. After a fierce gun battle in which Cassidy and Sundance killed a number of troopers, the bandits were finally killed, shot full of holes. A variation of this report has Cassidy wounded, looking upon his dead friend, and, rather than falling into the hands of the Bolivian soldiers, he put his six-gun to his temple and pulled the trigger.

Another story has it that only Sundance was killed in the murderous crossfire and that he gave his money belt and a letter to his best friend Cassidy, telling him to give these items to Etta Place, whom he had married. Cassidy reportedly watched the mortally wounded Sundance die and then, under the cover of darkness, escaped, returning to the U.S. There are many unsupported stories claiming that Cassidy returned to his birthplace of Circleville, Utah, and changed his name, living out his life there and dying in 1929. Another story held that he moved to Johnnie, Nevada, and lived there until 1937, running, of all things, a western curiosity shop. Still another tale insists that the celebrated outlaw survived until 1943 or 1944, dying in either California or Washington.

FRANCE'S BONNOT GANG/1910s

Jules Joseph Bonnot had been one of the most daring racecar drivers in the early era of autos. He turned anarchist about 1911 and then decided to form a gang of thieves who would use cars for fast getaways, Bonnot being the first to employ the motorized escape in Europe. (Henry Starr was the first American bandit to use the car in a robbery in the U.S., see

entry). On December 21, 1911, Bonnot and others waylaid a bank messenger named Gaby of the Societé Générale in Paris' Rue Ordener, shooting him and taking a pouch stuffed with a half million francs, then the equivalent of £25,000 or $200,000, an enormous haul that stunned the French police.

Jules Joseph Bonnot, race-car driver and the first French bandit to use an auto when robbing banks.

Bonnot henchman Pierre Garnier taunted police and died in a gun battle with officers in 1913

After escaping in a Delaunay-Belleville car, the bandits then raided an arsenal on the Grand Boulevard, taking scores of rifles, revolvers, and many boxes of ammunition. As usual, the bandits made their escape in a car driven by race driver and gang leader Bonnot. Following several more robberies where great sums were taken, more than ten thousand reward posters for the gang were distributed throughout Paris and neighboring cities. Prime Minister Raymond Poincaré stated: "Bonnot must be brought to justice by whatever means and at whatever cost."

To capture the elusive bandits, the French Garde Mobile, or Flying Squad, also employing cars, were assigned to track down the murderous band. Bonnot, meanwhile, robbed a factory and shot several persons, then motored to Belgium. When Bonnot and his men drove back into Paris, a policeman recognized the Dion-Bouton car in which they were riding and leaped onto the running board as the car sped along. Bonnot and his men fired three bullets into his chest, killing him. The French bandit leader seemed to be emulating the tactics of the American western bandits, except that he used cars instead of horses to make his escapes.

Police at the time were aided by author H. Ashton-Wolfe, who ironically specialized in penny dreadful-type books of fanciful tales that claimed to report about real criminals. Ashton-Wolfe had actually employed Bonnot as a chauffeur, and he had had a photo taken of himself in the car and Bonnot at the wheel. This photo was the first to be used in identifying the bandit chieftain.

Since his car had now been identified, Bonnot fielded about for another fast auto and decided to obtain the fast new touring car owned by the Marquis de Roug. The gang scouted the routes driven by the Marquis, a well-known sporting figure, and, in March 1912, drove their car into the path of the auto driven by the Marquis' chauffeur. They brutally shot the Marquis and the chauffeur to death and threw their bodies into a ditch, abandoning the Dion-Bouton for the touring car. Bonnot, Francois Callemin, and others then drove to Chantilly, where they raided the local bank, firing rifles as they entered, killing one clerk and injuring two others. The bandits leaped over the tellers cages and scooped up the money in the drawers, a technique that John Dillinger and others would duplicate in the U. S. two decades later.

Outside the bank, Callemin and others fired their rifles in the air to frighten off the citizens, who came running toward the bank at the sound of the first gunfire. The scene was something out of the American West a half century earlier. With Bonnot and his men rushing from the bank, those bandits outside the bank fired wildly into the air and at scurrying citizens. Then the bandits leaped into the touring car and Bonnot jerked the car forward as if he were in a race, speeding out of town. A policeman fired at the retreating car, wounding Callemin, but this only served to make the bandit angry and he fired a random shot at a motorist traveling in the opposite direction.

The Sureté Nationale, one of France's four police forces, made an all-out effort to capture the ruthless bandits, assigning hundreds of its men to track down Bonnot. Poincaré announced that Bonnot was "the most dangerous criminal of this century, or the last." A short time later, Bonnot and his men struck again, this time raiding the ancient fortress of Vincennes, where they shot one guard and wounded others while looting the arsenal of guns and ammunition.

The gang was now hunted everywhere in France, police and even military units on the trail of its members. Bonnot was all bravado and threatened to kill anyone who dared to get near him or his men. One of his henchmen, Pierre Garnier, wrote challenging letters to the Sureté. One missive said: "I know that you will get the better of me in the long run. All the strength is on your side. But I will make you pay for it dearly."

In March 1913 Bonnot's top aide, Callemin, was arrested as he peddled down a Paris street on a bicycle. As he was dragged away, the anarchist robber-murderer screamed: "I was ready for you! But you had all the luck! You will find that my three revolvers are all loaded!" A few days later, one of the gang members contacted police and told them that they could find Bonnot in his hideout at Choisy-le-Roi, adding: "I hope you get the skunk! He killed one of my best friends." More than 200 policemen and soldiers closed in on the bandit chief's lair, using carts filled with hay and mattresses to approach the house.

As the policemen and troopers moved forward, Bonnot began firing at them, dozens of rounds that killed one man and wounded many others. He ran from window to window firing and screaming oaths, a lethal maniac. The police and troops fired back and the gun battle raged for more than six hours until there was no more gunfire from the house. Cautiously, police crept forward, entered the house and climbed

Jules Bonnot is shown as a chauffeur at the wheel of an electric Brougham before he began his bank robberies; the man in the back seat is crime writer H. Ashton Wolfe.

Police assemble next to a large hay cart which they used as a shield in attacking Bonnot's rural hideout; they found the bandit dead after a prolonged battle.

the stairs. They found Bonnot on the floor, hit by four bullets, bleeding to death. He was in a half coma and with his dying breath he cursed the officers staring down at him. Nailed to a wall was a letter he had written during the gun battle. It read: "I am famous. My name is trumpeted to the four corners of the globe and the publicity given to my humble person must make all those people jealous who try in vain to get into the papers. As far as I am concerned, I could well have done without it."

Bonnot added that certain persons who had harbored him were innocent of his crimes. Police inspecting the bandit's dead body soon realized that Bonnot had inflicted the wound that killed him, committing suicide before he could be taken into custody. Several other gang members chose the same inglorious exit, including a gang member named Carouy who drank prussic acid. Callemin, Soudy, and Monier were tried for murder, found guilty, and sentenced to the guillotine. They were all beheaded on April 21, 1913. Garnier and another gang member shot it out with police on May 14, 1913, and were killed. The rest of the gang members were quickly rounded up and given long prison terms. It was the end of Bonnot's reign of robbery and terror.

THE "INVINCIBLE" GERALD CHAPMAN/ 1920s

Brooklyn-born Gerald Chapman (AKA: G. Vincent Caldwell, Waldo W. Miller; 1890-1926) would have remained an obscure petty crook had it not been for a prison education that inspired him to commit the infamous robberies that would bring him wealth and an early death. Before he was ten, Chapman was an accomplished pickpocket and sneak thief. He was often sent to reformatories, but he was just as quickly paroled. When he was sent to New York's House of Refuge in 1904 at the age of fourteen, the judge remarked that he was a likely candidate for the electric chair, a prophetic remark as it later turned out.

In 1908 Chapman, at eighteen, was sent to Sing Sing Prison for the first time, after being convicted of a robbery. He was later transferred to Auburn Prison, where he met his new cell mate and future mentor, a confirmed professional thief from Denmark named Ivan Dahl von Teller, who was known in the U.S. as George "Dutch" Anderson.

Anderson, who was highly educated, having attended the European universities at Heidelberg and Uppsala. He spoke five languages fluently, and so impressed Chapman that the youth began to read voraciously, improving his manners and affecting a British accent. Anderson taught his protegé the use of a "good front" to throw off suspicion, and under which criminal pursuits were best achieved. Anderson tried to convince Chapman that nonviolent crimes such as swindling and embezzlement, the crimes of which Anderson had been convicted, were preferable to armed robbery, where murder was often part and parcel.

When Chapman was released, however, he went back to the kind of crime he understood best and committed several robberies. With his loot, Chapman purchased expensive clothes, donned a homburg, and carried a walking cane, appearing to be every inch a gentleman. He rented an expensive Manhattan apartment and began dining in better restaurants. After committing another robbery in 1912, Chapman was caught and sent back to Sing Sing. Here he met another habitual criminal, Charles Loeber, who believed that the only way to obtain fast money was with a gun.

In 1919, Chapman, Loeber, and Anderson were all paroled. At first, Chapman followed Anderson's advice, accompanying the con man through the Midwest where several quick swindles netted the pair more than $100,000. Chapman and Anderson moved back to New York and took a lavish apartment in Gramercy Park. Here, as they planned several involved confidence games, Loeber arrived and convinced Chapman to rob a mail truck on Wall Street.

Loeber explained that he had been watching these unguarded mail trucks make pickups along Wall Street. "Inside of these trucks," Loeber announced, "are millions of dollars in money orders, securities, checks, and bonds." Chapman agreed

Gerald Champman, center, one of the most daring American bandits of the 1920s, who thought he could achieve the impossible and almost did.

Composite photos show disguises used by Chapman's dedicated accomplice, George "Dutch" Anderson, who turned from confidence games to robbery.

Frank Havernack (inset) is shown with the mail truck he drove when Chapman and others robbed it of more than $1 million worth of registered mail on October 14, 1921.

to rob one of these trucks and, on October 14, 1921, Chapman, Loeber, and a reluctant Anderson waited in a stolen Cleveland car. A mail truck driven by Frank Havernack shortly appeared, moving along Wall Street.

The Cleveland suddenly shot forward when the truck passed and raced alongside the truck, swerving in front of it, suddenly causing Havernack to brake his vehicle. As the truck stopped, Chapman leaped on its running board, holding a pistol in his hand, which he shoved into Havernack's stomach. "Pull over and don't make any noise," the bandit ordered. Havernack brought the truck to a full stop.

While Chapman held him prisoner, placing a mail sack over the driver's head and tying him with draw-ropes, Anderson and Loeber opened the back doors of the truck and climbed inside, rummaging through the thirty-three regular mail sacks to find five sacks of registered mail, which they dragged to the Cleveland and tossed into the back seat. Within minutes the robbers roared off on Leonard Street. Once in their hideout, they were amazed to discover that they had stolen $1,424,129, the largest mail theft in U. S. history to that date. Only $27,000 in cash was present, however, the rest being securities which the gang later fenced for 40¢ on the dollar. The return was still staggering.

After fencing hundreds of thousands of dollars in securities through Anderson's Midwest contacts, Chapman and Anderson, with Loeber acting as their butler and chauffeur, moved back to Gramercy Park. Here they lived like drunken millionaires, spending more than $1,000 a day on lavish parties, new cars, and tall blonde chorus girls from the Follies.

The Leonard Street Mail Robbery, as it came to be known, caused a sensation in the press and alarmed federal and New York law enforcement officials. Heavily armed guards were assigned to guard the mail trucks, and an intensive manhunt for the robbers ensued, but their identities could not be determined. A few months later the gang again struck, taking more than $70,000 in money orders from an American Express office in Niagara Falls.

The bandits continued their high living in Gramercy Park, but Loeber proved to be their undoing. He did not have the same contacts as Anderson and Chapman had in fencing his portion of the stolen securities taken in the Leonard Street Robbery. Instead, Loeber tried to fence these highly publicized securities with some Broadway touts and was turned in to the police. Once under arrest, Loeber, to earn a lesser sentence, informed on his associates. Both Chapman and Anderson were arrested.

Chapman, while awaiting trial in New York, tried to escape jail by climbing along a 75-foot ledge to freedom but was caught in the act. The bold escape attempt, coupled with the daring mail robbery, caused the tabloid newspapers of the day to make Gerald Chapman into a modern-day Robin Hood, a spectacular criminal with amazing abilities to commit holdups and make escapes. Chapman delightedly posed for newspaper photographers, dressed in his imported tailor-made suits, puffing on a cigar and exuding a nonchalant air. He soon came to believe that he was a special kind of crook, one who could never be held long in any prison.

Following a quick trial and conviction, Chapman and

Anderson were sent to the federal penitentiary at Atlanta to begin serving twenty-five-year prison sentences. Chapman arrogantly informed the warden at Atlanta that he would escape, that no prison could hold a man like him. "The publicity you have acquired recently has gone to your head, Chapman," the warden told him. "You won't be getting out of Atlanta until you've either served your time or if you die inside these walls." Chapman merely smirked.

Then, once in his cell, Chapman quickly swallowed a full bottle of disinfectant, which made him violently ill and caused him to be removed to the prison hospital. Once there, he knocked a guard unconscious and, with several bed sheets tied together, managed to lower himself from a hospital window to the yard, then climbed over the wall with a handmade rope-ladder. His escape made national headlines, but he was captured two days later when police cornered him. Rather than surrender, Chapman shot it out and was wounded three times before being dragged back to Atlanta.

Undaunted, the determined Chapman recovered from his wounds and then made another escape, again employing bed sheets and ropes to get over the prison walls. Some weeks later, Anderson, who also escaped Atlanta by tunneling his way out, joined Chapman. The two began committing a series of burglaries and robberies from Boston to Savannah. In New Britain, Connecticut, the pair robbed a large department store but made two mistakes. The first was to take along a small-time hoodlum named Walter Shean, and the second and most important error was to shoot a policeman, Officer John Skelly, who interrupted the pair while they were cracking the safe on October 12, 1924. Chapman and Anderson made good their escape, but Shean was found standing next to a Lincoln auto, waiting for the pair to show up when police surrounded him. He boasted to police that the robbery had been masterminded by "my pal, Gerald Chapman."

Condemned to death, Gerald Chapman sits arrogantly puffing a cigar, while jailers listen as he promises to escape once again; he did not, going to the hangman on April 6, 1926.

With police searching every known hideout along the Eastern seaboard for Chapman, he and Anderson, both in disguises, traveled by train to Muncie, Indiana, where they stayed at the home of Ben Hance, one of Anderson's underworld contacts. Somehow police learned of this hideout and closed in when Chapman was in the house alone. He was apprehended without a struggle in January 1925.

Again, millions of tabloid readers were thrilled by the exploits of Chapman and most expected the "super bandit" to once again escape. But there would be no more daring flights from justice for Gerald Chapman. President Calvin Coolidge approved a commutation for Chapman on the federal conviction of the Leonard Street Mail Robbery to the time he had already served so that Chapman could be extradited to Connecticut where he would stand trial for killing Officer Skelly.

Tried in Connecticut for Skelly's murder, Chapman insisted at his trial that he was in Holyoke, Massachusetts, on the day Skelly was killed, but Shean testified in court that Chapman was the man who shot and killed the officer. Ben Hance, in whose farm home Chapman had been found, appeared at the bandit's trial and also testified against him, saying that Chapman had paid him to hide out in his home.

Hance provided some of the stolen money from the New Britain department store safe which clearly placed Chapman at the scene of the crime. He was convicted and sentenced to

death, then sent to the state prison at Wethersfield, Connecticut, to await execution. Chapman's lawyers filed every appeal available, but were unable to postpone their client's inevitable hanging on April 6, 1926.

To the time of his execution, Chapman was a model prisoner, remaining silent and always obedient and courteous. He was "the perfect gentleman," according to one report. On the day of his execution, Chapman quietly allowed guards to pinion his arms with straps and lead him into the execution chamber, the hanging room. A row of witnesses watched as he entered the room with a slight smile on his lips. His legs were tied and the rope placed about his neck, then a black hood was placed over his face.

Chapman muttered a few words no one could hear since the hood muffled his voice. The warden then pulled a lever and weights shot downward, causing the rope to yank Chapman upward, jerking him to death. The bandit's body hung suspended twelve feet above the floor, dangling. Death was instantaneous, Chapman's neck being snapped. It took only fifteen seconds to execute the "super bandit" from the time he entered the death chamber. Silence pervaded the death chamber, interrupted by the sound of pencils scratching across paper as newspapermen wrote their grim stories.

When George "Dutch" Anderson read these stories of Chapman's gruesome death, he went berserk. First he attempted to kill Shean, but the informer was too heavily guarded. Anderson traveled to Indiana and there confronted Ben Hance, calling him a traitor. Anderson shot and killed Hance and his wife and then burned their house down around them. He fled to Michigan and was surrounded by police in Muskegon. An officer approached the bandit cautiously, thinking him unarmed. Anderson laughed loudly, then pulled a revolver and fired at the officer just as the policeman fired. Both men fell dead, shooting each other in the heart. It was the end of the Gerald Chapman gang.

DILLINGER, THE INDIANA BANDIT/1930s

Audrey Dillinger with little John, at age two.

No bandit in twentieth century America so captured the public imagination and frustrated the efforts of police and federal agents as did John Herbert Dillinger (AKA: John Hall, John Donovan, Frank Sullivan, Carl Hellman; 1903- ?), a shrewd farm boy from the flatlands of Indiana whose name is synonymous with bank robbery. The history of his notorious reputation is varied and few writers have bothered to investigate his real nature, exploits, and eventual fate, preferring to repeat the lurid newspaper tales of the day. The real story of this strange and unpredictable criminal is more astounding than the fictional profiles created about him in countless detective magazines.

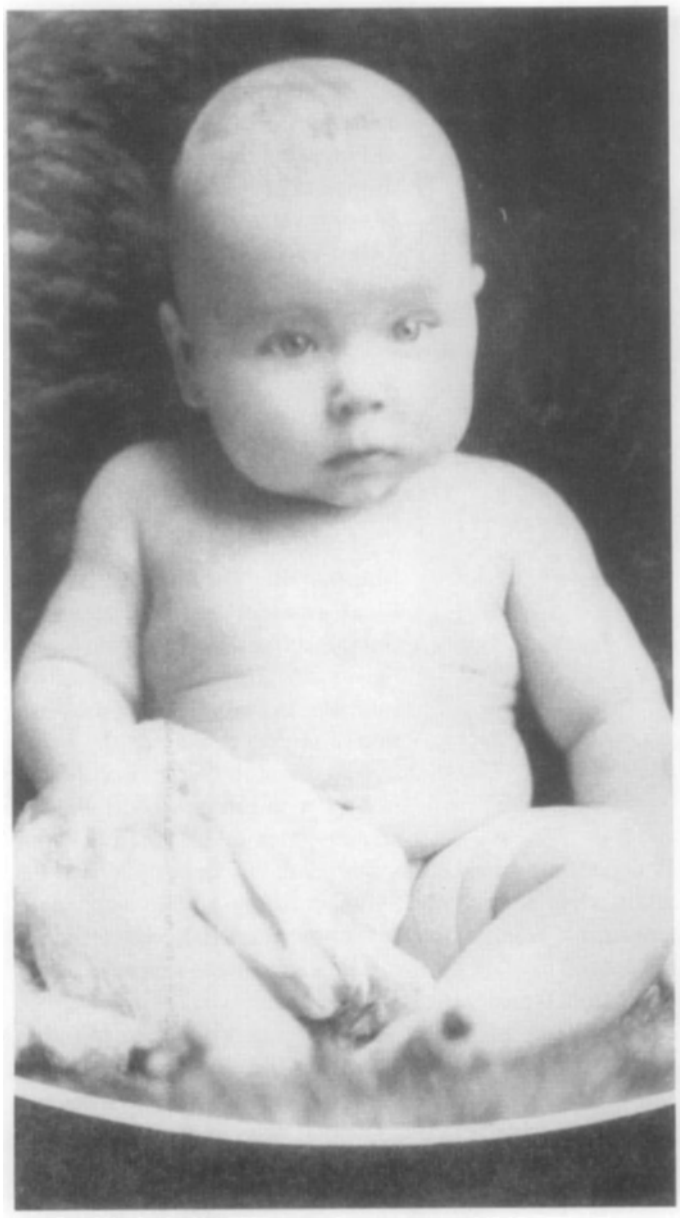
Delivered by a midwife on June 22, 1903, in his father's Indianapolis home, Dillinger's birth was surrounded with some mystery. His mother and father, John and Mollie Dillinger were already middle-aged at this time and Mollie Dillinger was not a well woman, dying of apoplexy in 1906 when John was only four years old. Audrey Dillinger, his 15-year-old sister, took care of the child, while his father, John Wilson Dillinger, maintained his thriving grocery store on Bloyd Street and looked after several houses he owned and rented. One claim later insisted that the closeness between Audrey and her little brother, fiercely maintained throughout Audrey's lifetime, was maternal, that Audrey had really given birth to John out of wedlock, and his father was an unknown Indianapolis youth. Then considered a rigid social taboo, the elderly Mrs. Dillinger assumed responsibility for John's birth.

Photos of Audrey Dillinger and little John show a marked similarity in features, but those with young Dillinger and the elder Dillinger show decided differences in physical makeup. Audrey married Emmett Hancock in 1906 at the age of nineteen, living next door to her father in one of his houses on Cooper Street. When her mother died, Audrey, with her husband, gave up her own house and moved into her father's house to take care of little Johnny. Audrey Dillinger Hancock gave birth to seven children, beginning in 1908, but she continued to watch over John until her father remarried.

The elder Dillinger wedded Elizabeth Fields of Mooresville, Indiana, in 1912. This union produced two children, Hubert, born in 1914 and Doris, born in 1916. Little John lived a normal life, playing outside his home on Cooper Street with a favorite tricycle. The elder Dillinger often took him to his grocery store, where the child would sit on the seat of a horse-drawn wagon and travel the streets of Indianapolis while deliveries were made. Even after the elder Dillinger remarried, Audrey Dillinger Hancock spent as much time with little John as she did with her own children.

While teaching piano, Audrey tried to interest little John in the instrument, but his interest and abilities were limited. He entered Public School 38 in Indianapolis and proved to be an average student, not brilliant, according to his teachers, but one who was quiet and caused little or no trouble. After fourth grade, Dillinger attended Public School 55.

Though teachers and classmates later reported Dillinger to be an average student, his peers did notice that he seemed "tougher" than most of the other boys. No one was able to best him in a fight, even when he was opposed by more than one



John Herbert Dillinger, seven months old.

John Dillinger, shown at age seven, lonely and quiet.

boy, although by nature, he was easygoing and did not look for trouble. One classmate remembered Dillinger, in sixth grade, going to the class bully and telling him to stop picking on smaller children or "I'll give you something to remember." He was occasionally truant from school, like the other boys and stole berries from a nearby orchard, like the other boys and went swimming in Fall Creek, like the other boys. He loved baseball and, unlike the other boys, excelled at the game, proving to be a good pitcher and a swift infielder. His aim in throwing out runners was deadly accurate. Along with the other boys, classmates later remembered, Dillinger played cops and robbers and did not care which side he was on.

In grammar school, Dillinger showed little interest in academic subjects but became intensely interested in anything mechanical, according to Elizabeth O'Mara, one of his teachers. Unlike some of the other boys in her class, she later pointed out, he never stole the small change she kept in her desk. The boy had a wry sense of humor and played subtle, harmless pranks that secretly amused O'Mara. Dillinger was a polite child, tipping his hat to teachers and adults he knew when on the street. When he received some bad grades, Dillinger signed the elder Dillinger's name to a report card and this earned him severe punishment from the elder Dillinger, a strict taskmaster who, it was claimed, locked John in a bedroom on occasions.

Another report had it that little John was, at one time, chained to a bed when he refused to obey, but this is not to be believed given the boy's usually quiet and unassuming ways. Another story, offered up by writer John Toland, reports John giving some gum to a pretty girl in his father's store and, being caught in the act, hit so hard by the elder Dillinger that the boy flew over a counter, his lip running blood. This is fiction.

While in sixth grade, Dillinger, part of a small gang of boys but not its leader, stole some coal from the Pennsylvania Railroad yards and sold it to neighbors. He and the other boys were dragged out of bed one night and taken before a local magistrate, who lectured the boys about stealing and then

Little John Dillinger sits in a delivery wagon, while his father holds the horse, next to the Dillinger store in Indianapolis, Indiana.

placed them in the custody of their parents. It was reported that Dillinger was the only defiant one in the gang, staring back at the judge, arms folded, his cap pulled low over his eyes, his jaw slowly working a piece of gum. The judge ordered him to remove the gum and Dillinger took it out of his mouth and slowly stuck it on the bill of his cap while grinning at the judge who remarked: "Your mind is crippled." This, too, is a piece of Toland's fiction.

Dillinger was not wearing a cap, nor was he chewing gum at this hearing. He was just as frightened as the other boys, having been dragged out of bed by a policeman, who barely allowed him to put on his shirt, pants, and shoes. He did not defy the judge nor was he singled out in any way before the magistrate released the boys.

Following his graduation from grade school, Dillinger was suddenly uprooted and went with the elder Dillinger to live on a farm in Mooresville, Indiana, seventeen miles south of Indianapolis. The elder Dillinger sold his store and houses and bought the farm, a lifetime ambition. He also wanted his children to grow up on a farm, rather than in the city, which he felt held too many corruptive influences. John continued his education, entering high school, but he dropped out at sixteen, taking a job at a veneer mill, where he was considered a good worker, one who helped out his fellow workers when needed and was called a "right guy" by his co-workers.

After five months, he grew bored with this job and went to work as a runner for the Indianapolis Board of Trade, a job he held for four months. He then went to work for the Reliance Specialty Company, a machine shop where he worked, on and off, for several years. Dillinger was thought to be "honest and industrious" by his employer, James P. Burcham, but he lost interest in the work and would not appear for some months, preferring to take odd jobs and ride about on his beloved motorcycle.

More to please his stepmother than to fulfill his own ambitions, Dillinger returned to school, but he dropped out of his first semester at Mooresville High. The elder Dillinger asked that he help out on the small farm the Dillingers were then working, but John made up one excuse after another and went back to his machinist job. Said the elder Dillinger years later: "My people have been farmers for generations. I liked the land. John never did. Said it was too slow ... I guess the city kind of got hold of him." In nearby Martinsville, Dillinger watched a local amateur baseball team go through its workouts and then joined the squad, proving to be an expert infielder. He was assigned the position of second base.

At about the same time, he fell in love with Frances Thornton, the stepdaughter of his uncle Everett Hancock, and he asked for her hand, but the uncle ended the affair, when he informed Dillinger that he and his stepdaughter were too young to think of getting married. Everett Hancock did not tell his nephew that he really wanted Frances to marry a boy from Greencastle, Indiana.

Dillinger, angry and feeling rejected, returned to Indianapolis where he began drinking heavily. His father was alarmed to hear neighbors tell him that they had seen Johnny patronizing whores in Indianapolis. John later went to a doctor for treatment of gonorrhea. It was then, on the night of July 21, 1923, the day before his twentieth birthday, Dillinger committed his first serious crime. He was standing outside the Friends Church in Mooresville, thinking to attend, when he saw a key in the ignition of a car belonging to Oliver P. Macy. Friends saw him get into the car and drive away. John Dillinger had stolen his first car.

Dillinger drove the car to Indianapolis and parked it on a quiet street, then began walking about aimlessly. A policeman stopped him at midnight and he gave his real name. As the officer was calling the station house from a call box, Dillinger disappeared. Nothing came of the car theft. Macy refused to press charges and only a few people knew about the incident.

The theft made Dillinger nervous and, thinking he might be arrested for taking Macy's car, he enlisted in the U. S. Navy at an Indianapolis recruiting office, giving his real name, but a fake St. Louis, Missouri, address. He was sent to Great Lakes, Illinois, for basic training and from there wrote a letter to Macy, insisting that he did not steal his car and that he had a girlfriend in Indianapolis, who would vouch for his statements. Macy did not respond.

On October 4, 1923, Dillinger's basic training was completed and, as a fireman third class, he was assigned to duty on

the U. S. S. *Utah*, one of the United States' great battleships, destined to be destroyed by the Japanese at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Dillinger's navy experiences would be brief and unrewarding.

No sooner was Dillinger on board the *Utah* than he went AWOL, on October 28, 1923, disappearing for a full day. He was reprimanded when he returned and he went AWOL again, drawing a deck court-martial on November 7, 1923, resulting in ten days' solitary confinement on bread and water, which allowed a full ration of food every third day. He also lost $18 in pay. Defiant, Dillinger went AWOL again and another five days punishment was added to his sentence. He served all his time, but when the battleship anchored in Boston on December 4, 1923, Dillinger left the *Utah* forever, deserting the U.S. Navy. He was posted as a deserter, and a $50 reward for his apprehension was offered, but never collected.

Dillinger did not return home until March 1924, telling his family and friends that he did not like the navy and that he had received an honorable discharge because of illness. He went back to occasional work as a machinist and that spring played baseball for the St. Martinsville team. Watching one of the games in which Dillinger made some spectacular plays as a second baseman was 16-year-old Beryl Hovious. The two dated, fell in love, and were married on April 12, 1924. Dillinger and his young bride lived at the Mooresville farm and at Hovious family's home in Martinsville. Dillinger was still restless and spent little time at home with his wife, going out late to poolrooms and bars in Martinsville. Often, his wife would go looking for him, tracking him down and dragging him home.

In Gebhardt's poolroom, Dillinger befriended the man who would set him on the road to a criminal career, Edgar Singleton, thirty-one, married with several children. Singleton was an ex-convict, who was one of the umpires for the Martinsville baseball team, and had a criminal record of thefts dating back several years. It was Singleton who suggested that he and Dillinger pick up "some easy money" by robbing a Mooresville grocer, Frank Morgan. Singleton told Dillinger that Morgan took his weekly receipts home every Saturday night and it would be easy to relieve him of his money.

Both men lay waiting for Morgan on Saturday night at 10:30 p.m. on September 6, 1924. As Morgan passed the Mooresville Christian Church, Singleton and Dillinger attacked him. It was never made clear which one struck Morgan with the heavy bolt wrapped in a cloth, but the grocer was hit several times and knocked to the sidewalk. He got up and Dillinger pulled a revolver from his pocket, waving it at Morgan while demanding that he turn over his money.

The feisty 65-year-old Morgan, however, was not about to surrender his hard-earned cash, and he boldly knocked the gun from Dillinger's hand. It went off when it struck the sidewalk and the sound echoed down the deserted Mooresville street. Morgan then began to yell for help, and both would-be robbers panicked and bolted for Singleton's car, which was parked in a nearby alley. Singleton got in and drove off, leaving Dillinger, who had stopped to retrieve the gun and who fled on foot.

Sheriff John Hayworth answered Morgan's distress calls and took the injured grocer to a doctor; it took eleven stitches to seal Morgan's head wounds. Then Hayworth questioned several youths in Mooresville, who told him that the most likely suspect was John Dillinger. Hayworth drove out to the Dillinger farm and retrieved Dillinger, taking him to see Morgan. The grocer was unsure of the identity of his attackers and was surprised to see Dillinger, who had often visited his store. "You wouldn't hurt me, would you, John?" he asked the 20-year-old.

"No, Mr. Morgan," Dillinger said.

Hayworth's information, however, led him to believe Dillinger was guilty and he placed Dillinger in the Martinsville jail. On September 9, 1924, Dillinger was brought before the grand jury in Morgan County and indicted for attempted robbery. He was placed in jail again, pending trial, and the elder Dillinger visited him there. John broke down, admitting the robbery and the elder Dillinger urged John to tell the whole truth to the county prosecutor, Fred Steiger, which he did, on the promise of receiving a lenient sentence. Edgar Singleton was arrested on September 15, 1924, after Dillinger implicated him in his confession.

It was Dillinger's misfortune (and that of the entire Midwest's as events of a decade later proved) to be tried before Judge Joseph Williams, the most severe, uncompassionate jurist in the county. With no lawyer to defend him, Dillinger pled guilty to conspiracy to commit a felony and assault with intent to rob. Judge Williams ignored the fact that Dillinger was a first offender and had made a full confession. He gave

John Dillinger at age twelve, with his father, on the front porch of the farm in Mooresville.

Dillinger as a teenager; a fair student, he dropped out of school to take a job.

the youth the maximum sentence under the law, two concurrent sentences of two to fourteen years and ten to twenty years in prison, fining him $100 and disenfranchising him for twelve years. Prosecutor Steiger reneged on his promise of leniency, never mentioning the deal he had made with the elder Dillinger and his son. Edgar Singleton was also convicted a few weeks later, but he had the presence of mind to hire a lawyer and received a much lighter sentence, being paroled in two years.

Russell Peterson, the deputy sheriff who delivered Dillinger to the Indiana State Reformatory at Pendleton, sympathized with Dillinger and his family, telling the elder Dillinger that he did not agree with the brutal sentence handed down by Judge Williams. Said Peterson later: "He was just a kid. He got a raw deal. You just can't take ten years away from a kid's life." Dillinger quickly added six months to his sentence by trying to escape from Pendleton, where he had been sent to serve his sentence.

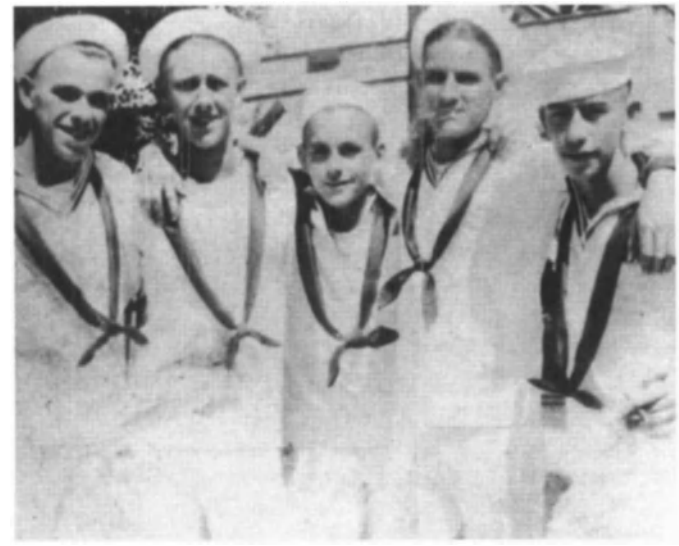
On October 10, 1924, Dillinger slipped out of a work detail, returned to the cells, and hid in a large pile of excelsior inside one of the work sheds. When he was discovered missing that night, all the lights in the reformatory were turned on and Dillinger was forced from the excelsior when it was lighted by guards and it began to burn around him.

As had been the case in the Navy, escape was constantly on Dillinger's mind. When first being brought before A. F. Miles, warden of Pendleton, Dillinger calmly listened to Miles instruct him in the rules and regulations. Then Dillinger said: "I won't cause you any trouble except to escape."

"I've heard that kind of talk before," Miles replied.

"Yeah, well I'll go right over the administration building," Dillinger promised.

After he testified at Singleton's trial, Dillinger, escorted again by Deputy Peterson, was sitting at a soft drink stand in Indianapolis, waiting for a train to take him back to Pendleton. He suddenly kicked the table over on Peterson, sending the deputy crashing to the ground, and ran across the capital lawn, across Senate Avenue, and into a rundown tenement area. Peterson followed, gun in hand, trapping Dillinger in a blind alley. He fired his gun in the air and Dillinger quietly surrendered and was taken back to Pendleton. Here, the kind deputy agreed to tell the warden of the incident only after getting a promise that Dillinger would not be punished for trying to escape. But Dillinger kept trying. In November 1924, Dillinger fashioned a homemade hacksaw and cut through the bars of his cell, slipping into a corridor. He was quickly caught and



Dillinger is shown extreme left in his sailor's uniform; he was assigned to the battleship U. S. S. *Utah*, but went A. W. O. L., when the ship anchored at Boston, and he never returned to the service.

six more months were added to his sentence.

Dillinger's list of offenses grew. On January 31, 1925, Dillinger was charged with being disorderly and was reprimanded. On February 26, 1926, he was caught gambling and thirty days were added to his sentence. In August 1926, he was again charged with being disorderly and another thirty days were added to Dillinger's term. He grew sullen and depressed and, on December 27, 1926, he started a fight and was sent to solitary confinement. He was released in a few days, but started another fight on December 31, 1926, and went back into solitary. Warden Miles described Dillinger at this time as troublesome, adding: "There is very little I can say in his favor." Meanwhile, the U.S. Navy, informed of Dillinger's imprisonment, dropped its fugitive warrant for him and issued him a dishonorable discharge. Also, his wife of five months, Beryl Hovious, who visited and wrote to him for a few years, slowly turned against him, writing him less, and less, and finally divorced him in 1929.

Before that time, however, Dillinger established two friendships that were to continue in his bank robbing heyday. The first was with a man who would deeply influence Dillinger's thoughts and behavior. Harry Pierpont was a well-educated, shrewd, and tough young bank robber, who was sent to Pendleton after single-handedly robbing a Kokomo, Indiana, bank. The second friendship was with Homer Van Meter, a wild young man, who had also been sent to Pendleton for bank robbery.

Dillinger, to earn the respect of these men, acted tough and got into trouble, almost as if to show Pierpont and Van Meter that he was worthy of their admiration, that he was "tough enough" to endure solitary confinement or any other punishment authorities gave him. Pierpont and Van Meter disliked each other, however, and, after several vicious fist fights, they had to be separated in different cell blocks. Both proved so incorrigible that they were sent to the state prison at Michigan City, Indiana.

The Martinsville, Indiana, baseball team in the early 1920s; Dillinger, who played second base, is shown standing second from the right; Edgar Singleton, his first accomplice in crime, is shown seated, without uniform, at extreme left.

In 1929, Dillinger expected a favorable response from the parole board. He had maintained a good record for several years and believed that he would be released, particularly with Indiana governor Harry Leslie sitting in on the hearing in July 1929. Dillinger had played well for the Pendleton baseball team and had heard that Governor Leslie, after watching him perform in some games, had remarked: "That kid ought to be playing major league baseball!" He appeared before Leslie, Warden Miles, and board member John Hoy. Miles reviewed his file and a brief discussion was held. Dillinger was told by Leslie: "Maybe you ought to go back for a few years." Realizing that he would not get his parole, Dillinger asked the board to grant a special request, startling Leslie, Miles, and Hoy by asking if he could be sent to the state prison.

"Why do you want to go to Michigan City?" Governor Leslie asked him.

Dillinger remembered Leslie's interest in him as a baseball player and shrewdly replied: "Because they have a real baseball team up there."

The governor nodded and then told Miles and Hoy that such a notion might not be a bad idea, that if he got better experience playing baseball at Michigan City "it might lead to an occupation for him later." The request was granted, but Dillinger's desire to go to the state prison had nothing to do with his playing baseball. His wife had recently divorced him and his two best friends, Pierpont and Van Meter, had been sent to Michigan City. He undoubtedly felt that, if his parole was denied, he would have nothing more to live for than to get into the state prison with the top professionals in crime, especially the expert bank robbers to whom he was instinctively drawn. He had, at that moment, decided to become a professional criminal whenever he managed to get out and that when he did, it would be with the benefit of an education taught by the country's top bank robbers.

The gates of the Big House opened for John Dillinger on July 15, 1929, and he happily took his place among the prison population, renewing his friendships with Pierpont and Van Meter. Pierpont introduced Dillinger to experienced bank robbers John Hamilton, Charles Makley, Russell Lee Clark, and others, who would form the core of the super bank robbing gang that would later operate under the nominal leadership of Pierpont and Dillinger. Hamilton, at thirty-four, was the most experienced of the group, having robbed banks throughout the Midwest. He was known as "Three-Fingered Jack" Hamilton, having lost the index and middle fingers of his right hand in an accident years earlier.

Intelligent and tough, Hamilton taught Dillinger the necessity of "casing" a bank, learning about its assets and its security measures before robbing it. He also outlined the need to inspect the town in which the bank was located and the best escape routes from it. Special maps had to be made of the back roads going in and out of the area. Hamilton was considered one of the "tough cons" in Michigan City, but he seldom got into trouble, his worst offense occurring in 1932 when he was caught and punished for, of all things, skipping rope in the machine shop.

From Walter Dietrich, another hard case bank robber who had been part of the gang once led by Hermann K. Lamm before being smashed in a police dragnet in 1930, Dillinger, Pierpont, and the others learned additional techniques. Dietrich, the only survivor of the gang, detailed Lamm's methods of robbing banks, intricate casing, surveillance of the bank, mapping escape routes, and the ever-important aspect of timing yourself when inside the bank, allowing for just enough time to perform the robbery before the estimated arrival of police. It had been Lamm's unswerving discipline that had allowed him to operate for a decade before mishap brought about his end.

Dietrich proudly told his fellow inmates at Michigan City how Lamm would stand at the entrance of a bank with a stopwatch and, at the required moment, shout orders for gang members inside the bank to drop whatever they were doing and leave immediately, strictly adhering to his timetable. If the schedule demanded that a gang member not reach for another wad of bills when the time allotted for the robbery was up, that gang member retreated, obeying orders. Lamm, of course, was used to giving orders, having been an officer in the Prussian Army before World War I.

Charles "Fat Charley" Makley was another important member of Dillinger's coterie. At forty-four, he was long on experience as a bank robbery. Born in Ohio, Makley had been robbing banks since the early 1920s and had been sent to Michigan City after robbing a bank in Hammond, Indiana. He was also a natural comic and vied with Van Meter at being the gang's clown. Russell Clark was a big, brooding man, impris-

Harry "Pete" Pierpont, the brainy bankrobber Dillinger met and befriended in prison and who, along with other experienced bandits, taught him the techniques of robbery.

oned for bank robbery in 1927. He was the strong man of the bunch and his record at Michigan City was peppered with prison breaks, instigating riots, and several attempts to kill guards who displeased him.

Pierpont and the others groomed Dillinger well and for a purpose. All of his mentors were serving long prison terms with little hope of parole, but Dillinger was due to go before the parole board shortly and it was planned that once he was outside the walls, he would perform several robberies of banks Pierpont, Makley, and Hamilton had mapped out with great detail. Dillinger would use the proceeds of these robberies to finance a mass prison break, which would allow all of his closest friends to escape and join him.

With that constant thought in mind, Pierpont taught Dillinger to assume the penitent posture, telling him that the authorities would be watching his every move. Officials would read his letters to family members to see if he had truly reformed and actually meant to go straight once he was released, Pierpont pointed out. If censoring officials believed these intentions, they would be taken into account by the parole board.

Dillinger's letters became more and more contrite. He wrote mostly to Audrey Dillinger, the closest family member, telling her how much he was looking forward to getting out of prison and helping out at the farm. To a niece, he wrote: "I know right from wrong and I intend to do right when I get out. I suppose you think that I do not try to make my time clear [without trouble] but, honey, I do try, and a lot of times when I want to start something that might get me into trouble I think of Sis [Audrey] and don't do it."

In April 1933, Indiana governor Paul McNutt received an amazing petition seeking the parole of John Dillinger from the state prison at Michigan City. There were 180 names signed to the petition, which the elder Dillinger had obtained and sent on. Among those signing was grocer Frank Morgan, the very man Dillinger had attacked in 1924. Most important was the signature of Judge Williams, who had rendered the harsh sentence to Dillinger, undoubtedly regretting the lengthy term he had assigned to the farm boy.

Judge Williams even attached a solicitous letter which read, in part: "I have read the petition on behalf of J. H. Dillinger for clemency. I see that B. F. Morgan signs the petition. He was the party that was assaulted. I join in the recommendation for clemency petitioned for. Mr. Singleton, his partner, only received a sentence of from two-to-fourteen years and has been out of prison for about six years. As the trial judge I am entirely free to say that I think he should receive clemency as you in your judgment may see fit to grant, and trust that he may be paroled without delay to his father who will act, if appointed, as his parole officer ... The father of this prisoner is getting up in years and needs the assistance of his son on the farm ... I believe the prisoner has learned his lesson and that he will go straight in the future and make a useful and honorable citizen."

Governor McNutt sent the petition on to the parole board in May 1933 and, on May 9, 1933, it was reviewed by Delos Dean, J. Tom Arbuckle, and Wayne Coy. Dean voted to parole Dillinger and Arbuckle agreed with him. Despite the petition and the positive stance of his fellow board members, Coy was disinclined to make a recommendation. Instead of voting against the parole, however, he merely abstained and the order was given to release John Herbert Dillinger, Inmate 13225, from the custody of the Michigan City, Indiana, State Prison. The prison received the order on May 10, 1933, but for some reason it was not acted upon. A short time later, Elizabeth Dillinger suffered a stroke and was dying.

The elder Dillinger wired the prison on May 20, asking why the parole had not been put into effect. The parole was put through two days later and Dillinger's half brother, Hubert, picked up John as he stepped through the gates and to freedom on May 22, 1933, after serving almost nine years. Both immediately drove to the Dillinger farm in Mooresville, but they were too late. They saw the undertaker pulling into the yard just as they arrived. Elizabeth Dillinger had died an hour

earlier.

The man that appeared at the farm that night was not the boy who had gone bewildered to prison almost nine years earlier. He had a man's rough face and a smile that seemed twisted, when he smiled at all which was seldom. He was depressed over the death of his stepmother, a kindly, giving woman he felt he had disappointed. The man sitting in the Dillinger parlor that night was worldly, self-assured, and distant, so much so that Audrey Dillinger Hancock, who stayed close to him, noticed the difference. He caught her staring at him and said: "Don't worry. Everything's going to be all right."

As if to assure the family that he meant to stay out of trouble, Dillinger visited with Mrs. Gertrude M. Reinier, pastor of the Friends Church in Mooresville, having several talks with her. On Father's Day, a month later, John sat in church with the elder Dillinger and the rest of the family while Mrs. Reinier delivered a moving sermon on the Prodigal Son, directing most of her statements at John Dillinger. He was seen to weep openly during the sermon and, following the services, Dillinger went to Mrs. Reinier and said to her: "You will never know how much good that sermon has done me."

A few weeks later Dillinger embarked on a series of petty holdups in the Indianapolis area. He teamed up with a 19-year-old hoodlum named William Shaw and another thug simply called Sam. The trio robbed an all-night supermarket of a small amount and split the loot in a local tavern. Dillinger, who had told Shaw that his name was Dan Dillinger, left early, saying he had to report to his parole officer. Shaw, a vain thief, insisted that gang members wear white caps and glasses and that they would strike terror among victims once they were known as the "White Cap Gang."

Dillinger was amused by these antics and went along with the disguise, but soon opted for a straw boater. The man named Sam dropped out of the gang and was replaced by Paul "Lefty" Parker, supposedly an expert wheelman, claiming he could outrun any police car. After borrowing revolvers from a saloon keeper, the trio robbed a number of drugstores and supermarkets before Dillinger drove off to Kentucky in a stolen car to see friends.

Dillinger returned to Indianapolis on July 7, 1933, and met with Shaw in the home of Shaw's mother. Shaw took Dillinger to his room where Dillinger asked for a knife to cut open a briefcase he had been carrying. It was full of wadded big-numbered bills. Although he never asked, Shaw was convinced that Dillinger had robbed a bank. Dillinger had stuck up a bank in Kentucky which had been on Pierpont's list of "ripe" banks to be robbed. This list was hopelessly outdated, however, since the Depression was deepening and many of the banks on Pierpont's list had gone under or were in receivership. Dillinger, Parker, and Shaw robbed the bank of New Carlisle, Indiana, of $10,500, but the gang was suddenly dissolved when Parker and Shaw were arrested by police.

By then Dillinger had been joined by Harry Copeland, whom he had known at Michigan City and who had recently been paroled from the state prison. Dillinger was driving a stolen Chevrolet with Copeland in the passenger seat. In the alley behind Shaw's home, they saw a police car and officers with guns drawn. Standing in front of the officers, hands in the air, were Shaw and Parker. Dillinger immediately threw the car into reverse and backed out of the alley at high speed. Shaw saw Dillinger escape, later commenting: "He drove faster backward than some people drive forward."

On July 17, 1933, Dillinger selected another bank from Pierpont's list, driving with Copeland to tiny Daleville, Indinana. The bank was a one-story, redbrick building with a single teller, Margaret Good. That morning, a young man wearing a pressed blue suit and a straw boater walked casually into the bank and looked around. He then produced a gun and said: "This is a stickup, honey." He startled Good by vaulting over the five-foot wooden barrier surrounding the teller's cage and once inside, scooped up the money from the drawer.

Homer Van Meter, who committed several bank robberies with Dillinger in 1934.

Bankrobber John Hamilton, who taught Dillinger the ropes in many 1933-1934 robberies.

Copeland, who had parked a stolen car in front of the bank, also walked inside and stood by the door, gun drawn, lining up customers as they entered. Dillinger entered the vault and took everything of value, including a collection of antique coins and two diamond rings left there by bank president, J. M. Barnard's daughter, who had taken them off to play tennis.

After collecting about $3,500, Dillinger herded the customers and Margaret Good into the vault and shut the door, after seeing that it could be opened from the inside. The 22-year-old Good opened the door a few minutes later. When police and a newspaperman arrived, she described the robbery in dramatic terms, speaking kindly of the leader, Dillinger, saying: "I think he knew I was a kid and was sorry to scare me. He didn't want to scare me any worse than he had to." This almost-sympathetic attitude toward John Dillinger would become a familiar refrain over the next year, mostly due to Dillinger's polite manner when robbing a bank and his soft-spoken promises not to injure those he was holding at gun point, an attitude that would change drastically when he later associated with the likes of Lester Gillis, better known as Baby Face Nelson.

A few days after the Daleville robbery, Dillinger drove to Dayton, Ohio, and there called on Mary Longnaker, a married

Dillinger, released from prison and already robbing banks, is shown with Mary Longnaker at Chicago's World Fair in 1933; this snapshot was taken by a policeman, who was asked by Dillinger to take the photo.

woman estranged from her husband, and the sister of James Jenkins, one of Dillinger's friends still doing time in the state prison at Michigan City. He invited Mary to go to the World's Fair in Chicago. She happily accepted on the condition that they also take her girlfriend, Mary Ann Bucholz. Dillinger drove to Chicago with the two women and registered at the Crillon Hotel, where the women shared one room and Dillinger had a room to himself. Miss Bucholz became alarmed when she walked into Dillinger's room and saw a pistol on his bureau, but Mary seemed to know that her new boyfriend was a man of the underworld and she delighted in showing her girlfriend his wallet, which was bulging with large bills.

Mary and Dillinger attended the fair for several days and posed for photos, which Dillinger asked passing policemen to snap for them, such was his offbeat sense of humor. He even took several photos himself of policemen patrolling the fair grounds. He and Mary dined in the better restaurants and went dancing in such nightclubs as the Island Queen. On their way back to Dayton, Mary asked if they could stop at the state prison in Michigan City and visit her brother, Jenkins. Dillinger agreed. The trio stopped in Michigan City and here Dillinger bought a large basket of fruit, telling Mary to give it to her brother. He cut a small hole in the top of a banana and inserted several $50 bills into it. He then wrote a note, which Mary was to read to Jenkins while talking with him through the cage in the visitor's room. This she did, the message ending with the words "sit tight." Mary also told Jenkins to "eat the banana first."

Before the trio left the prison parking lot, Dillinger handed $50 to a guard and told him to "give it to Jenkins, so he can have his teeth fixed." It is not known whether the guard recognized Dillinger, but it is presumed that he did and said nothing. Many of the guards at the prison were corrupt and their confidence could be purchased easily.

After Dillinger returned Mary Longnaker and Mary Ann Bucholz to Dayton, he was off on another bank raid. He, Copeland, and an unidentified bandit (who may have been Glen "Big Foot" Zoll), on August 4, 1933, raided the First National Bank of Montpelier, Indiana. Dillinger and Copeland entered the bank and Dillinger, carrying a sugar sack turned inside out, vaulted the guard rail, an action that was fast becoming his trademark. He scooped up the cash while Copeland trained a .38-caliber revolver on the employees and customers.

Dillinger took $3,900 from the counter cages and another $6,200 from a small safe in the corner. The vault was closed and Dillinger seemed to accept the word of bank president M. D. Tewksberry when he said that nothing was in the vault and that the government bonds held by the bank were stored in a Fort Wayne vault. Dillinger found a .45-caliber automatic in the safe and took it, remarking: "This is a good gun." When he was leaving the bank he patted the sack bulging with currency and coin and said: "This is a good haul."

The bandits fled in a stolen car and were seen changing license plates by farmer Albert Stoll ten miles outside of town. Although police set up roadblocks at several points on roads leading from Montpelier, the bandits escaped using rural routes that had been obviously mapped earlier. Ironically, they had just missed being slaughtered.

The First National Bank at Montpelier had been the target of several other bank robbers and, in 1931, local officials had taken precautions. The office above the bank contained a corner office facing the street, which was occupied by the local sheriff, mayor, and an attorney, all equipped with high-powered rifles. These three men had cut down a gang of bandits in 1931, killing one and wounding others. However, on the day Dillinger and his men struck the bank in 1933, all three men were elsewhere.

Some days later, Mary Longnaker received a letter from Dillinger in which he talked about taking her and her two daughters to South America with him, saying they could all live well and be happy in some South American country. This was a recurrent desire expressed by the bandit. Forrest Huntington, a former Pinkerton detective, was hired by the American Surety Company which had to repay the Montpelier bank loss.

It was Huntington's job to find the bandit who had already been identified as Dillinger. He learned that the bank robbers had eaten lunch at Barr's Restaurant only an hour before robbing the bank. Moreover, one of the bandits, who

Mary Kinder, who helped Dillinger plan the escape of her brother and nine other inmates at the Indiana State Prison in 1933.

had worn a Panama hat, had visited an ex-convict in town three days before the robbery.

On August 14, 1933, five men in a long green sedan pulled up in front of the Citizens National Bank of Bluffton, Ohio. One man stayed behind the wheel of the car, which was parked the wrong way, two men remained on the sidewalk in front of the bank as sentinels, and two more entered the bank. Inside the bank, Dillinger and Copeland, both wearing expensive suits and straw hats, pulled guns.

Dillinger ordered cashier Roscoe Lingler to "stand back, this is a stickup!" He vaulted the barrier and began stuffing money into a sack. He turned and said to Oliver Locher, the bookkeeper: "You've got more money in here. Where is it?" As Locher pointed to a huge vault, the bank alarm went off. Copeland shouted to Dillinger: "They're after us! Let's go!"

Dillinger ignored Copeland and the alarm. He tugged at a locked drawer, demanding the key. At the same time the two men on the sidewalk, seeing curious crowds assembling down the street in response to the bank alarm, began to fire their guns high, bullets chunking into second-story windows and walls. Finally, Dillinger and Copeland emerged and the five men piled into the sedan and roared away. The take was meager, only $2,100. Angered, Dillinger vowed to obtain more cash quickly, telling Copeland that he needed money to finance "something big," this being the mass breakout of his friends from Michigan City State Prison. Still using Pierpont's list of banks, a "soft jug" was selected, the large Massachusetts Avenue State Bank in Indianapolis.

On September 6, 1933, Dillinger, Copeland, and Hilton Crouch, a professional dirt track race driver, drove up to the bank and Dillinger and Copeland went into the bank. Copeland, opening a long coat, produced a submachine gun and trained it on the customers and tellers, ordering everyone to keep quiet and saying "this is a stickup." Dillinger again vaulted the guard rail and scooped up every dime he spotted, including $500 in heavy coin. Copeland kept glancing at the street as more customers entered the bank, ten in all. He herded them away from the windows. "Hurry up, will you?" he called to Dillinger. Minutes later both men left the bank and slipped into the De Soto which Crouch then drove up the street. This time the take was considerable, the largest haul yet, $24,800. Dillinger took half of this amount as the major share going to the planner and leader of the raid.

A few days later, Dillinger drove alone to the state prison and crept along one of the outer walls, throwing several loaded revolvers over the wall. These weapons landed on the baseball field and were found the next morning and taken to Warden Louis Kunkel. This had been according to plan. Dillinger, a clever convict-trained criminal, reasoned that someone would have leaked information to the warden of an impending break. He also reasoned that after the revolvers were found, prison officials would believe that the delivery of the weapons constituted the intended break and would relax their guard for the real break to come. He then went to the home of Mary Kinder in Indianapolis, leaving money with her and telling her to buy clothes and food for fourteen men who would be coming to visit her soon, including her brother, Earl Northern and her sweetheart, Harry Pierpont, then both still in state prison.

In Chicago, Dillinger contacted the foreman of a thread-making company, one which supplied the state prison at Michigan City with thread for its shirt-making factory. The bandit bribed the foreman to allow him to doctor a barrel of thread inside which Dillinger placed three automatic pistols. He then marked the barrel with a small red "X," the prearranged signal to Pierpont and others that the barrel contained weapons. On September 24, 1933, several barrels of thread were delivered to the prison. Walter Dietrich, alerted to the special shipment, spotted the barrel marked with the red "X" and placed it in a button box in the factory and alerted Pierpont, Makley, Clark, and others. By then, however, Dillinger was already back in police custody.

In September, Dillinger visited his girlfriend, Mary Longnaker, in Dayton, Ohio. Her house had been watched for weeks since Detective Forrest Huntington had learned her identity, from photos and some letters Dillinger had somehow dropped following the Montpelier robbery. Police showed the landlady, Lucille Stricker, photos of Dillinger, and she was asked to call if he visited Mary Longnaker. When Dillinger appeared on the night of September 20, 1933, Stricker called Dayton detectives Russell K. Pfauhl and Charles E. Gross who rushed to the Longnaker home on West First Street, arriving at

Captain Matt Leach, chief of the Indiana State Police, who led the hunt for Dillinger and became the bandit's self-appointed nemesis.

about 1:30 a.m.

Carrying shotguns, the detectives kicked open the door to the Longnaker apartment and there, in the middle of the room stood Dillinger, showing Mary photos that had been taken at the World's Fair. "Stick 'em up, Johnnie," ordered Pfauhl. The photos fell from his grasp as Dillinger's hands went upward and then momentarily stopped and began to slowly drop toward his vest where a revolver was nestled in a shoulder holster. Pfauhl lifted his shotgun and aimed it directly at Dillinger's head, saying in a low but firm voice: "If you do, John, I'll kill you on the spot."

Mary Longnaker tried to distract the detectives by pretending to faint, but Pfauhl was having none of it. "Stop that play-acting," he said to her as she lay on the floor between Dillinger and the detectives. "Get up on your hands and knees and crawl out of the way," ordered Pfauhl. "Right now!" Mary, on hands and knees, crawled out of the way and the detectives stepped forward and clamped handcuffs on Dillinger, while removing his revolver from its holster.

The detectives found another .38-caliber revolver stuffed between some cushions on the couch and two more in Dillinger's luggage in the trunk of Dillinger's 1933 Ford Terraplane car parked outside. They also found a large supply of roofing nails in the back seat, these nails were thrown in the wake of Dillinger's car when being pursued. He would simply throw them out of the window, covering the roadway behind him and causing police car tires to be punctured into instant flats.

As the detectives took more than $2,000 in cash from Dillinger's pockets, the bandit began to relax, saying: "When you fellows came in I didn't know if you were part of another gang or not. I know uniformed police, but not plainclothesmen. I thought you were somebody else." The bandit kept up this pleasant chatter, but refused to admit to any robberies. He was wanted mostly by the state of Indiana, but Dillinger wanted to avoid being taken to the state prison at all costs, one which might jeopardize the prison break he had set in motion.

The bandit suddenly admitted to robbing the bank in Bluffton, Ohio, and was removed to the Lima, Ohio, Jail, an old, lightly guarded building. Dillinger correctly reasoned that his friends from Michigan City, once outside the walls, would return the favor and he was selecting the easiest jail from which they could affect his release.

On September 26, 1933, after Walter Dietrich notified Pierpont that Dillinger's smuggled guns had arrived and were hidden in the shirt factory, the leader of the gang approached other members of the plot in the prison yard. The 31-year-old, blue-eyed, sandy-haired Pierpont, called "Handsome Harry" by his friends, told the group: "All right boys, if you want to go and take a chance, we will go now."

G. H. Stevens, superintendent of the shirt factory, and Albert Evans, assistant warden, were taken prisoner and used as hostages as ten men made their way across the yard to the first steel gates. Here guard Frank Swanson challenged the group, but Evans whispered to him: "They've got guns. Open the gate or they'll kill us." Swanson opened the gate and he, too, was taken prisoner and marched in front of the convicts.

At a second gate, guard Fred Wellnitz refused to open up and was slugged unconscious by the convicts, who took his keys and opened the gate. The procession then walked solemnly into the administration building where eight clerks, including two women, were herded into a vault, along with Warden Kunkel who was not recognized by the convicts. When 72-year-old Finley Carson, one of the clerks, moved too slowly to please one of the convicts, he was shot in the stomach. Lawrence Mutch, superintendent of prison industries, was spotted and was ordered to open up the adjacent arsenal so the convicts could seize submachine guns and shotguns. Mutch refused and was beaten senseless.

Then the ten convicts, Harry Pierpont, Charles Makley, Russell Clark, John Hamilton, Walter Dietrich, Edward Shouse, Joseph Fox, Joseph Burns, Jim "Oklahoma Jack" Clark (no relation to Russell Clark), and James Jenkins, Mary Longnaker's brother, rushed out of the administration building and into the parking lot, where they bumped into Sheriff Charles Neel of Harrison County, who had just delivered a prisoner. Burns, Fox, Dietrich, and James Clark grabbed Neel and pushed him into his own car and drove it out of the lot. Pierpont and the others ran to the street and stopped the first passing car, one driven by Herbert Van Valkenberg. They forced Van Valkenberg, his wife, and 89-year-old grandmother from the car, and sped off with it.

Dillinger with Mary Longnaker; he was captured in her apartment in Dayton, Ohio, on September 20, 1933.

Police photos of Dillinger, taken on September 22, 1933, after he had been arrested in Mary Longnaker's apartment in Dayton, Ohio; he was imprisoned at the Lima, Ohio, jail, where, on October 12, 1933, Pierpont and others freed Dillinger, killing Sheriff Jess Sarber in the process.

Captain Matt Leach of the Indiana State Police, who was later to become obsessed with hunting Dillinger, organized several posses and set up roadblocks to recapture the escaped prisoners. The car in which Dietrich, Fox, Burns, and James Clark were traveling with their hostage, Sheriff Neel, crashed into a ditch and was abandoned. This group, heading for Chicago, struck out on foot, hiding in thick underbrush and moving at night through torrential rains. Fox and Burns suggested that they tie Neel up to a tree, but James "Oklahoma Jack" Clark told them that if they did that the elderly sheriff would die of exposure.

Dietrich, Burns, and Fox then told Clark that he could take care of Neel. They parted company near Hobart, Indiana. Clark took Neel to Gary on an interurban train and, once in Gary, the sheriff bought them both dinner. Neel gave Clark his topcoat to hide his prison denims and the bandit left his hostage. Sheriff Neel walked into a police station a short time later, shocking officials, who had assumed he was dead. Three companies of armed militia were milling about the place, demanding to know which way the convicts went. The exhausted Neel gave so many vague answers to questions that searchers had no idea where to look and it was later suggested that he had purposely avoided pinpointing Clark, still in the area, in gratitude for saving his life.

Clark, however, did not get far. He reached Hammond where he took a cab to a boarding house. The taxi driver led police to him the next day. Clark was returned to the Gary police station, where he was warmly greeted by Sheriff Neel, who slipped him $5 before he was taken back to the state prison at Michigan City. "I might as well be dead now," Clark said en route back to prison. "I just wanted to be free a couple of years so I could get proper medical attention." He suffered from stomach ulcers and would die of them. Fox and Burns would be recaptured in a short time and Walter Dietrich, after joining up with the College Kidnapper Gang headed by handsome Jack Klutas in Chicago, would be arrested and returned to prison in January 1934.

The other six men roared toward Indianapolis and the home of Mary Kinder. Longnaker's brother James Jenkins, however, never got home. As the car in which the six convicts raced around a curve, a door flew open and Jenkins fell out. The car started to back up to retrieve Jenkins but sounds in the nearby woods were thought to come from posses moving toward the convicts and the car suddenly sped off. Jenkins made his way alone to the outskirts of Bean Blossom, Indiana.

There Jenkins encountered three farmers armed with shotguns, who were part of the dozens of posses looking for the escaped prisoners. With one of Dillinger's smuggled pistols in his hand, Jenkins ran up an alley after wounding one of the farmers in the shoulder, and the farmers chased after him, blasting away with their shotguns. Jenkins received a barrel load in the side of the head and he fell mortally wounded and died a few hours later. His father, the Reverend George Jenkins, arrived to identify the body and said: "I'm glad it's like this. Better like this than that he killed somebody else."

On September 28, 1933, Pierpont, Russell Clark, Hamilton, Makley, and Shouse arrived at the home of Mary Kinder, remaining there to plan a bank robbery to fund the prison release of John Dillinger. Makley suggested that they rob the bank in St. Marys, Ohio, his home town, a bank he knew would yield considerable cash. Pierpont, Makley, Clark, Hamilton, and Shouse raided the First National Bank of St. Marys on October 3, 1933, parking their stolen green Hudson in front of the bank. Pierpont and Makley went inside while Hamilton and Clark covered the street and Shouse stayed at the wheel of the car. Pierpont cleaned out the tellers' cages while Charley Makley stood next to the door and herded customers at gunpoint to the vault as they entered the bank.

Several persons recognized Makley, including the bank's president, W. O. Smith. Makley, smiling and chewing gum, casually talked with Smith of old days in St. Marys, while courteously ushering him to the vault. Smith appeared just as

friendly, asking Makley innocuous questions about the health of his family, stalling, of course, to prevent the bandits from getting at the cash inside the vault. "It's on a time lock, Charley," Smith told his old friend, "and it won't open for hours." Just then the time mechanism loudly clicked off and Smith realized that his ruse had failed.

"Looks like it decided to open early today," Makley said through a wide grin. He opened the vault and motioned the customers and employees inside. He also entered and cleaned out the cash on the shelves with Pierpont, while Clark stepped inside the bank to act as lookout. More than $14,000 was stuffed into a sack and as the bandits closed the vault door, Pierpont said: "If anyone steps out of this vault and cries an alarm before we leave we'll blow the side of this building out with machine gun fire!" He, Makley, and Clark stepped into the street and, joined by Hamilton, got into the Hudson which Shouse drove off at moderate speed.

Dillinger, meanwhile, awaited trial for the Bluffton, Ohio, bank robbery in a cell in the Lima, Ohio, Jail. The decrepit building was poorly guarded. Dillinger was a celebrated prisoner, having had his name in the headlines for months as newsmen chronicled his crime wave. Sheriff Jess Sarber was a kind lawman whose wife Lucy made delicious meals for Dillinger, but the Sarbers thought Dillinger was just another farm boy gone wrong and attached no particular importance to him. He was placed in the small cell block at the rear of the building. In adjoining cells were Art Young, awaiting sentencing for a second-degree murder conviction, and George Miller and Claude Euclid, two prisoners who had committed minor offenses. Dillinger had told Miller that he expected his friends to "spring" him but he was uncertain when they would make their move.

Harry Pierpont made his move on the night of October 12, 1933. First, he and Russell Clark visited attorney Chester M. Cable, in Lima, Ohio, asking him to call the jail so that Dillinger's sister, who was outside in a car, could visit him. Cable thought the two men looked like "tough customers," and he said that it would take some days to arrange such a visit. When the two men left, Cable called Sheriff Sarber, who was sitting in the front office in his shirt sleeves, reading some reports at his desk.

Sarber took Cable's warning lightly, thinking that reports about Dillinger's gangster friends nothing more than "a lot of nonsense, cartoon nonsense." In the same office, Lucy Sarber sat in a nearby chair piecing a crossword puzzle together. In another chair, reading a newspaper, was Deputy Wilbur Sharp. He and Sarber were both unarmed, although Sarber's revolver was in the center drawer of his desk.

At 6:25 p.m., Pierpont and Clark boldly walked to the front of the jail and saw that it was unguarded. Across the street and down the block, at various posts assigned to them by Pierpont, stood John Hamilton, Charles Makley, Ed Shouse, and Harry Copeland, recently arrived from Indiana to help in the freeing of John Dillinger.

Shouse later told lawmen, when captured that there was no real plan that night, only "to free Dillinger, and stick together and help each other if we could, and, if we couldn't, make a break for it, and go for ourselves." This fierce loyalty to one of their own was a singular trait of the 1930s bank robbers, the independent bandits of the day who, thinking themselves superior to the city gangster, retained certain values and friendships even at the risk of their lives. Dillinger had earlier freed them. They were obligated to free him.

Bankrobber Charles Makley, who would later die in the Ohio's electric chair along with Pierpont for murdering Sheriff Jess Sarber in releasing Dillinger from a jail at Lima, Ohio.

Pierpont, Makley, and Clark went up the stairs of the jail while Copeland, Shouse, and Hamilton stayed with the escape car. The three men, all well-dressed and wearing hats with wide brims pulled low over their faces, went inside and approached Sheriff Sarber, who looked up from his desk. "Can I help you?" he said.

"We're officers from Michigan City," Pierpont said. "We want to talk to the prisoner John Dillinger."

Deputy Sharp kept reading his paper and Mrs. Sarber never looked up from her puzzle. Sheriff Sarber nodded and said: "I guess that will be all right. But first you will have to show me your credentials."

Pierpont's eyes narrowed as he pulled out a pistol and aimed it at Sarber's head. "Here's our credentials."

"Oh, you can't do that," Sarber said, his mouth agape and he instinctively tried to push the gun aside.

Pierpont fired two shots quickly, one striking Sarber in the hip and one ploughing into the sheriff's stomach. He fell out of his chair and onto the floor. Sharp and Lucy Sarber were frozen in shock in their chairs. Pierpont then barked: "Give us the keys to the cells." When Sarber tried to rise on his elbow, Makley dashed forward and hit him on the head with his gun butt, splitting the skull to the bone. He hit him once more.

Lucy Sarber jumped up screaming: "I'll get the keys! Don't hurt him anymore!"

Inside the cellblock, Art Young and Dillinger, who had been playing cards through the bars of their adjoining cells, suddenly sat up and Young said: "John, your gang has come for you." Dillinger slipped on his coat and stood by the cell door. He asked Young if he wanted to "come along," but Young declined the offer.

Pierpont, grinning, entered the cellblock and unlocked the door of Dillinger's cell. Both men then ran into the office, but Pierpont stuck his head back inside the door and looked down the corridor, where the other prisoners were yelling to be set free. "Get back there, you bastards," shouted Pierpont. "We

Russell Clark, a towering bank robber, helped free Dillinger from the Lima, Ohio, jail; he, Pierpont, Makley, Hamilton and Van Meter joined Dillinger in robbing banks in late 1933.

came for John. The rest of you can leave when we've gone."

In the office Dillinger saw Sheriff Sarber on the floor, bleeding to death, his wife holding him, sobbing. The bandit knelt close to the sheriff, the man who had been so kind to him and said without looking at his liberators: "Did you have to do this?"

"Men," moaned Sarber to his attackers, "why did you do this to me?" He turned his head slightly to look up at his weeping wife and said: "Mother, I believe I am going to have to leave you."

Pierpont and Makley then forced Mrs. Sarber and Deputy Sharp into the cell block and locked the door. All of the gang members then left the office while Sheriff Sarber died within minutes. Outside, Dillinger climbed into the long sedan with the rest of the gang and sped away. The super gang that would terrorize the Midwest was now united. Only minutes after Sarber's body was found, dozens of motorized posses chased after the Dillinger gang, but they found no trace of the bandits.

By midnight, the gang reached Indianapolis and stayed with Mary Kinder. Also waiting for Dillinger was Evelyn "Billie" Frechette, a Menominee Indian girl, daughter of the chief, who had run away from the reservation in northern Wisconsin to become a hat check girl at the World's Fair. Dillinger had met her while visiting the fair with Mary Longnaker and had seen her briefly before his capture at Longnaker's apartment. The gang made immediate plans to arm its members and then quickly raid a number of banks.

On October 14, 1933, Dillinger, Pierpont, and Makley entered the police station at Auburn, Indiana, drawing guns and holding at bay police officers Henry West and Fred Kreuger. The bandits seemed to know that Chief of Police Charles Davis and Sheriff John P. Hoff would be absent at that time. Dillinger walked up to Kreuger, who had been sitting with his back to the front door of the station, eating popcorn, before he turned around to see a revolver poked into his face. Said Dillinger: "You might as well sit still. We don't want to kill anyone unless we have to. Have you got any guns?" Kreuger started to reach for the gun on his hip, but Dillinger's hand went quickly to the holster and withdrew it while he remarked: "Oh, no! I'll get it." West was disarmed by Pierpont, while Makley stood at the door, casually leaning against the wall, watching the street, where Hamilton and Clark chatted on the sidewalk and Shouse sat at the wheel of a car.

West and Kreuger surrendered the keys to the gun cabinet and the bandits took turns carrying out weapons, including a Thompson submachine gun with several pans of ammunition, two .38-caliber revolvers, a .30-caliber Springfield rifle, a Winchester automatic rifle, a shotgun, a .45-caliber Colt automatic, a .44-caliber Smith and Wesson, a .44-caliber Spanish, and a German Luger. The bandits also grabbed three bulletproof vests and many boxes of ammunition. The police officers were then locked in a cell. As he left, Dillinger turned to the elderly Kreuger and said: "I have heard of you for thirty years," a strange remark that was obviously intended to flatter the policeman. The invaders then fled.

Swarms of police in Indiana and Ohio were now frantically searching for what the newspapers had termed The Terror Gang. Dillinger's home in Mooresville was staked out but this only served to annoy the elder Dillinger, who stated that "Johnny would not have caused all this trouble if Judge Williams had never given him such a harsh sentence" in 1924 and if the prosecutor at that time had lived up to his promise of a lenient sentence in exchange for a plea of guilty. "It was Judge Williams' fault, all of it."

Ohio police also searched and then watched the homes of Harry Pierpont and Charles Makley, but saw no sign of these men. Newspapers throughout the Midwest gave over their front pages to the daring bandits, who could so easily defy the law, marching right into jails and police stations to free comrades and loot arsenals. On October 20, 1933, the Dillinger gang did it again, this time raiding the police station at Peru, Indiana.

At 11 p.m. that night, Leo "Red" Eakins, who worked as a porter at the Model Restaurant a few doors away from the Peru police station, walked into the station and was greeted by a tall, young man, fastidiously dressed in a three-piece suit and wearing a wide-brimmed hat. He held a gun in his hand. The stranger, Pierpont, grabbed Eakins by the arm and pulled him into the back room, saying: "Come back here. I want to show you something." Eakins thought it was some sort of joke until he stepped into the back room to see three police officers, Eddie Roberts, Eldon Chittun, and Ambrose Clark sitting in chairs, looks of terror on their faces as another gunman, Dillinger, held a gun on them. Said Eakins later: "I still thought they were in fun until I noticed the cops' knees shaking. Then I knew it was a holdup."

To make the policemen even more uneasy, Pierpont said without humor: "I haven't killed anybody for a week and I'd just as soon shoot one of you as not. Go ahead and get funny." The policemen remained motionless as another man appeared with a robe, spreading this out on the floor. Onto this gang members dumped two Thompson submachine guns, two sawed-off shotguns, four .38-caliber Police Specials, two .30.30 Winchester rifles, six bulletproof vests, three police badges and many boxes of ammunition. The robe was then tied about the cache of weapons and carried outside, while Makley marched the officers and Eakins into the basement where they were locked up. As Deputy Robert Tillett arrived in front of the

Evelyn "Billie" Freschette, the Menominee Indian girl, who became Dillinger's favorite girlfriend and escaped several police traps with the bandit, until she was arrested and jailed in Chicago in 1934.

Edward Shouse, one of the ten convicts, who escaped in the Indiana State Prison break engineered by Dillinger; a one-time dirt track racer, he became the gang's getaway driver.

station, he saw a blue Hudson pull away from the curb and a good-looking young man wave at him.

News of the Peru raid stunned law enforcement officials in the state and elsewhere, the second raid on a police arsenal within a week. Funds were quickly collected to build special security posts, install barbed wire, and put in barred windows around all Indiana police stations. Security at the state prison in Michigan City and at the reformatory in Pendleton was beefed up, as authorities believed that the Dillinger gang was assembling enough weapons for an army of gangsters to attack these institutions in order to free the entire prison populations.

The American Legion offered to put 30,000 volunteers onto Indiana highways in armed patrols to look for the bandits and the National Guard was put on active status, its officers reporting on the availability of poison gas, airplanes, and tanks in combating the Terror Gang. The U.S. Army provided local police with dozens of armored cars with heavy-caliber machine guns mounted on top.

Attorney General Homer Cummings received a message from the Indianapolis *Times* requesting FBI help for Indiana since the local and state police seemed helpless to stop or capture the Dillinger gang. J. Edgar Hoover was alerted to have his field agents cooperate with local police, but there was little the Bureau could do on its own at this time.

No federal laws then existed, which allowed agents to pursue the Terror Gang. Bank robbery, stealing cars and transporting them across state lines, and other offenses committed by bandits of the day were state offenses and federal authorities had no jurisdiction in such crimes. It was John Dillinger and his henchmen who would bring about federal legislation that would allow Hoover's G-Men to act, but this would not happen for some time.

When details of the Peru raid were released to the press, the public fascination with Dillinger and his gang members

increased, mostly due to the inventiveness of the gangsters. It was later learned that Dillinger and Pierpont had brazenly walked into the Peru station and informed the armed policemen there that they were tourists, thinking of depositing considerable money in the local bank. They were apprehensive, they said, of risking their money in a bank that might not be able to withstand an attack of the Dillinger gang. What types of weapons did the police have, they asked, to repel such an attack?

Ambrose Clark proudly took Dillinger and Pierpont to the police arsenal to display its weaponry and it was at this moment that Dillinger and Pierpont pulled guns and put the policemen under guard. Pierpont's girlfriend, Mary Kinder, later reported that she had driven along with the gang on this raid and was sitting in the back seat of the big Hudson when Pierpont, Dillinger, and others ran from the Peru station and filled the back floor of the car with guns and ammunition. "My God," she exclaimed at the time, "what are you going to do? Start a young army?"

On the morning of October 23, 1933, Charles Makley appeared in the bustling town of Greencastle, Indiana. He asked a town official for a permit to sell Oriental rugs, saying that he was a sailor who had obtained these rugs in the Far East. He planned, he said, to keep his deposits in the local bank and then made inquiries about its security measures. He was not issued the permit. At 2:45 p.m. that day, five men, including Makley, arrived in front of Greencastle's Central National Bank, double-parking a black Studebaker. Five men got out, one, Russell Clark, going down the street and standing near the local police station, another, John Hamilton, standing at the entranceway to the bank, acting as "the tiger" or sentinel.

The other three, Dillinger, Pierpont, and Makley, went into the bank. Makley stood inside the door of the bank, while Dillinger and Pierpont went to the tellers' cages. Pierpont went to a window and asked Ward Mayhall, assistant trust officer of the bank, to change a twenty-dollar bill. Mayhall told him to go to the next window and be served by Harry Wells. From beneath his long coat, Pierpont produced a submachine gun, sticking the muzzle through the window at Mayhall. "*You* change it, bub, and give me everything else you have in the drawer."

A second later Dillinger shouted to everyone in the bank: "Don't press anything or there will be a lot of dead people in here!" He vaulted the barrier, smashed a glass pane in the door leading to the tellers' cages and went inside, going from cage to cage, scooping money into a sugar sack. Makley pushed the eight customers inside the bank to a wall, lining them up and the bank's dozen employees were herded to the same wall while Makley trained a submachine gun on them. The robbery went smoothly and was obviously well-planned. It was later learned that Pierpont had once worked in Greencastle at one of the plants and knew the town well.

Makley, in his early rounds of the town, had inspected the bank and had learned that the guard in a cage above the tellers' windows would be leaving that cage at about 2:30 p.m. to stoke the furnace downstairs. That is precisely what happened. The elderly guard, Leo Ratcliff, left the cage only moments before the gangsters entered the bank. The bandits also knew that each teller's cage was equipped with an alarm button, which is why Dillinger warned them not to "press anything" at the onset of the robbery.

As Dillinger forced Wells to open the vault, Pierpont surveyed the customers and employees lined up against the wall. All had their hands high in the air. Pierpont realized that these cowed victims could be seen through the bank's large open windows and he shouted to them: "Put your hands down and keep them at your sides and don't move! We're not advertising." Makley held a stopwatch in his hand and kept glancing at it and then to the street and to Hamilton, who stood outside. One middle-aged woman started to go into the bank and then apparently changed her mind. Hamilton gently held her arm for a moment and said: "Better go inside, lady." The foreign-born woman jerked her arm away and turned on her heel, saying angrily: "I go to Penny's and you go to hell!"

Makley pressed the top of the stopwatch and then yelled out to Dillinger: "It's five minutes!" Dillinger had completed cleaning out the vault and the tellers' cages and he jumped onto a ledge, sailing in spectacular fashion over the ten-foot barrier of the teller's windows, to the public side of the bank. As he was about to leave, he noticed a farmer standing in the line of customers next to the wall. The man held some bills in his hand.

"Is that your money or the bank's?" Dillinger asked the farmer.

"Mine," the farmer said.

"Keep it," Dillinger told him. "We only want the bank's." This gesture was undoubtedly made by Dillinger the farmboy remembering his youth and the farm in Mooresville and the old man who struggled to bring crops out of the flat stubborn earth of Indiana. (This gesture was later wrongly attributed to Clyde Barrow in the movie *Bonnie and Clyde*, but anyone knowing the true nature of Barrow and his prostitute lover would realize that Barrow was incapable of such a beau geste, that the Texas bandit and killer would have snatched the farmer's meager savings and shot him to death for "kicks.")

Within minutes, Dillinger and Pierpont had gathered $18,428 in cash and $56,300 in bonds, which the gang would later fence for 50¢ on the dollar, after paying a commission to mastermind Eddie Bentz, who had reportedly provided information on the bank and its holdings at the time, Bentz being the master bank "caser" for almost all the notorious bank robbing gangs of that era. As the gang members left the bank, Dillinger, carrying the sugar sack stuffed with the money, including $400 in halves, $200 in quarters and $18 in silver dollars, bumped into Rex Thorlton, a grocery store manager, who was about to make a deposit.

Thorlton, as he was entering the bank, was reaching for his bankbook and money in a back pocket and Pierpont believed he was reaching for a gun. Pierpont brought his gun butt down hard on Thorlton's head. The grocer fell, striking Dillinger and knocking his hat off. Realizing who the bandits were, Thorlton, according to one story, apologized to "Mr. Dillinger," handing him back his hat.

The robbers got into the Studebaker and drove down to the end of the block, picking up Clark, who was still standing lookout, and then drove along dirt roads and disappeared, avoiding all roadblocks set up a short time later. They followed routes they had specially mapped, which would allow them to drive for fifty miles without ever using a highway and thus evade pursuers.

The Greencastle robbery was one of the best-planned and executed crimes committed by the Terror Gang, one which displayed an extraordinary amount of precaution and sophisticated planning. This, more than the awful reputation the gang had earned within a few weeks, alarmed local, state, and federal officials. They realized that they were dealing not with bungling thugs but with intelligent, crafty men who were well-armed and prepared to kill anyone who stood in their way. Much of this posture was due to the style and attitude of Harry Pierpont, the real brains of the gang.

Pierpont was also a better-than-average amateur psychologist. He proved to be the most daring of the gang and had steel nerves, but he was also impulsive and knew it, so he preferred that Dillinger take the limelight during the robberies, knowing that Dillinger enjoyed showing off by vaulting the tellers' cages. When Dillinger's name began to be a household word through his exposure in the nation's press and on radio, the bandit told Pierpont that he intended to write to certain radio announcers to correct their mispronunciation of his name. The name Dillinger was Germanic and contained a hard "g." The press and public pronounced the name with a soft ending and Pierpont persuaded Dillinger to let it stand that way, telling his fellow bandit that it was better that way, that his name sounded like the pistol, "derringer," and was thus synonymous with a lethal weapon.

With large funds at their disposal, gang members rented expensive apartments in Chicago, which they used as a base, much to the annoyance of the Capone gang and other members of organized crime in the city, since these urban gangsters felt that independent bandits like Dillinger brought too much police attention to their area and, often enough, police raids of suspected Dillinger hideouts snared members of organized crime in illegal gambling dens and bordellos. Members of the Dillinger gang enjoyed their stolen loot by taking their girlfriends to musical shows, nightclubs, and the better restaurants. They bought tailor-made suits and imported ties and hats. They purchased fast cars, using only stolen autos for robberies. They planned carefully each of their robberies, holding long meetings and studying their targets, buying information from such expert bank casers as Eddie Bentz.

During their meetings, only Dillinger and Pierpont talked, describing the approach to the bank, and how it was protected and how much money it would probably be holding. Hamilton, the "old pro" of the group, occasionally made remarks about techniques to be employed. Makley, Clark, Copeland, and Shouse invariably kept silent and listened as their mentors outlined their next move. None of these men were heavy drinkers. Dillinger himself was a light cigarette smoker and drank mostly beer, taking an occasional shot of whiskey. They were also in excellent physical condition after having undergone years of prison discipline.

This submachine gun, bullets, a .45-caliber automatic and bullet proof vest (taken in a raid by the Dillinger gang from the arsenal room of the Auburn, Indiana, Police Department on October 14, 1933) were found in Dillinger's room in Tucson.

Opposing the gang were a number of competent lawmen in several states, the most dogged being Captain Matt Leach, head of a special Dillinger force of the Indiana State Police. Leach was a rather pompous, self-serving officer, who believed he could outsmart the Terror Gang. He thought to undermine the gang by publicly naming Pierpont as the gang leader, believing this would cause dissension among members and eventually cause them to split up, but nothing of the kind ever happened. Leach insulted Dillinger in print at every opportunity and Dillinger, more than once, called Leach to threaten him. The captain once insisted that Dillinger had called him on the phone and said: "We'll get you! Watch your ass!" Sergeant Frank Reynolds, a member of the "Dillinger Squad" headed by Captain John Stege of the Chicago Police Department, also claimed to have received an identical call from Dillinger.

Leach, however, remained in the news as the law enforcement watchdog on Dillinger's trail. The captain had his photo taken at every opportunity, mostly in heroic poses, as he made sweeping statements about how he and his men would soon have the Dillinger gang in custody. At one point, Leach called a press conference to report that he had re-

John Dillinger, center, is shown under guard in a police car as he arrives in Chicago from Tucson, en route to the so-called "escape-proof" jail in Crown Point, Indiana, where he was held pending a murder charge in a bank robbery.

ceived in the mail an 1896 publication entitled "How To Be a Detective," which he said the taunting Dillinger had sent to him. This later proved to be untrue; the author later learned that newspaperman William L. "Tubby" Toms of the Indianapolis *News* had sent the publication to humiliate Leach for his strutting ways.

Leach was forever giving newsmen profiles of Dillinger, who had, for him, become the arch criminal of the century. It was Leach's belief that Dillinger's own inflated self-confidence and "wise guy" posturing would bring about his ruination. It is true that Dillinger placed phone calls to Leach and, on one occasion, said: "This is John Dillinger. How are you, you stuttering bastard?" (In the 1973 motion picture *Dillinger*, such phone calls are shown to be made from Dillinger to Melvin Purvis, but this was pure fiction, as was most of the idiotic script for this film.)

Dillinger became a Midwest mania. Every robbery of note was attributed to him and the Terror Gang. When the Western State Bank of South Bend was robbed of $5,000 on October 24, 1933, the robbery was credited to Dillinger, but the actual thieves were apprehended a short time later. Even small jobs such as the robbery of the tiny bank in Fillmore, Indiana, which yielded robbers only $130, and the theft of $400 from the People's Loan and Trust Company in Modoc, Indiana, were at first attributed to Dillinger. Moreover, the public was fascinated with John Dillinger and his friends simply because they were robbing banks in an era when bank reputations were at an all-time low. Banks were looked upon as mean-spirited institutions that ruthlessly foreclosed on farmers and shopkeepers, that put decent families into the street, that made of a hardworking middleclass a nation of hobos and bums during the Depression.

To many living in that dark economic Depression, bankers were economic despots and tyrants, unthinking, uncaring, and without compassion, hateful creatures who preyed upon the misery and misfortune of good people. Dillinger avenged these real or imagined wrongs, it was thought by many, when he raided a bank; a farm boy striking back, as it were, against a bureaucratic system, rooted not in the good earth of an agrarian America, but in the corrupt foundations of the cities, where venal politicians and bankers squandered the country's wealth, gluttonously consuming the product of honest toil.

Letters by the thousands objecting to any smear of this offbeat folk hero poured into newspapers that editorialized against Dillinger and his men. One letter to an Indianapolis newspaper attacked an editorialist who had lambasted Dillinger: "This person calls Dillinger cheap. He isn't half as cheap as a crooked banker or a crooked politician because he did give the bankers a chance to fight, and they never gave the people a chance." Another said: "I am for John Dillinger. Not that I am upholding him in any of his crimes, that is, if he did any. Why should the law have wanted John Dillinger for bank robbery? He wasn't any worse than bankers and politicians who took the poor people's money."

Meanwhile, all was not well within the ranks of the Terror Gang. Ed Shouse had begun drinking heavily and his nerves seemed shattered. He was a supposed expert getaway driver, yet he handled the wheels of cars so nervously as of late that gang members feared driving with him. Worse, gang members believed that Shouse might be informing lawmen about their movements. Shouse had been asking many questions concerning the day to day movements of gang members.

The suspicions of Dillinger and Pierpont were correct. Shouse had turned informer. He, along with another police informant, Art McGinnis, who knew Dillinger and sometimes provided him with guns, tipped police that Dillinger was suffering from an irritating rash, and that he was taking treatment from Dr. Charles Eye, whose offices were located at 4175 W. Irving Park Boulevard, in Chicago.

Chicago Police Department Captain John Stege ordered several men from his Dillinger Squad to stake out Dr. Eye's office, and on November 15, 1933, Dillinger, indeed, showed up. He was driving his favorite car, a Hudson Terraplane, with Evelyn Frechette at his side. As he approached the physician's office, Dillinger noticed several unmarked police cars parked nearby, all of them parked the wrong way. He changed gears and roared off down the boulevard. Detectives saw the Terraplane turn about abruptly and they gave chase. In a frightening burst of speed, Dillinger quickly outdistanced all the squad cars except one occupied by Sergeant John Artery and officer Art Keller. Both cars raced along Irving Park Boulevard at 80 m.p.h., narrowly missing pedestrians, street trolleys, and parked cars. When the cars were hood to hood, Keller leaned out a window and began pumping shells from his shotgun at Dillinger.

"Hey," Evelyn Frechette said to her lover, "somebody's shooting at you." Dillinger grinned, seeming to enjoy the chase and the hazard of the shotgun bursts, which exploded the glass of his car but left him uninjured. He jammed his foot down on the accelerator. The Terraplane, a powerful car, seemed to jerk in mid-flight and then surge suddenly forward. Dillinger saw a narrow side street and, when almost at

Crown Point, Indiana: While posing for scores of news photographers, the impudent John Dillinger, in vest, center, puts his arm onto the shoulder of Indiana Prosecutor Robert Estill, while Sheriff Lillian Holley looks at her famous prisoner with what the press thought to be admiration; Estill, exhausted after escorting Dillinger from Tucson, instinctively put his arm around Dillinger, a friendly gesture that destroyed his political career.

the corner, he spun the wheel of the car, which took the corner almost on two wheels as the police squad roared past it down Irving Park. By the time Artery turned the car around and returned to the side street, Dillinger had vanished. Keller threw his shotgun into the back seat in disgust and grudgingly complimented Dillinger by saying: "That bird can sure drive!"

Shouse later appeared in Mary Kinder's apartment, a meeting place for the gang and here Kinder overheard him tell Hamilton that they might do better if they robbed a few banks on their own. Kinder shouted at Shouse: "You ain't gonna do a damned thing, Ed. There ain't nobody going no place until we all talk it over! This has always been a friendly bunch and you ain't gonna take no two or three and go rob a bank." Dillinger had no love for Shouse, believing that Shouse, when drunk on earlier occasions, had made a play for his girlfriend, Evelyn Frechette. He took a wad of bills from his pocket and tossed this to Shouse. "There's your money. You're through. Now get your ass out!" Shouse left the gang and was later captured and jailed.

For some time, gang members had been eyeing the American Bank and Trust Company in Racine, Wisconsin. The gang moved to a hideout in Milwaukee and from there made plans to rob this bank. The resulting successful robbery was so well planned that its intricate preparations smacked of Eddie Bentz's techniques. Someone, perhaps the master bank caser himself, arrived in Racine in early November 1933, staying at the Hotel Racine, only a block from the bank. Bentz undoubtedly checked the bank's current assets by visiting the local library and reading the banking reports published by law in the local press. He then went to the bank every day at 2:30 p.m., the time that the actual bank robbery

would occur, to check conditions at that time, noting the movements of guards, city police and employee activity inside the bank, along with the number of customers to be expected at that hour. Escape routes were carefully planned. He noted stoplights, traffic police, and the distance from the bank to the city limits and how much time, at normal driving speed, it would take to get out of town.

On November 20, 1933, a brand new blue Buick sedan with yellow wire wheels pulled up in front of Racine's American Bank and Trust Company at Main and Fifth Streets. Harry Pierpont, looking dapper and elegant in a new custom-tailored suit, entered the bank with a roll of paper tucked under his arm. Without a word to anyone, Pierpont went to the large bay window and, unraveling a Red Cross Poster, pasted this on the window.

The poster was designed to obstruct any view of the inside of the bank by passersby outside, but Mrs. Henry Patzke, the bank's bookkeeper, merely noticed a handsome young man putting up the poster and thought he had been given permission to do so. She went back to her work. Then, in quick order, Dillinger, Makley, and Hamilton entered the bank. Makley went to the head teller, Harold Graham, who was in a cage and was busily counting coins.

"Stick 'em up," Makley ordered, poking a submachine gun at Graham.

The head teller did not look up, thinking someone was kidding him. He merely said: "Go to the next window, please."

Makley, annoyed, repeated his demand: "I *said* stick 'em up!"

Then Graham looked up and made a sudden movement which caused Makley to instinctively fire a burst from the gun. A bullet struck Graham in the arm and another in the hip, sending him crashing to the floor, where he reached up and pressed an alarm button beneath the ledge of the teller's cage. The alarm did not sound inside the bank, but did go off at Racine Police headquarters. Officers Cyril Boyard and Rudy Speaker got the report of the bank alarm going off, but they took their time responding, driving slowly toward the bank in a circuitous route. The alarm had gone off many times in the past, mostly when a clerk or teller accidentally hit the alarm button.

Inside the bank, Dillinger, Pierpont, and Hamilton ran down the aisle behind the tellers' cages. Pierpont carried a submachine gun. Dillinger shouted: "Everybody flat on their stomachs!" L. C. Rowan, an assistant cashier, who was sitting at a front desk, hit an alarm button, which caused another bell to go off in the police station and this also started a bell clanging outside the bank. Just at that moment police officers Franklin Worsley and Wilbur Hansen, answering the alarm, walked into the bank and Pierpont began to disarm them. Hansen tried to back out of the door, but Clark, who was standing guard outside, shoved him back into the bank. Then Hansen appeared to go for his gun and Makley let loose a burst from his submachine gun which wounded the officer and caused the women in the bank to begin screaming.

Dillinger and Pierpont had walked Grover Weyland, the president of the bank, to the vault where Weyland took his time unlocking it, stalling until the police arrived. Pierpont jammed a submachine gun into Weyland's stomach and shouted: "Get into the vault and open it up, and you'd better not miss it. We don't like bank presidents. We'd as soon shoot you as look at you!" Weyland finally managed to open the vault and Dillinger and Pierpont stepped inside with the bank president. Pierpont, who had fired a burst from his gun at Officers Worsley and Hansen when they first entered the bank, took time to reload his weapon, slipping another pan of ammunition onto the Thompson. As he was doing so, he pointed the gun in the direction of George Ryan, a young bank teller who was flat on the floor.

Some of the hundreds of guards outside of the so-called "escape-proof" jail at Crown Point, Indiana, which Dillinger escaped from on March 3, 1934.

"For God's sake, mister," Ryan implored, "point that gun the other way!"

Pierpont smiled at him and said: "As long as you're a good boy, you don't have to worry."

Outside crowds were gathering in front of the bank and Clark fired several warning shots for passersby to stay away. No one seemed to understand that the bank was being robbed. Dillinger finally emerged from the vault and he leaped over the tellers' cages, shouting triumphantly: "I've got it all." He did not have it all. While hurriedly going through the drawers of the tellers' cages, Pierpont and Dillinger had overlooked more than $50,000 in cash which was wadded up and in the back of a drawer, covered with deposit receipts. The gang, however, took $27,789 before leaving the bank. When the gang emerged, police officers across the street fired, aiming high so as not to hit the crowd members in front of the bank. Clark, Makley, and Hamilton fired back, raking the buildings across the street, smashing second-story windows. Then the gang pushed several female bank employees onto the running

Criminal attorney Louis Piquett, Dillinger's lawyer, intended to prove that his client could not have committed the bank robbery and murder in East Chicago, for which Dillinger was charged. Reportedly, Dillinger told Piquett that he intended to escape the jail at Crown Point, believing he would be railroaded into the electric chair.

board of the a Buick, got inside and roared down the street, the hostages hanging on the car and preventing police from firing at it.

Following their own maps, the gang sped along dirt roads and later deposited their hostages in a lonely spot. Dillinger jocularly asked one of the females if she could cook. She replied: "After a fashion."

"Some other time," Dillinger said and the car shot forward, quickly disappearing over a rise. The gang then cut south and headed for Florida, driving to Daytona Beach, where members rented several cottages. They chartered fishing boats and fished for marlin. They sat about playing cards and listening to the radio. Mary Kinder and Evelyn Frechette cooked for them. From Daytona, the gang moved west, driving to Tucson, Arizona. About the time the gang arrived in Tucson, on January 15, 1934, the First National Bank of East Chicago was robbed of more than $20,000. A 43-year-old motorcycle policeman, William Patrick O'Malley, tried to stop two men, when they fled the bank and he was cut in half by their machine gun fire. The robbery and murder were attributed to John Dillinger and John Hamilton, although it is improbable that either man could have participated in this robbery since

Convicted murderer Herbert Youngblood escaped with Dillinger from the Crown Point Jail; he was later killed in Michigan.

both were in Arizona at the time, according to most reliable accounts. This was, however, the first and only murder ever credited to John Dillinger.

In Tucson, the gang's luck went bad. A fire broke out in the Congress Hotel, where Clark and Makley were staying and they gave hundreds of dollars to firemen to carry their bags out of their rooms. A fireman lugging one of the heavy suitcases became suspicious and opened it up to discover a submachine gun and several pistols. He notified local police and both Clark and Makley were arrested without a fight. Then Dillinger, Pierpont, and their girls, Opal Long, Clark's girl friend, Mary Kinder, using the alias Bernice Thompson, and Evelyn Billie Frechette, using the alias Anne Martin, were captured. Pierpont and Makley were quickly extradited to Ohio to stand trial for the murder of Sheriff Sarber, while Dillinger was sent back to Indiana to stand trial for the killing of Officer O'Malley. The girls were also shipped back east, charged with obstructing justice, and in Mary Kinder's case, aiding in the prison escape at Michigan City. John Hamilton was not apprehended, having left Tucson a few days earlier, ostensibly to case another bank in the Midwest.

The gangsters were placed in the Pima County Jail while their hastily hired attorney, John Van Buskirk of Los Angeles unsuccessfully fought against several writs demanding extradition to Indiana and Ohio. The first arriving to demand extradition was a large delegation from Indiana, including Captain Matt Leach, Prosecutor Robert Estill of Lake County, Indiana, Sheriff Lillian Holley and her nephew, Under-sheriff Carroll Holley, and Police Chief Maker of East Chicago, Indiana. One in this group saw Dillinger in a cell and shouted: "He's the one who killed O'Malley," a point too sorely made in that Estill and others from Indiana knew there was considerable doubt about Dillinger actually being in East Chicago, Indiana, when the motorcycle policeman was killed. (Police Chief Maker's presence in Tucson was strange in that he had no official capacity. It was later claimed that Maker was present to make sure that the O'Malley killing was, indeed, pinned on Dillinger, even though he knew that someone else had killed the policeman. Maker represented a small but widely corrupt police force, with several of its officers being in the pay of gangsters, including Sergeant Martin Zarkovich, who would later be deeply involved in Dillinger's so-called execution and permanent escape.)

Dillinger had repeatedly denied being in East Chicago on January 15, 1934, and said he could prove it; so did attorney Van Buskirk. They knew that if convicted of the O'Malley killing, it would mean a death sentence. Matt Leach, in a

confidential interview with the press, all but admitted that certain politicians in Indiana planned to have "Johnny executed for the East Chicago robbery and killing, no matter what it cost." Leach beamed with triumph when he entered the lockup at the Pima County Jail.

Leach walked straight to Dillinger's cell and stuck his hand through the bars. Dillinger lamely took it in a brief shake. As Leach walked past the cell holding Pierpont, Handsome Harry exploded: "I should have killed you when I had the chance, you dirty son-of-a-bitch! You put my mother in jail in Terre Haute, you bastard! If I ever get out of this, the first thing I going to do is kill you, you rat!"

Dillinger later told newsmen on his plane trip back to Indiana that Pierpont and he had been walking down an Indianapolis street one night some weeks earlier and discovered that Matt Leach, their pursuer, was walking directly in front of them and it was all Dillinger could do to prevent Pierpont from killing the lawman on the spot. The statement Pierpont made about his mother referred to a time when Indiana officers had arrested Mrs. Pierpont and Fred Pierpont and held them in the Terre Haute Jail for questioning for some days. Leach, however, had nothing to do with this. After officials inspected the prisoners, crowds of curious citizens clamoring for a view of the notorious Terror Gang were allowed to go into the Pima Jail lockup in small groups.

By this time, Dillinger had tired of all the bravado. He snarled at a guard: "if anyone one of those bozos or besocks gets close to my cell I'll brain them." He lay on his bunk, face to the wall. Ever the clown, Makley convinced a young Texan locked up in the cell opposite to impersonate Dillinger for the crowd. The Texan happily agreed to do so, as long as he was paid by those posing with him for photos next to his cell. He earned so much money that he was able to pay off his attorney and the fine for his minor offense and was released the next day.

Dillinger stands outside his father's farmhouse near Mooresville, Indiana in early March 1934, holding the wooden gun he used to effect his jail escape. He holds a real submachine gun in his left hand, one that he took from the jail at the time he broke free.

Fat Charley Makley, though he knew he and Pierpont were wanted for the murder of Sheriff Jess Sarber, acted as if he were being detained on a speeding charge. A newspaperman, Jack Weadock, stood by Makley's cell and reminded him that they had known each other as youths in St. Marys, Ohio: "You once shoed horses in my father's blacksmith stable," he reminded Makley.

"So you're George's kid," Makley said. And then he became conspiratorial, telling Weadock that the most dangerous man in the gang was Harry Pierpont, whom everyone in the gang called Pete. "If anything happens here, you watch out for Pete. He's a wild man." He said that Dillinger was not as tough as Pierpont but "every one of us trusts Johnny ... He's got a level head and he's the smart one." Makley then lapsed into childhood memories and nostalgically remembered the hardworking members of his family. "They were honest, at least, even if never rich. But I could not take that kind of life. Look at my dad. He worked like the devil all his life and what did he get out of it? I've lived as long in forty minutes at times as my dad did in forty years."

Clark, the towering giant of the gang, had been hit twice in the head with gun butts by arresting officers and his head had been opened up and had required several stitches. He wore a bloody bandage around his head and sat quietly in his cell, his eyes furtively darting back and forth, as if looking for an opportunity to escape. He refused to talk to anyone, but he did make a remark to one guard, a feeble joke: "When I get out of here I'm gonna wear a football helmet. Every time we get in trouble, I get hit over the head." Of all of the gang members, only Clark could look forward to surviving a trial in that he was the only member of the gang not charged with murder.

Dillinger was by then so notorious that his capture made national headlines. An army of newsmen descended on Tucson and he was interviewed endlessly, saying nothing of importance and denying that he had anything to do with the East Chicago robbery and O'Malley's death. Newsmen accompanied him on the plane back to Chicago and Sol Davis (the father of novelist Marc Davis, and grandfather of journalist and author Kevin Davis), a photographer for the Chicago *Times,* who bought all four vacant seats on the plane, took endless photos of the bandit while engaging him in chatty conversation. When the plane landed in Chicago, dozens of gun-carrying guards were on hand to surround the prisoner who was led through a phalanx of newsmen to a waiting car, which would take Dillinger to the Crown Point Jail, the so-called "escape-proof jail."

Dillinger with Evelyn Freschette outside his father's farmhouse at a family reunion.

Dillinger's father sits on plough at his farm during the time his bandit son visited him after his jail break from Crown Point; he felt his son had received a "raw deal" from the courts.

It appeared that the Dillinger Terror Gang was smashed, finished once and for all. A great show of force was displayed in Crown Point with newsreel photographers recording the dozens of armed vigilantes roaming the grounds and streets in front and back of the jail, while national guardsmen, state and local police paraded back and forth, thousands of men arrayed to prevent Dillinger associates from again releasing him. But there were few Dillinger gang members still at large. John Hamilton had gone into hiding. Homer Van Meter, who had been released from Michigan City, Indiana, was somewhere in St. Paul, Minn. All the rest, Copeland, Shouse, Makley, Clark, Pierpont, and Shaw were in custody.

Dillinger was photographed upon his arrival with Prosecutor Estill and Sheriff Holley. In an act of brazenness, Dillinger leaned his arm on Estill's shoulder and the prosecutor, exhausted by the trip, paid no attention to it. This photo, however, later proved to be disastrous for Estill, making him appear chummy with the very man he was to prosecute. This photograph would cost Estill his next election. Scores of newsmen took photos and motion pictures for the newsreels. Questions were pumped at Dillinger like bullets spitting out of a submachine gun. He was treated like a visiting movie star.

"How long does it take for you and your men to rob a bank?" one newsman asked.

"Oh, about one minute and forty seconds flat," Dillinger bragged.

"How did you get caught in Tucson?"

"Makley and Clark. They paid those firemen too much money to carry their bags down from that burning hotel. If those saps had made it only a couple of bucks, we'd still be safe and happy."

"Weren't you almost caught in Chicago by the police there?"

"Yeah, in November of last year when I was going to see a doctor on Irving Park Boulevard. That was because a stool pigeon turned me up to the police." Dillinger narrowed his eyes and looked directly into the cameras, as if hoping McGinnis would

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover named Dillinger Public Enemy Number One after the Crown Point Jail break, but the bandit had broken only one federal law at that time—taking a stolen car across a state line.

FBI Agent Melvin Purvis, left, with Attorney General Homer Cummings, was in charge of the Chicago Bureau and ordered by Hoover to "get Dillinger at all costs." Purvis was reckless in his pursuit of the bandit.

see the newsreel and hear his chilling words, knowing what to expect if Dillinger ever regained his freedom: "His name is Art McGinnis. I fed him and clothed him when he was broke, but he squealed on me."

"How did you live, you, Pierpont, Clark, Makley, and the others?"

Dillinger grew nostalgic for a period of time that was only a few months in the past, almost as if he were talking about deep time, decades earlier: "Those were exciting times. We moved from house to house. Rented one, stayed a few days, and moved on when the neighborhood got too hot. But we used to go downtown [in Chicago] to the theaters whenever we wanted to."

"What's your favorite movie?"

"*The Three Little Pigs.*"

The interview ended and Dillinger was taken to a cell on the third floor of the jail. The newsmen joined the thirty Chicago police officers and their leader, Captain John Stege, who had escorted Dillinger to the Crown Point Jail in a motorcade brimming with machine guns. The Chicago police were sitting in the jail's dining room, eating a roast beef dinner. There was a huge barrel of beer in the center of the long table at which they ate. Hoosier hospitality was in full force.

The following day, front page stories in all the newspapers reported how Crown Point had been turned into an impregnable fortress. Said one story: "The measures taken by Sheriff Holley to guard her noted prisoner makes it almost impossible to stage an attempt to rescue him and none will be tried ... The jail is floodlit and in a protected corner a special police officer sits night and day with a machine gun trained on Dillinger's cell, ready to repel any attempt to liberate him."

The day after Dillinger's arrival at Crown Point, he availed himself of the one phone call to which he was entitled, calling Chicago criminal attorney, Louis Piquett. The attorney visited Dillinger the next day. The 53-year-old Piquett was a most unusual criminal lawyer with a colorful past. He had been a lead miner in Platteville, Wisconsin, before moving to Chicago to become a bartender. He studied law at night and, without a college degree, passed the Chicago bar in 1916 at the age of twenty-six.

From 1920 to 1924, Piquett was a prosecuting attorney for the city and proved to be a spellbinder in court. He went into private practice and effectively represented a host of criminals, mostly those on Al Capone's payroll. It was Piquett who had, in spite of overwhelming evidence of guilt, saved Leo Brothers from the electric chair when defending him in 1931

on the charge of killing the corrupt Chicago *Tribune* reporter, Jake Lingle. Piquett was a close associate of the crooked politicians and gangsters, who ran Chicago at that time and his contacts with the underworld were widespread.

Psychopathic Lester Gillis, known as Baby Face Nelson, joined the gang Dillinger assembled after his March 1934 jail break.

Baby Face Nelson's wife, Helen, was with him when FBI agents attacked Little Bohemia Lodge on April 22, 1934.

After conferring with his client, Piquett announced that Dillinger would never go to the electric chair for killing Officer O'Malley. "We have an ironclad alibi," boasted Piquett to the press, "which will prove that John was in Florida on January 14, 1934, and could therefore not have been in East Chicago on the following day when the officer was killed."

On February 9, 1934, a pretrial hearing before Judge William J. Murray proved to be explosive. Prosecutor Estill demanded that Dillinger be tried within ten days for the killing of O'Malley, but Piquett demanded more time, saying it would take at least four months to round up all the witnesses in Florida, who would testify to his client's being in that state at the time of the O'Malley killing. Estill continued to insist on ten days and Piquett leaped from his seat, yelling: "That would be legal murder! There's a law against lynching in this state!"

Estill also rose and yelled back: "There's a law against murder, too!"

Judge Murray set the date of the trial for March 12, 1934. Estill was edgy about the possibility of Dillinger being freed. He asked Judge Murray to transfer the prisoner to Michigan City, Indiana, for safekeeping at the state prison. Judge Murray refused to move Dillinger, saying: "a hundred men couldn't take him out of that jail." He added that he could not, under the law, transfer Dillinger, unless there was a threat of mob violence and no vigilantism threatened the prisoner. Guards around the jail had proved to be alert.

A sightseer was stopped while driving slowly past the front of the jail. His car was searched and his identity determined him to be an innocent man. A photographer took a photo of the rear of the jail and was suddenly surrounded by six gun-toting guards, his camera confiscated. This was returned to him after his credentials were checked, but the film he had exposed was kept by the jail guards.

No one was trusted near the jail and guards were all too aware of the subtle ways in which the Dillinger gang operated; how its members had posed as newsmen in robbing banks, boldly interviewing bank presidents about their security systems and measures, thus learning the bank's weak points; how they had also posed as policemen and sheriffs, obtaining vital information from legitimate lawmen. Several hundred men kept an around-the-clock vigil, expecting an army of gangsters to come roaring into Crown Point at any moment to free America's most celebrated bandit.

The army of guards, however, were looking the wrong way. Dillinger's deliverance would not come from without, but from within. The notorious prisoner sat in his cell most of the time whittling and chatting with other prisoners. He was permitted by Judge Murray to visit with his lawyer, Piquett, at least five or six times, in a private room with no one else present. Moreover, Evelyn Billie Frechette, out on bail, was permitted to visit Dillinger on February 26, 1934. She went to the jail accompanied by Piquett, but was thoroughly searched by Sheriff Holley. Piquett was never searched. Dillinger also met briefly with the elder Dillinger, an awkward meeting where the bandit apologized for creating such notoriety for his family.

Piquett was confident that he could successfully defend his client against the murder charge, having put together an impressive list of witnesses, who were willing to swear that Dillinger was in Florida at the time of the East Chicago robbery and shooting. Moreover, he had given Estill the names of three Indiana citizens who would also swear that Dillinger was not the machine gun killer of O'Malley, that they had seen the shooting and would identify another man. This information sent shock waves through the East Chicago Police Department, where a case against Dillinger had been a foregone conclusion. Still, Dillinger apparently felt that no number of alibi witnesses could save him from a murder conviction the state insisted on having. He decided to escape on his own.

Dillinger had spent hours each day whittling, working with a penknife on a piece of wood he took from the top of a washboard. He fashioned an automatic pistol, according to the best reports, and then, using a razor, cut out the fine details of the gun, blackening it with boot polish, so that it looked very real. At 9:15 a.m., on March 3, 1934, Dillinger and fourteen other prisoners were walking about the exercise room in the rear of the second floor of the jail. Sam Cahoon, a 64-year-old turnkey, unlocked the bullpen holding the prisoners and was about to enter, carrying buckets of hot water and soap for the prisoners' morning wash-up, when Dillinger rushed to Cahoon's side as the bullpen door swung open, and jammed the wooden gun into his ribs, saying: "Get inside quick or I'll kill you." He quickly took Cahoon and two porters prisoner, placing them in a cell. He then crept down a deserted corridor and, around the corner, spotted Ernest Blunk. He forced Cahoon to call Blunk to the exercise area and when the turnkey did so, Blunk was made a prisoner, believing Dillinger was holding a ".45-caliber automatic."

Little Bohemia Lodge, at Manitowish Waters, Wisconsin, where FBI agents attacked on the night of April 22, 1934, shooting the front of the lodge to pieces after killing an innocent guest and wounding two others; the Dillinger gang offered no resistance, escaping from the back of the lodge into nearby woods.

Blunk was then sent to call up three more guards and Warden Lou Baker, as Dillinger, menacing him with the fake gun, hid in a nearby corridor. The guards, turnkey Cahoon, Blunk and then Warden Baker, along with thirteen prisoners were all locked into cells by the energetic Dillinger. He was joined by a black prisoner, Herbert Youngblood, awaiting trial for murder. Dillinger had asked Youngblood and Harry Jelinek, awaiting trial for robbery, if they wanted to join him. Jelinek declined, but Youngblood replied: "Yes, sir, Mr. Dillinger, I believe I do." Youngblood grabbed a heavy mop handle and used this to corral prisoners with Dillinger. The wooden gun employed by Dillinger throughout this time appeared to be different to each guard he intimidated with it. To Deputy Kenneth Houk, the gun was "a .38-automatic," and Houk later insisted that it was real: "When I hear people say that he got out with a wooden gun I get so mad I could spit. You look down the barrel of one and you know the difference between a wooden gun and a good one. There's, a difference between metal and wood covered with shoe blacking."

The problem was that none of the guards stared at the gun for more than a few seconds and none of them at the time, including Houk, would have been foolish enough to challenge the gun's genuineness. All of the prisoners up to this point were unarmed and Dillinger was desperate to obtain a real gun before his ruse was discovered. Pushing Blunk in front of him, Dillinger went downstairs through a side corridor and spotted Warden Hiles, who was carrying a real .45-caliber automatic. He quickly disarmed Hiles and marched him and Blunk back to the cells on the second floor. He then went back downstairs while Youngblood guarded the prisoners and walked into the empty front office.

Dillinger found two Thompson submachine guns lying on a window sill and grabbing these, returned to the second floor. He handed one of the submachine guns to Youngblood and then took up a collection, getting $15 from the guards. He then produced his wooden gun and ran its barrel slowly along the bars of the cell holding the guards and Warden Baker. "I did it all with my little toy pistol, gentlemen," he told them. All but Houk would later agree that the gun Dillinger held up to them was a clever fake. Blunk later stated: "It was the best imitation of a gun I ever saw." It was later claimed that Louis Piquett, or even Evelyn Frechette had smuggled a real automatic to Dillinger during one of their jailhouse conferences, but most evidence points to the use of a wooden gun.

Again using Blunk as a shield, Dillinger and Youngblood went downstairs and through the side corridor to the open yard and crossed this to the jail garage. None of the cars inside the garage had keys in the ignition. Dillinger locked up several jail employees in a laundry room, including Mrs. Mary Linton, Warden Baker's mother-in-law, who had just returned from a shopping trip, having been driven by a bailiff. Mrs. Linton took one look at the man holding the submachine gun and said: "My God! You're John Dillinger!"

Dillinger motioned to her and the bailiff to join the others in the laundry room, saying: "Right. You do as I tell you." After locking these two up, Dillinger asked Blunk where the nearest public garage was located. Blunk told him three doors down from the back of the jail garage and the three men stepped

outside, Dillinger wearing Blunk's overcoat. They walked down the street in full view of patrolling guardsmen and passersby, none taking note of the trio. They then stepped into the rear of the Main Street Garage, where Dillinger saw mechanic Edwin Saager leaning at work on a car, his head beneath the car's hood.

"Which car in here is the fastest?" Dillinger asked.

Saager glanced at him, thinking Dillinger to be a deputy and pointed to a black Ford V-8 with a red headlight and a siren. It was parked facing toward the garage doors. "That one," said Saager, "the Sheriff's car."

"Come on, let's go," Dillinger ordered Saager.

"I can't," replied the mechanic, still thinking he was talking to a deputy, who was going out on a routine patrol. "I'm working on a car."

Dillinger hit Saager's leg with the machine gun and the mechanic straightened up and then went white. Trembling, he got into the back seat of the car as ordered. Dillinger got in beside him and ordered Blunk to get behind the wheel and drive. Youngblood climbed in next to Blunk and the car rolled slowly out of the garage. Robert Volk, a postal employee, who was part of the vigilante force and carried a .45-caliber automatic, was in the garage at the time and watched the whole scene, but was frozen with fear at the sight of Dillinger and did nothing.

Blunk drove slowly, but purposely went through a red light to attract the attention of police lining the street. The police, however, believing the occupants of the car to be Sheriff Holley and deputies, merely smiled and waved them on. When the V-8 reached the city limits, Dillinger ordered Blunk to drive onto the macadam road running alongside the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks. Meanwhile, Volk regained his composure and raced to a phone, calling the police department. "Dillinger's escaped!" he screamed over the phone.

"What?" said an incredulous voice at the other end. "You're nuts! You want us to lock you up?" Finally, Volk managed to convince some jail authorities that the most desperate outlaw in America was once more free. The news stunned Sheriff Lillian Holley, who sank into a chair in near collapse. Some minutes later she called the state police to report the escape.

"How did it happen?" she was asked.

"It's too ridiculous for words," she replied. Later she met the press, almost in a state of shock, saying: "Dillinger took one chance in a million and all the breaks were with him and against me ... How this could have happened I don't quite see." Sheriff Holley was a rare exception in 1934 America, a female sheriff. She was actually filling out the term vacated when her husband died. But she came under criticism as a female, being too soft with Dillinger and other prisoners. It was even pointed out that she had, in photos taken with Dillinger, looked at her prisoner with a look of admiration.

"You think your job is too big for a woman?" one reporter asked her.

"Oh, hell's fire, of course not," she replied in disgust.

Deputy Houk did show a certain amount of admiration for the desperado, saying of Dillinger: "I never heard him cuss or be abusive in any way, shape or fashion. The morning he came out, he was tough, but not the tough "killer" type. He would have killed if his life had been at stake, but as far as being a deliberate killer, I can't believe John Dillinger was that way. I'm skeptical as to whether they would ever have found him guilty of that East Chicago charge ... I don't believe the man *was* there."

As posses fanned out in every direction looking for Dillinger, the bandit sat in the back seat of the V-8, telling Blunk to "take your time, take your time. Thirty miles an hour is enough. There's no hurry." The bandit chatted freely with his hostages. Youngblood said nothing, sitting like a wooden Indian next to Blunk, his submachine gun trained on the driver. Dillinger grew philosophical, saying to Blunk, an educated penologist: "You know, a prison is like a nut with a worm in it. The worm can always get out."

Dillinger then directed Blunk to take many turns, following gravel roads. He then jocularly asked Blunk and Saager: "How would you like to go to Ohio and get those other guys [Pierpont and Makley] out?" His hostages did not respond. Near Peotone, Illinois, the car ran into muddy roads washed out by heavy rains the night before. Dillinger ordered everyone out of the car and chains were put on the back wheels. "Take your time, boys," Dillinger said in a low voice. "What's time to me?"

After the chains were fixed on the wheels, Dillinger reached into his pocket and handed Saager $4, telling him that this money was for carfare for himself and Blunk. "I'd give you more, but I only got fifteen dollars. I'll remember you at Christmas." He got behind the wheel and told Youngblood, who was in the back seat, to lie down in the back. The V-8 slowly moved down the road, going south. Saager and Blunk stood in the middle of the road, listening to Dillinger whistle, hum and then sing a few lines from the song, "I'm Heading for the Last Roundup."

News announcing the spectacular escape held the nation in suspense and wonder. It appeared that no prison, no matter how strong, how well fortified and guarded, could hold John Dillinger. He became a living legend, his fame broader than that of Jesse James in the 19th Century, because Dillinger struck with electrifying speed, using fast cars and machine guns, utilizing all the techniques and inventions of modern society to best law enforcement agencies that appeared helpless before him. Indiana attorney general Philip Lutz stated: "The nation is horrified and shocked at the escape of this notorious bank robber and I am surprised that Lake County officials let him get away."

Tough, old Captain Stege of the Chicago Police Department shook his head in amazement, saying: "How in the name of common sense could a prisoner go through six barred doors to freedom?...But I told them it would happen. I pleaded with Governor McNutt's secretary to put him in the penitentiary. Now, bright and early Monday, Dillinger will rob a bank to get funds. Then, when he gets together with John Hamilton, the two of them will raid a police station some place and get guns and ammunition. Then maybe they'll come back to Chicago for another game of tag."

Stege was right. Dillinger did contact John Hamilton as soon as he drove Sheriff Holley's souped-up car across the Illinois line, making arrangements to meet him not in Chi-

cago but in St. Paul, Minnesota, then one of the "safe" cities for the independent bank robbers of the era, a town where heavily bribed politicians and police looked the other way. This was the safe haven of the Barker gang and Alvin Karpis, a town filled with underworld bosses with strong political connections, such as Harry Sawyer and Boss John J. McLaughlin. But by driving the stolen Sheriff's car from Indiana to Illinois, Dillinger had violated a new federal law, illegally transporting a stolen vehicle across a state line, and this then put him under the jurisdiction of the FBI. J. Edgar Hoover promptly made Dillinger Public Enemy Number One and ordered his agents in all bureaus to make the Indiana outlaw their primary duty.

Dillinger soon abandoned the stolen car and separated from Youngblood, giving him a few dollars and wishing him well. Youngblood made his way to Michigan where he was later cornered and killed when he decided to shoot it out with lawmen. Dillinger, driving another stolen car, met with his attorney Piquett on a Chicago street. Piquett later reported this meeting and he claimed that he pleaded with the bandit to surrender. "I told him that it was impossible for him to defeat the law. I told him that it was my duty to advise him to surrender, and let me take him to Town Hall station. He said he would do all that later."

The bandit then met Evelyn Frechette, who had already rented a room where Dillinger stayed for a short time before going on to St. Paul. Here Dillinger met with Hamilton who gave him $1,500. Dillinger bought a new wardrobe, a new car, and rented a nice apartment for himself and Frechette in Minneapolis.

The new Dillinger gang was then formed. Homer Van Meter arrived with two new tough recruits, Eddie Green, a nerveless getaway driver, and Tommy Carroll, an ex-boxer and experienced bank robber, who had looted banks in Iowa and Nebraska. Another man was needed, the gang felt, and, against Van Meter's wishes, Dillinger brought Lester Gillis into the gang. Gillis, better known as Baby Face Nelson, had worked for some Chicago gangsters such as Bugs Moran. He was a West Coast bank robber, who stood five foot, four inches high, and had a streak of murderous insanity. A hot-head, Nelson's idea of bank robbing was to roar up to a bank shooting, enter shooting, and escape shooting. "Kill everybody in sight, mostly the cops, and take off," he told Dillinger. "That way, they know you mean business!"

"This rooster is nuts," Van Meter said, sneering at Nelson.

"You say that again and we'll settle it with guns," Nelson sneered back.

Dillinger stepped between the two men, saying: "We'll do it my way, Nelson, or you can look for work somewhere else." Nelson nodded and kept silent. Then Hamilton outlined plans for the new gang's first robbery. On March 6, 1934, driving a large green Packard, which had been stolen from a St. Paul car dealer, the gang entered Sioux Falls, South Dakota, parking the car next to the Security National Bank and Trust Company at 10 a.m. A secretary in the bank looked out the bank window and noticed the six men in the car and joked to a clerk: "Look, there's a bunch of holdup men." The clerk placed his finger over a button that would trigger the bank alarm.

Dillinger, Hamilton, Van Meter, and Nelson entered the bank, while Carroll took the "tiger" position of lookout just outside the bank entrance, a submachine gun beneath his long winter coat. Eddie Green sat behind the wheel of the Packard, waiting. Before Dillinger could make his customary announcements, Nelson whipped out his submachine gun and screamed shrilly: "This is a holdup! Lay down on the floor!" As Hamilton, Nelson, and Van Meter trained guns on the customers and employees, Dillinger ran behind the teller's cages, to that of the head teller, Robert Dargen.

The bandit put his automatic down on the counter and began to scoop up bills, shoving these into the sugar sack he held in his other hand. Dargen looked at the automatic and thought for a moment of grabbing it, then decided that such a move would be suicide. Meanwhile, the clerk pressed the alarm button and a bell began to clang loudly outside the bank.

The bank robbers remained calm. Dillinger continued emptying the drawers from the tellers' cages then ordered Dargen to open the vaults at the rear of the bank. Dargen said that it was a complicated affair, that each vault required five different combinations to open them. Van Meter then proved that he was as volatile as Nelson. He ran forward and jammed the barrel of his submachine gun into Dargen's ribs, shouting: "Open it up, you son-of-a-bitch, or I'll cut you in two." Dillinger said nothing. Dargen told Van Meter if he took the gun away, he'd open the vault.

When the vault was opened, Van Meter filled another sack with about $14,000 in bills. Van Meter then ordered Dargen to open the next vault, but the head teller told him that he did not have the combination and that the vault contained only nonnegotiable bonds. "Get the damned bank president out here now!" yelled Van Meter.

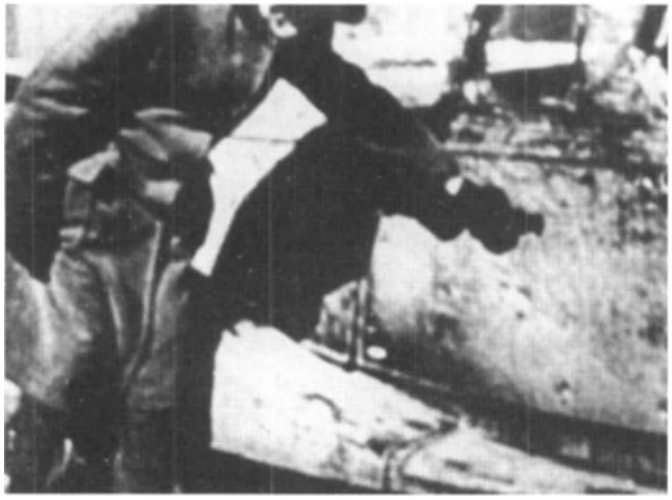
Someone called the local police station and said there was trouble at the bank but neglected to tell the desk sergeant that the alarm was ringing. The sergeant turned to an officer and told him to "go up to the bank. Probably some drunk bothering the customers." The officer strolled up to the bank and when he entered, walking past Carroll, the ex-boxer whipped out his submachine gun and prodded the officer into the bank, where Hamilton disarmed him and told him to lie on the floor.

The constant clang of the alarm bell outside the bank made Nelson jittery. He began to move erratically about the foyer of the bank, screaming: "I'm going to kill the man who hit that damned alarm!" He pointed his machine gun at a teller and screamed: "I know it was you!"

"No, no," the teller said, trembling. "Look, my button here is sticking up. If I had pressed it down it would still be down."

Dillinger called from the vault area to Nelson: "Forget that! Just get the money!"

At that moment, Nelson saw off-duty policeman Hale Keith get out of a car near the bank and cross the street. He had seen large crowds swelling about the bank and thought he should investigate. As he approached the bank he hitched up his belt and Nelson thought he was drawing a gun. The diminutive gangster jumped a guard railing and leaped onto the top of a



The car driven by Eugene Boiseneau, a CCC worker killed in a hail of FBI bullets as he and two friends attempted to drive from the parking lot of the Little Bohemia Lodge.

One of the windows at the Little Bohemia Lodge, riddled with FBI bullets. Agents led by Melvin Purvis sent hundreds of rounds into the lodge without any response from the gang members.

The arsenal left by the Dillinger gang when hastily departing the lodge; all of their female companions were captured, but none of the bank robbers were apprehended in the FBI debacle.

desk, letting loose a burst of machine gun fire which shattered the plate glass window and cut down Keith, sending him wounded to the pavement. Nelson, his face flushed red, turned and screamed: "I got one of them! I got one of them!"

In the street Tommy Carroll, a cool-headed gunman, rounded up the entire police force of twelve officers, who had arrived in small groups to learn the cause of the alarm bell. Even the embarrassed chief of police, M. W. Parsons, stood with his men against the wall of a building with his men as Carroll guarded them. A short distance away more than a thousand curious spectators milled about. The gang finally emerged carrying about $49,000. They took five female hostages and a teller, Leo Olson with them.

Nelson, though there was no reason for it, stood at the bank's entrance and shot out the glass of the window in the door, then swaggered outside and ordered the women to hang onto the running boards of the big Packard. The gang members got inside and the car labored up the street. A shot fired by patrolman Harley Chrisman punctured the radiator and the car stopped. The hostages leaped off but Nelson shouted: "Get back here!" The hostages again took their positions hanging onto the car, but one girl complained, saying she could no longer hold on. Dillinger told her to get off and the car lumbered around a corner, then another.

The Packard slowly made its way out of town, loaded down with six bank robbers and five hostages, while its radiator steamed and huffed. Dillinger stopped the car several times to have roofing nails spread over the road behind them. Outside of town, the bandits stopped a motorist and switched cars, leaving the hostages to stand freezing along the muddy road. They were picked up by a sheriff's car some time later, the officers complaining that they had to stop several times to repair flat tires, one officer carping: "Some damned fool spilled roofing nails from his truck all over the road."

Taking back roads, the gang did not arrive back in Minneapolis until midnight. There, in Dillinger's apartment, the gang split up the loot. Nelson insisted on counting it so that he would not be "cheated," reminding the others that "I shot

the cop, didn't I?" His petite wife Helen, a dark-featured young woman, sat some distance away, saying nothing. Van Meter objected to Nelson counting the money, but Dillinger, who was recognized as the leader of this gang, decided the argument, saying: "Let Lester count the money." Nelson sat down, his submachine gun on his lap, and carefully counted out six even amounts of money.

Dillinger later called Louis Piquett and told him he was sending several thousand dollars to Mary Kinder and that he and Mary should arrange to hire "the best attorneys you can get for Harry and Charley." At that time Pierpont and Makley were about to be tried for the murder of Sheriff Sarber. He then told Eddie Green to scout another bank, "one with a lot of cash. We are taking big chances and we should be getting big amounts." He told Billie Frechette that once he had accumulated enough money, they would travel to South America or Mexico and live out their lives in comfort. Green returned in a few days, reporting a bank stuffed with money, the First National Bank of Mason City, Iowa, which reportedly held more than $240,000.

The gang struck the bank in Mason City on March 13, 1934. This time, at Dillinger's insistence, Nelson stayed outside, near the getaway car, which Eddie Green was driving. Carroll once again took the position of the "tiger," standing outside the bank entrance with a submachine gun hidden beneath his gray overcoat. Dillinger, Hamilton, and Van Meter entered the bank, but Van Meter suddenly went running about, screaming for the bank president.

Willis Bagley, the president, saw Van Meter racing about the lobby and ran for his office, thinking "a crazy man was loose" inside the bank. He ran to the office and Van Meter ran after him, jamming the barrel of his gun into the door opening just as Bagley slammed it shut. Bagley leaned against the door and Van Meter yanked on the gun, freeing it. Bagley slammed the door shut and locked it, but Van Meter, who knew Bagley had the key to the vault, angrily fired through the door, wounding Bagley. He then joined Hamilton and Dillinger to help clean out the tellers' cages.

Hamilton went into the vault with cashier Harry Fisher, but a door with bars slammed shut, separating Hamilton from the teller. On the shelves around Fisher, Hamilton could see more than $200,000 in neat stacks. He ordered the teller to shove the stacks of money through the bars, but Fisher purposely selected the stacks of one-dollar bills, then five-dollar bills, until Hamilton, flourishing his automatic shouted: "Just give me the big bills!" Crowds were assembling in the street. Gas bombs fired by a guard in a cage high above the tellers' cages had filled the bank with smoke which poured out of the bank entrance. Bank alarm bells went off everywhere. Dillinger and Van Meter shouted to Hamilton: "We have to go! We're going!" Hamilton begged for more time, shouting: "It's hell to leave all that money back there!" With only $52,000 in their sacks, the bandits finally left the bank, but they were greeted by a street packed with curious citizens.

Nelson, who was standing at a nearby alley entrance, was approached by a middle-aged woman who wagged her finger at him. "Young man, do something, can't you see the bank is being robbed?" He produced a submachine gun and waved her away, saying: "Lady, you're telling me?" Down the street, Dillinger was lining up citizens, waving a submachine gun. From an upstairs window, John Shipley, an elderly policeman, fired a single shot that wounded Dillinger in the arm. Dillinger switched the submachine gun to his good hand, then his gun stuttered and its bullets raked the walls and windows of the building in which Shipley had taken cover. Shipley retreated after firing his one shot.

Police did not respond to the robbery with great speed. When the alarm went off, officers believed that a motion picture company, which had been shooting a film the day earlier around the bank, was at work re-enacting a bank robbery, that all of it was make-believe. (It is quite possible that the bandits themselves had arrived a day earlier and had photographed the bank and the surrounding area, explaining that they were making a Hollywood film in order to disguise the real bank robbery the next day.)

Taking more than a dozen hostages, the robbers left in an overloaded Buick. So many hostages were clinging to the car that Dillinger asked a few women to step off the running boards. Before the car lumbered out of town, one of the female bank employees yelled: "This is where I live! Let me off!" Dillinger let the woman go. Outside town, on a paved road, Dillinger ordered Nelson to spread roofing nails behind them. The bantamweight gangster leaped from the car and tossed nails recklessly in all directions. Dillinger leaned out a window and said to him in disgust: "You're spreading nails under our own car, Lester."

A police car containing Police Chief E. J. Patton and other officers inched up the road after the Buick. Inside, officers urged Patton to open fire on the escaping Buick. "We can't do that," Patton said, "or we might hit the hostages." Nelson spotted the police car and let loose a burst from his submachine gun. The police turned off the road and stopped.

Two hours later, the Buick stopped to let off the last hostages. The gang drove back to Minneapolis, Hamilton brooding all the way over how the cashier Fisher had tricked him. "I should have killed that man," he said. Both Hamilton and Dillinger had received slight wounds and were treated in St. Paul by Dr. N. G. Mortenson, the city health officer. Both went on their way to mend quickly and plan their next robbery. But FBI agents in St. Paul, who had been diligently tracking Dillinger's movements, believed he was living under the alias of Carl Hellman with Billie Frechette in a St. Paul rooming house.

Dillinger and Frechette took a trip back to Indiana and, incredible as it may seem, drove right into the yard of the Dillinger farm in Mooresville without anyone taking note. No lawmen had been posted to stake out the home of the most wanted man in the country. A family reunion was held with Audrey Dillinger and her family present. The elder Dillinger tried to persuade his son to surrender, but John put him off. The family ate a large dinner, talked about old times and John posed for photos outside the house. He stood with Frechette as Audrey took snapshots and there was talk of marriage and, again, South America. In one snapshot, Dillinger posed with the wooden gun he had made in Crown

Dillinger gang member Tommy Carroll lies dying after being fatally shot in a police trap.

Homer Van Meter, Dillinger gang member, shot to death by police in St. Paul, Minnesota following a running gunfight.

Point in one hand and a real submachine gun in the other. Dillinger left the wooden gun with Audrey and she kept this crime relic until the day she died in 1988.

Meanwhile, the Ohio trial of Harry Pierpont and Charles Makley for the murder of Sheriff Sarber had ended in conviction, despite the testimony of Pierpont's mother that her son was eating dinner with her in their Leipsic, Ohio, home on the night Sarber was killed. Mrs. Pierpont, who had coddled Harry throughout his life, hid his face with her scarf when newsmen in court tried to photograph him. Pierpont did not help his own cause on the witness stand, shouting at the prosecutor: "I'm not the kind of man you are, robbing widows and orphans. You'd probably be like me if you had the nerve!" Handsome Harry was condemned to die in the electric chair, as was Charles Makley. Russell Clark was also tried but received a life sentence. (Clark would die of cancer only a few weeks after his release from prison in 1973.) Both Pierpont and Makley were not surprised at receiving death sentences. When Pierpont returned from his sentencing, Makley, sitting in the next cell of the Lima, Ohio, Jail, asked him: "What was it, Harry?"

"Well, what would it be?" Pierpont replied.

A day later, Makley returned after being sentenced. "What did you get, Charley?" asked Pierpont.

Makley sat down on the bunk in his cell, shoved an entire pack of gum into his mouth and then replied: "I got everything." He added a moment later: "We all have to die once."

Still, authorities believed that Dillinger might try to rescue his close friends Pierpont and Makley before they were transferred to the state prison. The Lima jail was surrounded by guards, and searchlights played over every square inch of the building at night. Vigilantes, local and state police, and national guardsmen were everywhere, waiting for Dillinger to arrive. Dillinger, meanwhile, barely escaped an FBI trap on March 31, 1934.

FBI Agents R. L. Nalls and R. C. Coulter had finally pinpointed his address in St. Paul. They went to the Lincoln Court Apartments and knocked on the door of Carl Hellman, the alias Dillinger was then using. Billie Frechette opened the door a crack and told the two agents that her husband, Mr. Hellman, was asleep, and that she was not dressed. She said she would wake him and put on some clothes. She closed the door and locked it, then ran to the bedroom and told Dillinger that police were in the hallway.

The agents were waiting nervously in the hall when they noticed a man walking up the stairs to the third floor, where they stood. It was Homer Van Meter.

"Who are you?" Agent Coulter asked him.

Van Meter gave him a broad smile and said: "I'm a soap salesman."

Coulter looked him over closely. "Yeah, well if you are, where are your samples?"

"In my car outside," Van Meter said glibly. "Come on downstairs, fella, and I'll be glad to show them to you."

Coulter followed Van Meter down the stairs, but at the landing on the second floor the bandit pulled an automatic and wheeled about, shouting at the FBI agent: "You asked for it, so I'll give it to you!"

The agent, helpless, opted for a quick retreat. He bolted straight past Van Meter, going down the stairs three at a time and through the front doors. Van Meter was about to go upstairs again, but remembered the other lawman and left the building. He ran into the street, where he spotted a horse-drawn delivery wagon, its driver gone. Van Meter jumped onto the seat of the wagon, put the driver's cap on his head and then whipped the horse wildly so that it leaped forward at a gallop with Van Meter making an unorthodox, clattering escape.

Agent Nalls heard the commotion downstairs and went to investigate. When Dillinger stepped into the hallway carrying a submachine gun, he saw the hallway empty. He went to the front stairs and fired a burst from the gun, then retreated with Frechette down a back staircase to the rear door of the apartment building. Just as he and Frechette reached his Hudson

Terraplane. Nalls appeared and fired a shot at Dillinger, wounding him in the leg. Dillinger jumped into the car, Frechette at his side, and roared away down the alley, escaping. He and Frechette went to Eddie Green's apartment and Green brought an underworld doctor to patch up Dillinger's leg.

The gang then decided to leave St. Paul immediately, realizing that FBI agents had them spotted. Pat Reilly, who did odd jobs for the gang, suggested that everyone go to a resort in northern Wisconsin, a backwoods retreat where no one, including the FBI, would think to look for them. Before going to this retreat, Dillinger and Frechette made a quick "business" trip to Chicago. On April 9, 1934, Dillinger and Frechette had a mysterious meeting with someone at a tavern located at 416 N. State Street.

Dillinger was apprehensive and sent Billie Frechette into the tavern to await a contact person, while he stood across the street. A few minutes later, three men who seemed to Dillinger to be "feds" rushed into the tavern and arrested Frechette. She was hustled out of the tavern to a waiting car and she looked at Dillinger from the car window as he sank back into the shadows of a doorway. Frechette was jailed, charged with harboring Dillinger, a fugitive.

Dillinger soon returned to St. Paul, and with Van Meter, Carroll, Hamilton and Nelson, along with three women, he traveled southeast to the Little Bohemia Lodge in Manitowish Waters, Wisconsin. Its owner, Emil Wannatka, reportedly welcomed the visitors, although he later claimed that the gang members were strangers to him and had forced their way into his lodge, which was not yet officially open. Wannatka later insisted that the gang barged in on him and his family unannounced and they were more or less prisoner-hosts to the gang, but it is likely that Wannatka, who had once owned a Chicago speakeasy and was associated with gangsters Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake, knew the gang was going to use his lodge as a hideout.

The bandits sat drinking and playing cards. Marie Conforti, Van Meter's girl, helped to make meals with Helen Gillis and Jean Delaney Crompton Carroll, the wife of Tommy Carroll. Everybody spent a good deal of time trying to cheer up Dillinger, who was depressed and sullen over the arrest of Billie Frechette.

Melvin Purvis, the FBI agent in charge of the hunt for Dillinger in Chicago, received a tip that Dillinger and his gang were hiding out in the Little Bohemia. On the night of April 22, 1934, he and other agents flew to Rhinelander, Wisconsin, and then commandeered several cars and drove down the narrow roads surrounded by dense forests to the lodge. By then FBI agents had been armed, but their training in weaponry was limited and their judgment in using firearms worse. Purvis himself was a shoot-from-the-hip lawman, excitable, impulsive, even reckless, the very type J. Edgar Hoover wanted to weed out of the bureau. Purvis was also a man who craved the limelight and cultivated publicity. He put himself before the Bureau and the only man in the FBI able to take such a position was Hoover himself. In reality, Purvis was a ruthlessly ambitious agent who may have harbored thoughts of replacing Hoover.

Dillinger gang member Baby Face Nelson, in the morgue with 17 slugs in his body, following a gun battle with two FBI agents. Nelson killed both agents before he died of wounds.

The FBI under Purvis' leadership in Chicago underestimated Dillinger, believing him to be a dim-witted outlaw, who resorted to the gun first and last. Purvis did not study Dillinger's habits and character, but followed the machine gun image of him the press had created. Agents in this era were either lawyers or accountants with little or no street experience dealing with gangsters or the independent bank robbers of the 1930s. They relied on tips from newsmen and informants passed along to them from local police departments to track federal fugitives. They learned much of their search and seizure technique, according to the author's contacts inside the Bureau, from watching Hollywood movies, and they emulated movie police grilling suspects by using the third degree.

Hoover, desperate to prove the FBI effective during the crime wave of the 1930s, had made Dillinger Public Enemy Number One, mostly due to Dillinger's national publicity. Technically, Hoover overreached himself in making Dillinger Public Enemy Number One. As a federal fugitive, Dillinger's most serious crime was crossing a state line with a stolen auto, and that offense was the only one which allowed Hoover and his agents to pursue Dillinger. It certainly was not a crime that would win Dillinger the dubious honor of being named the most sought criminal in America. Ironically, Hoover increased Dillinger's notoriety by naming him Public Enemy Number

Special FBI Agent Sam Cowley, who was killed by Baby Face Nelson.

One, perhaps with the thought that once the Bureau had captured or killed Dillinger, its own status would surpass that of Dillinger's or any other infamous gangster.

When Purvis led his men through the dark woods toward the Little Bohemia Lodge, he had no idea how many gang members might be inside, what their fire power might be, or the possible escape routes they might use. He merely assembled his eight heavily armed agents in front of the lodge and advanced like General Custer charging in a frontal attack into the valley of the Little Big Horn. As the agents went forward, three men emerged from the lodge, wobbly-legged, to get into a coupe parked in front of the lodge.

The driver turned on the radio and Purvis ordered the men to get out of the car, but got no response. (Two survivors later denied Purvis' claim that he shouted such a command to the men.) When the men in the car did not respond, Purvis and his men opened fire with submachine guns, automatics and automatic rifles, riddling the car and blowing its occupants to pieces. All three men in the car were CCC workers and one of them, Eugene Boiseneau, was killed outright, a slaying that was, immediately after the abortive raid, attributed to Dillinger.

The gunfire outside the lodge alerted Dillinger and his men to the presence of the FBI. They had been playing cards with Wannatka and they jumped up and peered through the front windows, turning off the lights. Inside the lodge were Dillinger, Hamilton, Van Meter, Carroll and their women. Baby Face Nelson and his wife Helen were sleeping in a cottage nearby. Dillinger and the others raced upstairs without a thought of fighting it out with lawmen.

The bandits had no idea that the front area of the lodge was crawling with FBI men since Purvis never identified himself or his men to the occupants of the lodge. The attackers could have been local vigilantes, national guardsmen, state troopers, or local lawmen for all the Dillinger gang knew. As Dillinger and the other men grabbed their weapons, coats, hats and cash, Purvis and his men let loose a deafening fire that raked the front of the lodge, smashed windows and destroyed china and bric-a-brac in the first floor rooms.

At that moment, Dillinger and the others slipped out a back window on the second floor, lowering themselves to a small roof and then dropping about ten feet to the ground. They ran single file to Little Star Lake behind the lodge and ran along the water's edge and into the trees, going north. The only member of the gang to offer resistance was Nelson. He leaped half-dressed from his bed at the sound of gunfire, grabbed a submachine gun, and ran outside to see from a flanking position the FBI men charging the front of the lodge. Believing his associates were still inside and returning fire, he joined in, letting loose a burst from his Thompson, which drew fire from Purvis and other agents. The agents stopped their attack on the lodge and angled toward Nelson, who soon realized that he was hopelessly outnumbered. He fled into the woods, abandoning his wife.

Purvis resumed his attack on the lodge. Its occupants, the women who had accompanied the gang, and Wannatka and his family, had taken refuge in the basement. They huddled there for hours as the FBI blasted the lodge with automatic fire and tear gas bombs. Some time later, oblivious to the one-sided battle that was going on, Pat Reilly, with Patricia Cherrington at his side, drove into the long driveway leading to the parking lot in front of the lodge.

The agents wheeled about and opened fire on the car after Reilly realized he was driving into a trap and threw the auto into a quick reverse. One tire was shot flat and the windows of the car were shot out, but Reilly and Cherrington remained unharmed. Back on the highway, Reilly threw the car into gear and shot ahead, weaving crazily up the road on the flat.

Dillinger, Van Meter, and Hamilton reached the home of E. J. Mitchell and there tried to start an old truck parked in the yard, but it would not turn over. They spotted a coupe parked in a neighbor's yard and took it, heading for St. Paul. Tommy Carroll, who had gotten lost in the woods, wandered into Manitowish Waters, a small town about a mile from the Little Bohemia, and stole a Packard and began driving to St. Paul.

Nelson, who had gone in the opposite direction from the rest of the gang, stopped a car carrying G.W. Lang and his wife and forced the elderly couple at gunpoint to drive him out of the area. The car broke down near the home of Alvin Koerner, and Nelson raced to the house. Koerner, however, suspicious after hearing the gunfire from the nearby lodge, called police to tell an officer that a strange car had parked in his yard and a man with a gun was approaching the house. He hung up just as Nelson reached his front door.

Another car containing Emil Wannatka, his two bartenders and his brother-in-law, George LaPorte, then arrived at the Koerner house. LaPorte had driven to the lodge in response to a desperate phone call from Wannatka. When LaPorte arrived on a side road near the lodge, Wannatka and his two bartenders escaped and LaPorte drove them away, while the FBI agents continued to pepper the lodge.

Once in the Koerner house, Wannatka saw Nelson, his former guest, and he tried to placate the jittery gangster. Nelson told Wannatka to shut up and lined everyone in the house up against a wall. He then ordered Wannatka and Koerner outside, telling them they were his hostages. He told Wannatka to start LaPorte's car, but Wannatka flooded the engine.

At that moment, about 11 p.m., another car drove into Koerner's lot. In it were two FBI agents Jay Newman and H. Carter Baum, along with Constable Carl C. Christiansen. Newman was driving and Baum sat next to him, cradling a submachine gun in his lap. The car stopped just behind and to the right of LaPorte's car. Christiansen, who was sitting in

the back seat, later remembered how "this little jack rabbit flew right out of nowhere." Nelson had leaped from the front of the LaPorte car and raced up to the FBI auto, just as Newman opened the door and was about to step out.

Nelson held a machine pistol, described later by Christiansen as "a forty-five Colt converted into a machine gun with a long clip and a pistol grip." The little bandit screamed: "I know you bastards are wearing bulletproof vests so I'll give it to you high and low!" With that he began firing point blank into the car. First Newman fell, hit over the eye. He collapsed onto the dirt lot.

Baum struggled to hold up the submachine gun as he stepped from the other door, but Nelson's bullets tore through his neck and killed him instantly. Christiansen, fumbling for his .38-caliber Smith & Wesson, jumped from the car and ran for the cover of a nearby wood pile, but he was floodlit by the headlights of Newman's idling car and Nelson shot him in the back several times, knocking him down. Christiansen crawled back to Baum's side but saw that he was dead.

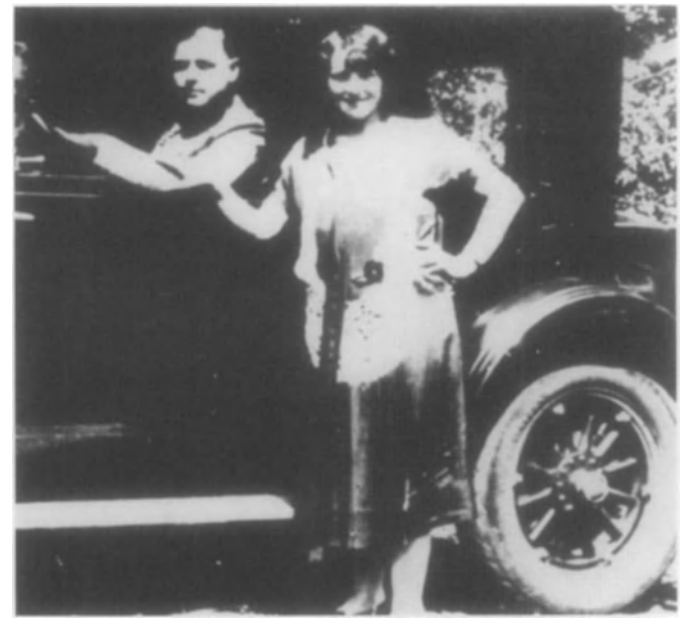
Newman somehow came to, and while holding his bleeding head, the courageous agent lifted his automatic and fired a wild shot in Nelson's direction. Nelson was by then berserk, screaming and cursing and firing in all directions. Wannatka ran to a snow bank and Nelson fired at him, shouting: "You traitor, you informed on us!" Wannatka was unharmed and he managed to crawl over the bank and into some woods. He got up and began running back to the Little Bohemia.

Nelson then jumped into the Ford that had been driven by Newman and backed out of the yard so violently that Koerner's house was showered by gravel kicked up by the tires. Nelson roared onto the highway and raced southward. Newman staggered to his feet and went to Koerner's house. He knocked on the door, but those inside refused to let him in, thinking he was another bandit bent on havoc. Christiansen later remembered that those in the house "let us lie there for about an hour before anyone dared to come outside."

Wannatka emerged from the woods near Little Bohemia, his hands and legs bleeding from the thorny underbrush. The noise of his movements caused the agents still positioned in front of the lodge to train their guns on him. "Hands up, you! Hands up!" shouted an agent in his direction. Wannatka staggered forward, exhausted, panting, as Purvis and other agents surrounded him, guns aimed at his head. "All your men are dead at Koerner's," gasped Wannatka.

Purvis squinted at Wannatka, saying: "How do you spell your name and address?"

"What?" Wannatka said, amazed at Purvis' seeming indifference to the news that his agents had been killed. "Are you crazy? I told you that all your men have been killed at Koerner's house! Did you come here for Dillinger or for me?" Wannatka then filled a truck with hay and, after another argument with Purvis, drove back to Koerner's to retrieve the dead and wounded. The body of the 29-year-old Baum was placed on the hay and driven to a nearby mortuary. Newman and Christiansen were taken to a clinic where they would survive their wounds.



Martin Zarkovich, at the wheel of a car, shown with his close friend, Anna Sage, in the 1920s. Zarkovich set up the man shot at the Biograph on July 22, 1934; Sage led him to his death.

By dawn, the one-sided battle of Little Bohemia was over. The inside of the lodge was thick with teargas and the three mob women, Marie Conforti, Helen Gillis and Jean Carroll, staggered choking from the building, their hands in the air. The real quarry had fled and escaped. Purvis' embarrassment was thorough, but that of his boss, J. Edgar Hoover, was increased by the fact that the director had announced at 2 a.m. Washington, D. C., time (midnight at Little Bohemia) that the Dillinger gang was surrounded and its members had no chance of escape. Then the bad news came in that Dillinger and the others had escaped. Hoover finally got hold of Purvis and told him how disappointed he was.

There was more bad news to come. When it was discovered that the agents had wounded several innocent persons and killed Eugene Boiseneau, newspapers across the country ran banner headlines attacking Hoover and the Bureau for recklessness, some even charging manslaughter. Senator Kenneth McKellar later held hearings investigating the Little Bohemia fiasco and charged Hoover and Purvis with irresponsible acts that had caused the death of an innocent man. Several Republican senators began campaigns to have Hoover demoted or even removed from office.

Instead of being portrayed as heroes, the FBI agents were held up to ridicule. Hoover, privately incensed at Purvis for being disgraced, gave orders to Purvis and other agents to get Dillinger "at all costs." So driven were Hoover and Purvis to right their wrong and to recapture public opinion that they would grasp at any straw to deliver John Herbert Dillinger. Their desperation would lead them into an even greater debacle.

The killing of innocent men by the FBI created a scandal that provided material for Will Rogers, then America's favorite humorist. Wrote Rogers: "Well, they had Dillinger sur-

Anna Sage at the time she met FBI Agent Melvin Purvis and explained how she would accompany "Dillinger" to a movie theater, where Public Enemy Number One could be apprehended. Purvis promised that Sage, a notorious brothelkeeper, would not be deported, but she was nevertheless sent back to Romania.

rounded and was all ready to shoot him when he come out, but another bunch of folks come out ahead, so they shot them instead. Dillinger is going to accidentally get in with some innocent bystanders some time, then he will get shot."

Some side benefits came of the Little Bohemia failure, however, in that twelve anticrime bills in Congress, which had long been delayed were finally enacted. Throughout the Midwest, the Dillinger mania caused local legislators to provide their police departments with new equipment, including citywide and state-wide radio systems, the lack of which allowed Dillinger and bandits like him to escape police dragnets and roadblocks. Indirectly, Dillinger had caused speedy improvements in U. S. law enforcement procedures.

The Dillinger gang was still on the run. Hours after leaving Wisconsin in the stolen car, Dillinger, Van Meter and Hamilton were about to drive across a bridge spanning the Mississippi near Hastings, Minnesota, about twenty miles south of St. Paul. Deputy Sheriff Norman Dieter and three other lawmen were guarding the bridge, alerted that Dillinger might try to escape along that route to St. Paul. A fast-moving Ford then came into sight and the lawmen leveled their automatic weapons in its direction. The driver, Dillinger, saw the roadblock across the bridge and spun the car about, driving away.

Dieter and the others jumped into their car and gave pursuit, catching up with the Ford some miles down the road. They saw that it had Wisconsin license plates, the same as one of the cars having been stolen near the Little Bohemia shootout. Dieter fired a shot at the tires and this caused Van Meter, sitting in the back seat, to smash the back window of the Ford and thrust forth an automatic. Van Meter began shooting at the officers, who returned fire. One of the bullets fired by the officers ploughed into the back of John Hamilton before Dillinger was able to outdistance and lose the lawmen.

The car driven by the bandits was too shot up to continue and Dillinger drove it off the road twenty or so miles outside of St. Paul. He then stopped a car driven by Roy Francis. Francis, his wife and small boy were in the car and the bandit ordered them into the back seat. Dillinger, Van Meter, and Hamilton climbed into the car. The badly-wounded Hamilton said he needed something to drink and Dillinger pulled into a gas station, where he bought Hamilton and the Francis boy bottles of soda pop. Francis and his family were left unharmed at a farmhouse down the road, while the gangsters drove the new V-8 toward St. Paul.

Dillinger and Van Meter met Reilly later that day, but Hamilton was not with them. Reilly later told police that Hamilton had died before Dillinger could find a doctor and that his body was buried in a stone quarry by Dillinger and Van Meter. Quicklime had been poured over the body to obliterate the face and fingers and thus prevent identification.

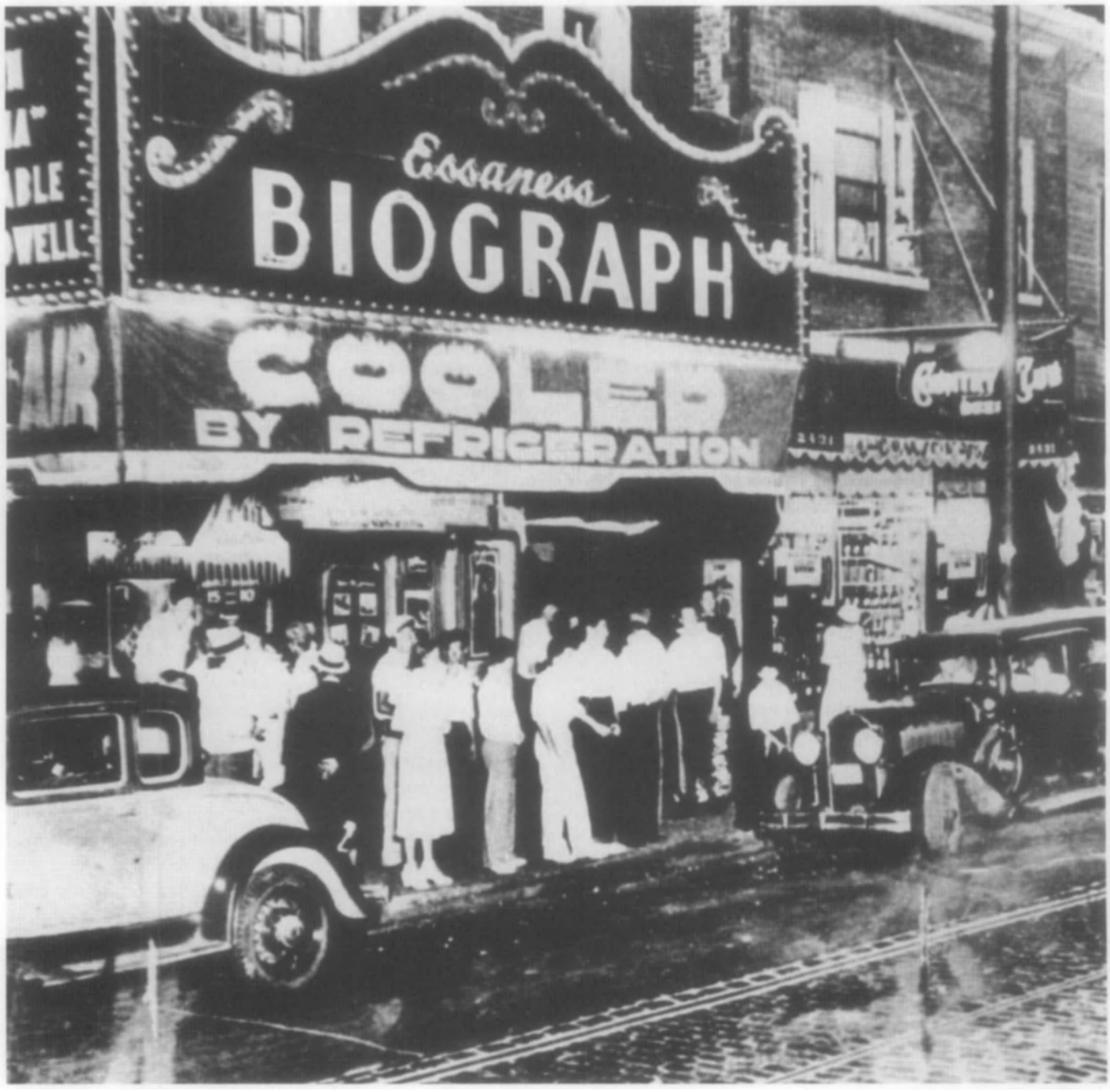
Dillinger and Van Meter reportedly returned to Chicago but Public Enemy Number One was no longer his easygoing self, telling Van Meter that he was a jinx. He had been unnerved by the harrowing escape from Little Bohemia and he vowed to "get away for keeps." Everyone around him had died or wound up in prison. He had heard that Billie Frechette had been convicted of harboring him in St. Paul and had been given an eighteen-month prison term. From May to July 1934, Dillinger's movements were in deep shadows and little activity was reported, although it was claimed that on June 30, 1934, Dillinger, Van Meter, and Nelson were joined by Charles Arthur "Pretty Boy" Floyd and that this formidable group of bank robbers raided the Merchants National Bank of South Bend, Indiana, taking a $18,000 in cash, but it is doubtful that any of these men participated in that robbery.

Floyd was elsewhere in the Midwest at the time and Nelson was in California. In June 1934, Dillinger did rob, with James

Henry "Blackie" Audett and others, some banks in Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska, according to Audett's statements to the author forty-five years later. Audett claimed that Dillinger was looking to make a "permanent escape" and that arrangements for such would be costly. This necessitated the string of bank robberies Dillinger, Audett, and other lesser known bandits committed.

It is known that Dillinger spent a good deal of time in Chicago in June and July of 1934, talking several times to Louis Piquett while making those escape arrangements, but the escape was not to South America or Europe, but an escape from the world of the living. The FBI later claimed that during June 1934, Dillinger went into deep hiding, and that a minor hoodlum, Arthur O'Leary, took Dillinger and Van Meter to the home of James Probasco in Chicago, a hideout set up by Louis Piquett. Here, according to the Bureau, Dillinger and Van Meter had plastic surgery performed on their faces and had their fingerprints burned away with acid, these operations conducted by two underworld physicians, Dr. Harold B. Cassidy and Dr. Wilhelm Loesser.

Probasco, however, was not picked up until July 25, 1934, days after a shooting at Chicago's Biograph Theater, one in which Melvin Purvis insisted John Dillinger was killed. Probasco was held incommunicado at the Bureau Headquarters in the Banker's Building and, on July 30, 1934, suddenly fell, jumped, or was pushed from a nineteen-story window in



The Biograph Theater on Lincoln Avenue in Chicago a few minutes after the shooting on July 22, 1934, after which the FBI claimed to have killed John Dillinger.

FBI offices, crashing to his bloody death in an alley below. His death was ruled a suicide. (It was later claimed that Probasco died when agents trying to get him to inform, dangled him by the legs from one of the Bureau's office windows, a third-degree routine they had earlier practiced from seeing gangster movies in that era, and that they had lost their hold on the suspect, who then "accidentally" fell to his death.)

Investigation into the shooting at the Biograph on July 22, 1934, occupied the author for a number of years in the research and writing of two previously published works, *Dillinger: Dead or Alive?* and *The Dillinger Dossier.* The mysterious, and to some degree, still baffling events occurring at that time are these: Dillinger, for all purposes of the FBI manhunt, had utterly disappeared sometime in June 1934. Law enforcement officials combed the country for him, but no trace could be found, even though dozens of men looking like Dillinger were arrested and later released. Since most of his known associates were either dead or in prison, and since he had stopped seeing his usual contacts, except for the underworld lawyer, Piquett, lawmen became more frustrated with each day's search.

Polly Hamilton Keele accompanied Anna Sage and her "friend" to the Biograph.

The author's research revealed that Dillinger was, indeed, residing in the Chicago area, but that he had, in early June, entered into a scheme that would bring about his permanent escape. He would be killed, or, more precisely, someone else would be killed in his place and he would thus be free to live out his life with the aid of considerable cash he had accumulated within the last six to nine months, more than $250,000, according to one estimate. Through Piquett, Dillinger met with Martin Zarkovich, a crooked police sergeant with the East Chicago, Indiana, Police Department.

For more than a decade, Zarkovich had been taking bribes and kickbacks from bootleggers and brothel owners in Lake County, Indiana, and he had persuaded several of his fellow officers to also enjoy such underworld spoils. Zarkovich, since about 1920, had known a notorious bordello keeper, Anna Sage, a Romanian immigrant who ran several whorehouses in northern Indiana. The enterprising sergeant had even supplied her with runaway girls and had seen to it that her operations were protected, receiving a cut of her take.

When Anna Sage was run out of northern Indiana, she set up shop in Chicago, running a bordello out of a sprawling North Side home. Zarkovich continued to supply her with girls, driving them from Indiana to Chicago, where he was still on Anna's payroll. Martin Zarkovich was a money man, a cop on the take, and, if the subtle scheme arranged by Louis Piquett worked, he would not only enjoy a large fee for his services, but collect a considerable chunk of the $20,000 reward money offered for John Dillinger, as long as *he made sure* that Dillinger was officially declared dead.

In mid-July, Zarkovich met with Anna Sage, who had a customer deeply involved with one of her girls, Polly Hamilton Keele, a slender, attractive brunette. Zarkovich studied this man from afar, watching him go in and out of Anna Sage's place. He used the name James Lawrence, but Polly Hamilton called him Jimmy. Lawrence, who told people he worked at the Board of Trade, was a minor hoodlum and pimp who actually worked on and off for Anna Sage bringing Hamilton customers. He lived on Pine Grove Avenue and was always looking for a dishonest dollar. Further investigation of his background, according to Audett, revealed that he had no known living relatives in the Midwest. He was an ideal candidate.

According to Audett, Piquett then contacted Lawrence and made a deal. He would pay this young man $30,000 to pretend to be Public Enemy Number One, John Dillinger. The crafty lawyer explained that this would take no effort at all and certainly would not be dangerous. He would simply go on with his normal activities, but drop a little hint here or there. If arrested, he could easily prove he was not Dillinger. Piquett held up his hands to wiggle his fingers. Lawrence's fingerprints would prove he was not the wanted outlaw. Lawrence asked why he was being asked to do this. Piquett told him that he would be only one of several "decoys" who would be used to give the real Dillinger enough time to leave the country. Lawrence accepted his odd assignment and received a $5,000 down payment with a promise to receive additional payments each week.

Unknown to Lawrence, there were many others involved in the plot to pass Lawrence off as Dillinger, and this included Martin Zarkovich and Anna Sage. A few days later, Sage began to make remarks to Lawrence about his striking resemblance to newspaper photos of Dillinger. "A lot of people tell me that," Lawrence replied. He began to swagger a bit, even occasionally talk out of the side of his mouth in the best gangster tradition of the movies. Meanwhile, Ray McCready, a mortician who maintained a funeral home at 4506 N. Sheridan Road, sat down at his desk on July 14, 1934, and opened his ledger to a blank page to record a death that had not yet occurred. McCready entered the name of John Dillinger in his ledger, using the July 14, 1934, *twice* on the same page, though the shooting outside the Biograph Theater would not happen until July 22, 1934, six days later. From later events, it can be assumed that McCready had already been contacted by someone and told that he would be handling the body.

On July 20, Martin Zarkovich, a lynch pin in the conspiracy, appeared in the offices of Chicago Police Department Captain John Stege, who headed the Dillinger Squad. In front of Sergeant Frank Reynolds, Stege's aide, Zarkovich offered to provide information that would lead Stege and his men to Dillinger. But there was a condition, Zarkovich said, explaining that he wanted revenge for the killing of his good friend Pat O'Malley, the cop killed in the East Chicago bank robbery in January of that year. There could be no live capture of Dillinger, Zarkovich insisted. He, Martin Zarkovich, must be allowed to

execute the man, once the trap that he, Zarkovich, devised, was sprung.

John Stege was an old hand at fighting criminals and one of the best cops in Chicago, an honest and upright lawman who liked to believe that, after so many years in dealing with the worst elements of society, he still maintained scruples and a sense of decency. Stege stood up and said angrily to Zarkovich: "I'd give even John Dillinger a chance to surrender." He then ordered Zarkovich out of his office, as Zarkovich knew he would, for this meeting was a setup, a reference point to which another man, Melvin Purvis, would be directed. Purvis would naively accept the murderous motivation of Martin Zarkovich and subsequently accept the East Chicago cop's story about Dillinger as being genuine. Some hours later, Zarkovich called Melvin Purvis, who was desperate to apprehend Dillinger and, according to one report, had a deadline from his boss Hoover to do so or begin looking for another career.

Zarkovich was thoroughly familiar with the dilemma facing the trigger-happy Purvis and he also knew that the FBI chief was reckless and easily deceived. Purvis' erratic and lethal conduct at Little Bohemia had proved that to the world. He informed Purvis that he could "set up Dillinger" for him and Purvis leapt at the opportunity, arranging to meet Zarkovich the next afternoon in the lobby of the Great Northern Hotel. This was the residence of Sam Cowley, who recently had been placed in the Chicago Bureau of the FBI, a special agent with powers equal to Purvis. Purvis ran the office, but Cowley had veto power over his activities and served as Hoover's watchdog. Yet, Sam Cowley, an experienced and intelligent agent, was just as desperate as Purvis to arrest John Dillinger.

The body of the man shot outside the Biograph Theater, claimed by the FBI to be John Dillinger, in a Chicago police wagon at the scene of the shooting. Purvis saod that he reached for a gun and an unspecified FBI agent killed him. The man killed, however, had no gun and was killed by Martin Zarkovich, who set up the execution. The arrow at bottom right shows a ring on the left finger, one which disappeared.

Zarkovich met with the two agents the next day and told them that he knew a brothel keeper through his official capacities, not mentioning his personal relationship with Anna Sage. Dillinger, he had learned, was patronizing one of Sage's girls and he believed he could set up Public Enemy Number One for the Bureau. He could arrange a meeting that night with Anna Sage if the agents wanted to meet her. There were a

few conditions to this deal, however, Zarkovich added. One, he must be allowed revenge for the killing of his pal, Patrolman O'Malley; he must be allowed to execute John Dillinger. The agents said nothing. The second condition involved Anna Sage, who was not a U.S. citizen. She had been designated by the immigration authorities as "an undesirable alien" and there were proceedings against her to deport her back to Romania. Sage, for her cooperation, would want these proceedings dropped. Again the agents said nothing, but Purvis agreed to meet with Anna Sage that night.

So frantic were these agents to apprehend Dillinger that they took at face value whatever Martin Zarkovich told them and without bothering to check on this rural policeman, a man they had not met up to this moment. Neither Purvis nor Cowley ordered the customary background check on Zarkovich. If they had, they would have easily seen that they were dealing with a man whose word and reputation was suspect.

The head of the body of the man slain at the Biograph is held by Dr. Charles D. Parker (wearing glasses and straw hat), who told the author that no one ever fingerprinted the deceased on the night of July 22, 1934; a Chicago police fingerprint card later purported to have Dillinger's prints on it.

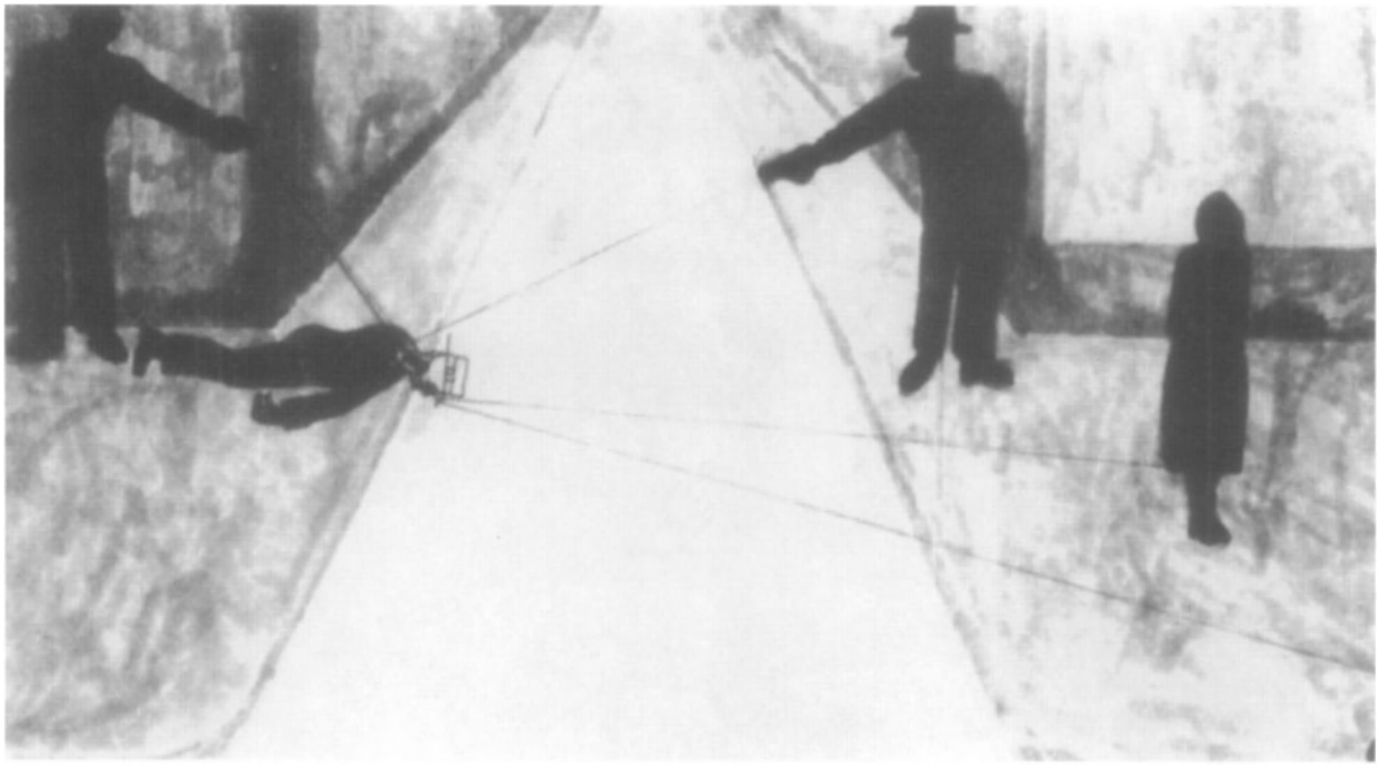
The agents could have looked into their Bureau files to see that Zarkovich had been involved in a federal conspiracy in 1931, and local records would have revealed his ties to organized crime in northern Indiana, Anna Sage's brothel operations, and a close association to Louis Piquett, Dillinger's lawyer. Zarkovich, guessing this might be the case, gave the agents very little time to think about his proposition or his background, telling them that if they were to move on his information, it would have to be in a matter of hours.

Three decades later, Virgil Peterson, a member of the Chicago Bureau of the FBI who worked with Purvis on the Dillinger case, was asked by the author why FBI agents, particularly Purvis and Cowley, had not checked the backgrounds of Zarkovich and Sage. Peterson, indignant, responded angrily: "That has nothing to do with it! These people had information and we had to get this guy! You don't go around asking questions when you're after someone like Dillinger! And these people had information. No, their backgrounds had nothing to do with it!"

Purvis did call Captain Stege, however, and learned that Zarkovich had been to see him with the same offer concerning Dillinger, but that Stege had declined on the grounds that he would not sanction legal murder. Purvis, by then, undoubtedly felt that if he did not accept Zarkovich's proposition, some other law enforcement agency might and the FBI would be deprived of closing its most important criminal case, a cornerstone case, as events proved, upon which the reputation of the FBI and the image of the "G-Man" was later built.

The *kind* of information Zarkovich and Sage were peddling also had nothing to do with the real John Dillinger. That night, Melvin Purvis sat in a Pierce-Arrow with Martin Zarkovich, who was sitting in the back seat. The car was parked on a quiet, tree-lined north side Chicago street. Behind Purvis' car was another car with Sam Cowley in it. As planned, at 9 p.m. sharp, the thick, fast-walking figure of Anna Sage appeared. She walked past the car looking straight ahead. "She's making sure there's no trap," said the ever-dramatic Purvis to Zarkovich. Then Zarkovich put his hand out the window and signaled to Sage and she got in, sitting next to Purvis.

Cowley was surprised to see Purvis suddenly drive away. This lone car later parked at the lakefront. Zarkovich remained silent in the back seat while Anna Sage told Purvis that a man named James Lawrence, who had been visiting one of her girls, Polly Hamilton, had admitted to her that he was John Dillinger (this was, of course, untrue). Lawrence had a lot of money, wore the best clothes, and had mentioned the names of many Dillinger gangsters. She said Keele did

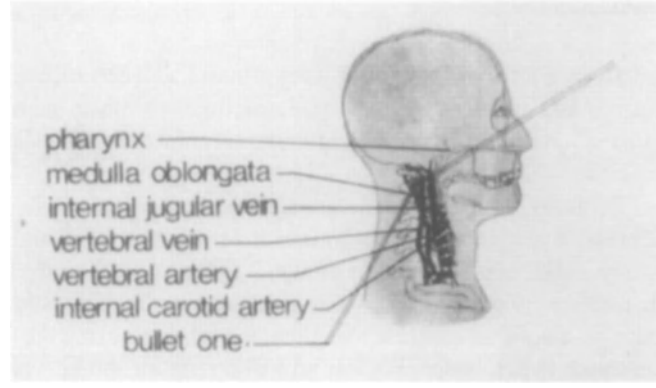


Author's recreation of the Biograph shooting, based upon the entry and angle of bullets fired by two men while the victim was prone, an out-and-out execution, supported by the path of the fatal bullets described in Dr. J. J. Kearns' elusive autopsy.

not know Lawrence's true identity. She could deliver this man into the hands of the FBI, Sage told Purvis, if the Bureau persuaded the immigration authorities to drop deportation proceedings against her.

The ever-impetuous Purvis wasted no time in accepting Sage's terms, leaping at the opportunity to finally catch the elusive Dillinger. As far as immigration officials were concerned, Purvis promised to set things right. "I'll call them off," he said, but Melvin Purvis had no authority to make such a promise. Moreover, he arbitrarily raised the reward for Dillinger then and there, stating that $25,000 would be paid to everyone involved in delivering Dillinger, with shares going to Zarkovich, his boss, Captain Tim O'Neill, who had helped set up the FBI meeting, Sage, and even Polly Hamilton Keele. The reward was to be paid through the U.S. attorney general's office, but Attorney General Homer Cummings had not authorized Melvin Purvis to increase the reward. In light of later events, it is obvious that Purvis would say or do anything in order to capture Dillinger.

Purvis then drove Anna Sage back to her Halsted Street address. By driving off with Anna Sage and leaving Cowley behind and in the dark, Purvis had made the Dillinger case exclusively his since no one but Zarkovich and he could identify Anna Sage. Before he dropped her off, Purvis was told by Sage that she would be calling him some time next day, that she, Keele, and Lawrence-Dillinger would be going to a movie, probably the Marbro Theater, and she would phone Purvis as soon as she knew what show they would be attending. Purvis nodded agreement. After he drove off, Purvis had a little talk with Zarkovich and it was then that the FBI man undoubtedly agreed that Zarkovich, in return for setting up Lawrence-Dillinger through Sage, would be allowed to execute the man. Purvis now felt that the disgrace and blunder of the abortive Little Bohemia Lodge raid would be wiped out and that he would be redeemed in the eyes of J. Edgar Hoover and the country that thought of him as a reckless, trigger-happy lawman.



Author's recreation of the real angle of the death bullet as described in Kearns' meticulous autopsy, confirming an execution-style killing.

Zarkovich's real motive for killing Lawrence, of course, had nothing to do with seeking revenge for the dead policeman, O'Malley. Lawrence could only be accepted as Dillinger if he were dead, and if later identification of him proved him someone else, it would be Melvin Purvis' responsibility. Zarkovich and the men behind him, Louis Piquett, Blackie Audett, and even Dillinger himself correctly figured that when

The death mask made of the corpse in the morgue, one of two copies. One of these masks hung on the wall of J. Edgar Hoover's office for years.

and if the FBI did realize the wrong man had been killed, Hoover and company would be disinclined to make such information public, especially after the recent fiasco at Little Bohemia.

Dillinger, through his emissaries, could then make arrangements with certain federal authorities to let the matter lay and quietly make his "permanent escape," living a comfortable life under another identity. Zarkovich also knew that he would never be named as Lawrence's killer, according to his agreement with Purvis, since this was an FBI operation and Purvis would not embarrass the Bureau by admitting that he allowed a non-FBI person to kill Lawrence. (The shooter at the Biograph was never revealed by the Bureau, who insisted that, indeed, an agent did kill Lawrence, but used the lame excuse to hide his identity by saying that they did not want to place this "agent" in jeopardy from revenge-seeking Dillinger associates. The Bureau knew such a threat did not exist since all known Dillinger gang members were by then dead or in prison.)

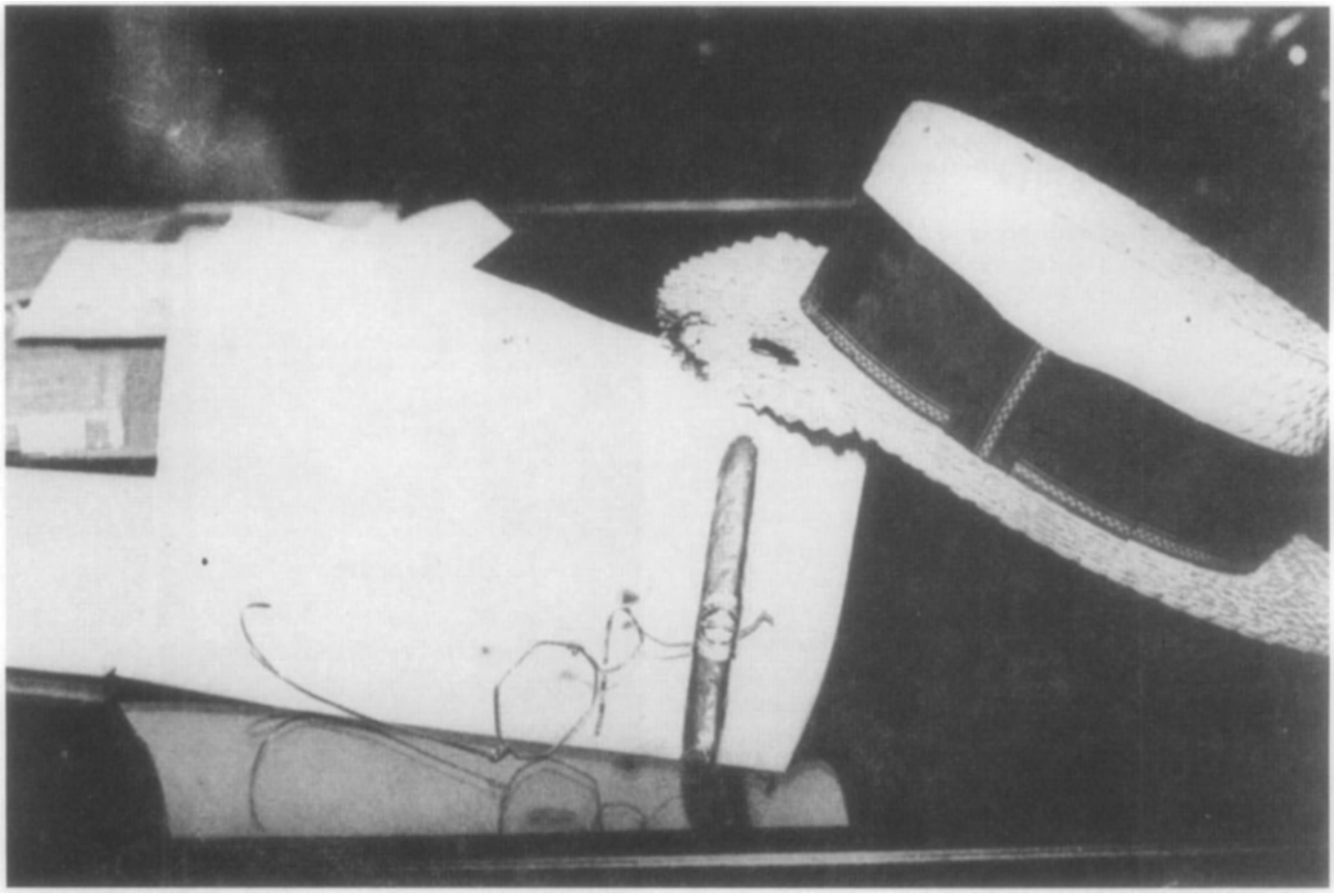
The next morning, July 22, 1934, Purvis assembled about twenty FBI agents and told them to be prepared to rendezvous at a Chicago theater, where they would apprehend John Dillinger. Agents were sent to the Marbro Theater where they checked the streets and the theater, detailing positions they would later take. Purvis and Cowley decided that they would let Anna Sage, Polly Hamilton Keele, and Lawrence-Dillinger go into the theater and wait until after the movie to make their move. When Anna Sage did call the anxious Purvis, she upset his careful plans by telling him that she, Polly, and Lawrence-Dillinger would be going to *either* the Marbro or the Biograph that night, she wasn't certain.

This presented a terrible dilemma for Purvis. Zarkovich was on hand to solve it for him. Since only Zarkovich and Purvis knew what Anna Sage looked like, he, Zarkovich, would go to the Marbro and Purvis would go to the Biograph, with agents stationed at both theaters. Whomever spotted Sage first would call the other and the forces would join.

This, too, was part of Zarkovich's (or perhaps Piquett's) subtle, crafty plan. Zarkovich knew that the trio would appear at the Biograph, which is why he suggested that he go to the Marbro. In that way, Purvis and only Purvis would identify Anna Sage and thus take full responsibility. It would then be *an FBI identification,* not one made by an East Chicago policeman and the killing of Lawrence would also be the exclusive responsibility of the FBI and Agent-in-Charge, Melvin Purvis.

That night the two groups of lawmen waited at the two theaters and Purvis, standing next to the Biograph on Lincoln Avenue, saw Anna Sage turn a corner at 8:30 p.m. and head toward the theater. She was with a young woman, Polly Hamilton Keele, and a young man wearing glasses, a straw hat and no coat, only a white shirt and slacks. As they paid for their tickets and went into the theater, Purvis called Cowley and Zarkovich at the Marbro and told them to come with their men to the Biograph.

More than twenty agents were positioned outside the Biograph while Sage, Hamilton, and Lawrence watched Clark



The dead man's effects on Purvis' desk. Note bullet hole through bent part of hat brim; the broken glasses worn by the dead man have prescription rims.

Gable, William Powell, and Myrna Loy star in *Manhattan Melodrama,* a gangster film. Purvis had assumed full responsibility for the stakeout and had made the identification of Anna Sage on his own, as well as the man he believed to be Dillinger. This identification was the most absurd aspect of the entire Biograph affair. Contrary to all FBI procedures, the man about to be shot was not identified prior to his appearance that night. In fact, so reliant on the word of Anna Sage was Melvin Purvis that whomever she showed up with that night at the Biograph, he, Melvin Purvis, would accept as John Dillinger.

Purvis was sitting in his car in front of the theater when the trio appeared. Said Purvis later: "He had passed my car before I saw him, but I had studied every available photograph of him so carefully that I recognized the back of his head immediately." There were no known photographs of *the back of John Dillinger's head,* so Purvis' identification remains all the more mystifying and ridiculous.

At a little before 10:30 p.m., Purvis got out of his car and took up a position near the box office of the theater, standing a little south of this cubicle. Further south, hidden in a doorway of a closed and dark shop stood Martin Zarkovich, a .45-caliber gun in an unbuttoned holster. At 10:30 p.m., the movie ended and the crowd inside began to spill out onto the sidewalk. Anna Sage, Polly Hamilton Keele, and Lawrence-Dillinger suddenly appeared and Purvis nervously lit a cigar, the prearranged signal to Zarkovich that the prey was heading his way, going south down Lincoln Avenue. The direction the trio took, of course, was engineered by Anna Sage, who led the way out of the theater, taking Polly and Lawrence, walking behind her, straight past Zarkovich, a detail worked out between Zarkovich and his good friend Sage. She would later describe her fifteen-foot walk to the death spot and how she glanced to the side to see the tall, burly East Chicago policeman, hat pulled low on his face, lurking in the shadows of the doorway. "I saw Zarkovich," she told newsmen, just before the trio reached the alleyway.

At that point, Anna Sage dropped back, pulling Polly Hamilton Keele with her, so that the young man took several steps forward, alone. At that point Zarkovich, a man of six-feet-four-inches, swiftly came up from behind Lawrence and violently pushed him to the ground. The young man fell forward, crashing to the cement so that his head was over the lip of the sidewalk and into the gutter of the alley. Zarkovich already had his .45 in his hand and quickly pumped two bullets into the prone figure, the bullets smashing into the man's head, one bullet emerging from beneath the right eye, the other entering the neck and embedding in the skull. The big

policeman fired another shot that went wild and ricocheted off the pavement. (The autopsy later performed on the deceased meticulously describes the path of the bullets, both fired at a forty-five degree angle, proving the victim to be prone when shot.) Zarkovich then slipped his gun back into its holster and joined the milling crowds as Purvis and his men rushed forward.

Women in the crowds began to scream (two had been superficially wounded by Zarkovich's bullets) and several male voices, including Zarkovich's, were heard to shout: "They got Dillinger! They got Dillinger!" A large crowd ringed the man on the sidewalk. He did not move, and a pool of blood from his head wounds swelled around his smashed straw boater and broken glasses. Some people leaned down and dipped their handkerchiefs into the blood for grim souvenirs. At this moment, James Henry "Blackie" Audett, by his own later admission to the author, left his car, which had been parked across Lincoln Avenue since early that day, and joined the crowd. "It was my job to make sure that Lawrence was dead, that Zarkovich had killed him," Audett told the author in 1979.

Purvis broke through the crowd, holding his gun, and, with his foot, rolled the body over, realizing that the man was dead. He also realized, despite his prior "identification" of Lawrence as Dillinger when he passed his car that night, that the dead man did not look like John Dillinger. Reporters had already arrived and heard Purvis blurt in surprise: "That's not Dillinger's nose." He quickly caught himself and then said: "Neat bit of plastic surgery that," thus introducing for the first time the FBI theory of Dillinger having had plastic surgery, an excuse, really, to explain away the fact that the dead man did not look like John Dillinger. FBI agent Alan E. Lockerman stated to the author in 1968: "Identification was made there. I believe it was made later, at the morgue. Of course, his identification was perfectly well established when he came out of the theater. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been killed."

The FBI later claimed that one of its agents had shot down Lawrence-Dillinger because "he drew a gun and fired at agents closing in on him." This was an outright lie. The man shot at the Biograph had no gun. An FBI historian later said that the man "pulled a .38 from his waistband." Another fabrication. The dead man would have had to walk down a public street, go into a theater filled with people, emerge in a dense crowd, all while wearing a .38, in plain sight, tucked into his trousers. A short time later, when Hoover was building a monument to the FBI around the apprehension of John Dillinger, FBI Headquarters in Washington, D.C., set up an FBI museum with many showcases for the public to inspect. In one was placed the so-called weapon pulled by the man at the Biograph on July 22, 1934. This weapon, a .38 Colt automatic, bore the serial number 119702 and a check of the records of Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company, revealed that this weapon was sold for the first time to the L. H. Kurz Company, located in Des Moines, Iowa, on December 19, 1934, *five months after the death of the man the FBI insisted was John Dillinger.*

Identification of the dead man was not made at the morgue, as Agent Lockerman supposed. The body arrived without any personal identification and was accepted by Dr. Charles D.

DESCRIPTIVE SHEET.

John Herbert

Fireman 3rd class.

Indianapolis, Indiana.

July 24, 1923.

Protestant.

(Father) John Dillinger,

216 Main Ave, St Louis, Mo.

PHYSICAL EXAMINATION.

Indianapolis, Indiana.

white U.S.

blue 12 brown ruddy

67-1/4" 156

20 good

20

15 15

35" 3-1/2"

Right. Left.

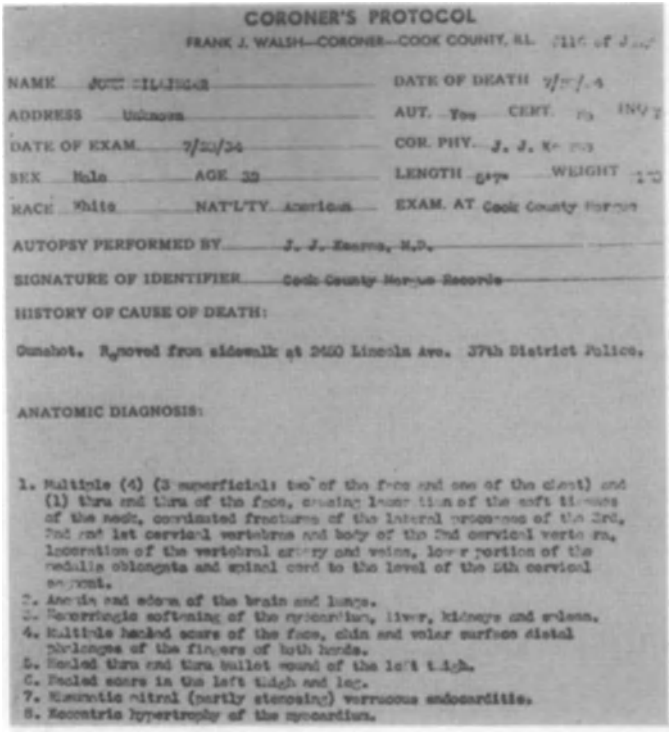
(MC)U.S.Navy.

TERMINATION OF HEALTH RECORD.

Part of John Dillinger's U. S. Navy records. His eyes are recorded as "blue."

Parker, an assistant coroner's physician. A ring, a watch made in 1907 and worth very little, a wallet with unknown contents, and about $7 was taken from the body in the Chicago police wagon before the body arrived at the city morgue. Dr. Parker stayed with the body from the moment it arrived at the morgue at about 11 p.m. until the next morning, July 23, 1934, and, in his statements to the author, saw no one take fingerprints of the dead man.

A fingerprint card showing altered fingerprints identified as John Dillinger's was later introduced to support identification, but this card is dated "July 22, 1934," a date on which no



CORONER'S PROTOCOL

FRANK J. WALSH—CORONER—COOK COUNTY, ILL.

NAME [illegible] DATE OF DEATH 7/[illegible]/34

ADDRESS Unknown AUT. Yes CERT. No INQ. [illegible]

DATE OF EXAM. 7/22/34 COR. PHY. J. J. K[illegible]

SEX Male AGE 39 LENGTH 5'9" WEIGHT [illegible]

RACE White NAT'LTY. American EXAM. AT Cook County Morgue

AUTOPSY PERFORMED BY J. J. Kearns, M.D.

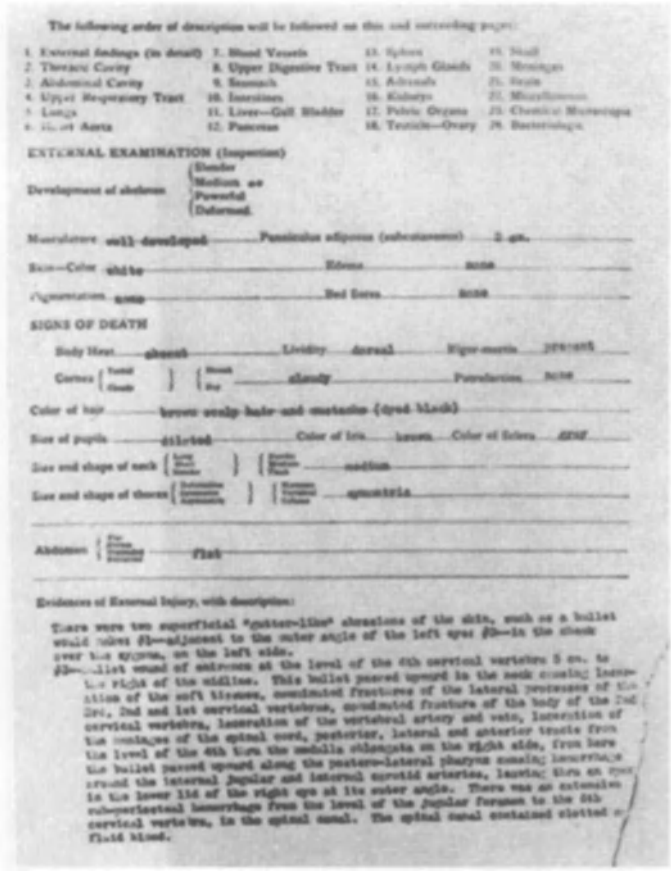
SIGNATURE OF IDENTIFIER Cook County Morgue Records

HISTORY OF CAUSE OF DEATH:

Gunshot. Removed from sidewalk at 2420 Lincoln Ave. 37th District Police.

ANATOMIC DIAGNOSIS:

1. Multiple (4) (3 superficial: two of the face and one of the chest) and (1) thru and thru of the face, causing lacerations of the soft tissues of the neck, comminuted fractures of the lateral processes of the 3rd, 2nd and 1st cervical vertebrae and body of the 2nd cervical vertebra, laceration of the vertebral artery and veins, lower portion of the medulla oblongata and spinal cord to the level of the 5th cervical segment.
2. Anemia and edema of the brain and lungs.
3. Hemorrhagic softening of the myocardium, liver, kidneys and spleen.
4. Multiple healed scars of the face, chin and volar surfaces distal phalanges of the fingers of both hands.
5. Healed thru and thru bullet wound of the left thigh.
6. Healed scars in the left thigh and leg.
7. Rheumatic mitral (partly stenosing) verrucous endocarditis.
8. Eccentric hypertrophy of the myocardium.



The following order of description will be followed on this and succeeding pages:

1. External findings (in detail)	7. Blood Vessels	13. Spleen	19. Skull
2. Thoracic Cavity	8. Upper Digestive Tract	14. Lymph Glands	20. Meninges
3. Abdominal Cavity	9. Stomach	15. Adrenals	21. Brain
4. Upper Respiratory Tract	10. Intestines	16. Kidneys	22. Miscellaneous
5. Lungs	11. Liver—Gall Bladder	17. Pelvic Organs	23. Chemical Microscopic
6. Heart—Aorta	12. Pancreas	18. Testicle—Ovary	24. Bacteriologic

EXTERNAL EXAMINATION (Inspection)

Development of abdomen (Slender / Medium as / Powerful / Deformed)

Musculature well developed Panniculus adiposus (subcutaneous) 2 cm.

Skin—Color white Edema none

Pigmentation none Bed Sores none

SIGNS OF DEATH

Body Heat absent Lividity dorsal Rigor-mortis present

Cornea (Total Cloud) (Moist Dry) cloudy Putrefaction none

Color of hair brown scalp hair and mustache (dyed black)

Size of pupils dilated Color of Iris brown Color of Sclera gray

Size and shape of each (Left Right) (Equally Round Oval) medium

Size and shape of thorax (Symmetrical Asymmetrical) (Symmetrical Asymmetrical) symmetric

Abdomen (Flat Distended Retracted) flat

Evidences of External Injury, with description:

There were two superficial "gutter-like" abrasions of the skin, such as a bullet would make #1—adjacent to the outer angle of the left eye #2—in the cheek over the zygoma, on the left side.

#3—Bullet wound of entrance at the level of the 6th cervical vertebra 5 cm. to the right of the midline. This bullet passed upward in the neck causing lacerations of the soft tissues, comminuted fractures of the lateral processes of the 3rd, 2nd and 1st cervical vertebrae, comminuted fracture of the body of the 2nd cervical vertebra, laceration of the vertebral artery and vein, laceration of the medulla of the spinal cord, posterior, lateral and anterior tracts from the level of the 4th thru the medulla oblongata on the right side, from here the bullet passed upward along the postero-lateral pharynx causing lacerations around the internal jugular and internal carotid arteries, leaving thru an exit in the lower lid of the right eye at its outer angle. There was an extensive subperiosteal hemorrhage from the level of the jugular foramen to the 5th cervical vertebra, in the spinal canal. The spinal canal contained clotted and fluid blood.

#4—Bullet wound of entrance in the mid-clavicular line over the 7th costal interspace. This bullet passed superficially leaving thru an opening in the mid-axillary line over the 8th rib on the left side.

There were superficial abrasions of the skin of the nose and face. There were healed scars in the chin, oblique in direction, 2 cm. on either side of the midline. There were healed vertical scars over the postero-mandibular joint, 3 cm. long, on either side. There was a purple-red area in the skin, 5 cm. square, over the sternum at the level of the 7th costal cartilage just to the right of the midline. This was covered with a thin parchment-like membrane. There were roughly circular scars in the skin, up to 1 cm. in diameter, in the middle of the volar surface of the distal phalanges of the fingers of both hands. There was a linear scar, 10 cm. long, in the left thigh, antero-lateral aspect, lower third. There was a healed semi-lunar scar in the antero-medial aspect, calf of the left leg. There was a wound, such as a bullet wound of entrance and exit would make, the former at the junction of the middle and lower thirds antero-lateral aspect, the latter in the postero-lateral aspect, slightly above the wound of entrance, in the left thigh. There was a healed wound in the neck, roughly circular in outline, 1 cm. in diameter, posterior aspect 2 cm. to the left of the midline at the level of the 7th cervical vertebra.

HEAD: The scalp, cranial bones and meninges showed no traumatic changes. The brain, on multiple surfaces made by cutting, was pale. The lower portion of the medulla oblongata and the spinal cord to the level of the 5th cervical segment was studded with petechial and ecchymotic hemorrhages.

NECK: The soft tissues of the neck, including the mucous membrane of the buccal cavity, esophagus, pharynx and larynx, were pale.

CHEST: The lungs were subcrepitant and on surfaces made by cutting covered with pale bloody frothy fluid. The trachea and bronchi contained bloody frothy fluid. The tracheo-bronchial lymph nodes were soft and anthracotic.

HEART: The pericardial sac contained straw colored fluid. The myocardium was thickened, pale, soft. The mitral leaflets were thickened, the cusps were partly obliterated. The cords tendinae and papillary muscles were thickened. There were pin point to pin head sized pearl-like warty vegetations on the auricular surface of the free margins of the mitral leaflets. The intima of the aorta and coronary arteries contained a few atheromatous plaques.

ABDOMEN: The abdominal surfaces were smooth and dry. The liver, kidneys and spleen were pale, soft, the markings were indistinct. The gall bladder and biliary passages were patent. The adrenals, pancreas and lower genito-urinary tract were not remarkable. The stomach contained a partly digested meal consisting of particles of red peppers, and fragments of meat and vegetables.

The three pages of Dr. J. J. Kearns' thorough autopsy (he was aided by another physician who checked and repeated all findings to a medical stenographer). Among the pertinent facts, Kearns lists the corpse's eyes as "brown" and states that the dead man suffered from a rheumatic heart complaint (that may have been terminal, a condition that would have prevented the energetic Dillinger from ever playing baseball, as he did, or vaulting over six-foot bank tellers' cages).

one took the dead man's prints; it also contains several technical errors dealing with the whorl and ridge counts of Dillinger's prints which indicates that the card was a plant later used to shore up the shaky identification of the dead man, a fingerprint identification made on a Chicago Police Department Print Card, not an official FBI card, a card that anyone like Louis Piquett could easily obtain.

Purvis later proudly displayed the dead man's artifacts on his desk for newsmen to photograph, but these were items that spoke for the innocence of the dead man, not the claimed disguise of John Dillinger. The straw hat the dead man had been wearing had had its brim smashed and bent, further proving that the man had been pushed down while wearing the hat. A bullet hole had *then* been made through the bent part of the brim, which would not have occurred had the man been upright when shot. Moreover, the glasses the man was wearing were also displayed. These were gold-rimmed octagonal prescription glasses, not the cheap dark sunglasses one would use in a disguise. Dillinger's eyesight was, of course, 20-20.

Hollywood, Calif.
July 30, 1963

Emil Wanatka Jr
Little Bohemia Lodge,
Manitowish Waters,
Wisconsin.

Dear Sir:

Am sending a letter and photo of Dillinger as he looks today for you to place on exhibit in your museum. The man shot was James Lawrence who told the woman in red, Anna Company that he was Dillinger.

After the shooting Dillinger moved to Hollywood where he has worked ever since under an assumed name.

J. E. Hoover stated, "There is every indication that the man shot is Dillinger - except the proof. It is customary to send in to Headquarters the fingerprints of every man shot by the F. B. I. but no fingerprints of Dillinger have come in. in spite of a regulation burial."

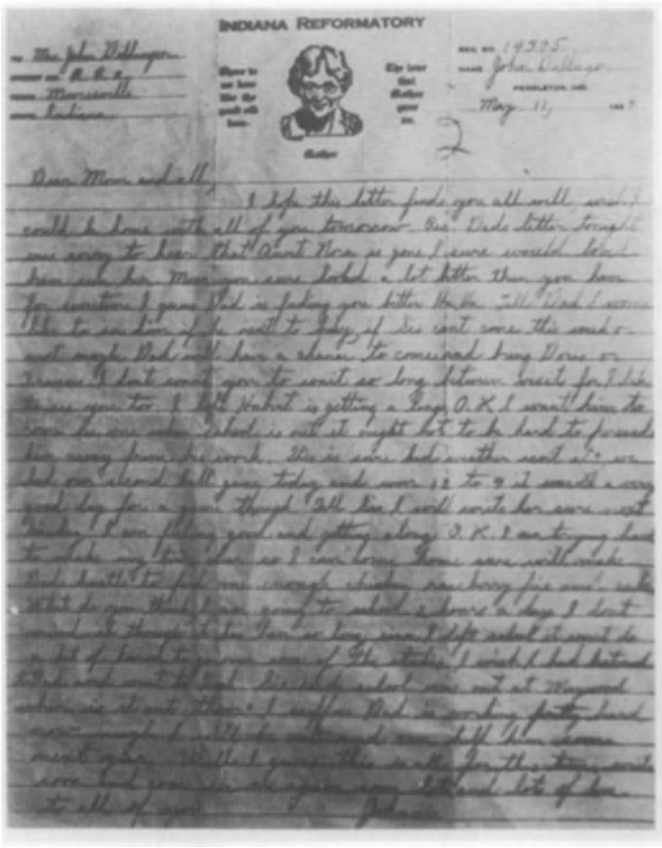
The fingerprints were taken of the man shot, but they did not match those of Dillinger, therefore they were not sent in, because if they were the F. B. I. would then have to admit the wrong man was killed.

Dillinger's Sister Audrey said she could positively identify her brother by a scar on his leg. After viewing the body she said "There is no question in my mind, Buy him." But what she was really looking for was a birth mark, which was not there. But naturally by saying this she protected both Dillinger and the F. B. I.

The man shot had black hair and brown eyes and weighed 170 lbs. to large for Dillinger.

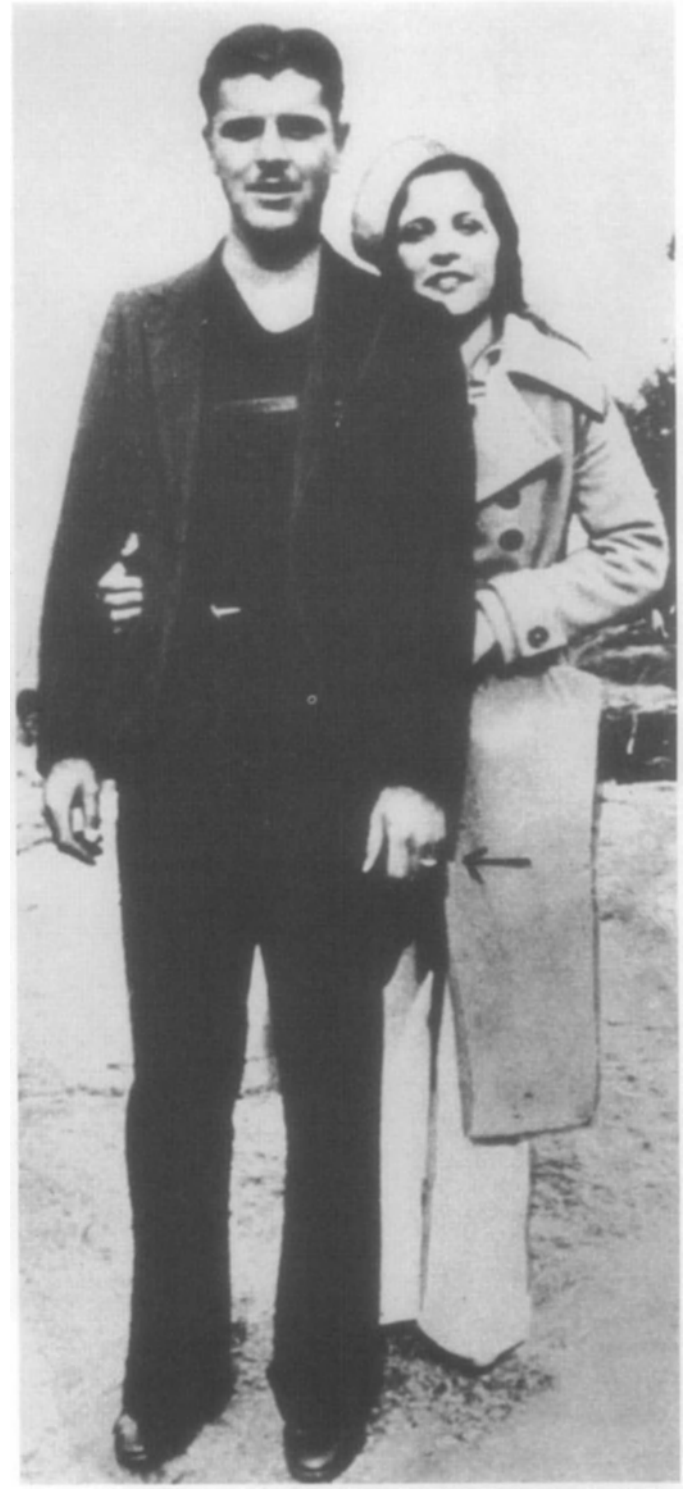
Yours Sincerely,
John H. Dillinger.

The photo and letter sent to the son of the owner of Little Bohemia Lodge dated July 30, 1963, by a man who said he was John Dillinger, pointing out that "the man shot had black hair and brown eyes..." details that only Dillinger, who had blue eyes, would know.


INDIANA REFORMATORY

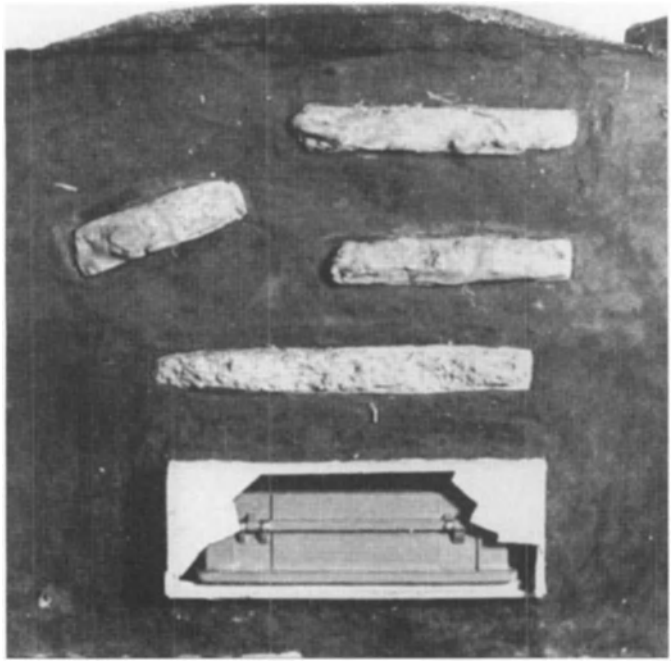
A sample of Dillinger's handwriting while he was an inmate at Pendleton Reformatory, one that shows a marked similarity to that written by the man who claimed to be Dillinger in 1963.

The most telling document was the autopsy performed on the slain man by Dr. J. J. Kearns, chief pathologist for the Cook County coroner. The original document disappeared almost the moment it was completed (confiscated from public records, one might assume, by Melvin Purvis or other federal authorities, once it was realized that the FBI under Purvis had again killed the wrong man, Eugene Boisineau being the first). Kearns' autopsy was meticulously conducted and could not later be challenged by the FBI or Hoover. It was performed with another doctor checking Kearns' every discovery and a medical nurse writing down what both doctors verbally described. Dozens of medical students were in attendance, watching every move made by Kearns, one of the top pathologists in America at the time. The author obtained through Kearns a copy of this autopsy in 1968, and its startling revelations include the fact that the dead man had brown eyes, and all of Dillinger's records (also obtained by the author from the files of the U.S. Navy, local and state governments in Indiana, Illinois, Arizona, and Ohio, and FBI documentation) show him to have blue or blue-gray eyes. The color of the iris does not change after death and color contact lenses were not available until four decades later.



A photo taken from Evelyn Freschette's purse when she was arrested by Melvin Purvis on April 9, 1934. The photo shows Dillinger's girlfriend in younger days with a young man who bears an amazing resemblance to the man shot at the Biograph Theater in 1934. Note (arrow) the man is wearing the same kind of heavy ring as indicated on the left third finger of the man shot at the Biograph, a ring that vanished. This young man wears a very real gun belt across his chest, placing him somewhere in the murky realm of the underworld.

The burial marker where Dillinger's double is buried in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis. It is oddly marked "John H. Dillinger, Jr." Dillinger was not "junior" to his father, John Wilson Dillinger. The "Jr." may have been the bandit's last bit of macabre humor, a reference to the man, who assumed his identity and died with his name.



A side view mockup showing the buried casket containing the body of the Biograph victim. Surrounding the wooden casket is poured concrete, mixed with scrap iron and chicken wire. Slabs of concrete mixed with scrap iron are shown above the concrete-encased casket at staggered levels to prevent exhumation, an expensive bit of work Dillinger paid for, according to James H. Audett, who also stated that the capricious Dillinger was one of the workers at the gravesite who mixed and poured the concrete.

Also, the dead man was missing Dillinger's known scars, a half-inch scar on the back of his left hand and another pronounced scar on his upper lip. Known birthmarks were missing as were two bullet wounds Dillinger was known to have received in recent months, one in the arm, the other in the leg. The dead man was shorter and heavier than Dillinger would have been and he possessed a top right incisor tooth which is clearly missing from the mouth of John Dillinger in motion picture footage taken of him at Crown Point, Indiana, only four months earlier. The tooth in the dead man's mouth was real, not false.

Dr. Kearns removed the dead man's heart and studied it, noting that it was in a severe rheumatic condition, a chronic condition that had existed since childhood. Dillinger had never had a rheumatic heart. Such a condition would have prevented Dillinger from playing baseball, joining the Navy, or performing the running and scaling feats he was seen to enact when robbing banks. The man on the slab in the morgue who Kearns examined had been executed, according to the angle of the bullets entering his body as carefully charted by the pathologist.

But the FBI announced that John Dillinger was dead and that news was welcomed by Dillinger himself, according to Blackie Audett. After seeing that Zarkovich had performed his duty and that the man on the sidewalk outside the Biograph was, indeed, dead, Audett walked across Lincoln Avenue, got into his car and drove to Aurora, Ill., and parked in front of a small rented cabin. He entered the cabin and said to the man sitting at a table, playing solitaire: "You're dead now, John." Dillinger, according to Audett, got up and shook his hand. Audett urged him to leave the Midwest, but Dillinger told him he wanted to "see the folks just once more." He also wanted to make sure that the body being passed off as his own would not be disturbed.

The body was shipped from the morgue to the far north side mortuary of Ray McCready, the man who had entered Dillinger's death date in his ledger six days before the shooting at the Biograph. It was thought by the conspirators that this would be a safe place for it, out of the reach of prying newsmen. When the elder Dillinger and Audrey Dillinger Hancock arrived to pick up this body and take it back to Mooresville, Indiana, for burial, they both immediately denied that it was John Dillinger, but quickly overcame their shock and, prodded by a member of the conspiracy, suddenly remembered a scar on the leg which Dillinger had received when a child, a scar that did appear on the body but one that Dillinger himself never received.

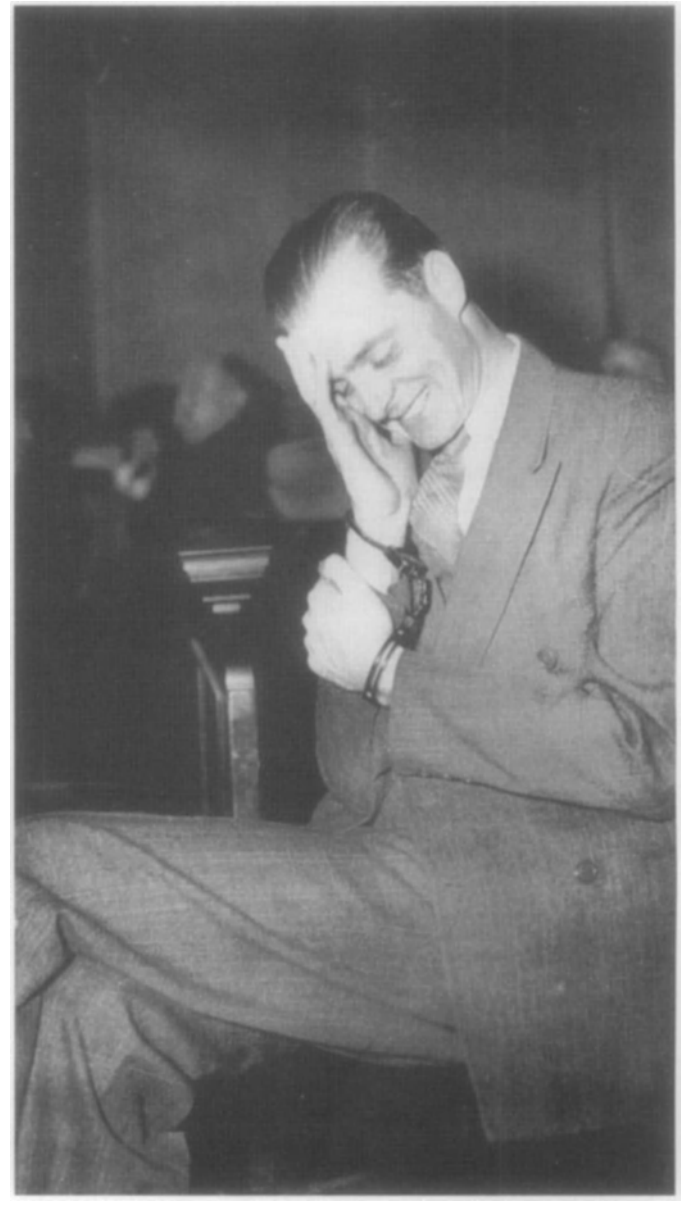
Following the burial of this body in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis, Dillinger arranged to have the coffin dug up and reburied, this time surrounded by tons of cement mixed with chicken wire and scrap iron. The director of the cemetery later told the author: "The only way to get that body out of there now is to blow it up and there wouldn't be enough left to put into a cookie jar."

Dillinger paid several thousand dollars to have this chore performed. The Dillinger family was nearly broke and the elder Dillinger had to borrow the $50 to cover McCready's embalm-

ing fees. Following the reburial, Dillinger climbed into a car and was driven to the West Coast by Blackie Audett, who told the author that he left Dillinger at the Indian reservation in Klamath Falls, Oregon, just north of the California border and that he later married an Indian girl. "Evelyn Frechette was an Indian, a Menominee," Audett stated, "and John was partial to Indian ladies." Audett, who corresponded with Audrey Dillinger to the day of his death in 1979, claimed that up to that time, John Herbert Dillinger was still alive, living on the West Coast.

The question remained: Why would he not surface after all these years? The answer is that there is no statute of limitations on the capital offense of murder and he would still have to stand trial for the murder of Officer O'Malley. He would also have to stand trial for his part in the conspiracy to murder an innocent man, James Lawrence, the patsy who took his place and unwittingly sealed his own fate. Others knew well the existence of the conspiracy, including Harry Pierpont who, according to Audett, was informed by the prison grapevine of John's "permanent escape" before he and Makley went to the electric chair in Ohio in September 1934 for the murder of Sheriff Sarber. Pierpont was smiling as he sat in the chair and he said cryptically: "Today, I am the only man who knows the `whos and hows' and, as my end comes very shortly, I'll take this little story with me."

A photo given to the author by James Henry "Blackie" Audett (who provided this illustration in the form of a photo copy in 1979), one time member of the Dillinger gang, which purports to be John Dillinger and his wife, a photo Audett said was taken in 1947 or 1948, when Dillinger was in his forties, thirteen or fourteen years after his "official" death outside the Biograph Theater in Chicago.



Though condemned to death, bank robber Harry Pierpont smiled to himself, as if enjoying his own secrets, saying before he went to the electric chair for the murder of Sheriff Sarber in September 1934 (two months *after* the shooting at the Biograph Theater): "Today, I am the only man who knows the 'whos' and 'hows', and, as my end comes very shortly, I'll take this little story with me."

Most of the Dillinger gang had been destroyed by that time. Tommy Carroll was shot to death by detectives outside Waterloo, Iowa, in the summer of 1934. Eddie Green had been shot in the back by FBI agents while trying to escape a dragnet on April 3, 1934. Homer Van Meter was trapped by FBI agents on August 23, 1934, and he died in a gun battle as he ran up a St. Paul alley. Baby Face Nelson, the worst of the lot, would go to his death in a blazing machine gun battle with FBI agents Sam Cowley and Herman Hollis, killing both of them, in Barrington, Illinois, on November 27, 1934. Russell Clark would be paroled from prison and die a short while later of cancer. Evelyn Billie Frechette (extensively interviewed by the author) would die about the same time of cancer. So, too, would Martin Zarkovich (extensively interviewed by the author), who received $5,000 of the federal reward money.

Anna Sage, who had worn an orange skirt on the night of the Biograph shooting, one that was made to appear red beneath the bright lights of the marquee and was thus called The Lady in Red, was given $5,000 in reward money and then shipped back to Romania. Before leaving the U.S., she cursed Melvin Purvis for lying to her, and she later threatened while living in Bucharest, "to tell the real story about the Dillinger shooting." She died mysteriously a short time later, murdered, according to Audett, "to keep her mouth shut."

Melvin Purvis, the most spectacular FBI agent in the Bureau during the early 1930s, went on to greater glory, tracking down and killing Charles Arthur "Pretty Boy" Floyd in the fall of 1934. But by June of 1935, he and his boss Hoover had such harsh words that he left the Bureau. Following his resignation, all Purvis could murmur was: "I'm glad to be out of here!" He later went on the radio, peddling an inflated G-Man image and became the chief of the Post-Toasties Junior G-Man Squad. Still later Purvis tried his hand at running a radio station and other enterprises which more or less failed.

On February 29, 1960, Purvis called his doctor and said he was despondent over an unstated matter. He made an appointment with the physician but never appeared. Instead, he looked over his extensive weapon collection and selected the .38 Police Special he had carried on the night of the Biograph shooting. He then stepped into his backyard and blew out his brains. Purvis had reportedly received a letter a short time earlier, one from an elderly man in California who claimed to be John Dillinger.

In the early 1960s, this old man sent several letters (and snapshots of himself) from California, one to the Indianapolis *Star* and one to Emil Wannatka, Jr., son of Dillinger's host at Little Bohemia in 1934. Both letters claimed that "the wrong man" had been killed at the Biograph and contained information that only Dillinger would seem to know, one line reading: "The dead man had brown eyes and black hair." This man was never found and it is not known if he was Dillinger or not.

WILLIE SUTTON: "WHERE THE MONEY WAS"/1930S-1940s

No American bank robber ever employed the dramatic techniques and the inventiveness displayed by William Francis Sutton (AKA: Edward Lynch; 1901-1980), better known as "Willie the Actor." Born in Brooklyn, New York, the son of a blacksmith, Sutton, like John Dillinger, Charles Arthur "Pretty Boy" Floyd, and many a bank robber before and after him, quit school at an early age and earned his living by shoplifting and, in his late teens, burglary. He preferred to operate alone, although he often took in a partner or two when robbing banks, which became his specialty in the late 1920s. Sutton was not only a student of other people—their mannerisms, quirks, facial expressions—but a student of his own face and body.

A 1930 police photo of bankrobber Willie "The Actor" Sutton.

While working for a munitions plant in New York during World War I, Sutton made good money and purchased a handsome wardrobe. He then began hanging around clubs off Broadway, befriending actors. He was intrigued with the theater and was soon backstage, where he watched avidly as performers made up their faces. An old trouper gave him his old makeup box and Sutton cherished this gift, keeping it all his life. What came out of that makeup box were as many faces and characters as Lon Chaney, Sr., ever created (Chaney was the silent film star who was called "The Man of a Thousand Faces.")

Sutton would use his makeup to create a different face for every robbery he committed. He would insert cork into his nostrils to make his nose appear wider, powder his hair to make himself appear older, and, just as often, use different dyes to color his hair, changing it from its natural black. Sutton would insert pads into his cheeks to broaden his face and use gum arabic to create longer earlobes or to fill in the bridge of his nose or add more chin and jowls to his face.

In 1920, Sutton fell in love with Bessie Hurley, daughter of a Brooklyn shipyard magnate. At the time, Sutton was helping to build ships in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He also helped himself to $16,000 of Hurley's money in the paymaster's office and ran off with Bessie. The couple was tracked down to a Poughkeepsie, New York, hotel a short time later and Sutton was arrested. Bessie's father interceded on Sutton's behalf and saved him from serving a jail term.

Sutton then went to bootlegger Jack "Legs" Diamond and was hired as a collector for various rackets Diamond was operating. He continued to work in this capacity for such bootlegging crime czars as Dutch Schultz and Arnold Rothstein (See Gangs, Gangsters and Organized Crime). By 1922, Sutton met and became the willing pupil of Edward "Doc" Tate, one of the foremost safecrackers in the U. S. Tate approached safes as if giving a solo performance before royalty. He never used an acetylene torch or nitroglycerin, preferring to work exclu-

sively with his fingers, "feeling out" the quirks of a safe's tumblers.

Tate gave Sutton a set of golden rules by which Sutton was to live as a professional thief and burglar. "Plan every detail in advance," Tate told his pupil. "Always use ordinary tools and leave them behind when you finish a job, except for your jimmy. Keep that with you until you are clear. Never overlook the possibility of locked doors barring your escape."

On their first night together, Tate took Sutton along to four different shops, where they broke into safes and went away with more than $10,000. Tate, in a typical gesture of bow-taking, left his jimmy on the outside window sill of a police station. Sutton worked with Tate for four years and was never caught, but his first solo safecracking job in 1925 was a disaster. He forgot Tate's advice and got trapped in a locked hallway and was apprehended. He drew a four-year sentence in Sing Sing. Upon his release, Sutton teamed up with Jack Bassett and, in 1930, went into bank robbery.

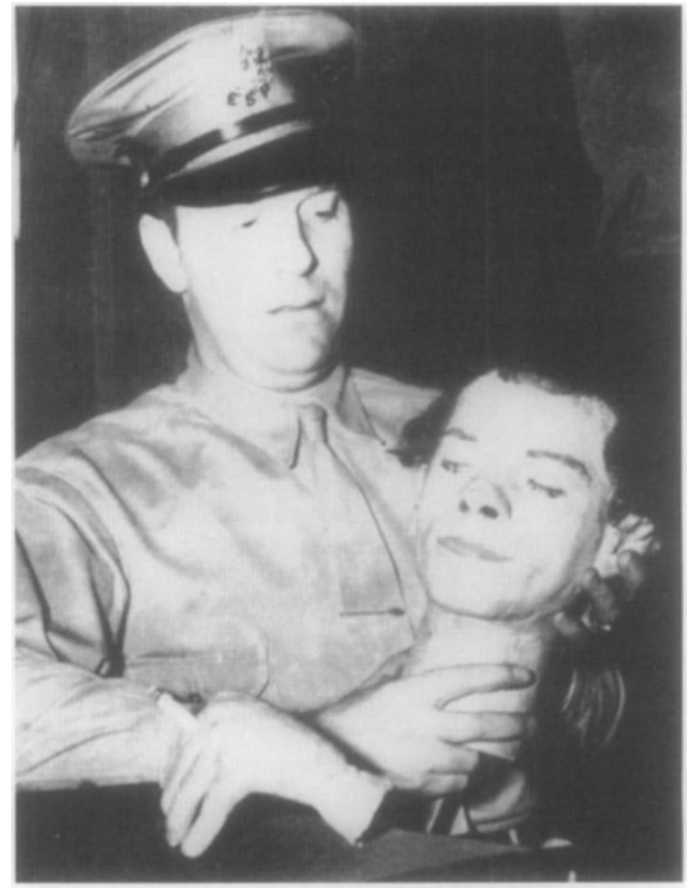
Sutton appeared at the bank in Jamaica, Long Island, at 8 a.m. A guard answered his knock and opened the door to see Sutton dressed as a Western Union messenger, wearing the complete uniform. Sutton informed the guard that he had a telegram for the bank president. The guard began to sign for the telegram, when Sutton jammed a gun into the guard's stomach and said: "Now be a good boy and you won't get hurt." He backed the guard into the bank, with Bassett slipping in behind them and locking the door.

The president of the bank was summoned and Sutton, his face made up to look much younger than his twenty-eight years, ordered him to open the vault. He did, and Sutton scooped up $48,000. As he and Bassett were about to depart, Sutton said: "We're leaving now. But I have a third man outside. If anyone goes through this door in the next five minutes, he will be shot."

Sutton and Bassett slipped outside only a few minutes before the bank was scheduled to open. There was no third man waiting outside, but Sutton correctly figured that the bank employees would believe him and wait several minutes before giving the alarm, just enough time for Sutton and Bassett to blend in with the heavy crowds on the street.

Sutton had planned this robbery well, obtaining a Western Union uniform and then sending a telegram to himself. He steamed open the envelope and substituted a telegram he had typed himself on Western Union stationery, one showing the bank president's name. He then resealed the envelope and was ready to rob the bank. At the time, Sutton was married. He explained to his wife that the $24,000 he brought home was an inheritance from a rich uncle, who had just died in Ireland.

A few days later Sutton and Bassett used the same Western Union ruse to gain entrance to the Rosenthal Jewelry store on Broadway in Manhattan. The manager was so terrified that he completely forgot the combination to the safe that held the company jewels. A janitor was forced at gunpoint to call the firm's owner to get the combination. Sutton and Bassett took more than $130,000 in rare gems from the Rosenthal store. In all, Sutton and Bassett robbed thirteen banks and jewelry stores within a few weeks. Their take was staggering.



The dummy head Sutton fashioned and left behind during one of his many prison escapes.

Bassett's wife, however, was jealous over her husband's mistress and informed police that her husband and Sutton were the bandits they were seeking. Both men were arrested. Sutton withstood five days of rubber-hosing from the police without confessing. Witnesses from his robberies were brought forth, but they failed to recognize him. One witness told police that Sutton was "far from the man you want." One victim said: "No, no, the man who robbed my place had a flat nose and puffy cheeks." Another stated: "The robber was taller and heavyset. This guy is puny." Of course Sutton, when robbing this last man, had worn elevator shoes and had padded his stomach.

Only the porter made a positive identification of Sutton as the man who robbed the Rosenthal store. Sutton was sent back to Sing Sing for thirty years. In less than two years he was again outside. In December 1932, Sutton picked four locks in Sing Sing's "escape-proof" block house, used a rope ladder of his own making to get over the wall, and fled in a car which had been left near the prison by an associate. He returned to robbery immediately.

Within weeks, Sutton by himself had robbed a number of banks and jewelry stores, using various disguises in each robbery. At one bank, where he got away with more than $18,000, Sutton was dressed as a policeman, speaking with a thick Irish

Sutton shown under arrest, captured in 1952, after a citizen reported his whereabouts to police.

accent, and wearing a red wig. He turned up at an exclusive Fifth Avenue jewelers dressed as a fireman carrying city credentials. He informed the jewelers that he was there to check on possible fire code violations, so he was allowed to inspect every corner of the place freely.

When he was inside the vault, Sutton held up the owners, taking jewels worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. At a Manhattan bank a few days later, Sutton appeared outside the locked door dressed as a postman carrying a large package that was too big to slip through the mail slot. The guard opened the door to take the package, and Sutton backed him into the bank at the point of a gun. Sutton looted this bank of more than $130,000.

Though he was rich, Sutton was also one of the most wanted men in the East. He could not go near his wife, who had given birth to a daughter, because he knew police would be watching her residence. He flitted from hideout to hideout, paying enormous amounts of money for these havens, but he was told to "keep moving" because he was "too hot to stay in one spot" for any length of time. He lived a lonely, furtive life. His only enjoyment was reading books.

By 1934, Sutton realized just how alone he was. One of his partners, Johnny Eagan, was killed by gangsters in New York for not turning in part of his loot from a burglary. Another partner, Eddie Wilson, was trapped inside a store and was blinded for life by a police bullet. Jack Bassett was captured and sent to prison for fifty years. Then Sutton's mentor, Doc Tate, was sent to prison, where he died of lung problems.

Sutton did not remain inactive. He and Joseph Pelango robbed a bank in Philadelphia. Sutton used his policeman's routine to gain entrance to the bank and, within minutes, had taken more than $160,000 out of the vault. But Pelango was arrested and he informed on Sutton, who was trapped inside his small apartment by a half dozen policemen wielding Thompson submachine guns.

On February 4, 1934, Sutton, following a conviction for bank robbery, entered Eastern State Penitentiary to serve twenty to fifty years. This was a maximum security prison, one of the toughest in the U. S., and its administrators prided themselves on its thick steel doors, double teams of guards, and an informer system whereby convicts were rewarded with substantial time off for turning in other convicts planning to escape. Sutton's reputation preceded him. He was placed in solitary confinement for the first eighteen months of his stay at Eastern. Guards told him that he would never be able to escape from Eastern like he had from Sing Sing.

When Sutton was placed in a regular cell, he carefully planned his escape. During an exercise period, he slipped into the prison's 200-foot underground drainage system. He crawled some distance until he reached a second tunnel, which was filled with water. Stripping, Sutton swam under water for several feet until he reached an underwater iron door. He dove repeatedly downward in an attempt to find the handle to the door, but realized, almost too late, that the door was controlled by an automatic device. His lungs nearly bursting, Sutton barely managed to get to the surface and returned to the first conduit. He put on his clothes and returned to his cell only a few minutes before roll call.

For two years Sutton collected materials, piecing together a plaster of Paris head, which was almost a perfect likeness of himself. He painted the skin area a sallow flesh tone and pasted hair from his own head onto the skull and eyebrows, using the cuttings from the prison barber shop. Then he made a plaster of Paris arm. On a winter night, he positioned the fake head and arm in his bunk so that he appeared to be sleeping. By then Sutton had also acquired a rope, a hacksaw blade, and a grappling hook. He sawed through the bars of his cell window, then worked himself through the opening and onto a ledge of the cell block.

Sutton flung the grappling hook attached to the rope to the outer wall and was about to swing out to it, where it would be a simple matter to let himself down the other side and escape. At that moment, however, prison alarms went off. Another group of convicts were making an escape attempt in another part of the prison. Sutton, realizing his ridiculous position, crawled back into his cell. A short time later, the severed bars and fake head and arm were discovered and he was sent to the isolation block for two years. Sutton decided to settle into prison life, serve his time, and work toward an early release as a model prisoner.

The bandit learned shorthand and was made assistant to the prison psychiatrist. After ten years, however, Sutton realized there was little hope for parole. He and twelve other inmates began digging a tunnel at the end of 1945. Within six months the convicts had dug ninety-seven feet and broken the earth on the other side of the prison wall. The convicts leaped from the hole and ran in all directions. As Sutton arrived at ground level he found himself looking into the muzzle of a guard's revolver. He was sent back to the isolation ward, another ten to twenty years added to his sentence.

In August 1946, Sutton was transferred to Holmesburg County Prison outside of Philadelphia. On February 9, 1947, Sutton and other inmates, using a smuggled .38-caliber revolver and a hacksaw, worked their way out of their cells and

into a guardhouse. They marched the guards to the fire house, where they obtained two ladders. Sutton and the others, using the guards as hostages, carried the ladders into the yard, placing them against the wall. It was snowing heavily, and the convicts hoped that the swirling snow would hide them from the guards in the towers.

One of the tower guards, however, fired a shot at the group. The quick-thinking Sutton shouted up to the tower guard: "Stop that! Can't you see we're guards?" The guard ceased firing and the convicts raced up the ladders and dropped to freedom on the other side of the wall. They commandeered a milk truck and drove it to Philadelphia.

Sutton was free after thirteen years in prison. All of the other convicts went to underworld gathering spots and were soon caught, but the wily Sutton found the perfect hiding spot. He took a low-paying job as a hospital porter at Farm Colony, a home for retired persons operated by the City of New York. Giving the name Edward Lynch, Sutton was hired at $20 a week and was also given room and board. The City of New York had provided him with a hideout and walk-about money as well! Sutton worked hard, minding the rules, and living quietly. He planned to spend the rest of his days working at Farm Colony, but in August 1949, one of the nurses showed him a picture of himself in a newspaper, saying that he looked enough like Willie Sutton the bank robber to be Willie Sutton.

"If I were Willie Sutton," said Sutton, "I wouldn't be working here for $80 a month." The nurse and Sutton laughed at the joke, but Sutton, shaken by the experience, decided to quit. Some days later Sutton entered the Manufacturer's Trust Company bank in Sunnyside, New York, a suburb of New York City. He longed to rob it, but according to his later claims, he resisted the temptation that had for years compelled him to steal (years earlier, Sutton admitted in his memoirs, he once robbed a bank even though he had more than $40,000 in his pockets; the temptation was too strong to resist).

Sutton further claimed that he passed information about the Sunnyside bank to some bank robbers he knew, and the bank was robbed of $64,000 some weeks later. The thieves used Sutton's techniques so well that he was blamed for the robbery (if, indeed, he did not commit it).

While riding the subway on February 18, 1952, Sutton was identified by 24-year-old clothing salesman Arnold Schuster. The young man followed Sutton off the subway at the Bergen Avenue station and trailed him to a garage. He then went to the nearest precinct station and told officers that he believed he had recognized one of the most wanted men in the country, Willie "The Actor" Sutton, saying that the man he had followed looked just like a photo of Sutton on a wanted poster he had recently seen.

Two uniformed officers investigated, finding Sutton tinkering on an old car in his garage. They asked to see his driver's license and he politely showed them a license with the name Edward Lynch on it. The officers left but returned with a detective minutes later. "You better come along with us to the station," the detective told him. "You look too much like Sutton to be wandering about loose." At first, Sutton insisted that it was merely a case of mistaken identity, but when his fingerprints were taken and checked, he knew the game was over. "I might as well be dead now," sighed Sutton, tired of running from the law. "You can shoot and kill me for all I care."

Schuster was hailed as a hero. He was given a reward and he was interviewed on television, lauded for his civic action in bringing a desperate criminal to justice. Watching the TV program was one of the worst killers in New York, Albert Anastasia. The New York Mafia/syndicate chief jumped to his feet and shouted to several of his goons: "I hate squealers. Hit that guy!" On March 9, 1952, a gunman shot and killed Schuster as he was walking home. A bullet was sent into each eye of the victim, the ritualistic shooting of an informer.

Author Jay Robert Nash, left, interviewed Willie "The Actor" Sutton in 1979, when the bank robber detailed his many elaborate prison escapes.

Sutton claimed for the rest of his life, emphasizing in a 1979 interview with the author that, "I had nothing to do with that. I didn't even know Anastasia or the man he sent out to kill Schuster. He was a nice boy and he thought he was doing his duty as a citizen. I don't blame him and what was done to him was terrible, awful. It was that maniac Anastasia. He would kill anyone he didn't like. If he hadn't liked my looks he would have killed me! That's the kind of nut he was."

Sutton was tried for the robbery of the Sunnyside bank, and witnesses swore that he was the man who led the bank raid. Sutton argued that they had looked at so many photos of him in newspapers and mug shots of him from files that these witnesses had been "conditioned" to recognize him. He was nevertheless convicted and sent back to prison to serve an additional thirty years. The irony of all this, according to Sutton, was that he was convicted of the one crime he had not committed.

At the time of his arrest, more than $7,000 was taken out of Sutton's pocket. He explained that this money was his life savings. He was asked why he had not placed the money in a bank. Sutton replied: "It's never safe in a bank!" Sutton spent several more years in prison but was finally paroled. He wrote his autobiography, entitled "Where the Money Was," and earned enough money to move to a retirement village in Spring Hill, Florida, where he died peacefully in bed of natural causes on November 7, 1980.

In his 1979 interview with the author, Sutton emphasized his dedicated unwillingness to shoot any person involved in his many robberies. "Sure, I used a gun to intimidate, but I would never have shot anyone, never! Robbing banks is one thing, shooting and killing someone is another and I knew right from the beginning what that would mean—I would fry in the electric chair like Two-Gun Crowley and a lot of other guys. [Francis "Two-Gun" Crowley committed several robberies and murders with Rudolph "Fats" Duringer and went to Sing Sing's electric chair in 1931.] Anyone who shoots someone in a robbery is just asking to get burned."

GIULIANO, THE SICILIAN BANDIT/1940s

Just as American bandits Jesse James and John Dillinger captured the public imagination of their country, the most romanticized modern bandit of the Old World was Salvatore Giuliano (Turiddu; 1922-1950). He was born on November 16, 1922, the fourth child of Salvatore and Maria Giuliano. The elder Giuliano had worked in the U. S., in New York, Texas, and California and saved enough money to return to his native village of Montelepre, outside of Palermo, Sicily, where he bought a small farm. Young Salvatore, a bright boy with a vivid imagination, attended school until the age of thirteen, when he dropped out and went into the fields to help his father raise crops. After that he transported olive oil, worked as a telephone repairman, and worked on road construction.

During World War II, Giuliano returned to the transporting of olive oil. He also began to trade in the black market. He went armed since the hills about Montelepre were crawling with bandits. On September 2, 1943, Giuliano was returning home with two sacks of black market grain when two

Salvatore Giuliano, the bandit who controlled a large section of Sicily by 1945, wanting that island to become part of the U. S.

carabinieri (state policemen) stopped him near Quattro Molini to inspect his cargo. Giuliano pulled his pistol and shot one of the officers dead. He fled into a cane field, a bullet smacking into his side.

Wounded, Giuliano managed to escape to his home. His family sent him to a doctor in Palermo and there the bullet was removed from his side. When authorities began searching for him, Giuliano fled to the hills around Montelepre, where he found scores of homeless men, army deserters, smugglers, black marketeers, murderers and bandits, the flotsam of war.

A born leader, Giuliano organized these directionless men into a guerrilla force of more than fifty men. He trained them to shoot so that they killed with their first shot, hitting the chest or head. He marched them in formations around the mountaintops, as he had watched soldiers drilling when he was a boy. Then he led them in raids into villages and towns where stores were robbed and wealthy landowners were kidnapped and held for ransom.

Giuliano established headquarters in some caves high in the Sagana Mountains towering above Montelepre. These were bald, low mountains which the police would normally have secured, but Giuliano and his band knew every inch of the terrain and when *carabinieri* did comb the hills for the bandits, they were invariably met with deadly machinegun fire which raked their ranks and took a great toll of lives.

Giuliano, right, is shown with his cousin, Gaspare Pisciotta, who turned informant and later assassinated the bandit.

As time went on, a number of legends about Giuliano were created by his romantic notion of himself. He learned that a postal official was stealing letters containing money that was sent from poor Sicilian families to their relatives in the U. S. Giuliano shot the postal employee and sent the money on to the correct recipients. He marked the letters "Divine Providence." He also shared his spoils with the tenant farmers and poor of the countryside, sending these people money and food. He became their "protector" and "benefactor."

On one occasion, Giuliano invaded the villa of the Duchess of Pratameno. When she found him in her palatial rooms, she thought he was the son of a duke, so polished were his manners. Not until he politely asked for her jewelry, did she realize that Giuliano was a common bandit. He left her wedding ring and kissed her hand, and, as he was about to depart, asked for the loan of a book she was reading, *In Dubious Battle* by John Steinbeck. He later returned the book with a thank you note, telling her that Steinbeck was his favorite author. Such gallantry and charm quickly made the handsome Giuliano into a local folk hero.

Giuliano's greatest ambition was to see Sicily annexed by the U. S. He wrote letters to President Harry Truman in which he urged Truman to make Sicily the forty-ninth state. He even drew a map showing how Sicily would appear as an American state. Though he sided with the peasants, in the end Giuliano's support came from the landed gentry and the Mafia. He received his money and supplies from rightist groups who convinced the altruistic Giuliano that the peasants were being controlled by evil Communists. On May 1, 1947, Giuliano and his men ambushed a peasant parade near Portellella della Ginestra, his men firing into the crowd. Eleven innocent people were killed, including a woman and three children.

Mafia boss Calogero Vizinni first supported Giuliano, then ordered his execution.

The bandit's image was forever tarnished after this slaughter, although his authority in the mountains and countryside was more widespread and accepted than that of the police and government. Grown vain and pompous, the youthful bandit began issuing decrees and regulations, threatening to punish by death all who disobeyed him. From 1947 through 1949, Giuliano was the most powerful force in Sicily, but the government resolved to put an end to him.

More than 300 police and national guardsmen invaded the mountains, where Giuliano and his men had their retreat. Their main cave was located and a terrific battle ensued. Grenades and cannon shells were hurled into the cave, but when the smoke cleared, police found no one. The bandits had fled through a rear crevice in the rocks.

In late 1949, Giuliano's kidnappings and terror raids increased drastically. On August 14, 1949, seven policemen were killed and twenty more seriously wounded when Giuliano's men exploded mines under a police barracks outside of Palermo. With thousands of police and military troops looking for him, the defiant Giuliano dressed in his finest clothes and drove to Palermo, where he boldly dined in the best restaurants for two days, leaving notes under his plates with large tips. One note read: "This is to show that Giuliano, the Champion of Sicily, can still come into Palermo whenever he likes." He wrote letters to the press in which he compared himself to Benito Mussolini and Napoleon Bonaparte.

The government of Sicily finally made an all-out effort to get rid of Giuliano, but this time they only sent one man to kill him, 26-year-old Gaspare Pisciotta, Giuliano's former chief lieutenant and cousin. Pisciotta had been captured earlier and, rather than face prison or execution, he agreed to be a police spy and then to kill Giuliano on the promise that he would receive a large reward and a full pardon for past crimes. Apparently, the planned killing of Giuliano was done with the collusion and approval of Don Calogero Vizinni, Mafia overlord of Sicily, who had first backed the bandit and then condemned Giuliano, when he realized he could not control him.

Pisciotta found his way to Giuliano's hideout and, while the 27-year-old bandit slept, he shot him in the head, killing him. The body was then taken to Palermo and dumped in a square. A gun was placed next to the body to make it appear that Giuliano had been shot while resisting arrest. The authorities claimed, when the body was found and photographed,

Giuliano's body, top left, is shown in a square at Palermo, Sicily, 1950.

that Captain Antonio Perenze, of the *carabinieri,* had killed the fierce Giuliano.

Then, reneging on its promise, the government put Pisciotta on trial, along with a dozen other Giuliano lieutenants. Pisciotta, in the dock, thundered in court: "It was *I* who killed Giuliano, under a personal agreement with the Minister of Interior, Mario Scelba!" This bombshell created havoc in court and denials and charges flew in all directions.

Maria Giuliano, then sixty, settled the arguments by informing the press that, indeed, the treacherous Pisciotta had murdered her beloved son while he slept. She took the witness stand in 1951 and shouted: "Pisciotta and Giuliano were blood brothers and wrote their names with drops of each other's blood. Pisciotta became a traitor, worse than Cain. His heart was always bad and Turridu's was open and generous. My son Turridu often had to tie Pisciotta to a tree and beat him to teach him manners."

Pisciotta was not released, nor given any reward. He and eleven other Giuliano bandits were sent to prison for life. On February 9, 1954, Pisciotta sat in his spartan cell in Palermo's Ucciardone Prison and sipped his coffee. He suddenly screamed, fell on the floor and his body bowed in horrible agony. He died within minutes. Officials stated that Pisciotta died of a sudden heart attack, but the truth was finally made known. Pisciotta had died of a massive dose of strychnine. Another Giuliano aide, Angelo Russo, also died of poisoning in prison.

The vast fortune Giuliano had accumulated through his kidnappings and robberies was never uncovered. This was estimated to be as high as £2 million, but was more likely about £500,000. This amount, it was suspected, went mostly to his family and friends, along with the bandits who served him loyally. But today, Giuliano's treasure is still sought throughout the Sagana Mountains by the poor peasants of Sicily, and little boys who dream of fortune, fame and adventure.

THE BRINK'S ROBBERY/January 17, 1950

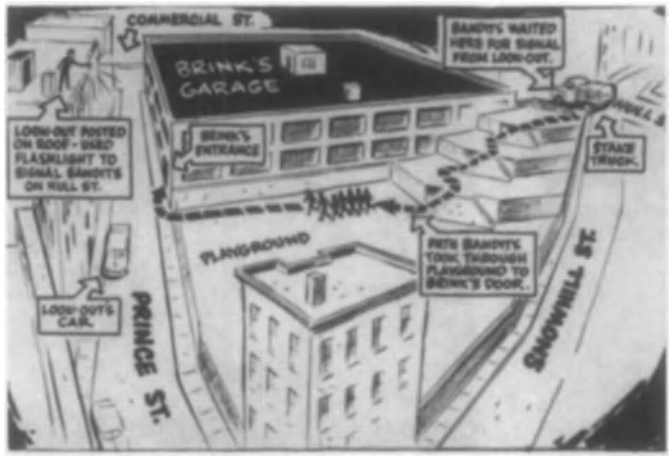
Anthony "Tony" Pino, a New England petty thief who had a criminal record dating back to 1928, began to develop the idea of robbing the Brink's headquarters in Boston as early as 1948 when he noticed that he could enter the building almost at will and, because of the slack security, approach the upper level area where millions of dollars were processed behind an easily penetrated wire barrier. Pino took into his confidence Joseph F. "Big Joe" McGinnis, a Boston saloon keeper, who helped organize a robbery gang, all culled from Boston's underworld and most of whom were, like Pino, small-time crooks looking to commit "the robbery of the century." These included Vincent J. Costa, who was said to be an expert getaway driver; James Ignatius Flaherty, bartender and burglar; Henry J. Baker, a lock specialist; and gunmen and professional burglars Thomas F. Richardson, Michael V. Geagan, Adolph "Jazz" Maffie, John S. Banfield, Stanley H. Gusciora, and Joseph James "Specs" O'Keefe, a clever thief and burglar whose nickname, one he hated, came from the freckles that coated his face when he was in his teens.

Anthony Pino, the jovial mastermind of the 1950 Brink's robbery.

The North Terminal Garage of the Brink's company was cased daily by members of the gang. They studied the comings and goings of employees from the street during the day and from rooftops with binoculars at night. This surveillance went on for eighteen months. Brink's shipment schedules were noted each day and when and where the biggest cash shipments would be made. Knowing the routines of the watchmen, gang members, in twos and threes, brazenly entered the Brink's building almost every night, going through their own routine of mock robbery, sneaking through doors, up stairways and down corridors to the money room so that all the gang members could find their ways through this building in the dark. Baker, the locksmith, removed locks from five separate doors in the Brink's building, one each night between the rounds of the watchmen. He made keys for the locks and replaced a lock each night without being detected.

Then the gang practiced their robbery with the precision of a Ranger unit penetrating a high-security military operation. Seven of the men, led by O'Keefe, entered the building, went through the five doors and right up to the money room where Brink's employees were busy counting cash. Two others remained on rooftops with high-powered binoculars and a telescope to watch for police and guards. Another was at the wheel of a truck parked nearby, waiting for the loot to be thrown into the back.

The robbers went through this routine twenty times, but waited until Pino thought the moment was right, the moment being when the largest amount of cash would be on hand. The seven men entering the building were to look identical.



A sketch showing how robbers entered and looted the Brink's building in Boston on January 17, 1950.

Brink's guards took prone positions in re-enacting the $2.7 million robbery.

Those chosen were all about five-feet-ten-inches tall, weighed between 170 and 180 pounds, and all would wear Navy pea jackets, halloween masks, rubber-soled shoes, and gloves.

Pino finally selected the night of January 17, 1950, a murky, rainy night which would keep people off the streets. The seven men entered the Brink's building shortly before 7 p.m., went through the five locked doors using the keys made by Baker, walked silently upstairs and through halls, until they came to the counting room.

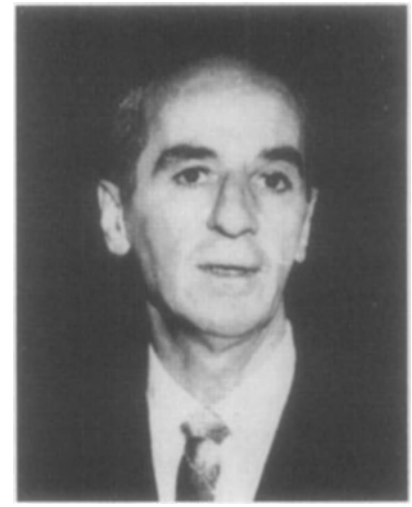
O'Keefe and the others reached the wire mesh door of this room at exactly 7:10 p.m. They had no key to this door. O'Keefe and the others pulled out guns and aimed them through the wire mesh at Thomas P. Lloyd, head cashier, as he came out of the vault. "This is a stickup," O'Keefe said in a low, menacing voice. "Open the gate and don't give us any trouble."

Only guard Charles Grell was armed; the weapons belonging to the four other men in the cage were in a gun rack. Grell did as he was ordered and opened the gate without reaching for his weapon. Lloyd later told Boston police commissioner Thomas F. Sullivan that "it would have been sheer death for him (Grell) to reach for it." The five Brink's men were ordered to lie on the floor, faces down. They were then tied hands and feet behind their backs and adhesive tape was placed over their mouths by some of the thieves, while other members of the robbery gang went directly into the vault and began filling large sacks with big bills. Each man knew his job.

As one pulled the money off the shelves in the vault, another held open a sack and the sacks were passed from hand to hand from one robber to the next. The thieves scooped up $2,775,395 including $1,218,211.29 in cash and coins and $1,557,183.83 in money orders and checks. The sacks filled with all this loot weighed about 1,200 pounds and each man dragged two of these from the money room. Before leaving, the thieves looked at a large metal security box and thought to take it with them but, at the last minute, they decided it was too heavy to drag down corridors and steps. They left it behind and the more than $1 million in cash it contained.

By 7:27 p.m., the gang had left the premises with the largest cash haul in an American robbery to that time, accomplishing the massive theft within seventeen minutes. The money was thrown into the truck which was driven to Roxbury and to the home of Adolph "Jazz" Maffie. Here the robbers destroyed more than $90,000 in new bills which the thieves suspected were marked, along with the negotiable securities. The balance was kept by Maffie to be split up later, $1,100,000.

Pino and McGinnis had ordered that the money was not to be taken by anyone since any considerable spending by gang members would surely draw suspicion. They would wait until the inevitable police "heat" dissipated and then take their shares. Each gang member returned to the various jobs they held. Most of them, along with hundreds of other suspects, were detained for questioning since almost all the gang members had long police records. They were routinely grilled and released. State and local police, along with the FBI, had no idea where to look for the robbers. The clues left behind at the scene of the robbery were scant: two pieces of white cotton line and a visored cap with its lining and label torn from it.



Joseph "Specs" O'Keefe talked to police after being shorted on his share of the loot.

The Brink's robbers under arrest in 1956, left to right, Jim Flaherty, Mike Geagan, Thomas Richardson, Joe McGinnis, Tino Pino, Vincent Costa, Jazz Maffie, Henry Baker; all went to prison.

A month later, the gang members took their shares of the stolen money, about $100,000. O'Keefe entrusted about $90,000 of his money to a fellow mob member, and when he was sent to prison for another robbery, he demanded but never got his money. Facing a long prison term and incensed at being stalled on getting his money, O'Keefe contacted authorities and tried to plea bargain his sentence in return for information about the celebrated Brink's robbery.

Though Banfield died of natural causes in 1955, the other thieves were arrested, convicted, and given long prison sentences. Several of them were later released. What angered surviving gang members was the fact that a Boston *Globe* crime reporter, Joseph F. Dineen, wrote a novel about the Brink's robbery, entitled *Six Rivers to Cross* and reportedly made $150,000 on a movie sale of this book, more money than any of the robbers ever enjoyed from their elaborate and shocking robbery.

ENGLAND'S GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY/ August 8, 1963

Like the Brink's robbery thirteen years earlier, the Great Train Robbery in England was conducted and engineered by a bevy of thieves and would-be bandits. On August 8, 1963, fifteen men, some with criminal backgrounds, some with no records at all, stopped the Royal Mail train from Glasgow to London, near Cheddington Station, and committed the largest robbery in England up to that time, looting mail sacks containing more than £2.5 million. This amazing crime caper, one which shocked the world with its suddenness and efficiency, had been in the planning a long time.

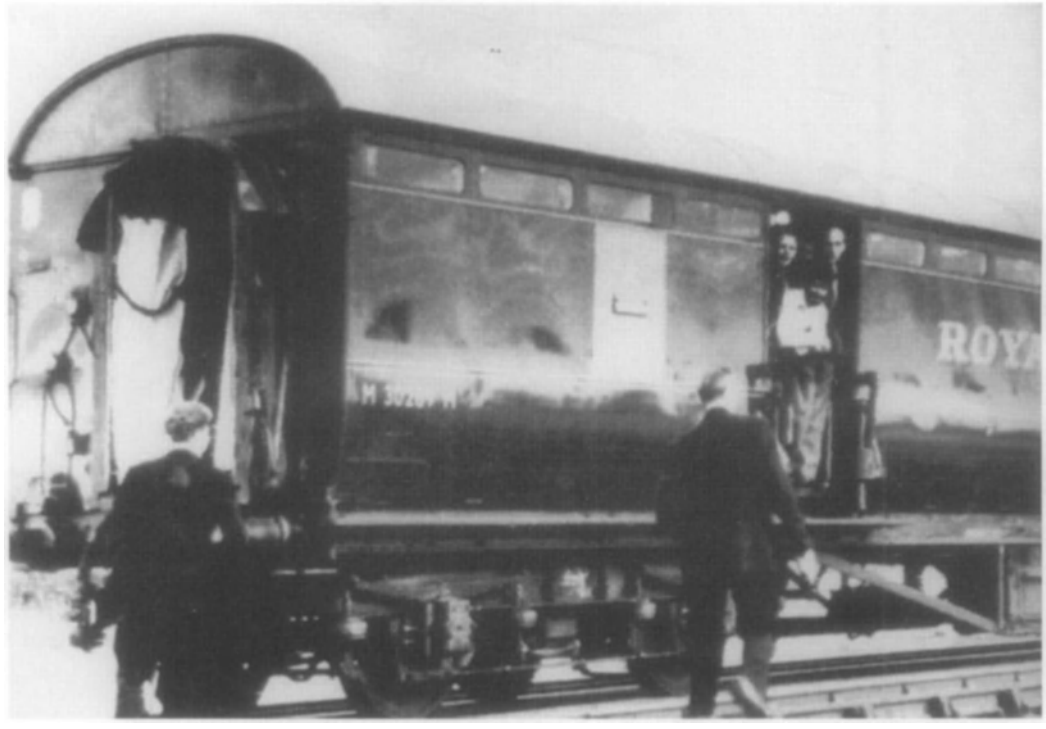
The men involved, all known to each other and having had long associations, for the most part, in shady London deals, met more than a year before the train robbery at Cheddington. To finance the train robbery, several of the leaders decided to commit another, similar theft. On November 27, 1962, three businessmen appeared in London's Heathrow Airport. They wore conservative pin-striped suits and bowler hats, and they carried walking canes or umbrellas. These men somehow got into a security area and then permitted five more men wearing balaclava helmets to enter the area.

Security guards were overpowered and £62,500 in old bank notes, then en route to a London bank, were quickly taken. Of the eight men involved in the robbery, three were apprehended, but only one, Mickey Ball, was convicted, and then sentenced to five years imprisonment. As he was being led away, Ball sneered and said: "Well, at least you won't get me for the big job!" This remark confused police at the time, but they knew full well what Ball meant eight months later.

Bruce Reynolds, mastermind of England's great train robbery.

The two men who were acquitted of the airport rob-

bery, Charles Frederick Wilson and Gordon Goody, went on to participate in "the big job," the Cheddington train robbery. Using the loot from the airport robbery to finance the train heist, the thieves gathered in a large farmhouse in Leatherslade, Buckinghamshire, near Cheddington. Here, Bruce Reynolds, the mastermind of the robbery, outlined the details of the operation, running his men through their duties as would a drill sergeant. The methods and procedures employed by Reynolds and his top aides were decidedly military in nature.



The Royal Mail train robbed of $7 million on August 8, 1963.

When all was ready, this paramilitary band pinpointed August 8, 1963, as the day for the robbery. From inside information, the leaders, Bruce Reynolds, Ronald Biggs, Buster Edwards, Charles Wilson, and others, knew that on that day the Royal Mail train would be carrying in its baggage car 120 bags stuffed with old, unmarked surplus bills. These notes were being sent from Scottish banks to their London offices for recycling or destruction, depending upon wear and tear. It was estimated that this regular shipment would contain between £2 million and £3 million, an enormous prize.

The mail train appeared on schedule a half-hour from its destination, Euston Station, and was stopped by a simple railroad procedure. The thieves merely blacked out the green "go" signal, and affixed a wire to a battery so that the red "stop" signal, would remain on. The engineer, seeing the red light, brought the train to a halt. Several men waiting alongside the tracks jumped into the engineer's cab and slugged the engineer. Others piled into the two mail cars immediately behind the engine, overpowered the guards, and then threw the sacks of money to others waiting outside. The sacks were hurriedly dumped into Land Rovers parked nearby. Then the engineer was forced to drive the train on to its destination as one of the masked robbers cavalierly waved to him and shouted "cheery-bye!"

The bandits drove to the Leatherslade farmhouse and there divided the spoils, lesser members of the gang each given a small amount, "a drink" of the take, as one of the robbers later put it. The chief bandits received equal shares, £150,000 each. The entire amount came to a staggering £2,631,684, or about $7,000,000. After the split, the gang members, who had each made plans for individual getaways, went their separate ways. London police, when hearing the news, sent an army of investigators to the site of the robbery, but they found no clues. The world's press heralded the robbery as the greatest theft of the century.

Engineer Jack Mills, with a bandage covering a head wound received during the train robbery.

An aerial photo shows the farmhouse where the bandits met to divide the loot following the train robbery.

Charles Frederick Wilson, one of the co-leaders of the train robbery, at left when apprehended following the robbery and, right, when recaptured following a prison escape.

In five days, the police discovered the abandoned farmhouse in Leatherslade. Suspicious neighbors had seen a number of Land Rovers, and many men arriving at the building carrying sacks. Detectives found the place a mess. For all their careful planning, the thieves apparently panicked after the robbery and hurried their final arrangements. They left fingerprints everywhere and they had not taken the trouble to disguise the license plates of the Land Rovers, which were traced. England's greatest manhunt then began, and, one by one, the bandits were tracked down and arrested. They had brought further suspicion upon themselves by not remaining at their jobs, but by disappearing immediately after the robbery, going into hiding.

The small-timers were caught first and they cracked under interrogation, naming others. Most of the top men in the robbery ring were brought to trial a year after the robbery and, on March 26, 1964, they received sentences that were considered harsh, even for their sensational crime. Thirty-year prison sentences were meted out to Reynolds, a car and antique dealer and the brains of the gang, Charles Wilson, a small-time bookie (who later escaped prison and was then recaptured), Thomas Wisbey, James Hussey, Robert Welch, Roy James, Douglas Goody, and Ronald Biggs. Roger Cordrey received twenty years, but this was later reduced to fifteen. William Boal, Brian Field, and Leonard Field (the Fields were not related) received twenty-four-year sentences each. The Fields appealed their sentences, as had Cordrey, and their prison terms were reduced to five years each. These punishments were considered severe in that there was only one injury involved in the robbery, that of the engineer, who recovered.

Only £336,524 of the stolen money, however, was recovered. It took several years to capture the leaders of the gang. James White, a cafe proprietor, was not arrested until 1966 and he drew an eighteen-year sentence. Buster Edwards was then tracked down and sent to prison for fifteen years. Bruce Reynolds, who had led the gang and escaped from prison, was finally recaptured in 1969 and sent back to prison for twenty-five years. Ronald Biggs also escaped from prison in 1965.

Biggs led authorities in an around-the-world chase through a dozen countries, until he landed in Brazil. He managed to fight off extradition and lived well with his wife and son on his ill-gotten money. Most of the missing money, officials concluded, had been spent by the gang members in their flight from police. They had paid enormous amounts to underworld contacts for hiding places. In the end, the robbery got the thieves nothing more than long prison terms.

The most astounding tale connected with the Great Train Robbery emerged in the mid-1970s when informants stated that the real brains and financier behind this robbery was none other than the one-time Nazi super commando, Otto Skorzeny, who had fled to Spain after World War II and had there organized Odessa, a secret organization of former SS officers, one that had taken great sums of money out of Germany before the collapse of the Third Reich. Odessa financed the escapes and maintenance of wanted Nazi war criminals, and according to the story connected to England's great train robbery, financed enormous robberies to continually refill its coffers.

Some of the train robbers had reportedly met with Skorzeny or his representatives in Cologne, and it was Skorzeny, who originally put up £80,000 to finance the first robbery at London Airport and helped to set up other details of the train robbery. One of his men was even in the Leatherslade farmhouse helping Reynolds and Biggs direct their men, according to one account. Skorzeny and his men went even further. Following the robbery, Skorzeny, who reportedly received £1 million of the stolen loot, arranged for his own men to smuggle Charles Wilson out of Winston Green prison. He also arranged for Buster Edwards to have his face altered through plastic surgery, and it was Otto Skorzeny who helped the elusive Ronald Biggs reach a safe haven in Brazil. Fantastic as this

story might be, there is some evidence to make it credible. Skorzeny, however, was long dead by the time this tale was told.

THE NORTH HOLLYWOOD BANK ROBBERY/ February, 28, 1997

One of the most violent bank robberies in record occurred at the Branch of America Bank in North Hollywood, California, on February 28, 1997. Two men, Emil Matasareanu and Larry Phillips, wearing black hoods, body armor and carrying AK-47 rifles and handguns, along with considerable ammunition, invaded the bank shortly after 9 a. m. They ordered the bank employees and customers in the bank, located at Archwood Street and Laurel Canyon Boulevard, to line up, while one of the robbers looted the tellers' cages.

Placing cash in bags which they dumped into a rolling cart, the bank robbers began to leave the bank as an alarm went off. Police immediately responded, dozens of officers arriving in squad cars that surrounded the bank. Matasareanu and Phillips emerged from the bank to see officers pointing revolvers at them. One of the robbers turned and fired several rounds into the foyer of the bank, apparently in retaliation against someone in the bank, who set off the alarm. A female teller was shot in the foot and a bank customer was wounded in this burst.

At the same time, the other robber opened fire on the police officers, wounding several of them. The two robbers then attempted to get into their getaway car, firing at officers all the while. Some of the first LAPD officers struck by bullets included Stuart Guy and his female partner, Tracey Angeles. Guy, seriously wounded and bleeding profusely, was guarded by the also wounded Angeles, who kept firing back at the robbers while shouting to her partner to "hold on," and that "help is on the way."

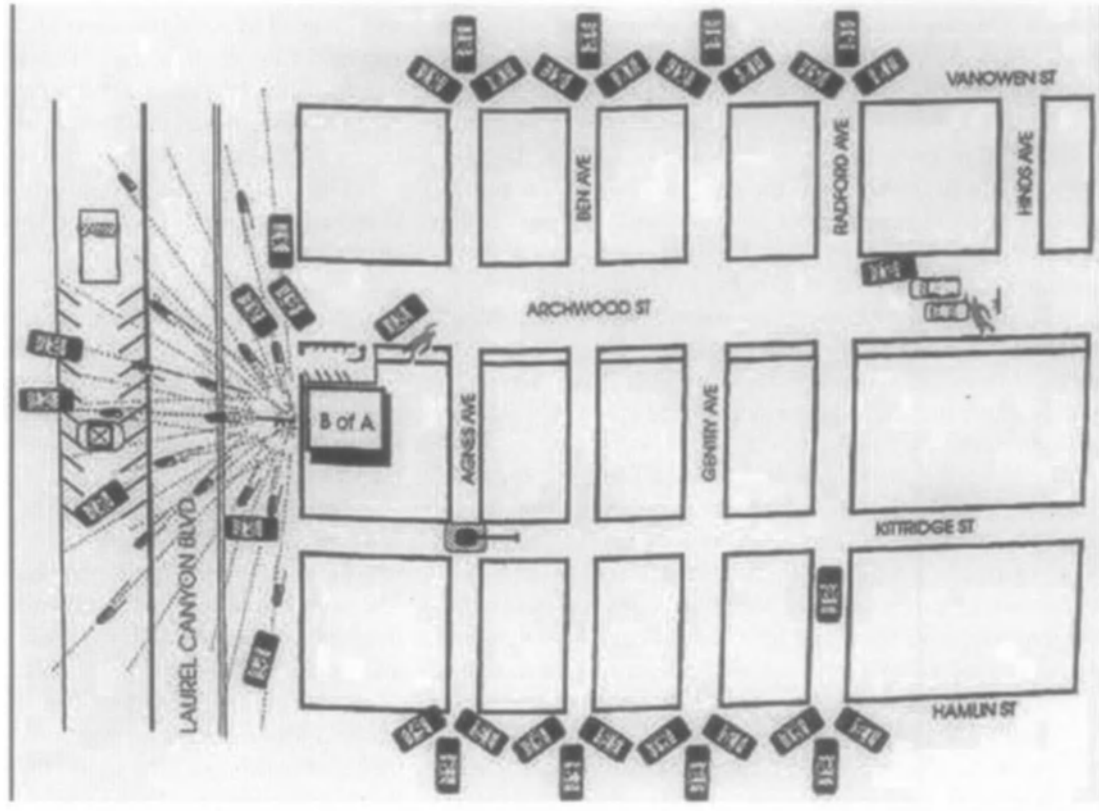
(This courageous officer would receive the LAPD Police Commissioner/City Council Women of Courage Award the next month.)

By then the two robbers unleashed a terrible onslaught of firepower against the police (nine officers would be wounded, along with three civilians). As more than 350 police officers arrived to battle the robbers in an hour-long firefight, the bandits fired more than 1,100 rounds from their semi-automatic assault rifles. In addition to the AK-47s, the robbers had a .223 fully automatic Bushmaster rifle, a .308 semi-automatic H&K and a semiautomatic 9mm Beretta handgun.

Police poured a devastating fusillade into the two men, but their bullets bounced harmlessly off the thick body armor worn by the robbers as they stoically plodded down the street. One, Matasareanu, got into the getaway car, while Phillips walked beside it as it slowly moved down the street, Phillips using the car as a shield as he continued to fire at police. Phillips suddenly left the car and began plodding alone down Archwood Street, firing at police following him and while police and TV news helicopters hovered over him. He was shot several times, but again, the bullets merely bounced off his bullet-proof armor. Running out of ammunition for his AK-47, Phillips drew a handgun and fired off several rounds. A police bullet found its mark, striking Phillips in the head and killing him.

Meanhwile, Matasareanu slowly drove his getaway car two blocks from the bank, all the while under terrific fire from hundreds of police officers. He returned the fire, and, when seeing a pickup abandoned in the middle of the street, decided to leave his own car, which had been riddled. While firing many bursts from his AK-47, Matasareanu transferred his weapons to the pickup and got into the truck.

Dozens of heroic officers closed in on the truck from all sides and the robber got out of the truck and began firing at them. The firefight was fierce, with many officers being wounded. Matasareanu, however, was struck by several bullets—he would be hit twenty-nine times—and finally collapsed. He was pronounced dead upon arrival at a nearby



Police sketch shows the location of the robbers and the firefight they launched when emerging from the North Hollywood Branch Bank of America on February 28, 1997.

Two LAPD officers in SWAT gear are shown advancing on the robbers, who shot a dozen people in their prolonged gun battle following the robbery.

LAPD officers are shown next to the riddled getaway car, one pointing a weapon downward at one of the robbers, fatally wounded Emil Matasareanu.

hospital. (Matasareanu's relatives later filed a suit, charging that LAPD officers let the bank robber die before summoning an ambulance.)

Both dead bandits, police later stated, had been suspects in several California bank robberies that had taken place in 1996. "These guys were ready for war," said Bob McKibben, a manager at an appliance store near the bank, and who witnessed the bloody battle. "They had black masks over their faces and full black gear, with belts and ammo around their waists." He watched Matasareanu casually shoot at pursuing police, then "going to the trunk of the car and getting more ammo. He was like in a trance. He was walking like there was nothing going on. He had everyone pinned down. It was like he didn't have a care in the world."

To the police, the bandits were "well organized," and had planned to murder anyone who interfered with the bank robbery. "They were killers," said LAPD spokesman Tim McBride. "The suspects continued to fire at officers who were undergunned for over an hour." McBride, as was the case with everyone else, had no regard for the dead bandits, whom he aptly described as having "no sense of conscience, no sense of dignity, no sense of respect for life."

The mindless North Hollywood Bank robbery typified the new breed of robbers in the 1990s and into the 21st Century, killers thinking to rob at any cost, including their own lives, suicidal robberies where dead thieves might claim an extraordinary number of lives while sacrificing their own. It was claimed by some that the robbers had emulated a scene in the 1995 film, *Heat*, starring Robert De Niro and Al Pacino, one in which bandits rob a downtown Los Angeles bank in full body armor and are then killed in a running gun battle through the streets.

The movies have, particularly in the last two decades, been held responsible for molding many spectacular and gruesome crimes. Oliver Stone's mindless 1994 film, *Natural Born Killers*, most certainly inspired Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold to kill thirteen people and wound another twenty-five persons at Columbine High School in Littleton, Colorado, in 1999. These bloodlusting teenagers were so enamored of Stone's gratuitously violent film that they made a homemade version of the movie and then used this as a blueprint in their mass murder spree on April 20, 1999.

Teenager Natasha Cornett, who established a Satanic cult and moved about the country murdering people in 1997, stated that she was inspired to kill people after viewing Stone's film. The same movie, according to Washington State prosecutors, inspired 14-year-old Barry Loukaitas to kill two classmates and a teacher on February 2, 1996.

In his much-lauded documentary, *Bowling at Columbine*, Michael Moore makes no mention of Stone's terrible and culpable influence, but then again, the inclusion of such a justifiable indictment might have injured Moore's box office receipts, let alone the residual returns Stone's awful film continues to enjoy.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN:

SECRET CRIMINAL SOCIETIES

From the beginning of time, men and women of all races and nations have banded together to create fraternal societies, invariably dedicated to healthy socializing and works of good will that are designed to aid and nurture their fellow humans. Parallel to these well-intentioned organizations sprang a number of secret societies dedicated to self-serving criminal pursuits designed to either enrich members with spiritual or corporal rewards. Clotted with cabalistic rites, blood oaths, life-or-death loyalties, many of these secret criminal organizations infiltrated high level government and business positions that gave them virtual control of their governments.

Through blackmail, extortion and threat of death, these societies seized banks and other financial institutions, appropriated corporations and industries, either compelling business leaders to join their shrouded ranks or embedding their own members into those organizations. These criminal societies established their own murder squads to mete out justice to those members who betrayed their organizations and for centuries ruled whole populations with the weapons of fear and terrorism.

No country was immune to the influence of these sinister groups that invariably sprang to life out of patriotism and national pride. Nationalism, not unlike the right-wing dictatorships of the 19th and 20th centuries, first attracted members to organizations that ostensibly vowed to repel foreign invaders from their lands. Such was the case of the Mafia, which was originally founded to evade Arab conquerors, and later, to drive from Sicily the legions of French invaders in 1282.

A hatred of foreigners, xenophobia with a will to murder, gave birth to Japan's Yakuza, China's Boxers and Triads and Kenya's Mau Mau. In the U. S., the Ku Klux Klan, which, in its 20th Century rebirth, expanded its violent bigotry to include blacks, Catholics, Jews, and just about anyone who was not a white citizen.

In the desperate fight for economic survival, immigrating foreigners made up their own secret societies in order to acquire better jobs and working conditions. Thus, the Irish secret society in America known as the Molly Maguires, came into existence. Its members employed bombings and murder of company police and business leaders to improve their poverty-level lot. A century later, in Detroit, the Black Legion was formed to drive blacks and foreigners from jobs in the automotive industry and those who would not leave town were kidnapped and killed.

In the Middle East, at the time of the Third Crusade, right-wing Moslem leaders created secret societies dedicated to the assassination of Western leaders invading the Arab world. Those enlisting in their cause, which was (and still in existence under the leadership of Osama bin Laden) rooted in a reactionary form of Moslem religion, became dedicated to spilling the blood of "nonbelievers." Osama bin Laden has imbued his terrorist followers of Al Qaeda with the concept that their widespread murders are justified in the eyes of Allah. This same credo was indoctrinated into the fanatical and suicidal members of the Order of the Assassins of the 11th Century.

An Indian bazaar painting of 1830 depicts the Hindu goddess Kali, consort of Shiva, who, in the eyes of its worshippers, the Thugs, was transformed into a blood-lusting deity.

Perverted religion was also at the inspirational core of the worst secret criminal society to ever plague India—Thuggee. This religious organization was made up of tens of thousands of fanatics, who worshipped a goddess that demanded the sacrificial lives of others, or so their evil gurus insisted. In taking these lives, members were given their heavenly "rewards" by stealing any valuables their victims might possess. The true cause of Thuggee was and is that of any secret criminal society then or now—to loot the riches of the earth at any cost.

THE THUGS OF INDIA/700-1900s

The mystic and murderous killer cult of Thuggee (pronounced "Tugee"; c.700-1900s?) plagued India for twelve centuries, a religion within religions that insisted upon human sacrifice to its gory goddess, Kali (Bhowani or Bhawani). Its fanatical followers were known in southern India as Phansigars, stemming from the Hindustani term *Phansi,* meaning noose. These killers employed strangling cords or nooses and were known as "noose operators." In northern India, the same sect of killers was commonly called Thugs (pronounced "Tugs"), after the Sanskrit word *othag,* meaning to conceal, or *othaga,* one who cheated.

To the rest of the world, when the existence of this cult was recognized in shock by western civilization, Thugs were known as the most sinister of human creatures, clandestine, bizarre, utterly unconscionable. They took lives, tens of thousands a decade, to edify their blood lusting goddess and to enrich themselves with spoils taken from their unsuspecting victims.

Operating in strict secrecy, Thugs were known to Indian civilization as early as 700 or earlier, but they conducted their cabalistic rites with such controlled stealth that local chiefs and sultans had no real idea of the sect's widespread influence or so it was claimed, though some historians insist that many Indian leaders protected the Thugs in order to receive part of the spoils from their murder raids.

Further assuring the murder cult's anonymity was the rigidly enforced rule of death to any who revealed its secret rites and practices. Uniting all the bands of Thugs throughout India was its totemic goddess, Kali, who, through its high priests, established strict codes that dictated the murder methods of its worshippers.

In mythology, Kali, the wife of the God Shiva (or Siva), is the Hindu goddess of Destruction and Death. She was also known as a deity of war and to the Thugs, Kali was worshipped as "the divine mother." Surviving images of Kali present a frightful picture of a black-skinned goddess with three glaring eyes, many arms, and an open mouth displaying long teeth, blood-soaked lips, and an extended, drooling tongue coated with human gore. (Only when appearing alone does Kali transform into her true and hideous nature; when appearing with Shiva the goddess is beautiful and fair.)

Kali, according to myth, first appeared on the banks of the Hooghli River, a site now called Kali Ghat (whence Calcutta) where her most venerated shrine stood for eons. The goddess, through its gurus, encouraged its earliest apostles to go forth and destroy unbelievers. With each murder, the killer Thug would thus attain a higher status in the hereafter. Moreover, the goddess was obligingly protective of her killers, disposing of the bodies of their victims so they could go on undetected.

Legend has it that after depositing several bodies at the foot of Kali's statue, a band of Thugs retreated, turning their backs to Kali, forbidden, according to tradition, to cast eyes upon the goddess and witness how she destroyed the human remains. An apprentice Thug, however, unable to control his curiosity, turned to see Kali eating the body.

This 1843 sketch shows a Thug with his murder weapons—a pickax, a knife and a rope—although Thugs used their waistcloths, not ropes, to strangle their victims.

Her grisly custom exposed, the goddess thereafter refused to hide the evidence of the cult's murders and would consume no more corpses. The high priests pleaded for forgiveness and aid. Kali responded by spitting out one of her teeth, which took the form of a pickax. One of her ribs became a long knife and from the hem of her sari she provided a noose. All these items became sacred in the tradition of Thuggee. The noose was the instrument of death, to be employed as a strangling cord. The knife was to dismember the limbs of victims and the pickax, the most sacred of all these lethal instruments, was to be used to gouge out the eyes of the murdered victims and dig their unhallowed graves.

Ironically, the eternal rifts between Muslim and Hindu were put aside in that both religious sects joined the Thugs, worshipping a Hindu goddess and putting her before all other gods, although members went on practicing their separate religions. Even stranger was the fact that before its wholesale eradication by the British, the sect was predominately Muslim, followers risking everything to pay homage to this ancient Hindu image.

Initiates were brought into the Thuggee fold from their own families or by older Thugs, who had taken young boys, usually under ten, in a raid, and raised them to become Thugs, not unlike the methods of Hitler and Mussolini in the 20TH Century, when these dictators began training their legions almost from the cradle to follow fascism to the grave. Initiates into the cult were brought together in a row, stretching from the towering image of the goddess in a hidden temple, usually in a remote mountainous area. They faced veteran Thugs, kneeling before them. As the veterans chanted out an oath to preserve the customs of Kali, the initiates repeated the vow. From their waists the veterans unwound their *rumals,* long

handkerchiefs, holding these forth. The initiates would take the strangling cords, accepting these as instruments of death.

Each was then given a pickax, which was held aloft, announced to be sacred as the burial tool used to dig the graves of victims. A long knife was handed to each and these were then used to slaughter small animals, especially sheep. The initiates dipped their hands into the gore and, one by one, stepped up to the goddess, smearing the blood on its figure. (The statue of Kali, often towering twenty feet, usually had a large base which, after each initiation ceremony, was given another coat of gore, so that this dried gore was often several feet thick over the eons; often enough, the blood preserved from the bodies of recently killed victims was used instead of the animal blood on such occasions.)

A similar ritual was enacted before every raid by a band of Thugs. A party of between ten and twenty Thugs would gather before Kali and seek the goddess' approval. Fresh fruit, cakes, and wine would be placed before the statue, along with flowers. The Thug priest would then have a sheep brought before the image and ordered its head to be cut off. The right forefoot of the decapitated sheep would be placed in its mouth and a lighted lantern placed upon the disembodied head. Oil that had been blessed by the priest would then be poured down onto the head of the sheep while the priest chanted his invocation, asking Kali to approve of the band's murder mission.

If the nostrils and mouth of the sheep's head gave any sign of movement, usually a convulsive, nerve-ending quiver, it was seen as a sign from Kali that she had given her consent to launch another murder attack. Seldom, if ever, would Kali withhold her approval and the body of Thugs would then leave their local village under cover of darkness and gather in a lonely spot, then travel to a well-used trade route, where they would lay in wait for caravans of merchants or, most desired, rich princes en route from one palace to another.

The absence of the Thugs from their villages was, of course, noticed, but family members knew full well the purpose of their spouses and other male members. Wives had no voice in the sinister pursuits of their husbands, nor had any other member of the family. All knew that if one of their number was ever exposed, the entire family would suffer. Moreover, the local chieftains of the villages said nothing when residents vanished for long periods of time, knowing they were off on a murder raid for Kali and also knowing that when these killers returned to resume normal law-abiding existences, they, the chieftains, would be enriched with part of their spoils.

The Thugs only practiced their murderous religion during the winter months in India, so that during the rest of the year they were at home in their villages, toiling as honest laborers and craftsmen. Many of them were pillars of their communities, holding minor offices, observing and enforcing the local laws, appearing to be upright citizens. On the road, looking for sacrificial quarry, however, they were the worst kind of lethal cutthroats in the history of murder.

The long success enjoyed by the Thugs was due to their clever deceits, practiced with care. They cunningly convinced any gullible traveler that they were themselves seeking protection against the marauding bands of Dacoits, nomadic

Sir William Sleeman became a major-general and headed the British government's department for the suppression of Thuggee in India.

tribes, who practiced armed robbery but not ritualistic murder. Ten of the twenty Thugs would position themselves along a trade route and plead with some passing merchant that they be allowed to join his party for protection.

The other ten Thugs would be miles distant, already digging the graves of the intended victims. When the merchant's party would stop to make camp for the evening, at a spot invariably suggested by one of the accompanying Thugs, the band would wait until the merchants were asleep and then, with those members laying in wait outside the campfires, leap upon their victims, strangling them to death. (The victim could only be murdered with the *rumal*, not the knife or pickax, to meet the religious requirements of Kali.)

Once all the victims had been slain, some of the Thugs would dismember the bodies and disembowel them so no gasses or odors would be forthcoming from the shallow graves into which they would be placed. It was necessary that no wild animals, jackals and other scavengers, seek out the graves and accidentally reveal the hiding place of Thug corpses. Sometimes young boys of ten were taken to these murder scenes and forced to watch their elders kill, dismember, and bury their victims so they would acquaint themselves with the methods of their teachers, be indoctrinated into the looting of the victims, and share the responsibility of the act.

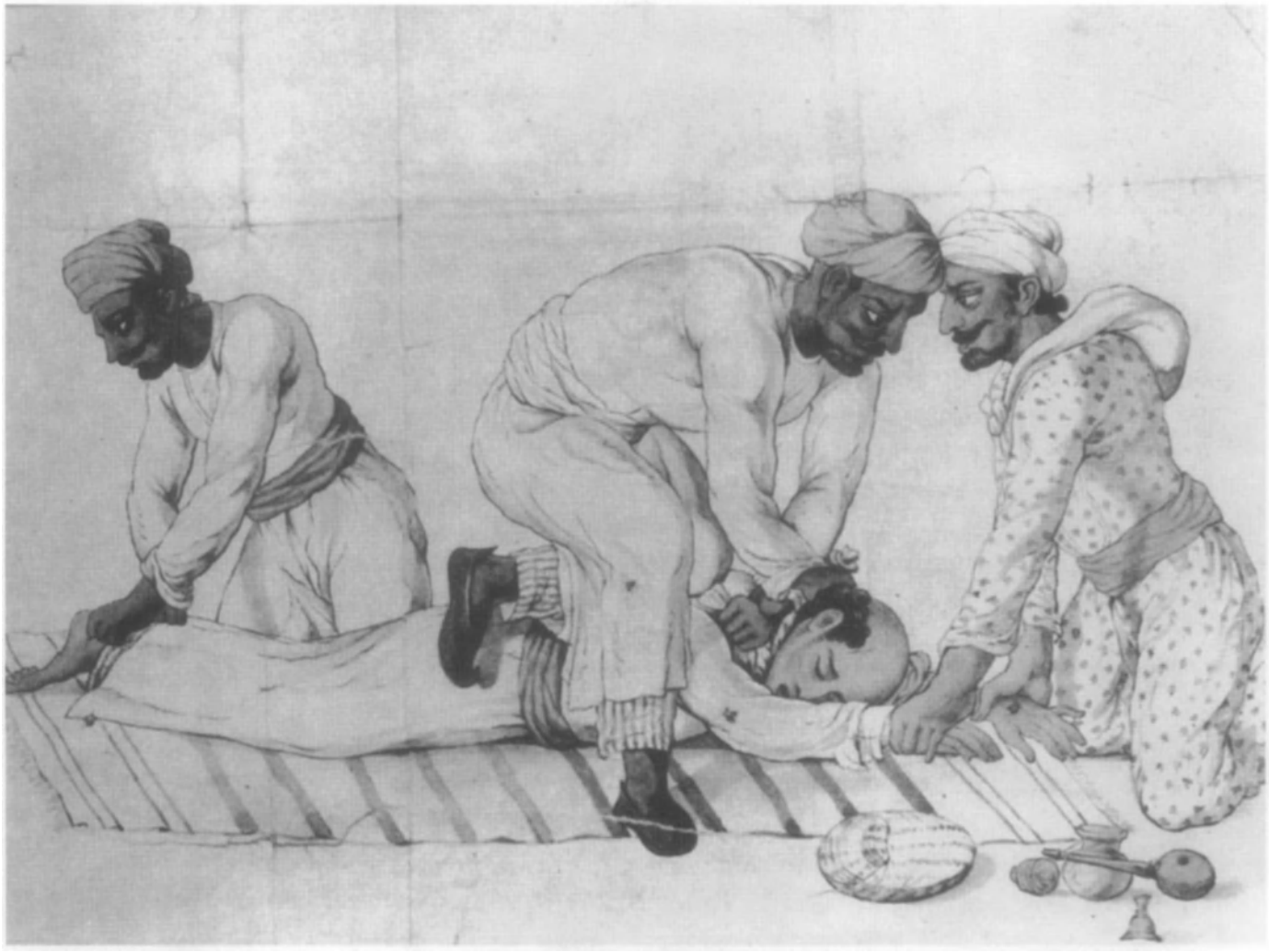
While several Thugs divert the attention of an unsuspecting merchant, another Thug creeps up behind the victim with his strangling cloth.

The Thugs earned their reputation as sly deceivers. If a party traveling on the road inadvertently came upon a group of Thugs kneeling next to their victim, the Thugs would instantly send up a chant, pretending to mourn the loss of one of their own tribesmen, who had suddenly taken ill and died. In carrying out their gruesome rituals, the Thugs doggedly maintained strict rules. No robbery could occur unless the victim was murdered, and no goods or money could be taken unless the victim was murdered in the proper fashion.

Even the way in which the Thugs strangled their victims had to follow an exact code. According to one report "two *Phansigars* are considered to be indispensably necessary to effect the murder of one man, and commonly three are engaged. While traveling along, one of the *Phansigars* suddenly puts the cloth round the neck of the person they mean to kill, and retains hold of one end, while the other end is seized by an accomplice; the instrument crossed behind the neck is drawn tight, the two *Phansigars* pressing the head forwards; at the same time the third villain, in readiness behind the traveler, seizes his legs, and he is thrown forward upon the ground. In this situation he can make little resistance. The man holding the legs of the miserable sufferer, now kicks him in those parts of the body endowed with most sensibility (the scrotum), and he is quickly dispatched."

Just *who* the Thugs would kill was also a matter of strict regulation. Their selection of victims was rife with superstition and mixed with the laws of their separate religions, along with their worship of the dreadful Kali. Since their murder goddess was a woman, the Thugs killed no women and allowed any caravan with women in it to pass unmolested. They never killed male children under the age of ten, taking these as hostages to their cult. Also spared from their strangling cords were any craftsmen who worked with gold, brass, and iron. Carpenters, smiths, stonecutters, dancing masters, shoemakers, pot makers, and washer men also went unharmed.

It was also forbidden to molest any infirm person, particularly the blind or anyone who had suffered mutilation. No herder leading cows or female goats was ever molested by Thugs. Lepers were never approached as was the case with pariahs. It was often told in the campfires of the Thugs how one band of their cult had attacked a caravan carrying a beau-



A Thug is shown tightening the noose around a victim to make sure he is dead, while others bind the body, preparing to carry it to an awaiting grave.

tiful princess and how the twenty some Thugs, after slaughtering her retainers, had each raped the woman before strangling her to death. Kali's fortunes no longer smiled on this band, the story went, and each member shortly thereafter fell upon hard times, each of them dying premature and painful deaths, their families destroyed.

It was also important for any band of Thugs to operate at least one hundred miles from their native village. Once the decision had been made to attack a traveling party, it was mandatory that all in the party, except those exempted, must be killed. As each band set out to perform its ritual murders, its members were ever mindful of the images that surrounded their demanding Kali, that of the lizard and the snake. If the members heard a lizard chirping while en route to kill, it meant that the raid would be a success. If a snake crossed the road in front of them, it meant that the attack would fail or bad luck would ensue. Crows and partridges cawing to each other from either side of the road meant good luck.

The most fortuitous sign any Thug band could encounter was the sight of a tiger. This wild beast reflected in the eyes of the Thugs their own way of life and survival, cunning and savagery without remorse. There were bad omens that included the sight of an ass braying, a hare crossing the road, a lone jackal howling, an owl screeching, a crow sitting on the back of another animal cawing, and, the very worst, a dog shaking its head. If three or more of these signs were present on a murder raid, the superstitious Thugs would invariably turn back or take another road.

All of this ritualistic murder, as high as a million victims a century, according to one account, went on in India without detection by the western world, a thousand years of mass slayings in a country that could apparently afford to lose ten million souls in ten centuries without giving pause to look for the vanished. In the teeming subcontinent of India such numbers of missing persons meant little or nothing, but to the western mind the loss of life is staggering, unthinkable. And when the presence of the Thugs and their sweeping activities were first revealed to Europeans, the mere concept, let alone the reality of such serial murders, was thought to be nothing more than a dark fantasy.

Shortly after the turn of the 19th Century, as Britain flexed her military muscles in support of its East India Company to

Thugs mutilate the bodies of their victims by gouging out their eyes as part of their ritualistic murders.

Thugs carrying bodies to pre-arranged graves, which had been dug up long before the victims had been murdered.

capture the commerce of India, the new authorities were brought reports by its soldiers and officials that gave vague but terrifying descriptions of bands of stranglers operating throughout the country. British troops were sent out to investigate and returned with more reports of missing travelers, mostly merchants. At first it all seemed confusing and as unreal as the mystical people who had come under British domination, but then more than 100 Thugs were rounded up near Bangalore. They wore long *rumals* and carried knives with ornate handles carved with the images of snakes and lizards, along with pickaxes.

These men refused to speak, admitting to nothing. In 1810, near Jumna, bodies were discovered at the bottom of wells, more than thirty of them, all mangled and disfigured, limbs torn out, eyes gouged. Though the British authorities suspected that the bodies and a strange strangling sect were one and the same, it proved almost impossible to develop anything but a loose and unbelievable theory. Their first breakthrough followed six years later in Madras.

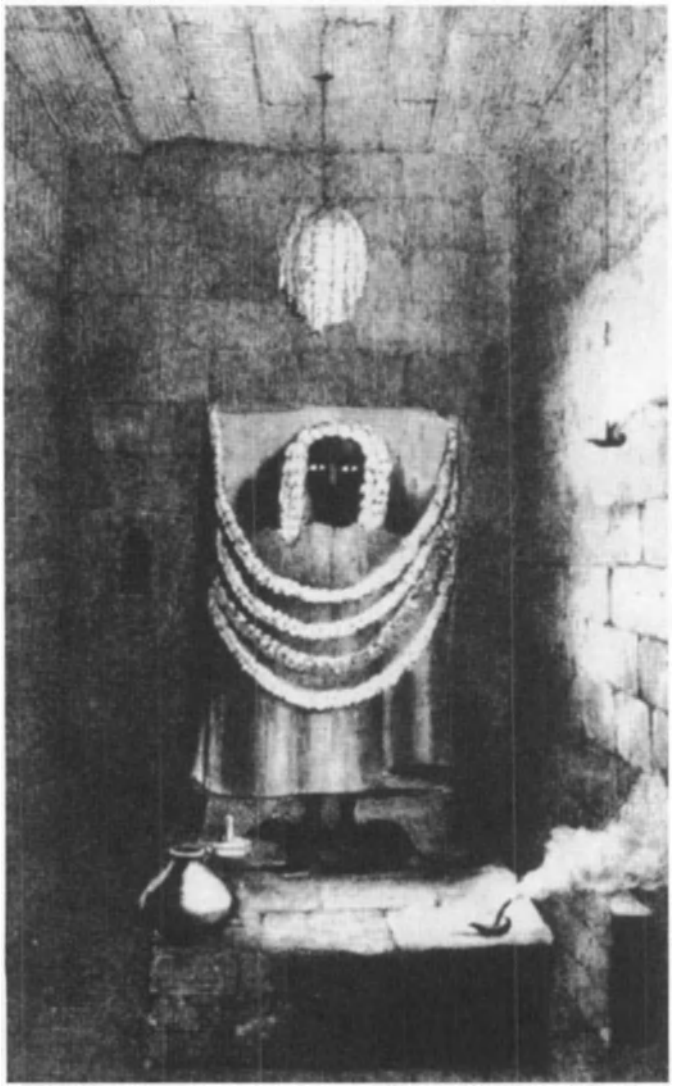
An 1825 sketch shows a British officer leading his Sepoy troops (right) in a surprise raid, where Thugs, shown around a campfire, were captured

The Prince of Wales, touring India in 1877, was "entertained" by elderly Thugs at Jubbulpore, who demonstrated their strangling techniques from days of old

Dr. Richard Sherwood, stationed at Fort St. George, interrogated several Thugs, who had been picked up on suspicion and managed to isolate in their number some who were willing to talk. Exactly how Dr. Sherwood convinced the Thugs to break their oath of silence was not recorded by Sherwood, but later reports had it that he threatened several with execution, unless they revealed the nature of their secret criminal society. Sherwood had discovered a pickax with strange markings on it, one that the Thugs treated as a holy relic. When he asked one Thug about its use, the cultist shrugged.

Sherwood told him that he would be hanged immediately, unless he revealed the true nature of his cult. The Thug was then shown a large tree where ropes with nooses had been tied to high limbs. He shrank back in fear and, trembling, began to talk, explaining that the pickax was the most sacred tool of his faith, Thuggee, and that "it could fly into the hands of its user" when necessary. Slowly he and a few others began to detail the cult of Kali. Every ritual was outlined, every murder freely admitted without any sense of guilt displayed. Sherwood carried on his investigation for months and subsequently wrote a shocking paper entitled *Of the Murderers Called Phansigars.*

Sherwood not only pinpointed the oaths, the superstitions, and the murder procedures of Thuggee, but he even provided a brief lexicon exclusively used by the cultist killers. The secret language included such phrases as "Sweep the place" ("See that no one is about"), "Bring firewood" ("Take up your positions"), "Eat betel" ("Kill him"), "Look after the



This 1840 sketch by Mrs. Fanny Parks depicts the interior of a Thuggee temple, the goddess Kali at the center; Parks was unimpressed by the idol, believing it to be "more of a child's toy than a redoubtable goddess."

straw" ("Bury the corpse and watch for strangers"), "Descendants of bhowani?" ("Are you also Phansigars?").

There were numerous secret signs that provided warnings to other Thugs. According to Sherwood "drawing the back of the hand along the chin, from the throat outward, implies that caution is requisite that some stranger is approaching. Putting the open hand over the mouth and drawing it gently down implies that there is no longer cause for alarm." The sacred knife was called *cathini,* the revered pickax was called *mahi.*

The Thugs interviewed by Sherwood reported the killing of their victims without expressing any regret, and the numbers of victims were staggering. One killer "stopped counting when he reached the thousand." Sherwood's western morality was numbed by the admissions of the Thugs: "What constitutes the most odious feature in the character of these murderers is, that prodigal as they are of human life, they can rarely claim the benefit of even the palliating circumstance of strong pecuniary temptation. They are equally strangers to compassion and remorse. They are never restrained from the commission of crimes by commiseration for the unfortunate traveler and they are exempted from the compunctious visits of conscience, which usually follow, sooner or later, the steps of guilt."

Phansigari, Sherwood went on to explain "is their *business.*" (In the latter part of the same 19th Century the Mafia would excuse its ceaseless murders with the same word, *business.*) They were not, the Thugs patiently told Sherwood, the cause of countless deaths. These murders were ordained by Kali, the blameless goddess of destruction. The Thugs were merely the instruments of a goddess that could only survive through killing.

A young British officer in the Bengal army, William Sleeman, read Sherwood's paper with obsessive interest. He had already learned four Indian dialects and was much interested in the country's natives. At Sleeman's request, he was transferred to civil service in 1818, continuing his own investigation of Thuggee, which the military authorities still considered an infrequent problem occurring in the most remote areas of India. High officials refused to accept Sherwood's evaluation of the killer cult, believing that the surgeon had exaggerated the extent of the sect.

Sleeman's own discoveries not only enforced Sherwood's evaluation of the secret criminal society as a massive and controlled menace, but they pinpointed the areas, mostly the well-traveled trade routes, where the Thugs operated with abandon. Now the killer bands had discarded much of Kali's traditions, killing women and children, motivated by the promise of loot. Their numbers increased so that the marauding bands often exceeded 150 to 200 armed men.

When Sleeman was given control over the entire Nerbudda Valley in 1822, he increased his probes into the mysteries of Thuggee, preparing exhaustive reports on Thug activities. In 1826, he was ordered to explore the possibility of Thuggee being an organized murder cult throughout India. In 1830, Sleeman was able to convince his immediate superior, Lord William Bentinck, governor general, that Thuggee was a nationwide secret criminal society that wielded vast power and influence. After reading Sleeman's reports, Bentinck became convinced that Thuggee was real and a national threat. He gave Sleeman his orders: Wipe out the Thugs.

This was no easy task, despite the number of men put under Sleeman's command. As had been the case for centuries, the Thugs operated under the guise of marauding Dacoits when Sleeman's men arrested them and invariably most were released since the bodies of their victims were seldom discovered. No local police system then existed in India, other than that newly established by the British, and these poorly organized constabularies operated in only a few districts that were under strict British control. Sleeman carefully selected his own men, both British and Indian, trusting only these specially trained paramilitary sleuths to ferret out Thugs. When suspected Thugs were arrested, Sleeman's force was hampered by local courts who balked at trying Thugs accused of murders in far flung areas.

To understand the motivations and methods of this secret murder sect, Sleeman learned from imprisoned Thugs the lan-

guage of Thuggee, called *Ramasi*. Further, Sleeman recorded the history of this astounding killer cult, tracing its existence as far back as 700, according to some reports from informing members. Feringheea, a Thug priest who confessed his membership to Sleeman under pain of execution, boasted of the long and distinguished history of Thuggee, saying that its activities were accurately recorded in the cave drawings and carvings discovered at Ellora; these early etchings and sculptures could be dated back to the early eighth century. Said Feringheea: "In one place [of the cave drawings] you see men strangling; in another burying the bodies, in another carrying them off to the graves. There is not an operation in Thuggee that is not exhibited in the caves of Ellora."

Sleeman believed that the sect may have developed as early as four centuries before the gruesome artistry of the Ellora caves when discovering in Herodotus reports of the tribe called Sagartii, Persian nomads known for their horsemanship, and were depicted by Herodotus as using a dagger and a noose of twisted leather to dispatch their enemies.

Much that Sleeman found in his own history of Thuggee pointed to the strong possibility that the religious murder sect was an offshoot of the dreaded Order of the Assassins, founded in the late eleventh century by Hasan Sabah, a clever Persian, who fused the Moslem faith with political murder (as has today's Osama bin Laden) as a way of wielding enormous power. This sect was developed in its most fanatical period by a bloodthirsty elder of Sabbah's sect known simply to western Crusaders in the twelfth century as The Old Man of the Mountains.

A century later more than 1,000 Thugs were captured after a pitched battle near Delhi, according to one historian, but the local sultan released them, either through bribery or believing their plea that their group had nothing to do with the invading army that had been defeated. The Thugs were set free and shortly thereafter this formidable band spread murder and terror throughout Bengal. The existence of the Thugs in succeeding centuries became known to local and even European historians who erratically recorded their presence in India.

Sleeman learned that though the orthodox Hindus regarded Kali as a goddess that licked the blood from wounds they received in battle, the Thugs believed that the deity had grown tired epochs earlier of giving succor to a mankind persecuted by demons and had made two men from her own person, instructing these creations to murder the demons with handkerchiefs, shedding no blood in the act of murder so that she would no longer have to consume the blood. Thus sprang forth the cult of Thuggee, bloodless, methodical killers believing that they were killing not humans, but the reincarnation of ancient demons, anyone, actually, who did not follow Thuggee. This, of course, was but a cold-blooded rationale, according to other historians, to excuse murder for profit, irrespective of the fact that Thugs paid offhand homage to Kali by placing in the hands of her priests some portion of the loot they took from their victims.

In Sleeman's era, it became evident that Thuggee was no longer the "pure" murder sect of ancient times. It was basically a murder-for-profit organization that briefly nodded in Kali's direction before its avaricious followers enriched themselves through murder. The number of members in each murder raid, by the 1830s, was no longer strictly controlled. Instead of ten to twenty Thugs carefully planning their ambushes, the bands were bloated to several hundred, all eager to enrich themselves under the religious umbrella of Kali.

Decorum and protocol were ignored by priests demanding a share of the spoils and the sect, perhaps numbering as high as 500,000 in 1830, was populated by known criminals,

A gang of Thugs are shown pulling a wealthy merchant from his horse; some times these murder bands numbered in the hundreds.

A portrait of several Thugs captured in 1854.

Captured Thugs demonstrate how they prepared bodies for burial for visiting British dignitaries; to save themselves from execution, many Thugs informed on other members of the sect.

who later informed on Thug operations to save themselves from the hangman's noose. The devout Thug was quickly intimidated into cooperation with Sleeman and his men when told that he would not only be hanged if he did not confess his crimes and point out other Thugs, but that his corpse would be left to dangle from a tree limb and would be covered with the sacred blood of cows or pigs, depending upon whether the Thug was Hindu or Muslim, thereby assuring eternal damnation for his soul.

Muslim members of the sect puzzled Sleeman, especially since Thuggee was more Muslim than Hindu in numbers. He confronted one Muslim Thug, telling the accused murderer that he was disloyal to his own religion by worshipping a Hindu goddess. The Muslim shrugged and said that Kali was the twin of Fatima, daughter of Muhammad, and therefore a Muslim deity as well. To the Thugs, Sleeman was the embodiment of the avenger of their transgressions, as foretold by their own priests.

The Thugs had long believed that because they had murdered the *wrong* people, from sweepers to tradesmen, and because they had ignored or misinterpreted Kali's dictates, the Europeans would be the cause of their destruction. Sleeman was thought to be the avenger and so well versed in Thug language and custom had he become that he was recognized by the Thugs as one who possessed as much knowledge of their secret society as the most respected of their high priests.

William Sleeman, to his prey, was not a foreign demon, but a European guru seemingly gifted with the ability to look into the heart and soul of a Thug and know his secrets. By the time Sleeman began to round up Thugs in great numbers, thanks to his countless informers from their sect, the sect believed that their days were ending, that Kali had abandoned them for breaking her taboos. Sleeman and his men compelled informers to reveal hundreds of murder sites, known as *beles,* where thousands of bodies were unearthed along trade routes that traversed North India for thousands of miles. For a decade Sleeman's men counted corpses and skeletons, then estimated that within the last hundred years the Thugs had murdered more than a million travelers.

The Thugs truly believed that their serial murders were not immoral and that they had committed no real offenses, except to Kali, when breaking her sacred rites. Buhram, one of the most notorious Thugs to be captured, freely admitted to murdering 931 people, saying, as did most of the Thugs interrogated, that he was merely following the fate decreed by Kali. She had thrown the travelers into his hands, commanding him to kill them. Had he refused, his family and friends would have suffered want and misery for the rest of eternity.

Buhram went stoically to the gallows in 1840, convinced that he was being executed not for his wholesale slaughter of fellow humans, whom he still considered demons, but because he had displeased Kali in the manner of his murders. Nasir, another Thug extensively interrogated by Sleeman, endorsed Buhram's rigid perspective, stating: "I have a hundred times heard my father and other old and wise men say when we had killed a sweeper and otherwise infringed their rules, that we should be some day punished for it; that the European rulers would be made the instruments to chastise us for our disregard of omens and neglect of the rules laid down for our guidance."

Sleeman learned from another Thug that the pickax, once consecrated in a temple of Kali, was so sacred that no Thug could swear a falsehood when touching it. He employed the pickax with great effect thereafter, bringing Thugs to him and having them place their hands on their own pickax, then demanding they tell him what he wanted to know. When a Thug shrank back from the pickax, holding his hands behind him, this was tantamount to a confession that he was a practicing Thug. But most Thugs were so obsessed with their own ritual that, once placing their hands on the pickax, unblinkingly admitted their countless murders, pointing out the graves of

their victims and quickly identifying their fellow members in village after village. Next to Kali herself, the pickax was the most worshipped symbol of Thuggee.

Every bizarre ceremony conducted by the Thugs was recorded by Sleeman as he pried revelations from Thug informers. From Feringheea he learned of the ritual murder feast, *Tuponee*. Following the mass slayings of travelers in a caravan, a band of Thugs would erect a ten-foot tent so as to shield themselves from other travelers and inside gather in a circle and pass *goor* from hand to hand, this being lumpy pieces of coarse sugar. Each Thug, who had committed a murder that night, licked and consumed a portion of the *goor*. If any of this substance fell accidentally to the ground, it had to be buried immediately with the murder victims in their nearby graves.

Only Thugs, who had performed the murders, were permitted to partake of the *goor*, and if a novice Thug ate any of this sacred substance, he was ordered to immediately go forth and strangle a victim so as to be worthy of consuming the *goor*. As the Thugs licked and swallowed this substance they would chant to Kali, asking her to provide more demon travelers for them, so they could share in more loot, a moaning prayer for gain repeated over and over again. As often as not, this murder feast was performed directly upon the graves of the victims killed only hours earlier. Some far-reaching historians have likened this ritual to that of communion where bread and wine are consumed.

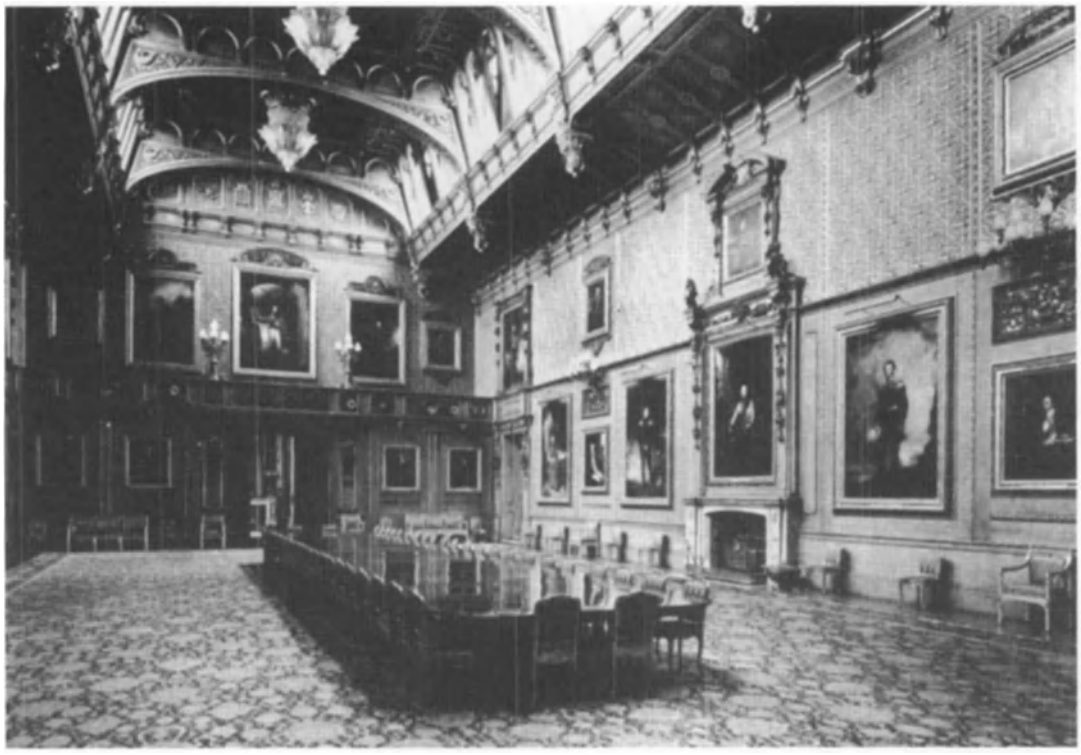
The pickax was ever present, placed on a sheet. Sitting next to the pickax was the Thug leader of the band, always facing west, with other elders ringed about him, leading the prayer to Kali, placing some silver next to the pickax, this was meant to be an offering to Kali, part of treasures stolen that day from the murder victims. The leader would then sprinkle holy water on the pickax, still chanting, pleading with Kali to provide more victims, more treasure, and to present good omens the next day that would assure them of success. Other Thugs of lower rank and accomplishment sat in several circles about the inner circle of elders, repeating the prayer to Kali.

Such rituals made a indelible impression on any novitiate. To the younger untried Thugs this murder feast bonded them to the older men and to Thuggee itself. Said Feringheea: "We all feel pity sometimes, but the *goor* of the *Tuponee* changes our nature. It would change the nature of a horse. Let any man once taste of that *goor*, and he will be a Thug though he know all the trades and have all the wealth in the world. I never wanted food; my mother's family was opulent, her relations high in office. I have been high in office myself and become so great a favorite wherever I went that I was sure of promotion. Yet I was always miserable when absent from my gang, and obliged to return to Thuggee. My father made me taste of that fatal *goor* when I was a mere boy, and if I were to live a thousand years, I would never be able to follow any other trade."

Sleeman discovered that dozens of leading Thugs were also leaders in their local communities, men who were respected for their upstanding and law-abiding ways, such as Makeen Lodhi, who had murdered innumerable travelers. As one of his aides put it, Lodhi considered his victims fair game, an attitude any hunter had for his prey, one shared by all Thugs: "They all look upon travelers as a sportsman looks upon hares and pheasants; and they recollect their best sporting grounds, and talk of them, when they can, with the same kind of glee!"

It was this kind of gregarious talk that led many Thugs into Sleeman's traps. He had a small army at his command by

Thugs turned carpet weavers are shown in 1874, sitting on one of their elaborate rugs, which were much in demand at that time.



The resplendent carpet shown in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle, was made by Thugs and presented as a gift to Queen Victoria.

the mid-1830s, which he used in sweeping wide areas of India. So well briefed were Sleeman's men that they easily ferreted out the Thugs from villages and towns. Sleeman had prepared precise charts and genealogical maps that documented Thug families, from grandfathers to babes in arms. Using regular British troops, European volunteers, and loyal Sepoy soldiers, Sleeman was able to arrest thousands of Thugs.

The British government allowed him a free hand, and Sleeman's kangaroo courts quickly convicted and condemned hundreds of Thugs. Those who cooperated with Sleeman were called "Approvers" and were spared. They were given minor government jobs and were re-educated, along with their children. Sleeman's army of bureaucrats then taught these reformed Thugs new trades, new concepts of morality. Feringheea proved to be the most informative of Sleeman's captured Thugs and he was spared the gallows, despite the fact that he had murdered more than 100 people by January 1831, when he was arrested.

Even the older Thugs, most dedicated to Kali's teachings, refuted the blood goddess in the end, accepting the ways of the Europeans, attending schools established for them, where they, along with their children, learned bricklaying and the art of weaving. Some of these Thugs, serial killers all, became the most accomplished carpet weavers in the world, and one of their products was later given to Queen Victoria, a massive two-ton, 40-foot-wide, 80-foot-long carpet which later decorated the mammoth dining hall in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle.

Further aiding Sleeman in breaking up the Thug gangs was the rapid expansion of British-controlled commerce. No longer did the followers of Kali find easy prey in unprotected caravans. British and Sepoy troops accompanied these merchants, guarding against the Thug techniques. Groups of Thugs begging to join a caravan to seek protection were invited to do so, but that night British soldiers would round up the stranglers and put them under arrest to prevent their wholesale slaughter of the caravan.

This protective system, coupled with later improvements in communication and travel, particularly the coming of the railroad to India, made the murder methods of Thuggee obsolete. In the late 1830s, Thugs by the hundreds were tried and quickly convicted of murder. By 1840, about 3,700 Thugs, most of them cult leaders and the worst serial murderers, had been tried. About 500 were hanged and these were public executions, where the body was defiled so that such executions served as effective propaganda, implanting real fear into the hearts of other still unexposed Thugs.

To those witnessing their public executions, the condemned Thugs showed no concern for their own horrible fate, stoically accepting their grim destiny. One eyewitness to a public execution of twenty-five Thugs in 1831, a friend of Sleeman's, Mrs. Fanny Parks, later wrote: "It would be impossible to find in any county a set of men who meet death with more indifference than these wretches; and had it been in a better cause, they would have excited universal sympathy. As it was, there was something dreadful in the thought that men, who had so often imbrued their hands in blood, should meet their death with such carelessness. I believe that they had previously requested to be allowed to fasten the cord about their necks with their own hands; certain it is that each individual as soon as he had adjusted the noose, jumped off the beam and launched himself into eternity; and those who first mounted the ladder selected their ropes, rejecting such as did not please them. One of them who had leaped off the beam and had been hanging for more than three seconds put his hands up and pulled his cap over his face."

Fifty-six Thugs, some of them known serial murderers, were spared execution, because they had turned informer. These "Approvers" survived only because they allowed Sleeman to unearth thousands more of active members. Sleeman found himself battling for the lives of these Approvers since the British government insisted upon executing them. In the end, Sleeman had his way, explaining that without his informers he would never have been able to break Thuggee's stranglehold on Indian commerce.

The rest of the leading Thugs were sent to prison for life,

The dreaded Thugs of India were grimly depicted in the 1939 adventure film classic, *Gunga Din*; three British soldiers (left to right) Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Victor McLaglen and Cary Grant) have captured the Thug high priest (Eduardo Ciannelli), while their regimental water-boy, Gunga Din (Sam Jaffe, behind Grant's right shoulder) looks on in terror.

or, as was the case with half of them, were transported to other countries, where they were sentenced to penal servitude for life. By 1848, another 650 Thugs were tried, half of these being executed, the remainder imprisoned for life. By then the religion of Thuggee as a practicing murder cult was all but finished.

By the 1870s, the cult of Thuggee held interest to British dignitaries visiting India only as a curiosity. Ancient stranglers who had been imprisoned for forty years were brought from their miserable jails to amuse British royalty by reenacting their strangling methods. This then was the residue of the most feared murder sect in ten centuries, skeletal creatures with long white beards, holding up anachronistic *rumals* and pickaxes, while chanting dead prayers to the fallen idol of now bloodless Kali.

This secret criminal society, however, did not completely die out for there were isolated reports that Thuggee was still being practiced in remote northern regions of India as late as the early 1900s, but these tales went unsubstantiated. Thuggee is thought to be, mercifully, at this writing a defunct sect, its nightmare rites and horrible murders buried long ago with its sacrificial victims.

MAFIA: BROTHERHOOD OF DEATH/ 800s-present

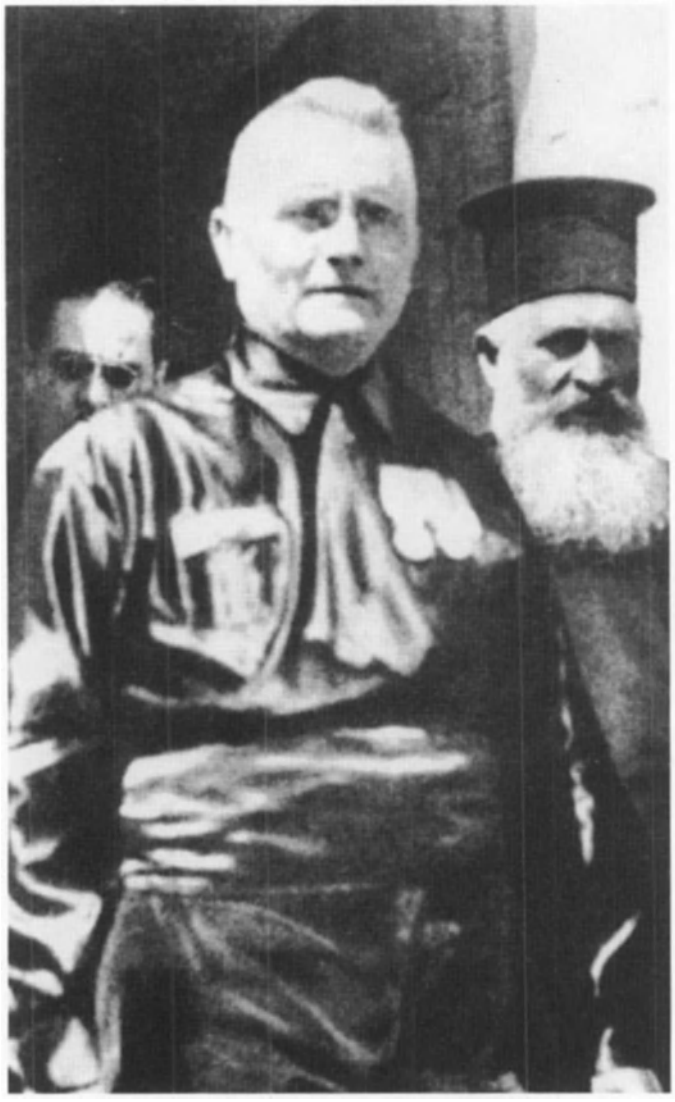
The secret criminal society known as the Mafia of the present day has little or nothing to do with the ancient tribal concept of the Mafia that dates back to the ninth century, when Sicily was ruled by Arab invaders. The Arabic word *mafia* means "place of refuge," and this term originally applied to those hillside refuges to which oppressed inhabitants of the island fled. When Norman invaders overran Sicily in the 11th century, all of the small farms were seized and made into great estates. The islanders were used as farm slaves, and to escape this miserable existence, thousands took to the hills, seeking the sanctuaries of the Mafia strongholds.

In the fifteenth century, the Spaniards conquered the island and brought the Inquisition to Sicily with all its sadistic punishments and tortures. Again the inhabitants sought the Mafia strongholds to escape this new oppression. Another version of the organization's beginnings stems from the invasion of the French in 1282 and the patriotic resistance to French armies by Sicilian forces was symbolized in the motto: "Morte alla Francia Italia anela!" ("Death to the French is Italy's cry!") The initial letters of this motto form the word Mafia, although it appears that this explanation for the existence of one of the world's most dreaded underworld fraternities was created in hindsight. For several centuries, the Mafia in Sicily was a patriotic clandestine society, a band of nationalists that conducted guerrilla warfare against foreign invaders. The society created a hierarchy of dons (chiefs), who commanded separate Mafia families in each village and town with the overall don residing in Sicily's capital, Palermo.

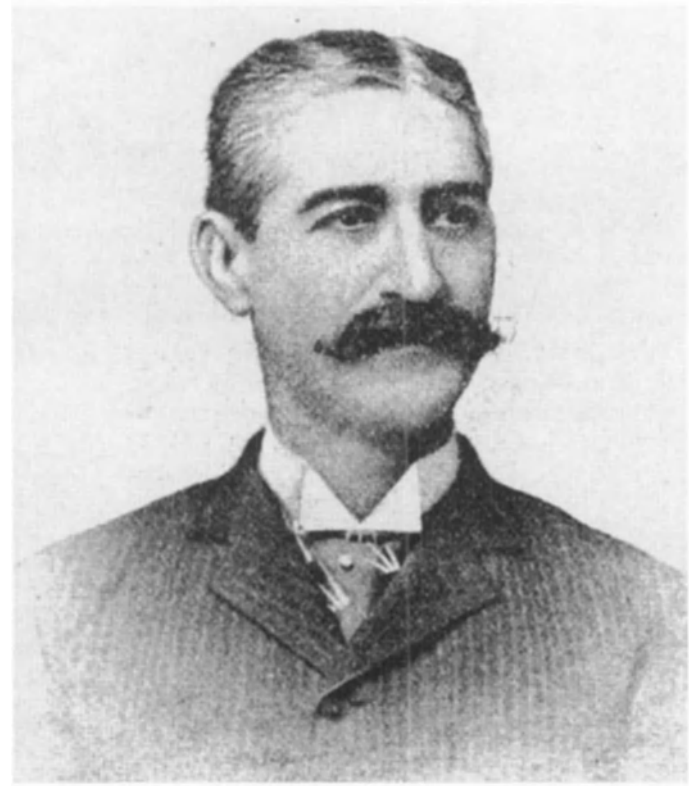
The original concept for this secret society was to liken it to a family, related not by blood but by Sicilian nationality. By an oath, members vowed never to reveal Mafia secrets under pain of death. The discipline that kept the Mafia together one century after another was *omerta,* meaning "manliness," or, more generally, "silence." This was the code of the Mafia then as it is now. Betrayal was likened to the act of Judas and no authority, church or state, was superior to or held in more respect than the Mafia itself.

As time passed, the Mafia was slowly perverted into a secret criminal organization that controlled all manner of vice, rackets, and murder in Sicily. By the middle of the 19th Century, Sicily was utterly controlled by the Mafia, then a completely criminal secret society. Mafia dons had replaced feudal lords and they virtually controlled the island's government.

Before their teens, Mafia members—all male—were taught how to use a sword, knife, and rope in expertly mur-



Fascist leader Cesare Mori, who was sent to Sicily to stamp out the Mafia in the 1920s by Italian dictator Benito Mussolini; his extraordinary efforts yielded little results.



New Orleans Police Chief David Hennessey, who led a crusade against the Mafia and was shot to death by Mafia gunmen while walking home on the night of October 15, 1890.

dering victims. Mafia chiefs also taught their apprentices how to torture victims to extract information. Members were indoctrinated in the use of fear and savage reprisals against those who betrayed the Mafia. Hatred for all authority except the Catholic Church was and is fostered to this day. The Church is tolerated by the Mafia, which considers it a spiritual organization with no temporal authority and therefore no instructional value to the living. The primitive and superstitious natives of Sicily, poorly paid and poorly educated, remain mystically captive to this vile and utterly dictatorial organization. Secrecy is the hallmark of the Mafia. Violent death is its promise to all informers.

In the early part of the 19th Century, Sicily, following the example of the feudal city states, established loosely organized Mafia gangs in each province and in most towns and villages, an organization similar to the structure of the Camorra, the criminal secret society of southern Italy, which had its roots in 15th Century Bourbon Spain. In Monreale, Sicily, the Mafia was known as the *Stuppaghieri;* in Bagheria, it was called the *Fratuzzi.* In other towns the society was called *Cudi Chiatti* (Flat Tails), the *Mano Fraterna* (the Brotherly Hand), and the *Birritti* (The Caps). By the middle of the 19th Century, Mafia overlords, who were nothing more than glorified bandits, realized that effective power could be wielded only after Mafia leaders infiltrated the very government of Sicily.

To that end, Mafia Don Raffaele Palizzolo, in 1876, ran for political office in Caccamo and won an overwhelming victory. At gunpoint, voters signed open ballots that could be checked on the spot. Palizzolo became the first Mafia don to rule in national government and secretly direct the operations of the Mafia at the same time. Within a decade, all of western Sicily was under his control. Palizzolo, in turn, worked for the election of Francesco Crispi as prime minister of Sicily. Crispi, also

The Old Parish Prison in New Orleans, where more than a dozen members of the Mafia were held while being tried for the murder of Police Chief Hennessey and other crimes.

William S. Parkerson, standing before a statue of Henry Clay, addresses a crowd of ten to twenty thousand New Orleans citizens, urging an attack on the Old Parish Prison and the destruction of the Mafia members held there on March 14, 1891.

a Mafia don, took this high office in 1887, and the whole country came under Mafia domination. Crispi became the first national don of the Mafia and ruled the secret criminal society with an iron hand, dispensing legitimate national business on one hand and directing overall Mafia operations on the other. He blithely looted the national treasury and used these funds to build up Mafia operations throughout Sicily.

Those who opposed the Mafia politician-dons were invariably from the landed gentry and were members of the conservative party. These courageous men were financially ruined by the Mafia or were assassinated. Typical of this fate was that which befell the Marquis Commendatore Emanuel Notarbartolo, former director of the Bank of Sicily. Notarbartolo had publicly vowed to eradicate the Mafia and use his great fortune to back all anti-Mafia political candidates. On February 1, 1893, Notarbartolo was dragged from his private train suite by a gang of Mafia killers and stabbed to death. Then his body was mutilated and dumped onto some railroad tracks.

Notarbartolo was succeeded as director of the Bank of Sicily by none other than Palizzolo, who had orchestrated Notarbartolo's assassination and was by then representing Sicily as a member of the Italian parliament in Rome. Palizzolo busied himself with directing the bank's funds into Mafia coffers. When Notarbartolo's son, Leopoldo, a Sicilian Navy officer, began to investigate his father's murder, he was reassigned to the China Seas.

Giuseppe Fontana, a notorious Mafia killer, was accused of leading the murder gang which slew Notarbartolo, but his trial was a farce. Magistrates hearing this case, who proved to be uncooperative with the Mafia dons, were simply replaced until a cooperative presiding judge dismissed the charges against Fontana. This became the typical Mafia ploy in court cases involving the society.

Palizzolo, who had been decorated by King Humbert I for his so-called outstanding civic services, was accused of masterminding Notarbartolo's murder by the victim's son, Leopoldo Notarbartolo, who had since resigned his commission and had become a private detective, dedicating his life to solving his father's murder. Deputy Palizzolo was imprisoned on December 8, 1899, along with his chief henchman Fontana, and held for trial.

This court proceeding was a mockery of justice, as had been Fontana's earlier trial. After several trials, Palizzolo and Fontana were released on July 25, 1904. The many witnesses against them had lost their memories. Documents disappeared and even police reports were not available to the court. The central police department in Palermo (its chief a Mafia stooge) actually refused to turn over documents to the court in the Palizzolo proceedings.

At the turn of the 20th Century, the Mafia secretly ruled Sicily. They had infiltrated the local police, the small Sicilian army, and all branches of government. Honest government officials, who tried to combat or even stamp out the Mafia were invariably murdered. During the 1920s, Italian dictator Benito Mussolini attempted to wipe out the Mafia by sending to Sicily his top police official, Cesare Mori, with instructions to destroy the leadership and operations of the Mafia, which proved to be an impossible task.

For years, Mori arrested scores of suspected Mafia leaders and jailed them, but he found few witnesses willing to risk their lives by testifying against these men. The lyrics of a popular Sicilian ballad of that day summed up the insidious, death-dealing society which Mori battled: "I am an herb which poisons all, who picks me cannot eat me. Put me in your mouth and you won't be able to swallow me, and whoever swallows me, I suffocate."

The Mafia attempted to expand into other countries, but met with little success on mainland Italy, where the Camorra had long been in power. Its operations in France, Spain, and other Latin-language countries were limited to cooperating with already-established criminal gangs and organizations, and they were usually confined to the trafficking of narcotics or white slavery operations. The most lucrative opportunities for the Mafia were in the U. S. Hundreds of Mafia killers and thieves migrated to the U.S. in the 1890s, joining the hundreds of thousands of Italians and Sicilians resettling in this land of opportunity.

Thousands of vigilantes stormed the Old Parish Prison on March 14, 1891, where they dragged Mafia members from their hiding places, lynching them from lampposts.

Beginning in the late 1880s, the greatest Mafia enclave was New Orleans. Here the Mafia successfully transplanted itself and was soon terrorizing the local Italian-Sicilian community through Black Hand operations. It also controlled the considerable vegetable markets, and the dockside shipping, and was encroaching upon local politics. The same code of death to informers was meted out in New Orleans as it had been in Sicily. One Mafia member, Vincenzo Ottumvo, was disgruntled at having been cut out of the group's spoils and threatened to go to the authorities. On January 24, 1889, his throat was slit while he was playing cards.

New Orleans police investigated the case and Police Chief David Hennessey took particular interest in the murder, personally questioning Italian and Sicilian inhabitants of the Italian quarter. Hennessey was biased and had openly criticized Italians in general, boldly stating that he had no use for them. He was the first in the U. S. to learn of the Mafia's existence, when several Italians whispered darkly about a "secret society" operating in the city.

While Hennessey was conducting his investigation, Mafia dons learned that another defector from their ranks, Giuseppe Mataino, was about to turn informer. He was found by police with his throat slit. His savage killers had jammed Mataino's head into a stove and had burned it beyond recognition. In June 1899, Camillo Victoria, another person Hennessey had interviewed, was executed by Mafia killers. He was shot through the head, while he sat in his home with his family, his murderers firing shotguns through a window.

Dozens of mob members used a battering ram to break down the doors of the prison to get to the Mafia prisoners, while guards stood by and did nothing.

Some of the Mafia members who were shot are shown lying dead or dying in the courtyard of the Old Parish Prison after the mob broke inside.

Hennessey was pressured by the local newspapers and civic groups to solve the mounting number of Mafia murders. The press had reported the presence of a "secret society," but had given it no name. Moreover, the Mafia at that time was having internal problems with the Camorra, its Italian counterpart, which was battling for control of the lucrative New Orleans docks and its endless stream of goods from cargo ships.

The Camorra was headed by the Provenzo family while the Mafia was controlled by Anthony and Charles Matranga. These two deadly secret societies then began to make war upon each other. On May 1, 1890, Anthony Matranga was attacked while driving a horse-drawn wagon on Esplanade Avenue. He was shot and wounded by several Camorra thugs whom Matranga drove off with gunfire from his own revolver.

Chief Hennessey investigated this shooting and learned of the word Mafia for the first time, along with its ongoing feud with the Camorra, an organization that had been identified long before. The police chief decided that the Camorra was the lesser of the two evils and he went to the Provenzos to make a pact with the family leaders. If they helped to stamp out this new secret society, he would be tolerant of Camorra rackets. The Provenzos provided Hennessey with detailed information on the Mafia, its origins, its local structures, its bosses in New Orleans, and their ties to Mafia dons in Sicily. Hennessey wrote to the police in Palermo and sent names and descriptions of suspected criminals in New Orleans.

Police authorities in Sicily cooperated, even though their ranks had been infiltrated by Mafia members. Hennessey received dossiers on more than one hundred Sicilians, who were escaped Mafia convicts in Sicily and now resided in New Orleans. It was later speculated that the Sicilian police had been ordered by Mafia dons Crispi and Palizzolo to cooperate with Hennessey and turn over this information as a way of punishing the Matranga faction for its lack of obedience to the Sicilian Mafia board. The Matrangas had refused to send tribute to Sicily from the spoils of its extensive rackets. The dossiers sent by the Palermo police involved small-time Mafia members who would be sacrificed to American law in order to teach the Matrangas a lesson.

Thus gulled, Hennessey was nevertheless elated at this discovery and informed the press that he would expose the Mafia and its entire organization at a special upcoming hearing. "I am now prepared to break the Mafia in New Orleans," he stated. "The Mafia doesn't scare me. I will tear it out by the roots before I'm finished!" He declared war on the Mafia, which had already made plans for Hennessey's assassination. Hennessey would never make his public address against the criminal secret society. On the night of October 15, 1890, the tall, burly policeman was walking unescorted toward his home when a small boy, Aspero Marchese, darted in front of him and began whistling loudly, skipping down the street, heralding Hennessey's approach. Close to his house, Hennessey was sud-

Antonio Scaffidi was shot by a friend of the murdered Chief Hennessey in the prison's visitor's room; he was lynched.

Manuel Polizziadmitted to a Pinkerton agent that he and other Mafia members killed Chief Hennessey; he was lynched.

Antonio Marchese raced to the third floor of the prison, but was caught by the mob and dragged to a street and lynched.

Pietro Monastero (or Monasterio) hid from the mob, but was found and taken to a street, where he was hanged from a post.

denly struck by several shotgun blasts, the small pellets tearing through his clothes.

Hennessey drew his service revolver and turned, firing at the dark figures hovering across the street. He staggered down the block, firing at the dozen or more Mafia gunmen running across the street and parallel to their victim, and firing blast after blast from their shotguns. The running gun battle ended when Hennessey, hit a half dozen times, collapsed onto the pavement. A Mafia gunman ran across the street, leveled a shotgun at his back, and fired almost point-blank into the fallen man. To the Mafioso's surprise, Hennessey, a powerful man, suddenly raised himself erect, roaring curses, and emptied his revolver at his assailants. He took a few more steps and collapsed again.

Police Captain William J. O'Connor, who was walking in the next block, heard the roaring gunfire and came on the run to find Hennessey slumped on a curb. O'Connor held the police chief in his arms, asking: "Who did this?"

The half-conscious Hennessey said: "The Dagoes ... Billy, oh, Billy, they have given it to me ... and I gave them back the best I could!" A few hours later Police Chief Hennessey was dead from his horrible wounds. The news of this killing shocked and enraged the city. Civic groups and vigilantes began to meet on street corners. They demanded action and cried out for Sicilian blood. The Mafia members went into hiding. The society had broken its own rule of never attacking local authorities and it soon felt the repercussions. Nineteen members of the Mafia, whose names were prominent in Hennessey's

Antonio Bagnetto hid in a dog house in a prison corridor, but was discovered and taken to a lamppost and lynched.

Joseph P. Marcheca was shot to death when the mob saw him at a third-floor window of the prison.

Bastiano Incardona successfully hid inside the prison and escaped the mob; he was set free after March 14, 1891.

Charles Matranga (or Mantranga), Mafia don in New Orleans; he hid from the mob and was set free after March 14, 1891.

NYPD Lt. Joseph Petrosino, who headed the "Italian Squad" that tracked down Black Hand extortionists and who was killed in Palermo, Sicily, in 1909, after identifying Mafia members who had migrated to the U. S.

Mafia chief of Sicily, Don Vito Cascio Ferro (or Cascioferro), shown with his son in 1902; he bragged of ordering Petrosino's murder, supervising the execution of the NYPD detective or shooting him himself.

files, were indicted for the police chief's murder, including the small boy, Aspero Marchese.

Those indicted included Charles "Millionaire Charlie" Matranga, who had given the orders for Hennessey's assassination, J. P. Macheca, Antonio Bagnetto, Antonio Marchese, Bastiano Incardona, Pietro Monastero, Antonio Scaffidi, and Manuel Polizzi. The district attorney already had a confession from Polizzi, who said that he alone had murdered Hennessey, but officials felt that Polizzi was acting as the sacrificial lamb in order to protect the other, more important Mafia killers. The confession was not accepted so that all of those indicted could stand trial.

The grand jury pored over Hennessey's files on the Mafia and then revealed the existence of the secret criminal society to a shocked nation, which had been following the details of the brazen murder in the press. A spokesman for the grand jury announced that "the extended range of our researches has developed the existence of the secret organization styled `Mafia.' The evidence comes from several sources fully competent in themselves to attest its truth, while the fact is supported by the long record of bloodcurdling crimes. As if to guard against exposure, the dagger or the stiletto is selected as the deadly weapon to plunge into the heart or back of the victim and silently do its work ... The officers of the Mafia and many of the members are known ... The larger number of the Society is composed of Italians or Sicilians [investigators then did not know that the Mafia was an exclusive Sicilian society] who have left their native land, in most instances under assumed names to avoid conviction for crimes there committed."

The statement shocked and terrified the public, and officials in New Orleans came to believe that even Italian members of the city police force might be members of the insidious society. Because of that fear, private detectives from the Pinkerton Agency were hired and placed in cells next to the Mafia prisoners at the Old Parish Prison, at Conti and Orleans streets. One of these Pinkerton operatives, Frank Dimaio, posing as an Italian counterfeiter with the alias of Anthony Ruggiero, was placed in a cell next to Mafia member Manuel Polizzi. Dimaio gained Polizzi's confidence, the frightened Mafioso admitting: "We killed Hennessey, but they think I

J. Carrol Naish, left, with Gene Kelly (in one of his best dramatic roles) played a detective based upon Petrosino in the 1950 film *The Black Hand*.

In the 1960 film, *Pay or Die*, Ernest Borgnine, left, played the part of the intrepid Joseph Petrosino, a movie that accurately portrayed the extortion, blackmail and murders of the Mafia in the 1900s.

Police photos of Joseph "Scarface" DiGiovanni, the Mafia chief of Kansas City, Missouri, for several decades, his power exceeding that of Boss Pendergast and crime boss Johnny Lazia. The horrible scars on DiGiovanni's face resulted when a homemade still blew up during his early years as a bootlegger.

Ignazio Saietta, a New York Mafia don who grew rich through Black Hand operations.

Deported, Charles "Lucky" Luciano continued to direct the U. S. Mafia from Italy.

will betray the society." Dimaio fed officials information he gathered from Polizzi as the case was built against the accused nineteen Mafia members.Meanwhile, matters worsened when Thomas Duffy, the 18-year-old son of a prominent New Orleans businessman and a close friend of Hennessey's, entered the prison and asked to see Antonio Scaffidi. When Scaffidi was brought into the visiting room, Duffy pulled a gun and shot the Mafioso in the neck, a wound which Scaffidi survived. Duffy later received a six-month sentence. When he was taken to the Old Parish Prison to serve his sentence, Duffy shouted: "I'm willing to hang if one of those Dagoes die and I wish there were seventy-five more men like me!"

The Sicilians were kept in a separate wing of the prison since many of the other convicts had threatened to murder them. Duffy's plea for mob violence did not go unheeded, especially when another boatload of 1,800 Italian and Sicilian immigrants landed on the docks of New Orleans a few days later. When Mayor Shakspeare publicly stated that he believed that most of the newly arrived immigrants were "known criminals" (a rash and unfounded statement), panic seized the whole city. The situation was further aggravated when a jury exonerated nine of the nineteen men charged with the Hennessey killing. The nine suspected Mafiosi, however, continued to remain behind bars at the prison while their files were slowly processed.

The news of this court decision caused several citizens' groups to hurriedly meet. Posters were plastered to the walls of buildings all over New Orleans, asking "all good citizens to appear at Clay Statue to remedy the failure of Justice in the Hennessey case." The date of the meeting was scheduled for March 14, 1891. On that day, thousands of angry citizens met to see W. S. Parkerson, a New Orleans lawyer and inspired orator, leap on top of a tree stump and harangue the already boiling mad crowd. "When courts fail, the people must act!" he shouted. "What protection or assurance of protection is there left us when the very head of our police department, our chief of police, is assassinated in our very midst by the Mafia society, and his assassins again turned loose on the community?

"The time has come for the people of New Orleans to say whether they are going to stand these outrages by organized bands of assassins, for the people to say whether they permit it to continue." He paused, surveying the anxious crowd, sensing its willingness to do what he felt necessary. Then, with a booming voice, Parkerson asked: "Will every man here follow me and see the murder of Hennessey vindicated? Men and citizens of New Orleans follow me!" The crowd responded with a roar that was deafening and then followed Parkerson as he quickly walked to the city arsenal.

The mob broke into the arsenal and took armloads of rifles, revolvers, and ammunition. The mob then raced to the Old Parish Prison, knocking down the few guards on duty. (There was a noticeable absence of guards at the prison this day and those who were present offered little or no resistance to the mob. None of the guards drew their weapons.)

"We want the Dagoes!" cried some members of the mob as they ran through the corridors of the ancient prison. Captain Lem Davis, in charge of the prison, ordered all of the prisoners, except the Mafiosi held on the second floor, to be herded out into the prison courtyard, where they were kept under guard. He then went through the second-floor cellblock, unlocking the cells of the Mafia prisoners, telling them: "Hide yourselves as best as you can."

Davis, feeling that his duty was done, then vanished, leaving the Mafiosi to their fates. The Sicilians dashed from their cells, desperately looking for hiding places, which did not exist. Scaffidi, who was easily identified from the large bandage on his neck, along with Macheca and Marchese, climbed the stairs to the third floor, thinking to hide with the other prisoners. When they found all the cells empty, they realized that they were trapped. They ran to the windows where the mob below quickly spotted them and fired at them. Macheca was struck by several bullets and killed.

The mob was already inside the prison, having broken through the huge iron doors at the front entrance where a towering black man had used an enormous paving stone to hammer down the doors. A man named Ross started to run up some stairs, when he noticed some movement in a small wooden doghouse, where Polizzi was hiding. He was dragged screaming from the doghouse by the mob and quickly taken to a lamppost at the corner of St. Anne and Treme streets, where his body soon swayed and dangled.

Scores of mob members used his lifeless body for target practice, shooting the corpse repeatedly, and cheering when a bullet found its mark. Next came Bagnetto and then nine more, all of them hanged from lampposts at this corner. Two of these helpless victims were not even under indictment for Hennessey's murder, but they were Sicilian and this was enough to seal their fates on this black, vengeance-filled day.

Luciano's corpse is driven in the same hearse that was used to carry the body of Italian singer Enrico Caruso; his 1962 funeral ceremonies in Italy were on the level of those given to national heroes.

After the mob had shot and abused the dangling corpses, Parkerson again addressed the crowd, shouting out to its members: "Mob violence is the most terrible thing on the face of the earth. I called you together for a duty. You have performed that duty ... I have performed the most painful duty of my life today ... Now go to your homes and if I need you, I will call you. If you have confidence in me and the gentlemen associated with me, I ask you to disperse and go quietly to your homes. God bless you."

A loud "God bless you, Mr. Parkerson!" came roaring back to the leader. With that, the lynch mob put down its arms and moved off in separate groups or alone, each man thinking he had performed his civic duty and cleansed the city of an evil force. There was no thought of murder, of ignoring all established laws and proceedings. The Mafia, as far as New Orleans citizens were concerned, had been obliterated and no foreign secret society would ever again dare to sully the city with its slinking criminals.

The mass hangings, however, had tremendous international repercussions, and in Washington, D. C., the representative of Italy lodged formal protests against the way in which its resettled people had been treated. No mention of the Mafia was made in these protests, which claimed that men who had been found innocent in a U. S. court had been hanged simply because they were Italian.

Tensions ran high in New Orleans following the hangings. As news of the regrettable tragedy filtered through the U. S., various Italian organizations staged protest meetings. Then on April 3, 1891, a New Orleans grand jury returned indictments against two jurors, who had allegedly accepted bribe money during the deliberations. A private detective named Dominick O'Malley, and five other persons were also indicted on similar charges.

One of the accused, Thomas McCrystal, implicated O'Malley, but his testimony could not be proven and he was dismissed. None of the ringleaders of the lynch mob that stormed the Parish Prison were ever formally charged. Official protests were filed by the Italian ambassador, Baron Fava, with the White House, but no further actions were taken to bring

The bullet-ridden car and corpse of Dr. Michelle Navarra, who headed the Mafia in Corleone, Sicily, in 1958, an execution ordered by rival Mafia don Luciano Liggio.

the perpetrators to justice. When Fava demanded some form of retribution from Secretary of State James G. Blaine, he was met with cold indifference. No doubt fearing international repercussions over this matter, President Benjamin Harrison went before Congress on December 19, 1891, to denounce the tragic affair.

Later, Secretary Blaine would put the matter to rest by announcing a $25,000 award, which was divided among the families of the victims. The hangings of 1891 did little to deter the growth of the Mafia in New Orleans. By the turn of the century, the Mafia was stronger than ever in the city and worked in silence, with members belonging to one powerful family with an overall boss. This was the same structure as used in Sicily, where town Mafia chiefs known as *capofamiglias* answered in turn to the boss of bosses in Palermo, a chief called the *capo dei capi*.

The strict family code of the Mafia was kept intact as new chapters were established throughout the U. S., in the great metropolitan cities of New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, New Orleans, St. Louis, Kansas City, San Francisco—anywhere a sizeable Italian-Sicilian population was present. The Mafia depended then, as it does today, upon its ability to prey upon its own ethnic people.

In Sicily, the Mafia survives as the second most powerful (if not *the* most powerful) entity in the land, basing its power wholly upon a protection racket. The people in Sicily are taxed first by the government and then by the Mafia, which assures them that no harm will befall them and that they will suffer no theft of livestock or goods if one is a farmer, or merchandise if one is a merchant. Petty crime in Sicily was thus eliminated, but the population as a whole exchanged their larger profits for the security the Mafia provided on the level of the farm, the village, the town, and finally the city.

This protection racket flourished in the U. S. as practiced by the Black Hand, wherein Sicilians preyed upon their fellow immigrants from the 1890s to the 1920s, until other more lucrative rackets overshadowed this primitive extortion system. Black Hand extortionist Ignazio Saietta, known as Lupo the Wolf, headed the Mafia in New York in the first two decades of the 20th Century, until he was sent to prison. It was the Black Hand in New York that was so energetically battled by the valiant NYPD Lieutenant Joseph Petrosino, who traveled to Sicily to gather information from the files of the Palermo police department in identifying fugitives wanted in Sicily who had fled to New York and were known to Petrosino.

Only at the last minute, on the night of his murder in Palermo, did Petrosino, who represented a forerunner to Interpol as an information-gathering agent, learn that the Black Hand was not an organization but a system employed by the Mafia and the existence of the Mafia badly unnerved Petrosino. He was killed in 1909 while on a rendezvous to meet the then *capo dei capi* of all Sicily, Don Vito Cascio Ferro. Petrosino was shot and killed by one of Cascio Ferro's *caporegimes*, Paul di Cristina, while Ferro watched from a distance. Later Ferro himself, credited with more than twenty-five murders, claimed to have killed the feared Petrosino. "My action was a disinterested one," he was later quoted, "in response to a challenge I could not afford to ignore." This Mafia don was later sent to prison on Mussolini's orders, convicted of smuggling, but Don Vito Cascio Ferro continued to issue orders as boss of the Sicilian Mafia until he died in his cell.

Given the heterogeneous nature of the U. S., the Mafia system as practiced in Sicily did not fare well in America, where the Mafia had to control various vices and rackets to survive. Many U. S. cities were dominated by Italian or Sicilian gang chiefs and behind these men were the Mafia chiefs, extracting tribute from the gangsters for their operations through bogus brotherhoods such as the Unione Siciliane. In Chicago during the 1920s, Al Capone dominated the rackets, but behind him, taking tribute from Capone in the millions of dollars each year was the Unione Siciliane.

In Kansas City, Missouri, where politics was controlled

by the Pendergast Machine, the rackets were directed by gangsters Johnny Lazia, Frank "Chee Chee" DeMayo, and later Vincenzo Carrollo and Charles Binaggio. The real power behind these men were Mafia dons Joseph "Scarface" DiGiovanni and his brother, Pete "Sugarhouse" DiGiovanni. These brothers not only ran their own rackets but took a share of the spoils from the operations controlled by the more public gangsters such as Lazia and Carrollo. When the racket czars were either eliminated by rival gangs or were sent to prison, the more secretive Mafia dons survived through the decades unmolested for the most part by the police and the courts.

In St. Louis, the early-day Mafia was headed by John and Vito Giannola and Alphonse Palizzola, who had migrated from rural Sicily and were called "The Green Ones," in reference to their former occupations as farmers. New York during the Prohibition era was dominated by non-Italian gangs led by British-born Owen "Owney" Madden, Dutch Schultz, Jack "Legs" Diamond, Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, and Meyer Lansky. Only Lansky survived and thrived in the post-war era as a director of the board of the national syndicate that came to be dominated by Sicilians, who followed the strict Mafia structure of the family. Until his death in 2002 (even then behind bars) John Gotti, according to most reliable reports, was the *capo dei capi* in New York, with all five Mafia families representing the five different boroughs, paying tribute and allegiance to his family.

The traditions of the Mafia in the U.S., however, remain essentially the same as in days of old. Murder and other crimes are still viewed by Mafia members as "business," while these same members attend church on Sunday with their blood families. The oath of allegiance remains the same, a brief ceremony in which the initiate Mafia member is taken into a room and surrounded by Mafia members. A piece of paper with the image of a saint is then placed in the initiate's outstretched hand and the middle finger of the right hand is pricked and a few drops of blood spread across the paper. The paper is crumpled in the hand and set on fire while the initiate repeats the words: "I swear to be loyal to my brothers, never to betray them, and if I fail, may I burn and be turned to ashes like the ashes of the image."

This oath was taken by many Mafia members who later betrayed the criminal secret society, and was reported word for word by Nicola Gentile in the late 1920s in the U. S., by Joseph Valachi in the early 1930s in New York, and by Dr. Mechiore Allegra in Sicily in 1937. Moreover, the new Mafia member had to learn and accept the five cardinal rules of the society: 1) Reciprocal assistance to any Mafia faction in need without question (unless the factions were warring, of course). 2) Total obedience to the boss. 3) An attack on any Mafia member to be considered an attack on all members, to be avenged irrespective of circumstance. 4) No dealings with authorities in any circumstances. 5) The code of *omerta* (silence) to be maintained under penalty of death; the identities of Mafia members and the brotherhood's rites to be kept secret at all costs.

By the end of the 1920s, the U.S. Mafia had purged itself of such old-fashioned Mafia dons as the warring Joe "The Boss" Masseria and Salvatore Maranzano, replacing them with

An early-day police photo of Luciano Liggio, who became Sicily's top Mafia don in the early 1960s after eliminating scores of rivals.

new, young gang bosses like Charles "Lucky" Luciano, Thomas "Three Finger Brown" Lucchese, Albert Anastasia, and Vito Genovese. These men, in turn, were replaced by even more subtle Mafia chiefs such as Carlo Gambino in New York, Carlos Marcello in New Orleans, Santo Trafficante in Florida, and Jack Dragna in California. The Mafia in Sicily had made inroads in establishing small chapters in Marseilles, in southern Italy, on Corsica, and in the coastal towns of Spain, but it remained a small-town society in Sicily and U. S. loyalty to Sicilian authority waned following World War II.

The U. S. Mafia (also known as the Cosa Nostra, meaning "this thing of ours"), by the 1980s, had invested billions of its illegal earnings from gambling, prostitution, and especially drug trafficking into legitimate businesses that produced even more profits. Today the Mafia in the U. S. is enormously rich and powerful and its tentacles reach into almost all areas of U.S. business. It works in cooperation with non-Sicilian criminals who are members of the same crime cartel known as the syndicate, which was once aptly described by one of its leading exponents, Meyer Lansky: "We are bigger than U. S. Steel."

From the time of the Mafia "maxi trials" in 1986-1987, in which 338 Mafiosi were convicted of organized crime, kidnapping, political corruption and murder, the Mafia in Sicily and Italy has gone into sharp decline. Although Mafia dons continue to control certain labor organizations and contracting firms throughout Italy and Sicily, their numbers have been winnowed down by the efforts of the Anti-Mafia Commission and law enforcement officials.

Mafia henchmen under arrest in Palermo, Sicily, 1935.

Mafia bosses await trial in Palermo, Sicily, in 1938, guarded by Cesare Mori's special police.

Mass trial of Mafia members in Palermo, Sicily, 1972; all went free.

The commission had induced many Mafia members to inform on their leaders in the 1980s, particularly chief informant Tommaso Buscetta, who was brought back to Italy from the U. S. In 1992, the commission again brought about sweeping arrests and convictions of the dreaded society members. More than ninety high-ranking Sicilian Mafia dons and their lieutenants were arrested and placed on trial, along with three members of Italy's Parliament and many small-town mayors, who had worked in collusion with the Cosa Nostra.

Most of the accused were convicted after it was proved that they had bribed politicians to award lucrative government contracts to Mafia-controlled construction companies, or had diverted government funds with the help of Mafia bankers from government accounts to those controlled by the Mafia as bogus loans. Buscetta had persuaded many middle-level Mafiosi to break the criminal brotherhood's code of *omerta* (silence), and testify against their superiors, with the guarantee from national police chief Vincenzo Parisi that they would be given new identities and homes outside of Italy, most likely in the U. S., as had been the case with Buscetta in 1984, when he began testifying for the government.

The successful campaign against the Mafia in 1992 was not without losses on the side of honest government. The two leading criminal prosecutors, Paolo Borsellino and Giovanni Falcone, who had grown up together in a Palermo slum and who dedicated their lives to eradicating the Mafia, proved so successful that the Mafia marked them for murder. Both were killed within two months of each other in 1992 bomb attacks. These brazen slayings shocked the nation and galvanized the anti-Mafia forces as never before, marking the turning point of Italy's struggle against the Mafia.

Tens of thousands marched in protest against the Mafia in the streets of Palermo, Messina and all over Sicily, as well as in southern towns of the Italian mainland. Mafia hoodlums were punched and kicked down the streets by mobs of angry citizens. Suddenly, it was no longer safe for Mafiosi to prowl and prey their ways through the narrow byways of Palermo, the dark domains they once controlled. In retaliation for the murders of Borsellino and Falcone, Leoluca Orlando, an avowed lifetime enemy of the Mafia, was swept into office as mayor of Palermo with a resounding seventy-five percent of the vote.

Orlando had been elected mayor of Palermo in 1985, following the first wave of Mafia convictions, holding the office until resigning in 1990 after breaking with the Mafia-controlled Christian-Democratic Party. With the zeal of a fundamentalist preacher, Orlando's stepped-up crusade against the criminal brotherhood saw good results. Palermo's inner city, once home to about 125,000, had dwindled to 39,000 by the mid-1990s, but Orlando helped to reclaim the center of the town by spending more than $250 million for renovation and clean-up, chanting his slogan into the ears of his fellow citizens: "The only way to beat the Mafia is for us to take the place of the Mafia."

Up to this time, the Mafia had been responsible for the urban shift of Palermo's population. From 1950 to 1980, the Mafia was responsible for building cheap concrete high rises through the building trades it controlled at the outskirts of the

A military policeman (carabiniere) and a Mafia gunman share equal authority at a polling place in Brancaccio, Sicily, a situation that did not change until anti-Mafia politician Leoluca Orlando was swept into office in the 1990s.

city, neglecting the expensive restoration of Palermo's historic inner city. The one exception was Palermo's once magnificent Teatro Massimo, Italy's largest opera house. Closed in 1974 for "minor repairs," the Mafia used this most wonderful of opera houses as a money pit. More than twenty billion lire was dumped into its renovation, with most of the money lining the pockets of Mafia-controlled contractors and their bosses, the Mafia dons of Sicily.

Orlando and his supporters stopped the flow of cash into that sinkhole, fired the Mafia contractors and brought in legitimate firms and craftsmen to restore the grand old opera house to its former magnificence. The freshly restored Teatro Massimo reopened in April 1998 to present a lavish production of Giuseppe Verdi's *Aida*.

Years before the opera reopened, the inner city of Palermo began to come to life with younger people moving back into the core of the town, artisans and craftsmen and new businesses opening everywhere. Orlando streamlined city services—installing a new lighting system to illuminate the once forbidding narrow backstreets, and picked up the trash and garbage, these services having formerly been controlled by Mafia contractors.

Moreover, Orlando, traveling about with forty bodyguards and in a bulletproof car (he was forever mindful of the fates that befell Falcone and Borsellino), replaced half of Palermo's police force with officers specially trained in combating Mafia tactics. As a result, the murder rate in Palermo, which averaged 130 to 140 each year, dropped to fewer than ten murders a year beginning in 1997.

Much of this was due to the considerable efforts of Guido Marino, head of Palermo's police mobile squad, which instantly responded to any street disturbance. The Mafia was not only in remission, it was going broke. Mafia dons resorted to the brazen kidnapping of wealthy businessmen all over Italy, holding these victims for millions, but most of its income trickled from petty crimes—loan-sharking, fencing stolen goods, extortion by selling protection to local shopkeepers, the old Black Hand technique, pay or suffer the destruction of goods and services and even death.

In Palermo, the protection racket was termed *pizzo*, but even this racket diminished under police pressure. Most merchants approached by Mafiosi demanding payments for *pizzo*, unlike their quaking predecessors, reported these incidents to the police and the extortionists were later ensnared in police stings and sent to prison.

The Mafia's fortunes throughout the world mirrored the hobbled Cosa Nostra in Sicily. In Europe, the Russian Mafia grabbed off rackets long controlled by the Italian-Sicilian Mafia—drugs, prostitution, gambling, arms-running to terrorist groups and rogue nations, even the stealing of nuclear fuels for the building of nuclear bombs. In the Far East, from Hawaii to Japan, the rackets were taken over by the Chinese Triads and Japan's Yakusa.

In the U. S., the Mafia lost ground everywhere to local street gangs, which took over control of illegal gambling and prostitution. The Colombian and Mexican drug cartels locked up the drug trade. The Mafia was reduced to operating penny ante rackets, specializing in loan sharking and extortion, but

these rackets were repeatedly exposed and local dons, such as John Gotti in New York, were eventually jailed, mostly through money-grubbing confederates or plea-bargaining murderers who turned informer, such as Salvatore "Sammy the Bull" Gravano, who informed on his boss, Gotti.

The once powerful Genovese family in New York was ruled in the 1990s by a former hitman, Vincent "The Chin" Gigante, who had risen in status after his attempted murder of Mafia/syndicate chief Frank Costello. Gigante, however, was no "dapper don." He shuffled through the streets of Italian neighborhoods wearing slippers and a bathrobe, pretending to be mentally feeble, bodyguards leading him by the arm. This shabby idiot act did not fool law enforcement officials, or prosecutors, who convicted the Mafia boss of conspiracy and sent him to prison in 1997.

In California, Salvatore "Bill" Bonanno, the son of the once-powerful Mafia boss, Joe "Bananas" Bonanno, was reduced to running sleazy building repair rackets and went to jail for it. "Joe Bananas" Bonanno, could not lift a finger to prevent his son's incarceration. He had retired to Tucson, Arizona, puttering about his backyard, dying there powerless. In Chicago, top Mafia hitmen like Harry Aleman were sent to prison, as were mob bosses like Gus Alex, also sold out by former associates. Though the Mafia lingers, it is a sinister giant suffering from arthritis, gout and rheumatism, one that loses more ground each day as it crawls from reality to legend.

Many legends surround the Mafia in the U. S., but none more cruel nor misleading than that which was put forth by Mario Puzo in his crime fantasy, *The Godfather,* one where certain members of the Mafia are shown to be humane, patriotic, considerate, compassionate, fair, and honorable, at least in loyalty to their blood families and to their Mafia families, irrespective of the horrid crimes they commit, and these crimes are offered up as expediencies to business.

Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. The Mafia is criminal to the core and continues to prey on the unsuspecting and the innocent, murdering its way through the ages to preserve a secret criminal society that has, unfortunately, become part of the American fabric and the American myth itself.

THE ORDER OF THE ASSASSINS/1100s-1200s

The Order of the Assassins (AKA: Alamut, Ismaili, Hashashin, Old Men of the Mountains) had its origin in the Ismaili sect of Islam, then Persia, later Syria-Iraq, in the late eleventh century. Hasan ibn-al-Sabah, the spiritual leader of the Ismailis, pioneered the use of political murder in his quest to unify Islamic lands under his leadership. His elaborate plans for the deaths of his enemies and the use of mind control techniques to manipulate his followers are commonly employed in the modern world, especially by his self-appointed successor, Osama bin Laden, leader of the terrorist group, Al Qaeda.

Hasan, known to his contemporaries and to history as "The Old Man of the Mountains," had vision to match his ambition. Hasan had a garden constructed in his fortress of Alamut ("Eagle's Nest"), in the Elburz Mountains, which Marco Polo described in detail: "He had caused a certain valley between two mountains to be enclosed, and had turned it into a garden, the largest and most beautiful that was ever seen, filled with every variety of fruit. In it were erected pavilions and palaces the most elegant that can be imagined, all covered with gilding and exquisite painting. And there were runnels too, flowing freely with wine and milk and honey and water; and numbers of ladies and of the most beautiful damsels in the world, who could play on all manner of instruments, and sung most sweetly, and danced in a manner that it was charming to behold. For the Old Man desired to make his people believe that this was actually Paradise."

Volunteers for Hasan's murder assignments (suicide missions) were drugged and taken to the garden, where their sensual desires were indulged for days. (Although these future assassins did not take drugs while committing their crimes, their use of hashish or opium, as Marco Polo believed led to the group being called Hashashin. This name was later corrupted by Europeans during the Crusades to the present day designation: assassin.) Later, Hasan told his assassins that this was the paradise that awaited anyone who died in his service. Since they would go to paradise whether or not they were successful in killing their intended victims, the volunteers fought without fear of death or injury. Hasan had so much control of his followers that if he ordered it, they would jump from windows to their death, just to impress visitors.

The first victim of one of Hasan's assassins was Nizam-al-Mulk, grand vizier of Turkey and author of the *Book of Government,* a work on political economy. At the beginning of his administration, Nizam had his predecessor, Wazir Kundruri, assassinated. Before he died, Kundruri sent Nizam the message that he hoped that the same fate would befall him. Hasan dispatched one of his fanatics to kill Nizam in 1092. The assassin, disguised as a holy man, stabbed the Vizier in the chest when allowed access to "bless" Nizam. Subsequently, a member of the sect disguised as a beggar murdered Nizam's son, Fakhri, who had sworn to avenge his father's death.

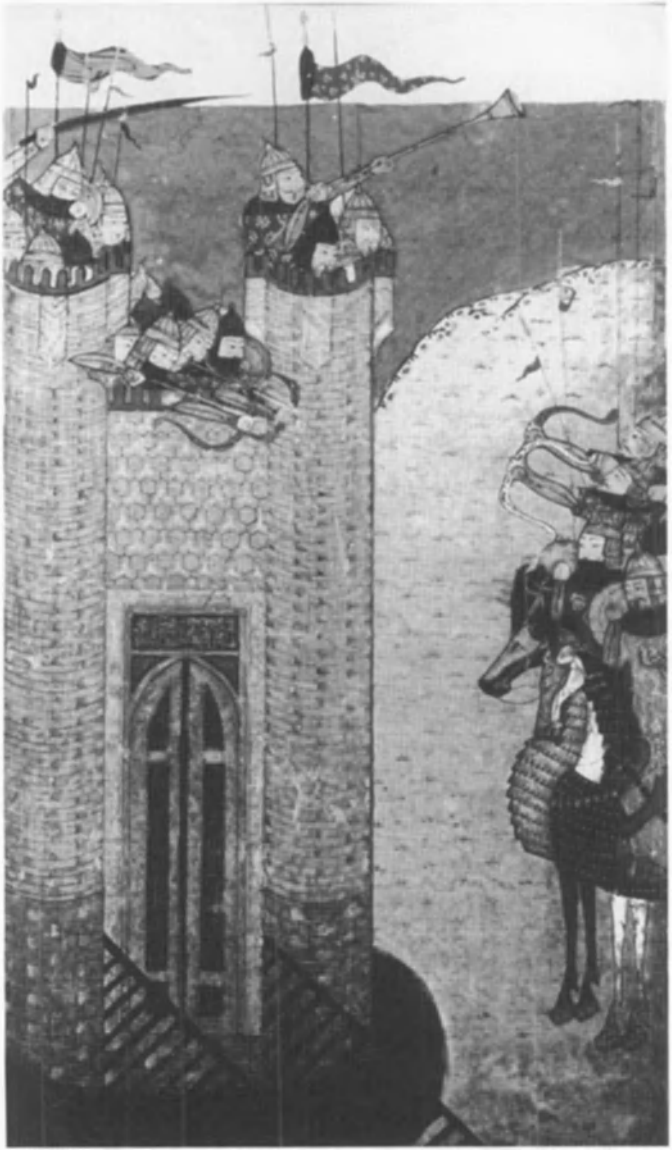
Fakhri's brother Ahmed, besieged Hasan's mountain fortress, but could not break through its defenses, and ultimately became a target for assassination himself. He survived, but never avenged his father's and brother's deaths. Another leader preparing to attack Hasan was convinced to negotiate a truce with him when he awoke one morning to find a knife buried to the hilt in the ground beside his bed.

Hasan was born in Rey, Persia, (now a suburb of Tehran, Iran). The fanaticism he cultivated among his followers sharply contrasted his early life. He was raised in the Shiite faith, which his family practiced in secret for fear of Sunnite persecution, but he converted to Ismailiism as a young man, attracted by the sect's concept of equating heaven with wisdom and hell with ignorance.

Hasan traveled widely during his youth, visiting Egypt in 1078, when it was beset with extreme religious factional-

Hasan, shown wearing crown, administers drugged wine to his fanatical followers at his mountain stronghold, Alamut; he founded the sect known as the Order of the Assassins and was called "the Old Man of the Mountain."

The first significant assassination committed on Hasan's order, the murder of Nizam-al-Mulk, stabbed to death by a fanatical member of the Order of the Assassins in 1092.



Alamut under siege by Hulagu's forces in 1256; the stronghold was taken, but the assassins retook the city two decades later and were not extinguished for another fifty years; Osama bin Laden resurrected the Order of the Assassins as Al Qaeda in the 1980s.

ism. It was during this time that he began formulating the principles of his sect, which included hostility to anyone with different views and a demand of absolute blind obedience from his adherents. By the time he returned to Persia, he was adept at both political manipulation and proselytizing. He took over the Alamut fortress in a bloodless coup in 1090.

Hasan's followers, the *fidais,* were chosen for their good health, inventiveness, and intelligence, as well as their devotion to him. Hasan was an elitist, who believed that the common people had to be controlled with a firm hand. Those in whom he saw the special qualities he sought received extensive training in killing techniques, the cultural backgrounds of their enemies, and the Koran's description of paradise.

With this ultimate control of his followers, Hasan was unassailable in his mountain fortress, and caused great fear in religious and political foes. Hasan, however, never succeeded in his ambitions, though he lived until about the age of ninety. Historians have theorized that the success of his terrorism actually caused his failure. Though no one dared to actively oppose his leadership, neither did the common people actively support him in consolidating additional power.

Another Old Man of the Mountain, Hasan's spiritual descendant Sheik Sinan, prevented Sultan Saladin from gaining control over the Islamic world. Saladin was the Fatimid Khalif's grand vizier and ruler of Egypt. Sinan's political influence extended over Syria, Egypt, and other countries, while at the same time, Saladin was attempting to unify these lands under one Muslim rule. To stop such a plan, Sinan teamed his assassins with Latins, Shiites, and Sunnites. Sinan's fidais continually beleaguered Saladin, but the conqueror escaped death just as often. After repeated failed assassination attempts, a truce was agreed upon. Sinan agreed to call off his men and Saladin agreed not to attack Sinan's territories.

The skill of the fidais during this era was reflected in the assassination of the crusader Conrad of Montferrat. Along with their accomplishments in stealth, martial arts, and disguise, these assassins were fluent in the Frankish language and intimate with Christian liturgical ritual, allowing them to infiltrate the Crusaders' camps disguised as monks. Just such a group of assassins lived among their enemies for six months before killing Conrad in a church. Many other Western leaders of the Third Crusade, especially Richard the Lionheart, king of England, had been marked for a similar fate, but Richard was so well protected that the assassins could not approach him.

The power of the Old Men of the Mountain was broken when Hulagu, grandson of Genghis Khan and leader of the Mongol Empire's western front, marched upon assassin strongholds. The fortresses in Syria were subjugated by the Mamluk Sultan of Egypt, Baybars, and henceforth governed by Mamluk overlords. In the east, Hulagu captured one after another of the sect's fortresses, culminating with the fall of Alamut in 1256. The last Old Man of the Mountain, Rukn al-Din Khurshah, surrendered to Hulagu, who later had Khurshah and 12,000 of his people killed. Alamut was recaptured by the assassins in 1275, but was lost again the following year.

The assassin sect all but vanished (some scholars contend that the Thuggee sect of India was possibly an offshoot of the Ismailite assassins) and was no longer a threat to governing bodies. Today, Ismailis still thrive in central Asia, Syria, and Iran under the spiritual guidance of Osama bin Laden (see Terrorism).

THE CHINESE TRIADS/1674-present

The Triads of China and greater Southeast Asia (AKA: Dagger Society, Heaven & Earth Society, Hung Society, Red Society) pose as great a threat to law and order in their corner of the world as does the Mafia in the U. S. The Triads date back to the late seventeenth century, the time of the Ch'ing dynasty.

The Triads were sects organized to overthrow the oppressive yoke of the Ch'ing emperors, whose armies originated in Manchuria and marched south to conquer and subjugate the

Ming dynasty. The Chinese in the southern provinces regarded the Ch'ings, and their emperor K'ang-Hsi, as foreign invaders. They took refuge at the Siu Lam monastery in the Fukien Province, where the Buddhist monks aided and abetted the military uprising fomented by the Mings. The monastery, according to popular legend, was surrounded by the Ch'ing army and blown up.

There were only eighteen survivors, of which thirteen eventually died from starvation and powder burns. The remaining five crossed the Yangtze River, managing to stay one step ahead of the pursuing Ch'ing armies. The fugitives of the Siu Lam monastery were henceforth known as the "First Five Ancestors," a story that is more allegory than fact. Continuing on to Muk Yeung in the Fukien Province, these five survivors joined five other loyal supporters of the cause being known as the "Second Five Ancestors," who estab-

A Triad leaflet distributed in the 1890s shows a xenophobic China as a lion about to devour pigs and goats, labeled in Chinese "Christians and Westerners."

European troops who have relieved Peking, are "entertained" by the decapitation of a captured Boxer in 1900; the Boxers worked in cooperation with the Triads to unsuccessfully drive out the European armies from China.

The San Francisco *Call* portrayed this "hatchet man" in 1900, one of the many executioners of the Chinese tongs (Triads) in San Francisco's Chinatown, who "dispatched" the society's enemies.

This sketch claims to show the initiation of a new member to a Chinese Triad in 1898; the initiate holds aloft a bowl containing blood and wine, which he will drink after chanting his vows of secrecy and loyalty to the criminal society.

Triad leader Fong Ching (Little Pete), an inmate at Folsom Prison, 1887; released, he reclaimed his old tong, but was killed in 1894.

A typical opium den operated by a Triad in the 1900s; the distribution of this drug, and later heroin, made untold millions for the "Chinese Mafia."

Sun Yat-Sen, China's first president, shown center of approaching officers in 1911, overthrew the Ch'ing dynasty; as a Triad official, he backed the secret criminal society in expanding its opium growth and distribution throughout Asia.

General Kot Siu-wong, founder of the 14K Association, the most feared of all Chinese Triads.

A handcuffed Triad member under arrest in Singapore, identified as a member of the Chinese secret criminal society by the tattoos on his arms.

Chung Mon, Triad boss in Amsterdam, who was shot to death on March 3, 1975, by three assassins from another Triad before he could get into his bullet-proof Mercedes.

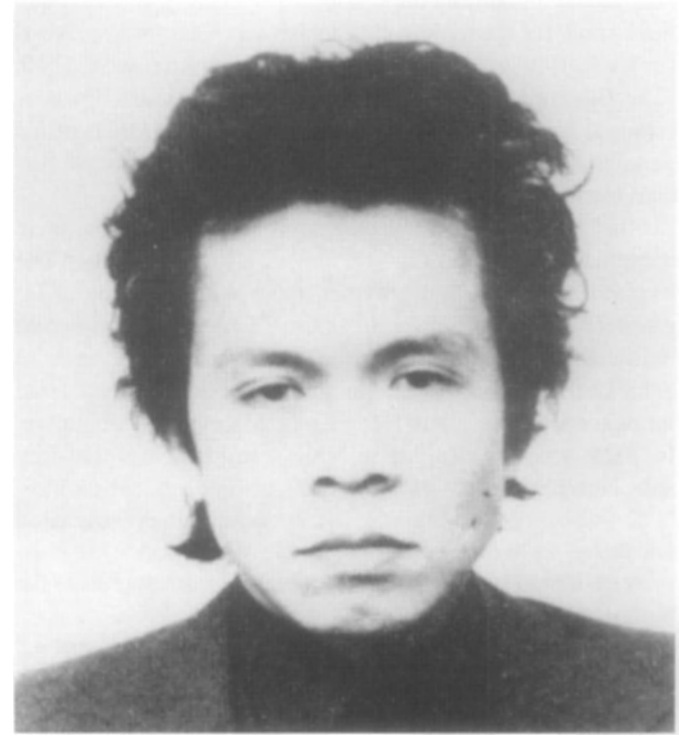
Police photo of a Hong Kong heroin factory seized in 1978. Thousands of such factories operate around the clock throughout Asia, producing a billion-dollar business.

lished a city as a home base of operations for the fledgling "Triad Society." The Triad, symbolizing heaven, earth, and man, was divided into five lodges in five provinces of China, each under a separate banner.

The initial aim of the Triad movement was to overthrow the brutally oppressive Manchus. Their motto was "Overthrow Ch'ing; Restore Ming." But in 1736, the society was suppressed and driven into exile throughout the provinces. In the next sixty years there were a series of bloody insurrections, notably by the Eight Diagrams and Nine Mansions Sects in 1786-88, the Heaven and Earth Society in 1786-89, and the White Lotus sect in 1794 that dragged on for eight years. The influential White Lotus was a religious sect that took up arms only in times of extreme persecution. Such was the case in 1794.

According to a Chinese imperial decree published in 1813, the White Lotus "was engaged in daily worship ... and reading scripture, claiming thereby to make its members invulnerable to weapons, fire or drowning; but in times of famine and disorder they might plot for the Great Enterprise." Future Triads called the Big Swords, Red Spears, Yellow Beards, Small Daggers, and Dragon Flowers were organized on this principle.

The power of the Triads continued to grow and in 1851 the great Taiping Rebellion nearly toppled the government of the Manchus. With the popular support of villagers in the southern provinces, the Taipings, led by Hung Hsiu-Chu'an, scored a series of impressive military victories over the Manchu armies. In 1853, Hung seized Nanking, where he declared himself emperor. The Triads conquered Shanghai, Amoy, and several other important cities in a ten-year rebellion that cost 20,000 lives and decimated some of the richest land in the country. In 1864, Hung Hsiu-Ch'uan committed suicide after his military forces were crushed by the combined forces of the British and Chinese statesman Li Hung-Chang.



Triad enforcer Georgie Pai (Yau Lap Leun) attempted to take over London's Chinatown by establishing a widespread protection racket; he was imprisoned, then deported back to his native Hong Kong in 1979.

The focus of the secret societies began to shift in the next fifty years as the Manchu base of power was eroded by the foreign interventionists. The Boxer rebellion, or the *I Ho Chuan*, meaning "The Fists of Righteous Harmony," began in Shantung in 1898 and was aimed at the final expulsion of

Triad heroin dealers May Wong and her lover, Li Mah, who were sent to prison for fourteen years.

Triad boss Ng Sik-ho, right, under arrest, worked with the Sicilian Mafia to distribute heroin and cocaine worldwide; he was sent to prison for thirty years.

European and American interests which had encroached on the economic and social life of the nation. The Boxers' reliance on mysticism and the power of the supernatural did them little good, for the mainland of China was soon back in Western hands following the capture of Peking on August 14, 1900. (The Boxers represented another type of Chinese Triad or criminal secret society, one which was, like the Order of the Assassins in Persia, dedicated to the assassination of all foreign leaders.)

In 1911, the Manchus were deposed and the Triads were recognized by Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, himself a former member. The Republican Revolution provided them with a degree of legitimacy previously unheard of in China. Bureaucrats and politicians scrambled to join the secret societies in order to enhance their prestige and reputation in the government. Triad influence was soon felt in Hong Kong, Malaya, and Singapore. In 1925, a power struggle in Malaya resulted in a five-way split between the 18, 24, 36, 108, and Independent Groups. (The five groups honored the five founding monks. Eighteen and thirty-six are the number of monks who escaped the massacre at the monastery, and the number 108 corresponds to the number at Shaolin).

From its revolutionary beginnings, the Triads evolved into secret criminal societies, embracing organized crime, extortion, drug trafficking, prostitution and white slavery. Following the 1949 Communist takeover, British Hong Kong became the center of the criminal activity in Southeast Asia. Seven Triad groups masquerading under the guise of trade guilds and fraternal societies vied for the control of the criminal rackets. Before 1941 only eight percent of the population in Hong Kong belonged to Triad societies. This figure grew to a staggering fifteen percent by 1958.

After the 1949 Communist Revolution, the Green Pang Triad, made up of political refugees from the mainland, who had fought with the Nationalists, dominated prostitution, labor unions, and the narcotics trade on a large scale. The Green Pang was one of the oldest established Triads whose members belonged to the higher socio-economic classes. By the mid-1950s, the 14K Association, originally organized to do battle with the Communists, had become Hong Kong's second-most powerful criminal gang. Conservative estimates placed total membership in the area at 80,000 by 1954. The threat posed by the 14K Association compelled the other Triads to bolster their memberships.

To be admitted into a Triad carried with it a heavy obligation, the penalty of death for violating the tenets of the secret oath-bound brotherhood. There are thirty-six such oaths a new member must swear. Those who refused to join the Triads were branded as pro-Communist, a tactic encouraged by the Nationalist government led by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

The growth of the Triads during this period led to serious incidents of rioting and gang wars in 1956, forcing the Hong Kong police to enact stern measures to deal with the problem. The Triads pillaged more than $25 million worth of goods during the civil disturbance. There were 900 murders in Hong Kong in 1958, most of them attributed to the Triad societies.

An example of the ferocious bloodletting that went on in Hong Kong during those troubled times involved a prosperous merchant named Ko Sun Wei, who lived in the city of Kowloon. Wei, two daughters, one son, and his wife were found dead in their home. The women were raped repeatedly and then tortured to death with knives. The Ko Sun Wei family were but five of the 350 murder victims entered into the police records for September 1958.

Today the Triads control the bulk of the drug trade and street prostitution in Hong Kong (even after the Communist take-over of that city) and Singapore. Though they were outlawed by the British colonial government as far back as 1845,

the Triads continue to operate with impunity. In Singapore alone, there are at least 9,000 active members belonging to six different groups. Despite the thrust of technology and profound Western influence, the Triads endure as a formidable criminal network.

THE YAKUZA OF JAPAN/1600s-present

In 1988, the citizens of Ebitsuka, Japan, launched a campaign to rid their community of some unwanted neighbors. A five-story green building housed what they believed to be the headquarters of a formidable criminal Yakuza gang known as *Ichiriki Ikka*, or "One Power Family." The citizens of Ebitsuka erected a two-level shack across the street and videotaped the movements of all visitors entering and leaving the building. After one surly gangster attacked the surveillance team with a sword, the townspeople gathered outside the green building they referred to as the *burakku biru* or "black building." "Get out!" they chanted. "Seek an honorable life!" National media attention was focused on the case, as the town's eight-member police force was bolstered with an additional 300 officers from other communities.

The nearby city of Hamamatsu set up a police task force of 120 officers to stand guard against illegal activities. Eventually, half of the Yakuza in the town were jailed or put in detention. In April 1988, Tetsuya Aono, the chief of the *Ichiriki-Ikka*, agreed to settle the suit out of court and abandon the Yakuza headquarters building in Ebitsuka. The anti-yakuza banners were taken down by the happy residents as the gangsters sneaked out of town. It was a small, but important victory in an escalating war against organized crime in Asia, a growing menace with larger implications for the industrial nations of the west.

The history of the Yakuza can be traced back to 1612, during the time of the *machi-yakko* a popular band of young rebels who defied the murderous Samurai warlords. According to criminologist Kanehiro Hoshino of Japan's Police Science Research Institute, the shogunate rounded up and executed the last of the *machi-yakko* in 1686. The exploits of this gang of "Robin Hoods" are kept alive in the folk tales and kabuki plays of the Japanese.

Yakuza gangs first appeared in the mid-1700s. Like the Italian Mafia, the gangs were divided into families; however, in the Yakuza, the father-child role, or *oyabun-kobun*, which mirrored traditional Japanese society, played an important role. Just as the father was the supreme authority figure in the family, he was also the master of the apprentice's destiny in the yakuza. *Oyabun-kobun* provided strength and cohesion, which ultimately translated into blind obedience to the "boss" or criminal ruler. "If the boss says that a passing crow is white, you must agree," states a Yakuza adage.

In the late 19th Century, as Japan threw off the last vestiges of feudalism, a schism developed within the Yakuza. Many of its members sided with the Tokugawa shogunate; others joined with the emperor. The ultimate victor was Jirocho no Shimizu, the boss of the *bakuto* or gambling empire. When Jirocho died in 1893, he was revered by the peasant classes as a wise and just bandit leader. In the early years of the 20th Century, Japan modernized, and within a few decades, became the leading industrial power of Southeast Asia.

The Yakuza also adapted to the profound social changes around them and many of its members joined the sinister Black Dragon Society, headed by Mitsuru Toyama. The Black Dragon Society was dedicated to nationalism and the development of what Japanese officials later termed the "co-prosperity sphere," which meant that Japan intended to invade and dominate all of Southeast Asia. Before its aggressions into Korea and China, however, Yakuza gangs gained a toehold in the big cities by organizing groups of industrial workers for construction projects. The bosses of the lucrative *bakuto* gangs organized legitimate business fronts to cover their illegal activities, while the *tekiya* factions, which controlled thousands of peddler's stalls in the large cities, cultivated important ties to the politicians and police officials.

Two members of Yakuza show the extensive tattoos coating their bodies, a mark of rank in this criminal secret society.

Yakuza chief Kodama Yoshio, left, with aides; he was the supreme crime boss in Japan throughout the 1960s-1970s.

Yakuza gangsters battling during a meeting at the Mitsubishi Shoji Corporation.

Takeshi Takagi, left, the Yakuza boss in Honolulu, Hawaii, beginning in 1978.

The nationalist fervor that swept Japan in the first two decades of the 20th Century started in the 1880s, when Mitsuru Toyama organized a group of right-wing toughs from Fukuoka into the *Genyosha,* Black Dragon Society or "Dark Ocean Society," the latter a reference to the narrow passage of water separating Japan from Korea and China. This group spawned hundreds of secret societies in East Asia including the "Blood Pledge Corps," the "Association for Heavenly Action," and the "Death-Defying Corps" terrifying names for an organized crime network that oversaw prostitution, gambling, extortion, drugs, and street peddling. The Yakuza gangs realized that their success was intrinsically tied to the fortunes of the political right.

Neither the Yakuza nor the right-wingers wished to see their influence diminished by socialist coalitions. After World War II, such pre-war nationalists as Kodama Yoshio, Kishi Nobu-suke, and Sasakawa Ryoichi forged alliances with the Yakuza to vanquish their enemies on the left. In 1960, for example, the rightists assassinated Socialist Party leader Asanuma Inejiro, his killers being Yakuza assassins.

The very nature of the Yakuza changed after World War II. Swords were replaced by guns and the gangsters assumed a more western appearance. The *kobun* abandoned traditional folk dress in order to copy their counterparts in the Mafia. Dark suits and sunglasses became the preferred attire among a new generation of toughs. By 1958, the Tokyo police estimated that there were 70,000 Yakuza in the whole of Japan. Five years later this figure grew to 184,000, by far the largest organized crime network in the world. The most formidable of the gangs to emerge after the war was the *Yamaguchi-gumi*, originally a small waterfront mob in Kobe before it was given direction by Taoka Kazuo, Japan's Al Capone.

Taoka bossed 343 different gangs by 1964. His influence in the Osaka region was particularly strong. Here the syndicate was said to control eighty percent of all cargo loading on the Kobe docks. Across Japan there were other Yakuza gangs of lesser stature, which nonetheless employed the same viciousness in their methods. In Yokohama, the ruler of the criminal underworld was Inagawa Kakuji, whose *Kakusei-kai* gang (later called *Kinsei-kai)* claimed 2,700 members by the mid-1960s. The most important source of revenue for Kakusei was gambling.

On October 24, 1972, the Inagawa gang and the powerful Yamaguchi were united in a federation by the visionary gangster Kodama Yoshio. As a ranking member of the rightist Liberal-Democratic Party, Kodama desired to bring about permanent harmony between the warring clans. More than anything, he feared that the leftists would exploit the factional rivalries and eventually eclipse the LDC in power. The amalgamation of the Yamaguchi and Inagawa empires brought the majority of Japanese gangs under their control.

By the 1970s, Yakuza gangs were reported to be active in Thailand, Malaysia, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, where they forged important links with the Chinese Triads. The specter of an all-powerful Chinese-Japanese Mafia controlling the international drug trade alarmed western observers, who feared that the gangs were on the brink of funding large-scale shipments to the U.S. and Europe. In September 1985 for example, the U.S. and the Hong Kong police took ten people into custody, who were charged with smuggling fifty-two pounds of amphetamines and twelve pounds of heroin into the states.

Two high-ranking members of *Yamaguchi-gumi* were picked up in Hawaii where they were to serve as "point men" for the deal. As Inagawa Kakuji explained: "Ultimately the Yakuza will become like the U.S. Mafia. In the future there'll be one national mob. Like my organization the biggest firms will take over. You can see the move towards a more corporate structure." He warned of a lack of respect for traditional morality, a concern reflected in an ever-increasing murder rate in Japan. By the 1990s, the Yakuza accounted for about one-third of all the murders committed in Japan and some sixty percent of blackmail cases.

A decade earlier, Yakuza all but wrecked Japan's once-

booming economy. During the 1980s, Japan's banking system, with many Yakuza members at the helms of banks, made enormous loans to developers and building firms that were nothing more than fronts for the Yakuza's illegal operations, loans the bankers knew would never be repaid. This led to the establishment of ultra-secret banking records, where such loans could not be disclosed. By the mid-1990s, intelligence reports held that the top bankers in Japan, chiefly those in Tokyo, had come under suspicion of being members (high-echelon directors) of the secret criminal society, Yakuza, and had umbilical ties to Yakuza's enforcement-collection arm, Sokaiya.

The more than $600 billion in defaulted loans, which caused the Far East economic crisis of the late 1990s, were made by Japanese bankers and chiefs of security firms, who were Yakuza members themselves, to Yakuza directors of development firms and other businesses in the private sector. In some cases, huge, unsecured loans were made directly to Yakuza members. Kunjii Miyazaki, chairman of the Dai-Ichi Kangyo Bank (which claimed to have had more assets than Citibank and Bankers Trust combined), loaned 30 billion yen to Ryuichi Koike, chief extortionist of Yakuza's strong-arm organization, Sokaiya. When confronted with this loan by Japanese regulators, Miyazaki excused himself, went to his study and promptly committed suicide.

The Japanese banks had lamely attempted to collect the bad debts by seizing collateral, but this measure utterly failed. One report held that such collections were intended to fail, that such attempts were merely lame-duck gestures by bankers, who were themselves Yakuza members attempting to pacify the demands of banking investigators. The regulators themselves may have been Yakuza members, who were compelled to act because "outsiders" unearthed information on the criminal loans. When Sumitomo Bank *appeared* to aggressively seize collateral for an outstanding loan in Nagoya, its branch manager, who had been instructed to seize assets, was murdered by Yakuza thugs.

In August 1997, Koichiro Tarutani, an executive of Yamaichi Securities (this firm having loaned crime boss Koike 79 million yen), was murdered in Tokyo, while walking home, slashed to death, as if his killers had employed a Samurai sword—the traditional weapon of the Yakuza. (The shopkeeper, who found Tarutani crying for help, stated: "His guts were spilling out. I was so shocked I couldn't sleep that night.") This murder, like so many others dealing with Japan's financial community, remained unsolved. One report insisted that the investigations into such murders were purposely sluggish in that they were directed by high-ranking police officials, who were also Yakuza members.

For years, Japanese bankers used Yakuza and Sokaiya members as collection enforcers on bad debts. Real estate developers used Yakuza thugs to forcibly evict tenants from desirous locations. Over time, however, Yakuza placed members inside the banks and then recruited the top banking officials, as well as top officials in real estate, business, manufacturing, finance, securities firms, government, police and military to its ranks (under penalty of death).

The control of Japan's finances, banking and government was considered by many to essentially be in the hands of the Yakuza by the late 1990s. Much like the Masons, there are degrees of rank in the Yakuza, signified by the number and type of tattoos to be found on the bodies of Yakuza members, and this would include leading bankers, financiers and government officials. When Dai-Ichi chairman Miyazaki's body was examined following his suicide, it was reported that his body was coated, from neck to ankles, with Yakuza tattoos.

Japan's Ministry of Finance (MOF) was rife with Yakuza members at that time. MOF had a practice of "arm-twisting" in the back rooms of its government offices. Japan's entire economy was, in intelligence parlance, run "extralegally." One report stated that Hideo Sakamaki, one-time president of Nomura Securities, was a Yakuza member, as was Tadashi Okuda, former chairman of the Dai-Ichi Kangyo Bank. The more than $600 billion in loans made by Japanese banks in recent years went largely to real estate developers, the bankers and the developers both being reported as Yakuza members.

A tattooed Yakuza gangster in Tokyo, Japan, holding a samurai sword, the very kind of weapon that was used in the 1990s to murder bank inspectors and officials examining the staggering loans made by Japan's banks to Yakuza firms and members.

These loans made up more than half of Japan's bad real estate loans.

Some of the Yakuza-controlled banks attempted to "repackage" their bad debts in the form of bonds to be sold to investors. One such overseas deal by Japanese banks involved $1 billion in medium-term notes, which were reportedly backed by Yakuza loan-shark assets, as well as other illegal operations (brothels and opium distribution that trail to Hawaii and Mexico). Japan's Ministry of Finance had unofficially admitted that its country was in the grip of the Yakuza, one of its top officials stating (off the record): "I do not think it can be rooted out." At this writing, that official's estimation of this all-powerful secret criminal society still applies.

THE MURDEROUS MAU MAU OF KENYA/ 1950-1956

In response to the British annexation of lands traditionally held by members of the Kikuyu tribe in Kenya, a secret criminal society called Mau Mau was formed for the purpose of removing European settlers from the natives' lands. The disputed area, a fertile Highland region bounded by Mount Kenya, Nairobi, the Aberdare Mountains, and Nyeri, had been inhabited by the Kikuyu since the late sixteenth century. Much of the land had previously belonged to a smaller tribe of hunter-gatherers called the Wanderobo. In some cases, a single Wanderobo family would own as much as forty square miles. Although the Kikuyu had the numbers and the strength to take the Wanderobo's land by force, their religious beliefs and legal customs precluded it. Consequently, Kikuyus who wanted land negotiated for it by bartering animals or other goods. The Kikuyu would also propose a ceremony of "mutual adoption" which, by making the Wanderobo an adopted Kikuyu, validated the transaction.

Kikuyu settlements had sprung up throughout Nyeri, Muranga, and the Kiambu district by the late 19th Century. Toward the turn of the century, the country was stricken with an epidemic of smallpox, an outbreak of rinderpest, and a severe drought leading to famine and a locust plague. From twenty to fifty percent of the population died.

Most of the Kikuyu who had settled in the Kiambu district left their farms and moved to Nyeri and Fort Hall. Despite the fact that by 1902 many Kikuyu farms had reverted to bush, the owners of the property considered their separation from the land to be only a temporary condition. In 1902, the Kenya-Uganda railroad, begun six years earlier, reached the Kikuyu territory, bringing large numbers of European settlers.

Seeing what appeared to be virgin land, the European colonists began dividing the area into farms. Where a Kikuyu farmer had remained on the land, the colonist purchased the land. For the Europeans, this constituted legal ownership of the land, whereas for the Kikuyu, as demonstrated by the practice of mutual adoption they went through with the Wanderobo, it did not. This misunderstanding was greatly compounded by the British ignorance of Kikuyu law and custom.

Because other African tribes with whom they had experience did not have private land ownership, the British settlers assumed that no African tribe did. All of the uncultivated land was designated as "Crown Land," with the exception of areas called "Reserves" that were set aside for the native population. Large areas of the Kiambu district were given to European farmers.

Kenya's foremost leader Jomo Kenyatta, shown in 1945 at the Pan African Congress, held in Manchester, England.

At first the Kikuyu attempted to adjust to the situation by seeking jobs in the cities. Those who went to Nairobi, however, found they were unable to find employment that would support them. When they sought political help in balancing the obviously unequal conditions between whites and natives, they encountered the Kenya Civil Service, an agency of government officers set up ostensibly to protect native Kenyans' interests against the settlers. This paternalistic structure, if benignly intentioned, nonetheless ultimately served white interests over that of the native Kenyans.

In 1923, when European and Indian settlers lobbied for greater representation in the legislative council, the British government stated: "The interests of the African natives must be paramount. If, and when, those interests, and the interests of the immigrant races should conflict, the former should prevail." As supportive of the native Africans as this statement sounded, the reality of their position was tenuous at best. Eleven council members represented 10,000 Europeans, five members represented more than 2,300 Indians, while only one member each represented the Arab and African communities. The African representative, however, was not African himself until 1944.

The Lancashire Fusilliers, flown from Egypt in Britain's longest military airlift, arrive in Nairobi, assuring whites and intimidating black Mau Mau members after British authorities declared a state of emergency in Kenya on October 20, 1952.

The growing skepticism of the African nationalists about the possibility of equitable treatment at the hands of the British increased after World War I. Following the war, many Kikuyu attempted to return to their lands in Kiambu only to discover that they had been taken over by white settlers. A group of ex-servicemen and ex-mission school students formed the Kikuyu Central Association (KCA) in 1922.

The KCA began operating after the arrest of Harry Thuku, president of the Young Kikuyu Association, for leading a protest against the government. Its activities were forced underground when colonial police shot and killed followers of Thuku during a demonstration in March 1922. The basis of their organization—the recovery of the lands traditionally held by the Kikuyu—foreshadowed the aims and battle cry of Mau Mau.

In 1940, the KCA was outlawed by the government, which claimed that the group had established treasonable ties with Italian agents in Ethiopia. In 1944, Eliud Mathu (recently nominated as the first African representative in the legislature) founded the Kenyan African Union (KAU). The aims of the KAU were the same as the KCA, and former KCA members, along with many new recruits, filled the ranks of the new organization.

In 1946, Jomo Kenyatta (or Johnstone Kamau), who was named general secretary of the KCA in 1928, returned to Kenya after a sixteen-year stay in England. Kenyatta, born in the Kiambu district, had entered politics in 1922 by joining the Young Kikuyu Association. When he returned to Kenya, he was appointed principal of the Kenya Teacher's College in Githunguri and he offered his services to the legislative council, but Governor Sir Philip Mitchell suggested Kenyatta re-

Esme Ruck and her son Michael were hacked to pieces at their ranch, along with Roger Ruck in 1953 by invading Mau Mau assassins.

Mau Mau members are shown surrendering to British troops after a pitched battle in the jungle. The Mau Mau forces fought with the zeal of fanatics, but had poor leadership and limited arms.

Black Kenyan troops, members of the King's African Rifles, are shown whipping Kikuyu women with switches in an effort to obtain information on the sect's hiding places.

While Dana Wynter looks down in horror, Rock Hudson discovers the body of a white female settler in Kenya, who has been slaughtered by Mau Mau killers in the 1957 film, *Something of Value*.

Boys and men rounded up in a Nairobi shantytown by British troops went through severe interrogations to determine actual Mau Mau members; suspects were given starvation rations and many were beaten to death.

A Kikuyu medicine man is shown conducting a ceremony where Mau Mau members can be released from their vows and thus identify themselves as sect members to British authorities.

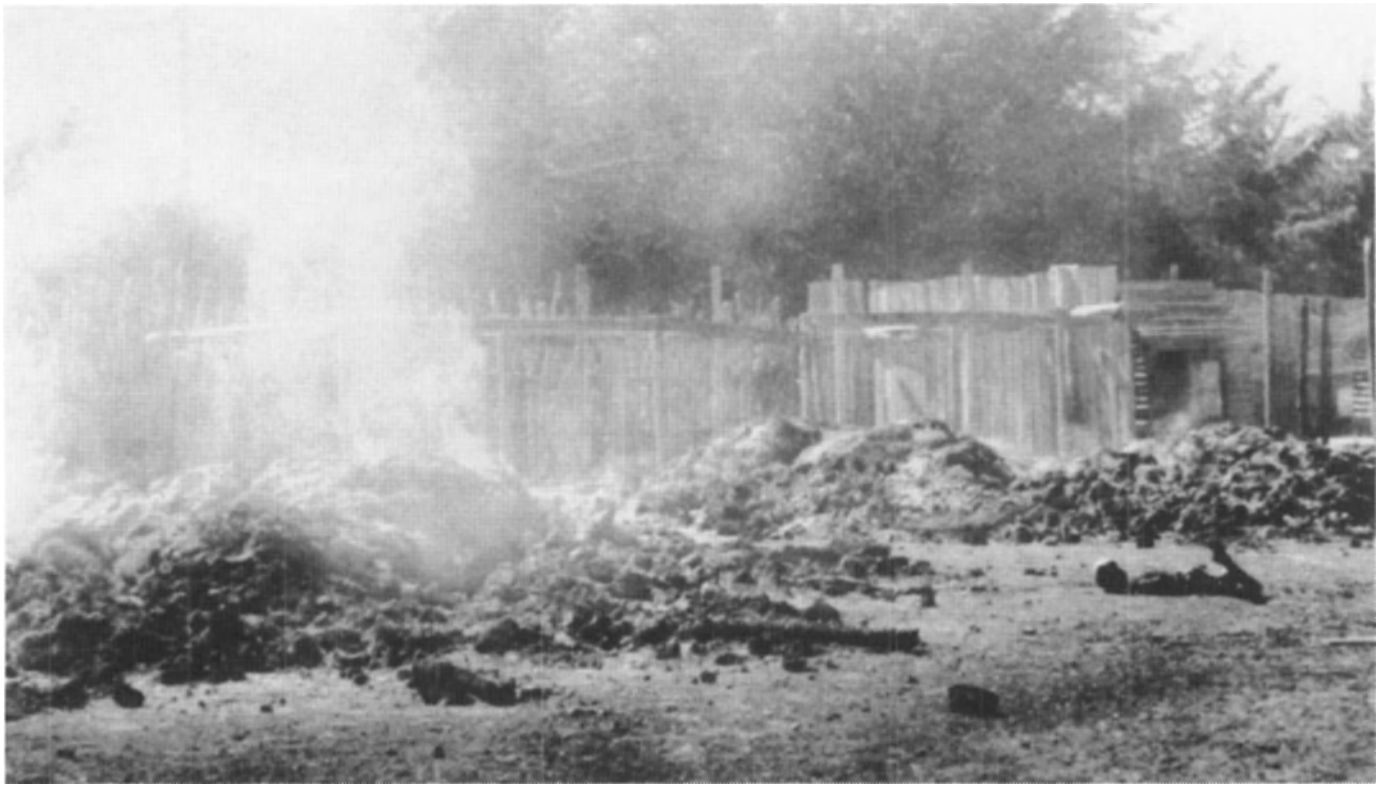
familiarize himself with Kenyan politics on the local level before entering into them nationally. Kenyatta started recruiting for the KAU and was elected its president in 1947. At this point Kenyatta's power as a leader of the KAU depended completely on his willingness to follow the will of the group.

The secret society known as the Mau Mau (a phrase which was a corruption of "*Uma, Uma*" meaning "Out! Out!") had its beginning during this period. The KAU was allegedly used by the early Mau Mau to propagate their own organization, and it was likely that Kenyatta was not the leader of the Mau Mau movement. The Mau Mau oath, called the Oath of Unity, *Ndemwa Ithatu,* was administered in a ceremony that incorporated many tribal elements.

The first oath a Mau Mau inductee took was a pledge of his loyalty to the cause of restoring the Kikuyu's lands. The only specific requirement of this level of membership was a small donation to the organization's funds. Successive levels of membership were accompanied by different oaths requiring greater commitment. The most extreme level of oath was the *Batuni* or Platoon oath, which required the initiate to kill.

By 1952, the KAU was merely a front for Mau Mau. The goals of Mau Mau, as viewed by whites, were to recover lost lands, self govern, wipe out Christianity, restore tribal customs, force out all foreigners, end soil terracing, and increase secular education. As the organization became more and more widespread, recruitment methods became more aggressive. In many cases, reluctant Kikuyu were forced to take the oath under threat of death if they refused.

Mau Mau also began using arson to intimidate others



The Kikuyu village of Lani, which had rebelled against the Mau Mau and was burned to the ground, its inhabitants murdered to the last child on March 26. 1953.

Mau Mau leader Waruhiu Itote, center, who called himself "General China," and who commanded forces on Mount Kenya, is shown standing trial in Nyeri in 1954; he saved his life by informing on other Mau Mau leaders.

Top Mau Mau military commander Dedan Kimathi, is shown wounded and in handcuffs after his capture, a British official holding the leopard-skin uniform he wore in battle; found with him was a Bible and Napoleon's Book of Charms, the latter consulted by Kimathi in strategizing his moves; he was hanged on February 19, 1957.

into joining their ranks. Until 1948, the British were largely unaware of the Mau Mau organization, and even when they knew of its existence, its highly secretive nature prevented them from learning much about it. As the violence employed in recruitment became more common and more obvious, the colonial government began to perceive the danger of the situation. When it launched an effort to remove the oath from Mau Mau members, using tribal medicine men to perform the ceremonies, the Mau Mau escalated their activity. On May 15, 1952, the first murders occurred. Two Kikuyu, one of whom had informed against the Mau Mau, were found dead in the Kirichwa River near Nairobi. Six people were brought to trial in these murders, but the man who found the bodies and notified the authorities was himself later assassinated.

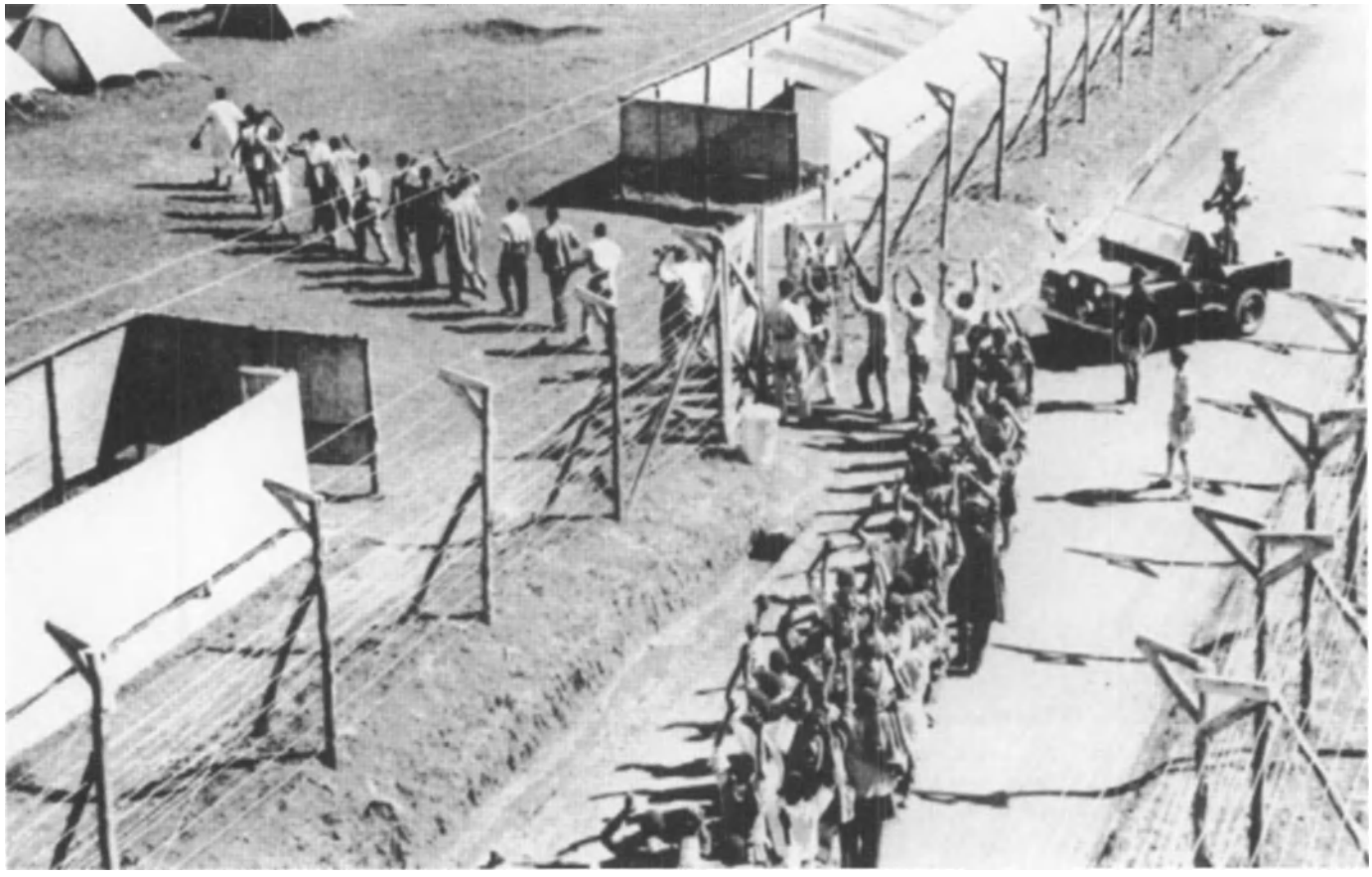
Immediately prior to the declaration of a State of Emergency on October 21, 1952, Mau Mau recruiting efforts were massively increased, with motorized "oathing" teams driving out from Nairobi to the Reserve. Some of the assemblies recruited as many as 800 people at a time. The crimes of murder, arson, and destruction of resisting Kikuyu's property proliferated. A new governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, had arrived in Nairobi on September 29, 1952.

After a tour of the troubled land, during which a government official was assassinated in broad daylight, Baring recommended the declaration of the State of Emergency. On October 20, twelve RAF troop carriers arrived with reinforcements from the Lancaster Fusiliers. Eighty-three Mau Mau suspects, including Kenyatta, were arrested, and the following day the State of Emergency became reality. With this, the attacks against government officials and white settlers escalated.

The settlers and loyal Kikuyu fought back by organizing a Kikuyu Home Guard that worked with the African tribal police. By mid-January 1953, the Home Guard numbered 10,000. On March 26, 1953, the Mau Mau staged two attacks, one at the police station at Naivasha, in which they stole guns and ammunition, and the other, a particularly brutal massacre at Lari, in which they attacked families of men in the Kikuyu Home Guard. Eighty-four people were killed.

In April, Kenyatta and five comrades were found guilty of "managing" Mau Mau. Kenyatta was sentenced to seven years in prison at hard labor. The government continued to increase its military presence but the conflict did not reach a turning point until Waruhiu Itote, a Mau Mau operative, was captured. With the help of a Kenyan-born Englishman, Ian Henderson, the British finally gained important intelligence regarding the Mau Mau activities.

Through this intelligence, Henderson gradually infiltrated individual groups of Mau Mau, converted them, and used them to convert or capture their fellow Mau Mau. On October 26, 1956, an important Mau Mau leader, Dedan Kimathi, was captured. His subsequent execution apparently



Mau Mau members are marched into a British prison camp in 1954, the year in which the backbone of the secret criminal society was broken by British forces, predominately native black troops.

Jomo Kenyatta, center, holding book aloft, takes the oath when becoming Kenya's first black prime minister (president) in 1963, when the country gained its independence.

marked the end of the militant Mau Mau. A total of 10,527 Mau Mau were killed, in contrast to thirty-two white settlers. Another new governor, Sir Patrick Rension, formally proclaimed the end of the Emergency in January 1960.

Mau Mau, however, survived. There were rumors of new, secret oath-taking ceremonies in the 1960s. Just before Kenya's independence in 1963, Mau Mau activity increased in hopes of driving out the white settlers once and for all. When Kenyatta was declared prime minister of the newly independent Kenya, many former Mau Mau members were elected to seats in the National Assembly.

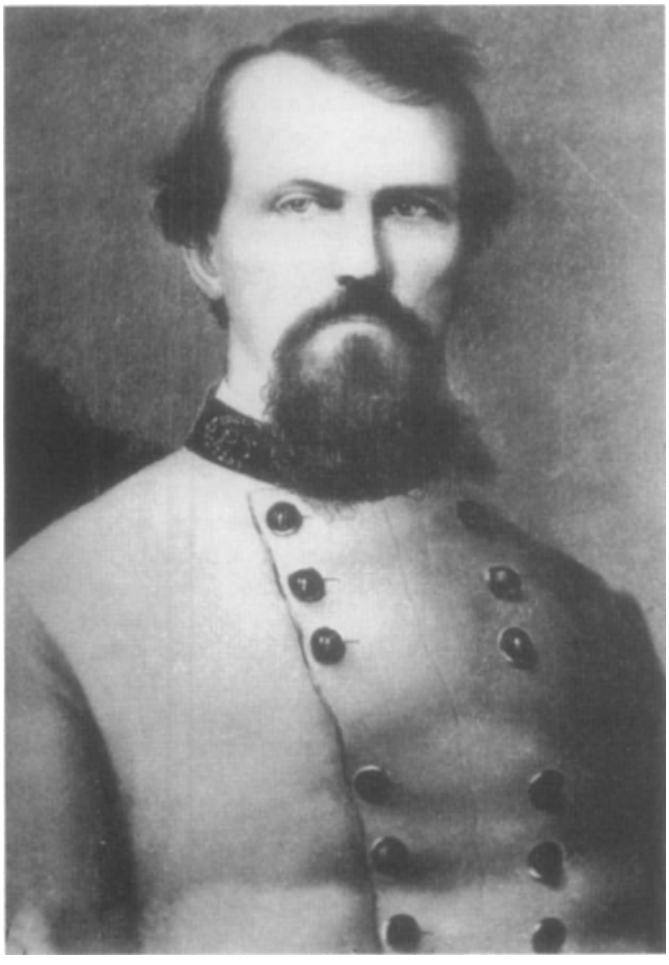
Two separate periods of amnesty were declared that year in an effort to reclaim the remaining Mau Mau. Those who did come forward to take advantage of these amnesties, as well as a later one in 1964, returned to the forests instead of settling on the farmland allotted to them by Kenyatta's government. The failure to reintegrate them into the mainstream population suggested that Mau Mau would remain alive in Kenya for years to come.

KKK: UNDER THE WHITE ROBE/ 1865-1877; 1915-present

At the close of the American Civil War, the South lay devastated in political and economic ruins. Carpetbagging northerners swarmed into the South to seize rich farmlands through exorbitant taxes levied upon the once powerful slave-owning gentry by northern-controlled state houses. In most of the southern states, former land owners were disenfranchised. The old Democrat party was in shambles, unable to govern. With the assassination of the moderate Abraham Lincoln, conditions in the South worsened. Republican hardliners in the U. S. Congress put through measures that were obviously designed to punish the South for its attempted secession, rather than initiate the healing process during the so-called Reconstruction Period.

A Freedman's Bureau was established that ostensibly worked for the benefit of former slaves. However, the corrupt organization placed uneducated blacks in positions of authority over whites, giving blacks full opportunity to take vengeance upon former slave owners or whites. Moreover, hordes of blacks invaded small towns and plantations, looting and pillaging, while Union occupation troops stood by idle or even encouraged them. Women were raped and those apprehended were locked up for a few days and then freed.

To combat these dreadful conditions, ex-Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest, a fearsome, relentless cavalry commander, founded and organized the first Ku Klux Klan in 1865. Forrest, who never admitted his leadership of



Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest, who was credited with founding the Ku Klux Klan in 1865.

Klan members in costume during the Reconstruction Period; many riders used false heads to frighten blacks.

Klan members without their robes dragged a Negro girl named Phillis into some North Carolina woods and whipped her into unconsciousness for striking a white girl.

John Campbell, a reconstructionist, is shown in 1871 with a rope about his neck and about to be hanged by a group of North Carolina klansmen; he was rescued by federal agents.

the Klan, had been blamed for the Fort Pillow "Massacre" on April 12, 1864, when more than 200 black Union troops, who had reportedly surrendered were slaughtered.

Forrest was not present at the actual founding of the Klan, but had apparently given his approval when six young ex-Confederate soldiers in Pulaski, Tennessee created a hooded secret society that was intended to be a short-lived guerrilla organization. The society was called the Ku Klux Klan, a name that derives from the combination of the Greek word *kuklos* (circle) with the Scottish word "clan."

The organization adopted white hoods and robes, and even the horses its members rode were covered in white shrouds. All of this paraphernalia was designed to frighten the uneducated and superstitious blacks. The night riders of the Ku Klux Klan (KKK) terrified the blacks, whom they suspected of harassing and oppressing whites. Blacks were confronted with what they thought were the ghosts of dead Confederate soldiers, and the KKK riders played upon this eerie concept. Many of the KKK riders wore false heads, and they handed these skulls to quaking blacks. On other occasions, riders clutched the hand of the black with a skeleton's hand.

The Klan grew in great numbers as dispossessed and disenfranchised southern whites flocked to its banners. The society adopted formal rules and regulations, and it quickly established a secret oath. New members were brought into a circle of robe-wearing Klansmen, and by torchlight, repeated the following vows:

I, before the immaculate Judge of Heaven and Earth, and upon the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, do, of my own free will and accord, subscribe to the following sacredly binding obligation:

1. We are on the side of justice, humanity, and constitutional liberty, as bequeathed to us in its purity by our forefathers.
2. We oppose and reject the principles of the radical party (the Republican Party, then rulers of the U.S. Congress).
3. We pledge mutual aid to each other in sickness, distress, and pecuniary embarrassment.
4. Any member divulging, or causing to be divulged, any of the foregoing obligations shall meet the fearful penalty and traitor's doom, which is Death! Death! Death!

Hundreds of Klan groups sprang up in great force throughout the South and many operated under self-styled names: Knights of the White Camelia, Order of the White Rose, The White Caps, White League, Palefaces, White Brotherhood. These groups thought themselves reincarnated knights based on the Arthurian legends of old. KKK riders believed themselves the champions of the oppressed and of damsels in distress. They rode to the rescue of all that was sacred to the white culture of the antebellum South. They thought themselves noble and inspired with a glorious mission. They also began to administer beatings and whippings to blacks accused of offending whites. Phillis, a black girl who had struck a white girl, was seized by KKK members and dragged to a woods in North Carolina. There dozens of men took turns whipping her. Six of these brutes were later jailed.

As the whites began to wrest back control of southern state legislatures during the late 1860s, new "Black Codes" designed to keep blacks out of the election process and within a sub-economic and non-educational position were put into effect. Under these unjust codes, blacks were arrested in wholesale lots and jailed for vagrancy, drunkenness, and disorderly conduct. Some were guilty, but many were not. The Black Codes served as a catchall to legally punish blacks who sought to supplant white politicians, land owners, and businessmen.

The Republican radicals in Congress retaliated by sending new Union troops into the South to enforce its edicts, and in particular, to protect the operations of the hated Freedman's Bureau. When former Union Army commander Ulysses S. Grant became president in 1868, he proved to be a

Negroes in New Orleans are shown in custody, arrested for vagrancy under the newly-established Black Codes, used to keep freed blacks poor, uneducated and without voting rights.

The frontispiece of Thomas Dixon's novel, *The Clansman* (1905), a popular book that whitewashed the exploits of the KKK and portrayed its early-day members as heroes.

do-nothing administrator, allowing the radical Republicans to overrun the South.

Grant's disinterest in true Reconstruction of the South only served to increase the strength of the KKK, which began to ride in great numbers, its hooded legions burning the homes and communities of blacks. They shot and hanged blacks by the hundreds. They waged open warfare for almost three years. By 1871, however, the radical wing of the Republican Party had lost political support in the North, and many of its leaders either retired or were replaced in senatorial elections.

In that year, however, the KKK was recognized as a powerful force in the South, and a U.S. Senate committee investigated the operations of this secret society. Nathan Bedford Forrest was summoned to Washington, D. C., and testified before the committee. He did not admit that he had given the orders to establish the KKK or that he was its nominal leader.

Forrest had always provided colorful copy for newspapers. During the Civil War, he had been asked by newsmen how he won his cavalry battles, and the uneducated Forrest replied: "I get there first with the most." (In the north, this remark was altered to: "I get there furstest with the mostest.") Forrest had given many interviews with the press, telling reporters about the wonderful and brave Klan, which had sprung up throughout southern states and how he had traveled through those states, ostensibly organizing its chapters and planning its paramilitary operations.

Before the Senate committee, the tall, dark-bearded Forrest stated that the Klan had been founded upon high principles and that it was a necessity in preserving law and order in a land made helpless and vulnerable by oppressive forces. Said Forrest in his homespun way: "There was a great deal of insecurity felt by the southern people. There were a great many northern men coming down there, forming Leagues all over the country. The Negroes were holding night meetings, were going about, were becoming very insolent, and the southern people all over the states were very much alarmed. I think that many of the organizations did not have any name. Parties organized themselves so as to be ready in case they were attacked. Ladies were ravished by some of these Negroes, who were tried and put in the penitentiary, but were turned out a few days afterwards. There was a great deal of insecurity in the country, and I think this organization (the KKK) was got up to protect the weak, with no political intention at all."

In 1868, Klan membership was estimated to be more than 500,000 throughout the South and by the early 1870s this number had doubled. But the Klan, led by ex-Confederate officers, was getting out of control. Its leaders found that members swelling its ranks refused to take orders and went their own way. They were no more than terrorist gangs bent on burning, looting, and robbing. They murdered blacks in large numbers and operated as bandits. One of their leaders characterized his men as "rash, impudent, and bad men." The white-robed legions, intended as a chivalrous society, had turned into packs of marauding night-riders who brought murderous terror to the countryside.

Black militia was organized and fought pitched battles with the KKK, but usually these poorly trained and equipped blacks got the worst of it. In a six-month period in 1872, the KKK lynched or shot thirty-five blacks and had "chastised"

Black troops occupying a Southern town are shown retreating in panic before charging Klansmen in D. W. Griffith's epic 1915 film, *The Birth of A Nation*, a movie that inspired the rebirth of the Klan.

262 men and women by whipping them. More than 100 others had been shot, raped, and mutilated, according to the findings of the Senate committee. Meanwhile, the Klan took root at the local level, following Forrest's original paper plans, where he had organized the society as an army.

Forrest had termed the entire South as the Invisible Empire; each state was termed a Realm, each congressional district a Dominion, each county a Province, and each locality or town a Den. The leaders all had glorious titles. The Grand Wizard was General Forrest. The ten men who made up Forrest's staff were called Genii. Every Realm had a Grand Dragon and eight Hydras, each Dominion had a Grand Titan and six Furies, each Province a Grand Giant and four Goblins, each Den a Grand Cyclops and two Night Hawks.

Forrest realized that he could not control the Klan since the very hoods and robes he had originally designed to hide the identities of his avenging riders were now used to mask all sorts of inhuman offenses and outrages. When local KKK units were accused of acting simply as terrorists and thieves, those same riders claimed innocence, insisting that the offenses had been committed by blacks dressed in robes and hoods and pretending to be Klansmen. By 1872, Forrest and his staff quit the secret society in disgust, stating that it had become a lawless organization lost in myriad Halloween gibberish and vicious acts of outlawry.

The Grant administration and U. S. Congress, to combat the ever-increasing Klan outrages, passed the Ku-Klux Acts in 1870 and 1871, more or less outlawing the organization and branding it a criminal secret society. A wave of vigilantism against the Klan then swept its leaders into jail, where they were allowed to languish without trials since white juries invariably freed any Klan member accused of crimes. Moderate white leaders then began openly denouncing the Klan as an anarchistic secret society, labeling it "foolish and childish."

The Democrats won back the state legislatures and the Klan died for lack of purpose. Political compromise was reached wherein the South was allowed to regain supremacy over the black populations, reducing them to sharecropper status without voting rights and little or no education. In return, the southern Democrats supported all the Congressional measures of northern business interests, which included enormous profits in cotton and tobacco crops grown in the South. By 1877, the Ku Klux Klan was virtually dead, its local and state memberships disbanded, its white and red robes and hoods stored away as social artifacts of a bygone era.

Twenty-three years went by before the Klan stirred again, and this time only in the fitful dreams of a back county preacher named "Colonel" William Joseph Simmons. As he would later recall it, Simmons, who had been exposed to the fearsome tales of the old Klan since boyhood, obtained a book of anec-

Master film director David Wark Griffith was shocked to learn that the KKK used his film in promoting enlistment to its ranks.

Mary Phagan, thirteen, who was murdered in the basement of Atlanta's National Pencil Company on April 26, 1913, ironically Confederate Memorial Day. Her death was used by Simmons and others to establish the Knights of Mary Phagan, which dedicated itself to hunting down and punishing the killer.

dotes about the secret society in 1900. He fell asleep one night while reading this volume and dreamed of the old galloping night riders. "On horseback in their white robes," Simmons later told a newsman, "they rode across the wall in front of me and as the picture faded out I got down on my knees and swore that I would found a fraternal organization which would be a memorial to the Ku Klux Klan."

William Joseph Simmons, who called himself the "Imperial Wizard" of the reborn Klan of 1915 in Georgia.

Simmons took his time to do so. He encouraged the idea of the Klan wherever he traveled, but he concentrated upon saving souls at this time. A self-righteous person, Simmons traveled through the South as a Methodist preacher, using his fists to bully unruly flocks to church on Sunday. The strong-armed tactics of preacher Simmons were condemned by Methodist Bishop Wilson, who eventually suspended him from all religious activities for "inefficiency." Simmons defied this church edict and continued his circuit-riding and fiery sermons. Bishop Wilson, enraged at this defiance, tracked Simmons down to a lonely backwoods church and, using a strong switch, whipped Simmons from the pulpit and out of the church.

Simmons established his own brand of religion and collected some malcontent Methodists to serve as his disciples. To supplement his income, Simmons sold women's garters and undergarments to small-town general stores. Meanwhile, Simmons and his self-styled preachers continued their rural religious activities for years until a startling event took place on December 6, 1915.

On that day, the greatest motion picture of the era, *The*

Leo M. Frank, the mild-mannered manager of the pencil factory, who was railroaded into a conviction for murdering Mary Phagan, mostly because he was a "Yankee Jew."

Birth of a Nation, opened to enormous crowds in Atlanta. It was based on the best-selling novel, *The Clansman* by Thomas Dixon, which portrayed the old Klan of Nathan Bedford Forrest as a champion of female honor and a noble defender of the weak and helpless.

While thousands of Atlantans queued for the premiere showing of the film, Simmons and his disciples circulated in the crowds. Wearing a cutaway frock coat and striped trousers, the traditional garb of the southern preacher, Simmons addressed the throngs: "I am he who from the realms of the unknown wrested the solemn secret from the grasp of the night and became the sovereign Imperial Master of the Great Lost Mystery." It was all gobbledygook, of course, but citizens eagerly responded to the racism and bigotry put forth by Simmons and his followers.

Actually, Simmons had been hard at work reorganizing the old Klan since 1913 when a Jewish businessman transplanted from the north, Leo Max Frank, was wrongly accused and later wrongly convicted of raping and murdering 14-year-old Mary Phagan, who worked in his Atlanta pencil factory. At that time, Simmons and others had organized a secret group which called itself the Knights of Mary Phagan. One night they went to the top of Stone Mountain, set fire to a giant wooden cross, and by its fiery light vowed vengeance on "the Yankee Jew."

It was this group that later dragged Frank out of prison and lynched him in 1915 near Marietta, Georgia, some months before *The Birth of a Nation* opened in Atlanta. The film's appearance followed closely behind the sensational Frank case and only served to aid Simmons in his reorganization of an ancient evil. Simmons would later admit: "I went to see *Birth of a Nation.* It made a tremendous impression on everybody. Yes, *Birth of a Nation* helped the Klan tremendously."

The film, directed by the master filmmaker David Wark Griffith, did extol the dubious virtues of the old Reconstruction era Klan, and Simmons used the invaluable publicity surrounding this epic film to promote the rebirth of his own self-styled Klan. The victimized director, Griffith, was astounded when he discovered that Simmons had exploited his film to establish the Klan.

In a 1928 interview, Griffith stated: "That ends a thirteen-year-old mystery. I have been accused of having made *Birth of a Nation* as propaganda for the Klan. What's more, throughout the years, I have been constantly asked to explain the relationship between the picture and the Klan. That accusation seemed foolish to me. So did the question. But if Simmons actually used *Birth of a Nation* to raise membership in the Klan, as he says he did, running his Klan advertising simultaneously with advertising of the picture, I can see how many persons may have been confused."

Simmons and his henchmen organized the confusion into a terrorist fraternity which swelled to more than seven million during its heyday in the 1920s. Simmons and others incorporated the Klan in Atlanta and the visionary leader placed advertisements in newspapers and on billboards throughout Georgia. "A Classy Order for Men of Character," one ad was headlined. It went on to state: "No Roughnecks, Rowdies, nor Yellow Streaks Admitted. It is of and for men who are in all things 100 percent American and no other."

Simmons did not advertise the real reason for the Klan—race and religious hatred and bigotry. The Klan opposed the immigration of all foreigners to American shores. It condemned Catholics, Jews, and especially blacks. The hatred for blacks was rampant among its members and Simmons made no excuses for the rabid racism he and his followers embraced. Simmons opened his KKK meetings by placing a brace of pistols and a horsewhip on a table and then shouting to his hooting supporters: "All right! Now bring on your niggers!"

The old night riders on horseback were replaced by hooded thugs in autos who raced about the Georgia countryside, dragging blacks and Jews from their beds in the middle of the night and administering whippings or worse to these hapless victims. The Klan spread through the Carolinas, Alabama, Virginia, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, Tennessee, and then crept into northern states with large rural populations and finally into the industrial cities of the Mid-

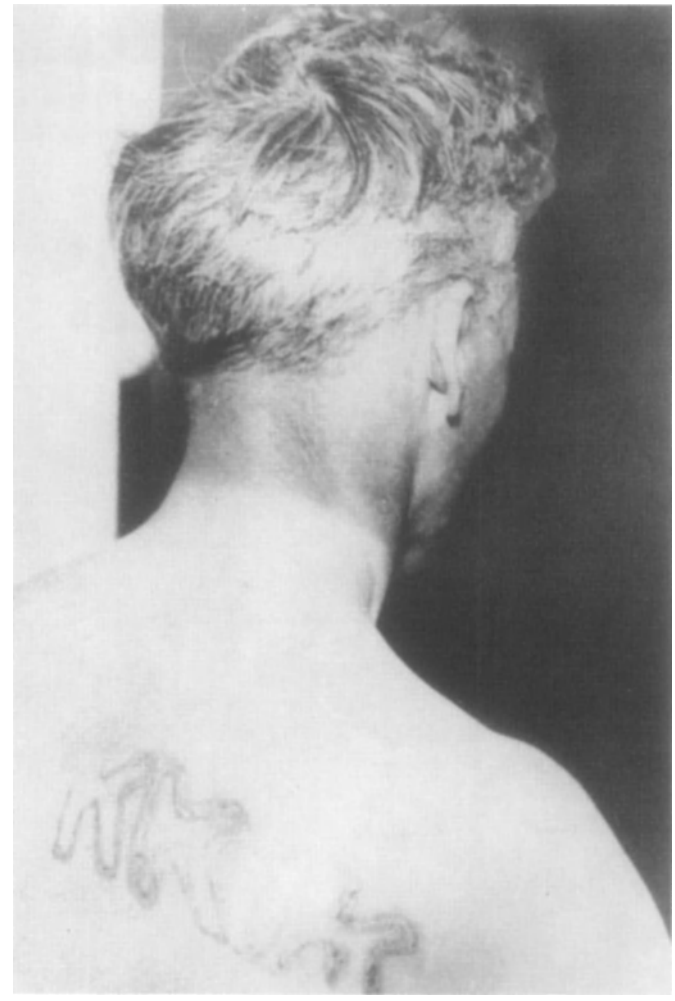
August 17, 1915: The dangling barefooted body of Leo Frank, lynched by the Knights of Mary Phagan (some of whom proudly posed in this grim photo), the precursor to the new Ku Klux Klan; Frank's death penalty had been commuted to life imprisonment by Georgia Governor John Slaton, who believed Frank innocent, so Klansmen kidnapped Frank from a farm prison and hanged him.

west, where blacks and minorities had made headway into the normally white forces on assembly lines. Detroit was infected by the secret society, and the Klan in Chicago, by the mid-1920s, boasted of 50,000 dues-paying members.

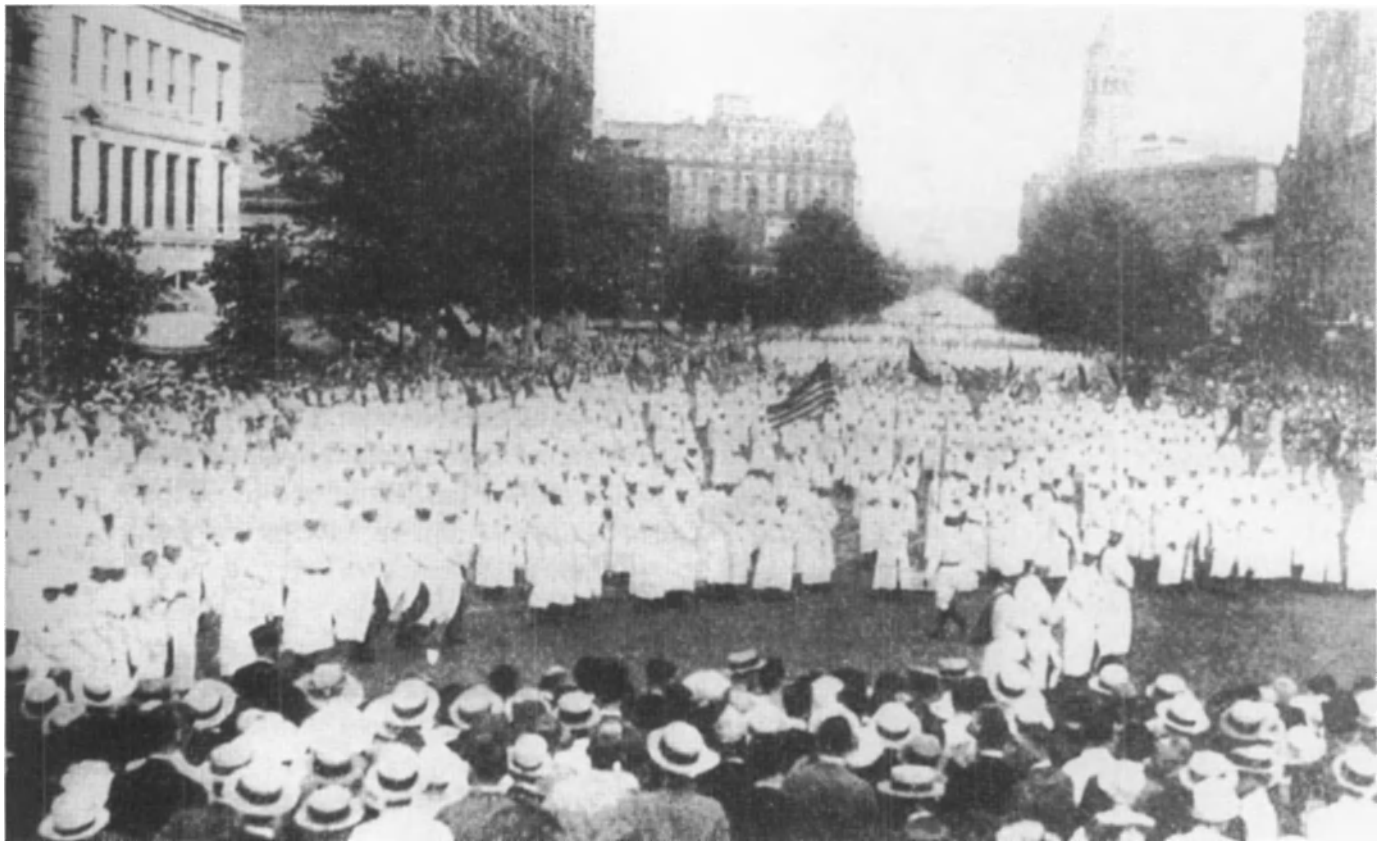
The Klan adopted brutal, medieval methods to quash opposition to its whippings and lynchings. Its members took to branding unruly blacks and whites who openly opposed them. The Reverend Orrin Van Loon, pastor of a community church outside of Detroit, openly criticized the Klan in 1924 from his pulpit; the next night a gang of hooded men forced their way into his home and dragged him to a waiting car which sped off to a lonely spot where Van Loon was branded on the back with three large letters: KKK. The shootings, mutilations, burnings, and lynchings spread unchecked.

For the Klansmen of the early 1920s, life was, in the words of one of its hooded leaders "roaming through the clover." Simmons and the top leaders of the Klan grew enormously

Omaha, Nebraska, 1919: A Negro accused of raping a white woman was burned to death by Klansmen; Klan supporters gather about the grisly remains.



Detroit, Michigan, 1924: Reverend Orrin Van Loon, who had openly opposed the Klan from his pulpit, was kidnapped by Klansmen who branded "KKK" on his back.



The Klan was at the peak of its power in the mid-1920s, with more than five million dues-paying members; here, in wave after wave of white-robed Klansmen, the KKK shows its sinister might with more than 50,000 members marching down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D. C.

Hooded Klan members march through a small town in 1925 in Indiana, a state where the government and law enforcement agencies were controlled by Klan members.

Hiram Wesley Evans, who took over the Klan from Simmons, is shown in 1929 in his Imperial Wizard costume during a Klan rally.

rich by charging their members a $10 initiation fee, $1-a-month dues, and $6.50 for a simple white robe and hood with peaked cap. (Later, from the 1950s on, the Klan would not sell these costumes, but rent them for each meeting to get maximum cash flow from Klan trappings.) Simmons also made money by selling titles to the richest of his bigoted followers. It was the secret society's best fund-raising device and through the Klan's haphazard rites, a member with enough money could

Elizabeth Tyler, assistant publicity director of the Klan, whose drunken affair with her Klan boss, Edward Young Clarke, disgraced Simmons' administration of the KKK; she and Clarke were dismissed.

Klan publicity director Edward Young Clarke, who had an affair with his assistant, Elizabeth Tyler, and who misappropriated Klan funds in a scandal that caused widespread desertions from the Klan.

Indiana KKK chief David C. Stephenson went to prison for life for the rape and murder of a young woman; his 1925 conviction shattered the image of a Klan claiming to uphold public morality.

Arthur A. Bell, right, New York's KKK grand dragon, at a New Jersey rally with Nazi Bund leader Arthur Klapprott on August 18, 1940; during World War II, the Bund vanished and the Klan went into decline.

quickly become a Nighthawk, Klokann, Klexter, Klagaro, Kladd, Klabee, Kligrapp, Kludd, Klokard, or Klaliff. Seniority brought august titles such as Exalted Cyclops, Kleagle, King Kleagle, and Grand Goblin. There was, of course, only one Imperial Wizard. That was Simmons.

The "Colonel" (a title Simmons conferred upon himself) was soon living in a resplendent mansion and was banking tens of thousands of dollars each month. Simmons and some of his supporters spewed forth nonstop propaganda. Said one Klan spokesman in 1924: "The Klan is for a Christian country,

Unconcerned Klansmen Sheriff Lawrence Rainey and deputy Cecil Price, at an arraignment where they listen to prosecutors indicting them for the murders of three young civil rights workers in Mississippi; Rainey, Price and sixteen others went free.

free, clean, and Democratic. We want clean politics. We want the elimination of the bootlegger. [This was a joke in that many Klan leaders were becoming rich through their bootlegging activities during Prohibition.] We want the elimination of the prostitute, gambler, niggers, Mexicans, Irish, Jews, Germans, Huns, and, in fact, all foreigners, so they will not be able to appropriate to themselves the policies and destinies of the Great and Glorious American Republic." It was the Know-Nothing Party all over again, only this time it clutched a shotgun and a whip and hid beneath a sheet.

Slogans exploded from the mouths of the Atlanta Klan leaders night and day. "Will you faithfully strive for the eternal maintenance of white supremacy?" they asked their grunting followers. "Jesus Christ is the leader of the Ku Klux Klan, and we are for him. The Jew is not for him and therefore the Jew has shut himself out of the Klan," they decreed. "The Pope will sit in the White House when Hell freezes over," they fulminated.

The power of the Klan spread from rural communities and small towns to the metropolitan areas of the country. Men in high public office, as well as hundreds of thousands of white workers afraid of losing their jobs to immigrants willing to work for less, subscribed to and supported Simmons' criminal secret society. Klansmen defied the law and laughed. In Hammond, Indiana, a Klansman murdered an immigrant for saying "to hell with the United States." He was acquitted by an all-white jury whose members were all Klansmen.

When Congress edged toward investigating the operations of the Klan, Simmons bombastically condemned easterners as being bigoted against the Klan and the South. He influenced several congressmen, chiefly Representative W. D. Upshaw from Atlanta, to threaten to begin similar investigations of the Catholic Knights of Columbus. The congressional investigation was still-born, but a probe conducted by the New York *World* did expose the debaucheries of Klan leadership. The newspaper revealed how, in 1919, Imperial Kleagle Edward Young Clarke had been arrested for drunkenness and indecent behavior. (Clarke's brother, Francis Clarke, was managing editor of the Atlanta *Constitution;* the newspaper never published a word of the arrest.)

What made this scandal doubly damaging was that Clarke's debauchery was performed with Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler, who was associated with the Klan and vice chairman of the Georgia Committee of the Republican Party. Both Clarke and Tyler had been arrested on a disorderly charge, but the story of the arrest, as retold by the *World,* was never seen in Atlanta. The Klan purchased every one of the 3,000 copies of the *World* distributed there and destroyed them. One of the Klan publications retorted that the attack on Mrs. Tyler indicated to its members that their "mothers, sisters, and daughters were unsafe from the millionaire newspaper owners."

While Klansmen marched down Atlanta's streets at night bearing torches and singling out blacks along the parade route as if marking them for extermination, Simmons and other Klan

leaders lined their pockets with hundreds of thousands of dollars pilfered from the Klan treasury. Simmons became an alcoholic and was not fit to appear in public. In Fall 1922, Hiram Wesley Evans, who called himself "the most 100 percent American," ousted Simmons from Klan leadership. Evans, an overweight dentist from Texas, had been made the Klan's national secretary, or Imperial Kligrapp, by Simmons and bided his time until Simmons overreached himself. Simmons objected to the ouster and threatened to create a schism in the Klan, but Evans bought him off with an official Klan severance payment of $146,000.

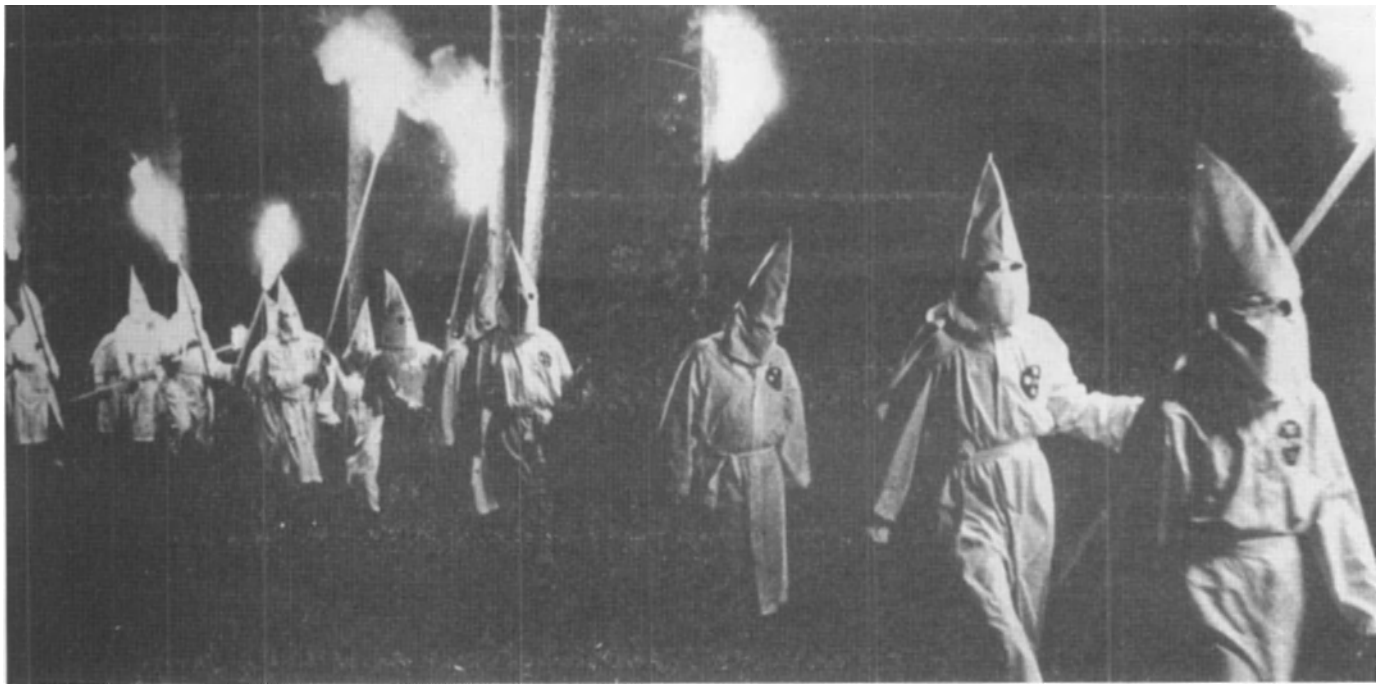
By then the Klan was one of the biggest businesses in Atlanta. The organization had purchased a stately antebellum mansion six miles out of town for $75,000 and went about its fanatical routine of oppressing minorities with big-budget advertising programs. Klan leaders tried to pressure Atlanta's Board of Education into firing all of the city's Catholic teachers. Those who resisted

Activist Lemuel Penn, murdered in Georgia by two Klansman in 1964; an all-white jury acquitted his accused killers.

Activist Mrs. Viola Liuzzo, who was shot and killed following the 1965 march on Selma, Alabama, by a Klansman.

Klansman Collie Leroy Wilkins, center, under arrest, was charged with murdering Viola Liuzzo, but was acquitted; he nevertheless went to prison for ten years for depriving Liuzzo of her civil rights.

Dale Reusch, Imperial Wizard of the Klan, addresses a hostile crowd on the steps of the Statehouse in Columbus, Ohio, on Labor Day, 1977; the Klan by then had little funds to advance their racist cause.



Hooded Klan members are shown carrying burning torches to a KKK meeting in the late 1980s.

this move were threatened with death. In September 1922, the city council denounced in a formal resolution the Knights of Columbus as an un-American fraternity. Its passage was blocked at the last minute by Mayor James Key, who angrily vetoed the measure.

One of the more rabid Klan movers and shakers was Imperial Kludd Caleb A. Ridley, a pastor of the Central Baptist Church and national chaplain for the Klan. Though he openly expressed his hatred for Jews and Catholics, Ridley reserved his special venom for the Pope, saying: "I can't help being what I am racially. I am not a Jew, nor a Negro, nor a foreigner. I am an Anglo-Saxon white man, so ordained by the hand and will of God, and so constituted and trained that I cannot conscientiously take either my politics or my religion from some secluded ass on the other side of the world."

The same kind of hysteria that had afflicted those in Salem, Massachusetts, during the witch hunts more than two hundred years earlier, gripped the country at the height of the Klan fever. Atlanta ministers, who addressed blacks as "mister," or treated them as equal to whites, such as Dr. Plato Durham and the Reverend M. Ashby Jones, were openly branded "Negrophiles." Plans were put in motion to create a Klan college to be called the University of America, which would boast an endowment of $1 million, but the money was not forthcoming (most of these funds were raked off by Klan leaders).

In the 1920s, the Klan made great political headway, Atlanta's police force was honeycombed with Klan members. The city council was almost all pro-Klan and one of its members, Walter Sims, ran for mayor on an anti-Catholic ticket and won in 1922. Atlanta had gone over to the Klan. The state of Indiana was another stronghold of the Klan in the 1920s. Here the Klan, under the direction of David C. Stephenson, became all-powerful, controlling the governorship and all important political and police positions in the state. Evans, in Atlanta, organized the southern Democrat Party as the political arm of the Klan. It was Stephenson's own corruption and criminal acts that would bring down the Klan in Indiana. Stephenson would be convicted of rape and murder and sent to prison for life.

For a brief period in the 1930s, the Klan was replaced in Detroit by a rival organization called the Black Legion, which consisted of white auto workers who beat and even killed foreigners, fearing these immigrants would take their jobs. The Black Legion was really more of a terrorist group, designed for enormous profit by its leaders. It was finally destroyed when its murderous chiefs were tracked down, convicted, and sent to prison.

The Atlanta headquarters, however, remained the national headquarters of the Klan. From this headquarters, Evans issued an endless stream of hate literature. Evans stated in one Klan publication that blacks could never become good Americans since they were utter primitives, incapable of being educated or civilized. Stated Evans: "They have not, they cannot obtain the Anglo-Saxon level. Both biology and anthropology prove it, and the experience of centuries confirms that conclusion. The low mentality of savage ancestors, of jungle environment, is inherent in the bloodstream of the colored race in America. No new environment can more than superficially overcome this age-old hereditary handicap."

Said Evans of the Jews: "They are a people from all other peoples ... Not only because of the forbidden intermarriage, but also in an actual sense, is the Jew unmergeable. By every patriotic test he is an alien and unassimilable ... The evil influence of persecution is upon him ... He does not tie himself to the land. Jews owning farms are almost negligible; and it is largely only the Hebrew bankers and long-established merchants that have their homes."

Said Evans of Catholics: "They demand and increasingly

seek to exercise the dominion outside the spiritual. To them the presidency in Washington is subordinate to the priesthood in Rome ... Do you realize, my friends, that the illiteracy of Europe is practically confined to Catholic countries?" During 1928, Evans was able to increase Klan activities and funds through a vicious campaign against New York's Al Smith who was running for the presidency. Smith was Catholic, favored repeal of Prohibition, was a liberal, and was from a big city, "all good reasons" for the Klan to condemn him. Klan political pressure and voting power were largely why Smith's candidacy collapsed.

Backing every one of Evans' bigoted statements and racist programs in Georgia was E. D. Rivers, later the governor of Georgia, while maintaining the Klan position of Exalted Cyclops. Rivers and Evans would eventually be disgraced in the 1930s, when it was revealed that these two men had illegally controlled the state sale of emulsified salt used in highway construction.

Klan excesses nevertheless continued in Atlanta and throughout the country. Deputy Sheriff W. W. Scarbrough raided Atlanta homes throughout the 1930s. He and other Klansmen administered brutal punishments to those breaking the so-called Klan Moral Code. Two white men, who had patronized black prostitutes were beaten unconscious and hurled into an Atlanta garbage dump in 1939. A short time later, an Atlanta theater owner was dragged from his own office in the theater and whipped and branded for serving "no account niggers." A white girl and her black lover were found by patrolling Klansmen in a car parked in a lover's lane. Both were whipped for "immoral behavior."

Sam H. Bowers, Klan leader in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, directed the January 10, 1966 firebombing of the home of black supporter Vernon Dahmer. Dahmer burned to death and Bowers was tried five times, not convicted for the slaying until August 1998; he was sent to prison for life.

Other Klansmen invaded the Atlanta barbershop of Ike Gaston and abducted him. He was charged with "cutting the hair of an inferior race with the same scissors used to cut the hair of white men." Gaston was stretched between two trees and beaten so unmercifully with a cleated belt that he died of his injuries. The beatings and lynchings continued throughout the South, but Klan membership declined with the coming of the Great Depression. By the time World War II began, the Klan had shrunk drastically. It was all but dissolved when the U. S. entered the war. Most Klan members resigned from the organization or simply did not attend meetings or went into the armed forces during the war. It was then felt that membership in the Klan was unpatriotic.

Evans quit the Klan in 1939, selling its charter, property, and trappings to Samuel Green and Dr. James H. Colescott, a veterinarian from Terre Haute, Indiana. Klan power, however, had ebbed so drastically that Colescott joined forces with the American Nazi Bund in 1940. When the Bund was branded as un-American and broken up, the Klan quickly severed its ties to the Bund. Following the attack on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese, all of America was united in a common cause that obliterated the racist purposes of the Klan. The U. S. government dealt the Klan a great blow in 1944 when the IRS charged the Klan with owing $685,305 in back taxes.

Colescott and Green held a final Klan convention in Atlanta on April 23, 1944, and officially dissolved the Klan, surrendering its titles and abandoning its charter and membership. But in the late 1940s the Klan reared its head again when old members collected on Stone Mountain outside Atlanta and gave rebirth to the organization. Its membership remained scattered and ineffectual, however, except in rural areas. All over the South during the mid-1950s, again mostly in rural areas, the Klan sprang up, usually under the banner of White Citizen's Councils. In the turbulent 1960s, the Klan found support in the deep South among those diehard racists who opposed mandatory integration.

Again the Klan rose with considerable support, while Freedom Riders invading the southland were mauled, beaten, and even killed. The Klan's murderous opposition to school integration was so violent and blatant that it no longer drew white support from the rest of the country, but rather general condemnation. In this period, black leaders such as Martin Luther King, Jr., emerged victorious over the Klan. Still, this secret society enjoyed a resurgence in the early 1960s when young northerners called Freedom Riders went into the South to support black voter registration. These Freedom Riders were met by hordes of Klan members, who beat and persecuted them while local police did nothing. Three of them were murdered in Mississippi.

Medgar Evers, a black activist was, shot and killed outside his Jackson, Mississippi, home in 1963, but his killer, Byron de la Beckwith, a Klan leader, escaped punishment when two white juries in separate trials were hopelessly deadlocked. All that changed in the 1990s. Beckwith was tried a third time in 1994 and a jury of eight blacks and four whites convicted him of slaying Evers and sent him to prison (see Assassination). Other Klan leaders fell beneath the gavel of American justice in the 1990s.

Sam H. Bowers, the Klan leader in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, led a KKK group to the home of Vernon Dahmer, Sr., another black activist and set his home on fire in 1966. Dahmer died of his burns. Bowers, tried five times, was finally convicted in 1998 and sent to prison. In Mobile, Alabama, Henry Francis Hays, the son of Klan leader Bennie Jack Hays, and James "Tiger" Knowles, went in search of a black to kill in 1981. They abducted and murdered 19-year-old Michael Donald. Both men were later tried; Knowles was sent to prison for life and Hays received a death sentence. Hays was put to death on June 6, 1997, the first white man in the state to be executed for murdering a black person since 1913.

More devastating to the Klan was a suit filed by Donald's mother, Beulah Donald, charging the Klan with wrongful death.

The lynching of Michael Donald in 1981 by Klansmen Henry Francis Hays and James "Tiger" Knowles; Knowles went to prison for life and Hays was executed, the first white man put to death since 1913 for a crime against an American Negro.

Beulah Mae Donald filed a wrongful death suit against the United Klans of America for killing her son, Michael Donald; she surprisingly won her case, being awarded $7 million on July 24, 1998, a decision that, coupled to other such successful suits, broke the financial back of the Klan.

She was awarded $7 million in damages against the United Klans of America. On July 24, 1998, the Christian Knights of the Ku Klux Klan of South Carolina, as the result of a civil suit involving the Klan burning of the black Macedonia Baptist Church, was ordered to pay a whopping $37.8 million in damages to the church ($300,000 was in actual damages, the balance in punitive damages). A jury of nine blacks and three whites in Manning, South Carolina, took only forty-five minutes to deliberate and return their message to the Klan.

Elderly Horace King, the Klan leader in South Carolina, ran Klan headquarters from a shed on his rural property. He denied having anything to do with the 1995 church burning, although three men went to prison for committing the arson. During the civil trial, a lawyer for the church played a videotape of Klan leader King speaking at a Klan rally, saying, "It's time, people, to wake up and shape up and say this is our country, white people, take it back." King, who was not criminally prosecuted for the burning, was made liable for $15 million of the judgment, but his lawyer pointed out that he was on disability and, of course had no way of paying the damages, which were considered largely symbolic. King had been described by a church lawyer as a Klan leader, who got younger men to do his bidding and then "like a yellow-bellied dog, he runs."

Three men were sent to prison for the church burning (two testified against King, stating that the arson was done on Klan orders). One of the convicted arsonists was Timothy Adron Welch, who received a twelve-year sentence. Following the end of the civil trial, Welch's younger brother, Richard Welch stated, "I hope this trial right here is a sign for every Klan member to stay away from our town. We don't put up with this. We're not going to put up with this."

The judgments won by Beulah Donald and the Macedonia Baptist Church were actually more than symbolic. They literally bankrupted the KKK and broke the financial back and spirit of the worst terrorist organization in America. Although the Klan exists to this day, it is but a shell of its former organization. Like the Thugs of India and Kenya's Mau Mau, its ranks were devastatingly diminished with the coming of an enlightened public that viewed the members of these secret organizations as nothing more than common criminals.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN:

TERRORISM

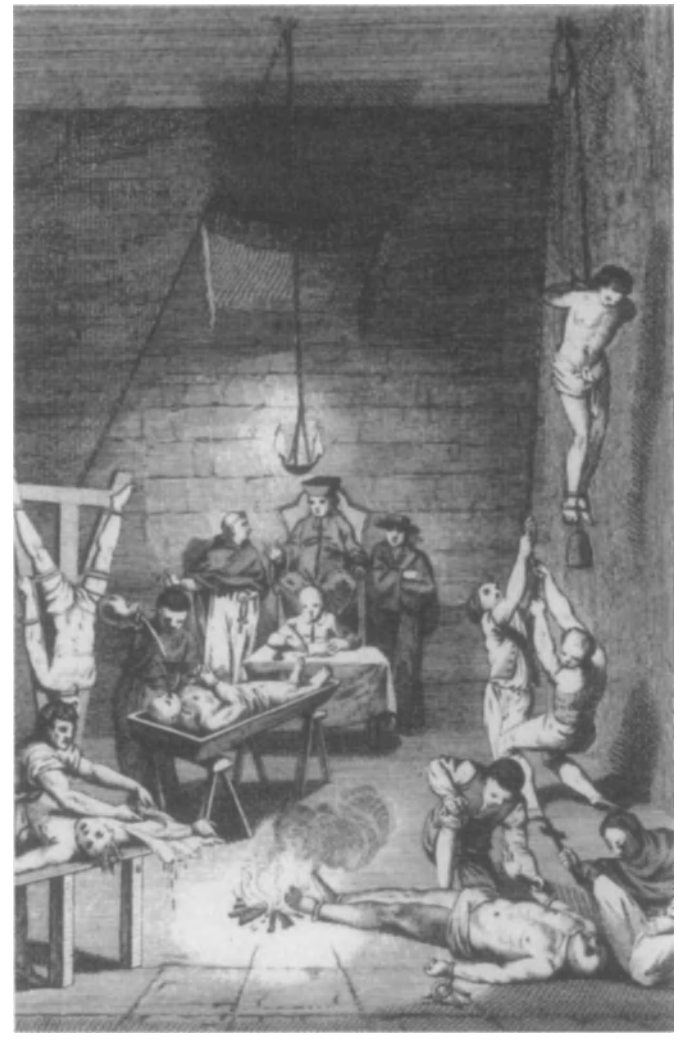
Since the beginning of the human race, individuals and organizations have practiced terrorism to achieve political, religious or economic dominance over their fellow creatures. Other, more arcane motives had spurred terrorists to their violent acts. In reality, terrorism defies exact definition. It has been invariably described as wanton acts of violence; irrational and senseless acts of barbarism, and insidious vandalism. Terrorism markedly differs from other crimes in that its main objective is to evoke panic, disorder and intimidation within society. Terrorist tactics are calculated to destroy order, paralyze activity within a community and inflict suffering and pain. The governmental view of terrorism includes any act of violence committed by political opponents to the in-power administration.

International terrorism has traditionally been an issue necessarily and inextricably intertwined with international politics. That perspective on the part of Osama bin Laden and his Al Qaeda group (along with myriad right-wing Islamic organizations allied with that group) was radically altered in the 1970s. These fanatics appropriated the Islamic religion, twisting its credo to its own destructive dogma, in order to conduct a religious "holy war" against all Western cultures not embracing their warped faith.

These terrorists are dedicated not to the destruction of any specific government, but to the violent eradication of all religions other than their own, wrongly pitting all third-world Arab nations against the rest of their global neighbors. Rooted to this fundamentalist belief is the history of the Order of the Assassins of the 11th Century (see Secret Criminal Societies), the murderous procedures and rites of this ancient, suicidal group being wholly embraced by the misanthropic and lethally xenophobic Al Qaeda.

Modern-day terrorist tactics, such as skyjackings, were employed in ancient eras in the form of massacres, sacked cities, kidnappings and enslavement of whole populations. The fierce nomadic tribes of Asia and Europe that invaded orderly kingdoms and even the well-organized empires of Greece and Rome, were basically terrorist raiders seeking loot. Latter day terrorists had more specific goals. In the Medieval era, rulers of fiefdoms practiced terrorism through men-of-arms, who branded and flogged farmers delinquent in paying taxes or delivering foodstuffs.

During the four centuries of the Spanish Inquisition, where Catholicism was as criminally altered by Spanish prelates as Al Qaeda later twisted Islamism, terrorism was practiced through horrible methods of torture to compel accused heretics into confessing or to force others into pointing out heretics, who were then burned at the stake. The chief Inquisitor of this draconian institution was Tomas Torquemada (1420-1498), a Dominican monk who became the confessor and adviser to Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand, and who practiced religious terrorism not only in Spain, but imported his persecution to the New World through his appointees traveling with Christopher Columbus and who, in turn, inflicted horrible punishments upon those natives in new lands reluctant to embrace the Catholic religion.



Catholic prelates of the Spanish Inquisition supervise a torture chamber, while suspected heretics are compelled to confess "offenses" against the Church. The worst terrorist of the Inquisition was religious fanatic Tomas Torquemada, the Grand Inquisitor, who was responsible for at least two thousand deaths.

Clerics representing the Inquisition accompanied explorer Hernan Cortes to Latin and South America, intimidating natives as well as Cortes' own men with savage punishment for any interpreted offense to their religion. Protestant monarchs of Europe embraced the same terrorist tactics in their persecution of anyone practicing a faith other than their government-backed religions, giving rise to the innumerable witchcraft trials in France and England, where dozens were burned alive at the stake.

The same type of religious terrorism occurred in the New World in 1692 during the Salem (Massachusetts) Witchcraft trials, where twenty persons were wrongly accused of heresy, black magic, consorting with the Devil, by other settlers, chiefly neurotic young females, and were put to death by hanging and pressing. Oddly enough, if one confessed to being a witch or warlock (both females and males were tried), their life was spared, but all of their land and property was seized and given to their accuser.

Many of the accused, such as Giles Corey, refused to admit to heresy or witchcraft, knowing that they would be put to death but that they would also preserve their assets for their families. Many of the accusers were used as instruments to gain that property. The young girls who had falsely accused other settlers later recanted their accusations, admitting that they had, for various reasons, wrongly accused their neighbors, but this provided little comfort to the families of those who had been executed.

Accusations were at the root of France's Reign of Terror in 1793-1794, wherein revolutionists named thousands of aristocrats as being counter-revolutionaries, and, through kangaroo-type tribunals, sending them to the guillotine. The chief terrorist of that era was Maximilien Francois Marie Isidore de Robespierre, who headed the Committee of Public Safety and decreed almost by whim the guilt of countless victims and sentencing them to death.

So bloodthirsty was Robespierre that he condemned his closest friends as betraying the revolution and sending Camille Desmoulins and Georges-Jacques Danton to the guillotine. Robespierre's followers, gripped by the paranoia, fear and terrorism he had created, turned on him and sent him also to the guillotine on July 28, 1794. His death literally ended the Reign of Terror in France, the guillotine claiming the lives of more than 17,300 people, while 3,000 more victims died in prison from disease and malnutrition.

Almost seven decades later, during the American Civil

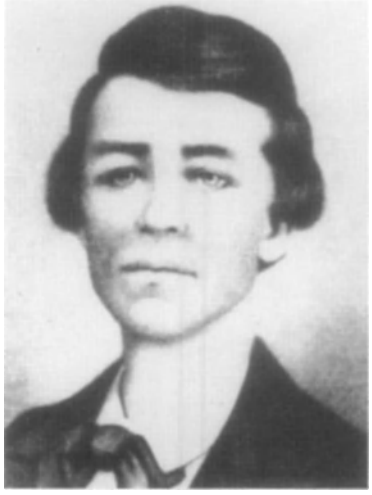
Bridget Bishop was the first to hang on June 10, 1692 as a result of the notorious Salem Witch trials; she was a victim of superstition and hysteria that created a reign of terror in New England, not unlike the House of Un-American Activities Committee three centuries later that punished the innocent with the guilty in its obsessive hunt for Communists.

War, a new kind of military terrorism visited the U. S. in the form of raiding guerrillas on both sides of the conflict in Missouri and Kansas. James Lane headed the Union Redlegs that attacked and looted settlements occupied by pro-Confederate residents, where William Clarke Quantrill headed a Confederate force of guerrillas that invaded towns occupied by pro-Union citizens. The worst of these raids occurred at Lawrence, Kansas on August 21, 1863. Quantrill and 450 of his men rode into Lawrence and shot down 185 men and boys, while burning 154 homes and businesses to the ground.

Ironically, their arch enemy, James Lane, went unnoticed. He was in Lawrence at the time, but survived the massacre by fleeing at the sound of the Rebel Yell and hiding in a cornfield throughout the raid. Gathering up their loot, the guerrillas, most of them drunk, took the precaution of hiding their terrorist massacre by throwing the bodies of their victims into the burning buildings. Quantrill and his top aide, William "Bloody Bill" Anderson, were later tracked down by Union troops and killed. Others belonging to this Confederate terrorist band, like Jesse and Frank James and the Younger Brothers, survived the war to become the most notorious bandits in American history (see Robbery).

Following the war and with the coming of a flood of Irish immigrants to the U. S., labor terrorists reared their heads in West Virginia and Pennsylvania. During the 1870s, these immigrants formed a secret organization called the Molly Maguires, which employed terrorist tactics to intimidate coal mine owners into paying better wages and improving conditions in the dangerous mines. To that end, the Mollies killed mine officials and policemen, as well as blowing up the mines and company stores that workers were compelled to patronize. Their leader, John "Black Jack" Kehoe, and nineteen others were convicted of these terrorist acts and were sent to the

Robespierre, who headed the Committee of Public Safety following the French Revolution and unleashed the Reign of Terror, 1793-1794, causing the deaths of more than 20,000 persons, chiefly aristocrats, until he himself was sent in 1794 to the very instrument of death he so admired, the guillotine.



Confederate guerrilla William Clarke Quantrill led the terrorist raid on Lawrence, Kansas in 1863, slaughtering 185 men and boys.

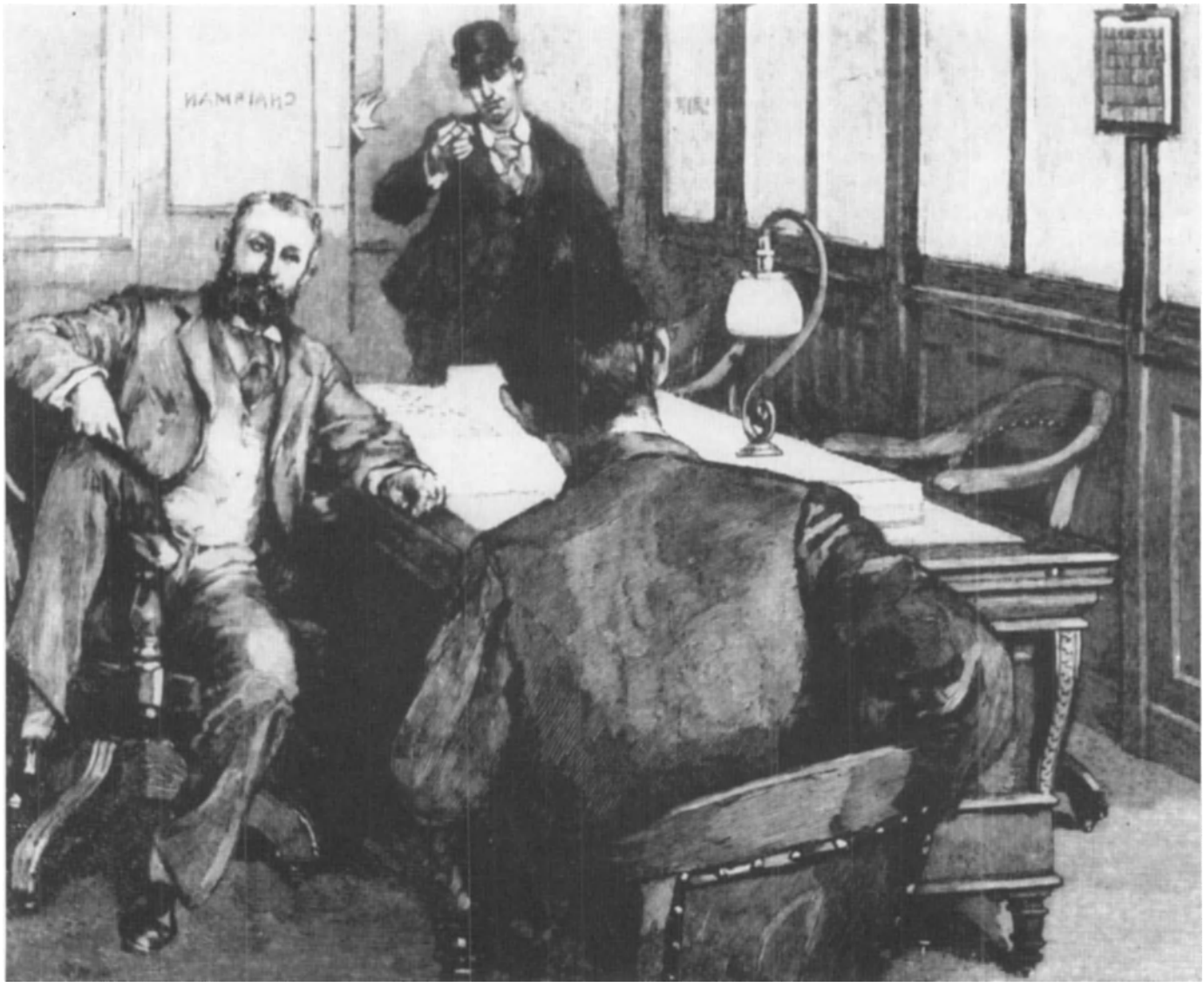
The gutted remains of Lawrence, Kansas following Quantrill's murderous raid on August 23, 1863, when the Rebel terrorists burned down dozens of homes.

John "Black Jack" Kehoe (center, holding cross), leader of the Molly Maguires, and some of his fellow terrorists, go to the gallows in 1877.

gallows in 1877. They had been identified by James McParland, an undercover agent for the Pinkerton Detective Agency, which was then employed by the mine owners to track down the terrorists. This story was movingly depicted in the 1970 film, *The Molly Maguires*.

Twenty years later, Alexander Berkman (1870-1936), an avowed anarchist, emulated the Mollies in his attempt to murder industrial leaders. Born and raised by Jewish bourgeois parents in Russia, Berkman immigrated to the U. S. in 1890, where he met and allied himself with Emma Goldman. Berkman worked with Goldman and Johann Most, who published an anarchist weekly, *Freiheit*, a newspaper published in New York City that explicitly urged open revolt against the government and the violent destruction of capitalism. These anarchists focused their hatred upon Andrew Carnegie, a steel magnate that would not tolerate unions in his firms.

In June 1892, Carnegie steel workers organized and struck



Anarchist Alexander Berkman, standing, aiming pistol, tried to assassinate steel magnate Henry Clay Frick, sitting and facing John Leishman (back shown) in Frick's office, on July 23, 1892.

the plants at Homewood, Pennsylvania. Carnegie retaliated by hiring hundreds of non-union members. He then took a vacation to his native Scotland, leaving the crisis in the hands of his general manager, Henry Clay Frick. Taking the same hard line as his boss, Frick announced that unless the striking workers returned to their jobs on a non-union basis, the firm would evict them and their families from the housing Carnegie provided. Incensed, Berkman arrived at Frick's office in Homewood on July 23, 1892, announcing that he represented a New York firm that would help Carnegie break the strike.

Gaining access to Frick's office, Berkman produced a pistol and firing at the executive as he sat behind his desk. Two bullets ploughed into Frick's neck. He collapsed on the desk as John Leishman, a vice president of the firm grabbed Berkman so that he could not fire the weapon again, wresting the pistol from his hand. Berkman fought like a wild man, drawing a knife, which he thrust into Frick's side and legs seven times before Pinkerton guards rushed into the office and knocked him senseless.

Frick regained consciousness and, wiping the blood from his face, demanded that Berkman stand before him so that he could see his face. He had only glanced at his assailant before Berkman unleashed his attack. When the gunman was held by guards in front of Frick, the steel boss shook his head and said: "Why, I have never met this man before in my life!" He turned to Leishman, saying: "Why would this man want to take my life?"

"To take the life of capitalism," Berkman said.

During his trial, Berkman attempted to use the court as a podium for his anarchistic beliefs, but he was silenced. He then tried to commit suicide before the judge as his final political statement, but he was prevented from taking his own life. Berkman was sentenced to sixteen years in prison. Upon his release in 1906, Berkman rejoined Goldman, both publishing an anarchist magazine, Mother Earth. They openly objected to America's entrance into World War I and, during the "Red Menace" scare, were arrested as dangerous aliens. They were deported to Russia, sailing on the *Buford* on December 2, 1919.

William J. Flynn, chief of the Bureau of Investigation (the precursor to the FBI) personally escorted Berkman on board the ship, giving him a lecture and then handing him a cigar, saying: "Aww, don't be so glum. You're alive, aren't you? You better enjoy that cigar, because you won't get any where you're going."

Watching as the ship moved away from the dock was J. Edgar Hoover, a young attorney with the Department of Justice, who would, in 1924, become chief of the Bureau. Hoover had been the lawyer who had drawn up the legal briefs used by the government to deport Berkman, Goldman and hundreds of other anarchists and socialists. "Merry Christmas, Emma! Happy New Year, Alexander!" one of the U. S. officials shouted to the anarchists as they stood at the ship's rail.

Berkman shook his fist at the man, shouting: "We'll come back! And when we do, we'll get you bastards!"

Berkman and Goldman did not come back. Emma Goldman died in Russia, venerated as a Communist saint. Berkman, however, became disillusioned with communism and immigrated to Paris, France, where he haunted cheap bistros and cafes, vainly attempting to interest strangers in his anarchist movement. He died in France, committing suicide on June 28, 1936, little remembered in America where he once thought to bring about a total revolution.

Bureau of Investigation Chief William J. Flynn escorted Berkman and Emma Goldman on a ship when the anarchists were deported in 1919 to Russia; Flynn gave Berkman a cigar, saying: "You won't get any where you're going."

At the time Berkman shot Frick in America, another anarchist in France was busy trying to kill government officials with his home-made bombs. France in the early 1890s was plagued by labor terrorists, who, like the Mollies, tried to improve their income and working conditions by bombing offices and the homes of officials. Many of these terrorists were either socialists or anarchists, who thought to use the labor strife as a means of toppling the government.

One of these was a fierce bomber called Ravachol. A waiter in a Paris café overheard this man boasting that he had set off

French terrorist and bomber Ravachol is seized by Paris detectives in 1892.

A photo and measurements of Ravachol made by French criminologist Alphonse Bertillon, identifying him as Claudius Francois Koeningstein, a wanted murderer.

the bomb that had destroyed the home Prosecutor Bulot, on March 27, 1892. Bulot had earlier won a conviction of three anarchists who had attacked policemen, sending them to prison for five years.

The waiter summoned police and several gendarmes captured Ravachol after a wild fight. To establish the identity of this man, who was considered to be the most dangerous terrorist on the continent, Alphonse Bertillon, the inventor of the criminal identification system that bore his name, was brought into the case. Using his set of anthropometric measuring devices, Bertillon compared Ravachol's physical characteristics to other criminal suspects on file. He was able to establish that Ravachol and Claudius Francois Koeningstein, a man wanted for several murders, were the same person. Ravachol was tried, found guilty and sentenced to death, being executed in July 1892. Ten years later a crafty little terrorist with an appetite for murder, repeated Ravachol's *modus operandi* with devastating effectiveness in America.

AMERICAN UNION TERRORISTS/ 1900s-1910s

Harry Orchard (Albert E. Horsely) was a bomb specialist dedicated to the IWW (Industrial Workers of the World, or "Wobblies"), a violently radical labor organization that surfaced at the beginning of the twentieth century. Orchard was responsible for a string of terrorist bombings for the Wobblies throughout the West, beginning in 1903, when he killed two men by blowing up a mine shaft opening at the Vindicator Mine in Cripple Creek, Colorado, because its owners had locked out the Wobblies.

After that, IWW president William "Big Bill" Haywood sent Orchard to Independence, Colorado, where strikebreaking miners had also rejected the Wobblies. Haywood instructed Orchard that "something ought to be blown up." Orchard went about his work methodically, but viciously. He timed his detonation for a change of shift when tired workers were waiting on a railroad platform to be shuttled back to their quarters.

Orchard planted a hundred pounds of dynamite that he had stolen from the mine at Cripple Creek under the Independence railroad platform and rigged a triggering device with a bottle of acid to set off the charge when he turned a windlass. When the platform filled up, he set off the charge, killing twenty-six workers and maiming more than fifty others. Haywood was reported to be pleased with Orchard's accomplishment.

Orchard next went to San Francisco to murder Fred Bradley, a member of the Mine Owners Association. The charge he set in the Bradley family's front door went off when Bradley opened it, ripping off the facade of the house and blowing Bradley across the street. Bradley survived, and Orchard was dispatched to attempt another assassination soon after.

The Wobblies marked Judge Luther M. Goddard of the Colorado Supreme Court for death because he had ruled against them in a case, but Goddard also survived. Orchard dropped a purse with an explosive charge inside it on a path he knew the judge always took to work, but an innocent bystander picked it up first and was killed by mistake.

Orchard finally succeeded in killing an intended victim in December 1905. Former Idaho Governor Frank Steunenberg had called in federal troops to restore the peace, when Wobblies rioted during his administration. In dynamiting the front door of Steunenberg's home in Caldwell, Idaho, Orchard used the same technique he had tried unsuccessfully against Bradley, but this time Steunenberg was killed. As he attempted to leave the area, though, Orchard was recognized by a visiting sheriff from Oregon, Harvey K. Brown. Brown knew of Orchard's terrorist activities and identified him to the local authorities, for which Brown himself was later blown up.

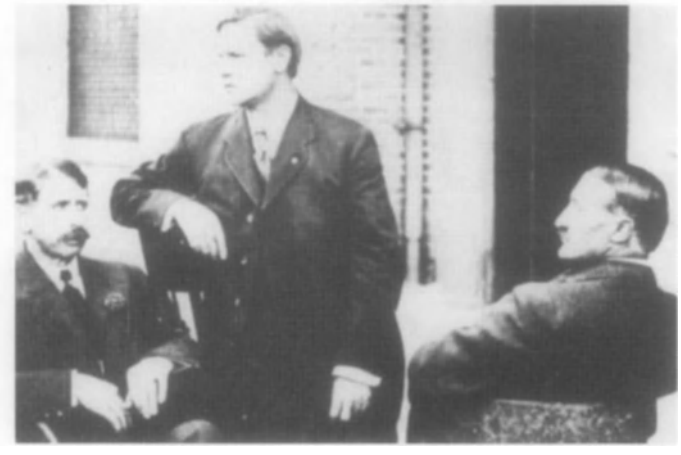
Orchard was convicted of Steunenberg's murder, but his death sentence was commuted to life in prison due to lobbying from labor representatives. Haywood was implicated in Orchard's confession, but, due to Clarence Darrow's representation in his defense, Haywood was acquitted for lack of corroborative evidence, as were all of the rest of the IWW leaders. Haywood, however, was arrested and jailed in 1917 for sabotaging America's war effort. Posting bond, Haywood fled to Russia, where he was hailed as a Bolshevik hero. Upon his death in 1928, he was given a state funeral and buried in the Kremlin, near the mummified body of his hero, Lenin.

Where the IWW targeted mine owners and their managers, leaders of the Bridge and Structural Iron Union workers aimed at one of the most powerful anti-Union tycoons in America—Harrison Gray Otis, publisher of the Los Angeles *Times*. For years, Otis used the Merchants and Manufacturers Association and the editorial pages of his influential newspaper to oppose unionism. "We employ no union men!" was his motto.

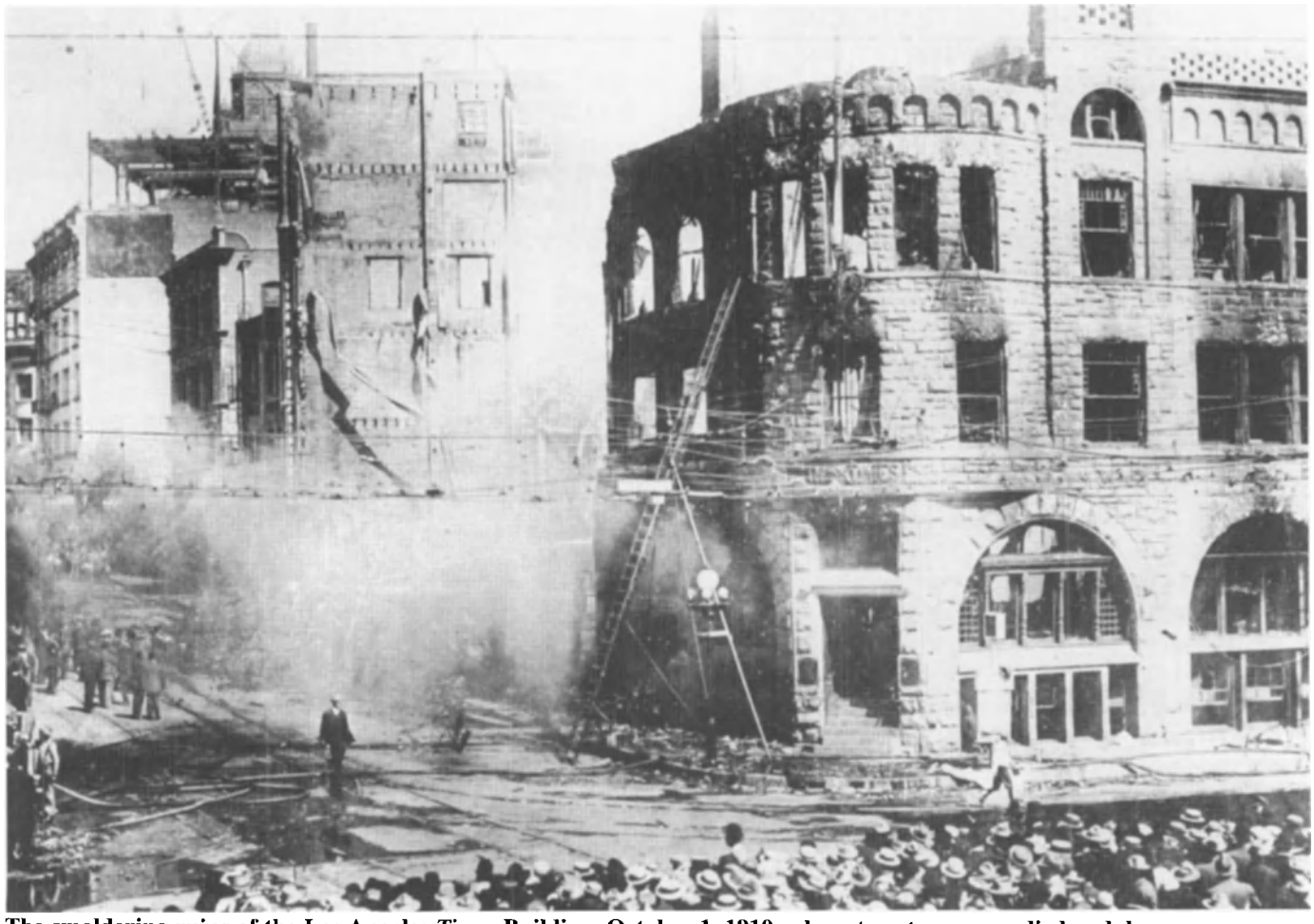
For twenty years, Otis and his coterie enforced his edicts and during that suppressive era open shops prevailed throughout Los Angeles industry. Union terrorists began setting bombs at plants and threatening the lives of bosses. Otis himself repeatedly received death threats, causing him to strap a small cannon to the side of his car and travel about with an army of well-armed guards.

In the early hours of October 1, 1910, a huge explosion blew apart the Los Angeles *Times* building, decimating the six-story structure. Twenty persons were killed and dozens more injured. Otis immediately announced that it had been the work of union terrorists and, as events unfolded, his accusations were hammered into truth. To find that truth, William J. Burns of the Burns Detective Agency was hired to investi-

Harry Orchard (Albert E. Horsley), chief terrorist for the IWW.



IWW officers (left to right) Charles Moyer, William "Big Bill" Haywood and George Pettibone, who were successfully defended by Clarence Darrow in their 1907 murder trial.



The smoldering ruins of the Los Angeles *Times* Building, October 1, 1910, where twenty persons died and dozens more were injured in a terrorist bombing.

Another view of the destroyed Los Angeles *Times* Building, owned by publisher Harrison Gray Otis, a virulently anti-union boss, who had been targeted by Union terrorists.

James and John McNamara, union bosses who ordered the bombing of the Los Angeles *Times* Building; James went to prison for life, John for fifteen years.

Detective William J. Burns, left, who operated the Burns Detective Agency, is shown with Los Angeles *Times* owner Harrison Gray Otis; Burns tracked down the terrorist-bomber of the *Times* building, which led to the conviction of two union bosses.

Clarence Darrow was tried on charges of bribery in the McNamara case; he was acquitted by the efforts of another brilliant criminal attorney, Earl Rogers.

gate. Burns, then considered to be the greatest sleuth in America, directed a massive investigation, his workers sifting through the ruins of the *Times* building to find bomb fragments.

Burns and his workers soon concluded that the bombing had followed a pattern of previous bombings committed by members of the Bridge and Structural Workers Union, which was closely allied with the IWW. Burns then learned that one of the union's terrorists, Ortie McManigal, had fled to Detroit, Michigan, only hours after the explosion. Burns tracked him down and warned McManigal that existing conspiracy laws would bring him to trial and either send him to prison or to the hangman. McManigal quickly signed a confession in which he stated that his bosses, John J. McNamara, twenty-eight, secretary and treasurer of the Bridge and Structural Workers Union, and his brother, James McNamara, had ordered him to blow up the *Times* building.

The McNamara brothers were charged with murder and held for trial, defended by Clarence Darrow, who had successfully defended Big Bill Haywood and his IWW officers. The esteemed lawyer soon found himself in a quagmire of corruption. Burns and Otis, as well as members of the Los Angeles district attorney's office began bribing court officials and investigators in the case. Darrow's people did the same thing. Darrow realized that his clients were guilty and that he was about to conduct a losing case where both of his clients would be executed. He persuaded the court and Otis to cooperate if his clients pleaded guilty, which they did. Before the trial began, James McNamara admitted that he ordered McManigal to blow up the *Times* building "for moral purposes." He was sentenced to life imprisonment. His brother John was sentenced to fifteen years behind bars.

Darrow himself was tried six months later on charges of bribery, but he was brilliantly defended by the heavy-drinking Earl Rogers, who, in a masterful summary to a jury, won an acquittal for Darrow. In his conclusion, Rogers stated: "Will you tell me how any sane, sensible man, who knows anything about the law business—and the defendant [Darrow] has been at this for thirty-five years—could make himself go to a detective and say to him: 'Just buy all the jurors you want. I put my whole life, my reputation, I put everything I have into your hands. I trust you absolutely. I never knew you until two or three months ago and I don't know much about you now. But there you are. Go to it!"

Early in the year that the *Times* building was exploded, another terrorist arrived in Los Angeles. He was Joel Emmanuel Hagglund, a Swedish immigrant and devout union man. He called himself Joe Hill and he reportedly helped McManigal build the bomb that blew up the *Times* building. Hill was an IWW man, and, like Orchard a decade earlier, had been handpicked by Big Bill Haywood to spread terrorism and kill staunch anti-laborites. To that end, Hill went to Utah, where, on the night of January 10, 1914, accompanied by fellow wobbly, Otto Applequist, shot and killed John Morrison and his son Arling Morrison, both anti-union men.

Hill and Applequist, wearing masks, invaded the Morrison store in Murray, Utah, just outside Salt Lake City, firing pistols as they entered the place. The Morrisons fired

back. The attackers fled, leaving only the owner's youngest son, Merlin Morrison, alive. Hill was later located at the home of Dr. Frank P. McHugh, where he asked that he be treated for a gunshot wound, claiming that he had been in a domestic squabble. McHugh, hearing of the Morrison shootings, contacted police and Hill was arrested. (Applequist was never located.) He was found guilty and sentenced to death. Though his boss, Haywood, attempted to mount a campaign to save his life, Hill had no misgivings. "Don't waste any time mourning—organize!" he wired Haywood from prison.

IWW terrorist Joe Hill (Joel Emmanuel Hagglund) murdered two anti-Union men in Utah and was executed in 1915, becoming a union martyr.

Officials offered Hill a choice of execution (the only U. S. state to provide alternate ways of being put to death), by hanging or shooting. "I'll take shooting," Hill said. "I'm used to that. I have been shot a few times in the past and I guess I can stand it again."

Before dawn on November 19, 1915, guards took Hill kicking and screaming from his cell. He was taken to the prison courtyard, where he was strapped into a wooden chair. A firing squad faced him twenty yards away. "Fire!" shouted Hill. "Go on and fire!" The volley exploded and one bullet struck Hill dead center in his heart, killing him. Hill became a union martyr—Haywood saw to that—and, during the 1960s, a coffeehouse hero, whose songs (he had composed several union tunes) were wailed by singers who, for the most part, had never heard of the IWW, or John or Arling Morrison, who had been killed in cold blood by Hill, and for whom no poignant songs had been written.

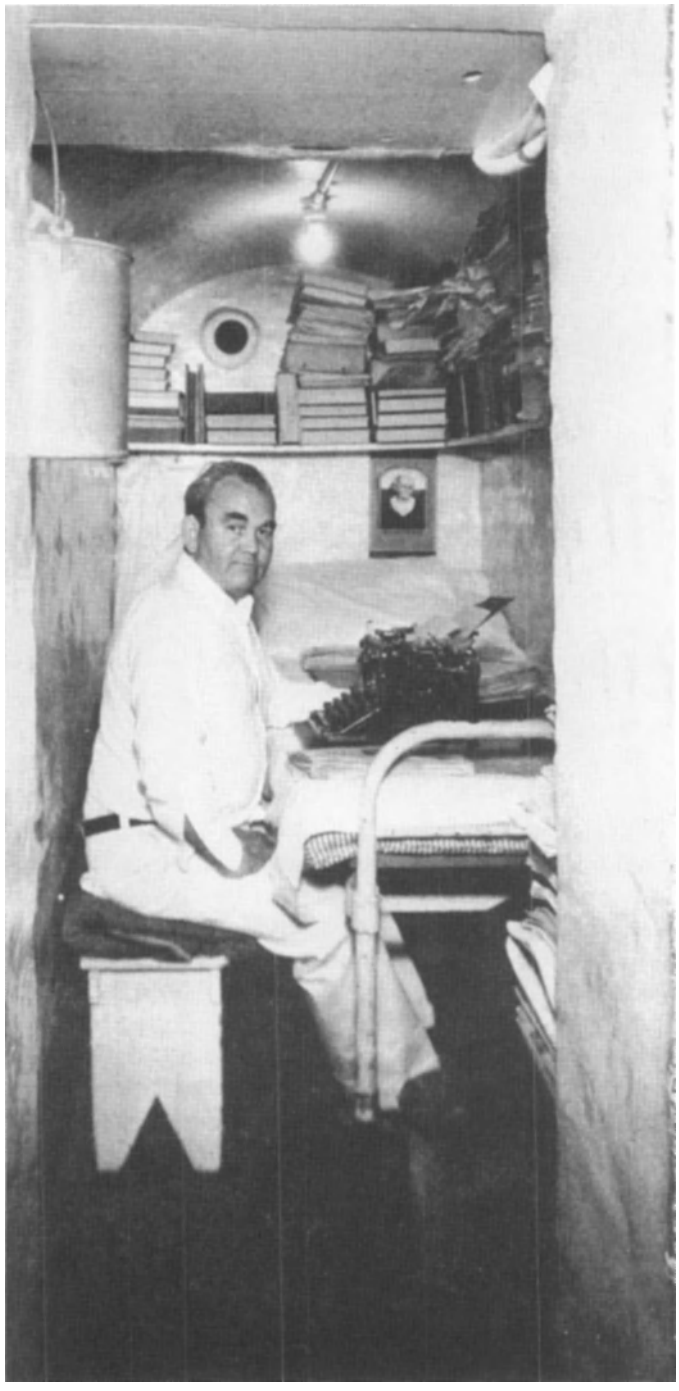
Six months after Joe Hill was executed, a terrific explosion took place on a street in San Francisco, one that killed ten persons and seriously injured another fifty people. Weeks before that terrorist attack took place, San Francisco businesses had been advertising Preparedness Day, scheduled for July 22, 1916. The day was fast approaching, these business leaders concluded, when the U. S. would enter the war in Europe on the side of the Allies. A parade was planned to display patriotic support for the Allied cause, despite President Woodrow Wilson's reelection slogan of "Too Proud to Fight."

As bands blared and veterans marched, a dynamite bomb exploded near the intersection of Market and Steuart streets, causing a searing blast that took the lives of ten spectators and wounded another fifty people. The blast could be heard blocks away. The explosion indiscriminately killed men, women and children. The huge fireball from the explosion shot upward and a sickening cloud of black smoke towered above the tallest buildings, so that it could be seen from any place in San Francisco.

Police and officials inspect some of the ten dead spectators killed by a terrorist bomb at Market and Steuart streets during San Francisco's Preparedness Day Parade on July 22, 1916.

Police worked night and day to identify the terrorists, rounding up German citizens, who might be working on behalf of the Kaiser Wilhelm II. They arrested Mexicans, who might be resentful of the incursion into Mexico by General John J. Pershing, then searching for the bandit, Pancho Villa. Italians were arrested, who might have been members of Black Hand rings. All were released. Officials settled on IWW union leaders Thomas J. Mooney and Warren Knox Billings, who had openly opposed America's entry into World War I. Both were arrested and charged with setting off the Preparedness Day Parade bomb.

Mooney and Billings were brought to trial on January 3, 1917, before Judge Frank Griffin. Mooney was unruffled, providing the court with an iron-clad alibi. He showed photos of him and his wife watching the parade from the roof of the Eilers Building, with a large clock nearby that showed their presence at that building at 2:04 p.m. The explosion, several blocks away, took place two seconds later. It appeared that Mooney and Billings would quickly be dismissed, but the prosecution had a star witness, Frank C. Oxman, a traveling salesman from Durkee, Oregon.



Imprisoned union leader Tom Mooney was wrongly convicted for the Preparedness Day Parade bombing, spending twenty years behind bars, until pardoned in 1939.

Oxman took the stand to emphatically state that he saw Mooney and Billings place a large black suitcase against the wall of a saloon and that only a few minutes after the explosion took place, which was at the site of the saloon, Mooney and Billings fled. This eyewitness testimony resulted in convictions. Mooney was sentenced to death and Billings to life at Folsom Prison. Awaiting execution at San Quentin, Mooney's sentence was commuted to life after President Woodrow Wilson intervened.

Following these events, it was then learned that Oxman had lied, that he had been nowhere near the Preparedness Day Parade on July 22, 1916, but had been doing business on that day in Woodlands, California, more than 100 miles distant from San Francisco. He was tried for perjury, but was acquitted in 1921, due to the efforts of the prosecutors, who had originally induced him to lie against Mooney and Billings.

Embarrassed state officials, however, later offered Mooney and Billings paroles. Billings accepted and was released, but Mooney said that by accepting a parole, he would be admitting to having set off the 1916 explosion. He demanded a full pardon, but he did not get it until twenty years later. He was released on October 15, 1939, having spent two decades behind bars for a terrorist act committed by someone else.

THE SIEGE OF SIDNEY STREET/ January 3, 1911

The anarchy practiced by the Wobblies was embraced by many European political groups, not the least of which was a murderous anarchist clan that committed violent robberies in London in late 1910 that resulted in a full-scale battle on the city streets only weeks later. Though Winston Churchill would later point to England's finest hours with justifiable pride, his actions during the shootout on Sidney Street on the dank morning of January 3, 1911, were not among them. "The police can hardly be congratulated upon their success in dealing with this formidable conspiracy," exclaimed the *Daily Mail* afterward. Home Secretary Churchill committed a major public relations *faux pas* by appearing in the streets with an army of police officers—never had it taken so many to bring down so few.

The events leading up to the Sidney Street battle had caused a sensation among conservatives, who sought to quell the tide of foreigners with anarchist leanings entering the country. Five Russian and Eastern European nationals attempted to rob a jeweler's store in the Exchange Buildings in Houndsditch, a section of London's East End, on December 16, 1910. The police were summoned by a resident complaining of loud noises in the middle of the night. The burglars were attempting to bore a hole through a wall to reach a jeweler's safe in an adjacent office.

The five robbers were political refugees who had been driven out of their respective countries for subversive activities. The leader of the gang was George Gardstein, otherwise known as Mouremtzov. His accomplices included Max Smoller, a fugitive from the Crimea; Nina Vassileva, Gardstein's mistress, who stood watch outside the store; Jacob Peters, a Communist ideologue, who had been tortured by the Okhrana, the czar's secret police; and

Anarchist leader Peter the Painter eluded police during the Siege of Sidney Street.

British constables carrying shotguns proceed along Sidney Street to confront the anarchists waging an open battle with them on January 3, 1911.

Yourka Dubof, a locksmith who was to open the jeweler's safe for the gang. Vassileva alerted Gardstein when the police arrived.

The men ceased drilling, as Sergeant Bentley positioned his men around the perimeter of the building. Bentley cautiously approached the door of number eleven and knocked. When Gardstein opened the door, Bentley asked, "Have you been working or knocking about inside?" Gardstein indicated that he understood no English, then disappeared into the rear of the building.

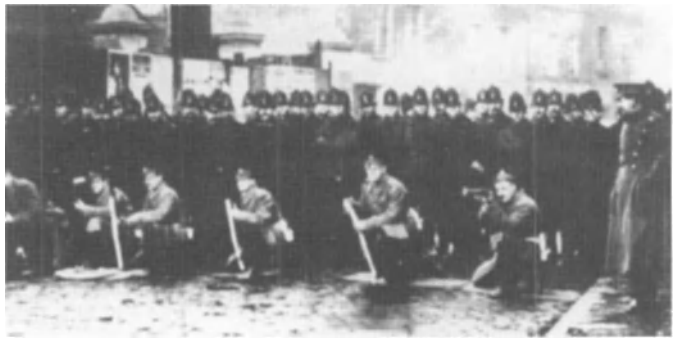
Police officers entered the premises, but it was too dark for them to see. Suddenly, the rear door swung open and a man with a gun opened fire. Bentley was shot in the neck and shoulder and Constable Woodhams was also shot, when he tried to assist Bentley. A third man, Constable Tucker, was shot through the chest and died instantly. Gardstein attempted to flee. He pushed past Constable Choat, who was knocked to the ground, and who was shot by Peters and Dubof.

One policeman was dead and two others were mortally wounded. Gardstein, who also suffered a serious gunshot wound, escaped with his gang intact. The anarchists retreated to the dwelling of Fritz Svaars, a cousin of Peters and an instigator of the aborted robbery, where Gardstein was judged a liability and left to die in his bedroom. The police, meanwhile, launched an intensive manhunt. The field of suspects was quickly narrowed, and the trail of blood left by Gardstein led investigators to Svaars' room.

Jacob Peters, Yourka Dubof, and Svaars' mistress, Luba Milstein, were arrested. Smoller disappeared, and Svaars became a fugitive from justice despite having taken no direct part in the robbery-murder. Fearing deportation back to Russia, he took the greatest care not to fall into a police trap.

For the next several weeks, the police focused their efforts on the East End, rousting all suspected anarchists from their known haunts. Detective-Superintendent John Ottaway and Inspector Frederick Wensley were particularly effective in this regard. On New Year's Day 1911, they received a tip that Svaars and a jeweler known as "Joseph" were hiding out at 100 Sidney Street with a woman named Betsy Gershon.

Ottaway and Wensley's plan to approach the dwelling with caution was complicated because the building was one of ten four-story abodes, each divided by fireproof walls. A full complement of 200 policemen was deployed throughout the neighborhood to prevent any escapes. Safely removing



Soldiers and police mass for a charge at the buildings occupied by the battling anarchists on Sidney Street.

British Home Secretary Winston Churchill, first man left wearing top hat, peers apprehensively around a corner during the battle; he was later criticized for mishandling the bloody confrontation.

Peter Lorre, left, is shown as the anarchist leader in Alfred Hitchcock's 1935 film, *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, which depicted the disastrous Siege of Sidney Street.

the other residents of 100 Sidney Street proved to be the most difficult aspect of the operation, and this was not accomplished until 4 a.m. The police then tightened their cordon around the tenement building. Inside remained only two men, one of whom was believed to be the notorious Peter the Painter, an anarchist who had been involved in several robberies and shootings.

The conflict began at 7:30 on the morning of January 3, 1911. One of the sergeants from the detail hurled pebbles at the window to draw the attention of the men inside while a second officer pounded on the door. Suddenly, a stream of gunfire came from one of the upper windows. The street scene was chaotic as the police took cover. For the next two hours the police traded shots with the anarchists.

Winston Churchill was interrupted in his bath and informed of the situation. He instructed the police to "use whatever force necessary" to bring the situation under control. At 10:15 a.m., a detachment of Scots Guards arrived from the Tower of London. There was furious debate among the officers about the proper way of ending the siege, but nothing was accomplished.

Churchill decided on an impulse to go to Sidney Street and take charge of the situation. It was a serious breach of protocol that would be severely criticized in the days to come. The home secretary gave the order to bring in field artillery and bring down the house if necessary, but it was decided to storm the building first.

Before the Scots Guards could mount their attack, however, an onlooker pointed to a thin wisp of smoke coming from the roof. The house was on fire. The blaze apparently started on the upper floors and worked its way downward. As one of the gunmen poked his head out the window, bullets from the street pierced his head, but neither Churchill nor the police knew that at the time.

The fire spread quickly inside the bullet-riddled building. The fire brigade arrived on the scene, but Churchill ordered them to stand by and wait before turning their hoses loose. When the upper floors of the tenement collapsed in flames, the firemen quickly moved in. From the massive pile of rubble the police pulled out the charred remains of Fritz Svaars and Jacob Vogel, both of whom worked for Peter the Painter. Vogel had been shot, and Svaars had killed himself in the flames. The Sidney Street shootout became a lively topic of debate in the world press, while the British government struggled with the immigration issue. Ironically, the remaining members of the gang, who had been arrested for the Houndsditch murders, were acquitted for lack of evidence. The Siege of Sidney Street was recreated with considerable accuracy by film director Alfred Hitchcock, in his first outing of *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, produced in 1935.

DAYS OF THE ANARCHISTS/1919-1920

In an all-out campaign to provoke a widespread revolution in America, anarchists and Communists in the U. S. unleashed terrorist campaigns that led to public panic. Through bombings and attempted assassinations, these terrorists only provoked heavy-handed repression from governmental agencies, which would later be known as the notorious Red Raids (1919-1921).

The anarchists launched their terrorist campaign on June 2, 1919, when one of their members left a bomb on the front doorstep of the home of U. S. Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer. The bomb prematurely exploded at 11:15 p.m., destroying the façade of Palmer's house and killing the anarchist who had placed it there. The terrorist could not be identified as the bomb blew him into tiny pieces. The largest fragment remaining was a bloody foot, still encased in a shoe, blown across the street, where it landed at the front door of the assistant secretary of the Navy, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

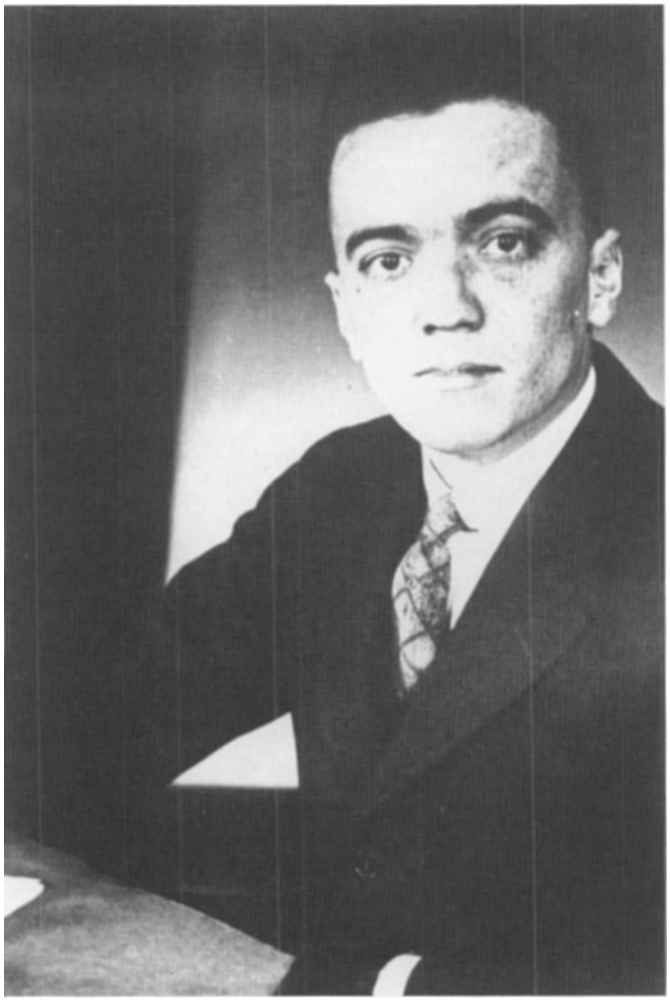
On that same night, anarchists planted eight more bombs throughout Washington, D. C. The facades of several government buildings were destroyed, but no one was killed. At all of the sites the police found the same message left behind by the terrorists: "The powers that be make no secret of their wills to stop the worldwide spread of revolution. The powers that be must reckon that they will have to accept the fight they have provoked. A time has come when the social question's solution can be delayed no longer; class war is on and cannot cease but with a complete victory for the international proletariat."

Thirty-eight more bombs were sent in following days to government leaders, who had denounced anarchists and Communists. None were killed, but the bomb explosions and mailings of bombs terrified the country and promptly created a national fear of what was called the Red Menace. Palmer took quick measures, having a young Department of Justice attor-

A 1919 cartoon shows a threatening "Red" creeping from beneath an American flag clutching a knife labeled "Bolshevism," and a torch entitled "anarchy."

Police and militia round up hundreds of suspected anarchists and Communists in Boston, at the beginning of the Red Raids.

U. S. Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, responding to accusations that he overreached his authority in launching the Red Raids.



Youthful J. Edgar Hoover prepared the briefs that gave Palmer the rationale to launch the oppressive Red Raids.

ney write a history and evaluation report about the terrorists. He was J. Edgar Hoover, who also began preparing thousands of briefs that would allow the seizure of left-wing groups and individuals. Thousands of street brawlers and saloon thugs were deputized as U. S. marshals, who, without warrants, invaded the homes of suspected anarchists and Communists, beating them and dragging them to jails. Hundreds were later deported after kangaroo court hearings, including leading anarchists Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman.

The anarchists retaliated with more bombs, the worst of these explosions occurring on September 16, 1920. On that day a lone terrorist drove a horse-drawn wagon to the corner of Broad and Wall streets in New York City. He stepped from the wagon and began to run. A few minutes later, at 11:59 a.m.—undoubtedly timed to kill the many people crowding the area at lunch time—the entire wagon, which was packed with explosives, blew up with a terrific roar. Thirty-eight persons were found dead in the smoking debris. Hundreds more had been injured, dozens crippled for life.

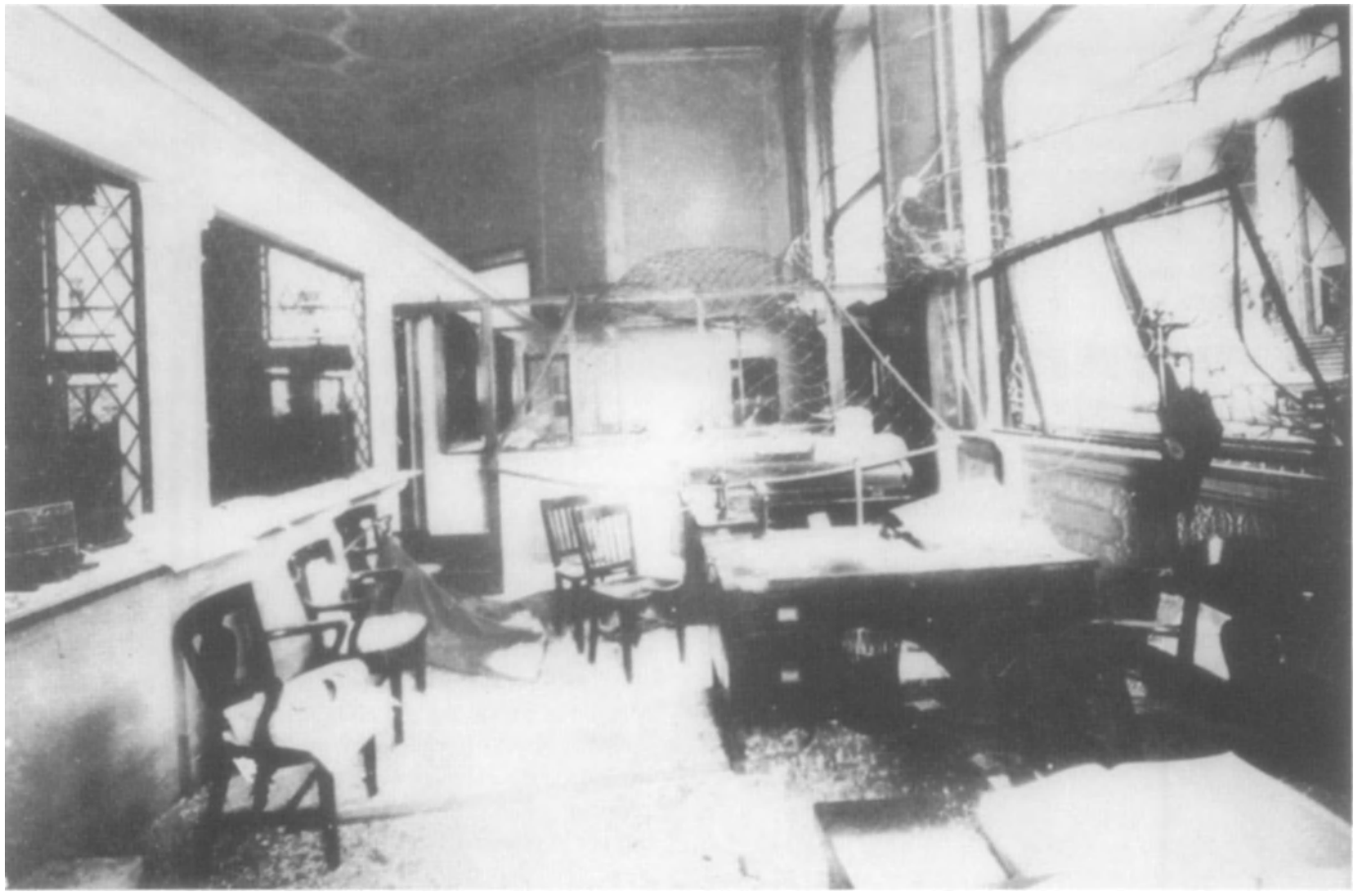
The offices of J. P. Morgan, America's foremost banker and financier, the epitome of the American capitalist system, had been widely damaged, but only one clerk, Thomas Joyce, had been killed. The blast had blow cars onto their sides, reduced other cars to skeletal frames and blown out thousands of windows blocks away. Reporter Edmund Gilligan was at the site, later stating: "The gentle sound of tinkling glass falling and slipping from sill to ledge and then to the pavement came like music." Then high piercing screams from injured women could be heard.

Police learned that the terrorist had delivered a bomb that was carefully constructed to take many lives. The wagon had been filled with sash weights that had been chipped into small pieces so that when the dynamite exploded, these metal fragments served as shrapnel tearing through the lunchtime Wall Street crowds. Police launched a manhunt for the terrorist, but since his wagon and horse was blown to pieces, little evidence remained. A reward of $100,000 was posted for his capture, but no one claimed it. The terrorist was never found.

The government stepped up its Red Raids and, in 1920-1921, arrested more than 10,000 suspected anarchists and Communists, deporting 446 of these persons. These repressive measures were denounced in Congress and labor leaders accused Attorney General Palmer of acting in "absolute ignorance of American principles." Palmer was summoned to explain his actions before the House Rules Committee, where he said he had been pressured to act prematurely, admitting that his untrained marshals had been sent out to conduct raids with little or no evidence because of the lack of time involved.

"I say that I was shouted at from every editorial sanctum in America from sea to sea!" thundered Palmer. "I was preached upon from every pulpit. I was urged—I could feel it dinned into my ears—throughout the country to do something and do it now, and do it quick, and do it in a way that would bring results to stop this sort of thing [bombings] in the United States!" He called his rowdy marshals patriots, who had exercised their authority with understandable excessive zeal. "I forgive them," he said. "I do not defend it, but I am not going to make a row about it."

September 16, 1920: Death at Broad and Wall Streets in New York City, where a terrorist left a horse-drawn wagon filled with explosives and shrapnel-like metal, which blew up at lunch time, killing thirty-eight and injuring hundreds more.



The offices of banker J. P. Morgan, ripped to pieces by the Wall Street Bombing in 1920; Morgan's chief clerk, Thomas Joyce was killed by flying metal that blew out the windows.

The man who had prepared the so-called "evidence" that launched the Red Raids, young J. Edgar Hoover, not only survived this scandal, but was privately lauded for his efforts by many government officials. It was Hoover's diligent "research" (culled from a two-week crash course in leftist philosophy at the Library of Congress) that directly resulted in Palmer's Red Raids and propelled Hoover into a position at the Bureau of Investigation, which he took over in 1924, later renaming it the Federal Bureau of Investigation or FBI.

HUNGARY'S TRAIN BOMBER/1931-1932

Hungarian businessman Sylvestre Matuschka prospered after World War I, until he was accused of fraud. He was acquitted, but the scandal wrecked his reputation, so he sold his businesses in Budapest and moved to Vienna. There he developed an interest in causing train crashes. His first attempt was on New Year's Day, 1931, when he tried unsuccessfully to derail the Vienna-Passau train near Ansbach.

Matuschka's first success came at Juelerboy, Hungary, where he managed to overturn several coaches, which then rolled down an embankment, injuring seventy-five people on August 8, 1932. Then, on September 12, 1932, he used an explosive device to blow up a Hungarian Railways express as it crossed a viaduct at Bia-Torbagy. Twenty-two people were killed when cars fell off the elevated track. As the dust settled, he bloodied his own face and lay down among the victims.

Matuschka was taken to a hospital where he quickly recovered from his "wounds." He then promptly sued the Hungarian Railways over his supposed injuries. But the police could find no one who had seen him on the train. After further investigation, Matuschka was arrested. In his house, police found plans for similar disasters in France, Italy, and the Netherlands. Matuschka soon confessed to having wrecked trains in order to collect insurance money on non-existent injuries he claimed to have sustained.

The first of several trials began on June 15, 1932. The only believable motive offered at the trials was that Matuschka derived from the crashes some deep sexual satisfaction that he could not find elsewhere. Matuschka himself blamed his condition on a hypnotist he met at a country fair, or on orders from an invisible spiritual being named Leo. Prosecutors felt that all of these "visions" were created by the train bomber to convince the court that he was insane.

Sylvestre Matuschka, bearded man center, blew up trains in Hungary in order to collect insurance money.

Matuschka, however, was judged sane and, after the second trial, was found guilty and sentenced to hang. His sentence was then commuted to life imprisonment, and he was reportedly released during World War II by the Soviets, who employed him as an explosives expert.

NEW YORK'S MAD BOMBER/1940s-1950s

George Metesky (AKA: The Mad Bomber, b. 1903), the man who terrorized New York City for two decades, was a squat, unassuming man with a receding hairline and a very sharp ax to grind. On September 5, 1931, Metesky was working for Consolidated Edison as a generator wiper at its Hell Gate plant, when a sudden rush of hot, noxious gasses threw him to the ground. Doctors who examined him found nothing seriously wrong. In the coming months, he argued unsuccessfully for permanent disability pay, claiming the accident had brought on serious headaches.

Metesky raged against Consolidated Edison for the next nine years. On November 16, 1940, police removed an unexploded pipe bomb from the Edison building on West Sixty Fourth Street in Manhattan. The device was wrapped inside a toolbox, with a note that read: "Con Edison crooks, this is for you." It was the first of thirty-seven bombs Metesky was to plant in the next sixteen years at scattered sites throughout Manhattan.

The second bomb was recovered from a location on Nineteenth Street in September 1941. It was also a dud. When war was declared in December, a note was received at police headquarters, which said: "I will make no more bomb units for the duration of the war my patriotic feelings have made me decide this later I will bring the Con Edison to justice they will pay for their dastardly deeds." It was signed "F.P.," which police later found out stood for "Fair Play."

During the war, Metesky sent a series of anonymous letters to newspapers, theaters, and restaurants promising reprisals against the city of New York, but no more bombs were planted until March 29, 1950, when one was found at Grand Central Station.

The bomb squad detonated it before it could do any damage. Bombs four and five exploded in a phone booth near the New York Public Library and the Grand Hotel a month later, but no one was killed or injured. The next three bombs were duds, but the police noted with alarm that each was more dangerous than the last.

In 1954, a bomb exploded under a seat at the Radio City Music Hall, resulting in two injuries and substantial property damage. A year later four of six bombs planted by Metesky exploded in New York. One device in Grand Central Station seriously injured a redcap. By this time, the press dubbed the unknown terrorist the "Mad Bomber." Macy's Department Store, the Paramount Theatre in Brooklyn, and the Radio Corporation of America—all high visibility public buildings—became Metesky's next targets.

George Peter Metesky, right, under arrest; New York's Mad Bomber was identified by a clerk at the Edison company and was sent to an insane asylum.

Stymied, the police asked James A. Brussel, assistant commissioner of mental health for the state of New York, to construct a psychological profile of the suspect. Brussel concluded that "F.P.", or whoever he pretended to be, was undoubtedly Slavic since, he said, these people had a long history of this kind of activity and a chronic paranoid. "When you find this man he'll be wearing a double-breasted suit," Brussel added.

The police organized a special bomb investigation unit, but before police could identify the bomber, the collective efforts of Alice Kelly and several other employees of Consolidated Edison fingered Metesky as the terrorist. His file contained the pertinent history. Metesky was picked up in Waterbury, Connecticut, at the residence of his two spinster sisters.

"I think I know why you fellows are here," Metesky said unconcernedly to the officers. "You think I'm the Mad Bomber." The 54-year-old bachelor put on a pinstripe, double-breasted suit and accompanied detectives to the police station. Metesky was deemed of unsound mind, and was committed to the state hospital by Judge Samuel Leibowitz in April 1957.

Metesky spent the next sixteen years in various mental health facilities before earning a final release from custody on December 13, 1973. At the time, the man who had terrorized New York for almost two decades met briefly with newspapermen and gave them a wide smile. "I don't look like a mad bomber, do I," he asked them before stepping into a car that took him to the home of his elderly sisters.

"That guy is right out of the movie, *Arsenic and Old Lace*," quipped one newsman. "The character Jonathan, the monster brother fooling around in the basement and making plans you don't want to hear about."

THE SLA AND PATTY HEARST/1973-1977

Within a four-month period, the public image of Patricia Campbell Hearst, granddaughter of the wealthy and powerful newspaper publisher William Randolph Hearst, went from tragic kidnap victim to leftist sympathizer to bank robber, and finally to "armed and dangerous fugitive." Hearst was the most prominent victim of a group of half-baked intellectuals and hard-core criminals called the Symbionese Liberation Army, or SLA.

The SLA was founded by Donald David DeFreeze, a terrorist who had escaped from prison in March 1973 after being sentenced four years earlier for possession of a bomb. In prison DeFreeze learned both the rhetoric and strategy of revolutionary action. He called himself Field Marshal Cinque and advocated equality and the abolition of capitalism. Upon his release, DeFreeze began to collect followers, chiefly academic dropouts and social misfits, recruits for his revolutionary army, the SLA.

Fielding about for terrorist prey, DeFreeze selected a by-the-book educator to be murdered in the name of his crazy-quilt revolutionary theories. SLA members shot to death Marcus A. Foster, the school superintendent of Oakland on November 6, 1973, because Foster endorsed the use of mandatory student identification cards to control juvenile crime. The bullets found in Foster's body proved to be tipped with cyanide.

Two months later, on January 10, 1974, a policeman stopped a van in Concord, California. The van's occupants, Russell Little and Joseph Remiro, both SLA members, pulled guns. Little was apprehended. Remiro got away but was caught later. When the SLA headquarters was set on fire that night, police found records listing names of members, and a written entry alluding to Patricia Hearst.

On February 4, 1974, Steven Weed, Patricia Hearst's fiancé answered a knock at the door of their shared townhouse in Berkeley, California. As a woman engaged Weed in conversation, two men appeared and pushed the door open. Weed was beaten on the head and 19-year-old Hearst, dressed in a bathrobe, was carried screaming to a waiting car. Three days after Hearst's abduction, authorities received word that the SLA was demanding the donation of millions of dollars worth of food to the poor of California. In a tape recording delivered to a radio station, Hearst said in a monotone: "These people aren't just a bunch of nuts. They're perfectly willing to die for what they're doing."

Randolph Hearst, Patricia's father, organized a quick give-away of packaged foods, but the SLA said the shipment was inadequate. Another tape on which Patricia criticized her father's lack of generosity caused speculation that the kidnapping had been planned by Patricia Hearst and her friends. Although Hearst gave away more food totaling another $2 million, the SLA did not release his daughter. DeFreeze then made a statement that she would be held until SLA members Remiro and Little were released.

In Patricia Hearst's own version of the kidnapping, told seven years later, she said that she spent the first fifty-seven

Patricia Campbell Hearst was reportedly recruited by SLA terrorists while attending the University of California at Berkeley.

days of her captivity in a closet, blindfolded and bound. She was raped repeatedly and gradually brainwashed into believing that the SLA members were the only people who cared about her, she said.

Just as her parents believed that she was about to be released, they received another tape in which their daughter stated: "I have never been forced to say anything on any tape. Nor have I been brainwashed, tortured, hypnotized or in any way confused....My love has...grown into an unselfish love for my comrades here, in prison and on the streets. A love that comes from the knowledge that 'no one is free until we all are free.'...I have been given the choice of (1) being released in a safe area, or (2) joining the forces of the Symbionese Liberation Army...I have chosen to stay and fight."

While the public continued to believe that Patricia Hearst was being coerced, the SLA robbed a branch of the Hibernia Bank in San Francisco's Sunset District of more than $10,000.

Steven Weed and Patty Hearst were living in Berkeley, California, where Weed was beaten by SLA members and Hearst "abducted."

Hidden cameras in the bank showed "Tania," as Hearst was called by SLA members, holding a semiautomatic carbine and apparently giving orders. It would later be discovered that Hearst had early on joined the SLA, perhaps as early as 1973, while attending the University of California at Berkeley, then a hotbed of radicals and had play-acted her own abduction to coerce her father into providing food and money.

Hearst later participated in the robbery of a sporting goods store in Inglewood, California, with white SLA members Emily and William Harris, spraying the façade with machine gun bullets. Three days later, on May 17, 1974, police received a tip from a former SLA member that the gang was holed up in a small stucco house at 1466 East 54th Street in Los Angeles. More than 400 heavily-armed officers, including FBI agents, attacked the place after the occupants refused to surrender.

A terrific firefight ensued, with more than 6,000 shots being fired on both sides before the house caught fire. The next day, the bodies of four women and two men were found in the ruins. The dead were identified as DeFreeze and William Wolfe, purported to be Hearst's lover, Camilla Hall, Nancy Ling Perry, and Patricia Soltysik. At the time of the shootout, Hearst was with William and Emily Harris in Las Vegas. Following the destruction of the main gang, Hearst and the Harris couple traveled eastward and tried to keep the SLA going even when its original leaders were dead.

In 1975, the remaining SLA members robbed a bank in Carmichael, California. Emily Harris reportedly killed a

Marcus A. Foster is shown with school children shortly before he was murdered by SLA terrorists on November 6, 1973.

Patty Hearst, who later claimed that she was kidnapped and held hostage by terrorists, poses with the SLA symbol (a hydra-headed cobra) and an automatic weapon.

SLA leader Donald DeFreeze died in the 1974 L. A. shootout.

SLA member Patricia Soltysik died in the 1974 L. A. shootout.

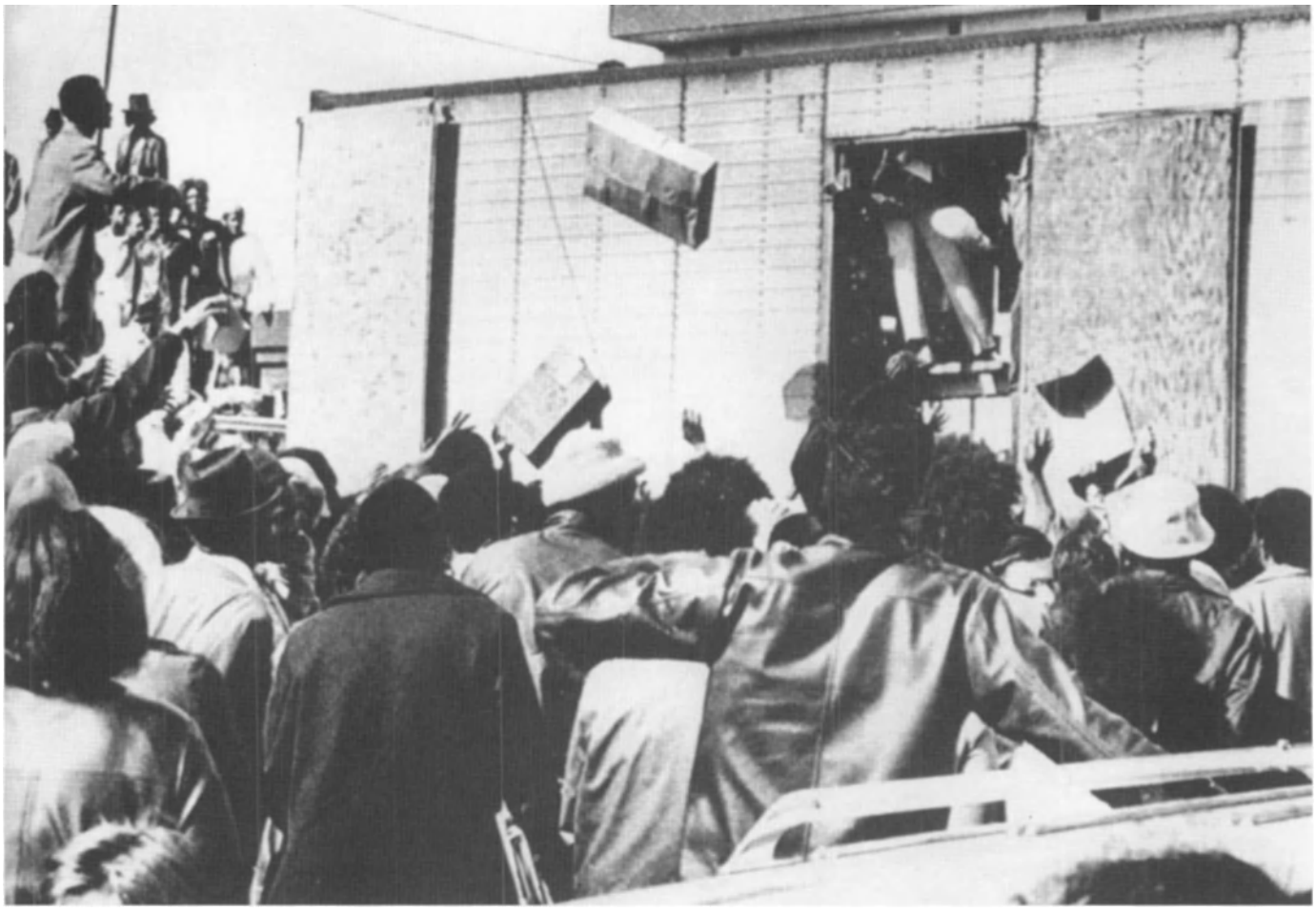
SLA member Angela Atwood died in the 1974 L. A. shootout.

SLA member William Wolfe died in the 1974 L. A. shootout.

SLA member Nancy Ling Perry died in the 1974 L. A. shootout.

SLA member Camilla Hall died in the 1974 L. A. shootout.

Catherine and Randolph Hearst after hearing their daughter's "plea" on a tape that food be distributed to the poor before her captors set her free.

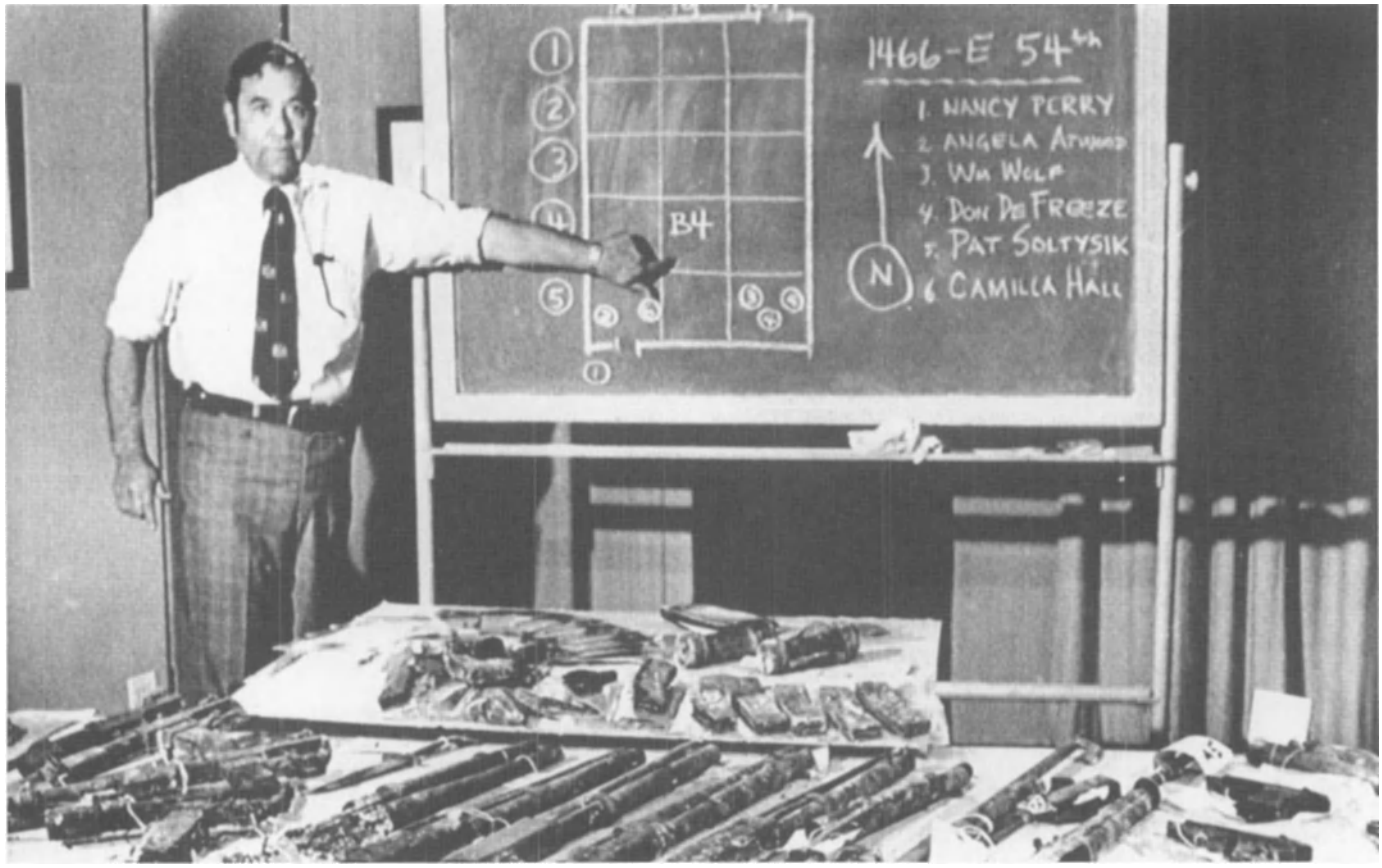


Parcels are tossed wildly from a truck to blacks in Richmond, California, following the People in Need program launched by Randolph Hearst to effect the release of his "captive" daughter.

Captured on video tape, Patty Hearst is shown brandishing an automatic weapon during the robbery of the Hibernia Bank in San Francisco on April 15, 1974. She later claimed that she was compelled to aid the terrorists in this and other robberies.

A SWAT officer fires at the Los Angeles bungalow, where six SLA heavily armed terrorists fired back in a prolonged battle.

The burning bungalow in which the SLA terrorists died following a firefight on May 17, 1974; six SLA members were later found dead in the burning wreckage.



LAPD Sergeant Charles Loust shows the site of the 1974 firefight with SLA members and the huge arsenal retrieved from the rubble, including machine guns, shotguns, handguns, and pipe bombs.

SLA terrorist William Harris was imprisoned for kidnapping and paroled in 1983.

SLA terrorist Emily Harris was imprisoned for kidnapping and paroled in 1983.

woman in the robbery. On a third attempt to bomb a police station on September 18, 1975, Patricia Hearst and Wendy Yoshimura were caught by the police. The rest of the group was apprehended within a few days.

Patricia Hearst was tried and found guilty of armed robbery. She was sentenced to seven years in prison, but her sentence was commuted by President Jimmy Carter after two years. The Harrises, jailed for kidnapping, were paroled in 1983. In June 1977, Michael Remiro and Russell Little were sentenced to life in prison for the killing of Marcus Foster, and six months to twenty years for the attempted murder of Robert Blackburn, Foster's deputy, who was wounded at the time of Foster's murder.

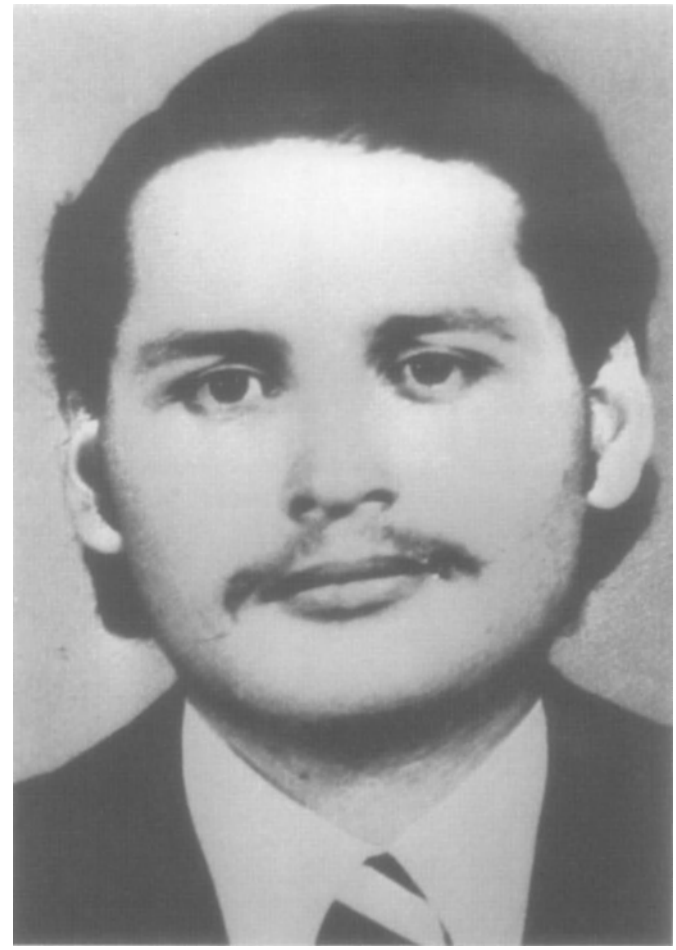
DAYS OF THE JACKAL/1970s-1980s

The father of the man who came to be known as Carlos, or the Jackal, the world's most feared terrorist, was a wealthy Venezuelan attorney in Caracas. He and his wife were devout Communists and raised their son on communism, indoctrinating the boy at an early age with unswerving Marxist theory and philosophy, as had been the case with his brothers, Vladimir and Lenin Ramirez Sanchez. Illich Ramirez Sanchez (Carlos, The Jackal, b. 1949)—his parents gave him Lenin's middle name—joined the Communist student movement in Venezuela in 1964 and was then sent to Cuba, where, under the wing of Communist dictator Fidel Castro, he was trained to become a terrorist.

Castro saw to it that Ramirez Sanchez, coming from an elitist Communist family in Venezuela, received special attention from experts in the Cuban Direccion General de Inteligencia (DGI). He was then known to his fellow trainees as "Pudgy" or "Fatty." So eager did the apprentice terrorist appear, however, that he was brought to the attention of KGB General Simenov, a Russian spymaster who was overseeing DGI training inside Cuba. Simenov arranged for the overweight youth to travel to Moscow, where his talent for murder and mayhem could be sharpened to razor-like effectiveness.

In 1968, Ramirez Sanchez received more intense training at Patrice Lumumba University in Moscow, an institution notorious for educating terrorists in the bloody techniques of their trade, as well as KGB agents who were used exclusively in covert operations. In 1970, he joined the most deadly terrorist organization in the Middle East, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, or the PFLP, which had, throughout the 1960s, been responsible for countless bombings, assassinations, kidnappings and mass murders.

A willing and eager PFLP disciple, Ramirez Sanchez soon became a group leader and then a PFLP strategist engineering terrorism against Israel and Western democracies. His code name of Carlos became widely known, as well as his sobriquet among his enemies, the Jackal, so much so that author Frederick Forsyth used him as a role model in his devastating portrait of the terrorist-assassin who stalks French President Charles de Gaulle in his 1971 novel, *The Day of the Jackal*. This book, and the 1973 film by the same name, more than any of his actual exploits to that time, elevated Ramirez Sanchez to the high and unenviable rank of international terrorist, a position he would soon occupy in reality.



Illich Ramirez Sanchez, in his early twenties, before he became known as Carlos, the international terrorist.

In 1972, Carlos was linked to the massacre of eleven Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics. He was also connected to the takeover of the French Embassy in The Hague, Netherlands, in 1974, along with the bombing of a drugstore in Paris, France, that same year, an explosion that took the lives of two people and wounded another thirty.

In early 1975, Ramirez Sanchez had engineered attacks against Israel's El Al airlines at Paris' Orly Airport. Two French intelligence agents, members of the DST, France's version of the FBI, got on to Carlos through one of his friends, a Lebanese informer, and were tracking down the terrorist in Paris, when he turned the tables on them. Carlos lured the three to a Paris apartment and then shot and killed the two French agents, Raymond Dous and Jean Donatini, along with his former Lebanese colleague, Michel Moukharbal.

This triple murder vaulted Carlos to the top of the terrorist heap in the estimation of his ruthless peers, but it also set upon his trail scores of dogged DST agents who would not give up the hunt for him. Defying capture, Ramirez Sanchez then performed his most spectacular terrorist coup on December 21, 1975, when he and six other heavily armed terrorists invaded an OPEC conference in Vienna, Austria, holding eighty-one members hostage.

Austrian negotiators were informed by Carlos, in the name of the "Arm of the Arab Revolution," that if his demands were

not met, he would slaughter the entire OPEC membership, representing the richest men in the world, who controlled the global flow of oil. Forty-one Austrian hostages were released through negotiations, but the other African, South American and Arab delegates were forced to accompany Carlos on a flight to Algiers and then on to Tripoli, where they were released unharmed, but only after the Shah of Iran and King Khaled paid Ramirez Sanchez an estimated $50 million in cash. (The terrorist had reportedly demanded $1 billion.)

Ernesto "Che" Guevara, and Fidel Castro; the Cuban dictator took Ramirez Sanchez under his wing and had him trained as a terrorist.

Carlos (Illich Ramirez Sanchez), also known as the Jackal, at the time he was the world's most notorious terrorist kidnapper and killer.

Almost immediately after completing this terrorist coup, Carlos vanished, the most reliable reports having him in Libya, where he was protected by one of his employers and fellow terrorist, Muammar Qadaffi, the country's Islamic fundamentalist dictator, who reportedly received a goodly share of the loot from the OPEC kidnappings. Ramirez Sanchez did not remain inactive for long. On June 24, 1976, Carlos sent seven terrorists, five PFLP members and two German Communists, to skyjack an Air France airbus en route from Tel Aviv to Paris.

The plane was ordered to fly to Entebbe, Uganda, where it re-

A surveillance photo of Carlos (Ramirez Sanchez) just before French agents seized him in Khartoum, Sudan, and took him back to France in 1994. He was convicted of murder and given a life sentence in 1997.

mained grounded with the collusion of Ugandan dictator Idi Amin, the mostly Jewish passengers held hostage in a nearby building complex. Israeli commandos, ordered to Entebbe by Israel's then-prime minister, Yitzhak Rabin, effected the release of the hostages by storming the complex and the plane. Thirty-one persons were killed, including two hostages, all seven of the terrorists, and Colonel Netanyahu, leader of the Israeli commandos and the older brother of future Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu.

For almost five years Carlos appeared to be inactive, but during 1982-1983 he resumed his terrorist campaigns with a vengeance. Carlos directed the March 29, 1982, bombing of a Paris-to-Toulouse express train that killed six persons and wounded another fifteen. He was thought to be behind the August 9, 1982, bombing of a Jewish restaurant in Paris and the machine-gunning of fleeing patrons, a massacre that killed six people and wounded another twenty-two. Carlos was also behind a Paris bombing on the Champs Elysees that killed a pregnant woman and injured another sixty-three persons.

In 1982, Ramirez Sanchez was himself almost killed when Palestinian guerrillas were driven out of Beirut by Israeli forces, but he managed to escape. Carlos renewed his attacks in 1983, directing the bombing of the main terminal in Marseille, France, an explosion that killed five people and wounded another fifty. He was also behind the bombing of the French cultural center in West Berlin, a blast that killed one person and injured another twenty-three.

Again, Carlos went underground. In 1992, a French court convicted Ramirez Sanchez *in absentia* of killing the two French counterintelligence agents and the Lebanese informer. He was sentenced to thirty-two years in prison, but this mattered little to the terrorist, who remained at large, becoming an arms merchant and hiding in Khartoum, Sudan. There he drank the best whiskey in the capital's nightclubs. Though married to a new Jordanian wife, Carlos was infamous throughout Khartoum as a woman-chaser.

To the strict Islamic Sudanese government, the high-living Carlos was an embarrassment, and through its tacit cooperation, Ramirez Sanchez was seized on a hospital operating table in August 1994 by French agents. He was reportedly injected with an incapacitating drug and stuffed into a sack before he was bundled aboard a plane and flown to France, where he sat in solitary confinement for two years, awaiting a retrial for the three murders for which he had already been convicted.

Carlos demanded that retrial, even though he condemned the right of any French court to try him because he had been illegally seized in the Sudan. He was finally brought before a French court in 1997, wearing an ascot and proudly stating, "My name is Illich Ramirez Sanchez. My profession is professional revolutionary."

To one observer, the fat, balding terrorist was a thing of the past: "He knows he's a has-been. His mental universe is the Palestinian guerrilla movement. He's nothing but a dinosaur of the Cold War stranded in the 1990s."

Ramirez Sanchez insisted that he was a "political prisoner" and that "there is no law for me." He could not refute the evidence brought forth that eventually convicted him of the 1975 killing of the two French agents and his former Lebanese friend. Carlos stood smug and smirking as the French tribunal announced his conviction on December 24, 1997. He shook his fist in the air four times and shouted, "Viva la revolución!" He was then sentenced to life in prison.

Before he was led away, Carlos stated, "They want to sentence me to life in prison. I'm 48 years old, so it could be another forty or fifty years. That doesn't horrify me."

THE JAPANESE TERRORIST CULT/1995

During the early 1990s, many dissatisfied members of the Japanese criminal and terrorist society known as the Yakuza (see Secret Criminal Societies) left the society's ranks to join a strange cult. This organization first came to international attention on March 20, 1995, when several packages left inside moving subway cars in the vast subway system of Tokyo began to spurt a powerful nerve gas that soon overwhelmed thousands of terrified passengers. Victims ran, tumbled, and staggered from the train cars and subway stations in wild panic. At the end of the day, twelve persons had died (eleven official deaths, one death unofficially related) from the poison gas attacks and 3,789 persons were injured or contaminated.

The terrorists behind the horrific attack were quickly identified by police as members of Aum Shinri Kyo (Supreme Truth). This doomsday cult believed that the end of the world

Bodies taken from the Tokyo subway system on March 20, 1995, victims of a sarin gas attack by Aum Shinri Kyo terrorists.

Almost all of Tokyo's paramedics and hospitals were used to treat the more than 3,000 people stricken by the gas attack.

Japanese police are shown rounding up cult members, which numbered in the tens of thousands.

Japanese police raided a cult site in a mountainous area and seized large quantities of deadly gas.

was coming soon and that only its organization would survive and rule over a mostly devastated planet.

Swarms of police teams began ferreting out cult members following the attack, making raids on their various headquarters throughout Japan and arresting hundreds. In the village of Kamikuisiki, nestled at the foot of Mt. Fuji, sixty-three miles west of Tokyo, police assaulted a cult compound in a televised raid, taking fifty-three children belonging to cult members, fearing that these children might be somehow injured by their doomsday-obsessed parents.

The parents chased after buses carrying the children, shouting: "This is kidnapping! Return our children!" The children were taken to a welfare facility, while bomb experts examined the compound. They found tons of chemicals, including trimethylphosphate and methuylphosphon acid dimethyl, byproducts of sarin, a gas decomposition the Nazis invented before World War II.

The use of sarin, the deadliest nerve gas ever created, caused the people of Japan to live for weeks in nerve-wracking terror, especially after cultists predicted a terrible calamity about to again engulf Japan. Cult spokesman Hirofumi Joyu, a youthful lawyer, tried to calm national fear by appearing on TV news and talk show programs, saying: "Please rest assured that Aum Shinri Kyo will not be taking any action."

Masato Yokoyama planted two packets of sarin in the Tokyo subway system; he was sentenced to death.

More than 100 cult members were meanwhile arrested in raids against more than 130 cult facilities throughout Japan. Members were charged with possession of guns, kidnapping, and even driving without a license, any offense that would allow police to take them into custody and interrogate them about cult leaders, such as the 40-year-old Shoko Asahara, who was then being widely sought. (The children of cult leaders wore electrode caps that reportedly put them directly in touch with the ever-expanding brain waves of the cult leader and thus benefited from Asahara's thoughts.)

Though lawyer Joyu had promised that the cult would "not be taking any action," Takaji Kunimatsu, chief of the National Police Agency, was shot and gravely wounded on March 30, 1995. It would take a year before the police rooted out the perpetrator, a 31-year-old police officer who was a cult member and who told his interrogators that Aum Shinri Kyo leaders ordered him to make the assault on Kunimatsu and he simply obeyed. (As is usually the case—and despite the claim that Japan claims to have an "open society"—Japanese law enforcement officials seldom provide information to the press, secreting their investigations and, even after trials, secreting judicial determinations. Thus, police would not release the name of the officer who had shot their chief.)

On April 24, 1995, police were able to locate and arrest 36-year-old Hideo Murai, one of the five top cult leaders and head of the cult's "Science and Technology Ministry," a department of the cult's shadow government that had been established to control Japan following doomsday. As Murai was being escorted out of the Tokyo offices of Aum Shinri Kyo, surrounded by a mob of press photographers and onlookers, an assassin named Hiroyuki Yo, a 29-year-old South Korean, pushed his way through the crowd and fatally stabbed the cult leader in the abdomen.

As Murai clutched his abdomen and screamed in pain, police seized Yo, who later told them that he wanted to punish Murai because he believed him responsible for creating the sarin attack of March 20, and for other crimes. Murai died of his wounds a short time later. The assassin, Yo, was believed by police to be connected to the vast Japanese underworld society, Yakuza. Only two days after Murai's murder, a man wielding a two-foot-long sword appeared outside the cult's offices in Kyoto, shouting: "Come out, you guys!"

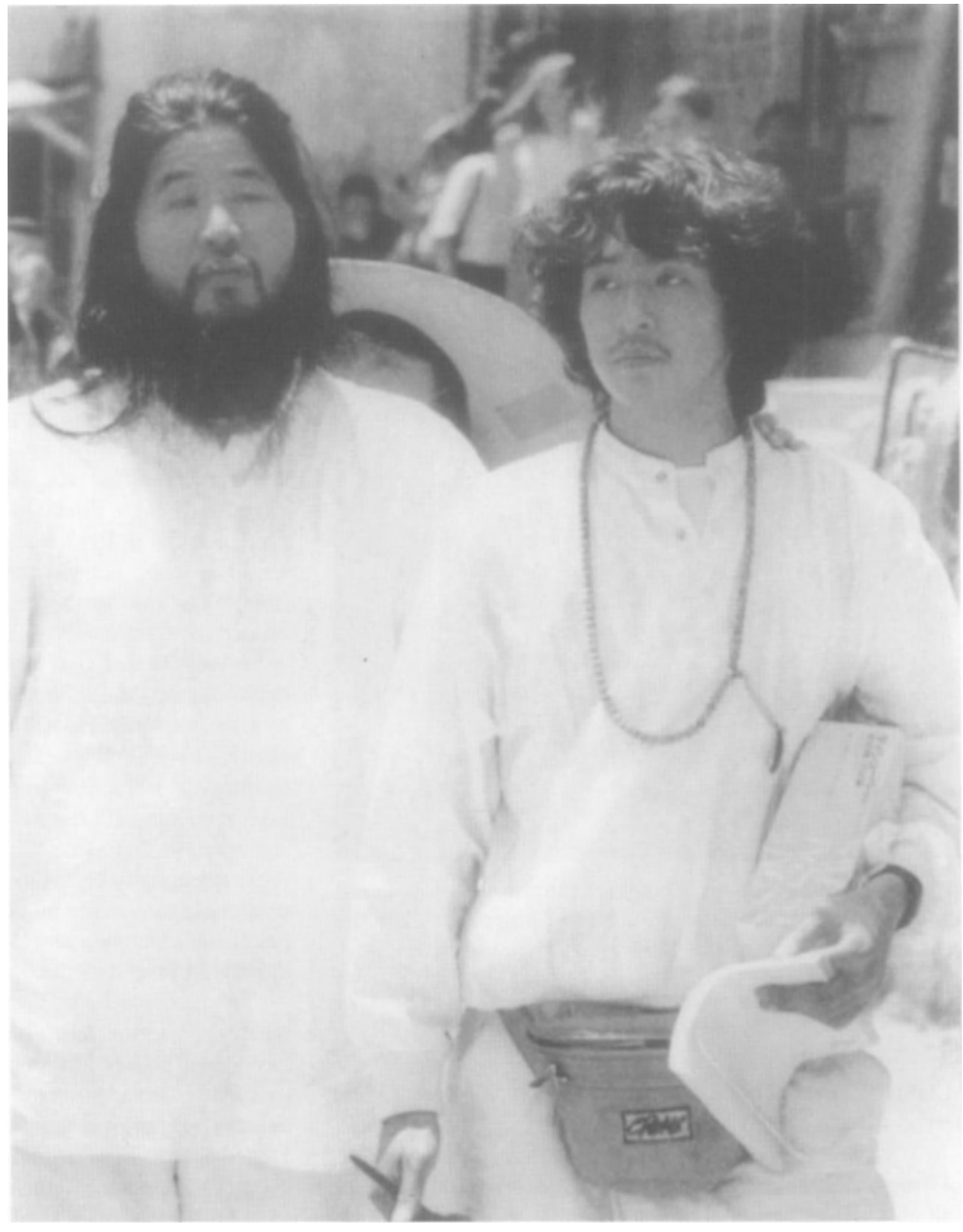
When no one appeared, the sword-wielder broke into the offices while four Aum Shinri Kyo cultists locked themselves inside a room. Police arrived to subdue the swordsman before he could injure anyone. He, too, police believed, was a member of Yakuza, a killer from one of the society's execution

squads, who traditionally employ swords to dispatch enemies.

Exactly why Yakuza was demonstrating against the cult was never explained, but one official speculated that the criminal society, which claims more than a million members worldwide at this writing, was attempting to show its disapproval and disassociation with cultists, who had once been members of Yakuza. On April 25, 1995, several Aum Shinri Kyo cultists, all adorned in white satin costumes, placed flowers at the site of Murai's assassination and then performed a ritual dance.

Meanwhile, more than 10,000 police officers rummaged through thousands of homes suspected of housing cult weapons and bombs. They unearthed evidence of widespread rifle production, biological warfare labs, and plans to purchase nuclear weapons from Russia. Two days later, police learned of a secret basement beneath the Mt. Fuji headquarters of Aum Shinri Kyo.

Following this tip, officers found the much-sought Masami Tsuchiya and six other cult leaders hiding inside of the basement. Considered to be one of Japan's scientific elite, Tsuchiya was the chemical expert who was thought to have created the sarin used in the massive poison gas attack in the Tokyo subway system.



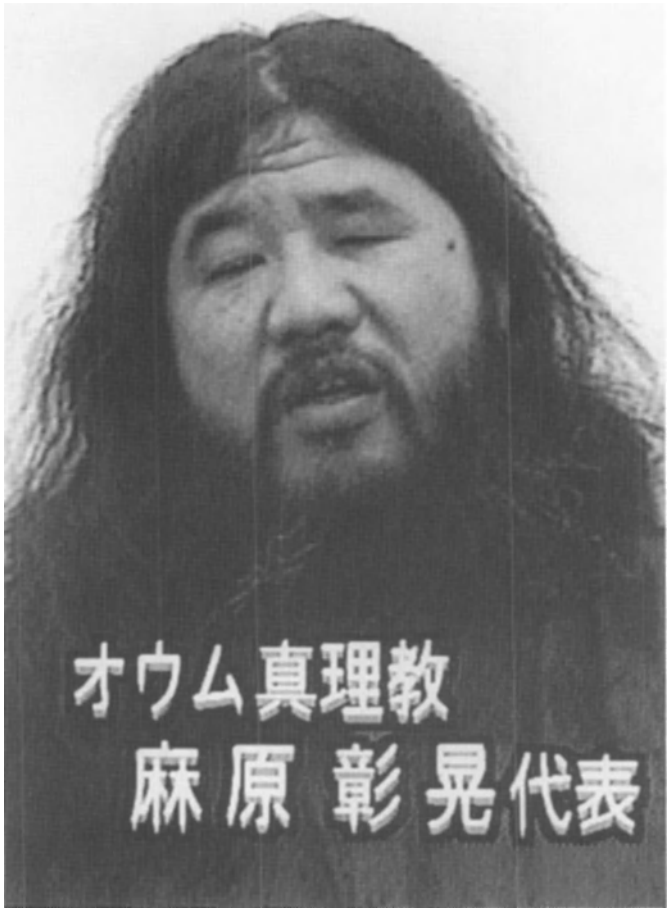
Shoko Asahara, left, leader of Aum Shinri Kyo, shown with his top disciple, Yoshihiro Inoue, was charged with masterminding the gas attack on the Tokyo subway.

The 30-year-old Tsuchiya was reported to be a brilliant scientist who quit a five-year chemistry doctoral program at Tsukuba University, one of the top schools in Japan, to join the doomsday cult. (Eight weeks later, Tsuchiya admitted that he and others had, indeed, made the poison gas sarin, but he would not admit that the gas had been created specifically for the purpose of the subway attack.) Also taken into custody was 34-year-old Seiichi Endo, cult leader and former genetics and virus researcher. These cult chiefs and their followers held by police universally denied having anything to do with the gas attacks in Tokyo and elsewhere. The lone exception was cultist Katsuhiko Kobayashi, who confessed that the sect produced poisoned gas at its headquarters.

More insidious were the revelations that came from two sergeants in the Japanese Army. They admitted to being cult members and said they had staged firebomb raids against their own cult headquarters before the March 20, 1995 attack to disrupt an ongoing police investigation into cult activities.

Despite the widespread police raids and arrests, cultists continued to spread terror in Japan by engineering three more gas attacks in subway stations. The attacks sent more than 500 people to the hospital, but caused no deaths. On May 5, 1995, cultists left two burning plastic bags of chemicals in a men's room. Four fast-acting train employees rushed into the men's room and extinguished the fires; they were all injured and were hailed as heroes.

One bag contained sodium cyanide and the other diluted sulfuric acid. Had the vapors combined properly (as was no doubt the design of the cultists), enough hydrogen cyanide



A Japanese police photo of Skoko Asahara, who was found guilty of orchestrating the gas attack of March 20, 1995; he was sentenced to death in 2004.

would have been formed to kill more than 10,000 people. The terrorists had selected Japan's "Children's Day" for the attack.

On May 15, police stopped a car at a roadblock outside of Tokyo and took into custody 25-year-old Yoshihiro Inoue, the cult's so-called "intelligence minister." By then police had assembled a great deal of evidence against the cult, including the confessions of more than 200 cult members, who detailed how ten of their leaders had developed the sarin gas and how another ten top members had placed the gas containers in three strategic places in the Tokyo subway system on March 20. These confessions led to the discovery of Inoue's notebook, which contained a record of timetables and numbers of passengers, who used the three subway lines where the sarin nerve gas was released.

The following day, an army of policemen stormed the cult compound at the base of Mt. Fuji. This time officers were successful in unearthing and arresting the top cult leader, 40-year-old Shoko Asahara, along with fourteen of his top lieutenants, who were all charged with mass murder. Asahara was found sitting "in meditation" in a hidden room beneath the third floor of "Truth Building" Number Six. He wore long, black, flowing hair and an elegant robe.

The terrorist campaign was over, according to police. Said Metropolitan Police Chief Yukihiko Inoue of the cult attacks: "This is an unprecedented crime in our history—killing people indiscriminately by spreading gas in the subway. We devoted all our strength to investigate this case to relieve the Japanese people of their anxiety. We will continue to make efforts to prevent any recurrence of such incidents."

Hundreds of cult leaders were jailed, along with all of their top leaders, many of whom being former members of Japan's organized criminal society, Yakuza, as well as thirty members of the Japanese army, who had acted as secret agents for the cult, tipping off its members to impending police and army raids.

Asahara, whose real name is Chizuo Matsumoto, along with forty of his top followers, were charged with murder, assisting murder, and a host of other charges. Many were convicted and sent to prison. Asahara, who is partially blind, had predicted that in 1997, nuclear war would destroy most of the world and his sect would be the only organized body left living. The reasons he had ordered the gas attacks remain obscure.

Asahara was like many another false prophet. He had been educated at a school for the blind, where he was known as a terrible bully. He had experimented with acupuncture to cure his own blindness and failed. He and his wife opened a health food store where he was arrested in 1982 for selling fake medicines. He started a cult, The Heavenly Blessing Association, in that same year, but he attracted few followers. After traveling to Nepal in 1987, he returned to Japan with a new credo, one made up of Hindu and Buddhist beliefs and practices, which he funneled into Aum Shinri Kyo, a cult that appealed to the insecure and the paranoid.

Asahara played upon the fears of the public and in Japan, where superstition, legends and the prophesizing of dire events have been historically popular and nurtured his ridiculous sect. The cult leader ran for office in 1992, but he was soundly defeated. Bitter over this setback, Asahara ranted against the United States, Europe, and the Japanese government for the country's recent economic recessions.

Most of Asahara's followers were youthful college students who came from middleclass or wealthy families. Through them, the cult amassed more than $1 billion in assets, which allowed Asahara to build a network of warehouses, chemical plants, computer firms, and compounds, where cultists could hide weapons and themselves, while they experimented with deadly chemicals and kinetic energy, seeking at the same time to purchase nuclear weapons and develop mental telepathy, which would allow them to read the minds of their enemies. Cult branches sprang up in Germany, Hawaii, and the United States.

Cult activities were fiercely guarded by members. As reported in 1996, those who dared to criticize Aum Shinri Kyo came under attack from members. Some cult critics, like lawyer Tsutsumi Sakamoto, were murdered. In 1989, producers of a talk show for the Tokyo Broadcasting System, then filming training exercises for inductees into the cult outside of Tokyo, mentioned that they had taped an interview with Sakamoto in

which he had been critical of the cult. Aum Shinri Kyo leaders asked to see the videotape and were shown the interview, but were warned by TBS to keep quiet about the private screening. A few days later Sakamoto, his wife, and his infant child were all murdered.

It is not known whether or not Asahara actually ordered Sakamoto's death, but he did continue to deny having anything to do with the March 20, 1995 poison gas attack. At the time of his arrest, the cult leader snickered, "How can a blind person like me commit such a crime?" When police grabbed him and began leading him into custody, the fanatical cult leader shouted, "Don't touch me! I don't even allow my followers to touch me!"

During his lengthy trial, Asahara was portrayed by prosecutors as a cold-blooded killer. In a ninety-nine-page opening statement, prosecutors described how the cult leader had ordered the subway assault in March 1995 "to set off massive confusion in the Tokyo area" in order to divert the attention of police he believed were about to raid cult sites. Following the subway attack, Asahara welcomed his cultist perpetrators at his headquarters, providing them with sweet rice cakes and juice. He told them at the time: "Meditate. And chant 10,000 times the phrase: 'This is good, with the blessing of the guru, the great god Shiva, and all the victors of truth.'"

At the opening of the trial, Asahara refused to enter a plea and read a long, rambling statement in which he claimed that all he intended to achieve was to provide "ultimate freedom, ultimate happiness, and ultimate joy." He was defiant in answering any questions from the court, stating: "I don't care about the inconvenience and pain inflicted on me. I have no intention of saying anything else." He infuriated many Japanese by his aloof and arrogant attitude, showing no remorse for the widespread suffering he had caused. He was found guilty of mass murder and, like many of the cult's top leaders, Asahara was sent to prison for life.

For years afterward, officials continued to unearth guilty cultists, as well as huge caches of dangerous weapons and chemicals. On July 7, 1997, Masahiro Tominaga, a former cult member, testified against Seiichi Endo, another cult leader, in Tokyo, stating that Aum Shinri Kyo planned to ship the deadly nerve gas sarin to the United States, hiding tons of the gas in sculpted ice or concrete. It would then be released in congested areas of major cities. Endo, who confessed to helping make the sarin gas, stated that the murder cult did not carry out its plan to ship the gas to the United States.

On April 19, 1998, 45-year-old Tochiyasu Ouchi, a former member of Aum Shinri Kyo, who was traveling on board a Japanese airline, was arrested when the plane entered Japan's airspace. Ouchi had been a fugitive since February 1989, when he reportedly murdered 21-year-old Shuji Taguchi, to prevent her from leaving the cult. Ouchi fled to Russia, but he was expelled from Moscow and went to Cyprus after the devastating cult attack on the Tokyo subway system in 1995.

On May 27, 1998, Japanese police unearthed eight large cylinders containing 353 pounds of hydrogen fluoride, which had been buried seventy miles north of Tokyo. Aum Shinri Kyo cultists had hidden the cylinders in order to conceal evidence; hydrogen fluoride is an ingredient of the deadly nerve gas sarin.

The day before this latest discovery, on May 26, 1998, Ikuo Hayashi, the cult's former physician, had been sentenced to prison for life for his role in helping to release sarin inside the Tokyo subway system in 1995. Hayashi had testified against Asahara during his 1996 trial, admitting that the cult leader had given him detailed instructions concerning the subway attack and that he had unleashed one gas attack by piercing a package of sarin with his umbrella.

Typical of the many convicted cultists, Hayashi admitted his guilt but, at the same time, blamed Asahara for his own actions, stating: "Even though it was under Asahara's orders, our cruel acts took the lives of many people." Hayashi went on to claim that he had somehow been duped into committing mass murder: "I regret that I did not become aware of Asahara's falsehoods sooner."

This strange, self-excusing posture has been typical of those charged with crimes in Japan since that country embarked upon world conquest at the direction of its war-seeking emperor, Hirohito, in the late 1920s. For example, Japanese war criminals, put on trial after World War II for war crimes and countless atrocities, assumed the same inexplicable and inexcusable posture, always attempting to portray themselves as victims rather than criminals.

THE OKLAHOMA CITY BOMBING/ April 19, 1995

During the late 1980s and through the early 1990s, a paranoid fear of the U. S. government was nurtured by rural militants, one that insisted that the federal government was the enemy of the common man and that it might, at any moment, send troops through the land to disarm the simple farmer and workman in an insidious conspiracy to change the social order of democracy into a totalitarian state. Many uneducated whites responded by joining paramilitary groups, most calling themselves state militias, and preparing for the imagined threat of federal encroachment.

Militia members armed themselves with assault weapons and donned battlefield fatigues. They drilled at regular meetings, going through rigorous commando exercises, visiting ranges where they fired their automatic weapons. The basic philosophy put forth by these militant groups was one of the extreme right. It branded the federal government a dictatorial power bent on destroying the individual rights of Americans, particularly the right to own and bear arms. It labeled the FBI and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) enemies of the people and, by the early 1990s, it openly defied federal, state, and local law enforcement agencies seeking to disarm and disband the militias.

One of their number was dissatisfied with the apparent inability of the militias to effect any real change or to move against the government in open rebellion. He thought to change all that, and to strike back in particular at the ATF for its 1993 attack and destruction of the Branch Davidian compound in Waco, Texas (see Mass Murder).

At 9:04 a.m. on April 19, 1995, Secretary's Day, a truck

Its façade vertically sheared away by a tremendous blast, the Alfred P. Murrah Building in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, stands in ruins.

bomb went off next to the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, vertically shearing off one third of the building, killing 168 men, women, and children and injuring hundreds more. Initially, the impact of this colossal explosion suggested at first that foreign terrorists, part of a vast anti-American conspiracy, had done the horrible deed. Then a penny-ante protestor and drifter, 27-year-old Timothy James McVeigh (1968-2001), was identified as the chief bombing suspect.

Only an hour and fifteen minutes after the Oklahoma City explosion, McVeigh had been stopped by state trooper Charles Hangar, who had spotted a beat-up yellow Mercury Marquis without license plates outside of Perry, Oklahoma. When Hangar pulled the driver to the side of the roadway he noticed a suspicious bulge beneath his jacket. He discovered that the driver, McVeigh, was carrying a concealed 9mm pistol, along with a 6-inch knife. He placed McVeigh under arrest and took him to the Perry courthouse, where he was charged with traffic violations and carrying concealed weapons.

On April 21, 1995, Hangar saw a composite sketch of the suspected Oklahoma City bomber on TV and realized that it bore a strong resemblance to the man he had arrested two days earlier. Rushing to the Perry lockup, Hangar was just in time to prevent McVeigh from being released on a $500 bond. Turned over to the FBI, which had been conducting a massive, desperate search for the bomber, McVeigh was placed in federal custody and charged with the bombing.

Wearing a crew-cut and dressed in orange prison garb and shackled, the tall, lean-faced McVeigh was implacable as he was taken from the Perry courthouse by FBI agents to a

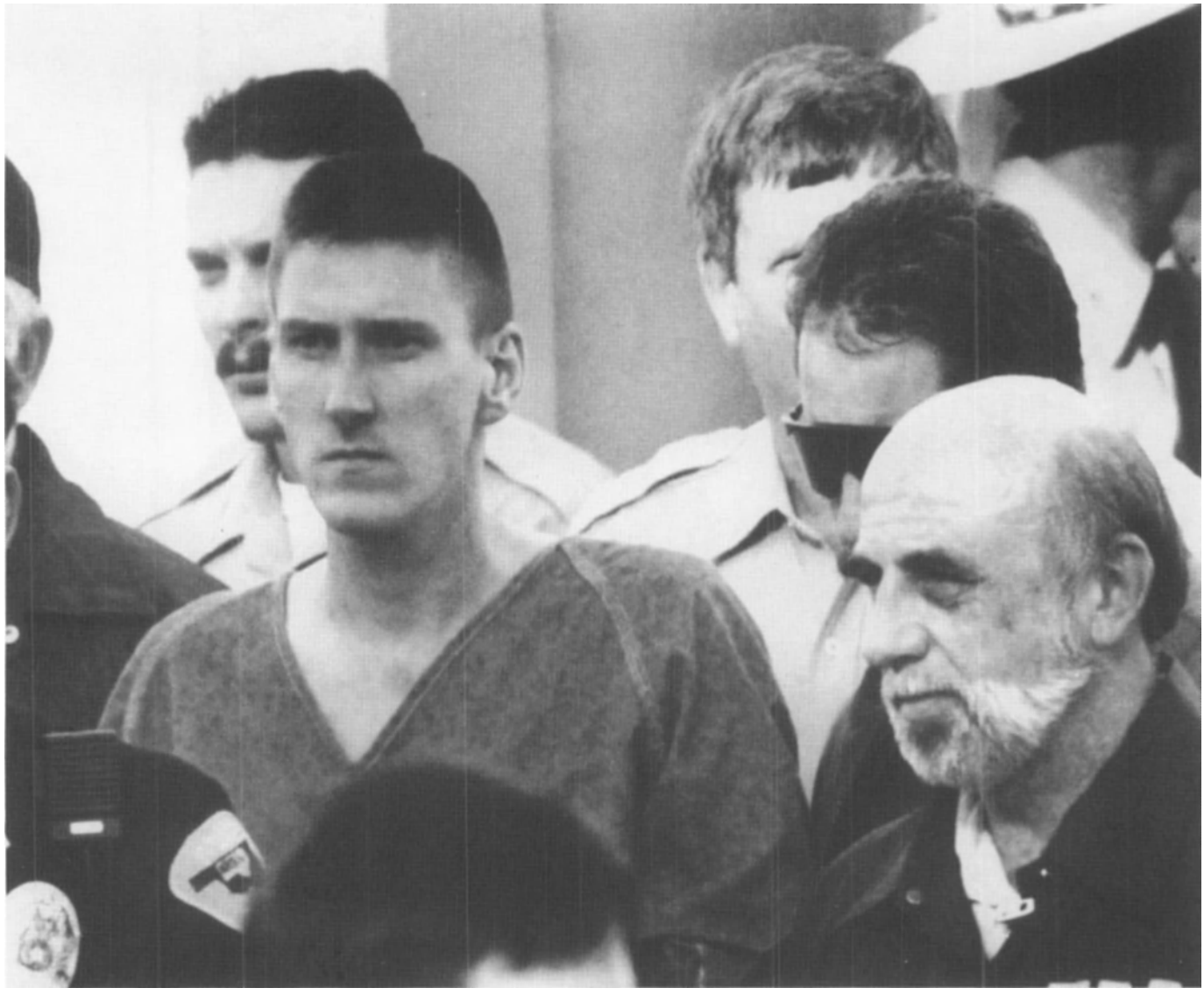
An aerial photo shows the devastation of the Murrah Building in the blast of April 19, 1995, that killed 168 people and injured dozens more.

waiting army helicopter en route to Tinker Air Force Base. Dozens of heavily armed agents accompanied McVeigh through angry throngs in Perry who screamed, "Baby killer! Murdering bastard!" Once at the base, McVeigh was hurried to a makeshift courtroom in the supply building, where he was formally charged with the bombing.

At the time, the taciturn McVeigh refused to admit anything. He did, however, express militant right-wing views and said that he had visited the devastated one-time Branch Davidian compound in Waco. He stated bitter resentment against the federal government for attacking the suicidal cult members who followed David Koresh into a fiery doomsday in 1993. He told investigators that the government "should never have done what it did in Waco."

The explosion in Oklahoma City took place on the second anniversary of the destruction of the Davidian compound in Waco, where Koresh and more than 80 fanatical followers, including many innocent, helpless children, died of self-inflicted gunshot wounds, were executed by fellow members, or were incinerated when the complex was consumed in a towering blaze. The Waco incident had served as a rallying point for right-wing extremists and paramilitary groups in the U.S. who believed Waco served as a symbol of a tyrannical federal government.

The same day McVeigh was identified and arrested, his cousin, 40-year-old Terry Nichols (b. 1955), was arrested in Herington, Kansas, and identified as the second person involved in the Oklahoma City bombing. At the same time, federal investigators swarmed onto a small farm outside of Deckerville, Michigan, sixty miles north of Detroit. The farm



Timothy James McVeigh, center, wearing crewcut, under arrest and charged with delivering the truck bomb in front of the Murrah Building in Oklahoma City.

was owned by James Douglas Nichols, Terry Nichols' brother. The federal agents searched for ingredients that might be used in the making of bombs, particularly fertilizer and fuel oil, the components used in creating the enormous bomb that destroyed the federal building in Oklahoma City.

James Nichols' neighbors thought him to be a crank, a man who bathed in peroxide (for the oxygen, he claimed), and, for the fun of it, made and exploded small bombs on his property. James' younger brother Terry was once described by an ex-army buddy as a "spastic, nerdy kind of guy who walked with an odd waddle." Both belonged to extremist groups that were linked by fax machines and the Internet. They were, like many of the oddball militants in the U. S., playing at militia, part of what was aptly called the lunatic fringe.

McVeigh stood solidly in their ranks after living with the Nichols brothers in Michigan and where he was indoctrinated at meetings of the paramilitary group called the Michigan Patriots, headed by Mark Koernke, a janitor turned militia leader. Koernke preached the credo of the extreme right, urging America to arm in order to fend off an impending coup d'etat planned by bankers, politicians, and media moguls.

Terry and James Nichols were later indicted as suspects in the Oklahoma bombing. Michael Fortier, a friend of McVeigh's and the Nichols brothers, was also later indicted as having transported stolen property, chiefly guns, which were sold to raise money. The cash was used to buy explosives in preparing the huge bomb used in Oklahoma City. Fortier later pleaded guilty to this charge, as well as to the charge of perjury, agreeing to testify against McVeigh and Terry Nichols.

Fortier told federal investigators that he had accompanied McVeigh to the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building, where they closely examined the structure. McVeigh picked out the spot in the parking lot, where he planned to park a rented truck filled with explosive materials some days later. The parking lot was directly in front of the building and beneath

McVeigh confers with his attorneys; the evidence against their client assured his conviction and death sentence; he was executed on June 11, 2001.

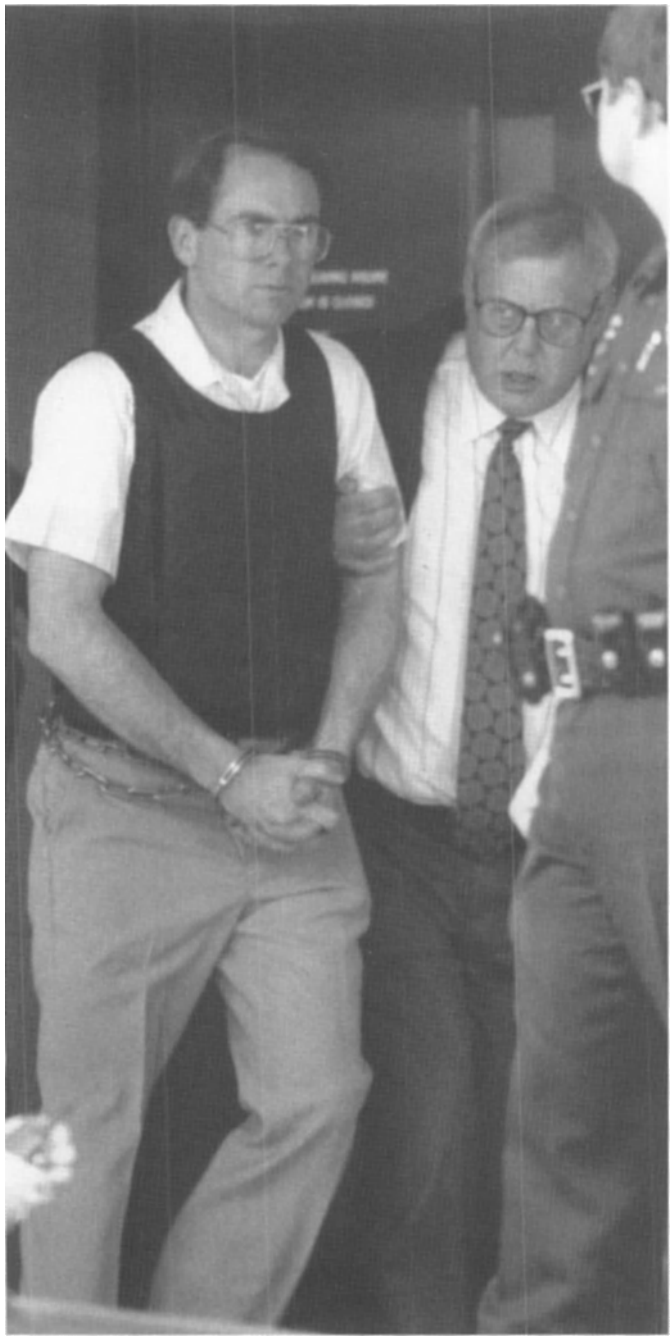
a daycare center packed with children, and, above that, the offices of the ATF, the supposed object of the bombing attack.

Taken to the federal corrections center at El Reno, Oklahoma, McVeigh was watched night and day. TV cameras monitored his every move in his 8-foot by 12-foot cell. Meanwhile, government officials studied the backgrounds of McVeigh and Nichols, homegrown terrorists, who had reportedly committed one of the worst terrorist atrocities in American history.

McVeigh had grown up in Lockport, New York, and was an above-average student with an IQ of 128. He was known as a "pleasant, cooperative" boy. He enjoyed the comfort of a middle-class home and the affection of his parents and two sisters. Following his high school graduation, McVeigh entered the army, joining up the same day as Terry Nichols in 1988. They went through basic training together at Fort Benning, Georgia, and they were stationed together at Fort Riley, Kansas. Both apparently held the same political views, and told one and all that they were staunchly against any federal government controls. In May 1989, Nichols was discharged for undisclosed reasons. McVeigh, however, remained in the service and achieved the rank of sergeant. He served in Operation Desert Storm, being awarded several medals, including a Bronze Star.

Exactly what McVeigh did in the Gulf War to earn that medal is not known. He was a gunner on a Bradley Fighting Vehicle in the First Division, the "Big Red One," as that unit was known during World War II when it stormed onto beaches in Italy and later at Normandy. He told friends that he "blew up" an Iraqi soldier, which prompted more than 500 more Iraqis soldiers to surrender to him. An army buddy said that McVeigh shot several Iraqi soldiers, who attempted to surrender. Taking prisoners was not foremost in the minds of McVeigh and others. In some reported instances, hundreds of Iraqi soldiers were simply buried alive in their sand bunkers by U.S. bulldozers.

Obsessed with guns, McVeigh spent most of his service



Terry Nichols, McVeigh's associate, who was sent to prison for life in the Oklahoma City bombing.

time in the barracks reading *Guns and Ammo* magazine. Against the rules, he kept a 9mm Glock pistol with him at all times. In the trunk of his car, parked on the post, McVeigh kept pistols, rifles, shotguns, and a Czech-made machine gun. Yet, he was not then thought of as a terrorist. "Something happened to Tim McVeigh between the time he left the army and the Oklahoma City bombing," said one army buddy.

Something happened before that. As early as 1989, McVeigh became obsessed with right-wing revolts in the U.S. as postured in the more absurd action fiction of the day. At one point he loaned a book he was reading, *The Turner Diaries*, to an army friend, saying, "Don't let anybody see it. I don't want to get into trouble." This hack fiction story begins with the bombing of the FBI headquarters in Washington and describes a bloody right-wing revolt and race war in America.

The actual turning point for McVeigh may have been when he applied for Special Services and was rejected, a rejection that embittered him against the army. He sought his release and was discharged a short time later. On December 31, 1991, a friend received a disturbing card from McVeigh, one which showed a skull and crossbones and a pistol aimed at the viewer. It read, "So many victims, so little time." During this period McVeigh worked for the National Guard in New York and he also served as a part-time security guard.

To add to his income, McVeigh, according to Terry Nichols' later statements, sold army surplus goods with Nichols throughout the country. Nichols also told authorities that McVeigh at one point called him at his home in Herington, Kansas, and asked that he pick him up in Oklahoma City. This occurred a short time before the bombing. Nichols did pick up McVeigh, driving him to Junction City, 240 miles away. On this trip, McVeigh told Nichols several times, "Something big is going to happen."

It was in Junction City where McVeigh, along with "John Doe No. 2," rented the Ryder truck, which was then packed with explosives and driven to Oklahoma City, according to authorities. (Several witnesses later told federal investigators that they saw McVeigh near the federal building in Oklahoma City only minutes before the bomb went off.)

Nichols, however, could not distance himself from his close friend McVeigh as to their common interests. He, too, investigators quickly proved, was not only a gun enthusiast but a collector. His home in Herington yielded a 60mm antitank rocket, thirty-three assorted firearms, non-electric detonators, four 55-gallon plastic drums, and three empty 50-pound bags that had contained ammonium nitrate fertilizer, the very material used in the Oklahoma City bombing. Also found in Nichols' home was literature concerning the Waco incident and considerable anti-tax and anti-government literature.

McVeigh made no secret of his hatred for federal controls. He had written a letter to his hometown newspaper in Lockport, New York, in which he stated, "Is civil war imminent?" His older sister Jennifer shared his views about Waco and also wrote letters to the local paper condemning government action in that affair. She reportedly told friends in early 1995 that "something big is going to happen in March or April and Tim's involved."

For some time in 1994, McVeigh lived with the Nichols brothers on their Michigan farm. Then Terry Nichols moved to Kansas and McVeigh to Kingman, Arizona where he roomed in a mobile home with former army chum Michael Fortier, the very man who later agreed to testify against McVeigh and Nichols. It was conjectured that McVeigh and Nichols made their moves to Kansas and Arizona in preparation for their bombing of the federal building in Oklahoma City.

In Kingman, McVeigh supported himself by selling weapons, using the alias of T. Tuttle in his mail order advertisements. This alias may be a play on the name "Harry Tuttle," a terrorist played by Robert De Niro in the 1985 offbeat futuristic movie, *Brazil*, one in which De Niro explodes a bomb that destroys a building housing government bureaucrats. Like De

Niro in the movie, McVeigh wore combat boots and fatigues while living in Kingman and was so attired when regularly picking up his mail. In late February and early March 1995, McVeigh was absent, his mail being picked up by Michael Fortier. On one occasion, another man, who was later described as "John Doe No. 2," also picked up McVeigh's mail.

In hindsight, Kingman seemed to be a logical base of operations for McVeigh. In the mid-1980s, a paramilitary group calling itself the Arizona Patriots, with an agenda similar to that of Koernke's Michigan Patriots, planned to blow up federal buildings in Phoenix and Los Angeles, and execute a machine gun attack on Internal Revenue Service offices in Ogden, Utah. The Arizona group expected to finance these terrorist operations by robbing an armored car en route from a Nevada casino. The conspiracy was unearthed by the FBI and three of the plotters were sent to prison.

During his absence from Kingman, McVeigh reportedly scouted federal buildings in Phoenix, Arizona; Omaha, Nebraska; and Dallas, Texas. He apparently chose the federal building in Oklahoma City to bomb because he could more easily park the truck planted with explosives directly in front of the place, assuring himself that, when the bomb went off, the explosion would thoroughly damage the structure. Upon his return to Kingman, some time in March 1995, McVeigh went to a local video store and rented the film, *Blown Away*, a psycho-bomber movie starring Jeff Bridges and Tommy Lee Jones. He viewed this film many times.

McVeigh is thought to be the person most responsible for the ghastly Oklahoma City bombing. Reports have it that McVeigh's destruction of the daycare center in the federal building was intentional and that he purposely sought to kill as many children as possible in retaliation for the children

Robert De Niro, playing the role of a terrorist bomber in the 1985 futuristic movie *Brazil*, one which Timothy McVeigh repeatedly viewed, emulating De Niro's character in dress and manner.

killed in the Waco firestorm. To that end, nineteen helpless children in Oklahoma City were murdered in the towering blast.

Some authorities believe that McVeigh had more help than that given by Nichols and Fortier, that he was not able to construct the mammoth bomb himself. According to explosive experts, the bomb was made up of 4,800 pounds of ammonium nitrate fertilizer mixed with fuel oil packed in twenty blue plastic drums. This was "boosted" with metal containers of hydrogen or acetylene to make the bomb even more devastating. It would have taken several persons to load this material into the large Ryder truck McVeigh had rented.

The far right militias and paramilitary groups throughout the U. S. ranted that the Oklahoma City bombing was actually performed by federal agents at the behest of a government that intended to use this terrible carnage to destroy the militias. Militia leaders pointed out that this was the same technique employed by Adolf Hitler when he had Hermann Goering set fire to the German government building housing its parliament, the Reichstag, in 1933, in order to blame political opponents for the blaze.

To many right-wing militia members, McVeigh was a hero. Phil Markowski of the Michigan Militia said of him, "I consider Tim McVeigh to be a good guy. If I were in a war, I would want him on my side. He's the kind of a guy who forms allegiances to the death." To the surviving family members of those senselessly slaughtered in Oklahoma City, McVeigh is no hero. The mere mention of his name evokes incredible pain. Edye Smith was only one example. She lost her two small sons, Colton, two, and Chase, three, in the horrible blast, found it impossible to watch little blonde boys at play without thinking back on her own slain children. "There's a hole in her heart," Smith's mother stated, "that can never be replaced."

McVeigh and Nichols were granted separate trials, with McVeigh going to court first. In March 1997, a month before McVeigh went to trial, the Dallas *Morning News* reported that one of his defense attorneys had interviewed him, asking why he had not bombed the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building at night, when fewer persons would have been killed. "That would not have gotten the point across to the government," the *News* quoted McVeigh's response. "We needed a body count to make our point."

Stephen Jones, McVeigh's chief defense attorney, denied that McVeigh had made the statement to anyone working on his defense and went on to charge the *News* with "jury pool contamination." When McVeigh's trial began, the accused terrorist and mass murderer chatted casually with paralegals in court and smiled and nodded at members of the press and prosecutors, enjoying, it seemed, his moment of high drama.

Jury selection began on March 31, 1997, and the case then went to court before Judge Richard Matsch, with opening statements made on April 24, 1997. A parade of witnesses came forth to state that they had seen one or two men driving the Ryder truck. Fred Skerdla, a gas station attendant in Billings, Oklahoma, reported how he had seen McVeigh driving the Ryder truck at between 1 a.m. and 3 a.m. on the morning of the bombing.

Another witness, Mike Moroz, insisted that he saw McVeigh driving this truck, when he stopped at Johnny's Tire Company on Tenth Street in Oklahoma City—only seven blocks from the Murrah Building—about a half hour before the explosion on April 19, 1995, where McVeigh asked directions to the building.

The most damaging testimony came from McVeigh's close friends, Michael Fortier and his wife, Lori Fortier, who both stated that McVeigh had confided his plans to them, that he had told them that he intended to blow up the Murrah Building in retaliation for the destruction of the Branch Davidians in Waco, Texas. Nothing defense attorney Jones did in his cross-examination of these witnesses caused them to change their stories.

In June 1997, a jury of seven men and five women found 29-year-old McVeigh guilty and decreed the death penalty. The emotional burden endured by these jurors was deep and painful. Before rendering their decision, the jurors were all reduced to tears. Vera Chubb, one of the jurors, later explained that the tears were not for the convicted McVeigh. "We were thinking about the families that were left in Oklahoma City ... how their lives would never be the same and how mothers and fathers had to bury their loved ones."

Juror Diane Faircloth had been moved by McVeigh's mother, Mildred "Mickey" Frazier, who had earlier appeared in court to sobbingly beg for her son's life. Faircloth nevertheless felt no sympathy for McVeigh, stating, "What he represents to me is a terrorist—someone with no regard for human life. He represents a twisted view of the intentions of the government and the principles that this country was founded upon."

Terry Nichols, McVeigh's friend and cohort in the plot to destroy the Murrah Building, was next to go to trial, even though he was not present at the time of the bombing. In fact, Nichols was seen on the morning of April 19, 1995, working on his lawn in Herington, Kansas. He was dusting the grass with fertilizer—ammonium nitrate—the same substance used in the horrendous bomb that destroyed the Murrah Building. Federal authorities insisted that Nichols was not merely fertilizing his lawn—he was destroying evidence, the remainder of the fertilizer that had not been used in the bomb packed into the Ryder truck left outside of the Murrah Building.

The prosecution in Nichols' separate case convinced a jury that Nichols had, indeed, aided McVeigh in building the bomb and then drove McVeigh's car to Oklahoma City and left it there so that McVeigh, after parking the Ryder truck next to the Murrah Building, had the auto available for his escape. Nichols was also convicted of being an accessory to McVeigh's crime; he was given a life sentence.

Timothy James McVeigh remained a quiet prisoner behind bars while awaiting his execution. He dissuaded his lawyers from energetically pursuing appeals that would prolong his life (and by today's agonizingly slow court procedures such appeals might prolong a condemned person's life for as long as twenty years). He was put to death by lethal injection at 7:14 a.m., on June 11, 2001. There is no record of anyone mourning his passing.

THEODORE KACZYNSKI, UNABOMBER/ 1980s-1990s

The ubiquitous terrorist and serial killer the press dubbed the Unabomber began murdering and maiming American citizens at will in 1978. Apparently driven by a seething hatred for modern technology, specifically computer science and the changes it brings about, he struck out at corporations, institutions and individuals.

On April 20, 1995, the terrorist sent a letter to Nobel Prize Winner Richard J. Roberts, one of four letters he mailed from Oakland, California, along with a bomb, which, on April 24, 1995, killed Gilbert Murray, the president of the California Forestry Association, an industry trade group located in Sacramento. (The package containing the bomb was addressed to Murray's associate, William Dennison.) The contents of the letters received by geneticist Roberts at New England Biolabs in Beverly, Massachusetts, were not disclosed. Roberts helped to launch the field of biotechnology and brought definition to the makeup of DNA.

Up to that time, the Unabomber had sent sixteen bombs that killed three persons and seriously injured twenty-three people in the U.S. The first to be killed was Hugh Scrutton, owner of a computer store in Sacramento, California, who discovered a bag left behind in his store on December 11, 1985. When he picked it up, it blew him to pieces. The second person murdered by the Unabomber was advertising executive Thomas Mosser of North Caldwell, New Jersey, who was killed on December 10, 1994 when he opened a package delivered to his home. The last fatality was timber lobbyist Gilbert Murray, killed when he opened a package on April 24, 1995.

The FBI sketch of the Unabomber, pieced together from descriptions given by witnesses glimpsing the ubiquitous terrorist.

In one of the letters the Unabomber sent to the New York *Times*, he stated in a typewritten note: "Clearly, we are in a position to do a great deal of damage." This was the second note the terrorist had sent to the *Times*, the first missive having been sent in 1993. In both notes, the killer described himself as an "anarchist" representing a group called "FC" (standing for "Freedom Club," according to the terrorist's later letters).

The FBI believed that the terrorist was striking back at anyone who had polluted the environment. In his 1995 note to the *Times*, the Unabomber referred to Burson-Marsteller, an agency that represented Exxon following the *Exxon-Valdez* oil spill in Alaska. Bureau experts pointed out that the terrorist's hatred for institutions was exemplified early on when, in his first attack, he mailed a bomb that exploded on the campus of Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, on May 26, 1978.

In the 1995 note, the Unabomber inexplicably claimed that he had "nothing against universities or scholars as such ... All the university people we have attacked have been specialists in technical fields" who were involved "in certain areas of applied psychology, such as behavior modification." He added that "we would not want anyone to think that we have any desire to hurt professors who study archaeology, history, literature or harmless stuff like that."

Then the Unabomber stated that he would stop killing people if a national publication would print his manuscript, one which he said he had been working on for some time and consisted of between 29,000 and 37,000 words. The terrorist added (either jocularly or as a way to gain unthinkable sympathy) that "it's no fun having to spend all your evenings and weekends preparing dangerous mixtures, filing trigger mechanisms out of scraps of metal or searching the sierras for a place isolated enough to test a bomb."

In another April 20, 1995, letter, the Unabomber taunted one of his own victims, David Gelernter, a noted computer science professor at Yale University, who received serious injuries when a bomb exploded in his hands in June 1993. Gelernter was blinded in one eye and deafened in one ear, lost part of his right hand, and was injured in the chest when the terrorist's bomb went off.

"People with advanced degrees aren't as smart as they think they are," taunted the Unabomber in his letter to Gelernter. "If you had any brains you would have realized that there are

David Kaczynski recognized the writings of the Unabomber as that of his brother, Ted Kaczynski, and contacted the FBI.

a lot of people out there who resent bitterly the way technonerds like you are changing the world and you wouldn't have been dumb enough to open an unexpected package from an unknown source."

The letter went on to criticize Gelernter's book, *Mirror Worlds*, which predicted the inevitability of widespread computerization. Remarked the Unabomber, "In the epilogue of your book you tried to justify your research by claiming that the developments you describe are inevitable, and that any college person can learn enough about computers to compete in a computer-dominated world.

"Apparently people without a college degree don't count ... In any case, being informed about computers won't enable anyone to prevent invasion of privacy (through computers), genetic engineering, environmental degradation through excessive economic growth and so forth ... If the developments you describe are inevitable, they are not inevitable in the way old age or bad weather are inevitable. They are inevitable only because technonerds like you make them inevitable. If there were no computer scientists there would be no progress in computer science."

The Unabomber's hatred for academics like Gelernter was evident, emphasized in his letter to the *Times* in which he clearly stated that he was "out to get" computer and genetic scientists, whom he felt were ruining the world and that he was dedicated to the "destruction of the worldwide industrial system." After studying the letters, the FBI stated that though the Unabomber claimed to be part of a group, agents did not "have a shred of evidence that he is connected with other people in the placing of the bombs."

It was evident, however, that the terrorist insisted upon establishing a frightening personal image. Before he sent a bomb on June 22, 1993 to geneticist Charles Epstein at the University of California in San Francisco, the Unabomber spray-painted the initials "FC" and the word "anarchy" in the campus area of the Sacramento State University. Epstein lost several fingers and suffered a broken arm when he opened the package containing the bomb. Two days later, the Unabomber mailed his bomb to Gelernter.

In one of the letters the terrorist sent in 1995, he showed his return address as being the headquarters of the FBI in Washington, D.C., a way of sneering his contempt at those he knew were avidly pursuing him. Smugly, in his letter to the *Times*, the killer bragged about how his expertise at bomb-making had improved, "Since we no longer have to confine the explosive in pipe, we are now free of limitations on the size and shape of our bombs. We are pretty sure we know how to increase the power of our explosives.

"And, we think we now have more effective fragmentation material. So we expect to be able to pack deadly bombs into ever smaller, lighter and more harmless-looking packages ... we believe we will be able to make bombs much bigger than we've made before."

Further, the Unabomber said that he represented a movement that hoped to promote "instability in industrial society, propagate anti-industrial ideas and give encouragement to those who hate the industrial system ..." To some academics studying the Unabomber's letters, it seemed as if he were echoing the early 19th century beliefs of the Luddites, an anti-industrial sect in England.

At one point in 1995, the mysterious Unabomber brought panic to air travelers and airlines when he threatened to blow up an airliner at the Los Angeles Airport. For days, FBI agents swarmed throughout southern California airports, where all passengers were stopped and ordered to identify themselves. Postal authorities announced that no mail weighing more than three-quarters of an ounce would be accepted or delivered.

Then, to placate the terrorist, the New York *Times* and the Washington *Post*, offered to publish the Unabomber's manifesto. Both publications received his 35,000-word manuscript entitled "Industrial Society and Its Future." Along with the manuscript, which the FBI certified as genuine, was a letter in which the Unabomber decried the Oklahoma City bombing, stating, "We strongly deplore the kind of indiscriminate slaughter that occurred in the Oklahoma City event."

The remote one-room cabin in Montana, where hermit Kaczynski plotted death and made his bombs.

In a precedent-setting move, the *Times* and the *Post* published a segment of the Unabomber's rambling, raving manuscript in September 1995, one in which the terrorist condemned a corrupt technocracy responsible for stamping out human freedom on behalf of the corporate and governmental elite. Said a *Times* spokesman, "We are absolutely not trying to appease the Unabomber by publishing the excerpts. It was only 3,000 words." The *Post* stated, "We thought we owed our readers the relevant excerpts. For all we know it could wind up in the Internet next week."

Hundreds of FBI agents were assigned to tracking down the elusive terrorist. As is the case with most such manhunts, FBI agents got a break when a tipster contacted them in January 1996. The unlikely informant was David Kaczynski, who had found papers with Unabomber-like rhetoric in the home of his mother, Wanda Kaczynski, in Lombard, Illinois. The papers had been written by his brother, one-time academic, social dropout, and Montana hermit, Theodore "Ted" Kaczynski (b. 1942).

David Kaczynski, a social worker, lived quietly with his wife in Schenectady, New York. He had read the excerpts of the Unabomber's diatribes in the *Times* and realized that the writing was strikingly similar to that written by his brother over the years. Moreover, when helping his mother move from her Lombard home in January 1996, he found hundreds of letters his brother had written, all brimming with the same invective. The loyalty-torn Kaczynski agonized for some time over his decision to contact the FBI through a Washington, D.C., attorney. He offered to help the Bureau only if his name was not disclosed and that his brother, if found guilty, would not receive the death penalty. Neither promise could be kept.

Agents investigated every square inch of the Lombard home. An around-the-clock stakeout kept vigil on the house and neighborhood, while other agents scoured the remote regions of Stemple Pass, Montana, where Kaczynski lived in a crude cabin. Agents kept the cabin under close surveillance while they monitored the movements of the hermit, a shaggy-haired, heavily bearded Ted Kaczynski.

Kaczynski had lived in the cabin for twenty-five years and seldom went to the town of Lincoln, which was six miles distant. When he did go to Lincoln, he peddled a battered bicycle to a dry goods store to buy meager supplies, seldom talking to store owner Becky Garland, who described him as a "hermit kind of guy. Over the years we had a few conversations about things, but we didn't talk long. Mostly, I saw him maybe every six months or so ..."

After observing Kaczynski for almost two months, FBI agents finally took him into custody. He offered a scuffling resistance and then went meekly, silently behind bars. Inside his cabin, agents found ten three-ring binders full of detailed writings and diagrams of explosive devices and sketches of boxes meant to conceal the devices. They also found handwritten notes in Spanish and English describing how chemical compounds could create explosive charges. Kaczynski had also filled logs that described his experiments in determining the optimal design for pipe bombs and their effectiveness in various weather conditions. The cabin was also filled with books on chemistry and electrical circuitry.

The Kaczynski cabin had no toilet facilities or running water, but it contained a treasure trove of terrorist devices, including one finished package bomb that bore no address and had not been mailed; copper, plastic and galvanized metal pipes, some having plates at one end, a preliminary step in the construction of pipe bombs; containers with aluminum, zinc, lead, and potassium chlorate, which can be used in constructing bombs; solid cast ingots; batteries and electrical wire that could be used to detonate explosives; and assorted drills, drill bits, wirecutters and hacksaw blades. It also had two manual typewriters, which Kaczynski used to write the Unabomber messages, according to law enforcement experts.

While Kaczynski remained in custody, his strange background was pieced together by law enforcement officials. Born on May 22, 1942, to Wanda and Theodore R. Kaczynski in Evergreen Park, Illinois, he was the first of two sons, his brother David born eight years later. Kaczynski's father worked in a Chicago sausage factory until managing a firm called Cushion Pak in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (The elder Kaczynski committed suicide in 1990 after he was diagnosed with cancer.)

The Kaczynski family, according to Evergreen Park neighbors, kept to themselves. Ted Kaczynski was a bright lad who spent most of his time in the family basement, tinkering. He was so brilliant that he skipped one grade in grade school and his junior year of high school, entering Harvard on a scholarship at age sixteen. During high school, Kaczynski showed a decided interest in creating homemade bombs. One school chum remembered that "he was very intelligent and had a flair for pyrotechnics." One of Kaczynski's classmates asked him how to make a bomb and Kaczynski told him; the bomb went off in a chemistry class and caused a girl to lose her hearing.

Kaczynski did not adjust well to Harvard. Though he was a brilliant math student, he was shy and retiring, wanting to be alone most of the time. He shut himself up in a single room at a fraternity house, one which was later described by a fellow student as "the messiest room I've ever seen ... a foot or two deep in trash. And it smelled, because there was spoiled milk and sandwiches underneath all that stuff."

Never outgoing, Kaczynski did not date girls and had no close friends at Harvard. He did sit in on some "bull sessions," where the more brilliant math students met in the cafeteria and espoused the idealist philosophy of Immanuel Kant. (The Unabomber's published manifesto contains many allusions to Kantian thinking.) Following his graduation from Harvard in 1962, Kaczynski attended the University of Michigan from 1962 to 1967, receiving his doctorate in mathematics. He displayed brilliance and solved problems that stumped professors. His articles were published in academic reviews and he was one of ten young math graduates to be hired in 1967 at the University of California in Berkeley, where he was thought to be one of the few who would get tenure.

At Berkeley, Kaczynski taught without incident. Here, too, he did not mix with faculty, but remained reclusive. Though Berkeley had always been known to be a hotbed of leftist political activities, Kaczynski took no part in partisan politics. In 1969, Kaczynski shocked the staff at Berkeley by resigning, saying that he was giving up math and was uncertain

Police photo of Theodore Kaczynski at the time of his arrest in 1996.

Kaczynski was a brilliant student and teacher, who dropped out of society to become the Unabomber.

as to what he might do. No amount of persuasion could compel him to reconsider.

It was later pointed out that he was feeling "inner tension" at this time as a result of his disgust with leftist activism. (The Unabomber's manifesto is highly critical of leftist political philosophies.) To family members, Kaczynski later confided that he quit Berkeley because he feared that what he taught to engineers would later be used to destroy the environment.

Kaczynski surfaced briefly in Salt Lake City where he took menial jobs before moving to the wilds of Montana in 1970 or 1971. In 1971, Kaczynski and his brother (who apparently provided the financing) bought 1.4 acres of land outside Lincoln, Montana, next to a dirt road. Here Kaczynski built a small shack, ten feet by twelve.

From that time on, Kaczynski lived the hermit's life. He nurtured a small vegetable garden. He lived on a dollar a day, going to Lincoln only to buy supplies and visit the library. Occasionally, he traveled by bus to Helena, where he bought and sold used books, staying at the $14-a-night Park Hotel. He did not remain away from his shack for long. Most of his hours he spent inside the shack, which FBI officials described as a low-tech bomb factory where Kaczynski meticulously pieced together his bombs from scraps of metal and wood, scavenged some distance from his home, which made them impossible to trace.

Not until October 1996 was Kaczynski indicted by a grand jury in Newark, New Jersey, for the 1994 murder-bombing of ad executive Thomas Mosser. By then, the FBI had put together a strong case to convict Kaczynski in the Unabomber killings. They expected to prove that the suspect's saliva matched that taken from the stamps on the packages mailed by the Unabomber, as well as matching his fingerprints to the one Unabomber print found on one of the bomb packages and that one of the two typewriters found in Kaczynski's cabin would match perfectly to the Unabomber's manifesto.

An "intellectual" match of the Unabomber's philosophy can be found in the works of novelist Joseph Conrad, who was Ted Kaczynski's favorite author. Kaczynski read and reread every novel ever written by Conrad, whose real name was Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski. More than the name similarities, Kaczynski undoubtedly took over the lifestyle of one of Conrad's fictional protagonists.

In Conrad's 1907 novel, *The Secret Agent*, a brilliant but mad professor abandons academia and takes up residence in a "hermitage," where he fashions a bomb, which he intends to use in destroying "that idol of science," an observatory. He eats raw carrots; Kaczynski ate raw turnips. The professor-turned-anarchist vows revenge against the advocates of modern science; so did the Unabomber.

The anarchists of *The Secret Agent* use the initials "FP" ("Future of the Proletariat") in their leaflets; the Unabomber used the initials "FC" as a signature. Like Conrad's mad professor, who lived a lonely life of isolation, Kaczynski dwelled in total alienation from society. Conrad had written that the bomb-making professor saw science and technology as nefarious forces exalted by a naive public, as did the Unabomber. As Conrad wrote, "Explosives were his faith, his hope, his weapon and his shield." For Ted Kaczynski, these weapons of destruction also powered an arrogance and vanity that led to his eventual identification, arrest and indictment as America's most wanted terrorist.

Following his arrest, Kaczynski refused to talk with his 80-year-old mother, Wanda, and his 47-year-old brother, David. He had not seen either of them in fifteen years, and when first appearing in the Sacramento, California, court of Judge Garland Burrell, Jr., he walked past them without looking at them or uttering a single word. He pleaded not guilty to the charges of having killed three persons and seriously injuring another twenty-nine people over his eighteen-year course of terrorism. Only four persons, all residents of tiny Lincoln, Montana, visited the terrorist in jail.

In the second week of January 1998, Kaczynski attempted to hang himself with his underwear in his jail cell, a clumsy attempt that failed. The suicide attempt, in fact, was so awkward that it was thought that Kaczynski had purposely planned to fail in taking his own life, but, in attempting to do so, try to convince authorities that he was mentally unbalanced.

Yet, Kaczynski had been fighting with his attorneys, who wanted to portray him as mentally ill. He insisted that he was sane and ordered them to abandon all efforts to profile him as unbalanced. The defense lawyers agreed, but said that they would use the insanity plea during the expected death pen-

alty phase of their client's trial. Then Kaczynski insisted that he be allowed to fire his lawyers and that he be permitted to act as his own attorney.

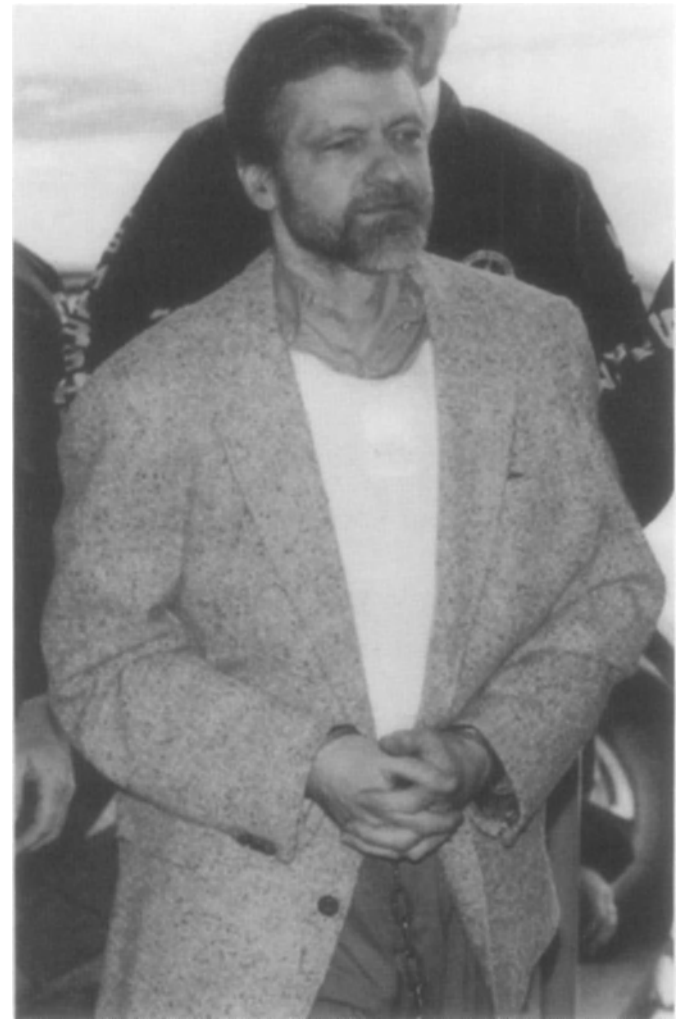
In an effort to prove that he was sane enough to represent himself, Kaczynski agreed to be examined by court-appointed psychiatrists. The court was frustrated in that, by allowing Kaczynski to act as his own attorney, the trial might become the same kind of farce created by killer Colin Ferguson (see Mass Murder). Many close to the case thought that Kaczynski was simply attempting to remain in control, to continue to battle the entire government arraigned against him—the federal judiciary, the FBI, the Department of Justice, all representing a social system he had vowed to destroy with his bombs.

At the end of January 1998, Kaczynski agreed to a deal. He would plead guilty in exchange for a life sentence with no right to appeal, but on the condition that Judge Burrell deny his petition to represent himself in court. This was agreed. Appearing before Judge Burrell, the defendant's bid to represent himself was denied. He was then asked if he was responsible for all the murders and bombings of which he stood accused. "Yes, your honor," replied Theodore Kaczynski. On May 4, 1998, the terrorist was sentenced to four life terms, plus thirty years behind bars without the possibility of parole.

Judge Burrell later stated that Kaczynski made a conscious decision "to employ trickery" in order to prevent any jury of ever hearing the details of his many crimes. Burrell went on to openly state that Kaczynski had faked the arguments with his attorneys and staged a suicide attempt to improve his chances of striking a deal with prosecutors and avoiding the death penalty. Everything was a ploy, said Burrell, because the terrorist "wanted to live." Kaczynski knew that the government planned to introduce 22,000 journal pages in which Kaczynski described his numerous bombings. Judge Burrell pointed out that these revelations might have so enraged a jury that conviction was a certainty.

Kaczynski was sent to the federal maximum-security prison in Florence, Colorado (U.S. Penitentiary, Administrative Maximum Facility). His climate-controlled cell is actually larger than the hermit's cabin he inhabited in rural Montana and a great deal more luxurious, having shower, toilet, electric lamp, concrete desk and stool, cigarette lighter, and a 13-inch television. He can order books of all kinds from a well-stocked library without ever leaving the cell. Breakfast, lunch, and dinner (he can choose several culinary options for each meal) are delivered to his cell. Freshly laundered bedding and clothing are delivered to his cell three times each week.

This prison, however, is no garden spot. Completed in 1994 at a cost of $190 million, the prison holds "the worst of the worst," or "the folks who simply cannot function in open institutions," according to one source. Warden John Hurley stated, "We don't send out invitations to this place. They earn the right to be here." More than twenty-two percent of those housed at this prison, which has replaced the U.S. federal penitentiary at Marion, Illinois, as the top federal maximum security prison (Marion having replaced Alcatraz after that institution was closed in 1963) are men who have murdered fellow inmates in other federal prisons. About thirty-five percent have been involved in violent attacks on inmates or guards.



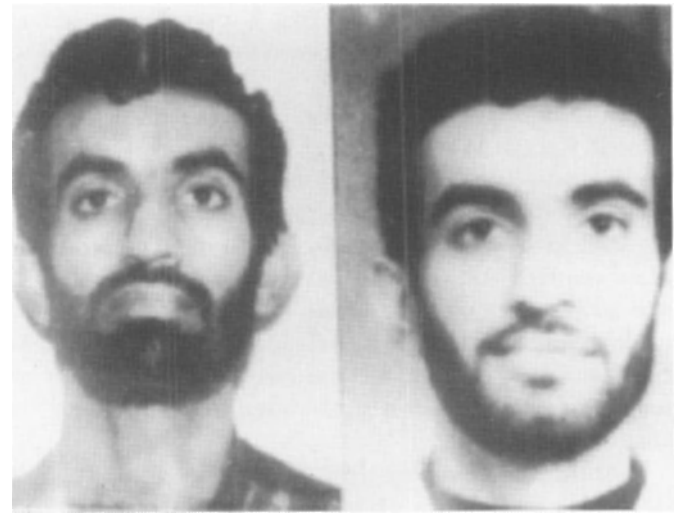
Theodore Kaczynski at the time of his 1997 trial; he cleverly engineered the court into giving him a life sentence.

Other infamous prisoners at this federal prison included Oklahoma City bomber Timothy McVeigh until his execution in 2001, who, up to that time, was the first federal prisoner to be executed in thirty-eight years, and Ramzi Ahmed Yousef, mastermind of the 1993 World Trade Center bombing. None of the men have contact with each other or other convicts. They are shackled and escorted by at least two guards every time they leave their cells, which is no more than two hours every day. Beyond the bars of their cells, none have a future.

THE ISLAMIC TERRORISTS/1980s-2000s

Beginning in the 1970s-1980s, many right-wing Islamic terrorist sects were organized in the Middle East, first to destroy Israel by establishing a Palestinian state, and then to combat Israel's foremost ally, the United States. Bombings, kidnappings and assassinations by these groups were committed so frequently that their terrorist atrocities became com-

Victims of the fire and smoke from the 1993 bombing of New York's World Trade Center; six persons were killed and more than 1,000 others injured.



FBI photos of Ramzi Ahmed Yousef, mastermind the 1993 World Trade Center bombing; he fled to Pakistan, living in a house owned by Osama bin Laden, until captured and sent to prison for life.

mon occurrences. The PFLP (Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine), Hamas, Hezbollah (or Hezballah; Party of God), and later Al Qaeda became the most significant terrorist organizations, recruiting and indoctrinating countless Moslems to their warped causes. These fanatics were trained to destroy buildings and kill people, taking as many lives as possible while sacrificing their own in countless suicidal missions. Typical was the bomb set by a fanatic pro-Iranian Moslem group that exploded in the U. S. Embassy in Beirut, Lebanon, on April 18, 1983.

Sixty-three people were killed, their mutilated bodies found buried in the rubble. The bomb had been placed inside a van, allegedly driven by a suicide driver, who drove past Lebanese guards and through the front door of the embassy during lunch hour. The bomb blew apart the front wall of the central section of the embassy from ground level to the top floor and caused severe damage in the visa section on the ground floor of the northern wing.

Robert S. Dillon, the U.S. ambassador to Lebanon, was sitting in his office when the bomb exploded. The office collapsed under him, burying him in the rubble. Freed by rescuers, he climbed out a window and down to the ground unscathed. Robert C. Ames, a senior CIA analyst, was killed in the blast, along with twenty-three other Americans, including several U.S. Marines. The remaining dead were Lebanese citizens, many of whom worked in the embassy or were applying for visas. The pro-Iranian group, Islamic Jihad (Muslim Holy War), Lebanese Shiite Muslims, first claimed responsibility but were quickly followed by two other radical organizations claiming to have detonated the bomb.

By the early 1990s, these terrorist organizations imported their assassins to Europe and the U. S. In 1993, Islamic terrorist Ramzi Ahmed Yousef planned to destroy the symbol of American finance and corporate world power, the World Trade Center, in New York City. Yousef employed techniques that would later be gruesomely mimicked by Timothy McVeigh two years later in his destruction of the federal building in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Yousef or one of his followers drove a Ryder rental truck into the underground parking area of the World Trade Center on February 26, 1993. The truck was packed with 1,200 pounds of explosive material, along with three cylinders of hydrogen gas. The entire truck was one huge bomb and when it exploded, six persons were killed and more than 1,000 others were injured. Officials evacuated the twin towers of more than 50,000 people and then inspected the near-catastrophic damage the bomb had made.

The terrorists, engineers determined, had planned to blow up the support columns and base structure of one of the WTC towers so as to topple it into the other, thus killing tens of thousands of persons. They almost succeeded. Engineers worked night and day to support the weakened columns to avoid a collapse. The terrorist knew, it was surmised, that the twin WTC towers sat on a large landfill, primarily a mud basin, and the bomb was positioned so that it could blow a hole in the mud fill. Had that occurred, the Hudson River would have crashed through the opening and flooded lower Manhattan.

Experts believed that the bombing had been the work of any number of Islamic terrorist groups, in that it followed the *modus operandi* of earlier bombings known to have been exploded by such groups. They thought that the terrorists were immigrants from one of several countries—Libya, Iraq or Iran—all right-wing Islamic countries that supported terrorism. Investigators nevertheless were left guessing until an important clue was discovered.

On February 28, 1993, investigators uncovered a three-foot piece of truck chassis that had been hurled from the center of the blast. An identification number on the chassis led agents to a truck rental agency in Jersey City, New Jersey. This firm had, on Febraury 23, 1993, rented the Ryder truck to Mohammed Salameh, a resident of the Little Egypt section of town. Salameh was a 25-year-old Islamic follower of Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman, a blind fundamentalist leader of fanatical Islamic groups in Manhattan.

Salameh was a man made stupid by greed. He refused to forfeit the $400 deposit he had placed on the truck. When the money-grubbing terrorist appeared to report the vehicle stolen and collect his deposit on March 4, 1993, he was arrested by FBI agents, who had staked out the truck rental agency. On that same day, agents arrested Ibrahim Elgabrowny in his Brooklyn, New York, apartment, where they found bomb-making materials. Elgabrowny did not go gentle into custody, kicking and punching agents as they tried to subdue him. His address appeared on Salameh's New York driving license.

Six days later, on March 10, 1993, agents located and arrested Nidal Ayyad in Maplewood, New Jersey. Ayyad was a chemical engineer and a friend of Salameh's, who, according to officials, possessed the expertise to make the bomb that exploded at the World Trade Center. The terrorist cell to which Salameh, Elgabrowny and Ayyad belonged, officials concluded, was headed by Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman, the blind Egyptian cleric, who often preached at a storefront in Jersey City, New Jersey, ceremonies, it was determined, that were often attended by Salameh and Ayyad.

Checking the background of these suspects, agents learned that Salameh had often visited a prison that housed Sayyid Nosair, who had been acquitted of the 1990 assassination of Rabbi Mein Kahane in New York City, but who went to jail on weapons charges. Nosair was closely associated with all of the suspects. On March 17, 1993, Salameh, Elgabrowny and Ayyad were indicted for the World Trade Center bombing. The following day, Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman was visited by press members, asking about his involvement with these men.

International terrorist Osama bin Laden, a Saudi oil-millionaire, financed the 1993 WTC attack, orchestrated the 1998 U. S. embassy attacks in Kenya and Tanzania and directed the destruction of the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001. He is, at this writing, the most wanted man in the world, an unparalleled mass murderer.

He denied having anything to do with the WTC bombing. To one reporter he stated: "Did anyone intercept any kind of a letter or any kind of written statement or anything else? I'm asking, what is the clue that they [law enforcement officers] have based their accusations on?"

Two more suspects, Mahmud Abouhalima and Bilal Alkaisi, were arrested in connection with the bombing on

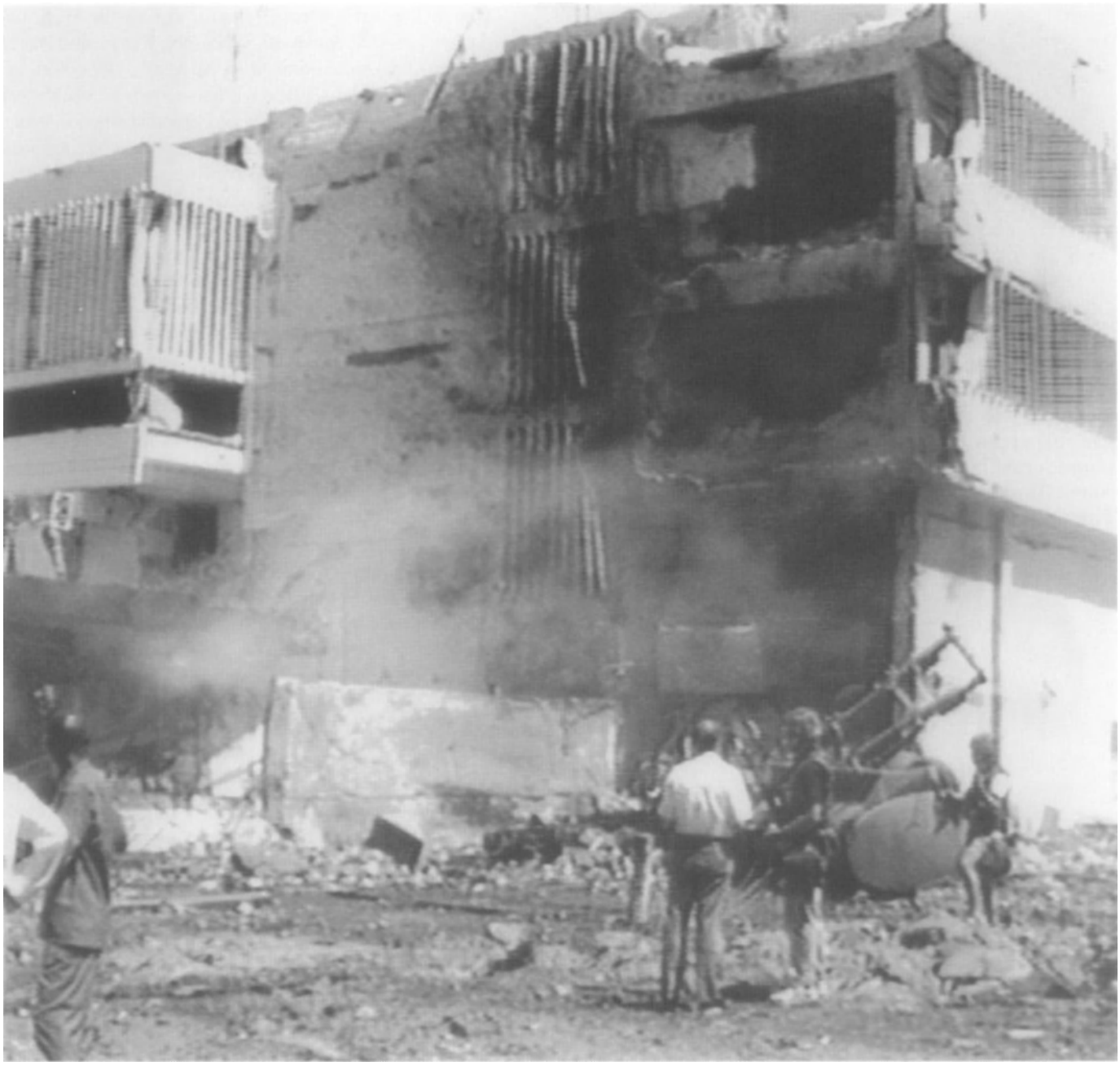
The destruction created at the U. S. Embassy in Nairobi, Kenya, on August 7, 1998; more than 200 people were killed and thousands more injured from a blast set off by members of Osama bin Laden's Al Qaeda.

March 24-25, 1993, but by then, the mastermind of the bombing, Ramzi Ahmed Yousef, a 26-year-old Iraqi, had been identified. He was indicted in absentia on March 31, 1993 for the bombing. By June, the media announced that Emad Salem, a translator and bodyguard for Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman, had been an FBI informer. Salem had gone wired for many months among the Islamic fundamentalists working with Rahman and Yousef. On August 25, 1993, Rahman was arrested and jailed for the WTC bombing.

Yousef, however, had fled the country, and FBI and CIA officials scoured the world for him. A 20-man FBI team found him in Pakistan, where he may have been hidden on orders of Al Qaeda leader Osama bin Laden. (It was later speculated that Yousef had set off the 1993 WTC bomb at Osama bin Laden's direct orders.) Yousef was extradited to the U. S., where he was tried.

In the end, all of the indicted Islamic terrorists connected to the 1993 WTC bombing were convicted and sent to prison. Yousef and four others were given life sentences. During Yousef's trial, it was learned that three men had driven the truck into the parking area at the World Trade Center—Siddig Ibrahim Siddig Ali, who had turned state's evidence, Yousef, and one other man. The man reportedly orchestrating the 1993 bombing, however, was at large and was conducting a "holy" war against the West. This was Osama bin Laden, who, with Muhammad Atef, had established Al Qaeda in 1989.

A leader against Russian troops in the attritional war in Afghanistan, bin Laden was initially given support by the U.



The U. S. Embassy at Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, partially destroyed by a bomb on August 7, 1998, planted by Al Qaeda terrorists under Osama bin Laden, where eleven were killed and hundreds injured.

S., but he earmarked America as the number one enemy when U.S. aid was given to Iraq during the Iraq-Iran war. Bin Laden showed great empathy for the fundamentalist regime of Iran, but, in typical contradiction, obliquely supported Iraq's dictator Saddam Hussein, since he represented an Islamic state. In establishing Al Qaeda, bin Laden's chief plan was to oppose with force and violence all non-Islamic governments and western nations, chiefly the U. S.

In addition to Iran, bin Laden's support came from Iraq, the fundamentalist Islamic Taliban government of Afghanistan, Pakistan, Syria, Somalia and Kenya. Many of his expensive terrorist operations were funded through his own fortune. Bin Laden, born and raised in a rich Saudi oil family, had personal wealth exceeding $300 million. In 1991, bin Laden established one of his headquarters in Khartoum, Sudan, operating a number of businesses that served as "fronts" for his terrorist operations. These businesses consisted of investment companies and other firms dealing with agriculture, transportation and construction, but chiefly financed procurement of explosives, weapons, chemicals, as well as travel expenses for Al Qaeda operations and personnel.

In the early 1990s, bin Laden—recognized by his peers as the chief Islamic terrorist leader—issued a series of orders, called fatwahs (edicts interpreting Islamic law to Al Qaeda's terrorist ends) that called for attacks on U. S. forces in Saudi Arabia, Yemen and the Horn of Africa, especially Somalia. On October 3-4, 1993, Al Qaeda terrorists led the attacks on U. S. peacekeeping forces in revolution-torn Mogadishu, Somalia.

Al Qaeda terrorist Mohammed Atta led the team that seized American Airlines Flight 11, when leaving Logan Airport in Boston, this plane crashing into the North Tower of the World Trade Center.

Al Qaeda terrorist Marwan al-Shehhri, who led the team that seized United Airlines Flight 175, flying it to New York and crashing it into the South Tower of the World Trade Center.

Al Qaeda terrorist Mohammed Jaweed, who helped to skyjack one of the four planes in the suicide attacks of September 11, 2001.

Ayub Ali Khan, another Al Qaeda terrorist, who died on board one of the suicide planes on September 11, 2001.

In devastating firefights, eighteen American soldiers were killed. In December 1993, bin Laden worked with Omar Abdel Rahman and Ramzi Ahmed Yousef to attack the World Trade Center. When those twin towers were not destroyed, bin Laden vowed that he would later demolish the buildings, a threat he would keep.

In 1994, bin Laden marked Pope John Paul II for death, ordering a murder squad to assassinate the spiritual leader when he arrived on a state visit in Manila, Philippines. This assassination went awry, but the terrorist group did, in that year, set off bombings at the U. S. and Israeli embassies in Manila and Asian capitals. In the following year, Al Qaeda terrorists succeeded in setting off mid-air explosions on several U.S. trans-Pacific flights. In mid-1998, bin Laden planned two simultaneous attacks in Africa, both aimed at the United States.

One of the worst terrorist attacks against the U. S. occurred when two U.S. embassies in Nairobi, Kenya, and Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, were bombed on August 7, 1998, both gigantic explosions taking place within seconds of each other at 10:40 a.m. The bomb in Tanzania exploded some distance from the U.S. Embassy, thanks to the building having been constructed far from the street. Eleven Tanzanians were killed and many injured. In Nairobi, however, the explosion was catastrophic, claiming the lives of twelve Americans and 213 Kenyans. The entire building next to the embassy was collapsed by the massive explosion and hundreds of windows in scores of buildings nearby were blown out, causing more than 5,000 persons to be injured by flying glass.

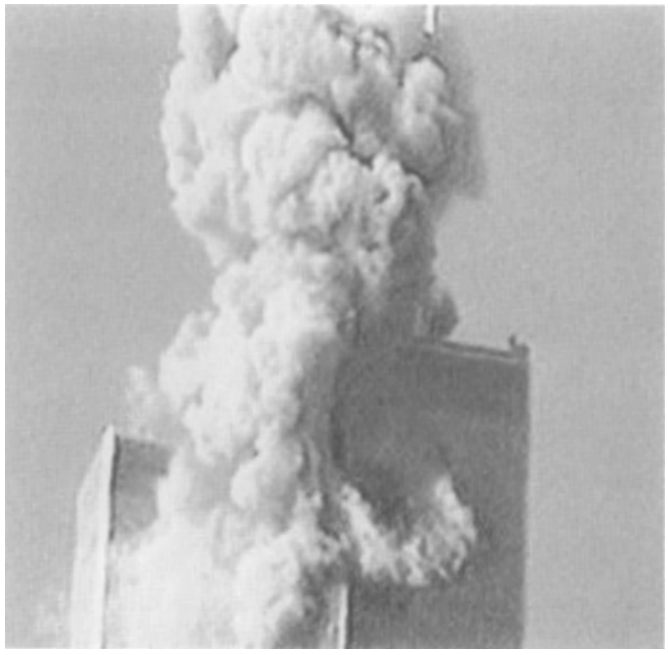
Almost immediately after the smoke cleared, American intelligence and other foreign agencies scurried to identify those behind the horrific bombings. Investigators were at a loss to identify the culprits until the apprehension of Mohammed Sadeek Odeh, also known as Abdull Bast Awadh and Mohammad Sadig Howaida. Odeh had been arrested by Pakistani officials on August 7, 1998, the very day of the explosion, after arriving in Karachi, Pakistan, from Nairobi. After being promptly extradited back to Nairobi, Kenya, Odeh was relentlessly interrogated by Kenyan investigators, as well as interrogation experts from the FBI who had flown to Nairobi from the U.S.

At first, Odeh would admit nothing, even though he had earlier told Pakistani officials that the bombings had been ordered by Osama bin Laden. It was at this time, that bin Laden's background was fully examined, investigators learning much about the 42-year-old Saudi Arabian millionaire and terrorist leader. Bin Laden, whose father was a billionaire in Saudi Arabian construction, had studied engineering in England. Backed by his father's millions, bin Laden, a shrewd investor, amassed his own fortune—between $200 and $300 million. He volunteered his services to the CIA in the Afghan war against Soviet Russia, financing and organizing his own mountain guerrillas, who defeated the Russians at almost every turn.

Following the war, bin Laden reorganized his Afghan forces into his own terrorist organization, which he called the Islamic Front for Jihad Against Jews and Crusaders, later retitled Al Qaeda. He was suspected of being behind the bombing of the World Trade Center in 1993, the prime suspect in that case, Ramzi Ahmed Yousef, being convicted of the bombing in 1996. Yousef had reportedly been captured in a bin Laden family guest house in Pakistan.

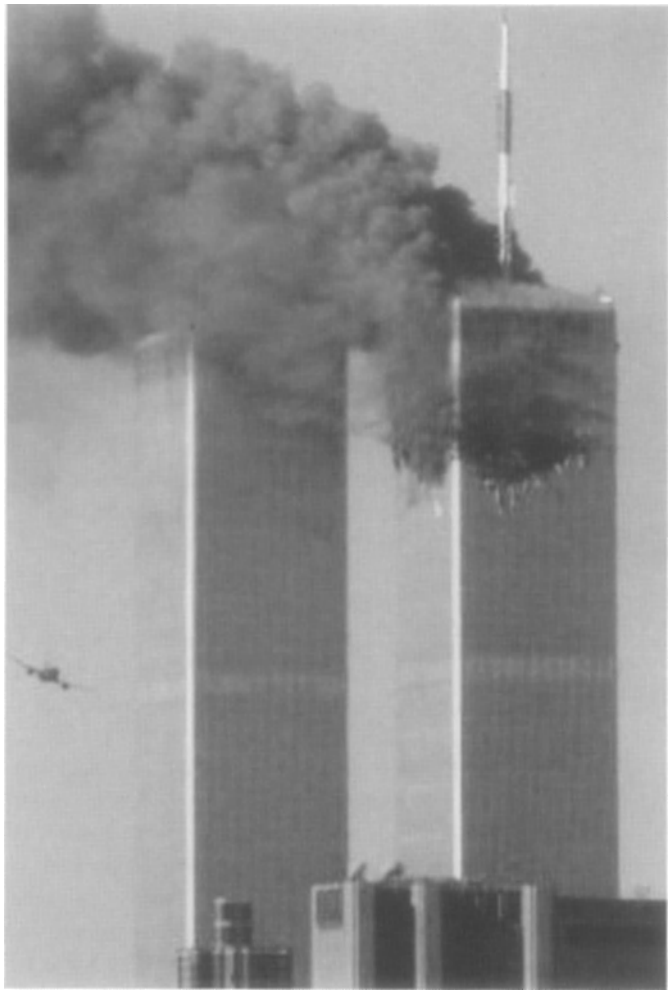
In studying the background and rigid Islamic beliefs of Osama bin Laden, it became apparent that bin Laden had become as fanatical a terrorist as the mystical figure he sought to emulate—the Old Man of the Mountain (Hasan ibn-al-Sabah), creator of the Order of the Assassins, an eleventh-century killer cult seeking to murder the Christian leaders of the Third Crusade, which invaded the kingdoms of Islam. (This explained why bin Laden labeled his enemies "crusaders.")

Since the early 1990s, bin Laden posed as an "agriculturalist," and began expanding his terrorist organization into Egypt, Saudi Arabia and Sudan. Saudi officials became so unnerved by his activities that he was "denaturalized" in 1991.

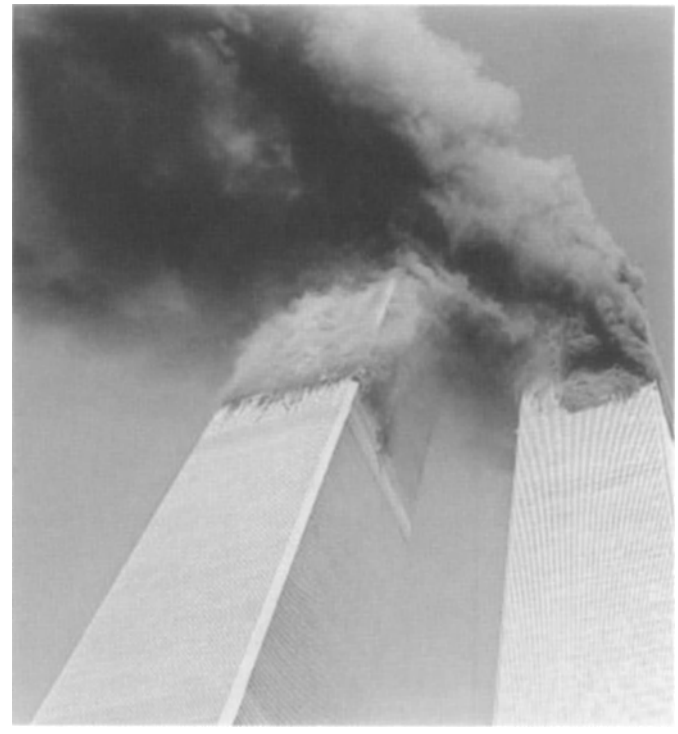


American Airlines Flight 11 crashes into the North Tower of the World Trade Center, 8:45 a. m., September 11, 2001.

United Flight 175 crashes into the South Tower at 9:05 a. m., creating a huge fireball.



While the North Tower burns and belches smoke, United Flight 175, lower left, approaches the South Tower on its suicide course.



Both North and South Towers are shown burning and belching smoke; they would crash to earth within a few hours, taking with them thousands of lives.

Fighting back smoke, occupants of the North Tower make their way down the endless flights of stairs, seeking safety; thousands would not reach the ground floor.

In 1994, Saudi authorities froze many of his bank accounts for fear that bin Laden would employ these millions to fund terrorism inside Saudi Arabia. (This was, of course, the official Saudi posture, but many believed that this was only lip service to the West and that the Royal Saudi family that controlled oil-rich Saudi Arabia, secretly backed bin Laden as an economic-political wedge against Western incursions into Islamic countries, or, to preserve their own autocratic positions, as well as protect their own lives, tacitly endorsed the terrorist.)

Bin Laden then moved to the Sudan where, through a front, he invested in, the Military Complex, an industrial compound in Khartoum, where the plant for Shifa Pharmaceutical Industries was located. It was in this plant, U.S. officials later claimed, that the deadly nerve gas VX was to be produced and then later used in terrorist attacks against the U. S. and its allies.

Bin Laden's terrorist activities intensified throughout the 1990s. In addition to funding the bombing of the World Trade Center, bin Laden was pinpointed as the person behind several bombings of U.S. facilities in Saudi Arabia in 1995 and 1996, although these attacks still remain officially unsolved. The U.S. pressured Sudan to expel him (and his three wives) in 1996. He then established a terrorist training compound at Zhawar Kili, Afghanistan, near the Pakistan border. Bin Laden had long endeared himself to the fundamentalist Islamic Taliban regime controlling Afghanistan and its leader, Mullah Mohammad Omar.

From his mountain retreat, bin Laden granted interviews and publicly condemned Western "non-believers," telling a reporter from the ABC-TV network that U. S. forces should "leave Saudi Arabia or die." He proudly led the reporter and others on a tour of his terrorist compound, which boasted anti-aircraft missile systems, radar, and a sophisticated communications systems allowing bin Laden to uplink faxes and video by satellite and to tap into the Internet. It was from this remote staging area that bin Laden ordered the bombings of the U. S. embassies in Africa.

Once U.S. intelligence had pinpointed bin Laden's stronghold, President Clinton retaliated on August 20, 1998, ordering American warships in the Red Sea to launch cruise missiles into Khartoum, utterly destroying the Shifa Pharmaceutical plant. At the same time, U.S. warships in the Arabian Sea unleashed long-range Tomahawk missiles that targeted bin Laden's camp at Zwahar Kili. The damage inflicted was reported to be considerable, but bin Laden survived the attack. One of the reasons why the camp was targeted was to disrupt a conference of many top-level Islamic terrorists who were to

meet on that day, including members of the Islamic Jihad.

U.S. intelligence was not able to determine if, indeed, the conference had taken place, but it was believed that among those scheduled to attend were representatives of the PFLP (Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine), a terrorist arm of the Al Fatah Council (as is Islamic Jihad), which was directly linked to the Palestine Liberation Organization and Yasir Arafat. Although he was profiled as the director of the August 1998 bombings, it was obvious to trained observers that bin Laden's posturing and threats, his willingness to give interviews and be photographed and filmed in his Afghanistan hideout, made him too much of a public figure to be the actual mastermind of the bombings. To some observers, bin Laden was simply another high-profile PFLP front man. None of the real Islamic terrorist leaders in the past two decades would ever think to seek the limelight.

The Islamic terrorist leaders have always opted for the shadows, as has been the case with Abu Abbas (Mohammed Zaidan Abbas; AKA: Abu Khalid), the insidious PFLP leader and one of Arafat's foremost aides and advisers, who engineered the Black September killings of the Israeli Olympic team in 1972, the seizing of the cruise ship *Achille Lauro* in 1985 and the destruction of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, in 1988. The bomb that destroyed the plane was placed by two of Abbas' hand-picked terrorists who for years took refuge in Libya, guests of Muammar Qaddafi. It was Abbas who directed countless terrorist attacks against Israel, usually from Lebanon bases, as well as numerous skyjackings through the 1970s and 1980s. Abbas was captured in Iraq by U. S. forces that destroyed Saddam Hussein's troops and occupied the country in 2003; he died in 2004.

By the mid-1990s, the PFLP/Al Fatah had flattered the strutting, arrogant bin Laden into taking up their terrorist causes. Bin Laden's gnawing vanity, these shrewd manipulators knew, would insist that he take center stage as the successor to the legendary Old Man of the Mountain (which undoubtedly explained bin Laden's proclivity for residing in mountaintop caves). Bin Laden would not only help fund PFLP operations, but would happily take credit for its heinous crimes in the name of "holy Jihad."

There could be no doubt that bin Laden certainly represented the terrorist arm that launched the August 1998 embassy bombings, but he was not the catalyst that inspired those deadly attacks; that distinction belonged most certainly to

As huge dust clouds from the collapsed towers roll toward them, thousands flee Manhattan on September 11, 2001, a day that lives in infamy.

the PFLP, which has historically directed and approved of almost all major Islamic terrorist attacks against the U.S. and Israel in the last three decades. Through this attack, a PFLP message was sent to both the U.S. and one of its most ardent allies, Israel: Give up the territories along the West Bank demanded by the Palestinians and Arafat, and give them up quickly.

The historical precedent, *modus operandi* and motive for the August 1998 bombings in Kenya and Tanzania were deeply rooted to the PFLP, not to the publicity-seeking bin Laden. Two months before the attacks in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam, on June 19 and June 21, 1998, two bomb attacks in Beirut were made by PFLP terrorists, a car bomb killing two persons and, two days later, rocket-propelled grenades that were exploded near the U.S. Embassy, which brought about no injuries. These attacks were symbolic demonstrations against the U. S. to compel America to further pressure Israel into giving up West Bank territory. Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu's government, despite U.S. pressure, resolved not to give up territory until the Palestinians (Arafat) cracked down on terrorism.

The PFLP's answer was to urge bin Laden's attacks in Africa, returning to the very city, Nairobi, where the PFLP had exploded a tremendous bomb on December 31, 1980, destroying the Zionist-owned Norfolk Hotel, an explosion that killed between sixteen and twenty persons and injured another eighty-five. In that explosion, as well as those of August 7, 1998, the PFLP left its calling card—traces of Semtex, an explosive manufactured in Czechoslovakia and used consistently by the PFLP in its terrorist bombings over the years.

The 1980 and 1998 bombings followed an identical attack plan, a vehicle packed with explosives driven close to a parking area before the explosives were detonated. The 1980 Nairobi bombing was conducted by the PFLP in retaliation for the successful raid by Israeli commandos at Entebbe four years earlier when Israeli hostages were rescued. (More than irony can be found in the fact that only one fatality among the commandos was inflicted by the PFLP terrorists—that of its heroic leader, Col. Netanyahu, the brother of Israel's former prime minister.)

Moreover, the August 1998 attacks against U.S. embassies occurred in the year marking the fiftieth anniversary of Israel as a sovereign state, the U.S. being one of the first nations to acknowledge it as such. To Yasir Arafat, the PFLP and its allied terrorist groups, Israel and the U.S. were one and the same, a common enemy; they were the "Jews and Crusaders" Osama bin Laden has vowed to destroy.

The West Side of the Pentagon in Washington, D. C., was hit by American Flight 77 at 9:40 a. m., collapsing the side of the building and causing many deaths. Fifteen of the nineteen Al Qaeda suicide terrorists were Saudis.

Intensive searches and manhunts for the terrorists resulted in the September 21, 1998 arrests in Tanzania of two men identified as part of bin Laden's terrorist organization—Mustafa Mahmoud Said Ahmed, an Egyptian, and Rashid Saleh Hemed, a Tanzanian. Both men were charged in Dar es Salaam with eleven counts of murder, the number of deaths brought about by the Tanzanian bombing. On November 4, 1998, Osama bin Laden was indicted by a federal grand jury in New York for directing a worldwide terrorist network that launched the August 7, 1998 bombings in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam. The charges also named bin Laden's group, Al Qaeda, as the one directly responsible for the bombings, specifying that Al Qaeda maintained terrorist cells in Kenya, Tanzania, Britain and the U.S.

In addition to Odeh, who was arrested and charged with the blast in Nairobi the day after the Kenyan explosion, authorities located Mohamed Rashed Daoud al-'Owhali in a hospital where he was being treated for wounds from the bombing and placed him under arrest as one of the terrorists who helped set off the bomb. Two more men, Wahid Hage and Fazul Abdullah Mohammed were also arrested and charged with the Nairobi bombing. All of these suspects held low level positions in bin Laden's organizations, according to officials. Mamdough Mahmoud Salim, however, who handled some of the group's finances, was located in Germany in December 1998, and U.S. extradition efforts were made to have Salim sent to the U.S. for trial. He and others were later convicted and sent to prison.

Bin Laden, however, continued his war on the U. S., on October 12, 2000, targeting an American destroyer, the U.S.S. *Cole*, one of the country's most modern vessels equipped with the most sophisticated equipment in the U.S. Navy. The ship was anchored at the ancient port of Aden, Yemen. The destroyer was under repairs, after having been gouged by a small ship in what was first thought to be an accident. This was followed by a suicidal attack by two Al Qaeda terrorists who set off a bomb where the ship had originally been damaged. The explosion killed seventeen American sailors and injured another thirty persons, out of a crew of 346.

This and subsequent terrorist attacks paled by comparison to Al Qaeda's horrendous attacks against American landmarks on September 11, 2001. Osama bin Laden prepared long and hard to make these attacks, recruiting his most fanatical followers on what they all knew to be suicide missions. Sup-

The gutted remains of the World Trade Center, where more than 2,500 people lost their lives in the world's worst terrorist attack, one that would bring overwhelming retaliation from America and its allies.

plied with abundant cash, nineteen Al Qaeda members went circuitously to the U. S., where they took up residences along the East Coast and as far south as Florida. Some had training as pilots and others enrolled in U. S. flying schools. Al Qaeda had no air force so the insidious and clever bin Laden thought to simply borrow American planes for his attacks.

To that end, on the morning of September 11, nineteen Islamic terrorists boarded four separate planes, coordinating their movements so that all would hijack U. S. commercial flights at about the same time. Five terrorists boarded American Flight 11 at Boston's Logan Airport. This plane was en route to Los Angeles, leaving Boston at 7:59 a.m., but the terrorists commandeered the plane and diverted its course to New York City. Muhammed Atta led this team.

United Airlines Flight 175 was seized by five other Islamic fanatics led by Marwan al-Shehhri. This plane left Boston's Logan Airport one minute before American flight 11, also bound for Los Angeles. Another five Arab terrorists seized American Airlines Flight 77, as it left Dulles International Airport at 8:10 a.m., en route to Los Angeles and diverting its course. A fourth plane, United Airlines Flight 93, was hijacked by four more Islamic terrorists as it took off from Newark International Airport at 8:01 a.m., en route to San Francisco, but that course, too, was altered. Instead of pilots from these planes routinely answering traffic controllers, the voices from the four seized planes chattered excitedly in Arab tongues. One shouted in glee: "We have the plane! We have the plane!"

But what did they intend to do with these planes? Within two hours, their maniacal plans were revealed in awesome horror. They planned to crash these planes into the largest structures containing the most people and kill as many human beings as possible, while taking their own lives in suicide crashes, not unlike the kamikaze pilots crash-diving onto American ships in the Pacific during World War II. It would later be said that Osama bin Laden had studied films of these WW II crashes and realized the devastating effect that these kamikaze planes had created on capital ships, not to mention the gigantic loss of life they claimed.

The hijackings became clear to officials when the first plane, American Airlines Flight 11, with an Al Qaeda pilot at the controls, purposely crashed into the North Tower of the World Trade Center in New York City at 8:45 a.m., killing all ninety-two persons, including nine flight attendants and two pilots. The structure was apparently hit at a level intended to weaken the core supporting the building, as had been bin Laden's plan in planting the car bomb that exploded at the WTC in 1993. While this tower belched flames and billowed smoke, its thousands of occupants trying to flee down endless staircases, an Al Qaeda pilot approached the South Tower in United Airlines Flight 175, aiming it at about the same level where the first plane had struck the North Tower. This flight crashed with a terrific explosion into the South Tower at 9:05 a.m., killing all sixty-five people on board, including seven flight attendants and two pilots.

The South Tower had been hit with such force that it gave up tremendous clouds of smoke. The terrified thousands of this building also began to run down staircases, but most of them would never reach the ground level. As armies of police and firemen raced to the smoking buildings, tens of thousands of citizens ran from the area in a sea of panicking human flight. As police tried to evacuate the buildings, many courageous firemen entered the stricken buildings to fight the raging fires the crashes had started, as well as aid fleeing occupants, some of these heroic men losing their lives only a hour or so later.

While the country stood by in shock and horror—most having seen the second plane crash into the South Tower of the WTC, which had been recorded on numerous video cameras—a third plane, American Flight 77, with an Al Qaeda pilot at the controls, dove at the Pentagon in Washington, D. C., crashing into its West Side at 9:40 a.m., killing sixty-four people, including five flight attendants and two pilots. The crash caused widespread destruction of the Pentagon and claimed many lives. The fourth plane, United Airlines Flight 93, had flown almost to Cleveland, but had turned about and was on a course toward Washington, D. C. The terrorists on this plane, however, encountered unexpected problems in that the passengers refused to go meekly to their deaths. Several passengers called their loved ones on cellular phones to tell them that the plane had been hijacked and one brave young man told his wife that he and some others were "going to rush them."

This flight, apparently due to the struggle put up by the passengers, did not reach the destination planned by the terrorists. Apparently in the struggle for the controls of the plane between Al Qaeda fanatics and heroic passengers, the plane was sent out of control, crashing in Stony Creek Township, about eighty miles south of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, at 10:10 a.m. Forty-five persons were killed, including five flight attendants and two pilots.

By then the towers of the World Trade Center were giving way, first the South Tower, then the North Tower, and when they telescoped to earth in gigantic crashes, they took with them the lives of thousands of victims. Nearly 3,000 lives were lost in the combined Al Qaeda attacks of September 11, 2001. Osama bin Laden had achieved his goal through his fanatical Islamic followers, killing as many Americans as possible and on a scale that horrified the world and brought down upon the Islamic fundamentalists the wrath of America and its allies.

The Taliban regime in Afghanistan, which had supported bin Laden and his terrorists, making a home for them in its country, proved culpable in the attacks. The U. S. and its allies invaded the country and, with the help of dissident Afghan forces, overthrew the Taliban regime. This UN-supported invasion was followed by the U. S. invasion of Iraq, which toppled dictator Saddam Hussein in 2003 and diminished another part of the Arab world in which Osama bin Laden could hide.

The search for the most wanted terrorist continues at this writing. It is not known whether or not he is alive or dead. Most believe the world's worst terrorist is still cave-hiding in remote mountains either in Afghanistan or Pakistan. A relentless, justifiable search goes on for him. If alive, he should be aware that he is no longer the hunter, but the hunted one, well-branded by the free nations of the world as one of the worst mass murderers in human history.

OTHER NOTABLE TERRORIST ATTACKS, 1951-2000

1951

MARCH 8: General Ali Razmara, prime minister of Iran, is assassinated by terrorists in Iran.

JULY 16: Riad Al-Sulh (Riad Solh Bey), prime minister of Lebanon, is assassinated.

1952

FEBRUARY 16: Hussein Fatemi, Iran's minister of foreign affairs, is assassinated in Iran.

SEPTEMBER 25: Gangs of Mau Mau terrorists attack fellow blacks in the Kenya village of Timau, setting fire to the place and slaughtering 120 cattle in an effort to intimidate villagers into joining their secret criminal society.

NOVEMBER 26: Tom Mbotela, a black councillor in Nairobi City, is murdered by Mau Mau terrorists after having publicly denounced the secret society.

DECEMBER 30: An Tie Cho skyjacks a Philippines DC-3 traveling from Laong to Aparii, killing the pilot and purser, and demanding to go to Red China. The co-pilot lands the plane at Quemoy and Tie Cho is arrested.

1953

JANUARY 11: George Peter Metesky, New York's "Mad Bomber," explodes a bomb in New York's Pennsylvania Station injuring several people.

MARCH 26: Mau Mau terrorists attack and capture the police station at Naivashi, Kenya, slaughtering all the officers and their families.

APRIL 15: Juan Domingo Perón, president of Argentina, is the target of a failed assassination attempt in Argentina.

APRIL: Mau Mau leader Jomo Kenyatta and other leaders of the secret criminal society are identified and tried. Kenyatta is given a seven-year prison sentence.

SEPTEMBER 11: Sidi Muhammad ben Moulay Arafa, sultan of Morocco, is the target of a failed assassination attempt in Morocco by Allal ben Abdallah, a Moroccan terrorist who is shot during the attack.

1954

MARCH 1: Puerto Rican nationalists terrorize the U.S. House of Representatives in Washington, D.C. by spraying gunfire into the assembly, injuring Congressmen Alvin Morell Bentley, Clifford Davis, George Hyde Fallon, Benton Franklin Jensen, and Kenneth Allison Roberts. The attackers, including Lolita Lebron, are sent to prison.

MARCH 22: Sir Winston Churchill, prime minister of England, is the target of a failed assassination attempt when a bomb arrives in the mail at 10 Downing Street, London. It is disarmed.

AUGUST 5: Carlos Lacerda, an outspoken journalist who has openly criticized the Brazilian government, is injured during a failed assassination attempt on his life in Brazil by terrorists thought to be backed by the regime in power. An air force major accompanying Lacerda is killed.

OCTOBER 27: Gamal Abdel Nasser, president of Egypt, is the target of a failed assassination attempt in Egypt.

1955

MARCH 12: Jawaharlal Nehru, prime minister of India, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in India.

APRIL 2: Sir Robert Armitage, governor of Cyprus, is the target of a failed assassination attempt in Cyprus.

APRIL 11: A bomb placed in the wheel well of an Air India Constellation jet explodes over Great Naturna Island in the South China Sea, killing sixteen. Three passengers survive.

APRIL 22: Lieutenant Colonel Adan Al-Malki, ruler of Syria, is assassinated in Syria by terrorist members of the Syrian army.

Winston Churchill was targeted for assassination when a bomb was mailed to his office at 10 Downing Street.

MAY 7: Reverend George W. Lee, a fifty-one-year-old Negro preacher who refuses to withdraw his name from a voting list, is shot to death by Ku Klux Klan members in Belzoni, Mississippi.

MAY 14: Konrad Adenauer, chancellor of Germany, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in Germany.

JUNE 16: Juan Perón, president of Argentina, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in Argentina.

JUNE 25: William Vacanarat Shadrach Tubman, president of Liberia, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in Liberia.

JULY 14-17: Following a terrorist bomb explosion on Bastille Day which destroys a cafe in Casablanca, Morocco, killing six Europeans, widespread rioting ensues for three days

AUGUST 6: Lamar D. Smith, a sixty-three-year-old Negro who has been encouraging blacks to register to vote, is shot to death by white supremacists on the courthouse lawn of Brookhaven, Mississippi.

AUGUST 31: Emmett Louis Till, a fifteen-year-old black youth who has reportedly whistled at an attractive white woman, is shot to death by white supremacists and his body thrown into the Tallahatchie River near Greenwood, Mississippi.

NOVEMBER 17: Hussein Ala, premier of Iran, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in Iran.

1956

FEBRUARY 28: Mao Tse-tung, Communist dictator of China, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in China.

JUNE 26: Fulgencio Batista, dictator and president of Cuba, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in Havana, Cuba.

OCTOBER 10: Chinese triads in Hong Kong create riots that last for several days, committing many murders and causing more than $25 million in damages.

OCTOBER 26: Dedan Kimathi, the last of the important Mau Mau leaders still at large, and who has been one of the most ruthless mass murderers of the secret criminal society in Kenya, is captured. He is later executed for his countless murders and the Mau Mau movement is broken (10,527 Mau Maus have been killed, and an equal number of blacks killed by Mau Maus, as well as thirty-two white settlers in the five-year reign of terror in Kenya.)

1957

FEBRUARY 23: Ngo Dinh Diem, president of South Vietnam, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt by Communist terrorists.

MARCH 13: Fulgencio Batista, dictator and president of Cuba, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in Cuba.

APRIL 17: Nnamdi Azikiwe, premier of the Eastern Region of Nigeria, is the target of a failed assassination attempt by terrorists.

MAY 25: Kliment Efremovich Voroshilov, chairman of the Russian presidium, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in Indonesia.

JULY 12: Mohammed Zahir Shah, king of Afghanistan, along with Sadar Mohammed Daud Khan, the country's prime minister, are the targets of unsuccessful assassination attempts in Afghanistan.

AUGUST 4: Three men—Clyde Bates, Manuel Chavez and Manuel Hernandez—firebomb a neighborhood bar in Los Angeles, California, killing six people. All three men will be convicted of murder on August 16, 1956.

DECEMBER 1: Terrorists attack Ahmad Sukarno (Kusnasosro), president of Indonesia, in Jakarta, Indonesia, spraying the president's entourage with gunfire and hurling grenades into the group. Sukarno escapes injury, but ten other persons are killed, including the terrorists.

Indonesian strong-man Sukarno survived an assassination attempt on December 1, 1957.

1958

JANUARY 23: More than 100 persons are killed in widespread street rioting in Caracas, Venezuela, as militants oppose the dictatorship of General Marcos Perez Jimenez, whose regime will be toppled.

FEBRUARY 8: Jacques Soustelle, minister of information for France, is the target of a failed assassination attempt. Another attempt by terrorists will be made on Soustelle's life on September 15, 1958.

AUGUST 12: Twenty-one segregationists are arrested outside Central High School in Little Rock, Arkansas, for refusing an order to disperse when protesting integration by black students.

SEPTEMBER 20: Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., civil rights leader, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in New York City.

1959

APRIL 12: James Lindsay Almond, Jr., governor of Virginia, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt, possibly by segregationists.

APRIL 10: Six skyjackers force a Haitian DC-3 traveling from Auxcayes to Port-au-Prince to fly to Cuba. The pilot is killed and the co-pilot takes the plane to Havana.

APRIL 16: Three Cubans skyjack a Cuban Aerovias DC-3 flying from Havana to the Isle of Pines, landing the plane in Miami, where the skyjackers are taken into custody.

APRIL 25: Antonio Rodrigues Diaz, a general under the deposed Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista, and several others, skyjack a Cuban Vickers Viscount flying from Varadero Beach to Havana, ordering the pilot to fly to Miami, Florida. The plane, lacking fuel, lands at Key West, Florida.

SEPTEMBER 26: Hurricane Vera ravishes Nagoya, Japan, killing more than 5,000 persons, prompting scores of criminals to rape and loot at will. Police arrive to shoot and kill at least 100 looters and rapists.

1960

JANUARY 6: A National Airlines jet, flying from New York to Miami, explodes over Bolivia, North Carolina, and crashes after a passenger sets off a dynamite bomb in the forward fuselage. Thirty-four persons are killed.

FEBRUARY 18: Norodom Sihanouk, king of Cambodia, is the target of a failed assassination attempt in Cambodia.

MARCH 8: Felton Turner, a twenty-seven-year-old Negro accused of improprieties with white women, is abducted outside of Houston, Texas, by four members of the Ku Klux Klan and hanged by his heels from a tree, while a series of KKK's is carved into his chest and stomach.

MARCH 9: Ahmad Sukarno, president of Indonesia, is the target of a failed assassination attempt in Indonesia.

MARCH 28: Arturo Frondizi, president of Argentina, is the target of a failed assassination attempt in Argentina.

APRIL 9: Hendrik Frensch Verwoerd, prime minister of South Africa, is critically wounded (he will survive) by gunshots fired by a white farmer opposed to apartheid in Johannesburg.

APRIL 28: A bomb explodes in the cockpit of a Linea Aeropostal jet bound from Caracas to Puerto Ayacucho, Venezuela. Thirteen people are killed.

JUNE 17: Japanese socialist leader Jotaro Kawakami is stabbed to death in Japan.

JUNE 24: Romulo Betancourt, president of Venezuela, is wounded by a bomb set off by terrorists in Caracas. One of Betancourt's aides is killed and many others are wounded.

JULY 8: Patrice Lumumba, prime minister of the Congo, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in the Congo. It is later claimed that the CIA has been behind this murder plot.

JULY 14: Nobusake Kishi, premier of Japan, is stabbed in a failed attempt to assassinate him in Japan.

JULY 19: Alex Hildebrant skyjacks a Trans-Australia Electra L-188 headed for Brisbane, Australia. He is overpowered by the co-pilot and taken into custody in Singapore, and imprisoned.

AUGUST 29: Hazza Majali, premier of Jordan, and ten others, are killed when terrorists bomb government offices in Amman, Jordan.

SEPTEMBER 15: Patrice Lumumba, prime minister of the Congo, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in the Congo. It is later claimed that the CIA has been behind this second attempt on Lumumba's life.

OCTOBER 12: Inejiro Asanuma, secretary-general of the Socialist Party in Japan, is stabbed to death by a terrorist.

OCTOBER 29: A Cubana DC-3 is skyjacked by nine men who shoot and kill a security guard. The plane lands in Key West, Florida. The pilot, co-pilot and one passenger are injured.

DECEMBER 8: Five skyjackers take over a domestic Cuban flight, but the pilot crash-lands. One is killed and four injured.

1961

JANUARY 1: Two skyjackers wave pistols at the pilot of a Cubana domestic flight in the Havana terminal, forcing the plane to fly to New York. The skyjackers are Batista supporters fleeing Communist Cuba and dictator Fidel Castro.

JANUARY 17: Patrice Lumumba, prime minister of the Congo (now Zaire), is kidnapped by agents of President Joseph Kasavubu and is assassinated in the back of a truck in Katanga Province.

MAY 27: Imam Ahmed Ibn Yahya of Yemen is shot and critically wounded at Hodeida, but he will survive. Five terrorists making the attack receive the death penalty.

MAY 30: Rafael Leónidas Trujillo y Molina, dictator of the Dominican Republic, is traveling in his car when he is shot to death from ambush by Pedro Cedeno and Amado Garcia in an unsuccessful coup.

MAY: Freedom Riders arrive in Alabama to aid blacks in securing their civil rights. One of their buses is burned in Anniston by KKK members. Another bus is boarded by KKK thugs who club and beat occupants, who suffer concussions and broken ribs and arms.

JULY 31: Bruce Britt skyjacks a DC-3 Chico, California, to San Francisco flight, shooting and injuring the pilot and a ticket agent. Britt will be arrested and imprisoned.

AUGUST 9: Albert Cadon skyjacks a Pan American DC-8 with seventy-nine aboard, flying from Mexico City to Guatemala, ordering the pilot to land in Cuba. He is deported from Cuba back to Mexico where he is imprisoned.

AUGUST 9: Five skyjackers take over a Cuban C-46 on its way to the Isle of Pines. The pilot and two others are killed, and six are wounded. The co-pilot makes a crash landing.

SEPTEMBER 10: Three skyjackers skyjack a U.S.S.R. Yak-12 plane which crashes in Armenia, killing one of the skyjackers. The other two skyjackers are captured and put to death.

NOVEMBER 27: Five men skyjack a Venezuelan DC-6B on its way to Maracaibo. It lands in Curacao. The skyjackers will be extradited and imprisoned.

1962

APRIL 13: David Healy and Leonard Oeth skyjack a chartered plane over Miami to Cuba. They will be deported back to the U.S. and imprisoned.

APRIL 16: Edgar Da Silva skyjacks a Royal Dutch Airlines plane heading for Lisbon, demanding to go to East Berlin. The plane lands in Holland where Da Silva is taken into custody.

MAY 22: A bomb placed inside the towel holder in the rear lavatory of a Continental Airlines jet bound from Chicago, Illinois, to Kansas City, Missouri, explodes and kills all forty-five persons on board.

SEPTEMBER 30: Two persons are killed and more than seventy others are injured when a mob attacks U.S. marshals escorting Negro student James Meredith to the University of Mississippi, during federally mandated intergration. A fifteen-hour attack by white supremacists is finally halted when 3,000 U.S. troops and the Mississippi National Guard are called to the scene.

James Meredith's entrance to the University of Mississippi touched off KKK terrorist riots, on September 30, 1962.

DECEMBER 6: An unsuccessful assassination attempt is made on the life of Teamster's president James Hoffa in Tennessee.

1963

JANUARY 13: Sylvanus Olympio, president of Togo, is assassinated at Lomé, Togo, by terrorists who have been former soldiers serving Olympio.

FEBRUARY 8: General Abdul Karim Kassem, prime minister of Iraq, is ousted and assassinated in a military coup in Baghdad, Iraq.

MARCH 8: Members of the Front de Libération du Québec (FLQ) throw Molotov cocktails at military establishments in Canada, marking the start of a wave of FLQ bombings throughout the country.

APRIL 11: Mohammed Khemisti, foreign minister of Algeria, is shot to death in Algiers, Algeria, by a Muslim terrorist.

APRIL 20: An FLQ bomb explodes at an army recruiting center in Montreal, Canada, killing a guard.

JUNE 12: Medgar W. Evers, Mississippi field secretary for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is shot to death in front of his Jackson, Mississippi home. Though the assailant is never apprehended, the Ku Klux Klan is thought to be behind the murder. (Not until 1994 will Evers' killer, Byron de la Beckwith, be convicted of the terrorist murder.)

SEPTEMBER 15: White supremacists thought to be members of the Ku Klux Klan bomb the 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham, Alabama, killing four black school girls.

NOVEMBER 28: Six skyjackers take over a Venezuelan Convair twin engine plane, landing it in Trinidad where the skyjackers are taken into custody. They will be extradited and imprisoned.

1964

JANUARY 10: Provoked by inflammatory radio broadcasts, anti-American riots break out throughout Panama, in which dozens are killed.

FEBRUARY 4: Hassan II, king of Morocco, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in Morocco.

JUNE 21: Three northern civil rights workers, Michael Schwerner, Andrew Goodman and James Chaney, while traveling at night between Philadelphia and Meridian, Mississippi, are stopped by Neshoba County Deputy Sheriff Cecil R. Price, a Klan member, who turns the trio over to KKK leader Sam H. Bowers, Jr., and other Klan members. All three are shot and killed, their bodies dumped into shallow graves that have been prepared in advance of the premeditated murders.

Three Freedom Riders murdered by KKK members in Mississippi on June 21, 1964 (left to right): Michael Schwerner, James Chaney and Andrew Goodman.

JULY 1: Race riots take place in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in which 150 persons are injured and 165 (mostly blacks) are arrested for attacking police.

JULY 16: After a Negro youth is shot and killed for attacking a policeman in Harlem, New York, widespread rioting and looting by blacks ensues. One looter will be killed, dozens arrested, and 140 others will be injured.

OCTOBER 9: U.S. Air Force Lieutenant Colonel Michael Smolen is abducted in Caracas, Venezuela., by Castroite terrorists demanding the release of a terrorist held in Saigon, Vietnam. The prisoner's execution will be delayed and Smolen released.

DECEMBER 8: A dynamite charge apparently planted by a passenger who has insured himself for a large amount of money kills fifteen passengers aboard an ALAS Airline jet bound from Tipuani to LaPaz, Bolivia.

DECEMBER 20: Simon Wiesenthal, the celebrated Nazi hunter, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in Vienna, Austria.

1965

FEBRUARY 9: Colonel Harold Hauser, head of the U.S. military mission to Guatemala, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt by terrorists of the Movimiento Revolucionario.

A black looter lies dead, while police patrol a damaged store in Watts, a section of Los Angeles, where Negroes rioted; 4,000 blacks were arrested, thirty-four died and more than $34 million in damage was done.

JULY 8: A Canadian Pacific airline flying over British Columbia crashes en route to Whitehorse in the Yukon. A bomb planted in the fuselage is blamed for the terrorist act which kills all fifty-two passengers on board.

JULY 20: General Maxwell D. Taylor is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in Vietnam.

JULY 27: Fidel Castro, Communist dictator and premier of Cuba, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in Havana, Cuba, one which is later attributed to the CIA.

AUGUST 8: Widespread rioting in the Los Angeles suburb of Watts takes place. Blacks run amuck, starting hundreds of fires (even their own homes), then severing the hoses of firemen who arrive to fight the fires, stoning the firemen. Half the entire area will be gutted, thirty-four persons will die, and 1,032 will be injured. More than 4,000 blacks will be arrested and damages will exceed $34 million.

AUGUST 11: A widespread race riot in Cape Town, South Africa, results in seventeen blacks being killed and another fifty more injured.

AUGUST 31: Harry S. Fergerstrom, armed with a knife and glass from a broken bottle, skyjacks a Hawaiian DC-3 scheduled to fly from Honolulu to Kauai, Hawaii. He orders the pilot to return to Honolulu where he is taken into custody and sent to a correctional school.

OCTOBER 11: Lawrence D. Heisler and Richard K. Boyd, both U.S. Navy seaman, skyjack an Aloha F-27 en route from Molokai, Hawaii, to Honolulu. They will be dishonorably discharged and imprisoned.

OCTOBER 20: John Kilpatrick, president of the United Industrial Workers' Union, is fatally shot by Dana H. Nash, who will be sent to prison.

OCTOBER 26: Luis Medina Perez attempts to skyjack a National L-188 with thirty-three aboard, heading from Miami to Key West, Florida. He uses a "BB" pistol to order the pilot to land in Cuba. He will later be found mentally incompetent.

OCTOBER 29: Diosdado Macapagal, president of the Philippines, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in the Philippines.

NOVEMBER 17: Thomas H. Robinson, brandishing two revolvers, skyjacks a National DC-8 flight carrying ninety-one people from Houston to New Orleans. He orders the pilot to fly to Cuba. Robinson will later be sent to a correctional school.

1966

JANUARY 10: Negro activist Vernon Dahmer is killed by a Ku Klux Klan bomb in Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

JANUARY 15: Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, prime minister of Nigeria, is assassinated in Nigeria.

JANUARY 29: Five Yugoslavian consulates in the U.S. are bombed by political dissidents.

MARCH 27: Angel Betancourt Gueto, a flight engineer, attempts to flee Communist Cuba by skyjacking a Cubana IL-18 heading for Havana. After the plane lands in Cuba, the pilot and a guard are killed, and the co-pilot wounded. Gueto, who thinks he has landed in Miami, is captured.

MAY 6: A FLQ bomb explodes in a Quebec arms manufacturing plant, killing one employee, Therese Marin.

MAY 18: General Maximiliano Hernandez Martinez is assassinated in Honduras.

JUNE 6: James Meredith, civil rights worker, is the target of a failed assassination attempt.

JUNE 19: Arthur Caldwell, head of the Labor Party, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in Australia by Peter R. Kocan, who will be sent to prison for life.

JUNE 30: Thomas Albert Tarrant and Kathy Ainsworth, two anti-semitic terrorists, attempt to plant a bomb at the home of a Jewish businessman in Meridian, Mississippi, but are interrupted by police. Ainsworth flees and is shot and killed.

JULY: Race riots in Chicago, Cleveland and New York, leave dozens injured.

SEPTEMBER 28: Maria Varrier and nineteen others skyjack an Argentine DC-4, which lands in the Falkland Islands. The three leaders of the skyjacking group are sentenced to death, the others imprisoned.

SEPTEMBER 29: National Guardsmen are called into San Francisco to quell widespread race rioting, where dozens are injured.

NOVEMBER 13: A bomb blows up on the Grand Integrity five days after the ship sails from Portland, Oregon. Captain Ho Lien-Siu and a motorman are killed as they inspect the device just before it explodes, but the ship is not seriously damaged.

NOVEMBER 22: An Aden Airways jetliner crashes in Southern Yemen after an explosive device hidden in a piece of carry-on luggage is detonated. Twenty-eight persons are killed.

1967

JANUARY 7: Army deserter Richard James Paris detonates a dynamite bomb with a .38-caliber pistol in the honeymoon suite of the Orbit Inn, in Las Vegas, Nevada, killing himself, his wife, and five other newlyweds.

FEBRUARY 7: Terrorist Riyad Kamal Hajjaj skyjacks an Egyptian AN-24 domestic flight, forcing the plane to land in Jordan. Hajjaj will escape to Sweden, but later be arrested and imprisoned for other crimes.

APRIL 19: Sheik Salem Al-Amoodi is assassinated in Aden.

JUNE 2: Massive riots by students protesting the visit of the Shah of Iran result in widespread injuries and damage in Berlin. The riots are used by Ulrike Meinhof, a Marxist, and playboy student Berndt Andreas Baader, to form the dreaded terrorist group known as the Baader-Meinhof Gang.

JUNE 9: Charles Eustis Bohlen, U.S. Ambassador to France, is the target of a failed assassination attempt on his life in Paris.

JUNE 22: Roy Wilkins, civil rights leader, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in New York City.

JUNE 25: Francois Duvalier, dictator and president of Haiti, is the target of a failed assassination attempt on his life in Port-au-Prince.

JUNE 30: Francois Bodenan skyjacks a private United Kingdom jet carrying Moise Tshombe, former prime minister of the Congo. The plane lands in Algeria where Tshombe is held captive until his death on June 29, 1969.

JULY 12-18: Race riots break out across the U.S. (127 separate riots) in a six-day period, which will leave dozens injured and millions of dollars in property damage.

JULY 23: Angered over police raids on black nightclubs breaking mandatory closing times, Negro rioters take to the streets of

Police battle armed looters in Detroit, Michigan, where thousands of blacks and some whites committed widespread looting on July 23, 1967.

More than $46 million in damage was done before military units were ordered into Detroit to restore order.

Detroit, Michigan, and begin looting stores. Police and National Guardsmen battle the enormous black crowds, and thirty-three blacks and ten whites are killed, with more than 600 injured, and 3,800 persons, mostly blacks, arrested. Property damage attributed to black rioters is estimated at $46 million.

SEPTEMBER 28: Levi Eshkol, prime minister of Israel, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in Israel.

OCTOBER 12: A British European Airways jet flying over the Mediterranean Sea explodes in midair when a bomb planted in the passenger cabin goes off. Sixty-six lives are lost.

NOVEMBER 20: Louis G. Babler takes control of a chartered Piper Apache, taking three persons from Hollywood, Florida, to Bimini, Bahama Islands. He demands that the plane be flown to Cuba where he will escape.

1968

JANUARY 16: Colonel John D. Webber, Jr., commander of a U.S. special service squad in Guatemala, and Lieutenant Commander Ernest A. Munro, are shot to death by terrorists in Guatemala.

FEBRUARY 9: William Clark, a Marine, skyjacks a Pan American military chartered DC-6, flying from South Vietnam to Hong Kong. Clark will be court-martialed and sentenced, but charges will be dropped when he is diagnosed as schizophrenic.

FEBRUARY 18: James Boynton skyjacks a private plane to Cuba, but he is returned by the Castro government and is sent to prison.

FEBRUARY 18: One person is killed and fourteen others are injured when a terrorist bomb explodes in the basement of the Yugoslav ambassador's home in Paris, France.

FEBRUARY 21: Lawrence M. Rhodes skyjacks a Delta DC-8 flying from Tampa to West Palm Beach, Florida, demanding that he be taken to Cuba. He will be committed to a mental institution.

APRIL 3: Four members of the Baader-Meinhof gang—Berndt Andreas Baader, Gudrun Ensslin, Thorwald Proll and Horst Sohnlein, all heavily drugged, plant firebombs in Berlin's largest department stores. One bomb, planted in the toy department, causes a small fire that will be extinguished; another firebomb fails to ignite. All four terrorists will be captured and sent to prison for three years. All will be released on bond on June 13, 1969, to await an appeal hearing. They flee to France while Ulrike Meinhof, who emerges as the leader of the terrorist gang, begins organizing.

APRIL 5-9: In response to the assassination of black leader Martin Luther King, Jr., Negro rioters swarm through the streets of Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, and Cincinnati, looting stores and attacking police and National Guardsmen. Thirty-one will die in the various city riots and millions of dollars in damage will be done.

APRIL 23-28: Students belonging to the radical Students for a Democratic Society, seize five buildings on the Columbia University campus in New York. After six days of occupation, the students are dispersed by police. More than 130 persons are injured and 600 are arrested

MAY 6: A drunken patron ejected from a Fort Worth, Texas, nightclub, returns to firebomb the place, killing seven customers and horribly burning six others.

MAY 21-22: After four students are suspended for their roles in the April Columbia University riot in New York, SDS members seize the main classroom building on May 21, holding it for forty-eight hours before they are dislodged. Sixty-eight persons are injured, 177 more are arrested, and damage is put at $300,000.

Members of the SDS seized Columbia University in New York on May 21-22, 1968 (the man with the briefcase is a professor climbing over bodies to get to his classroom), where $300,000 damage was done.

JUNE 29: E. H. Carter, armed with a revolver, skyjacks a Southeast Airlines DC-3 carrying seventeen people from Miami to Key West, Florida, to Cuba where he remains.

JULY 1: Mario Velasquez Fonseca skyjacks a Northwest Airline B-727, carrying eighty-five passengers and crew, from Chicago to Cuba.

JULY 4: John H. Morris boards a TWA B-727 in Kansas City, telling the crew that he was carrying dynamite and will ignite the explosives unless he is taken to Cuba. When it is learned that he has no weapons, Morris is overpowered and later sent to prison.

JULY 12: A private Cessna-210 with two persons on board is skyjacked in Miami by Leonard S. Bendicks and taken to Cuba on his orders. The Castro government will return Bendicks to the U.S. where he will be imprisoned.

JULY 12: Boarding a Delta CV-880 in Baltimore, Oran D. Richards orders the pilot to fly to Cuba instead of Houston. Richards is later returned to the U.S. where he is judged insane and confined in an asylum.

JULY 22: Three Habash Front terrorists skyjack an El Al plane traveling from Rome to Tel Aviv, Israel, forcing the pilot to land in Algeria. They will be imprisoned.

JULY 27: Armed with a pistol, Rogelio Hernandez Leyva skyjacks a National Airlines DC-8, ordering the pilot to fly to Cuba with his fifty-seven passengers. Leyva, identified as a Communist terrorist, disappears after the plane arrives in Havana.

AUGUST 4: Willis Jesse and his three-year-daughter board a chartered private plane in Naples, Florida. Jesse skyjacks the plane to Cuba. He is later returned, charged and convicted of kidnapping, and sent to prison.

AUGUST 13: George Papadopoulis, premier of Greece, is the target of a failed assassination attempt in Greece.

AUGUST 21: Antonio LoBianco, twenty-nine, and Barbara Locci, who sit in a parked car in a cemetery fifteen miles outside of Florence, Italy, are shot and killed by a terrorist who will be dubbed the Monster of Florence and whose killings will be almost identical to the New York's "3-X," Son of Sam (David Berkowitz), San Francisco's Zodiac, and the Texarkana, Texas, slayer of the 1940s. The Monster of Florence follows an identifiable pattern: After shooting his victims through car windows, he will use a scalpel to remove the sex organs of his female victims.

AUGUST 22: Bill McBride forces the pilot of a chartered Cessna-182, flying from Naples, Florida, to fly to Cuba, where he vanishes.

AUGUST 26: Thousands of anti-establishment youths, led by radical leftists Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin and others, begin three days of violent opposition to the Democratic National Convention then convening in Chicago, labeling the Democrats as being members of "a war party." The protestors hurl rocks, bricks and other objects against police and national guardsmen, as well as use razors affixed to their shoes to bloody the shins of officers. Police retaliate with mass clubbings. Hundreds on both sides are injured.

Police and anti-establishment youth clash at the Democratic Convention in Chicago on August 26, 1968; hundreds were injured on both sides and seven radical leftists were later tried for inciting to riot.

SEPTEMBER 11: Charles Beasley skyjacks an Air Canada plane flying to Toronto, demanding to be flown to Cuba. He will be imprisoned.

SEPTEMBER 20: Jose A. Suarez Garcia skyjacks an Eastern B-720, flying from San Juan, Puerto Rico to Miami, Florida, with forty-

six passengers on board, diverting it to Cuba where he will vanish.

OCTOBER 12: Captain Charles R. Chandler of the U.S. Army, is slain outside his home in Sao Paulo, Brazil, by Vanguarda Popular Revolucionaria (VPR) terrorists.

OCTOBER 23: Anti-Castro El Poder Cubano terrorists are arrested in New York for attempting to assassinate the Cuban ambassador to the United Nations.

OCTOBER 26: Three Croatian leaders opposed to communism are killed by Communist terrorists in Munich, Germany.

NOVEMBER 2: Roger A. Pastorcich takes control of an Eastern DC-9 with fifty-four persons on board, flying to Chicago from Birmingham, Alabama. He demands to be flown to South Vietnam, demands which are rejected. He will later be captured and placed in a juvenile detention center.

NOVEMBER 4: Raymond Johnson, Jr., skyjacks a National B-727 carrying sixty-five people from New Orleans to Miami, ordering the plane to fly to Cuba, where he will disappear.

NOVEMBER 22: Twelve people are killed and fifty-two more injured when a bomb explodes in Jerusalem's busiest open-air market.

NOVEMBER 23: Six Latin-Americans armed with four pistols skyjack an Eastern B-727 Chicago to Miami flight with ninety persons on board, taking the plane to Cuba, where they escape.

DECEMBER 11: James and Gwendolyn Patterson, armed with a revolver, skyjack a St. Louis to Miami TWA B-727 flight carrying thirty-nine persons to Cuba, where they disappear.

DECEMBER 14: Charles Senecal, director of Chanbly Transport, is the target of a terrorist bombing in Canada.

DECEMBER 19: Thomas G. Washington, carrying a fake pistol and phony nitro, takes 142 passengers and nine crew members hostage when he skyjacks a Miami-bound Eastern DC-8 to Cuba. He will be returned to the U.S. and imprisoned.

DECEMBER 20: The terrorist who would be called the Zodiac Killer, and whose body count would range between nine to more than forty (depending upon lawmen who credited killings to him), struck for the first time on a deserted road

outside Vallejo, California, shooting and killing David Faraday, seventeen, and Bettilou Jenson, sixteen, as they sit in a parked car.

DECEMBER 26: Two Habash Front terrorists, armed with hand grenades and small arms, attack an El Al jetliner in Athens, Greece, killing one Israeli passenger, before being captured by police.

1969

JANUARY 2: Tyrone and Linda Austin, armed with a pistol, skyjack a 138-passenger Eastern DC-8 heading for Miami from New York. They order the pilot to fly to Cuba, where they escape. Tyrone Austin will later be killed in a bank robbery.

JANUARY 2: George Flamourides (AKA: G. Paravolidakis) skyjacks a Greek DC-6B flying to Athens, Greece. The plane lands in Cairo, where Flamourides is captured and imprisoned.

JANUARY 9: Ronald T. Bohle, wielding a knife, skyjacks a seventy-three passenger Nassau-bound Eastern B-727 to Cuba. He will later be imprisoned.

JANUARY 11: Robert M. Helmey, brandishing a revolver, skyjacks a B-727 Jacksonville to Miami flight, taking twenty persons to Cuba. He will later be found insane and acquitted.

JANUARY 17: Kenneth E. McPeek takes over a Delta CV-880 en route from Detroit to Miami carrying seventy-seven people. Wielding a shotgun, McPeek unsuccessfully attempts to force the pilot to fly to Cuba. He will be captured and imprisoned.

JANUARY 28: Clinton R. Smith and Byron V. Booth, armed with a revolver and dynamite, skyjack a National DC-8 Miami-bound flight with thirty-two persons aboard to Cuba. They will escape.

JANUARY 28: Larry F. Brooks, Noble B. Mason, and Everett L. White, wielding three pistols, skyjack an Eastern DC-8 Atlanta to Miami flight and its 105 passengers. They force the pilot to fly to Cuba, but they will later be imprisoned.

JANUARY 31: Allan C. Sheffield skyjacks fifty-five passengers on board a National DC-8 en route from San Francisco to Tampa, Florida, forcing it to land in Cuba. He will be arrested and imprisoned.

FEBRUARY 3: Michael Anthony Peparo and Tasmin Rebecca Fitzgerald, armed with a knife and an aerosol insecticide cylinder, attempt to skyjack a National B-727 New York to Miami flight carrying seventy passengers and crew to Cuba. They will be arrested and sent to prison.

FEBRUARY 14: A number of people are injured and substantial damage done when an FLQ bomb demolishes part of the Montreal Stock Exchange building.

FEBRUARY 18: Four terrorists armed with guns and hand grenades, and belonging to the Habash Front attack an El Al jet in Zurich, Switzerland, killing the co-pilot and injuring five passengers. One skyjacker will be killed and the other three arrested and later imprisoned.

FEBRUARY 21: Two persons are killed and eight more are injured when a bomb explodes in a Jerusalem food store.

FEBRUARY 25: Lorenzo Ervin, Jr. uses a revolver to take over an Eastern DC-8 Atlanta to Miami flight carrying sixty-seven people and forcing the pilot to land in Cuba. He will later be imprisoned.

MARCH 1: Clay Shaw, a wealthy entrepreneur in New Orleans, is acquitted on charges of conspiring to assassinate President John F. Kennedy.

MARCH 5: Anthony G. Bryant skyjacks a National B-727 New York to Miami flight carrying twenty-six people, threatening the pilot with a revolver and forcing him to fly to Cuba. Bryant will later be imprisoned.

MARCH 17: Robert L. Sandlin, who will later be sent to an insane asylum, skyjacks a Delta DC-9, carrying sixty-three persons from Atlanta to Augusta, Georgia, diverting the plane to Cuba. Sandlin threatens the crew with a bomb which turns out to be a fake.

MARCH 19: Dallas A. Dickey skyjacks a Delta CV-880, with ninety-seven people on board, scheduled to fly from New Orleans to Dallas, Texas. He orders the pilot to fly to Cuba. Dickey will later be sent to an insane asylum.

MARCH 25: Luis A. Frese skyjacks a Delta DC-8 scheduled to fly 114 people to San Diego from Dallas, Texas. At gunpoint, Frese orders the pilot to fly to Cuba, where he will be imprisoned and die in his cell.

MARCH 30: The New African Organization, a militant group in Detroit, Michigan, erupts in a gun battle after a meeting. One policeman is killed and four blacks are injured, while 135 others (mostly blacks) are arrested for rioting.

APRIL 15: Terrorist Cameron David Bishop is placed on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted List for bombing a defense plant in Colorado in January 1969.

MAY 5: Jean P. Charrette and Alain Allard use two revolvers and a knife to skyjack a National B-727 flying from New York to Miami, with seventy-five people on board, ordering the pilot to fly to Miami. They will later be imprisoned in Canada.

MAY 13: Race rioting in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, results in more than 100 deaths.

MAY 30: Terrance Niemeyer attempts to skyjack a Texas International CV-600 New Orleans to Alexandria, Louisiana, carrying forty-four people, to Cuba. Niemeyer, who falsely claims to have a hand grenade, will later be sent to an insane asylum.

JUNE 17: William L. Brent uses a revolver to skyjack a TWA B-707 Oakland, California, to New York flight, carrying ninety people, to Cuba. He will escape.

JUNE 26: Thoroughly drunk and wearing only shorts, a T-shirt and sandals, Anthony Raymond boards an Eastern Air-

lines 727 in Miami. He suddenly flashes a penknife and is able to terrify the entire crew and passengers, although it was later admitted that he could easily have been overpowered. Once in the cockpit, Raymond orders the pilot to fly to Cuba which he does. Raymond is welcomed in Havana but when he sobers up he demands that he be returned to the U.S. When he does return, Raymond is sent to prison for fifteen years.

JUNE 26: The Fuerzas Armadas Rebeldes (FAR) bombs fourteen minimax supermarkets in Argentina, causing $3 million in damage.

JUNE 26: Joseph C. Crawford skyjacks a Continental DC-9 destined for Midland from El Paso, Texas. Brandishing a knife, he forces the pilot to land in Cuba. He will be returned to the U.S. and imprisoned.

JULY 4: The Zodiac Killer shoots and kills a nineteen-year-old girl and wounds her companion as they sit in a car near San Francisco. The terrorist will later stab Cecelia Shephard twenty-four times in the back when killing her, and carve an outline of a cross on her skin. Zodiac still later tries to kill a cabdriver who survives and gives the only description of this maniac—a man approximately five feet eight-inches tall with short reddish-brown hair and thick glasses. Zodiac will send dozens of taunting letters to police and leave cryptograms at the scenes of his many murders, one reading: "I like killing people because it is so much fun." By 1975, Zodiac will cease to communicate with police and authorities will believe him dead or committed to an insane asylum. San Francisco police estimate his murders at six, but Don Striepeke, sheriff of Sonoma County, believes the Zodiac is responsible for more than forty slayings.

JULY 30: A. H. Meyer, U.S. ambassador to Japan, is the target of a failed assassination attempt when he is accosted by a Japanese citizen armed with a knife in Tokyo.

JULY 31: Lester E. Perry, wielding a razor blade, skyjacks a TWA B-727, flying 123 passengers from Pittsburgh to Los Angeles, forcing the pilot to fly to Cuba where he will escape.

AUGUST 5: A Philippine Airlines jet explodes over Zamboanga, Philippines. The bomb is detonated in one of the restrooms, killing the person setting it off and injuring four others.

AUGUST 5: John S. McCreery attempts to skyjack an Eastern DC-9 flying from Philadelphia to Tampa, Florida. McCreery, who wields a knife and a razor blade, will later be sent to an insane asylum.

AUGUST 29: Leila A. Khaled and Salim K. Essawai of the PFLP skyjack a TWA B-707 flying from Rome to Athens with 127 persons on board. Armed with pistols and hand grenades, the terrorists order the pilot to fly to Syria. In Damascus, two passengers are exchanged for two Syrian pilots. Everyone aboard deplaned and the skyjackers demolish the cockpit before escaping.

SEPTEMBER 3: Three terrorists of ELF skyjack an Ethiopian DC-6 flying from Addis Ababa to Djibouti, French Territory of the Afars and Issas. When the plane lands at Aden, South Yemen, one skyjacker is shot and the other two captured.

SEPTEMBER 4: Charles Burke Elbrick, U.S. ambassador to Brazil, is abducted in Rio de Janiero by MR-8 (Revolutionary Movement of the Eighth) and ALN terrorists who demand that several political prisoners be freed and the group's manisfesto be printed. Some of the demands will be met and Elbrick set free.

SEPTEMBER 21: Muslims and Hindus in western India riot over alleged mistreatment of sacred Hindu cows and Hindu spiritual leaders by Muslims. More than 1,000 persons are killed.

Seven of the original defendants in the 1969 Chicago riots trial are shown left to right (standing) Abbie Hoffman, John Froines, Lee Weiner, David Dellinger, Rennie Davis, Tom Hayden and (sitting) Jerry Rubin clowning at a microphone, with his girlfriend, Nancy Kurshan sitting next to him.

SEPTEMBER 26: The trial of the so-called "Chicago Eight" (Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, Rennie Davis, David Dellinger, Thomas Hayden, John Froines, Lee Weiner and Bobby Seale of the Black Panther Party) commences in Chicago before Judge Julius Hoffman. The defendants are charged with intent to commit a conspiracy and inciting to riot earlier to and during the Democratic National Convention. The five-month trial is a farce with the defendants and their attorneys creating mayhem and confusion in the court.

SEPTEMBER 29: Two Habash Front terrorists skyjack a TWA plane flying from Rome to Lodi, Italy, forcing it to land in Damascus, where two Israeli passengers are freed in exchange for the release of two Syrian pilots being held in Israel.

OCTOBER 6: José Strassle, son of the Swiss consul in Cali, Colombia, and Hermann Bluff, consul secretary, are kidnapped by a terrorist group called the Invisible Ones, but are later set free. Officials deny media reports that a ransom of several thousand dollars has been paid.

OCTOBER 17: Abdirashid Ali Shermarke, president of Somalia, is assassinated at Las Anos, Somalia.

OCTOBER 21: Henry Shorr skyjacks a Pan American B-720 scheduled to carry its twenty-eight passengers from Mexico City to Merida, Mexico. Shorr wields a revolver to divert the plane to Cuba. He will commit suicide a year later.

NOVEMBER 10: Fourteen-year-old David Booth, wielding a knife, attempts to skyjack a Delta DC-9 en route from Cincinnati, Ohio, to Chicago, with seventy-five persons on board. Booth demands to be flown to either Sweden or Mexico but he is unsuccessful and is later sent to a juvenile detention center.

NOVEMBER 27: Two Jordanian terrorists launch a grenade attack on the El Al Airlines office in Athens, Greece, killing a Greek child and wounding thirteen others.

DECEMBER 12: Red Brigadists explode a bomb in the Piazza Fontana, in Milan, Italy, that kills sixteen people. Seven persons are later put on trial, five acquitted, and on March 20, 1981, two others sentenced to prison on lesser charges.

DECEMBER 2: Benny R. Hamilton, armed with a knife, skyjacks a TWA B-707, flying from San Francisco to Philadelphia, forcing the pilot to fly to Cuba. He will later be imprisoned in the U.S.

DECEMBER 21: Three Habash Front terrorists plan to skyjack a TWA plane arriving at Athens, Greece from Tel Aviv, but they are apprehended by police and will be imprisoned until July 1970.

DECEMBER 22: A bomb explodes in a lavatory on an Air Vietnam jet, killing thirty-two people near Nha Trang, South Vietnam. The landing brakes are damaged by the bomb and the plane careens into a school when landing.

1970

JANUARY 6: Anton Funjek skyjacks a Delta DC-9 taking sixty passengers from Orlando to Jacksonville, Florida. Brandishing a knife, Funjek attempts to force the pilot to land in Switzerland. He will later be imprisoned.

JANUARY 8: Christian Belon "to spite Americans and Israelis for their aggression in the Middle East," skyjacks a TWA 707 carrying twenty persons from Paris to Rome. Belon orders the pilot at gunpoint to fly to Beirut, where he will be arrested and imprisoned.

JANUARY 30: A state of siege is declared in Guatemala following the attempted assassination of a presidential candidate and the murder of a newspaper editor opposed to communism by Communist terrorists.

FEBRUARY 10: A bus at the airport in Munich, Germany, is attacked with grenades by three Arab terrorists. An Israeli citizen is killed and eleven other passengers are injured.

FEBRUARY 15: Some of the members of the original "Chicago Eight" trial in Chicago are acquitted of the charge to commit a conspiracy before and during the 1968 Democratic National Convention but Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, Rennie Davis, David Dellinger and Thomas Hayden are convicted of crossing a state line to incite a riot. Further, Judge Hoffman has sentenced several of the defendants, along with their attorneys, William Kunstler and Leonard Weinglass, to long terms for contempt of court. None of the terms are served. A federal district judge will overturn the convictions on a technicality—that Hoffman waited too long to impose sentencing.

FEBRUARY 21: A Swissair jet flying from Zurich, Switzerland, to Tel Aviv, Israel, is blown up in midair, claiming forty-seven lives. It is believed that the bomb had been planted by Abu Ibrahim of the Popular Front for Liberation of Palestine (PFLP).

FEBRUARY 27: Fuentes Mohr, Guatemalan foreign minister, is abducted by leftist FAR terrorists. He will be released after a terrorist is set free from prison.

MARCH 3: Takeshi Okamoto, a fanatical member of the terrorist Japanese Red Army, boards a Japanese jet and, brandishing a sword, forces the pilot to fly to North Korea.

MARCH 6: Sean M. Holly, U.S. labor attaché in Guatemala, is abducted by FAR terrorists and is later released when three terrorists are set free from prison.

MARCH 11: Nobuo Okuchi, Japanese consul general in Sao Paulo, Brazil, is kidnapped in Brazil by VPR terrorists, who demand the release of prisoners. The diplomat is released after the prisoners are set free.

MARCH 11: Clemmie Stubbs skyjacks a United B-727, scheduled to fly from Cleveland to Atlanta. Stubbs threatens the 106 passengers and crew members with a revolver and compels the pilot to fly to Cuba, where he is imprisoned. He will later be killed while attempting to escape his Cuban jail cell.

MARCH 17: John Divivo unsuccessfully tries to skyjack an Eastern DC-9 flight taking seventy-three persons and crew from Newark, N.J. to Boston. Divivo shoots and kills the pilot and wounds the co-pilot who resists his orders. He is overpowered and later imprisoned, committing suicide in his cell.

MARCH 21: Joaquin Waldemar Sanchez, Paraguayan consul in Ituzaingo, Argentina, is kidnapped by FAL terrorists. When their demand for the release of two other terrorists in prison is refused, Sanchez is released.

MARCH 24: Lieutenant Colonel Donald J. Crowley, U.S. air attaché to the Dominican Republic, is kidnapped. Crowley will be released later after twenty political prisoners are allowed to leave the country.

MARCH 29: MANO terrorists kidnap Yuri Pivovarov, U.S.S.R. assistant commercial attaché in Argentina, but police rescue Pivovarov after a harrowing car chase.

MARCH 31: Count Karl von Spreti, West German ambassador to Guatemala, is abducted, his terrorist kidnappers demanding the release of twenty-two political prisoners, along with $700,000. When the Guatemalan government refuses, Spreti will be slain.

MARCH 31: Nine URA terrorists skyjack a Japan Airlines plane, ordering it to fly to Pyongyang, North Korea. The plane instead flies to Seoul, where the airport has been quickly dis-

guised to look like the Pyongyang airport. The terrorists are not deceived, but allow the passengers to deplane, then order the pilot to fly them to Pyongyang, where they vanish.

APRIL 5: Curtis S. Cutter, U.S. consul general in Brazil, is nearly kidnapped in Pôrto Alegre, but he escapes and three UPR terrorists are arrested.

APRIL 21: Seventy-five miles north of Manila, Philippines, a bomb hidden in the lavatory of a Philippine Airlines jet explodes in midair, killing all thirty-six passengers.

APRIL 22: Ira D. Meeks and Diane V. McKinney, wielding a revolver, skyjack a chartered Cessna-172 from Gastonia, North Carolina, to Cuba. Both will later be captured; Meeks will be found mentally incompetent and charges against both skyjackers will be dropped.

APRIL 23: Using a toy pistol and an alleged bomb, Joseph A. Wagstaff unsuccessfully attempts to skyjack a DC-9 en route from Pellston to Sault St. Marie, Michigan, to Detroit. He will be seized and sent to an insane asylum.

MAY 4: Students at Kent State University protesting the Vietnam war are fired upon by nervous National Guardsmen and four students are killed.

MAY 4: Al Fatah terrorists invade the Israeli Embassy in Asunción, Paraguay and shoot to death the wife of the first secretary and another person.

MAY 11: Rioting blacks in Augusta, Florida, are dispersed by police who shoot and kill six black demonstrators.

MAY 14: Ulrike Meinhof and other terrorists free Andreas Baader from prison guards in Berlin's Tegel Library where Baader had been allowed to do research. The terrorists fire submachine guns, injuring the guards and several employees and patrons.

MAY 22: Members of the Feyedeen cross Lebanon into Israel and fire three bazooka rockets into a school bus, killing eight Israeli children and injuring twenty-two others.

MAY 25: Nelson Molina skyjacks an American Airlines B-727 en route from Chicago to New York. Molina brandishes a pistol when ordering the pilot to fly the seventy-four passengers and crew to Cuba, where he will escape.

MAY 25: Graciella C. Quesada Zamora skyjacks a ninety-six passenger Delta CV-880 en route from Chicago to Miami. Flashing a revolver, she forces the pilot to fly to Cuba. She will be returned to the U.S. in 1980 and imprisoned.

JUNE 2: One person is killed and twelve others are injured when a hand grenade explodes beneath a seat on a Philippine Airlines jet en route to Bacolod, Negros Island. The plane lands safely at Roxas, Philippines.

JUNE 4: Arthur Barkley attempts to hold hostage the fifty-six people aboard a TWA B-727 en route from Phoenix, Arizona, to St. Louis, Missouri. Brandishing a revolver, razor blade and a bottle of gasoline, Barkley demands a $100 million ransom. He is seized, then found temporarily insane and acquitted.

JUNE 7: Morris Draper, U.S. political secretary, is abducted in Amman, Jordan, by PFLP terrorists. He will later be released.

JUNE 10: Major Robert Perry, U.S. military attaché in Amman, Jordan, is at home when he is fatally shot by terrorists.

JUNE 11: Ehrenfried von Holleben, West German ambassador to Brazil, is kidnapped by terrorists who demand that forty prisoners be released. The demands are met and Holleben is set free.

JUNE 18: The Parke-Davis plant in Buenos Aires, Argentina, is bombed, killing three employees.

JUNE 22: Terrorist Haxhi H. Xhaferi skyjacks a Pan American plane carrying 133 passengers from Beirut to Rome. Flashing a pistol, Xhaferi orders the plane flown to Cairo. He will be tried and sent to prison three years later.

JULY 3: Five persons are killed in Belfast, Ireland, in a clash between IRA forces and British troops.

JULY 9: Fernando Londone y Londone, ex-foreign minister of Colombia, is kidnapped by Colombian terrorists who demand and receive $200,000.

JULY 21: Two West Germans are kidnapped in Teoponte, Bolivia, by ELN terrorists whose demands for the release of prisoners will be met and the Germans will be set free.

JULY 24: Quick-acting police arrest several terrorists who are about to abduct Donner Lyon, U.S. consul in Recife, Brazil.

JULY 31: Aloisio Mares Dias Gomide, Brazilian vice consul in Uruguay, is kidnapped by Tupamaro terrorists who allegedly receive a $250,000 ransom. Gomide is then released.

JULY 31: U.S. diplomat Daniel A. Mitrione is kidnapped by Uruguayan terrorists, who demand the release of all Tupamaros held in prison. The demand will be refused and Mitrione will be slain by his captors.

JULY 31: Michael Gordon Jones, second consul to the U.S. embassy in Montevideo, Uruguay, along with cultural attaché Nathan Rosenfeld are kidnapped by Tupamaro terrorists, but they manage to escape.

AUGUST 2: Rudolfo Rivera Rios skyjacks a Pan American B-747 scheduled to fly from New York to San Juan, Puerto Rico. Rios threatens 360 passengers and seventeen crew members with a pistol and alleged nitroglycerin, ordering the pilot to fly to Cuba. He will later be imprisoned.

AUGUST 7: Claude L. Fly, U.S. agronomist, is abducted in Montevideo, Uruguay, by Tupamaro terrorists who demand that 150 political prisoners be freed. Fly will suffer a heart attack and be set free.

AUGUST 15: Alfredo Stroessner, president of Paraguay, is the target of a failed assassination attempt.

AUGUST 20: Gregory A. Graves skyjacks a Delta DC-9 sched-

uled to fly from Atlanta to Savannah, Georgia, to Cuba. Graves threatens the eighty-two passengers and crew with an alleged bomb. He will be returned to the U.S. in 1975 and be imprisoned.

AUGUST 24: Karleton Armstrong, David S. Fine, and other members of the Students For a Democratic Society (SDS), detonate a bomb at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, Wisconsin, killing Robert Fassnacht and injuring several other persons. Armstrong will later be sent to prison for this terrorist act.

AUGUST 24: Robert J. Labadie skyjacks a TWA B-727, scheduled to fly from Chicago to Philadelphia, to Cuba. Labadie claims to have a bomb while threatening the eighty-six passengers and crew. He will later be sent to an insane asylum.

AUGUST 30: Johan Huber unsuccessfully attempts to skyjack a Pan American B-727 en route from Munich to West Berlin with 125 persons on board. Using a starter pistol, Huber tries to force the pilot to fly to Budapest, Hungary. He will be sent to an insane asylum.

George Habash, terrorist leader of the PFLP (Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine); he orchestrated countless skyjackings, kidnappings and murders.

SEPTEMBER 6: Terrorists of the Habash Front skyjack a Pan American 747 to Beirut, and then to Cairo, where its 171 passengers and crew are disembarked. The terrorists then blow up the plane. The same terrorist organization will skyjack three other planes this same day, one of these being an El Al plane on which terrorists Patrick Arguello will be killed and Leila Khalid will be injured. An Israeli flight attendant is injured, along with four passengers.

SEPTEMBER 12: Members of the Jewish Defense League take three hostages at the Egyptian embassy in London, England. The captors demand the release of airplane passengers held hostage in Jordan by Arab terrorists.

SEPTEMBER 15: Donald B. Irwin attempts to skyjack a TWA B-707 scheduled to fly from Los Angeles to San Francisco. Irwin flashes an unloaded pistol to control fifty-nine passengers and crew members, ordering the pilot to fly to North Korea. He will be thwarted and imprisoned.

SEPTEMBER 19: Richard D. Witt skyjacks a 727 jet flying from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia. Using a pistol and an alleged bomb, Witt commandeers the aircraft and its ninety-eight passengers and crew, having the pilot fly to Egypt and then to Cuba. He will later be imprisoned in the U.S.

SEPTEMBER 22: David W. Donovan fails to skyjack an Eastern DC-8 en route from Boston to San Juan, Puerto Rico. Donovan threatens to set the plane on fire if his demands are not met but he will not state his demands. He is seized and skyjacking charges dropped, but he will be imprisoned for an unrelated robbery and murder.

OCTOBER 5: Four FLQ terrorists kidnap James Richard Cross, the British trade commissioner for Canada, in Quebec in the country's first political kidnapping. The kidnappers demand $500,000 in gold, the reinstatement of recently fired postal workers and safe passage to Cuba or Algeria. When the government fails to comply, the terrorists kidnap Pierre Laporte, Quebec's Minister of Labor, threatening to kill Laporte unless their demands are met.

OCTOBER 18: When their demands are refused by the Canadian government, FLQ terrorists murder hostage Pierre Laporte; his bullet-riddled body is found in the trunk of a car parked at St. Hubert's Airport near Montreal. Three of Laporte's kidnappers and killers will be sent to prison for life.

NOVEMBER 6: The central bus station in Tel Aviv, Israel, is devastated by two explosions which kill two persons and injure twenty-four others.

DECEMBER 1: Eugen Beihl, a West German consul, is abducted in San Sebastián, Spain, by ETA Basque terrorists. Biehl will be set free on December 25.

DECEMBER 2: The FLQ terrorists still holding James Richard Cross are located in a Montreal house and are surrounded by police who agree to allow them safe passage to Cuba if they release Cross. The terrorists release their hostage and are flown safely out of the country.

DECEMBER 7: Giovanni Enrico Bucher, Swiss ambassador to Brazil, is abducted in Rio de Janeiro by members of the National Liberation Alliance (ALN). After seventy political prisoners are released, Bucher will be set free.

1971

JANUARY 3: Arthur J. Wilson, Lolita K. Graves, Carl White, and Norma Jean White skyjack a National DC-8, scheduled to fly eighty-nine passengers from Los Angeles to Tampa, Florida, to Cuba. All four will later be apprehended. Charges against Norma White will be dropped, but the other three terrorists will be sent to prison.

JANUARY 8: Tupamaro terrorists kidnap Geoffrey M. S. Jackson, British ambassador to Uruguay, in Montevideo. Jackson will be released after 106 political prisoners are set free.

JANUARY 15: The Baader-Meinhof gang robs two banks in Kassel, Germany, using the money to buy guns from Al Fatah, an Arab terrorist organization.

JANUARY 22: Garland J. Grant skyjacks a Northwest B-727, scheduled to fly sixty people from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to Detroit, Michigan, to Cuba. Grant has boarded the plane with a hatchet and an alleged bomb. He will be returned to the U.S. and imprisoned.

FEBRUARY 1: Jibril Front terrorists attempt to blow up an El Al plane flying from London, England. A bomb is planted in the luggage of an unwitting woman and is located. The woman is released.

FEBRUARY 4: Walter C. Hines, allegedly armed with nitroglycerin, skyjacks a Delta DC-9, set to fly twenty-seven people from Chicago to Nashville, Tennessee, to Cuba. He will be imprisoned.

FEBRUARY 10: Two Croatian terrorists take over the Yugoslavian consulate in Gothenburg, Sweden, demanding that prisoners in Yugoslavia be freed. When their demands are not met, the terrorists surrender.

FEBRUARY 15: James Finlay, U.S. air force security officer in Ankara, Turkey., is abducted by TPLA terrorists who make no demands. Finlay will be released a short time later.

FEBRUARY 25: Chapin S. Paterson, allegedly carrying a bomb, skyjacks a B-737, scheduled to fly ninety-eight people from San Francisco to Seattle, to Cuba and then Canada. He will be deported from Canada to the U.S. and imprisoned.

MARCH 4: Four U.S. air force members are kidnapped in Ankara, Turkey, by TPLA terrorists who demand but do not receive $400,000 ransom. The airmen will be set free and the terrorists captured and convicted.

MARCH 6: Colonel Delgado Villegas, former prominent Guatemalan police official, is fatally shot following three previous attempts on his life by terrorists.

MARCH 8: Thomas K. Marston, seventeen, attempts to skyjack a B-727 flying forty-six persons from Mobile, Alabama, to New Orleans. Marston, armed with a pistol, orders the pilot to fly to Canada, but he is overpowered. He will later be sent to prison.

MARCH 10: Berro Oribe, attorney general of Uruguay, is kidnapped by Tupamaro terrorists, who grill him about legal cases against terrorists and then, surprisingly, set him free.

MARCH 31: John M. Matthews, Jr., fourteen, armed with a pistol, attempts to skyjack a Delta DC-9 Birmingham, Alabama, to Chicago flight, to Cuba. He is seized and later put on a three year probation for carrying a weapon aboard an airplane.

APRIL 7: The Yugoslavian ambassador to Sweden is killed and other Yugoslavian statesmen are injured in Stockholm, Sweden by Croatian terrorists.

MAY 17: Ephraim Elrom, Israeli consul general in Istanbul, Turkey, is kidnapped by terrorists who demand the release of imprisoned terrorists. When the demand is refused, Elrom is shot and killed.

MAY 21: Three members of the Black Liberation Army (BLA), a Negro terrorist organization, shoot and kill two police officers in Harlem who have answered a bogus call for help placed by the terrorists. Members of the same group will, five months later, shoot and kill a police desk sergeant at Ingleside, California and two more NYPD officers in January 1972. The killers will be apprehended and the BLA will soon go out of existence.

MAY 23: Stanley Sylvester, honorary British consul and administrator of Swift & Co., in Rosario, Argentina, is kidnapped by ERP terrorists whose demands for the distribution of $62,500 in goods and foodstuffs to the poor are met. Sylvester will be released.

MAY 29: Henri Wolimer, French consul in San Sebastian, Spain, evades a kidnapping attempt by Basque terrorists.

JUNE 11: Gregory L. White skyjacks a TWA B-727 en route from Chicago to New York. Holding twenty-six persons hostage with a pistol, White demands $75,000 ransom and to be flown to North Vietnam. He is seized and sent to an insane asylumn where he will later kill himself.

JUNE 23: Alfredo Cambron, legal adviser to U.S.-financed companies in Uruguay, is kidnapped by OPR-33 terrorists, but he will later be set free.

JULY 2: Robert L. Jackson and Ligia Sanchez Archila skyjack a 707 en route from Mexico City to San Antonio, Texas. Wielding pistols and alleged nitroglycerin, they terrorized the 110 passengers and crew, demanding a $100,000 ransom and to be flown to Brazil, Argentina and Algeria. They will later be imprisoned.

JULY 15: Petra Schelm and Werner Hoppe, two members of the Baader-Meinhof gang who have just stolen a BMW, are

Guards and state police identifying the dead following the police onslaught of rioting prisoners at Attica Prison on September 9, 1971.

halted by a police roadblock outside of Hamburg. The terrorists fire upon the officers. Schelm is killed by return fire and Hoppe is captured and later sent to prison.

JULY 23: Richard A. Obergfell is killed while attempting to skyjack a TWA B-727 New York to Chicago flight to Italy with sixty-one people on board. Although Obergfell has claimed to have a pistol and a bomb, no weapons are found on his dead body.

AUGUST 9: Twelve persons are killed, 300 arrested and 150 houses burned in widespread rioting in Belfast, Ireland.

SEPTEMBER 3: Armed only with an icepick, Juan M. Borges Guerra attempts to skyjack an Eastern DC-9 Chicago to Miami flight, to Cuba. He is overpowered and later sent to prison.

SEPTEMBER 9: Inmates at Attica Prison near Buffalo, New York, seize the facility, taking fifty hostages and demanding better conditions. Twenty-nine inmates and ten hostages are killed when state police and military units storm the prison. Eighty-five inmates, three hostages and a state trooper are wounded. None of the surviving prisoners will be punished.

SEPTEMBER 24: Barbara H. Pliskow attempts to skyjack an American Airlines B-727 Detroit to New York flight, to Algeria, wielding a pistol and dynamite, and demanding that some prisoners be released. She will be captured and put on probation for two years.

SEPTEMBER 25: Holger Meins and Magrit Schiller, two members of the Baader-Meinhof gang, are stopped by two police officers on the Freiburg-Basel motorway. The terrorists shoot and kill the officers and speed off.

OCTOBER 4: George Giffe, Jr., and Bobby Wayne Wallace, armed with pistols, try to skyjack a Big Brother, Inc. Aero Commander Hawk 681 to the Bahamas. Giffe kills his wife and the pilot of the Nashville, Tennessee, to Atlanta flight, before committing suicide.

OCTOBER 9: Richard F. Dixon skyjacks an Eastern B-727 Detroit to Miami flight, to Cuba, terrorizing the forty-six passengers and crew members with a revolver. He will be imprisoned five years later.

OCTOBER 18: Del L. Thomas skyjacks a B-737 Anchorage, Alaska, to Bethel, Arkansas, flight to Cuba. He overpowers thirty-five passengers and crew with a pistol. Thomas will later be imprisoned.

OCTOBER 25: Angel Lugo Casado skyjacks an American Airlines B-747 New York to San Juan, Puerto Rico flight, to Cuba. He terrorizes the 236 passengers and crew members with a pistol that turns out to be fake. He will be returned to the U.S. in 1978 and be imprisoned.

NOVEMBER 19: Jaime Castrejon Diez, rector of the State University of Guerrero, Mexico, is abducted by terrorists. After nine political prisoners are set free and the kidnappers paid $500,000 ransom, Diez will be released.

NOVEMBER 20: An explosion rips apart a China Airlines Caravelle over the South China Sea, killing twenty-five persons. There are no survivors.

NOVEMBER 27: Michael R. Finney, Charles R. Hill, and Ralph L. Goodwin commandeer a TWA B-727 en route from Albuquerque, New Mexico, to Chicago. Brandishing two pistols and a knife, the terrorists divert the flight to Cuba. Goodwin will later drown and Finney and Hill become fugitives.

NOVEMBER 30: French reporter Michele Ray claims to have been kidnapped by OPR-33 terrorists in Uruguay, but officials believe she has arranged the abduction in order to interview the terrorists and sell a sensational, though faked, story.

DECEMBER 15: Zaid Rifai, Jordan's ambassador to England, is injured by gunshots in a failed attempt on his life in London by Black September Palestinian terrorists.

DECEMBER 22: Klaus Junschke and three other members of the Baader-Meinhof terrorist gang rob the Bavarian Mortgage and Exchange Bank in Kaiserslautern, Germany, killing policeman Herbert Schoner before fleeing.

DECEMBER 24: Everett L. Holt skyjacks a B-707 taking thirty-five persons from Minneapolis, Minnesota, to Chicago. He wields a revolver and alleged bomb, demanding a $500,000 ransom. He will be captured and sent to an insane asylum.

DECEMBER 26: Donald L. Coleman attempts to skyjack an American Airlines B-707 en route from Chicago to San Francisco, carrying eighty-five persons. Using a knife, toy pistol, and a fake bomb, Coleman also demands $200,000 ransom. He will be captured and imprisoned.

1972

JANUARY 7: Brandishing a pistol and a shotgun, Allen G. Sims and Ida P. Robinson skyjack a B-727 San Francisco to Los Angeles flight, with 151 persons on bo ard, to Africa and then to Cuba. Sims will later be imprisoned, but Robinson will escape.

JANUARY 12: Billy E. Hurst, Jr., skyjacks a B-727 en route from Houston to Dallas, Texas, with 100 persons on board. Waving a pistol and an alleged bomb, Hurst demands $1 million ransom and ten parachutes. He will later be imprisoned.

JANUARY 20: Richard C. LaPoint skyjacks a DC-10 Las Vegas to Reno, Nevada, flight with seventy-three persons on board. Claiming to have a bomb, LaPoint demands $500,000 and two parachutes. He will parachute from the in-flight plane, be captured, and imprisoned.

JANUARY 26: A bomb explodes in the luggage compartment of a Yugoslavian jet en route from Copenhagen, Denmark, to Zagreb, Yugoslavia, killing twenty-seven persons. One person survives.

JANUARY 26: Croatian terrorists explode a bomb aboard a Stockholm-to-Belgrade jetliner, killing twenty-six passengers.

JANUARY 26: Members of the Jewish Defense League (JDL) firebomb the New York City offices of entertainment

empressario Sol Hurok, who has managed the performances of Soviet entertainers in the U.S. Considerable damage is done but no injuries are reported.

JANUARY 26: Merlyn L. St. George, armed with a starter pistol and an alleged bomb and demanding $200,000 ransom and four parachutes, is killed while attempting to skyjack an FH-227 plane flying forty-six people from Albany to New York.

JANUARY 26: Patrick H. McAlroy, brandishing a pistol, attempts to skyjack an SFO helicopter about to leave Berkeley, California, for San Francisco, to Cuba. He is seized and sent to a mental institution.

JANUARY 27: Croation terrorists explode a bomb aboard a train en route from Vienna, Austria, to Zagreb, Yugoslavia, injuring six passengers.

JANUARY 29: Garrett B. Trapnell, armed with a pistol and phony bomb, fails to skyjack a B-707 en route from Los Angeles to New York, with 101 people aboard. Trapnell demands $306,800 ransom, the release of a prisoner in Dallas, Texas, and flight to Europe. He is shot, captured and imprisoned.

FEBRUARY 22: The IRA sets off a bomb at the Parachute Regiment headquarters at Aldershot, England, killing nine soldiers and civilians and injuring three others.

FEBRUARY 22: Habash Front terrorists skyjack a Luthansa Airlines plane en route from New Delhi to Athens, and order it to fly to Aden, South Yemen, where the passengers and crew are released after the West German government has paid the terrorists $5 million, and allow them to go free.

MARCH 2: Wolfgang Grundmann and Manfred Grashof, two members of the Baader-Meinhof gang, are captured after a wild shootout in their Hamburg apartment.

MARCH 3: Members of Italy's Red Brigades, a terrorist group, kidnap businessman Idalgo Macchiarini but release him a short time later.

MARCH 3: Black September Palestinian terrorists try to assault the London headquarters of Hussein I, King of Jordan, or so it is reported. (Some terrorist authorities believe that Hussein is a secret backer of Palestinian terrorists and that the feeble attack is only a ruse to convince the West that Hussein is opposed to Arab terrorism.)

MARCH 7: James W. Brewton and Joseph T. Bennett, armed with guns, skyjack to Cuba a Chalk's Flying Service Grumman 73 scheduled to fly to the Bahamas from Miami. Bennett will escape to Cuba. Brewton will be fatally shot in Jamaica three years later.

MARCH 21: Oberdan Sallustro, president of Fiat in Argentina, is kidnapped by ERP terrorists in Argentina, who demand $1 million in ransom and the release of political prisoners. Fiat agrees to pay the ransom, but the government refuses to release the prisoners. Sallustro is killed

MARCH 27: One Canadian and two British NATO radar technicians are kidnapped in Turkey by TPLA terrorists whose demands for the release of prisoners are refused. All three captives will be slain, along with the terrorists, who are gunned down as police raid their hideout.

APRIL 4: The Cuban Trade Office in Montreal is bombed, killing one person and injuring seven others.

APRIL 7: Richard F. McCoy skyjacks a United 727 taking ninety-one persons from Denver to Los Angeles. McCoy brandishes a pistol, a hand grenade and a phony bomb when demanding $500,000 ransom and six parachutes. He escapes but will later be killed when resisting arrest.

APRIL 9: Stanley H. Speck, claiming to have a hand grenade, attempts to skyjack a B-727 with ninety-two aboard and which was en route from Oakland to San Diego, California. He demanded four parachutes and $500,000 ransom. Speck will be captured in San Diego and sent to an insane asylum.

APRIL 17: Kenneth L. Smith forces his way on board a B-727 scheduled to fly from Seattle to Annette Island, Arkansas. Claiming to have a pistol, Smith orders the pilot to fly to Cairo, Egypt, but his plans are foiled. He will be sent to an insane asylum.

APRIL 17: William H. Greene III attempts to skyjack a Delta CV-880 en route from West Palm Beach, Florida to Chicago. Threatening the seventy-six persons on board with a phony gun, Greene demands $500,000 ransom and a flight to Nassau, Bahamas. He will surrender and be imprisoned.

MAY 3: Four TPLA members demanding the release of three prisoners in Turkey, skyjack a Turkish plane to Sofia, Bulgaria, where they surrender.

MAY 5: Frederick W. Haneman, armed with a pistol and fake bomb, skyjacks an Eastern B-727 carrying forty-nine passengers from Allentown, Pennsylvania, to Washington, D.C.

The officer's mess at U. S. Army headquarters in Frankfurt, Germany, was bombed on May 11, 1972 by members of the Baader-Meinhof terrorist gang.

Haneman demands $303,000 ransom, six parachutes, and a flight to Central America. He will later surrender and be imprisoned.

MAY 5: Michael L. Hansen, armed with a pistol, skyjacks a B-737 en route from Salt Lake City, Utah, to Los Angeles, diverting the seventy-five passenger craft to Hanoi, North Vietnam, and then Cuba. He will later be imprisoned.

MAY 7: Ulrich Schmucker, a member of the Baader-Meinhof gang, is captured by German police but released. He is later thought to have turned police informant and is murdered by gang members.

MAY 11: Four members of the Baader-Meinhof terrorist gang—Ulrike Meinhof, Gudrun Ensslin, Andreas Baader and Jan-Carl Raspe—plant bombs at the U.S. Army headquarters in Frankfurt. Lt. Col. Paul Abel Bloomquist is killed by one of the exploding bombs and twelve other U.S. servicemen are injured. The blasts cause more than $1 million in damage.

MAY 24: The Baader-Meinhof gang explodes two car bombs outside the U.S. Army's European headquarters in Heidelberg, Germany, killing one soldier and wounding two others.

MAY 30: Three members of the Japanese terrorist oganization known as the Red Army (who have been recruited by Black Septemberists), machine gun and blow up with grenades innocent travelers at Lod Airport terminal. They kill twenty-four persons and wound another twenty-six, four of whom later die. Police kill two of the suicidal terrorists and capture the third, Kozo Okamoto, who will be sent to prison for life.

JUNE 1: An informant gives police in Frankfurt, Germany, the address of the "bomb factory" used by the Baader-Meinhof terrorist gang. Officers capture Jan-Carl Raspe and surround

Baader-Meinhof terrorist Holger Meins struggles with police after he attempted to escape naked down a street in Frankfurt, Germany.

Andreas Baader, leader of the Baader-Meinhof terrorist gang in Germany, is wrestled into submission by police in Frankfurt, Germany on June 1, 1972.

the garage containing the bombs and two of the terrorists—Andreas Baader and Holger Meins. After a shootout, both terrorists are wounded and captured. A short time later, gang leader Ulrike Meinhof is captured in Hanover.

JUNE 2: William Holder and Katherine Kerkow, armed with a fake bomb, skyjack a B-727 en route from Los Angeles to Seattle carrying ninety-seven people. They demand to be flown to Algeria, a $500,000 ransom, and five parachutes. The ransom will be returned. Holder will be given a suspended sentence and Kerkow will escape.

JUNE 15: A bomb placed beneath a passenger seat of a CV-880 jet of Cathay Pacific Airways (Hong Kong), reportedly by a police officer whose fiancee and daughter are on board, explodes over the central highlands of South Vietnam, killing eighty-one people.

JUNE 23: Martin J. McNally and Walter J. Petlikowsky, wielding a submachine gun, a hand grenade, and a phony bomb, skyjack an American B-727 en route with 101 people from St. Louis to Tulsa, Oklahoma. They demand $502,000 and five parachutes. Both will later be captured and imprisoned.

JUNE 30: Daniel B. Carre, claiming to have a knife, skyjacks a DC-9 en route to Portland, Oregon, from Seattle. He demands $50,000 and a parachute. Carre will later be sent to an insane asylum.

JULY 2: Thai Binh Nguyen, wielding a knife and showing alleged hand grenades, skyjacks a Pan American B-747 en route from Honolulu, Hawaii, to Saigon, South Vietnam, with 135 passengers on board. The terrorist demands to be flown to Hanoi, North Vietnam, but he is killed by another passenger when the plane first lands in Saigon.

JULY 5: Dimitz K. Alexiev and Michael D. Azmanoff, armed with pistols, skyjack a B-737 en route with eighty-six people aboard from Sacramento to San Francisco, California. The ter-

rorists demand $800,000 and two parachutes. Both terrorists and one passenger will be killed. Lubomir Peichev, a conspirator, will be imprisoned.

JULY 8: Members of Israel's Mossad detonate a car bomb that kills PFLP terrorist leader Ghassan Kanafani in Beirut.

JULY 21: IRA terrorists explode twenty-two bombs in downtown Belfast, Ireland, killing eleven people and injuring 130 more; the day is thereafter known as Bloody Friday.

JULY 28: Hector Menoni, director of United Press International in Uruguay, is abducted by OPR-33 terrorists. He will later be set free.

JULY 31: Wielding handguns, Melvin and Jean McNair, George Wright, George Brown and Joyce Burgess, all members of the terrorist Black Panther Party, skyjack a Delta DC-8 en route from Detroit to Miami with 101 people aboard. They demand $1 million ransom and a flight to Algeria. All but Wright will later be imprisoned.

AUGUST 4: A murderous Negro gang styling itself after the terrorist Mau Maus of Kenya of the 1950s, calling itself the De Mau Mau Gang, invades the western suburbs of Chicago. The gang kills four members of the Corbett family in Barrington Hills and then, in Monee, slaughters the Stephen Hawtree family. In Highland Park, gang members murder William Richter. In Frankfort, they kill Michael Gerschenson. After claiming nine victims, the six bloodthirsty gang members are captured. Tried and convicted, the gang members escape the death penalty and are given long prison terms.

SEPTEMBER 5: Eight Black September terrorists, all Syrian-trained commandos, invade the Olympic compound housing athletes participating in the XX Olympiad in Munich, Germany. (Black September is the official enforcement arm of Al Fatah which is directed by Yasir Arafat.) The terrorists kill two members of the Israeli team and hold the rest hostage, demanding the release of the imprisoned Ulrike Meinhof and other members of the Baader-Meinhof gang, along with 234 other Arab terrorists then in jail. When the terrorists are provided a jet to fly them out of the country, they are attacked by German police. The terrorists immediately kill nine more members of the Israeli team. Five of the Arab terrorists are killed and three taken prisoner. The organizer of the massacre, Ali Hassan Salemeh, will be killed in reprisal by Mossad agents in 1979.

SEPTEMBER 5: Jan J. Van de Panne, Dutch chief of Philips Electronics Co., in Argentina, is kidnapped by Montoneros terrorists. When the firm pays $500,000 ransom, Panne is set free.

SEPTEMBER 9: Dr. Ami Shachori, agricultural adviser to the Israeli Embassy in London is slain by a mail bomb sent by Black September terrorists. Forty nine other letter bombs mailed by Black September are intercepted and disarmed.

SEPTEMBER 11: Salvador Allende Gossens, president of Chile, is ousted in a military coup led by General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte. Allende either commits suicide or is assassinated in this supposedly CIA-backed coup.

OCTOBER 16: Wael Zuaiter, Al Fatah official in Rome, is fatally shot near his apartment, reportedly by Mossad agents.

OCTOBER 16: Two Americans are injured and a Canadian is killed by a bomb blast at the Sheraton Hotel in Buenos Aires, Argentina. The bombing is attributed to Maximo Mena Command.

OCTOBER 29: Black Septembrists skyjack a Lufthansa Boeing jet bound from Beirut, Lebanon, to Ankara, Turkey, demanding that three terrorists imprisoned for the 1972 massacre of the Israeli atheletes during the XX Olympiad in Munich, Germany, be released. The plane lands in Libya and, following negotiations, the three terrorists are first arrested and then set free.

NOVEMBER 2: Three terrorists bomb the French consulate in Zaragoza, Spain, killing one person.

NOVEMBER 3: A French woman is killed while attempting to plant a bomb at the U.S. Embassy in Amman, Jordan.

NOVEMBER 7: Enrico Barrella, Italian industrialist, is abducted in Buenos Aires by terrorists who later release him after collecting $500,000 in ransom money.

Ali Hassan Salameh, chief of Black September, directed the murders of some of the Israeli athletes in Munich, Germany, during the XX Olympiad on September 5, 1972; he was killed in 1979 by Israeli forces.

DECEMBER 7: Imelda Marcos, wife of Philippine President Ferdinand Edralin Marcos, is stabbed and critically injured, but survives the terrorist attack in Pasay City, Philippines.

DECEMBER 8: Mahmoud Hamshari, the primary official of Al Fatah and the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) in France, dies when a bomb explodes in his Paris apartment. Mossad agents are allegedly responsible.

DECEMBER 8: Seven terrorists attempt to skyjack an Ethiopian Airlines craft over Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, a grenade blast injuring eleven persons, before the plane safely lands.

DECEMBER 28: Black September terrorists hold six hostages at the Israeli embassy in Bangkok, Thailand. They demand the release of terrorists imprisoned in Israel. When the demands are not met, the terrorists later back down and are allowed to leave the country.

1973

JANUARY 23: Three armed terrorists abduct U.S. ambassador Clinton Knox and U.S. consul general Ward Christensen, demanding the release of prisoners and ransom. The demands are met and the prisoners set free.

FEBRUARY 3: Norman Lee, administrator of a Coca-Cola plant in Buenos Aires, Argentina, is abducted by terrorists who later release him after collecting a ransom.

FEBRUARY 20: Three Pakistani terrorists take hostages at the Indian High Commission offices in London, England, demanding that Pakistanis imprisoned in India be released. Their demands will not be met and two of the three terrorists will be killed by police, the third captured.

FEBRUARY 23: Believing that a Libyan Boeing 727 jet is "a flying bomb," Israelis shoot the plane down over the Sinai, killing 106 passengers and crew.

MARCH 1: Black September terrorists take ten hostages at the Saudi Arabian embassy in Khartoum, Sudan, demanding the release of several imprisoned terrorists in several countries. When their demands are not met, the terrorists will kill three diplomats and then surrender to authorities.

MARCH 8: Two IRA bombs explode in London, England, killing one person and injuring more than 200 others.

MARCH 19: An Air Vietnam passenger jet is blown apart over Ban Me Thuot when a bomb explodes in the cargo area, killing all fifty-nine persons aboard.

MARCH 28: Gerardo Scalmazzi, manager of the First National Bank of Boston's Rosario branch, is kidnapped by terrorists in Rosario, Argentina and will later be released after the terrorists receive between a reported $500,000 to $1 million in ransom money.

APRIL 2: Anthony R. DaCruz, a technical operations manager for Eastman Kodak, is abducted by terrorists in Argentina. He will later be released after a $1.5 million ransom is paid.

APRIL 8: Francis Victor Brimicombe, president of Nobleza Tobacos, a subsidiary of the British-American Tobacco Co., is kidnapped by terrorists in Argentina. He will be set free after the firm pays between $1.5 and $1.8 million.

APRIL 9: Al Fatah chief Kamal Adwan is assassinated in Beirut, Lebanon, by Israeli terrorists.

APRIL 12: An Arab terrorist carrying a Jordanian passport is killed when a bomb in his luggage accidentally explodes in his hotel room in Athens, Greece.

MAY 4: Terrance G. Leonhardy, U.S. consul general in Guadalajara, Mexico, is abducted by terrorists of the People's Revolutionary Armed Forces, who demand that political prisoners be released and an $80,000 ransom be paid. The demands are met and Leonhardy is later released.

MAY 21: Oscar Castel, president of a Coca-Cola bottling plant in Córdoba, Argentina, is kidnapped by terrorists who later set him free after collecting $100,000 ransom.

MAY 21: ERP terrorists kidnap and fatally shoot Luis Giovanelli, the administrator of a Ford Motor plant, in Buenos Aires, Argentina. ERP states that they will continue kidnapping Ford employees until a $1 million ransom is paid. The company later complies.

JUNE 2: Lieutenant Colonel Lewis Hawkins, U.S. military adviser in Iran, is shot to death by Iranian terrorists.

JUNE 6: Charles Lockwood, a British executive of an Acrow Steel division in Argentina, is kidnapped by terrorists. He will later be set free after a $2 million ransom is paid.

JUNE 18: Roberto Galvez, manager of a U.S. company in Guatemala, is kidnapped by FAR terrorists. He will be released later after a ransom of $50,000 is paid.

JUNE 18: West German businessman Hans Kurt Gebhardt is kidnapped in Argentina by terrorists. He will be set free after a $100,000 ransom has been paid.

JUNE 18: ERP terrorists abduct John R. Thompson, president of a Firestone subsidiary in Buenos Aires, Argentina. After a $3 million ransom is paid, Thompson will be released.

JUNE 25: Mario Baratella, vice president of the Italian-owned Bank of Rio de la Plata in Buenos Aires, Argentina, is abducted and released after the terrorist kidnappers receive and undisclosed ransom (reported to be $2 million).

JUNE 28: Mohammed Boudia, most prominent Arab terrorist in Europe, is slain by a car bomb in Paris, one planted by Mossad agents.

JULY 1: Colonel Josef Alon, Israeli military attaché in Washington, D.C., is fatally shot by Arab terrorists in his Chevy Chase, Maryland home.

JULY 2: Terrorists kidnap Raul Bornancini, assistant manager of the Córdoba, Argentina branch of the First National City Bank of New York. He will later be set free after the kidnappers receive a reported $1 million ransom.

JULY 21: A Japan Airlines plane traveling from Paris via Amsterdam to Tokyo with 137 passengers is skyjacked by four terrorists who force the pilot to land in Dubai. The plane is then flown to Libya, the passengers deplaned and the plane blown up.

AUGUST 2: Juan Felipe de la Cruz Serafin, a leading member of the anti-Castro Cuban Revolutionary Directorate, is killed by a bomb explosion in his hotel room in Avrainville, France.

AUGUST 4: A train station in Belgrade, Yugoslavia is bombed by terrorists, killing one person and injuring seven others.

AUGUST 5: The Libyan-based National Arab Youth for the Liberation of Palestine (NAYLP) carries out a machine gun and hand grenade attack against a TWA jet at the airport in Athens, Greece, killing five passengers and injuring fifty-five others.

AUGUST 27: Ian Martin, British manager of a meat firm, is abducted by terrorists in Asunción, Paraguay. Police raid the terrorist hideout and rescue Martin, killing two terrorists and arresting others.

SEPTEMBER 5: Palestinian terrorists take thirteen hostages at the Saudi Arabian embassy in Paris, France, demanding that Jordan free the imprisoned Abu Daoud, a terrorist leader. Daoud is not released and the terrorists free their hostages, then surrender.

SEPTEMBER 8: Three persons are injured when IRA terrorists explode bombs at the King's Cross and Euston railway stations in London, England.

OCTOBER 10: Anthony Williams, British consul in Mexico, is kidnapped by terrorists who demand the release of political prisoners. The prisoners are not released but a ransom of $200,000 is reportedly paid and Williams is set free.

OCTOBER 22: Kurt Schmid, an executive for Swissair, is abducted by ERP terrorists in Argentina, who demand a $10 million ransom. An unspecified ransom is later paid and Schmid is released.

OCTOBER 23: David Wilkie, Jr., president of an Amoco International Oil Co. subsidiary, is abducted by terrorists in Buenos Aires, Argentina. He will be set free after a reported $3.5 million ransom is paid.

NOVEMBER 6: Marcus Foster, the black superintendent of schools in Oakland, California, who has proposed that all students be photographed for identification purposes, is shot to death by cyanide-tipped bullets by members of the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA).

NOVEMBER 22: John A. Swint, general manager of a Ford subsidiary, is shot to death with his three bodyguards in Cordorba, Argentina by terrorist members of the Fuerzas Armadas Peronistas (FAP).

DECEMBER 6: Victor E. Samuelson, U.S. administrator of Exxon Co., is kidnapped by ERP terrorists in Buenos Aires, Argentina. He will later be released after a staggering $14.2 million ransom is paid.

DECEMBER 13: George Peter Metsky, the infamous "Mad Bomber" of New York, is released from a mental facility.

DECEMBER 17: Five NAYLP terrorists carry out an unauthorized operation in Rome, Italy, by hurling thermite bombs into a Pan Am jetliner, burning thirty-two passengers to death, and injuring eighteen others.

DECEMBER 18: Sixty persons are injured when two car bombs and a parcel bomb explode in London, England.

DECEMBER 30: Teddy Seiff, prominent British Zionist, is slain in London by a PFLP terrorist.

DECEMBER 29: FAR terrorists abduct Yves Boisset, director of Peugeot in Argentina, who demand a $4 million ransom. An unspecified ransom is paid and Boisset is set free.

1974

JANUARY 10: Two members of the SLA are stopped by police near Concord, California, and shoot it out; Russell Little is wounded and Joseph Remiro escapes, only to be captured a short time later. The SLA's bomb-making factory catches fire in Concord a few days later and police find revolutionary pamphlets and a note (later determined to be the handwriting of SLA leader Donald DeFreeze), reading: "Patricia Campbell Hearst on the night of the full moon of January 7." Little and Remiro will later be convicted of murdering Marcus Foster in 1973 and will be sent to prison for life.

JANUARY 24: The international terrorist Carlos (Illich Ramirez Sanchez) throws a bomb into the Israeli Bank in London, England. A woman is injured.

FEBRUARY 4: Publishing heiress Patricia Campbell Hearst is reportedly kidnapped from a San Francisco, California, apartment she shares with fiancé Stephen Weed by members of the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA), in liaison with the Black Muslims, and headed by Negro terrorist Donald DeFreeze. She is held for $70 million in foodstuffs that are to be distributed to the poor. The distribution of food will be begun in Oakland, California, but a near-riot ensues when 13,000 persons arrive to obtain the food parcels. It will later be concluded that Hearst has faked her own kidnapping and has been part of the SLA conspiracy all along.

FEBRUARY 22: Samuel J. Byck, armed with a gun and a bomb, kills a policeman in the Baltimore, Maryland, terminal before forcing his way aboard a Delta DC-9 scheduled to fly to Atlanta with fourteen people aboard. Byck kills the co-pilot, wounds the pilot, then kills himself.

FEBRUARY 23: Two demolition experts are killed in an explosion while trying to defuse a bomb placed in the Dow Chemical plant in Lavrion, Greece.

MARCH 20: Ian Ball attempts to kidnap Princess Anne of England in London, planning to demand a £3 million ransom. Ball shoots three persons before he is captured. He will be sent to an institution for the criminally insane.

MARCH 23: A disgruntled bar patron ejected from an Allentown, Pennsylvania, bar returns to hurl a Molotov cocktail inside, killing eight persons and injuring a dozen more. The mass murderer is never found.

APRIL 12: Alfred Albert Laun III, chief of the U.S. Information Service section in Córdoba, Argentina, is severely injured when he is abducted by ERP terrorists. He will be set free the next day, apparently due to his injuries.

APRIL 18: Members of the Red Brigades kidnap deputy prosecutor Mario Sossi, demanding the release of eight imprisoned terrorists. The demand is agreed to by Genoa prosecutor Francesco Coco and Sossi is released. Coco reneges on his promise and is murdered by the terrorists two years later.

MAY 17: Acting on a tip, more than 400 heavily armed police surround a small house at 1466 E. 54th Street, a hideout for SLA terrorists. A fierce fight ensures with more than 6,000 shots exchanged by the terrorists and police. The building catches fire and police later find in the smoldering ruins the bodies of SLA leader Donald DeFreeze, William Wolfe (reported to be Patricia Hearst's lover), Nancy Ling Perry, Camilla Hall and Patricia Soltysik.

JULY 17: An IRA bomb explodes in the Tower of London, killing one person and injuring forty-one others.

JULY 26: Small-time thief Paul John Knowles breaks out of a Jacksonville, Florida jail and immediately kills Alice Curtis. He will go on to murder another seventeen persons in four states until he is captured. He will be killed by a police detective on November 18, 1974 while attempting to escape.

John Paul Knowles, center, escaped from a Florida jail and went on a murder-terrorist spree, killing seventeen persons before he was captured.

AUGUST 4: The neo-fascist Ordine (Black Order) of Italy explodes a bomb on a Rome-to-Munich train near Bologna, Italy, killing twelve persons and injuring forty-eight others.

AUGUST 15: Park Chung Hee, president of South Korea, is the target of a failed assassination attempt on his life by terrorists who fatally shoot his wife instead.

SEPTEMBER 4: Marshall Collins III skyjacks an Eastern DC-9 en route with 100 people from New York to Boston. Collins uses a razor blade and a nail to intimidate the crew, demanding a $10,000 ransom. He will be sent to an insane asylum.

SEPTEMBER 7: Barbara Hutchinson, chief of the U.S. Information Service in the Dominican Republic, and six others, are abducted by terrorists, who demand that prisoners be freed and a $1 million ransom be paid. The demands will not be met, and the terrorists release their hostages before being allowed to leave the country.

SEPTEMBER 8: The NAYLP plants a bomb on board a TWA jet bound from Athens to Rome. The explosion damages the plane's engines and the jet crashes into the Ionian Sea, killing all eighty-five persons on board.

SEPTEMBER 13: Terrorists of the Japanese Red Army, the German RAF and the PFLP take eleven hostages at the French embassy in the Hague, Netherlands, demanding that a hostage held in France be set free. Following negotiations, the hostages will be set free and the terrorists allowed to leave the country.

SEPTEMBER 14: Pasqauale Gentilcore, nineteen, and his girlfriend, Stefania Pettini, eighteen, are shot to death as they sit in their car fifteen miles outside of Florence, Italy, by the Monster of Florence, who has used the same weapon, a .22-caliber pistol, as he has used on two victims in 1968.

SEPTEMBER 15: An Air Vietnam jet is hijacked over Phan Rang, a terrorist suicidally exploding two hand grenades and causing the plane to crash, killing all seventy persons on board.

SEPTEMBER 16: Jorge and Juan Born, sons of the chairman of Argentina's largest firm, Bunge Born, are kidnapped by Monteneros terrorists who receive a $60 million ransom. The brothers are set free.

OCTOBER 5: Three British soldiers and two women are killed when IRA bombs explode in several pubs in Guildford, England, which cater to military personnel. Fifty-four patrons are injured.

NOVEMBER 14: Gunter von Drenckmann, president of the West German Supreme Court, is shot to death at his Berlin home by members of the Baader-Meinhof gang on orders from the imprisoned Ulrike Meinhof who has marked the jurist for death as an example of the power she still wields even behind bars.

NOVEMBER 21: The IRA explodes a series of bombs in Birmingham, England, which kill twenty-one people and wound another 168 persons.

DECEMBER 1: Charles Jackson, forty-six, is the first of eight victims who fall victim to the lone terrorist known as the Los

Seen through a shattered window is a pub which was blown up by IRA terrorists in Guildford, England, on October 5, 1974, one of several pub bombings which killed five people.

Angeles Slasher or the Skid Row Slasher. Jackson is found sprawled on the lawn of the Los Angeles Public Library with his throat slashed.

DECEMBER 8: Moses August Yakanak, forty-seven, is found slashed to death in a Los Angeles alley, another victim of the Los Angeles slasher.

DECEMBER 11: Drifter Arthur Dahlstedt, fifty-four, is found dead in the doorway of an abandoned Skid Row building, the third known victim of the Los Angeles slasher.

DECEMBER 22: The Los Angeles Slasher kills David Perez, whose sliced-up body is found in some bushes on Flower Street.

1975

JANUARY 8: Casimir Strawinski, fifty-eight, is found slashed to death in his third-floor room at the Pickwick Hotel, the fourth victim of the Los Angeles Slasher. Strawinski has earlier remarked to a friend: "I won't be around too long," and police believe he was predicting his own murder. It is later learned that the murder victim has made reference to his advanced cancer and not to the murdering Skid Row terrorist.

JANUARY 15: Robert "Tex" Shannahan, forty, is found slashed to death in a Skid Row room, another Los Angeles slasher victim.

JANUARY 25: Samuel Suarez is found cut to pieces in his fifth-floor room at the Barclay Hotel, the seventh victim of the Los Angeles Slasher.

JANUARY 31: Clyde C. Hay, thirty-four, is found slashed to death in his cheap Hollywood apartment, another Los Angeles Slasher victim. The slasher, originally described as a wiry man with long, blond hair, is portrayed by LAPD Lieutenant Dan Cooke as a "human jackal...We're dealing with a real monster." In each murder, the terrorist has performed a strange ritual, sprinkling salt about the bodies, removing the victim's shoes and pointing them at the feet, facts kept secret by the police to prevent copycat killings.

FEBRUARY 3: Vaughn Greenwood, a thirty-one-year old Negro, is arrested and charged with the deaths committed by the Los Angeles Slasher. He is indicted for the eight known slasher murders and three more homicides, two of these dating back to 1964.

FEBRUARY 27: German politician Peter Lorenz is kidnapped in Berlin by terrorists. The West German government releases five members of the Baader-Meinhof gang and pays a ransom for Lorenz's release.

MARCH 27: Susan Edith Saxe, a leader of a student terrorist organization that has looted a federal arsenal and robbed a Boston bank in 1970, is arrested in Philadelphia. She later pleads guilty and receives a long prison sentence.

APRIL 24: Members of the Baader-Meinhof gang invade the West German Embassy in Stockholm, holding hostages and demanding that their leader Ulrike Meinhof and others be

Ulrike Marie Meinhof, co-leader of the German terrorist Baader-Meinhof gang, was charged with hundreds of bombings, kidnappings and murders; she committed suicide in her prison cell on May 9, 1976.

released from prison. The terrorists kill Lt. Col. Andreas Baron von Mirbach, a military attaché and an official before Swedish police storm the building, killing two terrorists, including Ulrich Wessel, the leader, and capturing four other terrorists.

APRIL 25: Francis P. Covey skyjacks a United B-727 en route with sixty-seven people from Raleigh, North Carolina, to Newark, New Jersey. Covey demands to be flown to Cuba. He will be later imprisoned.

MAY 15: Deborah L. Crawford attempts to skyjack a United B-737 en route from Eugene, Oregon, to San Francisco with eighty people aboard. Claiming she has a knife, she forbids the pilot from landing in San Francisco. She will be institutionalized.

MAY 21: The trial of German terrorists Ulrike Meinhof, Andreas Baader, Gudrun Ensslin and Jan-Carl Raspe begins, with more than 600 capital offenses charged against them. The trial will go on for almost two years.

JUNE 3: A Philippines Airlines passenger jet makes an emergency landing 200 miles south of Manila, after a bomb planted in the lavatory explodes, killing one person and injuring forty-five others.

JUNE 6: Morris E. Colosky, wielding a knife, skyjacks a chartered helicopter en route from Plymouth to Lansing, Michigan. Colosky forces the pilot, Richard Jackson, to fly to the Southern State Prison at Jackson, Michigan, and land inside the walls on the athletic field where a red handkerchief has been placed by prisoner Dale Otto Remling. Seconds after the helicopter lands, Remling dashes forth and leaps inside. Jackson is then ordered by Colosky to land the helicopter on a roadway where two cars are waiting. After landing, Colosky and Remling disable Jackson by spraying him with mace, and then make their escape in the cars. Both Remling and Colosky will later be captured, along with six accomplices, and imprisoned. Remling has schemed up the helicopter escape, modeling it after a prison escape by helicopter as shown in the trailers for a new movie, Breakout, which Remling has seen on the prison TV only weeks earlier.

AUGUST 3: Fifty-three hostages are taken at the U.S. embassy in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, by Japanese Red Army terrorists who demand that Japan release imprisoned terrorists. The dema nd is agreed to by Genoa prosecutor Francesco Coco and Sossi is released. Coco reneges on his promise and is murdered by the terrorists two years later.

AUGUST 15: Seven patients at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Ann Arbor, Michigan suffer lung and heart failure within the same hour, and, despite the frantic efforts of physicians, four patients die. FBI agents will determine that between July 1 and August 15, eleven suspicious deaths have occured (out of fifty-six patients stricken with beathing failures in the six-week period). The victims have been given Pavulon, a powerful muscle relaxant, which has been added to the dextrose and water solutions administered to these patients. (Pavulon is a derivative of curare, a vegetable poison South American Indians ritualistically use on blow-gun darts to paralyze enemies and animals.) Though two Filipino nurses are later charged with the killings, they are exonerated and the culprit is not found.

SEPTEMBER 15: Arab terrorists take the Egyptian ambassador and others hostage in the Egyptian embassy in Madrid, Spain, insisting that Egypt repudiate the Sinai Agreement with Israel. After several Egyptian diplomats sign such a statement, the hostages are released. Egypt then refuses to recognize the statement as valid.

SEPTEMBER 15: Frederick Saloman attempts to skyjack an out-of-service B-727 in San Jose, California. Saloman takes four hostages, two of whom escape. He releases another hostage and wounds the fourth before he is fatally shot by police officers.

SEPTEMBER 27: A bombing in a Lowell, Massachusetts, cafe injures twenty-three people and causes considerable damage to Jake's Cafe and sixty-eight neighboring businesses. The bomb has been set off by two persons who open a gas main in the cafe under the directions of a terrorist who is later sent to prison.

SEPTEMBER 30: A bomb explodes inside a Hungarian passenger jet en route from Budapest to Beirut, causing it to crash into the Mediterranean Sea, killing all sixty-four persons on board.

OCTOBER 3: IRA terrorists abduct and hold hostage the manager of a steel plant in Limerick, Ireland, demanding that prisoners be released. After the hostage is released, the IRA terrorists are captured.

NOVEMBER 8: A suicidally-bent Jack R. Johnson skyjacks a chartered Tri State Aero Cessna flying over Evansville, Idaho. Wielding a pistol, Johnson orders the pilot to dive straight into the ground below. The pilot struggles with Johnson, finally pushing him out of the in-flight plane. Johnson is killed by the fall.

DECEMBER 2: Six South Moluccan terrorists take about fifty persons hostage on a train near Beilen, Netherlands, demanding independence for their homeland. Three hostages will be killed before the terrrorists surrender on December 14, 1975.

DECEMBER 4: Forty-seven hostages are taken at the Indonesian consulate in Amsterdam, Netherlands, by South Moluccan terrorists who demand autonomy for their homeland. The demand is refused and, on December 19, 1976, the hostages will be set free and the terrorists surrender.

DECEMBER 21: Illich Ramirez Sanchez, an infamous terrorist better known as Carlos or The Jackal, leads seven other PFLP terrorists in a raid on an OPEC conference in Vienna, Austria, holding eighty-one representatives hostage. Sanchez, his men and hostages are given a $50 million ransom and flown safely to Algiers.

DECEMBER 29: Eleven persons are killed and seventy more are injured when a bomb explodes in one of the terminals at New York's LaGuardia Airport. The terrorist is not found.

1976

JANUARY 1: A bomb explodes in the luggage compartment of a Lebanese jetliner flying between Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, killing all eighty-two persons on board.

FEBRUARY 27: Business executive William Niehous is kidnapped by terrorists from his home in Caracas, Venezuela. The abductors demand $3.5 million ransom and concessions for Niehous' employees. After negotiations, Niehous is released.

MARCH: Five Negro terrorists, who make up San Francisco's Death Angels, are tried for the random murders of fifteen whites, slain in the city as part of the group's "initiation" rites. After 371 days, the terrorists are convicted and sent to prison for life.

MAY 4: Gudrun Ensslin of the Baader-Meinhof Gang confesses to three bombings for which her group has been charged.

MAY 21: Moslem terrorists skyjack a Philippines Airlines jetliner at Zamboanga, Philippines, exploding hand grenades on board and killing thirteen persons and injuring fourteen others.

MAY 23: Armed Vanguard of the Proletariat terrorists abduct Gayle Moony, daughter of a U.S. businessman, in Acapulco, Mexico, and she is held for ransom. She will later be set free unharmed.

JUNE 16: Anti-apartheid riots take place in Soweto, South Africa, in which 176 persons, mostly blacks, are killed. Rioting will spread to Transvaal, Natal, and Pretoria.

JUNE 24: Seven terrorists, two West Germans and five PFLP members, skyjack an Air France Airbus en route from Tel Aviv to Paris with 245 passengers on board. They order the pilot to fly to Entebbe, Uganda, where, through the collusion of military dictator Idi Amin, the mostly Israeli passengers will be held hostage at the airport until rescued by Israeli commandos. Two captives will die while being held hostage and all of the terrorists will be killed in the commando raid, after which the passengers are flown to safety.

Wailing grief are relatives of the seven terrorists who skyjacked an Air France Airbus and were slain at Entebbe by Israeli forces.

JULY 21: An IRA bomb kills British Ambassador Christopher Ewart-Biggs as he drives from his residence outside of Dublin, Ireland to the embassy in Merrion Square.

SEPTEMBER 28: An Army bomb expert is killed and a state arson expert wounded while attempting to defuse one of five dynamite bombs blown up at the Quincy Compressor Company at Quincy, Illinois, shortly after a visit from vice presidential candidate Robert Dole. Three men are later sent to prison, after being convicted of murder and arson.

OCTOBER 6: Nine minutes after taking off from Barbados, West Indies, a Cuban jet bound for Kingston, Jamaica, explodes, killing all seventy-three passengers on board.

OCTOBER 11: Three Palestinian terrorists attempt to seize the Syrian embassy in Islamabad, Pakistan, but are foiled by police who kill two terrorists and capture the third.

OCTOBER 11: Palestinian terrorists belonging to the Black June group, hold five hostages at the Syrian embassy in Rome, Italy, stating that Syria has not treated their terrorist groups fairly. After injuring one hostage, the terrorists surrender to police.

OCTOBER 17: A movie theater in Buenos Aires, Argentina, is destroyed and fifty persons are injured when a bomb explodes during a Peronist "Loyalty Day" celebration.

OCTOBER 20: Members of the People's Revolutionary Front kidnap financier Tulio Oneto in Buenos Aires, Argentina. Oneto will be murdered after his family refuses to pay the $2 million ransom.

DECEMBER 15: Fifteen persons are killed and thirty more are injured when a dynamite bomb planted by leftist Montoneros terrorists explodes in the Defense Ministry building in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

1977

JANUARY 11: William Saupe attempts to skyjack a TWA B-747 en route from New York to London, with 333 persons on board. Saupe claims to have hand grenades and demands to be flown to Uganda. He will be seized and later put on probation.

JANUARY 19: Vaughn Greenwood, who has been tried and convicted for eleven murders, including those 1974-1975 murders committed by the Los Angeles Slasher, is sentenced to life imprisonment.

JANUARY 31: Following a heavy snowfall in Buffalo, New York, dozens of homes, businesses and vehicles are looted by thieves. Police attempt to track them down on snowmobiles but are largely unsuccessful.

MARCH 9: Haamas Abdul Khaalis, a Negro whose real name is Ernest Timothy McGhee, leads a group of black terrorists calling themselves the Hanafi Muslims (a splinter group of the Black Muslims), in a terror campaign in Washington, D.C.,

invading three buildings, killing one person and wounding eleven others. Khaalis and his terrorists hold 100 hostages and demands that the movie, *Mohammad, Messenger of God*, which he deems sacrilegious, be banned, and that five Black Muslims responsible for the 1973 slayings of seven Khaalis family members in 1973 be turned over to him for execution. Some of the demands are met and Khaalis releases the hostages.

MARCH 15: Luciano Pocari skyjacks an Iberia Airlines B-727 scheduled to take thirty-seven people from Barcelona to Palma, Majorca, forcing the pilot to fly to the Ivory Coast. Pocari demands $120,000 to recover his daughter from her mother. He will be arrested and imprisoned.

MARCH 27: Nine persons are injured when six bombs are exploded in the Sheraton Hilton Hotel in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

APRIL 15: Luchino Rewvelli-Beaumont, head of a French Fiat subsidiary is kidnapped near his apartment in Paris by nine South American terrorists calling themselves the Committee for Socialist Revolutionary Unity. A $2 million ransom is reportedly paid for the executive's release.

APRIL 17: David Berkowitz (Son of Sam) shoots Alexander Esau and Valentina Suriani, who sit in a parked car in the Bronx. Suriani dies instantly and Esau dies three hours later.

APRIL 28: Ulrike Meinhof (tried in absentia; she has committed suicide in 1976 inside her cell), Andreas Baader, Gudrun Ensslin and Jan-Carl Raspe, the leadership core of the dreaded Baader-Meinhof terrorist gang, are all convicted of murder, robbery and terrorism and sent to prison for life. The three remaining terrorists will commit suicide in their cells.

Jan-Carl Raspe, one of the worst killers of the German Baader-Meinhof terrorist gang, was sentenced to life; he would commit suicide.

MAY 8: Bruce J. Trayer, armed with a razor blade, tries to skyjack a Northwest B-747 en route from Tokyo to Honolulu with 262 persons on board. He demands to be taken to Moscow, but Trayer is overpowered and the plane returns to Tokyo. Trayer will be sent to an insane asylum.

MAY 23: South Moluccan terrorists take fifty-five persons hostage on board a train close to Glimmen, Netherlands, and demand the release of imprisoned terrorists and an escape bus. Police storm the train and the resulting shootout leaves two hostages and six terrorists dead. On the same day, South Moluccan terrorists seize an elementary school in Bovensmilde, Netherlands, holding 125 children and five teachers hostage. The children will be freed by the terrorists and the police will rescue the teachers while capturing the terrorists.

JUNE 6: Nasser Mohammed Ali Abu Khaled skyjacks a Lebanon Middle East Airways B-707 bound for Baghdad, Iraq with 115 passengers aboard. The terrorist demands $5 million ransom. He will be subdued by commandos and later released for health reasons.

JULY 23: Hanafi Muslim terrorist Haamas Abdul Khaalis and seven of his followers are convicted of kidnapping and murder during their March 9, 1977 terrorist spree in Washington, D.C. They are all given long prison terms.

JULY 30: Jürgen Ponto, a prominent German banker, is slain in Frankfurt, Germany, by Red Army Faction (RAF) terrorists.

AUGUST 6: A bomb explodes in a Woolworth store in Salisbury, Rhodesia, killing eleven people and and injuring antoher seventy-six.

OCTOBER 13: Four PFLP terrorists skyjack a Lufthansa 737 jet from Palma, Majorca, to Frankfurt, Germany. The plane lands in Rome for refueling and then flies to several Middle Eastern countries where it is refused the right to land. During the flight the Arab terrorists demand that eleven political prisoners be released and $15 million paid to them. After fatally shooting the pilot, the terrorists order the co-pilot to fly to Mogadishu where German commandos storm the plane, killing three of the terrorists. Other than the pilot, the passengers and other crew members miraculously remain unharmed.

OCTOBER 18: Yolanda Washington is slain by Kenneth Bianchi (the Hillside Strangler) and Angelo Buono, her naked body, scrubbed clean to eliminate clues, dumped on the slopes of Forest Lawn Cemetery.

OCTOBER 19: German industrialist Hans Martin Schleyer, who has been kidnapped in Cologne, Germany, is murdered by members of the Baader-Meinhof gang after authorities refuse to exchange Schleyer for imprisoned B-M gang members.

OCTOBER 20: Thomas M. Hannan skyjacks a B-737 en route from Grand Island to Lincoln, Nebraska, with thirty-four persons on board. He wields a shotgun and demands to be flown to Atlanta, Georgia, to pick up a convict. Hannan also demands $3 million ransom, parachutes and weapons. The hostages will be released and Hannan will fatally shoot himself.

OCTOBER 31: Judith Lynn Miller, fifteen, is abducted, raped and strangled by Kenneth Bianchi (the Hillside Strangler) and Angelo Buono, her naked body, scrubbed clean, dumped close to a road on a hillside in Glendale, California.

OCTOBER: Sayf bin Sa'id al-Ghubash, the foreign minister of the United Arab Emirates, dies in an assault at the Abu Dhabi airport, apparently assassinated by Abu Nidal terrorists in an unsuccessful attempt to kill Abd al-Halim Khaddam, the Syrian foreign minister.

NOVEMBER 15: Muhammed Salah, director of the Arab Library in Paris, France, is slain by Abu Nidal terrorists.

DECEMBER 14: Achilleas Kypianou, son of the Cyprus president, is abducted by terrorists. He will be released after political concessions are made to the terrorists.

DECEMBER 25: Nikolai Wischnewski skyjacks an Eastern DC-9 en route from Jacksonville, Florida, to Atlanta, with thirty-six people aboard. He wields a toy pistol and phony bomb, and demands to be flown to Cuba. He will later be imprisoned.

1978

JANUARY 1: Said Hammami (Hamami), Palestinian Liberation Organization agent in London, is slain in London by Abu Nidal terrorists.

JANUARY 10: Pedro Chamorro, an editor and publisher who publishes an anti-government newspaper, is murdered by terrorists in Managua Nicaragua.

FEBRUARY 2: Seven hostages are taken at the United Nations office in San Salvador by Popular Revolutionary Bloc terrorists whose demands for the release of political prisoners are not met. The hostages are released after the U.N. promises to make an official inquiry into human rights violations in El Salvador.

FEBRUARY 3: Ten persons are killed in widespread rioting in Nicaragua by those opposing the Somoza regime.

FEBRUARY 17: The naked body of Cindy Lee Hudspeth is found by Los Angeles officers in the trunk of a car; she has been abducted, raped and strangled by Kenneth Bianchi (the Hillside Strangler) and Angelo Buono.

FEBRUARY 18: Yusuf Siba'i (Yousseff el-Sebai), leader of the Committee for Afro-Asian Solidarity and editor of *Al Ahram*, an Egyptian newspaper, is murdered in Nicosia, by Abu Nidal Palestinian terrorists.

MARCH 12: PLO terrorists from South Lebanon blow up a public bus in Tel Aviv, Israel, killing thirty-seven people.

MARCH 13: Seventy-two hostages are taken at government offices in Assen, Netherlands, by South Moluccan terrorists who demand the release of fellow imprisoned terrorists, a $12 million ransom, and an escape bus. The demands are refused and police storm the offices. One hostage is slain and three terrorists are apprehended.

MARCH 16: Aldo Moro, who has served as Italy's prime minister, is kidnapped as five of his bodyguards are shot and killed by Red Brigades terrorists. The terrorists demanded the release of all Communist prisoners to guarantee Moro's safe return.

MARCH 27: Chief Kapuuo, who has been appointed president of Namibia by South African officials, is slain by terrorists.

Italian Prime Minister Aldo Moro, kidnapped and murdered by Red Brigades terrorists on March 16, 1978.

Prospero Gallinari, the Red Brigade leader who fired 11 shots into the heart of Italian Prime Minister Aldo Moro.

APRIL 1: Richard Bland, sixteen, attempts to skyjack a B-737 en route from Richmond to Norfolk, Virginia, with sixty-six persons aboard. Brandishing a rifle, Bland demands $1 million ransom and a flight to New York, and then France. He will be captured and later put under psychiatric care.

MAY 8: After the Italian government refused to yield to the Red Brigades kidnappers of Aldo Moro, the body of the former prime minister is found in Rome, stuffed into the trunk of a car. Moro, his hands and feet bound with chains, had been shot eleven times in the heart.

MAY 11: Mario Astarita, Italian manager of the Chemical Bank of New York, is shot in the legs in Milan, Italy, apparently by a terrorist group calling itself the Front Line and Fighting Communist Formations, a faction of the Red Brigades. The shooting is apparently a reprisal against the Italian Government's refusal to exchange Aldo Moro (the former prime minister who has been killed days earlier by Red Brigadists) for imprisoned terrorists.

MAY 24: Four persons flying in a small Piper Aztec plane are killed by an explosion over Nairobi, Kenya.

MAY 24: Barbara A. Oswald, armed with three pistols, skyjacks a chartered helicopter out of St. Louis. She demands the release of G. Trapnell, a federal prisoner. The pilot struggles with her, grabs her pistol, and fatally shoots her.

JUNE 15: Ali Yasin, an agent of the Palestinian Liberation Organization, is slain in Kuwait by Abu Nidal terrorists.

JUNE 24: President Ghashmi of North Yemen is assassinated by terrorists at a conference in Beirut, Lebanon.

JULY 21: General Juan Sanchez and Lieutenant Colonel Juan Perez Rodriguez are assassinated in Spain by a terrorist who will be sent to prison.

AUGUST 3: Ezzedine Kalak, director of the Palestinian Liberation Organization in Paris, and Adnan Hamid, a journalist for the Palestine news organization, are both slain in Paris by Abu Nidal terrorists.

AUGUST 17: Two Croatian terrorists take eight persons hostage at the West German consulate in Chicago, Illinois, demanding that a Croatian in Cologne, West Germany, be set free. The terrorists later give themselves up and free the hostages.

AUGUST 18: A terrorist accidentally sets off a bomb he is planting in the lavatory of a Philippines Airlines jetliner en route from Cebu to Manila, killing himself and wounding three others.

AUGUST 27: Diana L. Benson skyjacks a United DC-8 en route from Denver to Seattle with 159 people aboard. Claiming to possess a bomb, Benson demands to be flown to Vancouver, Canada. She will be captured and found to be mentally incompetent before being released.

NOVEMBER 23: John R. Prindle attempts to skyjack a DC-9 en route from Madison to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, with twenty-three persons on board. Prindle brandishes a knife and claims to have a bomb, but when asked for his demands, Prindle only grins and babbles incoherently—"Take me to Paris...no, no, maybe New York is better...What do you think about Dallas?" He will be seized and found to be mentally incopetent.

DECEMBER 7: Abdul Wahhab Kayali, former leader of the pro-Iraqi Liberation Front, is shot by terrorists in his office in Beirut, Lebanon.

DECEMBER 11: Ayatollah Abdol Hossein Dastgheib, an aide to militant Iranian religious leader Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, is killed by a bomb blast set off by terrorists near his home in Shiraz, Iran.

DECEMBER 11: Fifteen-year-old Robert Piest is abducted, sodomized and murdered by serial killer John Wayne Gacy. The search for Piest will lead to Gacy's arrest, conviction and life sentence for killing the boy and twenty-six others over many years.

DECEMBER 17: U.S. President Ronald Reagan is the target of an assassination attempt when he receives a letter bomb which is disarmed.

DECEMBER 21: Robyn S. Oswald, claiming to carry a bomb, skyjacks a TWA DC-9 en route from St. Louis to Kansas City, Missouri, to help G. Trapnell escape from prison—her mother has attempted the same thing in skyjacking a St. Louis helicopter seven months earlier—but she is seized, and will be put into a juvenile home and then placed on probation.

DECEMBER 23: Paul Grimm, manager of the Oil Service Company of Iran, is shot to death by terrorists as he drives to work in Ahwaz, Iran.

1979

JANUARY 12: Ali Hassan Salemeh, organizer of the Black September (the enforcement arm of Al Fatah) massacre of Israeli athletes at the XX Olympiad in Munich, Germany, on July 18, 1972, is slain by a car bomb planted by members of the Mossad, Israeli intelligence, which has sought Salemeh for seven years. Six passersby are also killed in the blast.

JANUARY 16: More than 100 hostages are taken from the Mexican Embassy, Red Cross and the Organization of American States in El Salvador by United Popular Action Front terrorists who demand the release of prisoners and other political concessions. The hostages will be released and the terrorists will leave the country.

JANUARY 27: Irene McKinney, claiming to have nitroglycerin, skyjacks a United B-747 carrying 131 persons from Los Angeles to New York. She demands that a number of celebrities read a message on television. She will be seized and placed on probation.

FEBRUARY 14: About 100 hostages at the U.S. Embassy in Teheran are seized for about two hours by Iranian terrorists. An Iranian embassy worker is slain before the terrorists leave the embassy grounds.

MARCH 16: John C. Kivlen, claiming to have a knife, skyjacks a B-727 en route from Los Angeles to Tuscon, Arizona, carrying ninety-four people. He demands $200,000 ransom and a flight to Cuba. He will be seized and sent to an insane asylum.

MARCH 30: Airey Neave, Tory member of the British parliament, is slain when a bomb explodes in his car, one reportedly planted by IRA terrorists.

APRIL 4: Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, former president and prime minister of Pakistan, overthrown in 1977, is put to death in Rawalpindi, Pakistan.

APRIL 4: Domenico Speranza attempts to skyjack a Pan American B-747 in Sydney, Australia, which is scheduled to fly to Auckland, New Zealand. Wielding a knife and showing two cans of gunpowder, Speranza demands to be flown to Rome and then on to Moscow. He will be killed before the plane leaves Sydney.

MAY 4: The Metropolitan Cathedral in San Salvador is seized by Popular Revolutionary Bloc terrorists, who demand the release of five political prisoners and an investigation into human rights violations in El Salvador. Seventeen persons will die and another thirty-five are injured when police storm the building.

MAY 15: Farabundo Marti Popular Liberation Forces terrorists fail to take over the South African Embassy in San Salvador. Two police officers die in a shootout and the terrorists escape.

MAY 29: U.S. District Judge John H. Wood, Jr., is shot to death by Charles B. Harrelson in San Antonio, Texas. Harrelson, a professional killer, who previously served time for a 1968

murder-for-hire, is convicted of killing Wood and given two consecutive life sentences. His employer, drug king James Chagra, who was to appear before Wood on a drug conviction, is also sent to prison for life.

JUNE 11: Eduardo Guerra Jimenez skyjacks a Delta L-1011 en route from New York to Fort Lauderdale with 204 people on board. Jimenez carries a pocketknife and claims to have a bomb and a gun. He demands to go to Cuba, where he will escape.

JUNE 20: Nikola Kavaja skyjacks an American Airlines B-727 en route from New York to Chicago with 136 people aboard. Claiming to have dynamite, he demands the release of a prisoner and a flight to Ireland. He will be seized and imprisoned.

JUNE 29: U.S. General Alexander Haig, NATO commander, is the target of a failed attempt on his life with a car bomb in Belgium.

JUNE 30: Rigoberto Gonzalez Sanchez attempts to skyjack an Eastern Airlines L-1011 en route from San Juan, Puerto Rico, to Miami carrying 306 people. Threatening to ignite a bottle of gasoline (it is rum), he orders the pilot to fly to Cuba. Gonzalez Sanchez is overpowered and will later be institutionalized.

JULY 15: Thousands of San Francisco homosexuals enraged at the lenient sentence given to former Supervisor Daniel James White for his killing of gay Supervisor Harvey Milk (and straight Mayor George Moscone), create widespread rioting which results in millions of dollars in damage to businesses.

JULY 20: Ronald A. Rimerman skyjacks a United B-727 en route from Denver to Omaha, Nebraska carrying 126 people. He claims to have plastic explosives and orders the pilot to fly to Cuba. He will be seized and sent to an insane asylum.

JULY 25: Zuhair Moshin, head of the Syrian-dominated Sa'ika, is fatally shot near his apartment in Cannes, France, by Abu Nidal terrorists acting for Al Mukharabat, the Iraqi secret service.

AUGUST 16: Alfred R. Kagan skyjacks an Eastern B-727 en route from Guatemala City, Guatemala, to Miami with ninety-one people on board. Brandishing a penknife and claiming to have a bomb, Kagan demands he be flown to Cuba. He will be seized and institutionalized.

AUGUST 22: James R. Albee will become a convicted skyjacker, sentenced to sixty years in prison in Oregon for threatening with a bomb the pilot of a United B-727 en route from Portland, Oregon, to Los Angeles with 120 people on board.

AUGUST 27: World War II hero First Earl Louis Mountbatten is blown up and killed on his boat as he fishes in Donegal Bay, off the coast of County Sligo, Ireland; the cause of the explosion is an IRA bomb.

AUGUST 27: Eighteen British soldiers are killed by two IRA bombs exploding in Warrenpoint, Ireland.

SEPTEMBER 12: Rafael Keppel, employing a toy pistol, skyjacks a Lufthansa B-727, flying from Frankfurt, Germany with 119 persons and eight crew members. Keppel forces the pilot to land at the Bonn-Cologne airport, holding all on board hostage for seven hours while reading a rambling manifesto demanding a "more humane world." Keppel will later surrender and be imprisoned.

OCTOBER 30: John E. Gray skyjacks a B-727 en route from Los Angeles to San Diego, California with 108 people on board, ordering the pilot to fly to Mexico. He will be seized and imprisoned.

OCTOBER 30: About 300 leftwing terrorists attempt to storm the U.S. Embassy in San Salvador but are repulsed by U.S. Marines and local police and troops. Two Marines are injured and the terrorists driven off.

NOVEMBER 4: Sixty-three hostages are taken at the U.S. Embassy in Teheran by Iranian terrorists who demand the return of the Shah of Iran to Iran for trial. Though the demands of the terrorists will not be met, and a poorly organized rescue attempt of the hostages will fail, the American hostages, after enduring prolonged captivity, will eventually be released, their freedom negotiated by officials of President Ronald Reagan's administration. (The failure of President Jimmy Carter to effect the release of the hostages greatly contributes to Reagan's election as president.)

NOVEMBER 13: Efraim Eldar, Israel's ambassador to Portugal, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination in Lisbon, by Abu Nidal terrorists.

NOVEMBER 21: A bomb thrown from a passing car into Junior's Lunch Cafe in Lynchburg, Virginia, injures three people and causes $28,000 worth of damage.

NOVEMBER 21: Thousands of Muslim terrorists attack and burn the U.S. Embassy in Islamabad, Pakistan. Local troops manage to rescue more than 100 U.S. citizens. One U.S. Marine is killed while defending the embassy.

British hero Earl Mountbatten of Burma, assassinated by an IRA bomb on August 27, 1979.

NOVEMBER 24: Gerald J. Hill, claiming to carry a knife and dynamite, skyjacks an American Airlines B-727 en route from San Antonio to El Paso, Texas with seventy-four persons aboard. Hill demands to be flown to Iran but he is seized and imprisoned.

NOVEMBER 29: A seventeen-year-old boy is killed while attempting to place a bomb inside a soda-pop machine in St. Stephens, South Carolina.

NOVEMBER: Five Communist Workers Party members are killed by terrorists in

Greensboro, North Carolina. Six members of the Ku Klux Klan are indicted for the slayings but they will be acquitted a year later.

DECEMBER 3: Eleven persons are trampled to death in a riot created by fans trying to enter a crowded Cincinnati, Ohio, rock concert given by the rock-and-roll group, The Who.

1980

JANUARY 25: Samuel A. Ingram, claiming to have a bomb and a pistol, skyjacks a Delta L-1011, compelling the pilot to fly sixty-three people to Cuba, where the crew and most of the passengers escape. Ingram insists that he then be flown to Iran, but he surrenders and will be imprisoned.

JANUARY 31: Left-wing terrorists seize the Spanish Embassy in Guatemala City, Guatemala, holding eight hostages. The police do not negotiate but storm the building which catches fire. Only one of the terrorists and the Spanish ambassador will survive the blaze.

FEBRUARY 3: Thirty-two persons are killed and scores more injured when inmates of the New Mexico State Prison riot over conditions.

FEBRUARY 27: Fifty-seven hostages are taken at the Dominican Republic Embassy in Bogatá, Colombia, by M-19 terrorists who demand $50 million ransom and political concessions. They will accept $2 million and be given permission to leave the country.

MARCH 10: Four persons are killed in a Paris synagogue bombed by the PFLP, the explosive device placed on the back of a motorcycle parked in front of the temple.

APRIL 14: Indira Gandhi, prime minister of India, is the target of an unsuccessful assassination when a terrorist hurls a knife at her in New Delhi.

APRIL 14: Thomas C. Wiltgen, carrying a knife and claiming to be an IRA member, skyjacks a Continental B-727 in Denver, demanding to be flown to Libya. He allows the seventy-five passengers to deplane before surrendering. He will be sent to prison.

APRIL 30: Five Arab terrorists from Iran take twenty-six hostages at the Iranian embassy, demanding the release of political prisoners in Iran. Two hostages will be slain, five set free and the others rescued when British forces storm the embassy, killing two of the terrorists and taking the other three prisoner.

MAY 1: Stephen W. Bilson sneaks onto a Pacific Southwest B-727 in Stockton, California, taking the flight engineer hostage. He reads a rambling statement about Iran and hostages in Iran before he is overpowered by the flight engineer and arrested. He will be imprisoned.

MAY 10: Omran el-Mehdawi, second secretary of the Libyan Embassy in Bonn, Germany, is killed by terrorists.

MAY 19: Race riots in Miami see eighteen persons killed, scores injured, more than 1,300 people, mostly blacks, arrested, and more than $100 million in damage. Only when 3,500 National Guardsmen are called to the scene will the riots be quelled.

MAY 29: Vernon E. Jordan, Jr., civil rights leader and president of the National Urban League, is shot and injured in Fort Wayne, Indiana, but survives the attack.

JUNE 12: FAR terrorists kidnap the president of a subsidiary of Nestle Company in Guatemala, receiving a reported $4.7 million for the executive's release.

JUNE 27: A bomb, or a ground-to-air missile, explodes a DC-9 jetliner, causing it to crash ninety miles southwest of Naples, Italy, killing eighty-one persons.

JULY 11: Glen K. Tripp, threatening to blow up a Northwest B-727 about to depart for Portland, Oregon with sixty-four people, demands $100,000 and two parachutes. He later changes his mind, and demands a car. While walking to the auto he is arrested. He will be imprisoned.

JULY 22: Silvio Mesa Cabrera skyjacks a 144-passenger Delta L-1011 en route from Miami to San Juan, Puerto Rico. He demands that the plane be flown to Havana but poor weather conditions force the craft to land at Camaguey, Cuba, where he vanishes.

JULY 22: Thousands of blacks riot in Chattanooga, Tennessee, after two Ku Klux Klan members are acquitted by an all-white jury of shooting four black women. Eight policemen are injured and widespread damage done.

AUGUST 2: The Armed Revolutionary Nuclei (NAR), a neo-fascist Italian terrorist group, causes the bombing of the Bologna railway station, killing seventy-five persons and injuring another 186 people.

AUGUST 10: Manuel Soto, threatening to blow up a Key West-bound Air Florida plane carrying thirty passenges and five crew members, orders the pilot to fly to Cuba. Upon landing in Havana, Soto surrenders to local police. His "bomb" turns out to be a box of soap.

AUGUST 20: More than 150 are killed and a dozen towns in Northern India are left in smoldering ruins following riots between Hindus and Muslims.

AUGUST 27: A well-constructed homemade bomb explodes in Harvey's Casino in Stateline, Nevada, causing $18 million in damages. There are no injuries.

AUGUST 27: Thousands of blacks riot in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, after a police officer shoots and kills a black youth.

SEPTEMBER 26: A member of the neo-Nazi Wehrsportsgruppe (Military Sports Group) explodes a bomb during the bierfest in Munich, Germany, killing himself and twelve bystanders. More than 300 people are injured.

NOVEMBER 14: Sixteen children, a school bus driver and a teacher are taken hostage in Vielsalm, Belgium, by Mark Frank, Michael Stree and another terrorist, who demand social reforms. The terrorists will drive the bus to Brussels where police capture them and free the hostages.

NOVEMBER: Countess Giovanna di Porta Puglia is rescued from the castle of Castell Arguanto, south of Milan, Italy, after she has been held captive for more than forty years by her brothers Luigi and Alfredo Puglia, and Luigi's wife, who are all arrested and imprisoned.

DECEMBER 7: Clifford Bevens, U.S. manager of a Goodyear subsidiary, Ginsa Tire, is kidnapped from his Guatemala City apartment by terrorists who demand $10 million ransom. Soldiers will locate the terrorist hideout and, when storming this place, Bevens and his five kidnappers are killed.

DECEMBER 28: Members of the Red Brigades, a terrorist organization responsible for countless kidnappings, robberies and assassinations, imprisoned at Trani, Italy, lead a mass breakout attempt, holding hostages. Two days later Italian commandos in helicopters land inside the prison yard and free the hostages.

DECEMBER 31: The PFLP avenges itself for the Entebbe raid by blowing up the Zionist-owned Norfolk Hotel in Nairobi, Kenya, killing between sixteen and twenty people. Eighty-five others are injured in the resulting fire.

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JANUARY 3: Jose Rodolfo Viera, president of the Salvadoran Institute for Agrarian Transformation, Michael Peter Hammer, U.S. agrarian reform authority, and Mark David Pearlman, U.S. attorney, are all shot to death by terrorists in San Salvador, El Salvador.

JANUARY 12: Sheik Hammad Abu Rabia, chief of one of the largest Negev tribes, is shot to death by terrorists in Jerusalem.

JANUARY 12: Muslim rioting in Kano, Nigeria, leaves between 7,000 and 10,000 dead.

JANUARY 13: Bernadine Dohrn, the most fanatical of the Weathermen terrorist organization of the 1960s and 1970s, goes to trial for organizing the infamous "Days of Rage" riots in Chicago in 1969 and other crimes. She pleads guilty and is given a three-year suspended sentence and is fined $1,500.

JANUARY 16: Bernadette Devlin McAliskey, Irish political activist, and her husband, Michael, survive an attack after they are shot and wounded in County Tyrone, Ireland, by three members of a Protestant paramilitary organization.

JANUARY 18: Facundo Guardado, Salvadoran terrorist, is apprehended by Honduras' National Intelligence Division. After he is later set free, the terrorist will claim that he has been kidnapped and tortured.

JANUARY 19: Chester A. Bitterman III, a U.S. linguist, is abducted from the Summer Institute of Linguistics in Bogatá, Colombia, by terrorists who claim he is a CIA agent. Bitterman will be slain.

JANUARY 27: More than 400 imprisoned IRA terrorists riot at Maze Prison, smashing furniture and windows and creating widespread damage.

FEBRUARY 6: Mahmut Dikler, deputy director of police for Istanbul, Turkey, and a bodyguard, are shot to death in Istanbul by left-wing terrorists.

FEBRUARY 6: Jose Maria Ryan, head engineer of a nuclear plant being built at Lemoniz, Spain, is killed by members of the Basque Fatherland and Liberty Group (ETA), a terrorist organization.

Hooded members of the Basque terrorist organization ETA, who killed a nuclear engineer in Spain on February 6, 1981.

FEBRUARY 9: Eighteen peasants are killed when a bomb strikes the truck in which they are riding in Suchitoto, El Salvador. Thirty others are injured.

FEBRUARY 16: Pope John Paul II is the target of a failed assassination attempt when a bomb explodes just before his appearance in Pakistan. Muslim terrorists are suspected.

FEBRUARY 17: Muslim terrorists are suspected of exploding a bomb in Davao, Mindanao, Philippines, two days before Pope John Paul II is to arrive. One person is killed and eleven are wounded.

FEBRUARY 17: Luigi Maragoni, head of the state-run Polyclinic Hospital in Milan, is fatally shot by four attackers.

FEBRUARY 19: A bomb explosion at KGB headquarters in Moscow, U.S.S.R., kills an officer and his driver, an event the Soviet government officially denies.

FEBRUARY 20-21: Three separate bomb explosions in Teheran, Iran, kill two persons and injured thirty-one others.

FEBRUARY 23: The Munich, Germany, offices of Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty are bombed and eight persons are injured.

MARCH 7: PFLP terrorist leader Mohammed Zaidan Abbas, and top adviser to Yasir Arafat, sends two suicidal terrorists over Israeli territory in hand gliders and to drop explosives on a refinery in Haifa. Both terrorists missed their objectives and fell into the hands of Israeli soldiers.

MARCH 17: A bazooka shot is fired at a U.S. Embassy van in San Jose, Costa Rica, injuring three Marines and their Costa Rican driver.

MARCH 28: Jihad Command terrorists skyjack an Indonesian Airways jet flying within Sumatra, taking the fifty-seven persons on board hostage and demanding the release of eighty political prisoners. When the plane lands, a shootout with police ensues and four of the terrorists are killed before the hostages are set free.

MARCH 30: U.S. President Ronald Reagan, press secretary James Brady, police officer Thomas Delahanty, and Secret Service agent Timothy J. McCarthy, are shot and wounded (all survive) in Washington, D.C. by John W. Hinckley, Jr., who will be sent to an institution for the mentally ill.

APRIL 2: A bomb demolishes a garage in Newport, Kentucky, killing two persons, injuring twenty-one others, and causing $1 million in property damage.

APRIL 3: Scattered bombings and rioting in West Bengal, India, kill eight persons and injure another 200 people.

APRIL 6: Under orders from PFLP director Mohammed Zaidan Abbas, two terrorists attempt to infiltrate Israel in a hot-air balloon, but they are shot down by Israeli troops and killed.

APRIL 14: Giuseppe Salvia, deputy director of Poggioreale Prison, is shot to death in his car in Naples, Italy, by Red Brigadists.

APRIL 16: Joseph Munhangi, member of the Ugandan parliament, is assassinated by terrorists in Kampala, Uganda.

APRIL 19: Thirteen people are killed and 177 injured when terrorists of the New People's Army of the outlawed Communist Party throw hand grenades into a Roman Catholic Church in Davao, Philippines, during an Easter Mass.

APRIL 19: Two eighteen-year-old youths are killed in Londonderry, Ireland, when a British army vehicle rams into a crowd throwing gas bombs.

APRIL 23: Naser Almaneih, a former Iranian police chief, is sentenced to fifty years in prison in California for the August 20, 1980 bombing of a high school in Berkeley, California, and for conspiring to bomb an Iranian meeting at San Jose State University.

APRIL 25: A car bomb kills seven people and injures another thirty-five in the Iranian city of Kermanshah.

MAY 1: Heinz Nittel, Vienna Councilman and president of the Austrian-Israel Friendship League, is shot to death near his apartment in Vienna, Austria by terrorists who later identify themselves as members of Al-Asifa.

MAY 2: Laurence James Downey, an Australian, skyjacks an Aer Lingus B-737 flying from Dublin, Ireland, demanding publication of "The Third Secret of Fatima," a prophecy of global war held secret by the Vatican. Police will capture Downey upon the plane's landing.

MAY 4: General Andreas Gonzalez de Suso is shot to death by leftist terrorists near his home in Madrid, Spain.

MAY 7: Three Spanish military officers are killed and eleven passersby injured when Basque separatists lob a bomb into a staff car waiting for a red light in Madrid, Spain.

MAY 11: Heinz Herbert Karry, minister of econcomics of Hesse, West Germany, is shot to death in the bedroom of his apartment by terrorists in Frankfurt, Germany.

MAY 12: Otto Walter Garcia, one of the leaders of the Leftist United Revolutionary Front, is killed in Guatemala.

MAY 14: Carlos Humberto Mendez Lopez, deputy commander of the private army of the National Liberation Movement, is fatally shot by two terrorists in Guatemala City, Guatemala.

MAY 15: Following the death of hunger striker Francis Hughes, the IRA fires a rocket through the roof of a police car in West Belfast, Ireland, killing one officer and wounding three others.

MAY 16: The Puerto Rican Armed Resistance Group claims responsibility for a pipe-bomb explosion that kills Alex McMilan, an employee at Kennedy Airport in New York. Two other bombs are found in the airport within the next twenty-four hours.

MAY 20: New York Police receive 487 bomb threats in the wake of the May 16 bombing by Puerto Rican terrorists at Kennedy Airport.

MAY 20: Giuseppe Tagliercio, an administrator of a Montedison petrochemical firm, is kidnapped from his apartment in Mestre, Italy, by Red Brigades terrorists. Tagliercio will be murdered by his captors.

MAY 24: A Turkish Airlines DC-9 with 112 persons on board flying from Ankara to Istanbul, Turkey, is skyjacked by two Dev Sol terrorists who demand $500,000 ransom and the release of prisoners held in Turkey. The plane will land in Burgas, Bulgaria, where no demands will be met and the siege ended.

MAY 30: Zia Ur-Rahman, president of Bangladesh, is assassinated in Chittagong, Bangladesh, along with six bodyguards and two aides in a short-lived coup under General Abul Manzur who will be killed by guards on June 1, 1981.

MAY 31: Warrant Officer Michael O'Neill, a member of a British bomb disposal unit, is killed near Newry, Ireland, while he is examining an auto.

JUNE 1: Na'im Khadir, agent for the Palestinian Liberation Organization in Brussels, Belgium, is killed by Abu Nidal terrorists.

JUNE 3: Though no injuries occur, damage in the millions of dollars is done when time bombs destroy two huge department stores and six adjacent buildings in Athens, Greece. The Revolutionary Anti-Capitalist Action and the New Organization claim responsibility.

JUNE 6: The Monster of Florence kills again by shooting Giovanni Foggi, twenty-one, and his fianceé, Carmela Di Nuccio, nineteen, as they sit in a car in the southwest Florence suburb of Scandicci. The killer removes Di Nuccio's genitalia with a scalpel or razor-sharp knife.

JUNE 11: A bomb explosion at the Arab Socialist Union building in Tyre, Lebanon, kills twenty-five people.

JUNE 23: An explosion at the Qom Railroad Station in Iran kills four persons and wounds fifty-eight.

JUNE 28: The headquarters of the Islamic Republican Party in Teheran, Iran, is bombed, killing seventy-two persons, including Ayatollah Behesti, chief justice of the Supreme Court, and four cabinet ministers.

JUNE 28: Muhammed Kacu'i, governor of Evin Prison, is murdered in Teheran by terrorists.

JULY 5: More than 200 persons are injured in Liverpool, England, when thousands riot in protest over the policies of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher.

JULY 10: Kenneth Rex McElroy, a towering, beefy man, has, since dropping out of school thirty years earlier, terrorized the town of Skidmore, Missouri, picking fights, shoving people off the sidewalks, barreling his pickup truck down roads to force others into ditches, firing shotgun pellets into the ceiling of the local grocery store. He has shot two residents and escaped punishment. He has even bullied the local police into shunning him and ignoring his constant abuses. On this day more than eighty residents hold a a town hall meeting to discuss McElroy and his incessant terror tactics. A short time later, as McElroy parked his pickup truck outside a local bar, dozens of residents surrounded his truck, while a man fired four rifle bullets into McElroy, killing him. All in the town refuse to identify McElroy's killer.

JULY 14: Three persons are killed by a bomb explosion in a movie theater in Banqui, in the Central African Republic.

AUGUST 1: Abu Da'ud (Abu Daoud), a leader of Black September and the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO), is slain in Warsaw, Poland, by Abu Nidal terrorists.

AUGUST 2: A bomb explodes during a wedding ceremony at the Christian Coptic Church in Cairo, Egypt, killing three people and injuring fifty-six others. The Arab Steadfastness Front, a terrorist organization, is held responsible.

Black September chief Abu Da'ud (Daoud; Mohammed Daoud Machmud Auda),was murdered on August 1, 1981.

AUGUST 22: Forty-eight persons are injured by two IRA bombs set off in Belfast, Ireland, following the death of hunger striker Michael Devine.

AUGUST 30: Eighteen people are injured when a bomb explodes at the Intercontinental Hotel in Paris, France.

AUGUST 31: A car bomb planted by the German Red Army at the U.S. Air Force Base in Ramstein wounds twenty persons.

SEPTEMBER 3: A car bomb explodes in front of Syrian Air Force Headquarters in Damascus, killing twenty persons and wounding fifty others.

SEPTEMBER 4: Louis Delamare, French ambassador to Lebanon, is shot to death by terrorists while driving his car in Beirut.

SEPTEMBER 17: A car bomb explodes in Sidon, Lebanon, killing twenty-three persons. The Front for the Liberation of Lebanon, a right-wing terrorist group, takes credit.

SEPTEMBER 18: A car rigged with bombs explodes in West Beirut on a street infested with drug-dealers. Three persons are killed and many more injured. A group calling itself The Front for the Liberation of Lebanon from Foreigners takes credit for the explosion. The Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) claims the group is an Israeli front.

SEPTEMBER 20: A bomb explodes in the Muslim section of Beirut, killing four persons and thirty-five others are injured. The Front for the Liberation of Lebanon from Foreigners takes credit.

SEPTEMBER 28: A car bomb explodes at the Palestinian checkpoint in Zrariyeh, Lebanon, killing fifteen patrons in a nearby restaurant. The pro-Amal Shi'ites are believed to be responsible.

SEPTEMBER 29: Hojatoleslam Abdulkarim Hashemi-Nejad, secretary general of the Islamic Republic Party, is killed and others are wounded in Mashad, Iran, by a hand grenade held by Hadi Alavai Fitilechi, a Mujahedeen terrorist.

SEPTEMBER 29: An India Airlines B-737 is skyjacked by five Sikhs after takeoff from New Delhi and forced to land in Lahore, Pakistan. The skyjackers demand $500,000 ransom and the release of Sant Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale and others. The terrorists will be overpowered and arrested.

OCTOBER 1: A car bomb explodes next to the PLO offices in Beirut, Lebanon, killing fifty persons and wounding another 250 people. The attackers are believed to be members of The Front for the Liberation of Lebanon from Foreigners.

OCTOBER 6: Khaled Islambouli, an Egyptian army officer and leader of the terrorist sect, Takfir Wal-Hajira, and four others, attack the reviewing stand in which Anwar Sadat, President of Egypt, and other Egyptian notables are sitting, watching a Cairo military parade. The terrorists hurl grenades and spray the reviewing stand with bullets from automatic weapons. Sadat is fatally struck by four bullets, and eleven other dignitaries are killed, along with many guards. Scores are wounded. The terrorists are quickly captured and it is later learned that they have been backed by Libyan strongman Muammar Qaddafi, who considers Sadat a traitor to the Arab

cause because of Sadat's friendly relations with Israel.

OCTOBER 10: A nail bomb attack is launched by the IRA on a bus in London, England, killing two persons and injuring thirty-five others.

OCTOBER 17: Sir Stuart Pringle, general and ex-commandant of the British Marines and Northern Ireland commando leader, loses part of a leg when a bomb planted by IRA terrorists explodes in his car.

Egyptian President Anwar Sadat sought peace between his country and Israel and was slain by Islamic terrorists on October 6, 1981.

OCTOBER 22: The Monster of Florence again murders a couple spooning in their car twelve miles northwest of Florence, shooting twenty-four-year-old Stefano Baldi and Susanna Cambri. The woman is sexually mutilated as has been the case with previous victims. Police conclude from footprints that the killer is a large, heavyset man. Several suspects will be taken into custody but none will prove to be the serial killer.

NOVEMBER 4: Roland Smith receives a three-year prison sentence for threatening the life of U.S. President Ronald Reagan.

NOVEMBER 6: Israel Borquez, president of the Supreme Court of Chile, is slightly wounded in Santiago by terrorist gunmen.

NOVEMBER 14: Reverend Robert Bradford, member of the British parliament and Ulster unionist, is fatally shot in Belfast, Ireland, reportedly by IRA gunmen.

NOVEMBER 21: Terrorist Khaled Islambouli, killer of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and many others, is tried in Cairo, along with twenty-two others of his terrorist organization, Takfir Wal-Hajira. All are found guilty of assassination. Islambouli and four others are condemned to death; seventeen others are given prison sentences.

DECEMBER 15: A suicide car loaded with explosives is driven into the Iraqi Embassy in Beirut, Lebanon, killing thirty-seven people and injuring another fifty. The Kurdistan Liberation Army takes credit.

DECEMBER 17: U.S. Brigadier General James Lee Dozier is kidnapped from his Verona apartment on orders of Antonio Savasta, fanatical leader of the Red Brigades terrorists in Italy. Savasta demanded that hundreds of Red Brigadists be released from prison in exchange for Dozier.

DECEMBER 18: The headquarters of the Zimbabwean African National Union in Salisbury is destroyed by a bomb, killing six persons and injuring another 150 people.

DECEMBER 19: Libyan dictator Muammar Qaddafi, is injured and his driver slain by Khalifa Khadir, a Libyan army colonel.

DECEMBER 19: A time bomb placed inside a pick-up truck explodes in Beirut, Lebanon, killing five policemen and injuring six persons.

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JANUARY 1: Terrorists kidnap fifty residents of San Francisco El Tablon, Guatemala. Most will be tortured and shot to death.

JANUARY 5: Jose Lipperheide, a Basque businessman, is abducted near Bilbao, Spain by ETA terrorists. He will be released after the kidnappers receive a $1.2 million ransom.

JANUARY 13: Rabeh Jerwa, minister plenipotentiary of the Algerian Embassy in Beirut, Lebanon, is kidnapped from his apartment by terrorists and assassinated, three bullets being fired into his head.

JANUARY 15: Twenty-five persons are injured by an explosion at the Migash-Israel Restaurant in Berlin, Germany. The 15th of May Arab Organization for the Liberation of Palestine explodes the bomb.

JANUARY 18: Lieutenant Colonel Charles Robert Ray, U.S. military attaché, is shot to death near his apartment by FARL terrorists in Paris, France.

JANUARY 26: Jacobo Ramon Larach, general manager of the Pepsi Cola botting company in San Pedro Sula, Honduras, is fatally shot when terrorists attempt to kidnap him.

JANUARY 28: Members of Italy's Nucleo Operativo Centrale, a crack anti-terrorist organization, locate the apartment in Padua where American General James Dozier is being held by Antonio Savasta and other members of the Red Brigade. They break down the door just in time to prevent Savasta from killing Dozier, rescuing the hostage and taking the Red Brigadists prisoner.

JANUARY 28: Kemal Arikan, consul general of Turkey, is shot to death in his car in Los Angeles, California, by Armenian terrorists who claim responsibility for the assassination.

JANUARY 29: John McKeague, Loyalist leader and possibly chief of clandestine Red Hand Commandos, is shot to death in Belfast, Ireland.

FEBRUARY 5: Roberto Giron Lemus, editor of La Nacion, is going to work when he is assassinated by terrorists in Guatemala City, Guatemala.

FEBRUARY 22: Fifteen people are killed and sixty-one injured when a bomb explodes in a garbage truck in Teheran's Seapah Square during rush hour.

FEBRUARY 24: Several badly informed Shiite Muslim terrorists skyjack a Kuwaiti Boeing 707 in Beirut as a protest against Libya's arrest of Shiite Muslim leader Imam Moussa Sadr. The plane will be flown to Iran, where the terrorists will surrender after learning that the plane they have skyjacked is not Libyan.

FEBRUARY 27: Eight are killed and thirty-five are injured when a car bomb planted by The Front for the Liberation of Lebanon from Foreigners explodes at the Syrian Army checkpoint in West Beirut.

MARCH 14: The trial of Red Brigades leader Antonio Savasta and sixteen others begins and will end in conviction and imprisonment of the defendants. The power of Italy's worst terrorist organization is finally broken.

MARCH 15: An eleven-year-old boy is killed and two women injured by an IRA bomb exploding in Banbridge, Ireland.

MARCH 18: Several terrorists hurl gasoline bombs at a political rally for the Functional Groups Party in Jakarta, Indonesia, killing seven persons and injuring more than 100 others.

MARCH 29: The international terrorist Carlos (Illich Ramirez Sanchez) bombs a Paris-Toulouse express train near Limoges, killing six persons and injuring another fifteen.

APRIL 3: Yacov Barsimantov, second secretary of the Israeli Embassy in Paris, is shot to death in his Paris apartment.

APRIL 3: Wandee Throngprapa, managing editor of *Tawan Siam,* a Bangkok newspaper, is shot to death by terrorists in his office.

APRIL 9: Kani Gungor, a commercial officer of the Turkish Embassy in Ottawa, is injured by gunshots fired by terrorists. The Secret Army for the Liberation of Armenia takes credit for the shooting.

APRIL 15: Khaled Islambouli and four other conspirators of the Egyptian terrorist organization Takfir Wal-Hajira are hanged for their part in the 1981 assassination of President Anwar Sadat.

APRIL 27: Raffaele de Cogliano, Christian Democrat and commissioner of the Campania administration, and his driver, are fatally shot by terrorists in Naples, Italy.

Khaled Islambouli, shown shouting obscenities from a cage at his trial, was executed on April 15, 1982 for assassinating Anwar Sadat.

APRIL 28: Pio La Torre, member of parliament and leader of the Communist Party in Sicily, and his driver, are shot to death in Palermo.

MAY 4: Orhan R. Gunduz, honorary Turkish consul to New England, is shot to death in Sommerville, a Boston suburb. The Justice Commandos of the Armenian Genocide claim credit.

MAY 5: Angel Pascual Mugica, general manager of the Lemoniz nuclear plant, is driving outside of Bilbao, Spain, when he is shot to death by terrorists.

MAY 21: Juan Cleano skyjacks a Philippine Airlines BAC-111 before it lands at Cebu, demanding a ransom of 60,000 pesos ($7,270, the amount of his mortgage), and political reforms (added to make his crime appear politically-motivated). He will be overpowered and imprisoned.

MAY 24: A bomb hidden in a car belonging to the secretary of the French Embassy in Beirut is detonated as the vehicle enters the embassy gates, killing fourteen persons and injuring twenty-one.

MAY 27: Hamid Alaou skyjacks a Royal Air Morocco B-727 after it departs Athens, Greece, demanding a flight to Tunis and improvements in the morality of observance of Islam in Morocco. He will surrender to Tunisian officials.

JUNE 4: Mustafa Marzook, first secretary of the Kuwaiti Embassy in New Delhi, India, is shot to death in his home. The Arab Brigades Movement takes credit.

JUNE 4: Petrus Nyaose, secretary general of the African National Congress, and his wife, Jabu, are murdered by a car bomb in Swaziland.

JUNE 17: Kamal Hussein, deputy director of the Palestinian Liberation Organization, is slain by terrorists in Rome, Italy.

JUNE 18: The terrorist known as the Monster of Florence strikes again fifteen miles southwest of Florence where he shoots and kills Paolo Mainardi, twenty-two, and Antonella Migliorini, nineteen. Police will later conclude from the tire tracks of Mainardi's car that Mainardi apparently saw the killer approaching and attempted to drive away; the killer leaped in front of the car and fired several shots through the front window of the car with his .22-caliber Beretta pistol, killing the victims, but left before performing his usual mutilations.

JUNE: General Yekotiel Adam, former deputy chief of staff and leader of Israel's intelligence agency, Mossad, is murdered by members of the Palestinian Liberation Organization.

JULY 17: Fifteen terrorists kill Peruvian governor Zenon Palomino Flores in Callera and then loot stores and rape women at will in the mountain village.

JULY 20: IRA bombs exploding in Hyde Park and Regent's Park, London, kill eight persons and injure forty-seven others.

JULY 25: Five workers from Xian take control of a Chinese passenger plane heading from Xian to Shanghai and demand

Dead horses are shown in Hyde Park, London, after IRA bombs claimed the lives of eight people and wounded forty-seven others.

to go to Hong Kong. The passengers and crew members will overpower the skyjackers, causing a bomb one of the skyjackers is carrying to go off, damaging the plane and forcing it to make an emergency landing. The terrorists will be arrested and imprisoned.

AUGUST 7: A bomb thrown by two members of the Armenian Secret Army for the Liberation of Armenia into a crowded waiting room at the Esenboga Airport in Ankara, which kills three Turkish policeman and one American, as well as injuring seventy-two others.

AUGUST 9: A terrorist flings a bomb into the Jo Goldenberg kosher restaurant in Paris, France. As patrons flee, the gunman opens fire with a machine gun, killing six persons and injuring another twenty-two people.

AUGUST 10: Members of The Mozambique Resistance Movement fire a bazooka shell at a passing train near Beira, in Mozambique, killing fourteen persons and wounding another fifty people.

AUGUST 13: Dr. Hector Zevalloses, abortion clinic operator, and his wife, are abducted in Edwardsville, Illinois, but later freed by anti-abortionist Army of God terrorists led by Don Benny Anderson. Several of the terrorists will be sent to prison.

AUGUST 27: Colonel Atilla Atikat, the Turkish military attaché in Ottawa, Canada, is fatally shot in his car. The Justice Commandos of the Armenian Genocide takes credit.

SEPTEMBER 3: General Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa, chief of an anti-Mafia task force, is slain, along with his wife and bodyguard, in Sicily, by Mafia killers.

SEPTEMBER 6: A truck bomb explodes on the Avenue Khayyam, opposite the ministries of Justice and Interior, in Teheran, Iran, killing twenty people and injuring 100 more.

SEPTEMBER 11: A bomb blast outside an employment agency in Manila, Philippines, kills two employees and injures twenty-five people.

SEPTEMBER 14: Hamad Jutaili, acting consul general of the Kuwaiti Embassy, is shot by terrorists when he stops his car in a service station in Karachi, Pakistan.

SEPTEMBER 16: Najeeb Sayeb Refai, first secretary of the Kuwaiti Embassy in Madrid, is fatally shot by gunmen, including Abu Nidal terrorist Ibrahim Nasser Hamdan.

SEPTEMBER 27: Abu Walid (Kafr Kalil), general and Palestinian Liberation Organization chief of operations, is slain in Lebanon.

OCTOBER 1: A TNT-bomb blast at the Iman Square in Teheran, Iran, kills sixty or more persons riding on a double-decker bus, and a nearby five-story hotel is completely leveled.

OCTOBER 15: Ashrafi Isfahani, ayatollah, is hugged by an assassin carrying a grenade and both are blown up in Bahtaran, Iran. The assassin may have been a member of the Mujahedeen Khalq.

OCTOBER 22: The FBI announces that five Armenian terrorists have been arrested for assaults on Turkish statesmen in southern California.

NOVEMBER 7: Three Russian terrorists skyjack a Soviet plane flying from Novorossisk to Odessa. They stab the pilot, wound two passengers and force the plane to land in Sinop, Turkey, where they are arrested.

NOVEMBER 14: Four restaurants in Kabul, Afghanistan, that are frequented by Soviet officials are hit by terrorist bombs, killing twenty-four persons.

NOVEMBER 17: Edwin Wilson, former CIA agent and arms dealer, is found guilty of sending explosives to Libya and sent to prison for thirty years.

NOVEMBER 23: A bomb wrecks a building in the suburb of Shiyah, outside Beirut, killing six persons and injuring another twenty people.

NOVEMBER 25: Two terrorist bombs explode in a shopping center in Kabul, Afghanistan, killing five persons and injuring thirty-two others.

DECEMBER 1: Walid Jumblatt, Druse Muslim leader, is injured with thirty-eight others and four are killed when a bomb explodes near his car in Lebanon.

DECEMBER 5: Salvadoran terrorists kidnap 136 persons on a bus bound for a soccer game in an attempt to recruit members to their ranks. One captive tries to escape and is killed, and the other hostages will be released when no one volunteers to become a terrorist.

DECEMBER 8: Norman Mayer, an anti-nuclear protestor, drives his truck to the base of the Washington Monument in Washington, D.C., threatening to blow it up unless a ban on nuclear weapons is discussed in Congress. Mayer tries to drive away in the afternoon, but police open fire and he is fatally wounded. There are no explosives in his truck.

DECEMBER 9: Zola Ngini, Adolph Mpongosohe, and Jackson Tayo, leaders of the African National Congress, are slain with thirty-nine others when South African raiders attack an ANC camp in Lesotho.

DECEMBER 14: Dr. Judith Xionara Suazo Estrada, daughter of the president of Honduras, while going to the hospital in Guatemala City, Guatemala, is kidnapped by terrorists. She will be released after the government publishes a left-wing manifesto.

DECEMBER 15: A pressure-sensitive bomb placed under the driver's seat of a car seriously injures U.S. Army Captain Howard Bromberg in Darmstadt, Germany. This is the sixtieth terrorist attack against Americans on German soil in 1982.

1983

JANUARY 10: More than 550 prisoners at Sing Sing Prison in New York riot, holding seventeen guards hostage for twenty-four hours, until prison officials promise reforms.

JANUARY 13: Robert S. Hester, a Memphis, Tennessee, police officer, is taken hostage by six religious cult members led by Lindberg Sanders. Hester will be murdered by the terrorists, and a Memphis SWAT team will later kill all of the kidnappers.

FEBRUARY 14: Riots between Hindus and Muslims during the elections throughout India cause more than 1,500 deaths.

FEBRUARY 20: A Libyan Arab Airways B-727 en route from Sebha, Libya to Tripoli is skyjacked by two Libyan army officers who hold the 158 passengers hostage at the airport in Valletta, Malta for three days. They will surrender on the promise of political asylum.

APRIL 10: Dr. Issam Sartawi, prominent Palestinian Liberation Organization moderate, is shot to death in Albufeira, Portugal, by Abu Nidal terrorists.

APRIL 18: Forty-seven persons are killed in a bomb explosion at the U.S. Embassy in Beirut, The bomb has been planted by the Islamic Jihad.

MAY 5: Tjou Chang-Jen skyjacks a jet en route from Manchuria to Shanghai, China, demanding that he be flown to Taiwan. Instead, the pilot hoodwinks the skyjacker and flies to South Korea, where the terrorist is seized and imprisoned.

MAY 14: Serial killer Randolph Kraft (the Freeway Killer) is stopped by police in California and the body of Terry Lee Bambrei, a Marine, is found in his trunk. Kraft will be convicted of murdering sixteen men in California between 1982-1983 (and he has committed pershaps as many murders in five other states). He will be sentenced to death.

MAY 22: A bomb explodes in downtown Pretoria, South Africa. The outlawed African National Congress (ANC) takes credit for the blast, which kills nineteen people and injures another 200.

JULY 15: Orly Airport in Paris, France, is bombed by a terrorist group known as the Armenian Secret Army (ASALA). Seven persons are killed and sixty more are injured.

SEPTEMBER 9: The Monster of Florence enters a van parked alongside a road outside of Florence and murders two homosexual lovers in their sleep, killing Horst Meyer and Uwe Rusch Sens. He does not perform his usual mutilations but tears up the couple's homosexual magazines before fleeing.

SEPTEMBER 29: A Gulf Air jetliner of the United Arab Emirates is blow up in midair by Abu Nidal terrorists, killing all 122 persons on board.

OCTOBER 9: Four cabinet ministers of South Korea and fifteen others die in a bomb explosion in Rangoon, Burma. One of the assassins is killed by Burmese guards. Two North Korean military officers will be sentenced to death on December 8, 1983, by a Burmese court for the attack.

OCTOBER 19: Maurice Bishop, premier of Grenada, who has been placed under house arrest on October 13, is slain by insurgent military members.

OCTOBER 21: Judge Henry A. Gentile is murdered and divorce attorney James A. Piszcor is wounded by ex-police officer Hutchie T. Moore, in a Chicago, Illinois courtroom.

OCTOBER 23: A suicidal terrorist drives a TNT-packed truck into Marine headquarters at Beirut International Airport, the

Lt. Colonel Larry Gerlach addresses Marines near the airport in Beirut, Lebanon on October 9, 1983. Many of those present would be among the 241 murdered U. S. Marines and sailors in the terrorist bombing of October 23, 1983.

Visible from many miles distant is towering smoke rising from the blast that tore apart the Marine barracks in Beirut on October 23, 1983.

The ruined Marine barracks in Beirut, where 241 U. S. Marines and sailors lost their lives on October 23, 1983 from a terrorist bombing.

horrific explosion killing 241 U.S. Marines and sailors who are part of the multi-national peace-keeping force. Another suicidal terrorist drives a second truck with explosives into a barracks two miles away, killing fifty-eight French paratroopers. The attacks have been made by terrorists belonging to the Islamic Jihad in an effort to rid Lebanon of the multi-national peace-keeping force in Lebanon.

NOVEMBER 4: Sixty Israelis are killed when a suicide truck bomb explodes in Tyre. Islamic Jihad terrorists are blamed.

NOVEMBER 15: George Tsantes, U.S. Navy captain, is shot to death by left-wing terrorists in Athens, Greece.

DECEMBER 12: A suicide truck driven by members of the Al-Dawa movement attacks the U.S. Embassy in Kuwait. The French Embassy is also attacked, leaving four persons dead and at least fifty injured.

DECEMBER 17: A car bomb explodes outside of Harrods, the famous department store in London, England, killing six persons and wounding ninety-four others. The IRA disclaims responsibility after universal condemnation for the terrorist outrage is expressed by world leaders.

1984

JANUARY 29: Guillermo Lacaci, Spanish general, is fatally shot in Madrid by terrorists.

FEBRUARY 2: Judge Braxton Kittrell, Jr., after an Alabama jury of eleven whites and one black have found racial terrorists Henry Francis Hays and James Llewellyn Knowles guilty of the 1981 murder of Michael Donald, a black, sentences Hays to death and Knowles to life imprisonment.

MARCH 8: Kiichi Miyazawa, prominent political figure in Japan, is attacked and wounded by knife-wielding terrorist Hirosato Higashijama.

MARCH 10: Several bombings attributed to the Libyan Secret Service are set off at Arab businesses in London, England, the most serious incident occurring in Berkeley Square, where twenty-seven persons are injured.

MARCH 24: Elizbeth II, queen of England, receives threats on her life on her trip to Jordan, reportedly from Abu Nidal terrorists.

MARCH 28: Kenneth Whitty, first secretary of the British Embassy in Athens, is fatally shot in Athens, Greece. The Revolutionary Organization of Socialist Muslims take credit for the assassination.

APRIL 3: A car bomb thought to be planted by the outlawed African National Congress (ANC) explodes in Durban, South Africa, killing three people and wounding sixteen others.

MAY 10: Prompted by terrorists, Hindu-Muslim riots break out in Bombay, India, causing more than 230 deaths in eleven days.

MAY 29: Two Negro serial killers Alton Coleman and Debra Brown, kidnap and strangle Vernita Wheat of Kenosha, Wisconsin, one of many murders committed in several states by these terrorists who will later be convicted of several killings and sentenced to death, executed on April 26, 2002.

JUNE 5: PFLP terrorist leader Mohammed Zaidan Abbas sends four of his most ruthless terrorists to attack the Israeli kibbutz of Ein-Gev, but all are captured and imprisoned.

JUNE 16: Hardayal Singh, chief of the Jullundur district committee of the Congress Party, is shot to death in Goraya, India, by Sikh terrorists.

JUNE 18: Alan Berg, controversial talk show host in Denver, Colorado, is shot and killed by members of the Order, a terrorist organization loosely structured after the Ku Klux Klan.

JULY 6 (through AUGUST 5, 1987): Serial killer and terrorist Robert Berdella, abducts and kills his first of six victims in the Kansas City, Missouri, area. Berdella will be apprehended when his seventh victim manages to escape. He will be sent to prison for life.

JULY 29: The Monster of Florence shoots and kills Claudio Stefanacci, twenty, and Pia Rontini, eighteen, as they sit in their car near Vicchio.

JULY 31: Islamic Jihad terrorists skyjack an Air France B-737 en route from Frankfurt to Paris, to Teheran, Iran. The terrorists demand the release of terrorists jailed in France. Two persons are killed, but the demands are not met.

SEPTEMBER 20: The Islamic Jihad attempts another suicide bombing of the U.S. Embassy in Beirut, the driver aiming his bomb-packed truck at the embassy annex, but alert guards open up on the speeding vehicle, killing the driver. The truck swerves off course and explodes, killing at least fourteen people.

OCTOBER 19: Jerzy Popieluzsko, one of the leaders of the Polish trade union Solidarity, is kidnapped by Polish secret police. He will be killed and his body later found.

NOVEMBER 4: More than 2,000 Sikhs are killed in rioting throughout India, sparked by the assassination of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi by her two Sikh bodyguards.

NOVEMBER 27: Percy Morris, British deputy high commissioner, is fatally shot in Bombay, India, by Abu Nidal terrorists.

DECEMBER 3: Five Arab terrorists skyjack a Kuwaiti jet flying from Dubai to Karachi and order it flown to Teheran, demanding freedom for Shiites held in Kuwait for bombing the U.S. embassy. The terrorists will murder two U.S. officials before Iranian troops take them into custody.

DECEMBER 22: Bernard Goetz, who has suffered earlier beatings by terrorists in New York, and who is armed with an unlicensed.38-caliber pistol, shoots four Negro youths who have attempted to rob him at knifepoint on a New York subway train.

1985

JANUARY 25: General René Audran, chief of the French international arms sales group, is fatally shot in Paris, France, by members of Action Directe.

FEBRUARY 3: A terrorist bomb explodes near the U.S. air base near Athens, Greece, injuring seventy-nine persons.

FEBRUARY 7: Enrique Camarena Salazar, U.S. drug enforcement agent, and Alfredo Azaval Avelar, his pilot, are kidnapped in Mexico, tortured and then slain by Raul López Alvarez and two other terrorists acting on the orders of drug trafficking king Rafael Cáro Quintero.

MARCH 16: Journalist Terry Anderson is kidnapped in Lebanon by Islamic Jihad terrorists. He will be held many years before being released.

MARCH 24: Arthur Nicholson, U.S. army major whom the U.S.S.R. claims to be a spy, is slain in Ludwigslust, Germany, by a Soviet guard.

MARCH 26: A Turkish terrorist group sets off a bomb on a train en route to Sofia, killing seven persons.

MARCH 25: Bruce Carroll Pierce, leader of the neo-Nazi group calling itself the Order, is arrested in Rossville, Georgia, and charged with the murder of radio talk-show host Alan Berg.

MARCH 31: In Winston-Salem, North Carolina, FBI agents arrest David Lane, the Denver-based leader of the neo-Nazi group called the Order, charging him, along with Bruce Carroll Pierce, with the murder of Denver talk show host Alan Berg. Lane, Pierce and ten other Order members are also charged with conspiring to overthrow the U.S. government.

MAY 10-12: Two days of terrorist bombings in New Delhi and other cities in northern India cause eighty-five deaths and hundreds of injuries.

JUNE 14: TWA flight 847 is skyjacked by two radical Shiites, members of Hezbollah—the Party of God—just after the plane takes off from Athens. The Arab terrorists, who have smuggled guns on board, beat passengers, then order the plane to land at Beirut. Refused the right to land, the TWA plane is then flown to Algiers, refueled, then flown back to Beirut. Before landing, the terrorists kill passenger Robert Stethem, a U.S. Navy diver, throwing his body onto the tarmac upon landing. The flight then flies back and forth between Algiers and Beirut for seventeen agonizing days, while the skyjackers unsuccessfully attempt to have 700 Shiite and Palestinian prisoners released from Israeli prisons. On June 30, 1985, the terrorists finally release their hostages in Beirut, which includes thirty-nine Americans. Mohammed Ali Hamadi, leader of the two-man terrorist team, will later be imprisoned.

JUNE 23: Sikh terrorists are held responsible for the in-flight explosion of an Air India 747, bound from Toronto to London. All 329 persons on board are killed.

JULY 11: Fifteen persons are killed and ninety more are wounded by bombs set off in Kuwait cafes by Abu Nidal terrorists.

AUGUST 20: Albert Atrakchi, first secretary of the Israeli Embassy in Cairo, Egypt, is shot to death. The Egyptian Revolution, a terrorist group, will take credit.

AUGUST 14: A car bomb in the Christian section of East Beirut kills fifteen persons and injures about 120 others.

AUGUST 17: A second car bomb in the Christian section of East Beirut kills fifty-five persons and injures seventeen others.

AUGUST 19: Christian Lebanese retaliate against Arab terrorists by exploding a bomb in the Muslim suburbs of Beirut, killing twenty-nine persons and injuring nineteen.

AUGUST 20: Forty-four persons are killed when a car bomb explodes in Tripoli.

SEPTEMBER 8: The Monster of Florence shoots and kills French tourists Jean-Michel Kraveichvili, twenty-five, and Nadine Mauriot, thirty-six. As with the previous 1984 killings, the killer not only removes the genitalia of the female victim but her left breast. The terrorist later mails two strips of skin from Mauriot's breast to an attorney. Although the terrorist has not struck since this last killing, the authorities of Florence, Italy, take precautions by posting signs on all roads outside the city, warning children and lovers not to stop in isolated areas.

SEPTEMBER 18: Michel Namri, publisher of the anti-Syrian Arab News Letter in Athens, Greece, is slain by Abu Nidal terrorists.

Hezbollah terrorists are shown in Beirut, after releasing hostages from TWA Flight 847, which they skyjacked on June 14, 1985, murdering one American.

SEPTEMBER 30: Four diplomats of the U.S.S.R. are kidnapped in Beirut, Lebanon, by Sunnis terrorists, who demand that the U.S.S.R. force Syria to halt attacks on Tripoli. One diplomat, Arkady Kathov, is slain. The other three hostages will be set free.

OCTOBER 7: Four PFLP terrorists, on orders from Mohammed Zaidan Abbas, seize the Italian cruise ship, *Achille Lauro*, but their intentions are unclear. The terrorists randomly select an American passenger, Leon Klinghoffer, shooting and killing the 69-year old invalid—he is confined to a wheelchair—and ordering other passengers at gunpoint to dump his body into the sea. The vessel sails to Port Said, where the terrorists surrender to Egyptian authorities. Accompanied by Abbas, they then flew to Sicily. Abbas is allowed by Italian authorities to escape to Belgrade, where he disappears. The four terrorists who have taken over the ship are tried, convicted and given prison sentences, the longest being thirty years, given to Yussef Magid Molqi, the killer of Leon Klinghoffer. A 1990 made-for-television miniseries, *Voyage of Terror: The Achille Lauro Affair,* starring Burt Lancaster in the role of Klinghoffer, and using the actual ship and its route, painfully recaptures this tragedy.

The Italian cruise ship, *Achille Lauro*, seized by four PFLP terrorists on October 7, 1985; they held passengers hostage while negotiating the release of other terrorists.

Leon Klinghoffer, an invalided American (shown with his wife Marilyn), was shot to death in his wheelchair and dumped into the sea by the Islamic terrorists who seized the *Achille Lauro*.

NOVEMBER 23: Libyan Abu Nidal terrorists skyjack an Egyptair 737 bound from Athens to Cairo. The plane is forced to land at Luga, Malta, where it is stormed by an Egyptian anti-terrorist task force. The task force blows open the cargo doors, killing all fifty-nine persons, including the skyjackers, except for one terrorist.

DECEMBER 11: The Unabomber, a lone terrorist, strikes for the first time, planting a bomb outside a Sacramento, California computer store, where owner Hugh Scrutton picks it up and is blown to bits.

DECEMBER 15: African National Congress (ANC) terrorists plant a land mine in Transvaal, South Africa, which kills six whites, prompting an angry warning from President P. W. Botha to officials of Zimbabwe.

DECEMBER 23: African National Congress (ANC) terrorists cause a bomb explosion at a shopping center in Durban, South Africa, that kills six whites and injures forty-eight others.

1986

FEBRUARY 6: Vice admiral Cristobal Colon, a descendant of Christopher Columbus, is murdered by ETA terrorists who throw grenades at his car in Madrid, Spain.

FEBRUARY 6: A terrorist bomb injures twenty-one persons in Paris, France.

FEBRUARY 14: Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier, dictator of Haiti, flees the country after looting government coffers of more than $400 million. Duvalier's reign, and that of his father, Francois "Papa Doc" Duvalier, begun in 1957, has been a horrific dictatorship supported by the Duvaliers' terrorist organization, the Ton Ton Macoutes. The terrorist regime is profiled in the 1967 film, *The Comedians*, a far-fetched drama with Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor who gather their tourist friends on Haiti to plot the overthrow of the Duvaliers.

Francois "Papa Doc" Duvalier established the terrorist police, Ton Ton Macoutes, who were overthrown when Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier fled Haiti on February 14, 1986.

MARCH 2: Zafr al-Masri, mayor of Nablus, is fatally shot by Palestinian terrorists.

MARCH 26: A Dutch court in Amsterdam refuses to extradict IRA terrorist Gerard Kelly on the grounds that his crimes are political. The Netherlands is accused, as have been Germany, Italy and other European countries, of being intimidated by terrorists into equivocational postures, in order to avoid retaliation.

APRIL 3: PFLP terrorists plant a bomb on board TWA Flight 840, flying from Athens to Cairo. The explosion blows a hole in the side of the 727 jet and kills four Americans, including an infant, and injures nine others. May Mansur, the widow of a Syrian militant leader, is held responsible. Mansur was a passenger on the flight and present at the time of the explosion. She denies any responsibility.

APRIL 5: A bomb blast at the La Belle disco in West Berlin, Germany, kills a U.S. soldier and a Turkish woman, injuring 204 others. Intercepted messages from the Libyan Embassy in East Berlin indicate that Libya is responsible for the explosion.

APRIL 17: Two British citizens and a U.S. citizen are kidnapped and slain in Beirut, Lebanon by Libyan terrorists after the U.S. and England bomb Libya in response to the Libyan bombing of the La Belle disco in West Berlin on April 5, 1986.

MAY 3: The Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam (LTTE) explode a bomb on board an Air Lanka Tristar in Colombo, killing seventeen. The attack is aimed at pressuring Margaret Thatcher, Prime Minister of England, into aiding the Sri Lankan government.

MAY 3: Seamus McElwaine and Kevin Lynch, two IRA terrorists, are shot in an ambush in Dublin, Ireland, as they are about to set off an 800-pound boobytrap bomb.

MAY 7: The Central Telegraph office in Colombo, Sri Lanka, is bombed by LTTE terrorists. Fourteen persons are killed and 100 more are injured.

JUNE 9: Rival black groups riot at the Crossroads, South Africa, leaving twenty dead, hundreds wounded and 20,000 homeless.

JUNE 14: A car bomb explosion in Durban, South Africa, kills three people and injures another sixty-nine.

JUNE 23: IRA terrorist Patrick Magee is sentenced to thirty-five years in a British prison for bombing a hotel in Brighton, England, on October 12, 1984, in an attempt to assassinate Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and her entire cabinet.

JUNE 26: Seven tourists are killed in a terrorist attack by the Sendero Liminoso aboard a train en route to the Inca ruins of Machu Picchu in Cuzco, Peru.

AUGUST 18: Blacks protesting evictions of rent boycotters clash with police in Soweto, South Africa, which leads to rioting, causing twenty-one deaths and more than 100 injuries.

SEPTEMBER 5: Four Abu Nidal terrorists skyjack a Karachi Pan American B-747 carrying 389 passengers. The crew escapes and the plane immobilized, and the terrorists murder twenty of the passengers before they are seized and imprisoned.

SEPTEMBER 7: General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte, president of Chile, is riding in a car when he is assaulted by insurgents armed with grenades, guns, and rockets. Ugarte survives but six bodyguards die.

SEPTEMBER 17: A bomb blast in a crowded department store in Paris kills five persons and injures another sixty-one people. The Lebanese Armed Revolutionary Faction (FARL) has carried out the attack in order to force the French to release their imprisoned leader, Georges Abdallah.

OCTOBER 15: Palestinian terrorists throw hand grenades in front of the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, killing one person and injuring sixty-nine people.

OCTOBER 27: Two children, Samuel Johnson, Jr., and Emmanuel Dalieh, are abducted at a parade in Harper City, Liberia, Africa, for sacrificial use by a murder cult led by Joshua Bedell and Samuel Cummings. The terrorists will be tracked down, convicted and sentenced to death.

DECEMBER 25: An Iraqi plane is skyjacked while en route from Baghdad to Amman. It crashes and sixty-two persons are killed.

1987

JANUARY 16: Ecuadorian President Leon Febres Cordero Rivadeira is abducted by terrorists who demand the release of insurgent General Vargas. Cordero will be set free when the general is released.

JANUARY 20: Terry Waite, a special envoy of the Archbishop of Canterbury, meets in Beirut, Lebanon, with terrorists who

have kidnapped Terry Anderson in 1985, in an effort to negotiate his release and that of others. Instead, Waite himself is taken hostage by the treacherous Islamic Jihad terrorists.

JANUARY 24: Four professors at the University College in Beirut, Lebanon (Alaan Steen, Mithileshwar Singh, Jesse Turner, and Robert Polhill), are kidnapped by Islamic Jihad, working hand-in-glove with Yasir Arafat and his PLO, demanding that the U.S. acknowledge Palestinian rights.

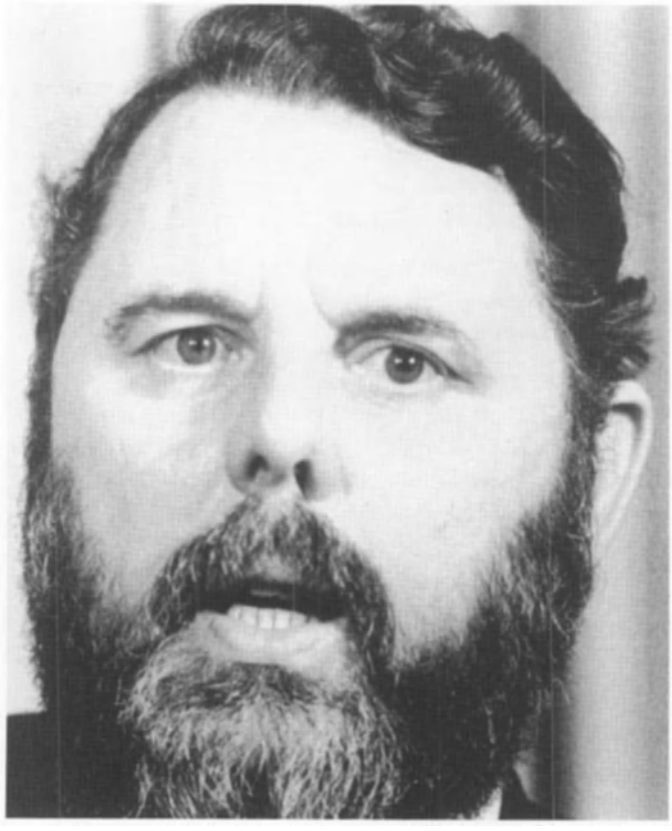
MARCH 20: Licio Giorgieri, chief air force general in charge of space research for Italy, is slain by Italian terrorists.

JULY 24: Hussein Ali Hariri, a Lebanese Shiite terrorist, skyjacks a plane to Geneva, Switzerland, where he demands the release of a Lebanese terrorist held in West Germany. One French passenger is killed, and the rest escape when Swiss police storm the plane, taking Hariri prisoner.

JULY 30: Sixty-eight persons are injured in the terrorist bombing of a military barracks in Johannesburg, South Africa.

JULY 31: Iranian pilgrims to Mecca, some of these being terrorists, clash with Saudi Arabian security forces, resulting in riots that leave 400 dead.

AUGUST 18: A bomb explodes in the Sri Lankan parliament building, killing one person and injuring fifteen others.



Terry Waite, sent to negotiate the release of American Terry Anderson, kidnapped in 1985, was himself kidnapped by double-dealing Islamic Jihad terrorists on January 20, 1987.

NOVEMBER 8: Remembrance Day ceremonies in Northern Ireland are disrupted by a bomb blast that kills eleven persons and wounds sixty-one others.

DECEMBER 3: David Lane and Bruce Carroll Pierce, leaders of the neo-Nazi terrorist group, the Order, are convicted of murdering Denver talk show host Alan Berg and each receives a 150-year prison sentence.

DECEMBER 9: Palestinian terrorists instigate anti-Israeli rioting on the East Bank and in the Gaza Strip in which two dozen Palestinians will be killed by January 9, 1988. Nine of the terrorists will be identified and deported.

DECEMBER 23: Zino Scioni, falsely claiming to carry a bomb, skyjacks a KLM B-737 en route to Milan from Amsterdam. Holding the ninety-seven people aboard hostage, Scioni demands $1 million ransom. He will be arrested four hours later.

1988

FEBRUARY 10: More than 200 persons are killed and thousands injured during riots between rival factions, fueled by terrorists on either side, in Bangladesh during the nationwide elections in 4,376 villages.

MARCH 6: The British Special Air Service (SAS) shoots and kills three suspected IRA terrorists in Gibraltar as they are about to detonate a car bomb with a remote control device.

MARCH 29: Dulcie September, European agent of the outlawed African National Congress, is fatally shot near her office in Paris, France, by terrorists.

APRIL 5: Eight Arab terrorists skyjack a Kuwaiti B-747 flying from Thailand to Kuwait, demanding the release of Arab terrorists imprisoned in Kuwait. Two passengers will be released and others freed as the plane lands in Iran, Cyprus, and Algeria, where the skyjackers will be allowed to leave the country.

APRIL 7: Albie Sachs, a well-known South African lawyer opposed to apartheid, is the target of an assassination attempt when he is critically wounded by a car bomb in Maputo, Mozambique.

APRIL 12: Yu Kikumura, a Japanese citizen who is thought to be a leader of the terrorist Red Army, is arrested in New Jersey with three pipe bombs in his possession.

APRIL 14: Five persons are killed in a Naples, Italy, nightclub which caters to U.S. servicemen, when a car packed with explosives is driven into the club by Junzo Okudaira, a suicidal member of the Red Army terrorist group

APRIL 23: A truck carrying 300 pounds of TNT explodes in a crowded marketplace in Tripoli, Lebanon, killing scores of people.

AUGUST 22: At least 5,000 persons are killed during a week of ethnic violence between the majority Hutu tribe and the smaller Tutsi tribe of Burundi, many of the clashes prompted by terrorists on both sides.

The wreckage of Pan Am Flight 103, which was blown up over Lockerbie, Scotland on December 21, 1988 by PFLP terrorists, killing all 259 people on board and another eleven persons on the ground; the terrorists would hide out for years in Libya, protected by terrorist dictator Muammar Qaddafi.

SEPTEMBER 24: Raimundo Alves da Conceicao skyjacks a Brazilian B-737 en route from Porto Velho to Rio de Janeiro. He shoots the co-pilot, and, when landing and attempting to flee to another, smaller plane, is himself shot and wounded by police.

DECEMBER 21: Pan Am Flight 103, a 747 jumbo jet en route to New York with 259 passengers, blows up over Lockerbie, Scotland, after PFLP terrorists plant a bomb aboard, apparently at Frankfurt, Germany. All on board, as well as eleven persons on the ground, are killed in one of the worst terrorist attacks on record.

1989

JANUARY 24: Theodore Bundy, who has been convicted of the 1978 murders of Lisa Levy, twenty, and Kimberly Leach, twelve (and, according to best reports a terrorist killer who abducted and murdered as many as ten to twenty more young girls and women from 1974 to 1978 and has fought off his execution through eleven years of appeals) is executed in Florida's electric chair.

JANUARY 31: Alvin Antonio Siu, a Nicaraguan Indian exiled in Colombia, skyjacks a Costa Rican Ace Airline B-727 carrying 122 people to Medellin, Colombia, by threatening to set a passenger on fire. An anti-terrorist squad storms the plane in Costa Rica and captures Siu.

FEBRUARY 7: Sources in the international terrorist movement report that Ahmed Jibril, a former Syrian military intelligence officer and head of the PFLP, at the urging of Libyan strongman Muammar Qudaffi (who seeks revenge for the U.S. air raids in his country in 1986), is responsible for ordering Pan Am's Flight 103 blown up. The PFLP denies the allegation, although best information confirms the PFLP as responsible. A subsequent report has it that Iran paid $1 million to Jibril to destroy Flight 103.

JULY 5: Sikh terrorists skyjack an Indian Airlines A-300 Airbus carrying 225 passengers from Srinagar, Kashmir to New Delhi, to Pakistan. The terrorists have threatened to blow up the plane unless their demands for ransom money and release of prisoners are not met. They are later taken into custody.

NOVEMBER 16: Terrorists of the Martí National Liberation Front (FMLN) shoot to death six Jesuit priests, as well as a cook and her daughter in José Simeón Cañas University of Central America in San Salvador, El Salvador.

NOVEMBER 21: Twelve members of a U.S. Special Forces group (Green Berets) are trapped in a San Salvador hotel and are forced, under threat of death, to surrender to FMLN terrorists.

NOVEMBER 27: FMLN terrorists seize several homes of U.S. diplomats in San Salvador, causing the U.S. to order all U.S. citizens to leave El Salvador.

NOVEMBER 27: An Avianca Airlines jetliner explodes over Colombia, killing 110, including some persons on the ground. Government officials state that the explosion has been the result of a bomb planted by drug-trafficking terrorists.

NOVEMBER 30: Terrorists plant a bomb beneath the presidential palace in Manila, as well as seizing several radio stations in an attempted coup but they fail.

DECEMBER 6: In the worst mass killing in Canadian history, lone terrorist Marc Lepine, armed with a hunting rifle, shoots and kills fourteen women (six in one classroom) on the campus of the University of Montreal, before killing himself. Police state the following day that Lepine has left a note in which he states that women have ruined his life.

DECEMBER 6: Drug-trafficking terrorists defying government efforts to eradicate their operations explode a half ton of dynamite in front of the Administrative Security building in Bogatá, Colombia, killing sixty persons and seriously injuring another 1,000 persons.

DECEMBER 16: Judge Robert Vance of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the 11th District, is killed in his surburban Birmingham, Alabama, home when he opens a package that explodes a pipe bomb, one reportedly sent by white supremacists angered at Vance's recent rulings against them.

DECEMBER 18: White supremacists (reportedly Ku Klux Klan members), kill Robert Robinson, a black alderman and lawyer who has represented the NAACP, in Savannah, Georgia, by sending him a pipe bomb.

DECEMBER 18: Two unexploded bombs are defused in the federal court building in Atlanta, Georgia, reportedly planted by KKK terrorists.

DECEMBER 19: Bomb experts defuse a bomb planted in the NAACP headquarters in Jacksonville, Florida, reportedly sent by white supremacists. The FBI claims that the bombs which have killed Judge Robert Vance in Birmingham, Alabama, and black lawyer Robert Robinson in Savannah, Georgia, along with those found in a federal court building in Atlanta, Georgia, and the Jacksonville bomb, are all linked through "hard forensic evidence."

1990

JANUARY 19: Nine soldiers (three officers and six enlisted soldiers), one of whom is still being sought, are indicted in El Salvador, for the murders of six Jesuit priests and two others on November 16, 1989 in San Salvador. All are reported members of the terrorist group, FMLN.

FEBRUARY 4: Palestinian terrorists attack a bus carrying Israeli academics and their wives en route to Cairo on the main highway east of the city, killing eight and wounding another seventeen persons.

FEBRUARY 11: Nelson Mandela, imprisoned (in 1964) in South Africa, for more than twenty-seven years for plotting to overthrow the government and for terrorist activities, is released. He urges pressure be applied against white minority government.

MARCH 25: Police arrest Julio Gonzalez in New York City, charging him with deliberately setting fire to a Bronx social club, where eighty-seven persons perish from burning or asphyxiation in a blazing inferno.

MARCH 27: William Robinson, a U.S. missionary, is slain in the Israeli-designated "security zone" in Lebanon by Palestinian terrorists to deter the establishment of Israeli settlements.

APRIL 9: IRA terrorists explode a bomb which wrecks two vehicles of a British army patrol on a country road near Downpatrick, County Down, killing four British soldiers.

APRIL 10: Arab terrorists release three hostages—a French woman, her Belgian companion, and daughter, who had been kidnapped on a Mediterranean cruise two years earlier.

APRIL 22: Robert Polhill, a fifty-five-year-old American taken hostage by pro-Iranian terrorists two years earlier, is released in Beirut, Lebanon.

APRIL 30: Frank Herbert Reed, a fifty-seven-year-old American abducted by Arab terrorists almost four years earlier, is released in Beirut, Lebanon.

MAY 13: Communist terrorists shoot and kill two U.S. airmen near Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines.

MAY 20: An mentally unbalanced Israeli in the occupied Gaza Strip, opens fire on Arab construction workers, killing seven before being subdued.

MAY 21: Islamic leader Maulvi Mohammed Farooq, forty-five, is assassinated in Srinagar, Kashmir.

MAY 30: PLO terrorists attempt raids along the coast of Israel, but Israeli troops wreck the attacking speedboats, killing four and capturing twelve of the raiders. Yasir Arafat denies PLO involvement.

JULY 20: The London Stock Exchange is bombed by IRA terrorists, who give warning, allowing the safe evacuation of more than 300 persons; no one is injured.

JULY 24: IRA terrorists are blamed for the explosion of a bomb that kills three policemen in a car and a Catholic nun near Armagh in Northern Ireland.

JULY 30: An IRA bomb claims the life of Ian Gow, fifty-three, a Conservative member of the British parliament who has repeatedly condemned the IRA terrorists.

AUGUST 1: Muslim terrorists in Trinidad, after seizing Prime Minister Arthur N. R. Robinson and others, surrender to local authorities, releasing their hostages.

Brian Keenan, center, who was held hostage in Lebanon by Islamic terrorists, is shown at the time of his release on August 25, 1990.

AUGUST 25: Brian Keenan, fifty-two, a Belfast-born teacher who has been held for four years as a hostage in Lebanon, is released by Arab terrorists.

SEPTEMBER 9: President of the Republic of Liberia, Samuel K. Doe, thirty-eight, who had murdered his predecessor in 1980, is himself assassinated. His mutilated body will later be put on display.

SEPTEMBER 28: A Filipino general and fifteen soldiers are convicted of killing Benigno S. Aquino, Jr., in 1983, and are all sent to prison for life.

OCTOBER 22: The White Aryan Resistance, a group of supremacist terrorists are found liable by a Portland, Oregon, jury of inciting the 1988 beating death of an Ethiopian man, and assesses damages against the leaders in the amount of $12.5 million, along with the two skinheads responsible for the beating.

1991

JANUARY 14: Two PLO leaders are shot dead in Tunis, along with a bodyguard, by rival Arab terrorists.

FEBRUARY 7: IRA terrorists fire three rounds at 10 Downing Street, residence of the British Prime Minister, but no one is injured.

FEBRUARY 16: Drug-trafficking terrorists explode a car bomb in Medellín, Colombia, killing twenty-two and injuring another 140 persons near a bullfighting ring.

FEBRUARY 18: IRA terrorists bomb two railway stations, Victoria and Paddington terminals in London, England, killing one person and injuring another forty people.

MAY 13: A South African judge in Johannesburg brands as a terrorist Winnie Mandela, wife of Nelson Mandela, leader of the outlawed African National Congress, finding her guilty of kidnapping four youths, who had been taken to her home and beaten for not supporting her political cause. She is sentenced to six years in prison the following day.

MAY 21: Mengistu Haile Mariam, president and dictator of Ethiopia, who has led a hard-line Marxist government employing terrorism, flees the country as rebels approach the capital of Addis Ababa.

MAY 26: An Austrian Boeing 767-300 jetliner explodes over the jungle in Thailand, killing all 223 persons on board; a terrorist bomb is suspected but remains unproven.

JULY 31: Six Lithuanian border guards are slain by terrorists, who challenge Lithuania's claim of independence from the Soviet Union.

AUGUST 8: Pro-Iranian terrorists release hostage John McCarthy, a British journalist.

AUGUST 11: Edward Austin Tracy, an American who has been held hostage for five years by Lebanese terrorists, is released in Beirut. Only hours earlier, French hostage Jèrome Leyraud, abducted a week before, has been released by the same terrorist group.

AUGUST 30: Federal agents storm the Federal Correctional Institution at Talladega, Alabma, freeing nine hostages from prison inmate terrorists and capturing 121 rebelling prisoners.

SEPTEMBER 13: Police in Phoenix, Arizona, arrest six persons, charging them with the terrorist slayings of nine persons at a Buddhist temple outside of Phoenix.

SEPTEMBER 24: Pro-Iranian terrorists release British hostage Jack Mann, seventy-seven and in poor health, to Syrian officials. Mann has been held captive for more than two years.

SEPTEMBER 30: Colonel Guillermo Benevides Moreno, a Salvadoran officer, is found guilty of ordering the terrorist slayings of six Jesuit priests, their cook and her daughter in 1989.

NOVEMBER 4: The trial of Arab terrorist El Sayyid Nosair opens in New York City. Nosair shot and killed former head of the Jewish Defense League, Rabbi Meir Kahane, outside a New

York hotel in November 1990. Nosair will be found guilty only of assault with a deadly weapon and be sentenced to a term of seven to twenty-two years in prison.

1992

JANUARY 4: Members of a black teenage gang who terrorized a tourist family on a New York subway platform, killing one, are sentenced to twenty-five years in prison.

JANUARY 5-6: IRA terrorists attack civilians working at a British army base in Ulster, with a bomb that kills eight persons and wounds another six people as they are riding home.

JANUARY 10: IRA terrorists explode a bomb less than 300 yards from 10 Downing Street, the prime minister's residence in London, England. No one is injured.

JANUARY 15: Joseph Doherty, IRA terrorist and convicted killer of a British soldier, who has taken refuge in the U.S., is ordered deported back to Great Britain after a court rules that he is not entitled to political asylum.

FEBRUARY 17: Serial killer, cannibal and terrorist, Jeffrey Dahmer, who has claimed insanity in the torture and sex murders of fifteen victims, mostly homosexual youths in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is sentenced to fifteen consecutive life terms.

FEBRUARY 19: IRA terrorist Joseph Doherty, convicted in 1980 of killing a British soldier and jailed in the U.S. in 1983 after fleeing to that country, is deported to Great Britain, his claim for political asylum earlier denied.

MARCH 17: A powerful car bomb explodes at the Israeli embassy in Buenos Aires, Argentina, killing at least fourteen persons and injuring another 252 people. The bomb has been planted by Islamic terrorists.

APRIL 10: IRA terrorists explode a bomb inside of a van parked in London's financial district, killing three and wounding ninety-one others. A second IRA bomb exploding in northwest London causes no injuries.

APRIL 29-MAY 1: Three days of widespread violence in minority sections of Los Angeles that claims fifty lives, injures thousands and causes millions of dollars in damages, erupts after a jury acquits four white LAPD officers charged in the terror beating of black motorist Rodney G. King.

An IRA bomb blew out every window in London's Commercial Union Tower, killing three people and wounding another ninety-one persons on April 10, 1992.

JUNE 8: Atef Bseiso, considered to be a PLO terrorist leader by the Mossad (Israeli intelligence), is shot dead outside of his hotel in Paris, France.

JUNE 29: Mohammed Boudiaf, the seventy-three-year-old president of Algeria (installed in January 1992, following a coup), is assassinated, shot in the back and head by terrorists as he delivers a speech.

JULY 19: Mafia terrorists kill Paolo Borsellino, fifty-four, an Italian prosecutor responsible for convicting Mafia members, by blowing him up with a bomb when he visits his mother in Palermo, Sicily.

JULY 28: Giovanni Lizzio, forty-seven, who heads investigations into Mafia extortions, is slain by Mafia terrorists in Catania, Sicily.

AUGUST 13: ABC-TV news producer David Kaplan, forty-five, is shot in the back and killed in Sarajevo, by terrorist snipers firing on a caravan carrying Milan Panic, prime minister of Yugoslavia, into Sarajevo.

AUGUST 12: An Amtrak train is derailed near Newport News, Virginia, with seventy-four passengers injured. Federal investigators state that criminal vandalism to a switch has caused the wreck.

AUGUST 25: Neo-Nazi terrorists bomb a hotel housing refugees seeking asylum from communism in the Baltic seaport of Rostock, Germany, in an effort to drive out all foreigners. No serious injuries occur.

Neo-Nazis bombed a hotel in Rostock, East Germany, to drive out aliens seeking asylum from communism on August 25, 1992.

AUGUST 31: Randall "Randy: Weaver, forty-four-year-old member of a white supremacist group, and a fugitive on gun charges, surrenders after a long siege to federal agents at Ruby Ridge in northern Idaho, where William Degan, who is a deputy marshal, Weaver's wife Vicki, and son, Samuel, have been killed. Weaver is a hero of terrorist hate groups in the far American West because of his defiance of gun laws.

SEPTEMBER 7: Twenty-four protestors are machine gunned to death as they flee Ciskei troops in South Africa where terrorist tactics are enacted to support oppressive military rule.

SEPTEMBER 13: Abimael Gutzmán Reynoso, leader of the Shining Path terrorist organization of Peru, is captured after a twelve-year search, along with about a dozen of his top aides. Reynoso's decade-long terror campaign has cost 25,000 lives and $22 billion in damages.

OCTOBER 3: To mark the second anniversary of Germany's reunification, more than 1,000 neo-Nazis march through the streets of Arnstadt, Germany and another 500 neo-Nazis march through downtown Dresden, Germany, shouting "Foreigners Out!" and "Germany for Germans!"

OCTOBER 9: An engineer in a Russian nuclear plant is caught just before leaving for Moscow to sell to terrorists 1,538 kilos of highly enriched uranium (HEU).

OCTOBER 14: Ex-hostages Joseph Cicippio and David Jacobsen file suit against the government of Iran, claiming that their abductions and others were directed and financed by Iran in order to force the U.S. into freeing frozen Iranian assets.

1993

JANUARY 8: A European inquiry board reports that more than 20,000 Muslim women in Bosnia and Hercegovina have been raped by mostly Serbian terrorists in an effort to drive them from their homes.

JANUARY 8: Hakija Turajlic, one of three Bosnian deputy prime ministers, is assassinated after a U.N. vehicle is halted. Serbian military leaders later apologize, saying that an overanxious Serbian draftee responsible for the killing has been detained.

FEBRUARY 24: Mobs in Mogadishu spread terror for hours, creating widespread destruction and looting, along with firing guns for more than six hours in challenge to the presence of U.N. peacekeeping forces, which eventually return fire.

FEBRUARY 26: A powerful bomb explodes in the parking garage beneath the World Trade Center in New York City. Six persons are killed and more than 1,000 are injured in the worst terrorist attack on U.S. soil to date. Four Islamic terrorists, and their leader, Ramzi Ahmed Yousef, will later be sent to prison for life.

MARCH 12: Terrorists kill 232 persons and injure hundreds more with several bomb explosions in Bombay's financial district. Fifty persons, mostly brokers, are killed at the Stock Exchange.

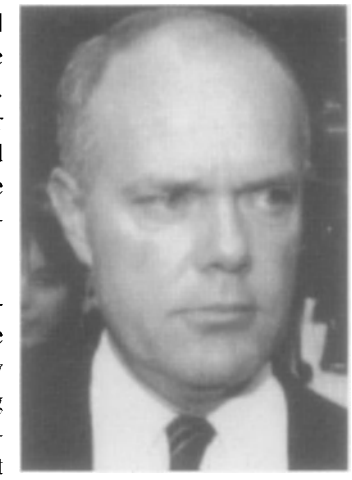
MARCH 17: Terrorists set off a bomb in the central residential area of Calcutta, India, killing forty-five persons and injuring dozens more, when two apartment buildings are leveled by the blast.

MARCH 30: Two Serbian terrorists are sentenced to death by firing squad on orders of a military tribunal that has found them guilty of mass rape and genocide against Muslims.

APRIL 1: U.S. indicts four Palestinian terrorists on charges of plotting to blow up the Israeli Embassy in Washington, D.C., as part of a terror campaign against Jews in the U.S. and abroad by the Abu Nidal network.

APRIL 12: Neo-Nazi racist Larry Wayne Shoemake terrorizes a Jackson, Mississippi mall by invading a restaurant with an arsenal and randomly shooting black passersby, killing one and wounding seven others before police arrive and a gun battle ensues. Shoemake is killed (or committed suicide) as the restaurant catches fire.

APRIL 17: After the four LAPD officers in the Rodney King beating have been acquitted by a California jury, a federal trial has ensued against the four men and two of these, Sgt. Stacey C. Koon, and Officer Laurence M. Powell are found guilty by a federal jury, the other two officers being acquitted.



LAPD Sergeant Stacey Koon was found guilty of beating Rodney King on April 17, 1993.

APRIL 19: The Branch Davidian cult compound outside of Waco, Texas, is stormed by federal officers, battering holes in buildings and injecting tear gas. Cult members set fire to the buildings, while cult leader David Koresh, who has held many of his followers captive through terrorist tactics (his heavily armed aides reportedly threatening to kill any deserters) dies along with seventy-two followers in the inferno, ending the 51-day federal siege. Koresh and some of his top aides are found dead with bullets in their heads, apparent suicides. U.S. Attorney General Janet Reno, along with the FBI agents in charge, are severely criticized for mishandling the Waco siege and attack.

APRIL 24: An IRA bomb explodes in London's financial district, killing one person and wounding forty-four others.

MAY 15: A terrorist takes six children hostage in a Paris nursery, but he is killed by French police who catch him asleep. The children are rescued without injury.

MAY 22: An Egyptian court sentences six Muslim terrorists to death and two others to life sentences for attacks on tourists and plotting to assassinate Egyptian officials.

MAY 27: A terrorist bomb explodes outside of an art gallery in Florence, Italy, killing six persons and injuring dozens more, as well as causing damage to priceless art works.

MAY: Lithuanian police raid a bank vault and discover a rod of beryllium with about 150 grams of high enriched uranium (HEU), which is apparently intended for sale to terrorists planning on the construction of a nuclear bomb.

JUNE 22: The Unabomber sends a bomb to geneticist Charles Epstein at the University of California. The scientist losing several fingers when the bomb blows up.

JUNE 24: Federal agents seize eight Muslim terrorists in New York City before they can execute their planned campaign of political bombings and assassinations.

JUNE 29: Two Russian seaman are apprehended after stealing 1.8 kilos of highly enriched uranium and before they can sell the HEU to terrorists planning on constructing a nuclear bomb.

JULY 2: FBI agents arrest Omar Abdel Rahman, Islamic fundamentalist leader and suspected organizer of terrorist operations, outside of a mosque in Brooklyn, New York. His followers have been linked to bombing plots.

JULY 17: Egypt hangs five more Islamic terrorists who have been found guilty of bombings and mass killings, a government campaign that has shut down terrorist operations of militant fundamentalists.

JULY 27: Terrorists (reportedly Red Brigadists) explode a car bomb in downtown Milan, Italy, killing at least five persons. Another bomb exploding in the center of Rome, Italy, injures twenty-four persons, and damages the basilica of St. John Lateran, the Pope's See.

AUGUST 4: A U.S. federal judge sentences Sgt. Stacey C. Koon, and Officer Laurence M. Powell who have been found guilty by a federal jury of the terrorist beating of black motorist Rodney G. King to two-and-a-half years in prison. The judge explains the lenient sentence by stating that King had provoked the police violence.

AUGUST 15: Gold miners invading Brazil's Yanomami Indian reservation, kill seventy-three Indians and terrorize whole communities in the nation's largest massacre of the century.

AUGUST 18: Four are killed and fifteen others are injured when Islamic terrorists attack the new Egyptian security chief (he is wounded and survives) in downtown Cairo, Egypt.

NOVEMBER 7: Three Russian naval officers steal 4.5 kilos of highly enriched uranium (HEU), apparently intent on selling this to terrorists who plan to construct a nuclear bomb. The thieves and fuel are located by authorities six months later.

1994

MARCH 4: Four Islamic terrorists responsible for the bombing of the World Trade Center in New York City on February 26, 1993, are sent to prison for life. Charges will be brought against their leader, a near-blind religious fanatic, Ramzi Ahmed Yousef, mastermind behind the attack which has killed six persons and injured more than 1,000 others.

MAY 10: Police in Bavaria discover 5.6 grams of pure plutonium-239 in the garage of a professional criminal who has links to the KGB and Bulgarian terrorists. It is believed that this fuel was to be used by the terrorist for the construction of a nuclear bomb.

JUNE 13: German police seize 800 milligrams of highly enriched uranium (HEU) which has been smuggled from Prague to Bavaria.

AUGUST 10: Police in Munich, Germany, intercept at the airport a suitcase shipped from Moscow, one containing lithium-6 and nuclear fuel which are apparently intended for terrorists planning on building a nuclear bomb.

DECEMBER 10: Advertising executive Thomas Mosser opens a package delivered to his North Caldwell, New Jersey home and is killed when its contents, a bomb, goes off. This terrorist act is attributed to the Unabomber.

DECEMBER 14: Investigators in Prague, Czechoslovakia, discover 2.72 kilos of highly enriched uranium (HEU) in the back seat of a parked car. They will find another kilo of the same shipment in January 1995, all of this fuel apparently intended for delivery to terrorists planning on constructing a nuclear bomb.

1995

JANUARY 22: Two Palestinian terrorists kill eighteen Israeli soldiers, a civilian, and themselves by exploding a bomb outside a military camp in central Israel. The bomb also injures sixty-five other persons. The Islamic Jihad terrorist group claims responsibility for the bombing.

JANUARY 30: A terrorist car bomb explodes on a crowded Algiers street, killing forty-two persons and injuring another 300 people.

FEBRUARY 6: Twelve Islamic terrorists are tried in U.S. federal court in New York for the 1993 bombing of the World Trade Center. Siddig Ibrahim Siddig Ali, one of the accused, changes his plea from not guilty to guilty, saying that the Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman, one of his fellow defendants and for whom he has served as bodyguard and translator, has played a significant role in the bombing conspiracy. In addition to the UN building in New York, Siddig Ali tells the court, the terrorists had planned the destruction of an FBI office, a bridge and two tunnels.

FEBRUARY 7: Ramzi Ahmed Yousef, the Islamic terrorist leader who has masterminded the 1993 bombing of the World Trade Center in New York, is arrested in Islamabad, Pakistan, and will be flown to New York the following day to face trial. He will, on February 9, 1995, plead not guilty to eleven counts.

MARCH 20: Members of the Aum Shinri Kyo, a fanatical terrorist organization and offshoot of the Japanese criminal society, Yakuza, plant several packages inside the Tokyo subway system which emit a powerful nerve gas (sarin, which can paralyze the central nervous system and cause death) that kills twelve persons and injures another 5,500 people. A massive hunt ensues as police search for the cult leaders.

APRIL 2: The Islamic Resistance Movement of Hamas explodes a bomb in Gaza that kills eight persons and wounds another thirty. Police report that the terrorists were assembling a bomb that went off by accident.

APRIL 4: Francisco Duran, twenty-six, of Colorado Springs, Colorado, is convicted of attempting to assassinate President William Clinton by firing several shots with an assault rifle at the White House in Washington, D.C., in October 1994. Duran will be convicted and, on June 29, 1995, sentenced to forty years in prison.

APRIL 9: Two suicide terrorists kill themselves, seven Israeli soldiers and an American student, and wounding another forty-five persons, mostly Israeli soldiers, when they detonate bombs in the Gaza Strip. Both Hamas and Islamic Jihad take credit for the terrorist explosions.

APRIL 19: A powerful truck bomb explodes at **9:**02 a.m., outside the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, sheering away half the nine-story building and killing 168 men, women and children, the worst terrorist attack in U.S. history. About an hour later Timothy McVeigh, who will become the prime suspect in the bombing, is arrested near Perry, Oklahoma, for carrying concealed weapons.

APRIL 21: FBI agents charge Timothy McVeigh, in custody in Perry, Oklahoma for carrying concealed weapons, with blowing up the Murrah Building in Oklahoma City. McVeigh's cousin, Terry Nichols, is arrested the same day in Herington, Kansas, charged with aiding McVeigh in blowing up the Murrah Building.

APRIL 24: Police locate the hideout of Hideo Murai, one of the five top leaders of the terrorist cult, Aum Shinri Kyo, which is responsible for planting the nerve gas bombs that have killed twelve persons and injured thousands more on the Tokyo subway system a month earlier. Murai is the cult's chemist, who packaged the deadly sarin nerve gas. As he is being escorted from the hideout, the thirty-six-year-old Murai is fatally stabbed by Hiroyuki Yo, a South Korean.

APRIL 24: Gilbert Murray, president of the California Forestry Association, is killed in Sacramento, California, by a package bomb which was sent by the Unabomber. Murray will be the third and final fatality claimed by the terrorist. Two dozen others will be injured and maimed by bombs sent by the Unabomber.

MAY 15: At a roadblock outside of Tokyo, police apprehend Yoshihiro Inoue, head of "intelligence" for the murderous Aum Shinri Kyo cult. Officers obtain Inoue's notebook, which details timetables and numbers of passengers using Tokyo's three subway lines where the sarin gas attacks were unleashed on March 20.

MAY 16: Police and paramilitary units storm the secret compound of Aum Shinri Kyo, located at the base of Mt. Fuji. The terrorist cult is responsible for the poison gas attacks in the Tokyo subway system on March 20. Police capture, among others, the cult leader, Shoko Asahara, who is later sent to prison. With Asahara's capture Aum Shinri Kyo is no longer an effective terrorist organization.

JUNE 26: Islamic terrorists attack the limousine carrying Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak during his visit to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. The attackers fire from rooftops, on the street and in a passing Jeep, but they fail to injure the Egyptian leader, killing two Ethiopian policemen. Two of the terrorists are killed and many passersby are wounded in the gunfight.

JULY 25: Algerian separatists, as part of a terrorist campaign, plant a bomb in a subway car of the Paris metro system; it explodes in the Latin Quarter stop, killing seven persons and wounding dozens more.

JULY 29: Leon Bor, an Israeli citizen, boards a tourist bus in Cologne, Germany, shooting the driver and holding twenty-six sightseers hostage. He randomly shoots and kills an elderly woman who identifies herself as a German. After terrorizing the passengers for several hours, Bor is shot and killed by police.

AUGUST 11: FBI director Louis Freeh suspends four Bureau officials, including agent Larry Potts, after it is disclosed that the Bureau either withheld or destroyed documents relating to the 1992 Ruby Ridge siege in Idaho in which three persons had been killed.

AUGUST 15: The Department of Justice agrees to pay $3.1 million to Randall Weaver and his daughters, who have filed a $200 million wrongful death suit against the Department for the shooting deaths of Weaver's wife Vicki and son Samuel during the FBI's 1992 siege of Randall's cabin in Idaho.

AUGUST 16: An unexploded bomb is discovered on board the high-speed train racing between Lyon and Paris, France. Forensic specialists lift a fingerprint which identifies Khaled Kelkal, an Algerian separatist leader and terrorist.

AUGUST 29: Eduard Shevardnadze, the head of Georgia, escapes an assassination attempt in Tbilisi, the capital, when a terrorist bomb explodes close to his motorcade. Shevardnadze is slightly wounded.

SEPTEMBER 19: On the recommendations of U.S. Attorney General Janet Reno and FBI director Louis Freeh, the Washington *Post* publishes the 35,000-word manifesto which has been sent by the Unabomber, in the hopes that someone will recognize the writing style of the terrorist and identify him. The manifesto is a rambling tirade of intellectual gobbldygook that essentially attacks the Industrial Revolution.

SEPTEMBER 24: Eric Borel, a sixteen-year-old French youth, enters the village of Cuers with a hunting rifle and terrorizes the town for several hours as he hunts down residents, randomly killing nine persons and wounding another eight before killing himself when he runs out of ammunition.

SEPTEMBER 28: Outside Lyon, French police and paramilitary units locate a hideout of Algerian separatists led by Khaled Kelkal, shooting it out with the terrorists, wounding one of three who are captured; Kelkal escapes.

SEPTEMBER 30: French commandos hunting for terrorist Khaled Kelkal find him waiting at a bus stop five miles outside of Lyon, France. Following a shootout, Kelkal is killed.

OCTOBER 1: Ten Islamic fundamentalist terrorists tried before a federal court in New York, are convicted of conspiracy to

Algerian terrorist Khaled Kelkal was trapped outside Lyon, France, and killed on September 30, 1995.

destroy U.S. public buildings and structures. One of their leaders, Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman, a blind Egyptian cleric and Islamic fanatic, is convicted of directing the conspiracy and attempting to assassinate Egyptian president Hosni Mubarak. El Sayyid Nosair is convicted of the 1990 murder of Rabbi Meir Kahane (he was acquitted of murder charges in a state court in 1991 and convicted at that time only of assault). The case has been won for the prosecution largely on tapes secretly recorded by undercover FBI informant, Emad Salem. One of these tapes showed four of the Islamic terrorists making a bomb by mixing diesel oil and fertilizer in a Queens, New York, garage.

OCTOBER 3: Terrorists attempt to assassinate Macedonian President Kiro Gilgorov, in Skopje, the capital, as Gilgorov is being driven to the National Parliament building. Gilgorov is seriously wounded in the head, his driver and three bystanders being killed.

OCTOBER 9: According to federal investigators, a terrorist group calling itself Sons of the Gestapo, derails an Amtrak train southwest of Phoenix, Arizona, which kills one of the twenty crew members and injures 100 of the 248 passengers.

1996

JANUARY 15: Ramzi Ahmed Yousef, Islamic terrorist and mastermind behind the bombing of the World Trade Center in New York City on February 26, 1993, a terrorist attack in which six persons had been killed and more than 1,000 others injured, is sentenced in Manhattan to life imprisonment plus 240 years. Before his sentence, Yousef screamed out a diatribe, saying: "I am a terrorist, and I am proud of it!" To federal judge Kevin Duffy, he ranted: "Your God is not Allah. You worship death and destruction." Yousef has been sentenced for two crimes—the attack on the World Trade Center and an unsuccessful plot to blow up a dozen U.S. airliners in Asia.

JANUARY: David Kaczynski, who has read the Unabomber's rambling manifesto published, in part, by the New York *Times*, finds similar writings in his mother's Lombard, Illinois home, those written by his brother, Theodore "Ted" Kaczynski. He will later inform authorities. Six months later Kaczynski will be arrested by FBI agents at his remote cabin in Montana, identified as the Unabomber and charged with the terrorist's many crimes.

FEBRUARY 17: Mass murderer and terrorist Colin Ferguson, who has acted as his own lawyer in defense of his shooting spree aboard a New York commuter train in 1993, is convicted of murdering six persons and attempting to murder twenty-two others. He is given a life sentence with no hope for parole.

MARCH 7: A bomb explodes on a bus in Beijing, China, killing two people and injuring many others. Communist authorities blame "hooligans," but others report the explosion being created by anti-Communist terrorists.

JUNE 18: After a four-hour gunfight with police in Brooklyn, Heriberto Seda surrenders to police; evidence found in Seda's apartment pinpoints him as the lone terrorist known as "Zodiac," who had, in 1990, shot four persons. Before going to prison, Seda confesses, saying he has been moved to murder by a "sudden urge."

JUNE 25: Sentries posted on the roof of Khobar Towers in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia spot two men positioning a tanker truck in an adjacent lot, parking it next to a chain-link fence, eighty feet distant from the Towers. The sentries, suspecting sabotage, conduct a rapid evacuation of the top three floors, but within four minutes, a tremendous explosion takes place, blowing away the front of the building and damaging five other nearby structures. Nineteen U. S. Air Force men, members of the 4404th Wing, were killed and hundreds more injured by flying debris. The American servicemen were part of Operation Southern Watch which had been flying sorties over Iraq to enforce UN sanctions. The bomb used by the terrorists went off with the power of 20,000 pounds of TNT, leaving a crater thirty-five feet deep and eighty-five feet wide. On June 4, 2000, Ahmad Behbahani, an Iranian-born terrorist, told a "60 Minutes" reporter that he had been responsible for orchestrating the Khobar Towers explosion, as well as the 1988 destruction of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, in which 270 people were murdered. Behbanhani was later exposed by the FBI and CIA to be a fraud; two Libyan terrorists were by then identified as the Lockerbie killers.

The remains of Khobar Towers in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, blasted by an Islamic terrorist bomb that killed nineteen U. S. airmen on June 25, 1996.

JULY 17: TWA Flight 800, a jumbo 747 jetliner, just after taking off, blows up over the ocean off Long Island, with all 230 persons on board killed. It will later be claimed that the airplane was downed by a missile, fired accidentally by a U.S. military training plane or by terrorists from shore or a ship at sea.

JULY 27: At 1:25 a.m., Atlanta's Centennial Park is rocked by a pipe bomb explosion which kills one and injures another 112 persons. Richard Jewell, a guard, earlier reported a suspicious knapsack placed in the area where hundreds of persons were dancing to rock music and helped other guards clear the area just before the explosion. Jewell is, at first, hailed as a hero, but he later becomes the chief suspect of the FBI.

OCTOBER 26: The Department of Justice officially announces that Richard Jewell is no longer a suspect in the bombing of Atlanta's Centennial Park. Jewell's life has been thoroughly disrupted and he has been all but charged as being the terrorist bomber by the nation's press.

NOVEMBER 5: Haitian police shoot and kill five men, one in handcuffs, in Port-au-Prince, another example of terrorist tactics by what has been described as a "constabulary of thugs." The Haitian police force, poorly trained in a crash four-month course by U.S. advisers, following the free election of President Jean Bertrand Aristide (with the help of a strong U.S. military presence in Haiti in 1994), has sadistically beaten prisoners, some to death, and indiscrimately used deadly force, firing after autos (killing a small girl riding in one).

DECEMBER 2: Martin Bryant, twenty-nine, the gunman who has terrorized a Tasmanian resort, killing thirty-five and wounding nineteen in a wild shooting spree in April 1996, is sentenced to thirty-five life terms in Hobart, Tasmania.

DECEMBER 11: The U.S. Air Force clears General Terry J. Schwalier of responsibility for the terrorist bombing of the U.S. military camp in Saudi Arabia bombed in June 1996, in which nineteen Americans were killed and another 500 wounded, saying that Schwalier had taken reasonable steps to protect the base. Terrorist Hani al-Sayegh, a Saudi citizen, is later arrested and held in Canada, as being the mastermind behind the attack.

DECEMBER 17: In the worst terrorist attack in the 133-year history of the Red Cross, five women, four being nurses, and a construction worker are shot to death while they sleep in a hostpital compound in Chechnya. Veselin Sljivancanin, a Serbian terrorist, is thought to have led the raid against the hospital.

DECEMBER 18: Túpac Amaru Revolutionary Movement (MRTA) fourteen terrorists, led by Néstor Cerpa Cartolini, swarm into the Japanese Embassy in Lima, Peru, during a party, taking 490 hostages, many of these being top-ranking international diplomats, threatening to kill the hostages unless imprisoned terrorists are released by the Peruvian government.

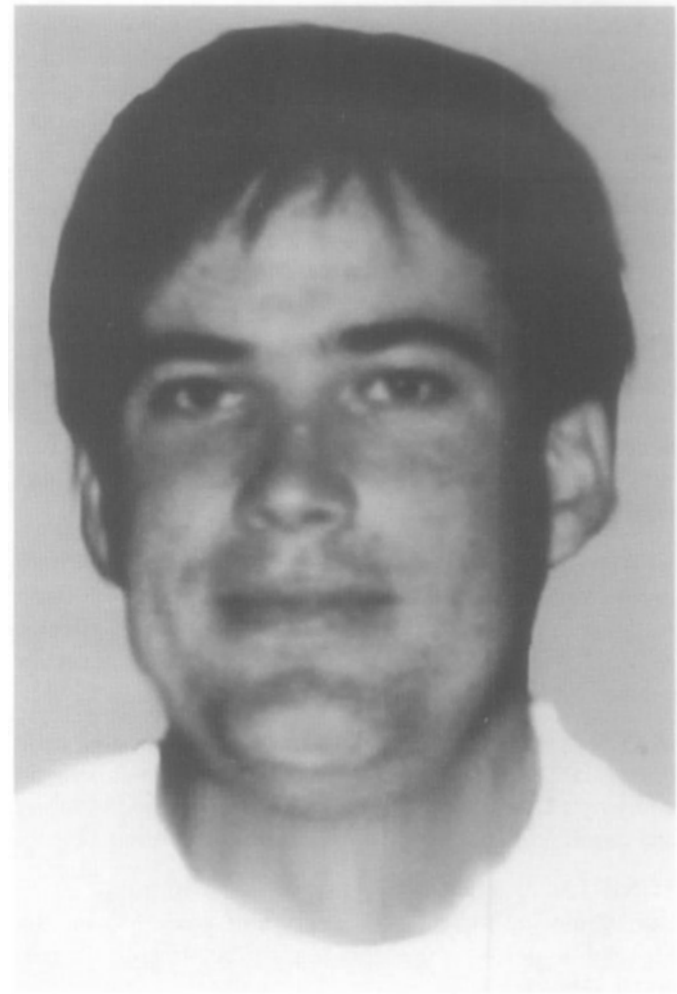
DECEMBER 23: MRTA terrorists occupying the Japanese Embassy in Lima, Peru, release 225 of their 490 hostages as a Christmas gesture, but keep the remainder under threat of death while they continue negotiating with Peruvian officials for the release of fellow imprisoned terrorists.

DECEMBER 28: MRTA terrorists occupying the Japanese Embassy in Lima, Peru, release more hostages but the Peruvian government will not agree to release imprisoned terrorists, offering only a safe passage to Cuba for the terrorists inside the embassy.

DECEMBER 30: Separatist Bodo terrorists explode two bombs beneath the tracks of a packed train as it leaves Kokrajhar, India, killing eighteen persons and injuring sixty more.

1997

JANUARY 16: Two bombs explode at an abortion clinic in Atlanta, Georgia, the first explosions creating only damage.



Anti-abortionist terrorist Eric Robert Rudolph reportedly set off two bombs at clinics in Atlanta, Georgia, injuring six persons; he hid for six years in the Appalachian wilderness, until captured in Murphy, N. C., while scavenging for food in a garbage can on May 31, 2003.

the second injuring six persons, including investigators and reporters covering the first explosion. Eric Robert Rudolph will become a suspect in this and the Atlanta Centennial bombings and will be widely sought by FBI and police, with a $1 million pricetag on his head.

JANUARY 20: Islamic terrorists raid a village south of Algiers, murdering thirty-six residents, decapitating some of these victims. Hours later, these same terrorists explode a car bomb outside of a cafe in Algiers, killing more than thirty persons and wounding scores more.

FEBRUARY 23: A Palestinian gunman terrorizes tourists and sight-seers on the 86th floor observation deck of New York's Empire State Building, murdering one tourist and wounding seven others before killing himself.

FEBRUARY 28: A gay and lesbian bar in Atlanta is bombed and five persons are injured; it is believed that this terrorist act is the work of the same person or persons who have bombed Atlanta's Centennial Park.

MARCH 13: A Jordanian soldier, an Islamic fanatic and terrorist, fires at Israeli school girls in the area of the Jordan Valley shared by Jordan and Israel, killing seven before his gun jams and he is seized. The soldier is allegedly imprisoned.

MARCH 21: A suicide bomber kills himself, four others and wounds dozens more when exploding a bomb in a cafe in Tel Aviv, Israel, setting back the Israeli-Palestinian peace negotiations.

APRIL 22: In a dramatic rescue, 170 Peruvian shock troops blow down doors and walls and dash into the terrorist-held Japanese Embassy in Lima, Peru, liberating all the diplomats held hostage, while killing all fourteen MRTA terrorists. Two soldiers are slain by the terrorists, along with one of the hostages.

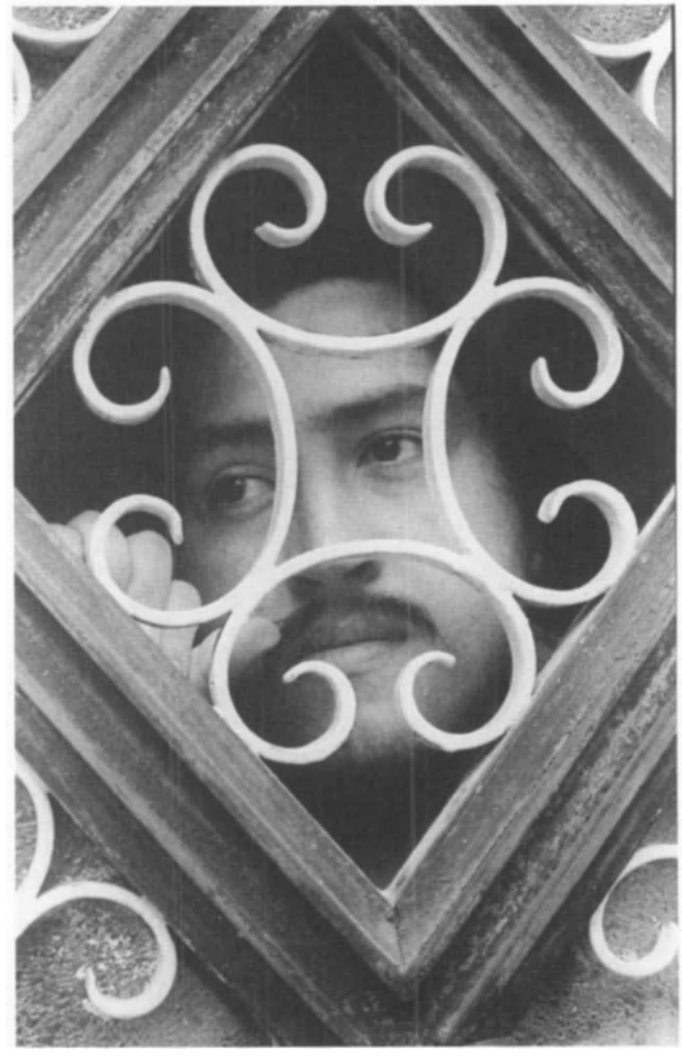
APRIL 24: Opening statements are made in the trial of Timothy McVeigh for the 1995 terrorist bombing of the Murrah Building in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Within two months, McVeigh will be convicted and receive the death sentence for committing the worst terrorist act in U.S. history.

MAY 7: In the first war crimes trial dealing with the civil strife in Bosnia, Dusan Tadic, a Bosnian Serb, forty-one, is found guilty by a U.N. panel of killing two policemen and torturing and terrorizing scores of Muslim civilians in Bosnia.

JUNE 13: A federal jury in Denver, Colorado, votes uninamimously to sentence twenty-nine-year-old Timothy McVeigh to death for the 1995 terrorist bombing of the federal building in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

JUNE 16: IRA terrorists kill two policemen in Northern Ireland which prompts the British government to call off peace talks.

JUNE 17: Pakistani officials and Afghan tribal leaders are instrumental in capturing a fugitive who is suspected of the terrorist killings of two CIA officials outside of the agency's headquarters in Virginia, in 1993.



MRTA terrorist leader Nestor Cerpa Cartolini was killed, along with thirteen of his followers, when Peruvian troops invaded the Japanese Embassy in Lima on April 22, 1997, freeing many diplomatic hostages.

JULY 14: A U.N. tribunal sentences Bosnia-Serb terrorist Dusan Tadic to twenty years in prison for terrorist murders and "crimes against humanity" in "ethnic cleansing" terrorist campaigns in Bosnia.

JULY 15: Celebrated fashion designer Gianni Versace, fifty, is shot dead outside his mansion by serial killer Andrew P. Cunanan, in Miami Beach, Florida.

JULY 24: Andrew P. Cunanan, twenty-seven, a pronounced homosexual who has killed five persons, including gay fashion designer Gianni Versace, and terrorized the gay community nationwide (by reportedly stalking wealthy gays on an exclusive "sugar daddy" list throughout the country), is killed (either by his own hand or by police gunfire) in a deserted Miami Beach, Florida, houseboat.

JULY 30: Two terrorists carrying bombs in a crowded Jerusalem marketplace explode (on purpose or accidentally) the devices, killing themselves and thirteen other innocent passersby, along with seriously injuring another 150 persons. Hamas, an Islamic terrorist organization, takes credit for the mass murder.

JULY: The National Transportation Safety Board announces that TWA Flight 800, which blew up over the ocean on July 7, 1996, killing all 230 persons on board, has been destroyed, most probably, by an explosion in the center fuel tank, one resulting in an accident. Others still persist in believing that the plane was purposely exploded by a terrorist missile.

JULY: The FBI states that there were at least five potential members of the bombing conspiracy involved in planting the bomb that killed four Negro school girls in Birmingham, Alabama, in 1963, agents naming three living members—Robert "Dynamite Bob" Chambliss, Thomas E. Blanton, Jr., and Bobby Frank Cherry.

AUGUST 14: Timothy McVeigh, convicted terrorist bomber of the federal building in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, in which 168 persons perished and scores were injured, is sentenced to death by a federal judge in Denver, Colorado, expediting a jury decree. After hearing his death sentence, McVeigh, cryptically quotes a dissenting opinion of the late U.S. Supreme Court justice, Louis Brandeis: "'Our government is the potent, the omnipotent teacher. For good or for ill, it teaches the whole people by its example,' That's all I have to say." Terry Nichols, who had aided McVeigh, will receive a life sentence.

AUGUST: Koichiro Tarutani, an executive of Yamaichi Securities, is murdered in Tokyo while walking home, slashed to death as if his killer(s) have employed a Sumarai sword, which is the traditional weapon of the secret Japanese criminal society, Yakuza. Tarutani has been killed by Yakuza thugs, according to one report, because he has attempted to collect on bad loans to crime boss Ryuchi Koike (who runs the Yakuza's enforcement and extortionist arm, Sokaiya). Koike has been loaned 79 million yen by Yamaichi Securities, and as much as 30 billion yen by the huge Dai-Ichi Kangyo Bank, its chairman, Kunjii Miyazaki, when confronted with this loan, committing suicide by hanging. It is believed that many top government leaders, business and banking executives, are all members of Yakuza's hierarchy (members of high standing being covered from neck to ankles by tattoos which signify their rank). Yakuza, which may have as many as a million members, is the offshoot of the old Black Dragon Society which secretly aided Emperor Hirohito in his plans to begin World War II in the Pacific. One intelligence source privately states: "Japan from top to bottom is thoroughly polluted by Yakuza, which has corrupted its government and financial institutions, not unlike the Mafia in Sicily."

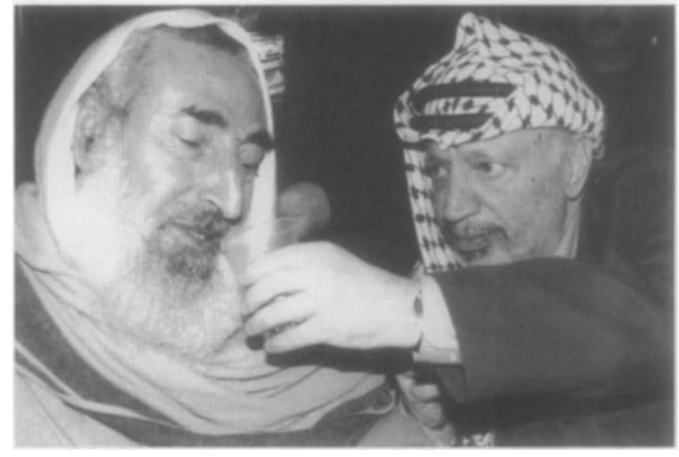
AUGUST: Carl Drega, sixty-seven, shoots and kills four residents in Colebrook, New Hampshire, before police shoot him to death. Drega has been amassing pipe bombs (eighty-six empty pipe bombs, 400 pounds of ammonium nitrate, sixty-one gallons of diesel fuel and a small arsenal will be found in his home), apparently as part of an intended but unfulfilled terrorist campaign.

SEPTEMBER 4: Three terrorists suicidally explode a bomb in a Jerusalam marketplace, killing themselves and one other, while seriously wounding another 200 Israelis and tourists. Hamas, an Islamic terrorist organization, is thought to be responsible.

SEPTEMBER 23: Terrorists of the Islamic Salvation Front are held responsible for widespread attacks on civilians, killing eighty-five and injuring another sixty-seven persons.

SEPTEMBER 25: Two Israeli agents try to kill Hamas leader Khalid Mashaal, in Amman, Jordan, but are foiled in their attempt.

SEPTEMBER 30: Israel, in a concessionary gesture, releases twenty terrorists from prison, including Hamas founder, Sheik Ahmed Yassin.



Hamas leader Sheik Ahmed Yassin, left, released from an Israeli prison on September 30, 1997, continued to urge followers to commit terrorist attacks against Israel and the West; he is shown being given a drink by his strong supporter, Yasir Arafat, chief of the PLO.

OCTOBER 8: The U.S. government labels thirty international groups as terrorist groups and bans contributions to these foreign organizations, making it illegal for any member of such terrorist groups to enter the U.S.

DECEMBER 22: Terrorists of the Institutional Revolutionary Party are blamed for killing forty-five Zapatista members in San Cristobal de Las Casas, Mexico.

DECEMBER 24: After having been captured in Sudan in 1994 and extradited to France, Illich Ramirez Sanchez, the notorious Carlos (or Jackal), is convicted of kidnapping and murder in Paris and is sent to prison for life.

1998

JANUARY 29: An abortion clinic in Birmingham, Alabama, is bombed by an unknown terrorist, killing Robert Sanderson, an off-duty policeman and injuring a nurse.

JANUARY: Theodore "Ted" Kaczynski, the notorious Unabomber, attempts to hang himself in his jail cell. He survives to cut a deal with prosecutors, confessing to his many bombings in exchange for receiving a life sentence behind bars.

FEBRUARY 9: Eduard Shevardnadze, seventy, the head of Georgia, escapes another assassination attempt in Tbilisi, the capital, when terrorists fire a rocket-propelled grenade at his passing car. Seven suspected terrorists will be arrested and charged with the attack, these being supporters of Shevardnadze's predecessor, Zviad Gamsakhurdia, a former Soviet foreign minister, overthrown in a 1992 coup and who had died in mysterious circumstances in 1993.

FEBRUARY 14: A bomb explodes aboard a bus in the central Chinese city of Wuhan, killing at least sixteen persons (one report has thirty fatalities) and injuring scores more. Two taxis and three other buses are badly damaged by the explosion which is attributed to anti-Communist terrorists.

FEBRUARY 14: The FBI announces that Eric Robert Rudolph is sought as a fugitive suspect in the January 29, 1998 bombing of a Birmingham, Alabama abortion clinic. Media reports have it that traces of explosives have been found in Rudolph's truck and storage locker.

FEBRUARY 14: Milan Simic and Miroslav Tadic, two Bosnian Serb leaders accused of conducting a "campaign of terror," turn themselves into a United Nations war crimes tribunal at Bosanski Samac, Bosnia-Herzegovina.

FEBRUARY 14: Thirteen bombs are exploded by Muslim terrorists in several crowded sections of Coimbatore, India, prior to a speech by Hindu leader Lal Krishna Advani. Hindu-Muslim clashes have increased in this city since a Hindu policeman had been killed by two Muslims in November 1997.

Cars blown up in Islamic terrorist bombings in Coimbatore, India, on February 14, 1998.

FEBRUARY 15: The bodies of seven men, Zapatista sympathizers, are found in a pit near San Cristobal de Las Casas, Mexico, victims, it is reported of terrorists from the Institutional Revolutionary Party.

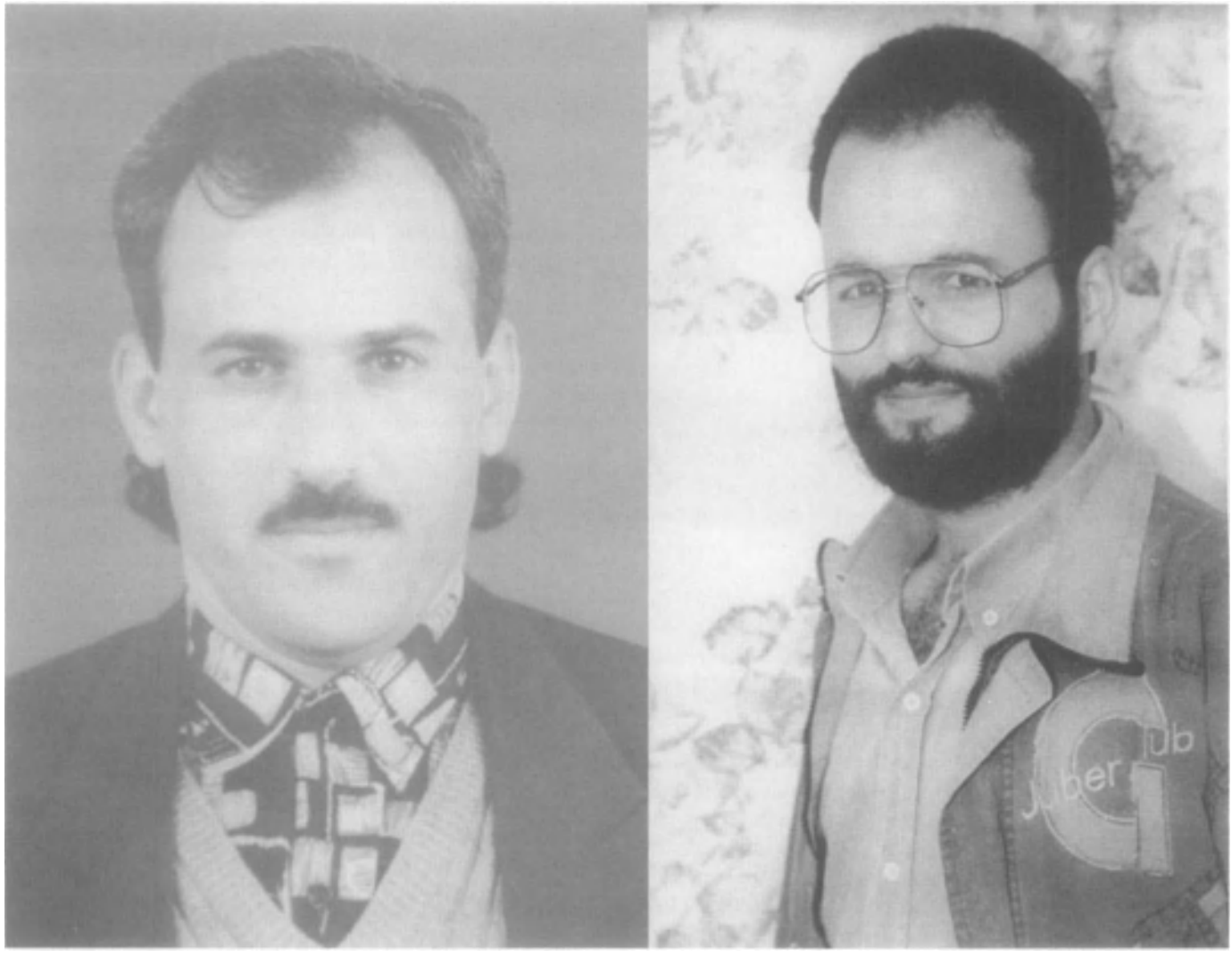
FEBRUARY 17: Milan Simic and Miroslav Tadic, accused of conducting a "campaign of terror" in Bosnia, plead innocent before a court in The Hague, Netherlands. Another accused terrorist mastermind, Simo Zaric, agrees to surrender to the court.

MARCH 9: A time-activated bomb explodes inside of a compartment on the Chiltan Express train as it is crossing a bridge over a canal forty-five miles southwest of Lahore en route to Quetta, Punjab, India. Seven persons are killed and thirty-five are wounded by the terrorist explosion. Another terrorist bomb explodes the same day outside a court building in the province of Sind, injuring thirteen, six of whom are policemen.

MARCH 9: Serbian terrorist Dragoljub Kunarac, thirty-seven, admits before a court in The Hague, Netherlands, that he has raped several Muslim women in 1992 during the Bosnian war. Human rights groups state that more than 30,000 Muslim women have been raped during the 1992-1995 Bosnian conflict by Serbian terrorists, many of them telling their victims that it was their purpose to impregnate them with Serbian babies and thus increase the Serbian population (and its voting power) in the area.

MARCH 25: Salvador Valdez and Jose Santos Vasquez, two men who have been jailed for attempting to abduct small girls in Huejutla, Mexico, and are about to be released on bond, are seized by a crowd of more than 1,000 persons and lynched. It has been reported that the two victims have been kidnapping small girls in order to kill them and sell their organs on the black market.

MARCH 29: Mohiyedine Sharif, chief bomb maker for the Hamas terrorist organization, is killed in a premature car bombing in the West Bank town of Ramallah. Officials for the Palestinian Authority claim that Sharif was murdered by gunfire before the bomb exploded, shot to death by Adel Awadallah, a rival member of his own terrorist group involved in an Islamic power struggle with Sharif. Awadallah and Ghassan Addasi, a



Hamas terrorist brothers, Imad, left, and Adel Awadallah, who murdered a rival bomb-maker before both brothers were killed by Israeli forces on September 10, 1998.

teenage bombmaker, drove Sharif to a remote spot, shot and killed him, then packed his body in the car, driving to Ramallah. The terrorists then placed their leader's body near the bomb-laden car and detonated the explosives with a timer to make it appear that he was killed by Israelis. Hamas will deny this report.

MARCH 31: Gocha Esebua, leader of a 20-man terrorist group opposed to Eduard Shevardnadze, leader of Georgia, is shot and killed by police. Esebua and others had captured United Nations observers and held them hostage for more than a week in February 1998, before releasing them and escaping. Esebua has been a fugitive for several weeks.

APRIL 5: Terrorists open fire and throw a grenade at a funeral procession for rebel militant Gocha Esebua, killing five persons and wounding another eight in Zugdidi, Georgia, a former province of Soviet Russia. Esebua, killed in a shootout with police a week earlier, had been an ardent foe of Eduard Shevardnadze, whom he apparently tried to assassinate on Febuary 9, 1998.

APRIL 5: Terrorists explode two bombs—one on the terrace of the Speke Hotel, the other at the Nile Grill restaurant in Kampala, Uganda. Five persons are killed and five others are injured in the blasts.

APRIL 6: A terrorist bomb explodes outside the Russian Embassy in Riga, Latvia. An anti-personnel mine has been detonated, officials claim, by right-wing terrorists, who have recently bombed a synagogue in Riga, an act reportedly inspired by SS veterans of World War II. Fascism is reportedly on the rise again in Latvia.

APRIL 23: James Earl Ray, convicted and imprisoned for life for assassinating civil rights leader Martin Luther King, Jr., dies in prison of liver failure.

MAY 4: Theodore "Ted" Kaczynski, the notorious Unabomber who has confessed to mailing many bombs over two decades, is officially sentenced by a California judge to four consecutive life terms in prison. Susan Mosser, whose husband, Thomas Mosser, an advertising executive of North Caldwell, New Jersey, had been killed by one of Kaczynski's mail bombs in 1994, tells the court sentencing the Unabomber to "lock him so far down he'll be closer to hell." David Kaczynski, the Unabomber's brother and the man responsible for identifying the terrorist, says to the families of his brother's bomb victims: "The Kaczynski family offers its deepest apologies. We are very, very sorry."

MAY 12: Akin Birdal, fifty, Turkey's most outspoken human rights activist, who has publicly supported the much-oppressed Kurdish communities, is shot and seriously wounded by two terrorists in his office after the would-be assassins pretend to seek legal advice. The shootists escape and later state that they are members of the ultranationalist Turkish Revenge Brigade, a terrorist organization.

MAY 12: General G. Landazabal Reyes, seventy-six, a conservative political activist, is shot dead in front of his Bogotá, Colombia, residence by terrorists.

MAY 12: U.S. President William Clinton announces that he will ask Congress to pass legislation providing for $280 million more in combating terrorism and drug trafficking.

MAY 12-15: Thousands riot in Jakarta, Indonesia against the thirty-two-year authoritarian regime of President Suharto. On May 12, more than 5,000 students formed on the campus of the Trisatki University in West Jakarta, encouraged, one report has it, by radical instructors and student terrorists. Taking to the streets, the students throw rocks and other items at police who first fire rubber bullets (that can be fatal at less than 150 feet), and then change to real bullets after a police spy is publicly beaten by students. By Friday, May 15, tens of thousands invade the Chinese district, destroying whole blocks of Chinese businesses, which represent the richest minority in Indonesia. This section catches fire and several hundred looters are trapped in the flames and killed. Suharto, away on a state visit, returns to call out more than 10,000 troops and police to quell the worst rioting in Indonesian history.

MAY 15: A federal judge in New York sentences Abdul Hakim Murad, thirty, a commercial pilot who was born in Kuwait and has lived in Pakistan, to life in prison for bombing a Philippines Airlines jet in 1994 in which a Japanese passenger died, and for plotting to bomb eleven U.S. airliners over the Far East in January 1995.

MAY 17: At least ten persons are killed and twenty more injured by right-wing terrorists who swept through Barrancabermeja, in northeastern Santander province of Colombia. The country's main oil town has been plagued by "death squads" intent upon sowing terror throughout the province prior to the May 31, 1998 presidential elections.

MAY 25: A pro-democracy rally by 2,000 students in Teheran, Iran, demonstrating against the rigid Islamic government, is broken up by 400 right-wing Islamic thugs, reportedly members of the terrorist group Hezbollah, who wielded pipes and chains, injuring several of the students.

MAY 26: In France, Belgium, Italy, Germany and Switzerland, more than 450 anti-terrorist police specialists conduct raids that rounded up scores of Islamic terrorists, confiscating cash and weapons. The chief terrorist group in France, the Armed Islamic Group, is all but broken up when dozens of its members are arrested in Lyon, Marseilles, Paris and on the island of Corsica.

AUGUST 8: Officials in Washington, D. C., announce that Osama bin Laden, a multimillionaire Saudi, who heads the terrorist group Al Qaeda in Afghanistan, was responsible for the two deadly U. S. embassy bombings of August 7, 1998 in Nairobi, Kenya and Dar es Salaam, Tanzania and that bin Laden had most probably been behind the bombings of U. S. military facilities in Saudi Arabia in 1995 and 1996.

AUGUST 15: After police received two phone warnings that a bomb would explode near the courthouse in Omagh, Northern Ireland, police evacuate the building and move scores of people hundreds of yards from the building. The bomb explodes, killing twenty-eight men, women and children and seriously

Widespread destruction was created by the IRA bomb exploding in Omagh, Northern Ireland, on August 15, 1998, where twenty-eight men, women and children were killed and more than 300 others seriously wounded.

wounding another 300 persons. This is the worst terrorist bombing in the last twenty-nine years in Northern Ireland. The Real IRA, a splinter group of the IRA took responsibility for the terrorist attack.

SEPTEMBER 10: Two brothers, Adel and Imad Awadallah, both Palestinian terrorists, are shot in Hebron, West Bank by Israeli soldiers as they were reportedly planning another terrorist attack on Israeli installations. Imad Awadallah had only a short time earlier escaped from a Palestinian jail. At the urging of Sheik Ahmed Yassin, leader of the Hamas terrorist group, widespread rioting by Palestinians ensued.

NOVEMBER 6: A car bomb explodes in a busy marketplace in Jerusalem, Israel, killing two terrorist bombers, who set off the explosive, and wounding twenty-five others. The terrorist group Hamas takes credit for the bombing.

DECEMBER 25: Briefly released from confinement by the Palestinian Authority, Hamas founder and leader Sheik Ahmed Yassin addresses a crowd of 10,000 Palestinians, urging them to continue their terrorist campaign against Israel and the West.

1999

FEBRUARY 4: Palestine police arrest forty Islamic extremists allegedly planning Iranian-financed terrorist attacks against Jewish settlers in the Gaza Strip. Major-General Ghazi al-Jabali states that police also seized weapons and explosives collected by members of Izzedine al-Qassam, an underground terrorist wing of Hamas.

FEBRUARY 16: Fourteen people are killed and more than 100 others are injured when six car bombs explode outside government headquarters and other buildings in Tashkent, Uzbekistan. No one claimed responsibility for the attacks, which were apparently aimed at President Islam Karimov, who has been the nation's leader since it gained independence in the 1991 breakup of the Soviet Union. Karimov is not injured in the blasts.

FEBRUARY 19: Grand Ayatollah Mohammed Sadiq al-Sader, supreme religious leader of Iraq's Shiite Muslim majority, and his two sons are killed in a drive-by shooting in Najaf, Iraq. Iranian and Iraqi exiles blame President Saddam Hussein's government for the murders.

FEBRUARY 21: A mine explodes near the motorcade of Chechen President Aslan Maskhadov as he is returning to his residence in Grozny, Chechnya, Russia. One person is killed and eight others injured. Maskhadov is unharmed in an apparent assassination attempt.

MARCH 1: Jean-Yvon Toussaint, 47, a senator from Haiti's main political opposition party, is shot in the head and killed in front of his home in Port-Au-Prince. The assassin is not identified or captured.

MARCH 17: Herzi Mazuz, 44, is banished from Jerusalem, Israel, for planning to blow up two of the city's holiest Muslim shrines.

MARCH 23: Luis Maria Argana, 66, Paraguay's vice president, is shot to death in Asuncion by three gunmen driving alongside the car in which Argana is sitting. The assassins are not identified.

MARCH 28: Raul Cubas Grau, the impeached president of Paraguay, who has been blamed for ordering the assassination of Vice President Argana on March 23, resigns from his post.

APRIL 10: Brigadier General Ali Sayyad Shirazi, deputy chief of the joint staff command of the Iranian armed forces, is killed on his way to work in Teheran, Iran, allegedly assassinated by terrorists from the Iraq-based group Mujahedeen Khalq.

APRIL 24: Seven people are injured when a car bomb explodes in Brick Lane, London, England, the city's largest Bangladeshi community. A caller claims responsibility by Combat 18, a right-wing terrorist group.

APRIL 30: Two persons are killed and seventy-three others injured when a nail bomb explodes in a gay pub in Soho, London, England. An anonymous phone call to police claims that the bombing is the work of the White Wolves, a racist group that recently sent threatening letters to Asian, black and Jewish members of Parliament. Police suspect that the White Wolves are linked to an anti-gay terrorist group, Combat 18.

MAY 9: Barbara Meyer, 42, a suspected Red Army Faction terrorist and one of Germany's most wanted fugitives for a decade, is arrested upon her arrival at the airport in Frankfurt, Germany, after a flight from Lebanon, where she had been living.

JULY 14: Rebel leader Oscar Ramirez Durand, 46, known as "Commandante Feliciano" while chief of Peru's infamous Shining Path terrorist organization, is captured at his hideout near Huancayo in a remote jungle gorge at the base of the Andes Mountains. Hunted since 1980, Durand is the last top Shining Path leaders to be arrested. More than 30,000 Peruvians have died from the hands of this terrorist group and others plaguing the nation for two decades.

AUGUST 21: A smoke bomb exploded in a theater in Merriam, Kansas, one which prompted an investigation by FBI agents. The bombing, which took no lives, is thought to be related to numerous other incidents by local terrorists.

AUGUST 27: Jahair Joel Navarro, 18, a native of Panama, reportedly admits sending e-mail bomb threats to IBM, saying he would demolish the company's headquarters unless he received $5 million. He is charged with threatening to use a weapon of mass destruction, a crime falling under the federal anti-terrorism statutes.

SEPTEMBER 6: Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak suffers a light arm wound by a knife-wielding attacker in an assassination attempt that leaves the assailant dead during a motorcade in Port Said, Egypt.

SEPTEMBER 9: A military weaponry explosive is detonated at an apartment building in Moscow, Russia, killing thirty-two people. Investigators suspect the bombing was a terrorist attack stemming from fighting between Russian troops and Islamic separatists in the Caucasus republic of Dagestan.

OCTOBER 1: Lawrence Michael Lombardi, 41, a white former vending machine company employee, whose route included Florida A&M University, is arrested for allegedly exploding two bombs at the predominately black school. No one was injured in either terrorist explosion.

OCTOBER 15: Mourad Topalian, 56, Chairman of the Armenian National Committee of America, is indicted for allegedly helping lead a group that plotted bomb attacks against Turkish targets in the U. S. over the past two decades. Topalian is indicted on charges of conspiracy, weapons and explosives violations.

NOVEMBER 7: Thirty-three persons are injured by shrapnel when three pipe bombs explode in Netanya,, Israel. The bombings are blamed on Islamic terrorists attempting to disrupt the Oslo peace process.

NOVEMBER 11: A car bomb explodes in the commercial district of Bogota, Columbia, killing eight persons and injuring forty-five others. Police believe that the terrorist bombings stem from members of the Medellin Drug Cartel and are aimed at stopping extradition of its members to the U. S.

DECEMBER 25: Police are searching for a terrorist suspected of luring seven police officers to investigate a bomb threat outside a restaurant in Cape Town, South Africa, and then detonating an explosive device when they arrived. All of the officers were injured by the blast.

DECEMBER 31: Police discover 2,200 pounds of explosives belonging to suspected Basque terrorists in an overnight raid in Pau, France.

2000

JANUARY 5: Masood Azhar, one of three Kashmiri terrorists freed as part of a deal to end an Indian Airlines hijacking, gives an inflamed speech to 10,000 of his followers to destroy India and the United States.

JANUARY 7: Defense Minister Pavle Bulatovic, a loyal aide to President Slobodan Milosevic, is fatally shot in the dining area of a soccer club in Belgrade, Yugoslavia. A Yugoslav official states that Bulatovic "was the victim of a classic terrorist act."

JANUARY 21: Two car bombs devastated a neighborhood in Madrid, Spain, killing a Spanish army officer, the attack attributed to ETA, a terrorist group seeking Basque separatism.

FEBRUARY 17: Fourteen followers of Saudi terrorist Osama bin Laden are arrested in Amman, Jordan, and charged with planning terrorist attacks, the terrorists being twelve Jordanians, one Iraqi and one Algerian, all members of the Al Qaeda terrorist organization.

MARCH 2: Israeli forces kill three suspected Palestinian terrorists in a firefight in Taibeh, Israel. The dead terrorists were reportedly members of Hamas and had been targeting terrorist attacks on Israeli installations.

MARCH 18: Four members of the Japanese terrorist group, Red Army, are arrested in Tokyo, Japan, after they were expelled from Lebanon and denied entry into Jordan. The four, wanted in connection with aircraft hijackings, bombings and other terrorist attacks are Haruwo Wako, fifty; Masao Adachi, fifty; Mariko Yamamoto, fifty-eight; and Kazuo Tohira, forty-six.

MARCH 28: Police in Amman, Jordan, arrest twenty-eight Arabs linked to terrorist leader Osama bin Laden on charges of conspiracy to attack Americans and Israelis with bombs during New Year's celebrations.

APRIL 6: Nawaz Sharif, ousted as Pakistan's prime minister in a military coup in October 1999, is convicted of skyjacking a commercial airliner and is sentenced to prison for life.

APRIL 16: Seven people are killed and sixty-five others are injured when bombs with toxic gas are thrown into a crowded nightclub in Lisbon, Portugal. The motive for the terrorist attack is not immediately known.

MAY 3: Four hostages are found dead, shot execution-style, after Muslim terrorists holding twenty-seven captives came upon Filipino troops by a river crossing near Isabela, Philippines. Many of the hostages, used as human shields by the terrorists, had been seized from a school.

JUNE 30: David Copeland, twenty-four, a self-styled Nazi and terrorist, is convicted of murdering three people and injuring more than 100 others in nail bombings that targeted gay and black communities in London, England. His bombings had resulted with a baby with a nail in his skull, a dead woman with her unborn child, amputated limbs and horrific lacerations from flying glass.

JULY 5: Mahmoud Rizq Deeb, of Tartous, Syria, is killed while attempting to hijack a Syria bound jetliner from Amman, Jordan. Security guards on board the plane shoot and kill the terrorist after he explodes a grenade which wounds fifteen passengers. The pilot of the Royal Jordanian Airbus with ninety-six persons on board, returns safely to Amman.

JULY 17: Two members of the terrorist doomsday cult Aum Shinri Kyo, are sentenced to death by hanging for their roles in the 1995 sarin nerve gas attack on the Tokyo subway that killed twelve persons and injured more than 1,000 others. Condemned are Toru Toyoda, thirty-two, and Kenichi Hirose, thirty-six. On July 28, Kiyohide Hayakawa, fifty-one, is also sentenced to death for his role as "construction minister" in the terrorist cult.

AUGUST 8: Eleven people are injured when a bomb explodes in Madrid, Spain. In Zumaia, Jose Maria Korta, a prominent critic of the terrorist group, ETA, which has been working for Basque separatism, is killed in a car bombing.

AUGUST 22: Twenty-three Islamic militants from a terrorist cell are arrested in Jerusalem, Israel. Among the accused terrorists is Nabil Oukal, head of the cell and reported associate of Osama bin Laden.

SEPTEMBER 13: Unidentified terrorists set off a car bomb that kills fifteen persons and wounds dozens more people in the parking garage of the Indonesian stock exchange building in Jakarta.

OCTOBER 30: Jose Francisco Querol, 69, a Supreme Court judge, and his bodyguard, are killed when a car bomb explodes in Madrid, Spain. ETA terrorists are blamed for the attack.

NOVEMBER 5: Christos Kendiras, forty-eight, who is arrested for killing two people and hijacking a busload of Japanese tourists, leaps to his death from a seventh-story window at police headquarters in Athens, Greece.

NOVEMBER 9: Police arrest three Kuwaiti terrorists in Kuwait City, Kuwait, after seizing a large quantity of explosives in an alleged plot directed at U. S. targets in other countries, these terrorists having links to Osama bin Laden's Al Qaeda.

DECEMBER 8: Abbas al-Baqer Abbas appears at a mosque in Khartoum, Sudan, during evening prayers and opens fire with automatic weapons, killing twenty people before he is shot to death by police. The terrorist was a member of Takfir wal Hijra.

DECEMBER 17: Fifteen teenage students are machine gunned to death, along with a teacher by Islamic terrorists opposed to peace efforts as they sleep in the dormitory of the Lycee Technique of Medea near Algiers, Algeria. Six other students are wounded, the terrorists, adorned in military uniforms, fleeing.

DECEMBER 24: Ten people are killed when five Catholic and Protestant churches in Jakarta, Indonesia, are exploded by bombs set off by Islamic terrorists, who have vowed to kill all Christians.

DECEMBER 30: Islamic terrorists explode five bombs in Manila, Philippines, killing fourteen persons and injuring another 100 people.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Tens of thousands of sources have been employed by the author in researching this work over the last decade, primary and secondary sources that include court, coroner and police documents, books, periodicals, reports and newspapers, all but books too numerous to cite here. The author also conducted in his exclusive research extensive correspondence and interviews with many of the subjects profiled herein. What follows are the basic published reference sources used in the researching, compiling, writing and overall preparation of this work. This bibliography is the most comprehensive ever assembled on this subject.

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